### Embrace My Loving Heart

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**Embrace My Loving Heart**

by madamelibrarian, Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

**Summary**

It's fairly soon after Lucifer realizes that he's safe and that he's not going to be punished by Dean, Castiel, Sam and Gabriel for his past sins. He finds most comfort in Gabriel and Sam, but he still has difficulties expressing his love for them.

**Notes**

Here's the sequel to "Redeem My Aching Heart"! This ended up being a bit porny, but we're fairly certain you don't care a whole lot.

Anyways, enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more notes.
It’d been nearly a year since Lucifer had accepted the fact that the other inhabitants of the bunker, namely Castiel, Gabriel and then the Winchesters, weren’t going to punish him for past sins. Since then, the angels had built their nest in Lucifer’s room and now more often than not the five of them would end up there, curled around each other like a pile of newborn kittens. Other than that the day to day lives of the hunters hadn’t changed all that much. They still went out to kill the monsters threatening innocent lives while Lucifer and Gabriel hung back and did their own thing. They’d found early on that for the average hunt having two archangels, a seraph and two seasoned hunters was over kill.

On this particular night, the two eldest angels found themselves just enjoying the quiet of their home while the others took care of a werewolf four states away. Gabriel also used this as an opportunity to continue his mission to make sure Lucifer stayed current on the latest movies. So that’s how the
previous Lord and Master of Hell found himself curled up in the nest while Gabriel loaded Frozen into their disk player.

“You’ll love it, Luci’. You can’t go wrong with Disney.” Gabriel chirped happily as he bounded back to the nest and burrowed into the blankets piled in the center.

Lucifer laughed and snuggled deeper under the covers. “If you say so, Gabriel,” he said.

“I don’t say so, I know so. Now shush...it’s starting.” Gabriel said as he leaned against Lucifer.

Twenty minutes into the movie and Gabriel raised his eyebrow at the screen. “I may have been wrong about this movie. Is it just me or is the relationship Kristoff has with that reindeer disturbingly close?”

“Thanks for putting mental images in my head that I don’t want,” Lucifer said with a shudder. “Say, Gabe. . . “ He grinned at his younger brother. “Do you wanna build a demon?” he sang to the tune of “Do You Wanna Build a Snowman?”

Gabriel scoffed as he playfully shoved Lucifer. “No, I don’t. You tried that once and look how Lilith turned out. All creepy white eyes and vapid.”

“Yes, Lilith had some flaws. But she was my first. Now Cain. . .” Lucifer chuckled. “He was a masterpiece. One of the best. As well as Alastair.”

Gabriel nodded as he thought about it. “I’ll give you kudos for Cain for the sacrifice factor but Alastair was a sadistic narcissist.” Gabriel stopped and tilted his head in thought. “Or was that pride?”

“Definitely pride, but that pride was well deserved,” Lucifer purred softly. “Alastair was an artist with a bloody canvas. His nickname was Picasso with a Razor, after all.”

Rolling his eyes, Gabriel turned his head from where it rested on Lucifer’s stomach. “You realize that Picasso was nearsighted and couldn’t line up eyes properly, right?”

“Where do you think the Picasso lineage came from, brother mine?” Lucifer asked with an arched brow.

“Great, another artist inspired by demon kind. As if we needed more of them after the dark and middle ages.” He said, rolling back over to watch the movie. “But to answer your original question, No I don’t want to build a demon. I built a platypus already. My life goals are complete" 

Lucifer laughed. “So are mine.” He paused. “Never mind. Sam’s still on the list.”

Gabriel sat up suddenly and glared at Lucifer like he’d just tried to steal away a favorite toy. Which in the Trickster’s mind, wouldn’t be too far from the truth. For months he’d been harboring a crush, for lack of a better description, on the youngest Winchester, but hadn’t worked up the nerve to do anything about it. “Sam?! What the hell is Sam doing on your bucket list?”

Lucifer coughed. “Nothing, it’s nothing of importance,” he said hastily.

“I call bullshit, Morningstar.” Gabriel snorted as he crossed his arms over his chest. “What are you wanting with Sam?”

Lucifer gave his brother a plaintive look. “Nope. Not saying.” He mimed locking his lips and throwing away the key.
“Well, whatever you’re planning you can just forget about it.” Gabriel unwound himself and crawled out of the nest, clearly disturbed, but not wanting to admit to Lucifer that he has feelings for the human. He wasn’t even completely sure if Sam was even into men, but there were subtle hints that it was a possibility. So subtle that Gabriel figured that Dean didn’t even guess at his own brothers preferences.

“Oh, and why is that, Gabriel?” Lucifer asked, giving his brother a look. “Is it because you have feelings for him?”

Gabriel sighed as he ran his hand through his hair. “Maybe..I don’t know.”

Lucifer smiled warmly “You do,” he hummed.

“Yea, well. I’m too chicken to tell him. What if he doesn’t even like males? I’m too set in this vessel to go changing now.” Gabriel turned to look at his brother forlornly.

Lucifer gave his younger brother a look. “Did it ever occur to you to ask me since I’ve inhabited Sam Winchester?” he asked. “Sam’s bi, he goes for both genders.”

“Really?” Gabriel’s face brightened at the news but it didn’t last long. “So, does you having plans for him mean you want him too?”

“Can you blame me?” Lucifer asked softly, almost too soft for Gabriel to hear. “He’s helped me, a lot. Not saying the rest of you haven’t, but it’s. . . it’s different with Sam, you know?” He shrugged. “Just. . . the way I’ve always felt. But like he’s ever going to consider me as a dating partner. I mean, yeah, I know he’s forgiven me and all, but I still am not exactly the kind of man you want to bring home to big brother.”

“No one wants to be brought home to Dean.” Gabriel said with a shrug. “Except maybe Cas.” Sighing he crawled back into the nest and curled against Lucifer’s side. “What a pair we are. Both of us the first born of the Host and scared of what a human thinks. A really great human.”

Lucifer nodded, tucking himself around his brother. “One of Father’s best.” he agreed, nosing Gabriel’s hair. An idea struck him. “Gabe. What if we both approach Sam?” he asked. “Like. . . Together. Offer us as a package deal?”

“I don’t know, Luci’. Us as a package deal for Sam might freak him out.” Gabriel toyed with the collar of Lucifer’s shirt. “It’s toeing a few human taboos.”

“Like Sam hasn’t broken a few human taboos and a couple of the supernatural ones as well,” Lucifer pointed out. “I mean, the stuff he did with Ruby. . . “ he whistled. “And the couple other things. . . well, Sam’s not as clean cut and neat like Dean is in the bedroom.”

“We really need to get you and Castiel to stop gossiping about Dean.” Gabriel said with a chuckle.

Lucifer chuckled and shrugged. “But it’d work, don’t you think?”

“It might. How do we go about it? Wine him and dine him?” Gabriel asked as he pulled back to look up at Lucifer.

Lucifer hummed as he thought. “Bluntness is usually the best course of action with Sam,” he said. “No tricks. Just lay out what we want on the table, and let him know it’s up for negotiation. Both in and out of the bedroom, although we should start with out of the bedroom first.”

“That sounds reasonable. But I would suggest we do it when Dean is out of the bunker.” Gabriel laid
back and stared at the ceiling above as he thought of the logistics of asking someone to participate in such a relationship. “The last thing we want is for him to go Papa Bear on our asses.”

Lucifer shuddered. “Agreed. Say, think we should send the lovebirds on vacation?” he said, looking over at Gabriel. “Motel out in Cali, along the beach, honeymoon suite, the whole kit and kaboodle?”

“I know Cas would enjoy it.” He turned and smiled at Lucifer. “Not sure Dean would but he’s a sucker for making Cas happy.”

Lucifer nodded and smiled back. “So, we should come up with our own things that we want from Sam so we know exactly what we’re presenting him with.” He said. “Or each other,” he added underneath his breath.

“I’m a simple being. I just want him. To be with him and make him smile.” Gabriel turned on his side and wound his fingers with Lucifer’s. “But you. Our history runs so far back it’s hard to quantify us.”

Lucifer smiled and squeezed his interlinked hand. “It does, doesn’t it?” he agreed. “Lots of history. Good and bad.”

“The big question is are we ready to take this kind of step with each other?” Gabriel looked a bit worried. “It’s been a very long time since either of us have been with our own kind.”

Lucifer cupped the side of his face with his free hand. “I think we are,” he admitted.

Gabriel leaned towards Lucifer and kissed him softly to test the waters, so to speak. His lips moved tentatively as a thrill ran through him at kissing someone who mattered to him and wasn’t dismissible when it was over. Someone he cared about and cared for him in return.

Lucifer moved his hand to the back of his brother’s head and returned the kiss with a soft sigh, feeling like a spark of electricity went through him at the idea of being someone who actually liked him for him, who didn’t care about what he had done in the past.

Letting out a needy sounding whimper, Gabriel grasped Lucifer’s waist with his free hand, leaning further into the kiss. The tip of his tongue flicking across the older angel’s plump bottom lip. “Luci’.” He whispered as the desire for more was quickly growing inside him.

“Gabe,” Lucifer whispered back, running his hand down Gabriel’s back with a light touch, still holding on tightly to Gabriel’s other hand. “Want you. Need you.” He’s felt these desires before, but never had they arisen so quickly. It scared and excited the older angel and he dove back into the younger’s mouth, desperate and needy for more.

Gabriel rolled so that he was draped on top of Lucifer, his thigh falling in between his brother’s. Licking his way into Lucifer’s mouth, his hands rucked up his shirt in search of the warm flesh underneath. Finding what he craved, Gabriel carefully scraped his nails along Lucifer’s abdomen, drawing out tantalizing sounds from the other angel.

Lucifer moaned quietly, so soft it could barely be heard as he used his own hands to push up Gabriel’s shirt, running his hands gently up and down the expanse of Gabriel’s back, trapping his brother’s leg with his own.

Pulling back from the kiss with a gasp for air, he looked down at Lucifer as he rolled his hips. The slide of his hardening cock against the blade of Lucifer’s hip dragged a low, filthy moan from his throat.
Lucifer moaned low as he arched his back and tilted his head, exposing the long column of his pale throat. He rolled his hips in reply, his own hardening cock gliding smoothly against Gabriel’s thigh.

“Heylel.” The smaller archangel whispered as he kissed down Lucifer’s throat to nip at his exposed collarbone. Shifting his thigh to grind against Lucifer. “Please tell me you’re a top.”

Lucifer groaned and ground back against Gabriel. “I’m whatever you want me to be, Gabe,” he whispered, leaning up to nip at Gabriel’s jaw. “Can be either or.”

Gabriel sighed happily as he reached down between them to palm at Lucifer’s erection. “Then I want you inside me.”

Lucifer groaned and rocked his hips up and into Gabriel’s hand. “Then I suggest you hop on, the,” he whispered.

Sitting up, Gabriel peeled off his shirt and tossed it into the jumble of blankets in the nest. “This’ll add a new and interesting layer of smells to the nest.” He smiled as he ran a hand down Lucifer’s chest. “And that’s what you have too many of. Layers.”

Lucifer laughed and pulled his shirt off and tossed it onto the floor. “Better?” he teased.

“Much.” Gabriel pushed his sleep pants off his legs and moved to straddle Lucifer’s hips as he snaps his fingers, willing a bottle of lube into his hand. “Care to help me get ready for you?”

“Of course,” Lucifer hummed, sitting up slightly and taking the lube out of Gabriel’s hand. He opened it and poured a generous amount onto his fingers, warming it up a bit before reaching around and beginning to run his finger lightly over his brother’s hole. “One day,” he breathed into Gabriel’s ear. “I wanna open you up with my tongue, taste you.”

“Oh fuck, Heylel.” He moaned as he pushed his hips back in an attempt to get Lucifer’s fingers into him. “Want that too. Want your tongue in me while I suck you.”

Lucifer groaned and slowly pushed the first finger in. “Fuck, Gabriel,” he whispered. “Yes, I’d love that. Having two things filling you up, getting you nice and wet for me. And let me tell you, you’ll be so thankful for my tongue by the time I deem you’re ready for my cock. It’ll open you up so nicely as I slide right in, attacking these lips.” He brought his free hand and ran his thumb along Gabriel’s lower lip. “Bet these get nice and shiny and wet when you suck me off, with the prettiest red color.”

“Let’s find out.” Gabriel bit at the pad of his brother’s thumb before backing away without breaking eye contact. “Gonna suck you right now while you fuck me open with those lovely, long fingers of yours.” He swung his legs around so that he was kneeling beside Lucifer, presenting his ass in the air. Reaching into Lucifer’s pants, Gabriel pulled out his hard cock and gave it a few strokes before wrapping his lips around the tip, sucking lightly as if he were kissing it.

Lucifer groaned and pressed his finger deeper into Gabriel’s plush rear. “Fuck, Gabe, your mouth,” he praised. His second finger absently rubbed the outside of Gabriel’s rim, his free hand coming up to grab his brother’s ass.

“Knew my lollipop habit would pay off.” Gabriel groaned at the feel of Lucifer’s finger stroking inside him. Opening his mouth a little wider, he took Lucifer in as far as he could go, his hand stroking along the part of the shaft he couldn’t fit. Hollowing his cheeks, Gabriel drew up to the tip and swirled his tongue over the slit.

Lucifer moaned and rocked his hips gently, his head resting back on his shoulders as he slowly
inserted the second finger into Gabriel. “Fuck, you’re good, yes, keep doing that,” he groaned.

With sharp intake of breath, he twisted his hips, driving Lucifer’s fingers deeper into him as his muscles clench around them. “I won’t stop if you don’t.” Swallowing Lucifer’s cock once more, he started moving quickly up and down the hard length of him, all the while moaning and whimpering around him. Gabriel’s own cock hanging heavy between his legs, leaving a clear trail of precome on Lucifer’s chest.

Lucifer began to scissor Gabriel open, swearing elegantly as he did so. His hips rocked in time to Gabriel’s bobbing, his other hand still grabbing and squeezing Gabriel’s rear.

“Oh..oh..right there, Heylel..” Gabriel plead as he pulled off of Lucifer’s cock to take his own in hand, lazily stroking as pleasurable pressure courses through him, building up into what he expects will be a phenomenal orgasm. “Could come from your fingers alone.”

“Oh, I’m sure you can,” Lucifer chuckled, giving Gabriel a light spank as he inserted the third finger. “And maybe one day, we’ll explore that, hmmm? But I want to see you ride me, wanna feel you clenching around my cock as you lose control.”

“Please…” Gabriel moaned as he released the grip on his cock “Give it to me..need to feel your cock in me..I’m so damned ready.”

Lucifer withdrew his fingers and landed another smack on his ass. “Hurry up, then,” he growled softly.

“Anyone ever tell you that you’re bossy?” Gabriel grinned as he turned around to face him. Unfurling his wings with a flap that sounded like sun dried sheets snapping in the wind. Grabbing the base of Lucifer’s cock, he guided the head to his slicked hole and slowly lowered himself down. His mouth falling open in a silent moan, he kept going until he got his brother buried deep inside with their hips flush together.

Lucifer groaned and arched his back, bringing out his own wings as Gabriel made sure he was buried deep inside of him. His long fingers gripped Gabriel’s hips tightly, hard enough to bruise the skin beneath of them, looking up at his brother. “Fuck, Gabe, you’re gorgeous,” he said softly.

Leaning down, Gabriel kissed him softly as he rolled his hips, moving in slow circles to enjoy the pleasurable burn of being stretched open on his brother’s cock. “Not as beautiful as you, my Morningstar.” He panted out.

Lucifer kissed him back just as softly, rubbing small circles on Gabriel’s hips with his thumbs. “If you say so.” he groaned out. He rolled his hips underneath of him as a counter to his brother’s. “Fuck, you feel so good,” he added, kissing him again. “My Messenger.”

Groaning into the kiss, Gabriel lifted himself up to the tip of Lucifer’s cock before slamming his hips down again. The motion dragging a choked sob from Gabriel’s throat. With quick, sharp movements his hand clawed at Lucifer’s side. His cries filling the room as he sought to get as close to his brother as possible. “More, Heylel. Need more.”

Lucifer roughly kissed Gabriel as he began to snap his hips furiously against Gabriel’s. His nails digging into his hips, leaving half moon indentations into the tender skin. “This enough or do you need even more?” he rasped against Gabriel's lips.

Reaching around Lucifer’s shoulders, Gabriel dug his fingers into the downy lining of his wings as his moans turn into guttural gasps as the edge of his orgasm rushed on. “Perf..perfect.”
Lucifer gasped and grabbed tightly onto the soft gold primary feathers of his brother’s wings, bucking his hips up vigorously into his brother. “Come on, Gabe, cum for me,” he groaned. “Cum for me.”

Opening his golden eyes to look into Lucifer’s, his jaw dropping open in a silent scream, his back arching up as his cock jerked between them. Come spurting in thick ropes, leaving behind a coating on Lucifer’s stomach.

Lucifer managed to thrust into Gabriel a few more times before slamming Gabriel’s hips down onto his own as he came deep inside of him.

Wings quivering above them, Gabriel clenched around Lucifer as he rode him through both of their peaks. When most of the shudders and spasms had passed, Gabriel slumped against his brother’s shoulder with a contented sigh, his grace singing within him in a way that he’d not experienced in millennia, perhaps even eons. “I’ve missed feeling someone real.”

Lucifer panted and held his brother close, running gentle hands up and down his back. He nodded in agreement. “I’ve missed feeling someone in general.” he admitted.

Tilting his face, he placed a soft kiss just below Lucifer’s ear. “You have me now.” He whispered. “Barring everything else, you’ll have me, Heylel.”

Lucifer shivered and buried his nose into his brother’s hair. “Thank Father for that,” he whispered back.

With a slight wince, Gabriel shifted, letting Lucifer slip out of him so that he could curl up against his side. His finger trailing through the mess he left behind while he thought. “Do you really think this will work? I mean with you, me and Sam?”

“I think it will,” Lucifer said. “We’ll need to work as a team, but we’ve done that before. Just have faith, brother.”

“Faith. I almost forget what that’s like.” Gabriel said softly as he wrapped his wing around them. “But I can try.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Lucifer and Gabriel talk to Sam while Dean and Cas are away. Sexytimes ensue.

A week after the Winchesters and Cas returned from the hunt, Cas and Dean were once again hitting the road for California like Lucifer and Gabriel had planned. It took nearly the entire time to convince the pair that the trip would be good for them, even Sam joined in on trying to get his brother to take a well deserved vacation. Dean as expected, was reluctant but what wasn’t expected was Castiel’s reluctance as well. In their stolen moments away from everyone, Gabriel would lament to Lucifer about how anyone could pass up a free vacation, but his brother’s reply was always the same. “Have faith.”

Smiling, Gabriel waved as his youngest brother and Dean departed. “Finally.” He whispered to Lucifer and Sam through his smile.

Lucifer beamed and cracked his neck. “Okay, who’s up for popcorn and bad TV?” he asked.

“We talking about bad horror movies or Lifetime channel bad?” Sam asked unsure if he had the stamina to make it through terribly written dramas.

“I’m good with watching either.” Gabriel says, bouncing on his heals. “But only if we can include M&M’s to the junk food buffet.”

“Bad horror movies, Sam.” Lucifer said, giving him a look. “Even I can’t stomach those godawful Lifetime movies. Too much drama and angst and it always ends the same. Seen one, you’ve seen them all. And of course we can add M&M’s to the junk food buffet, I’m adding saltwater taffy to the mix after all.”

“Good thing you two can’t get diabetes, otherwise I’d be worried.” Sam turned to head back inside. “You know, I always thought demons had a hand in creating the Lifetime Network. Or at least a crossroads deal.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised.” Gabriel followed after the taller man, brushing his hand along Lucifer’s as he passed him.

“It was a crossroads deal,” Lucifer confirmed, tapping his brother’s hand back. “Unfortunately. Not one of the brightest deals my crossroads demons made. And. . . Oh yes, that was a Crowley thing. The man delights in torturing everyone, demons and humans alike. Even if it means he tortures himself.”

Chuckling, Sam shook his head as he turned into the kitchen and started pulling out the bags of microwave popcorn. “A sadist and a masochist at the same time. Poor bastard.”

“Are you actually sympathizing with Crowley?” Gabriel asked as he pulled out the bags of candy he’d stashed in the back of the cupboard. “Don’t let him find out. He’d use it against you in a heartbeat.”

Sam looked up from the microwave and gave Gabriel one of his bitch faces. “I don’t sympathize
with Crowley. He’s been useful is all. What I meant was someone as conflicted as that deserves a smidge of pity.”

Lucifer snorted and ducked into the fridge. “What does everyone want to drink?” he asked.

“Beer for me, please.” Sam called out.

“Chocolate milk.” Gabriel piped up as he pulled out the last bag of his loot. “Unless Dean drank it all.”

Lucifer brought out a beer and a single serve carton of chocolate milk. “Last one,” he informed his brother. He went back into the fridge and brought out a bottle of Merlot. “Hello, old friend,” he purred.

Gabriel pulled a disgusted face at the sight of the wine. “Never understood how you could drink that stuff. Modern wine tastes like vinegar to me.”

“I like merlot.” Sam added as he poured the finished popcorn into a bowl. “Shiraz is better. Slightly sweeter.”

“I like the bitterness of Merlot,” Lucifer said, pouring himself a glass. “Gabriel, it’s a 1847 vintage. Do you think I would go that modern?”

Gabriel shook his head as he grabbed his chocolate milk. “Still to modern. I’m fine with my milk.”

“Really? An 1847?” Sam walked over to look over Lucifer’s shoulder. “I’ll take a glass of that instead of beer. Just don’t tell Dean. I don’t want to be hassled about it.”

Lucifer chuckled and poured Sam a glass of Merlot as well. “Your secret is safe with me,” he said, handing the glass to him. “And Gabe, there’s a bottle of Russian standard in here, do you want to combine that with your chocolate milk?”

“Why Lucifer, are you trying to get me to get me drunk?” Gabriel winked at his brother as he passed him, leaving the kitchen. Sam stared after the angel trying to figure out if Gabriel had just flirted with Lucifer. After a moment he mentally slapped himself for the thought. They were brothers after all and brothers did not flirt. At least from his experience.

Lucifer chuckled and winked back. “And if I was?” he asked playfully, following Gabriel as he snapped a large package of M&M’s into existence and threw them at his brother’s head.

Gabriel flinched as the bag hit him. “Then you have to reassess your methods.” He glared down at the bag of candy and walked away leaving them on the floor. “And you need to figure out how you’re going to atone for abusing the candy.”

Sam followed after them in a state of confusion. On one hand it sounded like typical banter between them, but there was an undertone to it that made it seem like they were more than they had been before.

Lucifer laughed warmly. “Oh I think I have a couple of ideas.” he teased, picking up the candy and plopping down on the couch. “You know that thing I suggested last week? Think that’s proper atonement?”

Gabriel slowly licked across his bottom lip in thought as he sat at the opposite end of the couch. In the end he gave Lucifer a heated look filled with promises of wicked carnality. “Maybe.”
“Guys.” Sam said tentatively as he stood in front of them, his eyes darting between them.
“What’s...Why do I suddenly feel like a third wheel?”

Lucifer looked over at Gabriel. “Hmmm... Gabe? You wanna explain? You are, after all, the Messenger,” he said casually, taking a sip of his wine and tearing open the package of candy with his teeth.

“Sure thing.” Gabriel patted his hand against the cushion between them, inviting Sam to take a seat.
Sam scrunched his eyebrows together as he sat. “So the thing you have to understand about Angels, is that brother is a...title in a way or a neutral way of addressing each other.”

“Like calling someone they. A gender neutrality.” Sam added.

“Exactly. Well, when two angels become closer they...” Gabriel dropped off as he tried to think of the proper term.

“Brother becomes more of an affectionate term than a general one,” Lucifer supplied.

Gabriel pointed to Lucifer in agreement. “Exactly. So Lucifer and I have gotten very close.” He looked to Sam with a pointed look. “Not only because we love each other but we have something in common beyond our species.”

“Besides the blatant abandonment and Daddy issues.” Lucifer snorted in amusement. “Gabe, can’t you just come right out and say it?”

“Say what?” Sam asked, snapping his head back and forth between them.

“I’m long winded. Sue me.” Gabriel shot Lucifer a perturbed look and turned back to the hunter. “Long story short, Lucifer and I are lovers.”

Lucifer stuck his tongue out at his brother and nodded in agreement. “For about a week now.” he admitted. “We had a lot of catching up to do. But we have our own question for you.”

“Lovers.” Sam said flatly as he tried to process what he was hearing. His whole concept of angel kind being turned on it’s head. He thought back to the events of the past week, the furtive looks between them, the touches, the whispering and biggest of all their adamant insistence that Dean and Cas take a holiday. His eyes widened as he realized what that could have meant. “Oh...so...Oh man. I’m sorry you two. I didn’t realize.” He moved to get up from the couch as his cheeks lit up with a blush. “I should leave you two alone so you can have time together like you planned.”

Lucifer sighed and firmly pushed Sam back onto the couch. “No, no, no, Sam, you haven’t heard our question yet,” he said. He looked at Gabriel. “See, Gabe and I are together, yes, but there’s something or, rather, someone missing. And that’s something that we’ve been discussing. We were wondering if you would like to join us.” He fixed Sam with a piercing gaze.

Sam looked stunned and couldn’t help but stare back at Lucifer, his lips moving as if he wanted to speak but the words wouldn’t come out properly.

“Sam.” Gabriel moved closer to him and laid his hand over the hunter’s. “You should know that we both have feelings for you. I don’t know about Lucifer but to me you are everything someone should be. Kind, brave, intelligent and loyal. Not to mention beautiful.”

Lucifer nodded in agreement. “There’s a certain kind of strength to you that is very rare and powerful, and it draws me, at the very least, to you. You could’ve done so much harm, with how much trauma you’ve been through. But you’ve never allowed that to get the best of you. You’ve
always remained kind and gentle and sweet. And you’re passionate.”

Swallowing hard, Sam ran his hand through his hair as he shook his head. Memories of Ruby running through his head. She’d been the last non-human he’d been with and although the sex had been mind blowing at times, the thought of getting involved with two angels...no Archangel’s was daunting. “I’m not sure what to say to this. I mean, I’m flattered but what’s being suggested...I...I’d have to think about it.”

“Of course Sam” Lucifer said gently. “If you have any questions just let us know, alright?”

“Anything you need.” Gabriel patted his hand and leaned back in his seat with his bag of candy.

Nodding, Sam took a sip of his wine but it quickly turned into drinking half the glass in a couple of swallows. His nerves cranked up as he thought about the situation. He had to admit that the idea of the two of them together wasn’t an unpleasant one. In fact it sent a spark of arousal through him that coiled deep inside and to be a part of that...to be the focus of their attentions was tempting. But the problem with Sam was that his rational mind tempered all of this. Part of him wanted to dive headfirst into a relationship of some kind with them, even if it was casual. The other part of him was just plain wary of it blowing up in his face. He looked to Lucifer and then Gabriel as they quietly passed food back and forth between them.

Lucifer slid a fistful of M&M’s into his brother’s mouth and kissed the top of his head. “Enjoying yourself?” he hummed.

Gabriel hummed as he munched on the crunchy chocolates. Taking a piece of popcorn, he offered it up to Lucifer. Teasing him by tapping the kernel against his lip then pulling it away.

Lucifer laughed softly and leaned forward, taking the kernel in between his teeth and eating it with a warm smile.

Sam sat his glass on the table and picked up the remote to begin flipping through the channels to find something suitable to watch. He tried to keep from staring at the angels beside him, but it was a losing battle. They were just so sweet with each other. The love they showed with each other. He had several questions rattling around in his mind but one kept coming to the top. “Would I be a casual addition?” He asked as he kept turning the channels.

Lucifer looked at Sam in shock. “Of course not!” he said, almost appalled that Sam would ask such a question even though he knew why he did.

“If we wanted casual I could snap up an illusion that would do the trick.” Gabriel snorted as he turned in his seat to face Lucifer and Sam. “We want the whole enchilada. Or in your case, the whole enchilada with a side of rice and beans.”

Sam looked at Gabriel and burst out laughing. “Did you just equate me to Mexican food?”

Gabriel shrugged as he smiled impishly. “I like Mexican food.”

Lucifer laughed along with Sam and nodded. “He’s right, though,” he said. “We want all of you, Sam. Body, mind, and spirit. Not just your body, although...” he smirked as he gave Sam an appreciative glance, “I’m not sure that you can blame us.”

Sam blushed as he finally found a movie and let the remote drop to his lap. “Thanks. I think.”

“You’re welcome,” Lucifer said warmly. He took a leisurely sip from his wine glass, wrapping his arm around Gabriel and tugging him close. He planted a gentle kiss on top of Gabriel’s head as he
settled in to watch the screen.

Gabriel pressed himself to Lucifer’s side and turned his attention to the television. After a few minutes he started to giggle. “Really, Sammich? You picked The Prophecy? I look nothing like Christopher Walken and my horn is NOT a trumpet.”

Sam looked at the television like he was seeing what he’d turned on for the first time. “Totally by accident but it’s still a good movie.”

Lucifer laughed and rested his head on top of Gabriel’s. “No, it’s not a trumpet. I actually have no clue what Gabriel’s horn is, beyond the fact that it’s a dinky piece of shit.”

“My horn is not dinky. It’s a mighty horn.” Gabriel poked Lucifer in the side to emphasize his point.

Lucifer snickered.

“Someone doth protest too much.” Sam smirked as he picked up his glass and took another sip. The smooth flavor coating his tongue as he started to feel the effect of drinking so much of it so quickly. He felt the edge of his earlier tension soften, making it easier for him to tease and banter with the angels like he usually did. “Besides it’s not the size that matters.”

Lucifer nodded in agreement lazily, gently stroking his brother’s ribs. He took another sip of wine as he relaxed and was able to openly show his affection. Lucifer had always been an affectionate angel, ever since he was a fledgling, and after years of separation and isolation from his kind and from all types of affection, he was now trying to get as much as he could.

“Oh don’t you worry none, Sam. I know how to use my horn just fine.” Gabriel rested his hand on Lucifer’s thigh as he drank his chocolate milk.

Lucifer snorted loudly. “Gabriel, you are the biggest bottom I know,” he teased, reaching down to squeeze his brother’s ass. “Blowing a horn, however, now that you are good at.”

Gabriel let out an undignified squeak and scowled at Lucifer. “Just because I’m a bottom doesn’t mean I don’t know how or enjoy topping if asked.”

Sam nodded as he finished his glass of wine and sitting the empty glass on the table. “I never cared for bottoming.”

Lucifer shrugged. “I personally don’t care. I don’t have a preference. Top, bottom, whatever. I’m a true switch. As long as it ends in orgasms for all.” He chuckled and kissed Gabriel’s scowl away. “I know that, Messenger, but you infinitely enjoy bottoming more.”

“That’s very true.” Gabriel grabbed his brother’s shirt front and pulled him in for one more kiss before laying his head on Lucifer’s shoulder.

Lucifer smiled and returned the kiss before returning his head to its resting place on top of Gabriel’s head. “Anything else you’d like to know, Sam?” he asked almost absently.

“No, but I have a request. Two actually.” Sam looked down at his hands with a little smile.

Lucifer looked over at Sam. “And what are they?” he asked, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice. Gabriel on the other hand, could barely contain himself and clutched onto Lucifer’s arm as he smiled at Sam.

Sam turned in his seat and faced the two of them. The wine making him braver than he’d felt at the
beginning of the evening. “First, I’d like a proper date at some point. Either with each of you separately or jointly.”

“That’s easy enough.” Gabriel said as he started to think of a dozen different activities or places they could go.

Lucifer nodded in agreement, also thinking the same thing and making a mental note to collaborate with Gabriel at some point. “And the second thing?” he breathed.

“I still have reservations. I hope you understand that.” He knelt down in front of them with his hands resting in his lap. “I’ve not been with anyone seriously since..college and that’s if you don’t count Ruby. But...I’d like to kiss you. Both of you. To even see if there’s something there. Does that make any sense?”

Lucifer nodded. “Yes, it does. Preference on who goes first?” he asked.

“Please say me.” Gabriel offered as he sat up straight.

Sam smiled as he shook his head. “No, no preferences.”

Lucifer smiled and leaned in to kiss Sam, letting him control what he was doing.

At first, Sam didn’t know how far he should take this. Whether it should be a chaste kiss or something more. But as soon as Lucifer’s lips met his it felt right. Like it was the most natural thing in the world. Reaching up, he cupped the back of Lucifer’s neck and canted his head to the side to deepen the kiss, his tongue teasing at the swell of the angel’s bottom lip.

Lucifer sighed softly and shivered at the kiss, it feeling just right, just like when he kissed Gabriel. It felt natural and right and wonderful. He cupped the side of Sam’s face as the kiss deepened and his jaw dropped.

“Merry Christmas to me.” Gabriel whispered just loud enough to be heard from his spot beside Lucifer as he watched the two of them kiss.

Sam pulled out of the kiss reluctantly and rested his forehead against Lucifer’s. “Seems like someone likes a show.”

Lucifer snickered. “You have no idea,” he murmured softly. “Wow. Just...wow.”

“Don’t think I’ve ever gotten a wow before.” Sam said quietly as his thumb rubbed against Lucifer’s cheek.

Lucifer’s eyes fluttered shut at the contact, enjoying it immensely. “Well, you definitely deserve it,” he said softly.

Sam smiled as he glanced at Gabriel who looked like he was about to burst from impatience. “I think a certain someone wants his turn at a kiss.”

“Damned skippy I do. Not that watching you two isn’t fun, but I’m feeling a little left out at the moment.” Gabriel said as he shifted closer to Sam.

Lucifer pulled away slowly, almost reluctantly as he did so. “Your turn, Gabe.”

Gabriel reached out to card his fingers through Sam’s hair as the taller man knee walked closer to him. Sam leaned forward, resting his hands on Gabriel’s knees and presses their lips together. Gentle
at first, there is obviously something between them as the kiss quickly turns more passionate. Their tongues sliding together as Sam’s hands inch their way up Gabriel’s thighs, squeezing lightly as they reach the top. In that moment Sam knew that he’d made the right decision. Lucifer made things seem right, Gabriel made him feel like his heart was lighter. He had no idea if it was because they were angels or because he’d made the right decision. All he knew is that he felt like they could make this work if they didn’t let themselves get in the way.

Gabriel was the first to pull back from the kiss with eyes glazed over and a sappy grin. “Wow doesn’t seem like the right word.” He murmured.

“You might be right.” Sam grinned as he sat back on his heels with a smack of his lips. “But I do know that chocolate milk and red wine don’t mix well.”

“Vinegar and dairy never mix.” Gabriel said with a pointed look at Lucifer. “See, red wine is awful.”

“In this case, yes.” Lucifer chuckled. He smiled warmly. “Now, Sam, would you like a show in return?”

“If you’d like.” Sam leaned back on his hands as he sucked on his bottom lip.

Gabriel smirked as he threw a leg over Lucifer’s lap. “Let’s give him a good one, Luci’.”

“Of course, Gabe,” Lucifer smirked in reply, resting his hands comfortably on Gabriel’s hips before leaning in to place a warm, not that chaste of a kiss on Gabriel’s lips, teeth already pulling his plush lower lip into his mouth.

Groaning, Gabriel wrapped his arms around Lucifer, pulling him closer as his fingers dig into where his wings would be. With careful nips, he soothes Lucifer’s top lip with his tongue, his head tilting as he parted his lips in invitation for Lucifer to take more if he wanted.

Lucifer groaned and drove his tongue back into Gabriel’s mouth, once again exploring as he took what he wanted. His hand trailed down from his hips and settled firmly on his rear, squeezing it gently.

Sam’s breathed in sharply in surprise at how a simple kiss could be so intoxicating to watch. “Damn…” he sighed as one of his hands wandered along his thigh, rubbing lazily without making an attempt to touch his slowly swelling cock.

Lucifer smiled into the kiss as he slowly pulled away to look at Sam, his ice blue eyes slowly turning black in arousal. “You’re welcome to join at any time,” he said with a slight aroused rasp to his voice.

Gabriel pushed a button on Lucifer’s shirt free. “Need more room if you do though.” Turning to look at Sam with golden brown eyes lit with passion. “Want to play, Sam?”

The hunter looked between them and slowly smiled. “Is the nest big enough?”

“Definitely,” Lucifer grinned, smacking Gabriel’s ass. “Hop off, short stuff. We’re going to the nest.”

“I’m not short. I’m fun-sized.” Gabriel winked at Sam as he climbed off of Lucifer’s lap. Pulling his shirt off over his head, he beckoned them both with a crook of his finger before sauntering down the hall towards Lucifer’s room.

Lucifer laughed and shook his head as he looked back at Sam, starting to unbutton his shirt. “Let’s
go, he’s a bit of a bossy bottom.” He winked at Sam before following his brother, sliding his shirt off and flapping his wings out.

“You know, there’s a cure for bossy bottoms.” Sam said as he followed after Lucifer. He didn’t take off his shirt like they did. He enjoyed the undressing the most. It helped build the anticipation.

“What, a spanking?” Lucifer grinned, his wings flapping as they stretched, sunset streaked feathers shining in the bunker light as they entered his room. “Because if so, someone’s long overdue for one.”

“That’s part of it.” Sam slide up behind Lucifer, his hands stroking over his feathers as he watched Gabriel stretch out in the nest. His golden wings taking up most of the space as trickster ran a hand down his chest to toy with the button of his pants. “Make him beg and say please. Manners are important.” Sam kissed the side of Lucifer’s neck just below his ear.

“What are you two plotting?” Gabriel asked with a smirk as he thumbed his button loose.

Lucifer shivered and gave a soft moan. “Manners are important, aren’t they?” he agreed, turning his head to meet Sam’s lips. “So let’s make him beg and plead for us,” he whispered softly, his lips just inches from Sam’s. “Please.”

Leaning down, he cupped Lucifer’s chin as he kissed him like it’s the last time he’ll ever be kissed again. Sucking the angel’s bottom lip between his teeth, he worried on it until it was pink, slick and swollen. Gabriel whimpered from the nest as he slipped a hand down the front of his pants to palm at his hardened cock.

Lucifer moaned and reached up to run his fingers through Sam’s hair, his eyes flashing a warning to Gabriel, letting his brother know not to even think about touching himself. He let out a soft whine as Sam sucked on his bottom lip.

Smirking at Lucifer, Gabriel continued what he was doing and moaning for good measure. Sam pulled out of the kiss and raised an eyebrow at Gabriel. “Patience is a virtue.”

“And so is jerking off while watching you two make out.” Gabriel groaned as his hand dipped further down to stroke behind his balls.

Lucifer rolled his eyes and with a smirk, snapped his fingers, tying his brother’s wrists above his head with a soft gold scarf. “You will wait your turn, Messenger,” he purred. He turned to face Sam with a slight mischievous smile. “Do you like?” he murmured.

“Very much.” Using the tips of his fingers, Sam caressed down Lucifer’s chest, stopping to circle around one of his nipples. “Do you?”

Lucifer gave a soft moan and nodded. “Yes, I do. Immensely,” he breathed. “May I kiss you again?”

“Please.” Sam murmured as he gathered Lucifer into his arms, hands spanning around his waist as he pulled the angel into a slow, sensuous kiss.

Lucifer kissed Sam slowly, sensuously, gripping the human’s shirt tightly as his wings arched high above them, almost enclosing them into their own personal haven. His lips parted slightly, drawing in a soft breath as he gave Sam permission to explore his mouth. His hands eventually dropped down to Sam’s waist, sliding his hands underneath of the hunter’s shirt to touch the warm skin beneath it.

Sliding his hands downward, he cupped the cotton covered curve of Lucifer’s ass, kneading the them. Sam’s tongue teased its way into Lucifer’s mouth to lick along the angel’s tongue. The taste of
wine still lingering and melding with the heady, earthy scent of his wings surrounding them.

“Come on you two. Lonely Trickster in a nest here.” Gabriel nearly whined as he pulled at his restraints, trying to figure out how to get out of his brother’s work.

Lucifer moaned and ground lightly against Sam’s crotch as the hunter gripped his ass, licking up the flavor of the red wine that Sam had drank. His brother’s whining reached his ears and he couldn’t help but smirk into the kiss. His hands glided up Sam’s sides, bringing his shirt with him.

“Take your shirt off, please,” he whispered against Sam’s perfect lips.

“Leading by example I see.” Sam half smiled in amusement as he unbuttoned the first couple of buttons, then pulled the shirt off over his head and tossing it to the floor. “Any other requests?” He teased as he trailed a hand down his chest, dragging his nails through the sparse hair on his stomach that lead to his waistband.

Lucifer’s mouth went dry as he watched. He moved back into Sam’s space and lightly rested his hands on his hips, feeling the smooth skin underneath the rough pads of his fingers. “Father, you’re beautiful,” he whispered. His wings, acting on their own accord, trailed their feathers down his back lightly.

With a barely contained giggle, Sam squirmed under the tickling sensation of the feathers ghosting over his skin. He quickly schooled his expression and swallows down his laughter but can’t stop the slight blush of embarrassment. “Sorry.” He said weakly.

“Oh, Luci’, our Samuel is ticklish.” Gabriel singsonged as he smiled from ear to ear. “Am I going to have fun with that.”

Lucifer rolled his eyes and flushed, smiling at Sam. “Don’t be. They have a mind of their own,” he admitted. He leaned in and placed a somewhat chaste kiss on the hunter’s kiss bitten lips. “I should be the one that’s sorry.”

“You can do what you like with your wings, Luc’. I like having them touch me.” Sam murmured as he reaches up to smooth his palm over the arch of Lucifer’s wing.

“If they get too unruly just grab a handful of feathers and give them a gentle tug.” Gabriel smirked at his brother. “Always gets them to calm right down but it’ll drive Luci’ wild.”

Lucifer ignored his younger brother, shuddering at the touch to his wing, dropping his head slightly to rest on Sam’s collarbone. “Is marking okay?” he asked as he pressed a gentle kiss to the skin underneath his lips.

“It’s fine. Just keep it where I can cover it with my clothes.” Sam placed his free hand on the back of Lucifer’s head. His fingers lightly scratching into the angel’s scalp.

Lucifer nodded and bit down lightly onto Sam’s collarbone, closing his eyes as he began to suck the salt slick skin underneath his teeth with a groan as he pressed himself into the human.

Tilting his head back with a sigh, Sam wrapped his hand around the main bone of Lucifer’s wing and squeezed. “Been forever since I had a love bite.”

Lucifer moaned as his wing was squeezed and he pulled away to observe the deep red mark blossoming against the golden skin. “We’ll make sure you’re never lacking,” he quipped, kissing up his neck. His dawn streaked wings wrapped themselves around the two of them loosely, caging them slightly.
Sliding his hands along Lucifer’s back, Sam’s hands dipped beneath his waistband and grips him tightly as he grinds his pelvis against Lucifer. “These need to come off.”

Lucifer groaned and nodded, removing his hands from Sam’s waist to slip his sweatpants and boxers off in one fluid motion, flushing as he became the first one fully naked.

Sam inhaled sharply as he took in the sight of every inch of Lucifer’s pale skin being revealed. Stepping back until the back of his legs bump against the nest, he reclines back and shifts his way up until he’s laid out beside Gabriel. “You are beautiful, Lucifer. I think I understand why you’re called the shining one.”

“Heylel has always been beautiful.” Gabriel agreed as he watches his brother in the low light of the room.

With a smile, Sam crooked his finger at Lucifer. “Come join us and if Gabriel is a very good boy, you can release him so he can play too.”

Lucifer blushed and made his way over to Sam, crawling up and onto the hunter before resting a bit and hungrily devouring Sam’s mouth, unable to stop himself.

Groaning into the kiss, Sam hooked his long leg around Lucifer’s hip as he rolled up into him. His hands grabbing and scratching along the planes of Lucifer’s back and the swell of his ass. Gabriel, not wanting to be left out, ran his bare foot along Sam’s leg.

Lucifer keened and rolled his hips down and into Sam’s, urged on by his leg and hands. Feeling the ghost of his brother’s leg, he took a moment of rational thinking to tie Gabriel’s legs down.

“No fair, dammit!” Gabriel shouted out in frustration and slammed his head into the pillow.

Lucifer chuckled and pulled away from the kiss to look at his brother with lust filled eyes. “Totally fair,” he rasped before turning back to Sam, giving a firm roll of his hips.

Gasping at the feel of Lucifer’s cock pressing against his, he worked his hand in between them and started unfastening his jeans. “Don’t worry, Gabriel.” Sam mumbled against Lucifer’s skin as he sucked and nipped his way down his jaw. “We’ll get to you in a little bit.” He lifted his head and grinned. “When you can ask nicely.”

Lucifer grinned back at Sam. “May I help?” he asked, his hands going down to meet Sam’s on the human’s jeans.

“Oh course.” Sam smiled, moving his hand out of the way and folded them behind his head.

Lucifer smiled and pulled off of Sam completely to tug his jeans and boxers off of him after he finished lowering the zipper and he licked his lips as he gazed upon the naked hunter. “Fuck,” he whispered, his eyes lingering on the proportionally sized cock in front of him.

“What?” Sam looked down at his cock, standing straight and flushed. “Is something wrong?”

Gabriel’s eyes were as large as teacups as he stared at what was just unveiled. “I take it back. My horn isn’t nearly as mighty as that.” He looked over at Sam and smiled. “I can’t wait to give it a good blow.”

“No, nothing’s wrong, just . . . fuck, you’re gorgeous.” Lucifer assured the human, leaning down to rut against him once more and kiss him. “Stunning, even.”
Sam cupped either side of Lucifer’s face, moaning into the kiss as he wrapped his legs around the smaller man’s waist to give him leverage to grind up against him. His aching cock leaking precome enough to slicken them both. “Tell me, what do you want Luc’?” He whispered against the fallen angel’s lips.

Lucifer groaned and panted into the kiss, his hips rolling down and into Sam’s constantly, his own dick throbbing in need. “Fuck me,” he whispered back. “Please.”

“Anything you want.” He pecked him on the lips and rolled him so that Lucifer is on his side facing Gabriel. “Where do you keep the lube and condoms?” He asked softly as he rubbed a hand along the back of Lucifer’s thigh.

“You don’t need condoms with us, Sammich. Angel’s remember?” Gabriel turned his head to look Lucifer in the eyes wanting so badly to be able to touch him or Sam. “Isn’t that right, Heylel?”

Lucifer moaned and nodded, his eyes fluttering closed. “Lube’s in the top drawer, nightstand behind you,” He told Sam, his thigh quivering at the touch.

With a brief sound of understanding, Sam rolled over to look for what he needed in the nightstand. Meanwhile, Gabriel shifted as close as he could towards Lucifer. “He’s going to fill you up so good, isn’t he? Make you scream his name like you wanted.” He whispered low enough that Sam wouldn’t hear him.

Lucifer shivered and nodded in agreement. His wings stretched out and settled neatly over him, almost covering him from Gabriel’s view.

“Don’t hide now. Let me watch, Heylel. I want to see you come apart as he fucks you.” Gabriel said with a hint of begging in his voice, his hips canting up as if to seek some kind of friction he wasn’t going to get anytime soon.

Sam stopped when he saw that Lucifer was basically hiding under his wing. “Lucifer, are you alright? We don’t have to do this if you’re not sure.” His voice holding a tinge of worry.

Lucifer nodded. “Yeah, I’m fine,” he admitted. His wing fell a little bit, uncovering himself as he twisted his head to look at Sam. “Just be gentle, it’s my first time.” he admitted quietly.

Sam glanced at Gabriel who nodded in confirmation. “I’ll be gentle, Lucifer. But tell me if I hurt you at all.” He lifted Lucifer’s leg and draped it over Gabriel. “Maybe you could let Gabe go. He could help me make this really good for you.”

Gabriel pleaded wordlessly with his eyes trained on Lucifer.

Lucifer snapped his fingers and unbound his brother, feeling himself both relax and tense at the same time, turning his head back towards Gabriel.

Lowering his hands, Gabriel turned onto his side and cupped Lucifer’s cheek. “Just relax, Heylel. We’ll take care of you.” He whispered right before pressing their lips together in a slow, sweet kiss.

Sam began to pepper wet, open mouthed kisses along Lucifer’s shoulder and neck as his fingers stroked softly over his puckered entrance. His fingers moving in deliberate circles to spread the lube.
Lucifer gasped and moaned into the kiss, grabbing onto Gabriel’s shoulders and squeezing him tighter to him, slowly relaxing more and more.

Drifting his hand down, Gabriel teased his fingers through the coarse hair surrounding Lucifer’s cock as Sam gently pushed his finger into the tight ring of muscle of Lucifer’s hole, moving it in and out at a leisurely pace while his other fingers slide against his rim. “You’re doing good, Luc’. Taking my finger like this. Does it feel okay?” Sam whispered to him as he worked on stretching him.

Lucifer moaned and nodded, breaking the kiss with Gabriel. “Yes, it feels good Sam,” he groaned. “More, please,” he begged.

Sam kissed below his ear as he added a bit more lube to his fingers and pressed two fingers into him. Thrusting a little harder, he twisted his wrist as he curls his fingers in search of his sweet spot. Gabriel gripped Lucifer’s cock, which was weeping precome onto his thigh. With firm movements, his hand squeezes the soft head on each upstroke. “You’re so beautiful like this. Being opened by those fingers of his.”

Lucifer moaned and rocked his hips back and forth between Gabriel and Sam. “They feel so good, Gabe,” he said. “Fuck they feel good.”

Spreading his fingers as he draws out and closing them when he pushed back in, Sam continued the scissoring motion for a few minutes before he teased the tip of a third finger along the edge of Lucifer’s hole. “Ready for more?”

Lucifer nodded and moaned loudly. “Yes, please,” he managed to say.

Smiling against his shoulder, Sam pressed three fingers into him. Shifting his position slightly, he began to thrust into Lucifer as he kissed along the base of his wing. “Fuck..you’re so damned tight. Not sure if I’ll be able to stop from coming as soon as I’m inside you.” Sam pressed his hard length against Lucifer’s thigh and rutted against him in time with the thrust of his fingers, letting out short moans and sighs.

Lucifer whined and whimpered, what Sam was doing to his wing was driving him insane. “Yes, oh yes, Sam, right there;” he shouted when Sam’s fingers glided over his prostate.

“Did he find a good spot?” Gabriel smiled as he kissed along Lucifer’s neck. “I love it when you do that to me.”

“I’ll enjoy finding yours too, Gabriel.” Chuckling Sam used his free hand to stroke around Lucifer’s wing, his fingers accidentally brushing against his oil gland.

Lucifer cried out and arched away from Sam’s chest as the hunter’s fingers brushed against his oil gland. “ Fuck, Sam, Sam, I’m not gonna last, please;” he begged.

Sam paused for a moment, in awe of the reaction he was getting from the angel but clueless as to what exactly he did. Filing it away to ask later, he moved back up to press against Lucifer’s back. “Want to come on my fingers or do you think you’re ready for me to be inside you?”

“Ready for you, please, Sam,” Lucifer whined, dropping his head back to rest on Sam’s shoulder.

Removing his hand from Lucifer’s cock, Gabriel rolled onto his back to remove his pants. Taking himself in hand slowly stroking along his shaft as he rolled back towards Lucifer, positioning his brother’s leg over his hip.

Sam pulled his fingers free, leaving Lucifer’s hole twitching, red and puffy. Pouring some more lube
into his palm, Sam thoroughly coating his cock before lining the head up. Kissing the nape of Lucifer’s neck, he slowly sunk into him, inch by inch. The hot grip of the angel’s ass around him making him groan low, almost a growl. Once he was buried to the base, he stillled with a hand gripping Lucifer’s hip, letting him adjust to the stretch of unused muscle. “Fuck...Lucifer...please say I can move soon.”

Gabriel peeked up from where he’d been kissing along Lucifer’s chest and grinned. “Feel good there, Sam?”

Sam’s only response was a grunt as he clenched his hand on Lucifer’s hip. Pressing his fingers into the flesh hard enough to leave white indentations of his fingertips.

Lucifer breathed deeply and choked as Sam bottomed out in him. He felt his wings fluff up in absolute arousal. “Move, please.” he groaned as he gave a roll of his hips, signifying in both words and actions his approval. One of his hands reached down and grabbed Gabriel’s cock, beginning to stroke him firmly, twisting his wrist as it reached the head.

Holding him firmly in place, Sam rolls his hips in smooth waves of motion. Each time pulling a little further out before plunging back inside. “You’re taking...me so good...Love the feel of you...around me.” His hand slid forward and joined Gabriel’s, where they both stroke him as Gabriel moaned, his face buried in Lucifer’s neck.

Lucifer gasped and moaned with each new sensation, still stroking his brother firmly and at a quick pace. His eyes squeezed shut. “Sam, fuck, feels good...oh fuck, yes, please, more, I need more,” he begged.

Slipping his free arm under Lucifer’s neck, he wraps his forearm across his chest as his thrusts sped up, driving him deeper into Lucifer. Moaning low beside Lucifer’s ear. Gabriel, having been teased for so long, was already spiralling towards his end and hearing his brother beg for more and the subsequent jarring motions of Sam slamming into Lucifer from behind had him panting out their names as he arched his back without warning. His orgasm crashing into him as he came with a strangled sob.

Lucifer moaned and watched his brother come undone, stroking him through his orgasm, his own spiralling towards him with lethal accuracy. Gabriel’s shaking done, he removed his hand, covered in his cum, and he licked it off his hand, barely able to make eye contact with Gabriel with the force of Sam pounding into him from behind.

Seeing Gabriel spent and panting with a dopey smile on his face, Sam slowed a fraction in favor of running his fingers along the base of Lucifer’s wing, in hopes of getting a similar reaction as before. His searching fingers run across a swollen bump in a seemingly protected spot under the wing. He rubbed around it gently as he pounded into Lucifer.

Lucifer choked and whined as his oil gland was rubbed once again, his back arching away from Sam once more and grinding his hips against Sam’s pelvis. “Fuck, Sam, Sam.” he whimpered, clenching down tightly onto Sam’s cock.

Groaning loud, Sam presses against the gland with the pad of his thumb. “Oh god...yes...Louder, Luc’. Want to hear you scream my name when you come.”

Lucifer shouted and nearly came, his hand flying down to grasp the base of his dick, not wanting to end yet. “Fuck, Sam, yes, more, please, give me more, need it,” he whined loudly, clenching again.

Gabriel finally recovering, watched as Lucifer staved off his orgasm and frowned. “What do you
need, Heylel? Tell us what you want.” He asked softly.

Lucifer panted and gasped, still gripping his cock tightly. “Sam, Sam, Sam, wanna feel you cum in me,” he begged in a hoarse whisper. “Please, please, need it, want it, please.”

Sam gasped as he rested his forehead between Lucifer’s wings. The exertion creating rivulets of sweat that ran down his temples as he snapped his hips forward, the movements becoming erratic as he quickly approached his end. With a few short thrusts he cried out Lucifer’s name loud enough for it to echo into the hall as he emptied spurt after spurt of come deep into Lucifer’s ass.

Lucifer came soon after that, gasping incoherently, shaking as he slumped in Sam’s arms, eyes half closed and his hand covered in cum again.

“Holy shit.” Sam panted as he rubbed his hand up and down Lucifer’s back.

“I think you mean Holy fuck.” Gabriel grinned as he leaned in to kiss his brother’s cheeks and forehead. “You were beautiful, brother. Both of you were.”

Lucifer moaned and cracked open an eye. “Ngh.” he groaned.

Sam carefully pulled free and leaned over Lucifer, petting the hair from his forehead. “Did I break you?” He said with a cheeky smile.

Lucifer gave him a look of heady pleasure as he opened his other eye slowly. “My wings are highly sensitive, my oil glands even more so.” he managed to croak.

Gabriel snorted as he sat up. “So that’s what you were doing back there. Luci almost comes from breathing heavy on his glands. You must have been really digging into them to make him a puddle of angel goo.”

Lucifer looked at his brother. “Just because I have overly sensitive wings doesn’t mean I almost come from someone breathing on them,” he said. He turned back to Sam. “All angel wings are sensitive, but mine rank high on the sensitivity scale. It actually makes me a better flyer.”

“Good to know.” Sam leaned down and kissed him softly. He pulled back and looked to Gabriel. “And what about you, Trickster? Any hot spots I should know about for later?”

Gabriel shook his head playfully. “For me to know and you to find out.”

Sam smirked as he settled behind Lucifer, pulling him to his chest. “If I still had the refractory period of a teenager I’d take you up on that challenge.”

Lucifer chuckled almost sleepily as he nosed the pillows and nestled back against Sam. “Anything involving his ass, and he has a rimming kink.” he mumbled. “Also, I don’t think he learned his lesson.”

Gabriel rolled his eyes. “The only lesson I learned is that you’re a dick, Lucifer. Restraining me like that when we had Sam with us for the first time. That’s just cruel.”

Sam chuckled as he got up with a stretch. “Why do I suddenly feel like a chew toy between two angry poodles?”

Lucifer sprawled out on the bed. “Maybe if you used your manners, Gabriel, you would’ve been free quicker.” he hummed.
“I am polite. Ask anyone.” Gabriel protested as he picked up a pillow to hit Lucifer with.

Sam’s hand darted out and caught the tail end of it before Gabriel could finish the swing. Taking hold of Gabriel’s wrist, he pulled the angel towards him. “Be nice to your brother when he’s blissed out or there will be consequences.”

Lucifer groaned and flapped his wings, oblivious to Sam and Gabriel. “I’m hungry,” he grumbled.

Gabriel stared defiantly up into Sam’s eyes but made no effort to free himself from Sam’s grasp. “I’m not afraid of you, Sam Winchester.”

Sam leaned down and grazed his lips against the younger archangel’s cheek. “I don’t want you to fear me. I want you to crave me and Lucifer to the point you’ll beg for us to touch you. And beg politely.” Sam turned Gabriel’s head with a gentle finger under his chin until they were both looking at Lucifer. “Just think of all the possibilities since you invited me to be with you.” Stepping back with a smack to Gabriel’s bare ass, the sound louder for the quiet of the room. “Now be good while I go get us something to drink and maybe a snack.”

Lucifer groaned and smiled at the sound of the smack. He slowly sat up with a moan and he rested his head against the headboard.

Winking at Lucifer, Sam left the room while Gabriel watched him go with surprised, wide eyes. As soon as Sam was out of earshot, Gabriel sighed as he rubbed the ass cheek that Sam had struck. “I think we created a monster, Luci’.”

Lucifer snorted. “No, he’s always been like that.” he said. “You’re not very observant, are you?”

“I’m very observant. I’ve just never seen this side of him.” Gabriel flopped on the bed beside Lucifer, smirking against his brother’s shoulder. “Makes me want to push all his buttons.”

Lucifer chuckled and closed his eyes pleasantly. “You just want to feel him spank you.” he accused teasingly.

“Don’t you?” Gabriel asked, draping his wings over them.

Lucifer shrugged. “Good boy spankings feel better than ones bad boys get.” he said. He combed his fingers through Gabriel’s wings gently. “At least, that’s my opinion. I also have the feeling Sam could get very creative if he wanted to.”

Breathing deeply, Gabriel laid quietly as he processed everything that Lucifer had said. He didn’t doubt that Sam was a creative man, not to mention tenacious and there was a fine line between playing and being an ass when things were so new. “Am I a bad lover and companion?”

Lucifer shook his head. “No, baby, you’re not,” he reassured him. He kissed the top of his head. “You’re one of the best lovers I’ve ever had.”

“Then you don’t mind that I’m bossy in bed?” Gabriel asked quietly, having started to take what Lucifer and Sam had said to heart and it worried him that they’d find him lacking in some way. “Because I don’t want you to regret...well all of this.”

Lucifer laughed. “I personally enjoy having you as a bossy bottom,” he said, hugging his brother close to him. “Means I can spank you more and find different ways to drive you wild.”

Smiling, Gabriel squirmed against Lucifer as the doubt inside him lessened.
“I heard someone say spanking. Am I missing the fun?” Sam said brightly as he entered the room with a tray holding an assortment of fruit and drinks for them.

Lucifer laughed. “Spanking is definitely a kink for the two of us,” he confirmed. “It’s a great way to get Gabriel to moan like a cheap whore.” He grinned at his brother.

Gabriel slugged his brother in the shoulder as he sat up to take the tray from Sam. “I’m not cheap. You know that.”

“Or a whore I hope.” Sam crawled up beside Gabriel so that the angel was wedged between him and Lucifer.

Lucifer leaned in and kissed his brother’s cheek sweetly. “I know, I was using an example,” he said. He grabbed a bottle of water and began chugging it down. “As for me, I’ve only been on the giving end, never the receiving. Not that I mind too much, especially when it comes to my brother.” He grinned at Gabriel. “What was it the other day, forty smacks and you came all over my lap.”

“Thirty-five.” Gabriel mumbled with a flush to his cheeks as he took a bottle of water for himself. “We never made it to forty.”

“Oh.” Sam chuckled as he watched Gabriel quietly sip his water. “I’m actually impressed. I’d love to be able to come untouched.”

“He was rutting a little bit against my thigh, but I had him pinned down pretty well,” Lucifer said. “And I’m proud that I could make him cum untouched.” He kissed his blushing brother. He gave a wicked grin at Sam. “Maybe I could get you to cum untouched like that,” he purred.

“It’d be worth a try, but don’t hold your breath.” Sam calmly nibbled on a slice of apple as he rested against the headboard. “Tried once or twice and it’s always been disappointing.”

Gabriel grabbed several slices of fruit and passed a few to Lucifer.

Lucifer took the fruit from his brother and began eating. “Hmm. Wonder how I can fix that.” he said thoughtfully.

“By not being a one night stand.” Gabriel teased.

Sam immediately responded by shoving him into Lucifer. “Don’t be an ass, Gabe. Hunting doesn’t lend itself to long term relationships.”

“Gabe,” Lucifer groaned, giving his brother a punch to the shoulder, “behave. Not what I meant and you know it. Now apologize.”

The younger angel looked between them as if they’d lost their minds. “I was just teasing.”

Lucifer sighed and stroked his brother’s hair. “Do you think Sam really wanted to have those one night stands all those years?” he asked him gently.

“No.” Gabriel said sullenly as his shoulders drooped. “But..”

Sam shrugged as he continued to eat. “In a way I did. I mean it wasn’t an ultimate goal but it beat the alternative.”

Lucifer shrugged. “That may be, Sam, but you’re not like Dean was,” he pointed out. He kissed his brother’s temple. “I know what you meant, and so did Sam, but you have to be careful with your
words, alright?” he soothed.

Gabriel nodded in agreement and Sam wrapped his arm around his shoulder. “You have a point though, Gabriel.” Sam started to explain. “Trying to explain to a total stranger what I needed was difficult at best and when I was in college I had no clue what to ask for.”

Lucifer nodded and rested his head on top of Gabriel’s shoulder. “Well, between the three of us, we’ll all learn things,” he said. “Communication is key.”

“Good thing we got the talkier Winchester.” Gabriel winked at Sam as he leaned forward and stole an apple slice right out the hunters grip, using only his teeth.

Lucifer laughed and nodded. “I feel so sorry for Cas,” he said. He stretched and finished his water before laying back down.

Sam snorted in amusement as he sat the tray on the floor and pulled Gabriel down into the nest so he could curl around him like a kid with a teddy bear. “Don’t worry about Cas. He’s not the only one dealing with a needy bottom in this bunker.”

Lucifer barked out a laugh before rolling onto his side to face his lovers. “So, what are the plans for tomorrow?” he asked them.

“Well I was going to go teach some presidential candidates a few things, but I can rearrange my schedule.” Gabriel sighed as he wrapped Sam’s arm firmly around his chest.

“I’m open to suggestions.” Sam said as peeked over Gabriel's shoulder.

Lucifer hummed happily as he snuggled closer. “Mmm good. Because I want more.”

“I think that can be arranged.” Sam replied in a sleep heavy voice before he yawned wide enough for make the joints of his jaw pop.

“Mmm, good,” Lucifer repeated, his eyes drifting closed. “Good night.”

“Goodnight, Luci’.” Gabriel murmured as he covered him with a wing. Sam’s soft snores the last sound the angel hears before closing his eyes and slipping off to sleep.
Dean couldn’t sleep. He spent more time than he cared to count laying on his back staring at the ceiling of his room. With Castiel spending some time in Heaven to do god only knew what, it left Dean’s room far too quiet. A part of the hunter detested the fact that he couldn’t make it through a night without hearing the soft grunts and puffs of Castiel sleeping beside him. Throwing back the covers with an irritated kick, Dean grabbed his pillow and trudged down the hall towards Lucifer’s nest while rubbing his tired, scratchy eyes. Maybe the resident angels would let him curl up with them so he could finally get to sleep.

Pausing outside of the room, he gently twisted the knob so as not to wake them and pushed the door open. It took several moments to come to grips with what he was seeing. His brother, Sam, bent over Gabriel’s back as he pounded into the angel, while said angel had Lucifer’s dick wedged down his throat. “WHAT THE HELL!?” Dean shouted without thinking. Sam jerked to look over his shoulder and started scrambling to pull a blanket around him as he withdrew from Gabriel.

“Dean! What are you doing here? I thought you’d gone to bed?” Sam panted as he wrapped the blanket tight around his waist.

Lucifer choked while trying to get Gabriel off of him. Gabriel made a disgruntled sound as both of his men were pulling away from him. Turning to look towards the door, he rolled his eyes as he flopped down on the mattress. “Wonderful.” He mumbled so that he is only heard by his brother.

“I couldn’t sleep and thought I’d come here. But instead of sleeping angels I find my brother screwing the devil and a trickster!” Dean pointed his finger at each of them in turn, finally settling on Sam. “And so help me, you say that this isn’t what it looks like, I’ll kick your ass.”

Sam sat on the edge of the nest and sighed. “It’s exactly what it looks like.”

“Former devil, thank you very much,” Lucifer grumbled, reaching for his boxers.

“Excuse me, Former Devil.” Dean sneered. “Sam, you had better start explaining.”

“What does he need to explain to you, exactly?” Lucifer asked, standing up and making his way to Dean. “He’s a grown ass man and if he wants to be with me and Gabriel, then he can. He doesn’t have to explain himself.”

“Because Sam has a tendency to pick terrible partners.” Dean snapped as he glared at Lucifer.

Sam huffed and snatched his jeans from the floor. “Dean, I swear you’re like a broken record.” He yanked his pants on and zipped them a little rougher than he probably should have. “But Lucifer’s right. I’m thirty-five years old and can make my own decisions just like you do.”

“I wouldn’t sound like a broken record if you didn’t keep repeating yourself.” Dean’s voice kept raising louder and louder, until he was nearly shouting. “What is with you and supernatural creatures? First Ruby and now this.”
Gabriel watched with narrowed eyes as the two Winchester’s started to square off, shoulders thrown back as if they were dangerously close to blows. Glancing at Lucifer, he nodded his head towards them, silently asking if he should intervene.

Lucifer gave him a look and stepped in between both of them.

Sam’s chest rose and fell in barely contained anger and hurt. Shaking his head, he gave Lucifer an apologetic look before storming out of the room. With a deep breath Gabriel got up from the bed and dressed himself with a touch of his grace. “I’ll go talk to him.” He murmured to Lucifer as he passed. He stopped beside Dean and hissed. “And you better hope I don’t find him crying, asshole.” Gabriel glanced one last time at Lucifer and left the room with determination in his step.

Lucifer sighed and crossed his arms and looked at Dean. “Let me set something straight with you, Dean Winchester. We are **not** Ruby. We’re not even close. We’re with Sam because we love him and care for him. We’re with him because we like him and want to be with him. Unlike her,” he snarled.

“And when you don’t anymore? When you’re done playing house with my brother, I’m the one who’ll be picking up the pieces.” Dean ground out as he stepped closer to Lucifer while his heart pounded in his chest as he quickly realized that he wasn’t staring down a demon but an Archangel.

Lucifer’s wings flared out from his back in a display of dominance. “I cannot completely speak for my brother,” he hissed, “but I won’t be done playing ‘house’ with Sam. I’m in this for the long haul, whether you like it or not. I want to be Sam’s, for as long as he’ll have me. And if you can’t handle that, well, I’m sorry, but find your big boy panties and pull them up.”

Clenching his jaw, the muscles flinched as he stared at Lucifer. He’d never admit it, not even to God himself, but deep down he was hurt that Sam didn’t tell him to begin with. They’d been through so much over the decades that he thought his brother would come to him by now, especially after the Amara business where they promised each other to be more open. And now he’s turning to others instead. Shaking his head, he leaned in close and whispered. “Fuck you, Lucifer.” Turning on his heels, he slammed out of the room and back to his own. The sound of his door nearly rattling off the hinges echoing down the hall.

Lucifer sighed and ran his hand over his jaw, guilt racing through him as he made his way back to the nest.

Gabriel skidded into the room, clearly out of breath and with several of his flight feathers out of place. “Sam’s gone.”

“Gone where?” Lucifer mumbled into the pillows.

“No clue. His car’s warded to hell and back. I bounced off the damned roof when I tried to land.” Gabriel shook his wings to try and straighten the ruffled feathers. “Come on, Luci. Get out of the nest and help me find him.”

“In a minute, let him blow off some steam,” Lucifer mumbled.

Gabriel walked over to Lucifer’s side of the nest and rolled him so that his brother would face him. “Why are you even in this bed? You should be pissed and possibly smacking the sass right out of Dean’s face.”

“And what, exactly, would that accomplish?” Lucifer asked. “Dean hating us even more?”

“It’d make me feel better.” Gabriel crossed his arms over his chest and raised an eyebrow at Lucifer.
“But you know what we’re going to do instead?”

“Let me relax and wait for Sam to come back?”

“You’re half right.” Gabriel said with a wag of his finger to emphasize his point. “I’m going to go get Castiel, so HE can smack some sense into Dean. Then when our Moose comes back, we’re taking him on an extended stay somewhere away from his overbearing sibling.”

“Sounds good.” Lucifer said, turning his head so his face was smushed into the pillow.

“Good, now get up.” Gabriel said with a slap to Lucifer’s rear. “Get things ready, while I get Castiel.”

Lucifer squawked and batted Gabriel’s hand away. He snapped his fingers. “There, everything’s ready.” he said, returning to his prone position.

Sighing, Gabriel pinched the bridge of his nose. “Fine, stay in bed and mope because a hunter tried to pass judgement on you, Heylel. I’m going to try and fix this.”

“I’m not moping,” Lucifer grumbled.

“Sure you aren’t.” Gabriel scoffed before he flew away to Heaven.

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A short time later Castiel returned without Gabriel and gently knocked on Lucifer’s door.

“Come in,” Lucifer called, wrapped up in his wings and blankets.

Castiel entered quietly and surveyed the sight of his brother. “Lucifer, Gabriel sent me home saying that there is a problem and to see you about it. What has happened?”

Lucifer rolled over and looked at his younger brother. “Dean walked in on Gabriel, Sam, and myself.” he explained simply. “Dean started screaming about Sam making bad relationship choices and compared the two of us to Ruby.”

“He did what?” Castiel asked slowly with a squint of his eyes. He’d known about his brothers’ relationship with Sam, how could he not with the noise they made from time to time and the mess they left the nest in. He’d thought that Dean would have come to the same conclusion by now. So the fact that his hunter was acting in such a childish manner was incomprehensible to him.

“Yeah. So Sam stormed out, Gabe went after him, and I talked to Dean, told him that I wasn’t Ruby, and neither was Gabriel, and then he fucking insinuated that Gabriel and I were going to cast Sam aside like yesterday’s trash.” Lucifer ran his fingers through his hair.

“And you told Dean exactly in which orifice he could insert his opinions?” Castiel asked, his voice deepening as he truly started to become angry at Dean.

“No, I told him the truth, and mentioned that if he couldn’t accept it, to pull up his big boy panties and deal. And then he leaned in, said, ‘Fuck you, Lucifer’ and walked out.”

“Has he returned to apologize?” Castiel asked as he glanced back at the door, hoping Dean would prove him right. “Because I’m sure he didn’t mean it. He’s just very protective of Sam.”

“Not that I’m aware of,” Lucifer said.
“I am sorry that this has happened, Lucifer. This is...I will speak with him.” Castiel tilted his head at his brother to try and see his face. “But, are you alright?”

“A little bit,” Lucifer said. “I’ll be fine.”

“Are you sure?” Castiel looked concerned as his brother stayed wrapped in blankets.

“Yes,” Lucifer murmured.

Nodding, Castiel patted Lucifer on the ankle and left the room. The next sound heard is Dean’s door shutting a little more firmly than Cas usually would have done, but not before his voice echoes down the hall. “Dean Winchester, you and I will speak.”

Lucifer sighed and nuzzled back into the pillows, closing his eyes.

Twenty minutes later, Sam quietly entered Lucifer’s room and stood at the foot of the bed with his hands jammed deep into his pockets as he stared at the floor. In hindsight he regretted storming out like he had, leaving his angels to deal with Dean, but he needed to get some space before he said something that would have caused irreparable damage to his relationship with his brother. “Luc’, you awake?”

“Yeah,” Lucifer mumbled. He opened his eyes and sat up a little bit. “Are...are you feeling better?” he asked cautiously.

“A bit.” Sam peeked at Lucifer through his lashes and frowned. “I’m sorry, Lucifer. For running out like that and...everything.” His voice is strained as he turned and sank down onto the edge of the bed. “I hadn’t had a chance to tell Dean about us and it all got blown out of proportion.”

“It’s fine,” Lucifer murmured. “It’s a big brother thing. He’s very protective of you.”

“Still didn’t give him the right to call you the devil or put you anywhere near the same ring of fucked up that was Ruby.” Sam turned so that one of his legs was bent and he could turn towards his angel, his expression entirely retched. “I’ll understand if you don’t want...don’t want to do this anymore. It wouldn’t be the first person Dean has scared off.”

The thought made anger curl low in Lucifer’s belly and he moved over to sit behind Sam, wrapping his arms around him. “I’m not going to let anyone scare me away from you, Samuel Winchester,” he growled softly. “I have fought too hard for you to let some emotionally stunted brother take you away from me. I’m still in this if you want to be.”

Sam ran his hand along Lucifer’s forearm as he pressed his cheek against his bicep. “I still want this. You, Gabriel...everything.” He said quietly. “I just don’t know what to do about Dean. I thought he’d be more accepting of us with him seeing Cas.”

“He’s probably just thinking of all the negatives that have happened with you having romantic and sexual partners and doesn’t want to see you hurt,” Lucifer murmured quietly, kissing the top of his hunter’s head. “But Castiel is talking to him and when Gabriel returns, we’re going to take you someplace, away from Dean, and focus on us. Does that sound good?”

Sam nodded as he contained a sigh. “Where are we going to go?”

“Not sure, probably one of Gabriel’s safe houses,” Lucifer admitted. He leaned over and kissed Sam’s cheek gently.

Sam was just about to answer when Gabriel pops into the room, giving off his very best impression
of a disgruntled den mother. Or worse, a disgruntled boyfriend. “There you are! Where the hell have you been??”

“I took a drive to cool off?” Sam said as he instinctively pressed back into Lucifer.

“In a warded car?” Gabriel crossed his arms over his chest and glared at the pair of them. “I’ll have you know I bounced off your roof like a rubber ball.”

Lucifer gave Gabriel a look, rubbing Sam’s arms gently, soothing him. “All the cars are warded, Gabe, you know that,” he said gently. “I’m sure Sam just wanted to not have one of us babbling in his ear while he drove around and relaxed.”

“Doesn’t mean I’m still not irritated.” He paced around the room gesticulating wildly. “I mean, flying half the Axis Mundi to find Cas gave me time to think and I’m a gnat’s nut hair away from turning your brother into a woman.”

At first, all Sam can do is watch, wide eyed, as Gabriel vented out his frustration. By the end, he was biting his lips together as he tried to repress the urge to laugh. The mental image of Dean waking up in a woman’s body instead of with one was just hilarious to Sam.

Lucifer hid his face in his lover’s shoulder, concealing a smile. When Gabriel was done ranting and raving, he poked his head up. “Feel better, little brother?” he asked softly.

Gabriel opened his mouth to speak just as the lights flickered followed by Dean’s door slamming open then shut again. The sound of Dean shouting Cas’ name came quickly after. Gabriel tilted his head as if listening to something other than the noise in the hall and smiled. “Yes, I feel much better now.”

Lucifer smiled. “Shall we head off on a vacation with our human?” he asked, hugging Sam closer to him, not wanting to let him go.

“Can I pack at least and maybe leave my dickhead brother a note?” Sam chuckled as he wrapped his hands around Lucifer’s wrist.

Gabriel leered as he ran his eyes over Sam’s frame. “Really think you’ll need clothes where we’re going?”

Lucifer chuckled. “I packed our bags earlier and we’ll leave Dean a note,” he promised. “And Gabriel’s right, clothing is optional where we’re going.”

“Alright, I guess I’m ready then.” Sam conceded as he tried to get up so they could get going.

Lucifer clung to him a bit tighter, nuzzling his face into his shoulder. Gabriel shook his head as he patted Sam’s shoulder. “Don’t bother. Mr. Octopus isn’t letting you go.” Lifting his hand, Gabriel snapped and the three of them disappeared along with the nest.
Lucifer sighed and sprawled back onto the bed happily, his wings settling neatly behind him. “Ahh yes, smell that? It’s the smell of freedom from idiotic overprotective brothers,” he purred as he wiggled in the nest.

“I think that’s pine trees.” Sam said absentmindedly as he looked around the bedroom. For some reason he’d expected opulence from Gabriel, but from the rough log walls of the bedroom, he’d have to guess that it was some sort of hunting or ski lodge type dwelling. “Where are we?”

“I believe in a random ski lodge somewhere in Sweden,” Lucifer hummed from his sprawled position on the bed.

“It’s not random.” Gabriel snorted as he came into the room with his arms loaded down with blankets. “This used to be a hut back when I first fled Heaven. This is my home away from home away from bunker.” He tossed his burden right onto Lucifer and held out his hand for Sam. “Care for a tour?”

Sam smirked as he took the offered hand. “Sure. You coming, Luc’?”

Lucifer made his way from out underneath the blankets and nodded. “Sure thing.”

Taking Lucifer’s hand, the three of them walk around the house and then the property as Gabriel explained the history and pointed out a few interesting landmarks. But what caught Sam’s eye was the shower room complete with a tub long enough to fit even his long legs and the view of the lake from the bedroom’s picture window.

Lucifer smiled and caught Sam looking at the tub and smiled warmly. What had caught his eye was the gym that was built in and facing snow covered mountains, complete with a sauna. Something that had helped him come to terms with liking who he was was working out, and while the bunker’s gym was pretty sweet, it was nothing compared to the one Gabriel had.

“So…” Gabriel finished the tour in his living room with his arms spread wide. “What do you boys think of my little hut?”

“Very well constructed. I like it.” Lucifer applauded, still thinking about the weights in the gym.

“It’s ...very you, Gabe.” Sam smiled as he dropped a kiss to his cheek. “I like it too. But I don’t
know about you two, but the lack of sleep is catching up with me. You mind if I crash for a bit?"

“Go ahead,” Lucifer said with a smile, kissing Sam’s cheek.

“Yea, you get some sleep, Giant.” Gabriel pulled Sam down to kiss his cheek, effectively sandwiching him between Lucifer and himself.

“Thanks guys. Have fun without me.” Sam said with a slight yawn as he turned to head upstairs to the bedroom.

Gabriel turned to Lucifer and wiggled his eyebrows. “And then there were two.”

“I am going to head to that wonderful gym of yours,” Lucifer said with a grin. “Care to join?”

Holding his hands up in surrender, he shook his head. “Oh, no no no. I try not to work out this early in the day, but you go right ahead.”

He laughed and made his way to the gym.

Gabriel wrinkled his nose at the state of the room once Lucifer left. He was glad they hadn’t looked too closely at some of the surfaces that were covered in dust. Waving his hand, the house set itself to rights leaving him free to go into the kitchen and work on his favorite past time. Baking. An hour later, he was pulling cake pans from the oven and sitting them on the counter to cool.

Lucifer came out of the gym just as the last pan was set on the counter, clad in only a towel and still sweating a little bit from the sauna. “Mmm, those smell good,” he said, coming into the kitchen and kissing his brother’s cheek.

“I hope they taste as good too. Lemon is such a bitch to balance in cake.” He pulled off his apron and tossed it on the counter, pausing a brief moment to take in the sight of a dewy chested Lucifer. With a slow lick of his top lip, he pulled Lucifer against him. “But now you on the other hand, look delightfully sinful.”

Lucifer chuckled and gave a slow roll of his hips against Gabriel’s. “Is it the towel or the sight of me covered in sweat and water?” he asked playfully.

“All of the above.” He twisted around so that Lucifer was pinned to the counter, but stayed content to just hold him. “I was thinking.”

“You, thinking? That’s a dangerous concept,” Lucifer teased with a small smile.

Gabriel reached around to the front of his brother’s towel and gives a gentle tug. “Oh, you’ll like this. I was thinking that we should do something special for our Moose.”

“We should do something special for him, yes,” Lucifer agreed. “What did you have in mind? Or were you looking for help in that department?”

“I hadn’t really gotten past the ‘Let’s do something for Sam’ phase of my planning.” Gabriel smirked. “So I’m open to suggestions.”

Lucifer hummed and thought. “Has he mentioned anything in passing about a particular kink he wants to see?” he asked.

“There was one thing.” Gabriel said as he turned his back to Lucifer under the pretext of preparing the icing for the cake, in order to hide the blush to his cheeks.
“Oh? And what was that?” Lucifer asked, pushing himself lazily off the counter.

“Panties.” Gabriel mumbled as he measured out the ingredients. Sam, he’d learned, had some very interesting tastes when it came to kinks. What an angel could find out in quiet moments watching TV with someone was mindboggling.

Lucifer looked at Gabriel and imagined him in a pair of gold panties, silk edged with lace and he groaned. “I can definitely see the appeal.” he admitted. “Just you, or both of us?”

“Just me.” He glanced over his shoulder at his brother and shook his head. “But I don’t know if I can do it, Luci’. Wearing undies while I’m in a female vessel is one thing, but as a male?” He said with a sigh as he looked down at his hands. “It sounds stupid, I know.”

“No, it doesn’t sound stupid,” Lucifer soothed, coming over and wrapping his arms around his brother’s waist. “You’re right, it would be different in a male vessel. But think of silk caressing every sensitive inch of you, the sensations that causes. And even though Sam would prefer if it was just you, if it’d make you feel more comfortable I could wear a pair with you.” He kissed his lover’s cheek and smiled. “I think you would look gorgeous in them.”

Gabriel leaned into the kiss as he let his eyes drift shut. “You really think I’d look good in them? You’re not just saying that?”

“Of course I’m not just saying that,” Lucifer purred lowly. “Gold, to match your eyes. Silk, edged with lace. The hem coming up to give a peep show of your rear. Fuck, you’d look amazing in them.”

He reached down with one hand and gave one of Gabriel’s cheeks a soft squeeze.

Pulling his bottom lip between his teeth, Gabriel softly moaned. “The look on Sam’s face would be priceless. Plus, if I’m a good little angel I might get the rimming I’ve been wanting for weeks now.” He turned in Lucifer’s hold and draped his arms across the other angel’s shoulder. “What about you? How are you going to surprise Sam?”

Lucifer hummed and shrugged. “Not sure,” he admitted. He and Sam had never really discussed kinks, or something Sam would like Lucifer to do, nothing. When they fucked, they fell into it quite naturally, with Sam paying vigorous attention to his very sensitive wings. “I’ve never really heard him mention anything about me in passing, and I haven’t gone through his head.”

“That’s probably a good thing.” Gabriel screwed one eye shut as he gave the question a good going over. Even he’d observed that Sam and Lucifer tended to be a bit vanilla when it came to sex. Well as vanilla as a triad relationship could be. Lucifer always switching between topping and bottoming depending on his mood. Always being the last to finish. Gabriel’s eyes lit up as he really recognized what he’d just thought. Always last…”I think I have something, but it can’t be a surprise for Sam..because I have to talk to him about it.”

Lucifer cocked his head to the side. “Oh? What about?” he asked.

“For me to know and you to find out, oh brother mine.” Gabriel kissed him on the end of the nose and then smiled brightly for him. “Now go wash up while I finish this cake.”

Lucifer chuckled and placed a chaste kiss on his lips before heading off to the shower.

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A couple hours later, Lucifer wandered back into the kitchen, clean and dry. He was still bare chested, wearing a low riding pair of sweatpants. He smiled as he came up behind Gabriel, who was putting the finishing touches on the cake, and kissed his cheek. “That looks delicious, Gabe,” he
murmured.

“Thanks.” Gabriel held up a finger covered in chocolate icing. “Want a taste?”

Lucifer smiled and wrapped his tongue around his brother’s finger, drawing it into his mouth and sucking on it lightly, the individual forks stroking each side to gather up all the chocolate.

“Taste good?” Gabriel murmured as he watched his finger disappear. An electric thrill running along his spine when Lucifer’s tongue caressing his digit.

“Very good,” Lucifer murmured back as he let Gabriel’s finger slide slowly out of his mouth. He rested his hands on Gabriel’s hips and smiled.

“Then it’ll be even better when I lick it off of you two.” Gabriel wiped his hand on the apron around his waist as he waggled his eyebrows. “Sam still sleeping?”

“Yes,” Lucifer confirmed, chuckling softly. “I figure he’ll be up in a couple hours, which gives me time to make dinner for everyone. I was thinking of grilling a few steaks and making some mashed potatoes.” He kissed Gabriel’s cheek again.

“Sounds tasty.” Gabriel hummed. “Guess it’s my turn to clean up and see if I can squeeze into a pair of panties.”

Lucifer smirked and kissed Gabriel sweetly. “You know you can always snap a pair on that are tailored to fit you,” he hummed in reply. “But yes, go clean up. I’ll take care of your mess and make dinner.”

“I’d planned on snapping up a pair. Doesn’t mean I won’t still have to do some squeezing.” Gabriel winked as he slipped away.

Lucifer chuckled and cleaned up Gabriel’s mess before he began working on dinner, humming softly as he worked.

A few minutes later, a sleep tousled Sam came down the stairs while running his fingers through his hair in an attempt to tame it a bit.

Lucifer turned his head as he continued crushing garlic cloves. “Hello, Sleeping Beauty,” he teased affectionately. “Sleep well?”

“Mmrpg” Sam grumbled unintelligibly as he made his way to the coffee pot to brew some coffee to wake himself up.

Lucifer laughed and leaned over to kiss his sleepy boyfriend’s cheek before returning to his cooking. Sam didn’t say a word until he had a fresh, hot cup of coffee in his hands and the first sip was warming him from the inside. “Smells good. Steak?”

“Thank you, and yes,” Lucifer said, searing the fat off the steaks in the frying pan before transferring them to the grill and taking a peek at the potatoes. “I think I’m going to put corn on the cob with this meal,” he hummed thoughtfully as he began dicing up green onions for the mashed potatoes.

“Don’t make an ear for me, Luc’. Never liked how it got stuck in my teeth.” He mumbled into his cup. “Where’s Gabriel?”

“Taking a shower,” Lucifer hummed. “Is there an alternative vegetable you would like instead of
corn on the cob, or do you just want me to cut the corn off the cob?” He got out two ears of corn and got them into the steamer before flipping the steaks and draining the finished potatoes.

“I’m fine with splurging on meat and potatoes for one night.” Refilling his mug he moved as he contently watched Lucifer work as a small smile appeared on his face. “I still get a kick out of seeing you cook.”

“What?” Lucifer laughed softly, turning his head as he poured milk into the soon to be mashed potatoes, which he opted to mash by hand instead of using the cherry red Kitchen Aid mixer sitting on the counter. “Why?”

Sam shrugged as he sat his mug on the counter and wrapped his arms around Lucifer’s waist, resting his chin on the angel’s shoulder. “It’s just something you don’t think of an angel doing is all.”

Lucifer smiled and gave a one shoulder shrug. “I like it,” he admitted. “It’s soothing and relaxing, and I’m quite good at it.”

“Very good at it.” Sam gave him a coffee warmed kiss on the cheek.

Gabriel came down the stairs, hair still damp and slicked back on his head and wearing a silk robe in the deepest color of burgundy. “I declare myself clean and ready for cake.” He said with a grin.

Lucifer laughed and looked over at his brother. “After dinner,” he said. “Which is done, Sam you mind getting the plates, please?”

Nodding, Sam grabbed the table settings and laid them out on the table.

“Gabriel, could you please get out something for everyone to drink? I’ll take a bourbon tonight, if you don’t mind.” Lucifer asked sweetly as he carried the pot of steaming mashed potatoes over to the table.

“Bourbon. Got it.” Gabriel noted as he moved around the kitchen to gather the drinks. At one point, while Sam’s back was turned, he opened his robe to give Lucifer a peek of what he had on underneath. The panties Lucifer had described but in a soft honey yellow instead of gold. Winking, he snapped his robe closed and went to the table to help Sam finish setting it up.

Lucifer let his jaw drop a little bit. His younger brother was stunning in the panties, just as he knew Gabriel would be. He winked back and finished bringing over the food, plating it around the two of them. “Everything done?” he asked warmly as he sat down in his spot.

“I think so.” Sam responded as he sat between Gabriel and Lucifer.

Gabriel took his seat and looked at the food presented to him. “This looks wonderful, Luci’.” Picking up his knife and fork he cut into the steak and popped the first bite into his mouth with a groan.

Lucifer beamed and smiled, picking up his own utensils and digging in, thinking about what to alter the next time he made this particular meal.

The meal passed in relative silence, each of them not wanting to take away from their enjoyment of the food by talking too much. When Sam had finished, he sat back in his chair with a satisfied smile. “If I continue to eat like that, I’m going to have to increase my run in the mornings.”

Lucifer smiled and sat back a moment later, sipping on his bourbon. “Ah, but, see, I wasn’t the only one busy in the kitchen today,” he said with a slow smirk. “Gabriel baked what promises to be a delicious cake.”
Gabriel squirmed in his seat as the silk stroked across his sensitive skin. “I’m not sure I could eat any cake right now.”

“Me either.” Sam agreed as he stood to gather the empty plates. “But the great thing about cake is that it keeps well.”

“That it does,” Lucifer agreed. “Do you mind finishing up in here, Sam?” He made eye contact with Gabriel as he said this, keeping the smirk off of his face. “I want to go make sure that the bed is made properly.”

“Of course. Seems fair since you two cooked.” Sam returned to the table to gather more dishes and headed back into the kitchen.

Gabriel raised his eyebrow at Lucifer and slipped away from the table. “I’ll help you Luci’. That nest is a bear to fix up alone.”

“Thank you, Gabriel,” Lucifer said, leading the way back to the bedroom. Once there, he grabbed the front of Gabriel’s robe and slid it off of him, hungrily devouring his lips. “Fuck, those look perfect on you,” he growled.

“I still feel a little foolish in them.” Gabriel mumbled as he tangled his fingers in Lucifer’s hair, tugging lightly at the strands as he molded himself into his chest.

“Understandable, but fuck, Gabe, you look amazing in them. And I bet it feels amazing against your skin, so soft and slippery, almost a whisper of pleasure each time you squirmed,” Lucifer murmured low in Gabriel’s ear, running his hands up and down Gabriel’s back, getting closer to the panties each time. “I can’t wait to see Sam’s reaction. I want to pull these down just a bit with my teeth and suck you while Sam rims you. I want to see him fuck you while you’re wearing them, watch you ruin them as he makes you cum.”

Gabriel shuddered in his arms as Lucifer’s words sent ripples of pleasure through him. His half hard cock twitching in interest against the silk panel of the panties. “Yes..please..want that so much. It was so hard not to touch myself during dinner. They felt so good on me.”

“I bet they do,” Lucifer purred, giving a slow roll of his hips, pressing the soft cotton of his sweats against Gabriel’s silk clad cock. “I really want to watch him fuck you while wearing them. I bet that him pounding into you is just going to add just the right amount of friction against your cock, the silk gliding over it smoothly, almost better than anything else. Getting the fabric all nice and shiny with your precum. Sounds amazing, doesn’t it?” He nipped Gabriel’s ear lightly.

“Hey..” Gabriel moaned as his hands slid down over Lucifer’s shoulders to grip at the point where his wings were usually seated. “Want you to get me ready.”

“Shouldn’t we wait for Sam?” Lucifer teased, easily picking Gabriel up and carrying him over to the bed. “And I haven’t even begin to describe what spanking you in these might do to you. Can you imagine it? One of our hands coming down…” He gave a small spank over the swell of Gabriel’s ass, right where the silk hem ended and the warm inviting flesh began. “Right there, over and over again? How many do you think it’d take before you spill over, crying out in pleasure?”

Gabriel was torn on where to move first. Between Lucifer describing all sorts of things in lurid detail and his touch, he didn’t know whether to try and relieve the pressure in his quickly hardening cock or push into his hand. “I don’t..don’t know.” He stuttered. “We’re waiting for Sam but I want to be open for him, so he can slide into me without waiting.”
Lucifer smiled and laid Gabriel on the bed. “On all fours, then, please,” he said. “Where do you keep the lube? Oh, and do you have a cockring?”

“Top, left drawer. Toys and lube.” Gabriel pointed to the dresser on the far wall as he got into position. “We should hurry. Sam will come looking for us soon.”

“Oh, I’m sure of it,” Lucifer said, going over to the drawer and pulling out the lube and a cock ring. He came back over and slid the cock ring onto Gabriel underneath the panties before coating his fingers generously with lube. Pushing the panties to the side, he began to tease Gabriel’s hole before pressing two in gently, watching Gabriel’s reaction as he pressed a soft kiss to his panty clad rear.

“Son of a…” Gabriel gasped as his hands clenched in the blankets. The tingling in his groin quickly growing into a dull throb. “You know I won’t break..no need to be too gentle.”

“Oh, I know,” Lucifer smirked, slowly scissoring Gabriel apart and watching him. “I just like driving you crazy.”

“Someday..” Gabriel stopped to suck in a breath to keep from crying out as Lucifer nudged against his prostate. “Someday..I’ll drive you crazy until you cream yourself before I do.”

Lucifer chuckled darkly and slowly began to add a third finger. “I have far too much self control for that, Gabriel,” he murmured. “And you know it.”

“Said someday.” Gabriel whined as he reached down to grip his cock tightly in hopes of taking some of the edge off that had been building.

“Hands off, Gabriel,” Lucifer said with a soft laugh as he began pumping three strong fingers into him.

“I’d say make me, but..” Gabriel started to sass back just as he heard the sound of Sam’s footsteps on the stairs. The planks creaking plaintively after years of disuse.

“Luc’? Gabe? You still up here?” Sam called out, wondering what the two angels had gotten into while making the bed. Although he had an idea that the two of them were taking advantage and having a good old fashioned make out session.

Lucifer smirked. “In the bedroom, Sam,” he called. “Got a present for you.” He lightly pressed down on Gabriel’s prostate as he wiggled his fourth finger into him.

Sam stepped up beside Lucifer and bent down to give him a slow, heated kiss filled with nips and sucks to his bottom lip.

Lucifer moaned softly and used his free hand to cup the back of Sam’s head and stroke his hair, opening his mouth.
He was about to deepen the kiss when a plaintive cry escaped Gabriel’s lips, drawing Sam’s attention away and leaving Lucifer’s lips pink and wet. Sam’s eyes trailed over Gabriel’s body, landing on the yellow fabric pulled to the side. “And what are you wearing?” He asked as he ran a hand along the smaller angel’s hip, stopping to toy with the edge of lace.

“Pan..Panties.” Gabriel panted out as he looked over his shoulder at the pair of them.

Lucifer hummed. “We thought we’d do something nice for you.” he explained softly with a wicked grin, “Then Gabriel mentioned you thought about putting him in panties. And well, the idea was amazing, so I told Gabe to do it. He wore them all throughout dinner, didn’t you?”

Gabriel nodded as he thrust his hips harshly, pushing Lucifer’s fingers deeper. Sam took Lucifer by the wrist and gently pulled on his hand. “I think that’s enough for right now, Luc’. If he went to the trouble of putting them on I want to see.”

Lucifer smiled and nodded. “Of course,” he said. He withdrew his fingers from inside of Gabriel and the panties before situating himself on the bed facing his lovers, pulling himself out and giving his hard, leaking cock a lazy stroke.

Sam pulled the panties in place and lovingly ran his hand over the curve of Gabriel’s ass. “Let me see you, baby. Want to see how pretty you are in your panties.”

Gabriel crawled off the bed as Sam traded places with him, resting his head on Lucifer’s thigh. The younger angel turned with clenched fists at his side to face them. His cock hard and leaking under the silk, leaving a dark spot by the head.

“Would you look at that.” Sam whispered as he took in the sight, his hand drifting down to press his palm against his rapidly filling cock. “Beautiful, Gabe. So beautiful.”

Lucifer purred in agreement. “Doesn’t he look absolutely stunning?” he murmured. “He wasn’t sure about it, at first, said he feels a little foolish, but I think that he looks absolutely gorgeous with them on.” He kept lazily stroking himself. “I can’t wait to watch you fuck him.” he whispered to Sam. “Can’t wait to see him make a mess of himself in those panties, crying out for you. He’d look so beautiful like that. Can you see it, Sam?”

“Oh, I can see it.” Sam said with a low growl to his voice as he slipped his jeans off his legs. “But do you want to know what I’d like first, Gabriel?”

Gabriel’s cheeks pink faintly as he shook his head. “No, Daddy.”

“I want to taste you.” Sam explained as he removed the rest of his clothing. “So why don’t you come up here and sit on my mouth so I can lick that pretty ass of yours?”

Lucifer groaned softly. He couldn’t wait to watch this, so he made himself a bit more comfortable by sliding off his sweats and settled back against the headboard.

Gabriel smiled at the thought of Sam’s mouth on his most intimate of places and scrambled up into the nest, stopping for a moment to kiss Sam hard and dirty, making both of their lips spit slicked in short order. All the while, Sam continually ran his hands over his silk covered ass. Satisfied that they’d kissed long enough, Sam patted the angel on the ass to get him moving, which Gabriel did with enthusiasm. He soon found himself with his knees on either side of Sam’s head as he faced Lucifer. “Gonna watch while Daddy licks me, Heylel?”

Lucifer smiled. “Of course,” he hummed, watching them through hooded lashes even as he kept up his nonchalant way of stroking. “You look so beautiful, baby,” he purred, taking in the sight and
giving himself a congratulatory pat on the back mentally for thinking of the cock ring in the first place.

Placing a line of soft, open mouthed kisses along Gabriel’s inner thighs, Sam made his way up towards his goal. Gabriel sighing above him while worrying his bottom lip with his teeth. “Such a noisy present too.” Sam purred as he gripped Gabriel’s hips to pull him down so that he could nudge at the back of his silk covered balls with his nose. “And guess what? We’re not at the bunker so we can be as loud as we want.”

“Oh..” Gabriel moaned simply as he swiveled his hips gently to add a bit of pressure to Sam’s touch. Lucifer smiled and kept watching, stroking himself easily, as if he didn’t have a care in the world. “I love it when he’s loud,” he admitted. “He makes the most beautiful noises when he’s given the opportunity.”

Taking that as a challenge, Sam pulled Gabriel’s panties to the side and maneuvered the Angel’s hand to hold them in place. Rubbing his hands over the round globes of Gabriel's ass, he spread the cheeks apart to expose the reddened pucker. Lifting his head, Sam swiped the tip of his tongue over Gabriel's entrance as the taste of chemical strawberry hits his tastebuds. It wasn't an unpleasant flavor considering it was lube but it wasn't something Sam would voluntarily consume without a reason. Flattening his tongue, he licks a broader stripe along Gabriel’s crack making sure to dip the tip of his tongue just past the the first ring of muscle.

“Mmm..right there, Sam.” Gabriel purred as his fingertips stroked over his chest, stopping intermittently to roll his nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

Lucifer moaned and smiled as he watched Sam lick Gabriel while his brother played with his nipples, his strokes losing some of it’s laziness. “Such a pretty picture,” he purred, watching them.

“Like watch..watching me ride Daddy’s mouth, Heylel?” Gabriel panted as one of his hands drifted to the waistband of his panties. “Or do you want him to eat you too?”

“I’m content with watching, Gabe,” Lucifer chuckled, watching him. “I like watching you ride his face, you look so beautiful, writhing above him. Tell me how it feels, baby.”

Sam slapped Gabriel’s ass just as he shoved his tongue as deep as it could go, dragging a keening moan out of the younger angel. “OH..Fu...so good. So damned good.” Gabriel cried out as he swiveled his hips. His wings unfurling slowly as he drew closer to an orgasm he could tell would be intense but the ring around his cock was keeping everything at bay and making him start to ache.

Pulling back with a pleased grin, Sam placed a kiss on Gabriel’s inner thigh as he rolled his eyes up toward Lucifer. “Should I keep going, Luc’ or put him out of his misery?”

Lucifer hummed and met Sam’s eyes. “I think you should keep going,” he said almost casually. “Personally, I’d really like to see you fuck him while he’s wearing the panties and have him cum then.”

Gabriel whimpered at the lack of attention. His wings quivering in anticipation. “Someone do something.”

“Patience, baby.” Sam nipped hard at a tender spot of skin and extracted himself from under him. “I think we should share, Luc.” Crawling up onto his knees, Sam pressed himself to Gabriel’s back, his arm wrapped tight around his chest. “What do you think, baby? Should I fill you up nice and full and let Luci fuck my come deeper into you?”
Lucifer groaned and looked at Gabriel. “Fuck, that sounds good, Sam.” he breathed. “You up to that, baby? Want Daddy to fuck you and fill you up and then have me fuck you?”

“Yes!” Gabriel moaned as he pressed his ass against Sam crotch, rolling his silk panties up and down Sam’s cock. “Want both of you to come in me. Make me yours.”

Sam hooked his fingers into the waistband of Gabriel’s panties and pulled them down under the curve of his ass. His cock slotting between Gabriel’s cheeks as he began to rut against him. “Don’t worry, Gabe. We’ll fill you as much as you need. Making you come over and over on our cocks.” Sam growled as he lined the head of his cock up and with a hand on the angel’s hip to hold him in place, pushed in inch by inch.

Lucifer held his breath and watched, his strokes now firm and sure, running his thumb over the head. “Fuck, you’re beautiful like this, both of you,” he murmured. “So beautiful, so hot.” He sat up a little more, leaned in a little closer to watch. He’ll join in but for now, he was content with just watching.

With a hand between Gabriel’s shoulders, Sam gently pushes his head towards the bed. His hand trails over Gabriel’s wing as he gave a powerful thrust, jarring the angel forward with a shout of pleasure from the both of them. A few slow drags of Sam’s hips and soon he’s pounding into the blonde beneath him with hands wrapped around his hips. “Gabe...fuck..you are so wet. Feels good..so good that I want to come right now.”

Gabriel balls his fists into the blankets as he screams wordlessly against his arm. His walls clenching and relaxing as his wings pump uselessly against the bed. “Please..want to come too.” He moaned as a hand reached out in search of Lucifer.

Lucifer reached out and grabbed Gabriel’s hand, pulling himself closer and giving Gabriel a filthy kiss when he was finally close enough. He nibbled and nipped along his lower lip as he ran a teasing hand down towards where Sam was pounding into him with one hand, the other combing through his wings.

Sam groaned loud as his thrusts become erratic. He could feel the pressure building deep in his balls as he slid into Gabriel’s slick opening. He screwed up his face in concentration, trying to keep himself under control. Rivulets of sweat trickling down his face as he tilted his head back. “ ’m gonna come.” He warned, his fingers tightening into Gabriel’s hips.

“Do it, Daddy. Want it.” Gabriel gasped against Lucifer’s lips, clenching around Sam in an effort to send him over the edge.

Lucifer nodded and pulled off of Gabriel’s lips to surge up and meet Sam’s lips, grabbing Gabriel’s wing and sliding his hand in the panties to fiddle with the cock ring, not taking it off yet. “Come on, cum in him,” he coaxed. “Can’t wait to fuck it deeper into him, fuck he’s going to be so wet and feel so good. Come for us, Sam.”

Sam’s breath hitched in a way that it sounded like a choke a split second before he slammed into Gabriel until their hips were flush together. His body tensing up as he came undone, sending spurt after spurt deep inside of the smaller angel as he lets out a groan, louder than any he’d done in front of either angel.

Wrapping his arms around Lucifer’s waist, Gabriel holds on for dear life as he rocked back onto Sam’s pulsating cock. Sighing and whimpering for more.

Lucifer coaxed Sam through his orgasm, running his fingers through Gabriel’s wings to help soothe and calm down the younger angel. “Let me know when you’re ready to switch,” he told Sam,
drawing away. His other hand still played with Gabriel’s highly sensitive cock.

Panting as the last of the aftershocks jarred through him, Sam pulled out of Gabriel and nearly collapsed onto the empty space in the bed beside him. “Holy moley. That was..” He looked at them with a dopey smile. “He’s all your’s Luc’.”

Gabriel grabbed hold of Sam and pulled him close. Dropping hot open mouthed kisses along his jaw.

Lucifer took up his position behind Gabriel and slid deep in him easily. “Fuck, Gabe, you feel so good,” he groaned, knotting the hand in his brother’s wing in a large cluster of primary feathers. He began at a hard, fairly fast pace, spurred on by the teasing and display he had just witnessed.

“Please..” Gabriel cried out as he dropped his head to Sam’s shoulder, his cock dripping a steady stream of precum. The taller man moving so that he was under Gabriel, his knees bracketing him. He smoothed his hand down Gabriel’s side and back up again until his finger rested under his wings.

“Tell us what you need, baby.” Sam purred as his fingers brushed against Gabriel’s oil glands causing the archangel to scream out their names like a mantra.

Lucifer fucked into Gabriel fast and hard, panting his name, fucking Sam’s cum deeper into the younger angel. “He wants the ring off.” he explained.

Sam pulled away one of his hands, covered in the slick of Gabriel’s wing oil and slipping his hand inside of the silk panties, ran his fingers around the girth of the ring. Gabriel’s cock, the head peeking out of the top of the garment, was red and angry looking from the denial of completion. “Is he right, Gabe? Want to come?”

Gabriel nods wordlessly as he clutched at Sam’s shoulders. Smiling, Sam removes the ring and loosely wraps his hand around his cock. “Go ahead, baby. Come for Daddy. Squeeze Lucifer nice and tight. Milk that come out of him.” Sam whispered as his hand started moving faster.

Gabriel’s eyes go wide as he starts to babble in Enochian. His hips thrusting between them. Impaling himself on Lucifer’s cock as he rocked into Sam’s fist.

“Come on, Gabe,” Lucifer coaxed.

With a sob, Gabriel clamps down around Lucifer’s cock as he comes hard onto Sam’s stomach and chest. His wings quaking with the intensity of spasms running through him.

“That’s it.” Lucifer moaned, gasping as Gabriel squeezed down hard on him.

“There we go. So beautiful like this.” Sam crooned as he tightened his hand around Gabriel, stroking him firm and sure, working him through his orgasm until every last drop of come was milked from him.

Lucifer dropped his head as he kept fucking into Gabriel hard for a few more thrusts before coming deep inside with a deep growl and grunt, panting as he did so.

Gabriel collapsed onto Sam’s chest, panting hard as tears started running down his cheeks. Sam pet his hand over Gabriel’s hair while making quiet, soothing shushing noises. “You’re okay, baby. Such a good boy for us.”

Lucifer, ever the protective older brother, felt his brother crying and pulled out slowly before settling down on the other side, going to work on gently grooming his wings. “There you go, it’s okay,” he whispered, kissing his cheek. “Just breathe for us honey. We got you.”
“I’m sorry.” Gabriel whispered as he tried to hide his face in Sam’s hair. “I don’t mean to ruin the afterglow.”

“You’re not ruining anything.” Sam wiped the tears from the angel’s cheeks with the pad of his thumb. “Do you want to tell us why you’re crying so we can try to make it better?”

Gabriel shook his head and avoided looking at either of them.

Lucifer kissed his cheek again and sang a soft lullaby to Gabriel, gathering his brother in his arms. He had a feeling what caused it, had been doing some research in his spare time. Stopping his song, he looked up at Sam. “I think it’s drop,” he murmured. He turned back to his brother and nudged his cheek with his nose. “Hey, baby, you gotta tell us what’s going on, okay?” He murmured. “Please?”

Sam nodded and grabbed one of the blankets and draped it over the three of them as Gabriel sniffled. “It’s stupid.” Gabriel muttered as he continued to cry with silent tears. “It’s just...part of me loved this. The two of you and everything. But then when I came...it felt...overwhelming..kinda wrong. Then I started feeling guilty for feeling that way because it was us and I love you two.”

“That happens sometimes,” Lucifer soothed. “It was a very overwhelming experience, but there’s nothing wrong with enjoying it. It’s not stupid, it’s okay. A lot of people go through that after something that intense.” He ran a soft hand through his wings. “We love you too, Gabe, and that’s why we’re here. And now that we know what’s wrong, we know what to do. And that’s give you a bunch of cuddles and kisses and get you cleaned off and sleeping in the middle. Doesn’t that sound good?” He kissed his brother’s temple.

“Heyel’s right. We love you so much, Gabriel. And you were wonderful and I’m so proud of you.” Sam said as he slid his knuckles over Gabriel’s cheek and neck.

Gabriel peeked his face out of his hiding spot and nodded. “A bath sounds nice. With bubbles.”

Lucifer chuckled and kissed his brother’s cheek, pinking at the sound of ‘Heyel’ falling off of Sam’s lips. “Let’s get you into the bath then.” he said, gently picking his brother up to carry him to the shower room.

Sam rolled out of the nest and followed after them. “Not sure all three of us will fit, but I can rinse off in the shower.”

Lucifer threw a bitch face at his human lover. “All three of us, in the tub.” he said firmly before starting to turn on all the water and pouring the bubble bath into the very large tub.

Staring dubiously at the tub, Sam starts doing mental geometry trying to figure out if it was actually possible. After a minute, he shakes his head and goes to Gabriel. “Want me to help you take those panties off?”

Gabriel shook his head defiantly and pushed the fabric down around his ankles, kicking them to the side.

Lucifer looked at his brother. “Gabe, water feel good enough to you?” He asked softly.

Bending down he swirls his hand in the water and nods. “Thanks, Luci.” Gabriel stands straight and puts his legs over the edge, one at a time before sinking in. His wings draping over the sides to keep them from getting wet. Although the water displaces there’s still enough room for three more full grown men to sit comfortably.

Lucifer followed his brother in, facing him. He let his own wings out, groaning as he leaned back
against the edge of the tub. “Of course, Gabe,” he murmured, tangle his legs with his brother’s.

Sam chuckled as he gets in behind Gabriel, gently pushing him forward to make room. “Only you would have a tub like the Tardis. Bigger on the inside.”

“No geeking all over my bubbles while I’m feeling poorly, Moose.” Gabriel grumbled as he rested his head against Sam’s shoulder.

Lucifer laughed and watched his lovers, snapping up water bottles for everyone.

Sam took one and twisted the cap off, offering it to Gabriel. “Drink this, baby. You’ll feel better.”

Gabriel grabbed the bottle and taking a small sip which turns into gulps.

Lucifer smiled and sipped on his bottle, humming softly.

Looking up from where he’d been watching Gabriel drink, Sam smiled at Lucifer. “How you feeling, Heylel?”

Lucifer smiled and took another sip of water. “Really good,” he told Sam honestly. “Feeling really good. Relaxed, even.”

“Good.” Sam said quietly as he picked up a sponge laying on the walled ledge of the tub. Dipping it into the water, he gently squeezes it over Gabriel’s shoulders. “What about you, Gabe. Feeling better?”

Lucifer found a pumice stone and unwound one of Gabriel’s legs from his as he began gently getting the callouses off of his feet.

“Yea. I’m not feeling so...volatile.” Gabriel sighed as he relaxed, listening to Sam’s heartbeat, his eyes drifting shut as Lucifer gave him an impromptu pedicure.

“That’s good, baby.” Lucifer murmured with a warm smile.

Gabriel mumbled something but it’s unintelligible as he drifted off to sleep. His water bottle dropping into the tub.

Sam grabbed the bottle and sits it off to the side. “I think we broke him.” Sam whispered to Lucifer jokingly but underneath was a hint of real concern.

Lucifer finished up the pedicure and shifted so he was hovering above both of them. “He’s just asleep.” he murmured after his Grace brushed against his brother’s. “We wore him out.” He dropped a soft kiss onto his forehead and looked at Sam. “How are you feeling?” He asked.

“Not sure. I’ve never dealt with drop before. I’d heard about it but...I can’t help but wonder if there was something we could have done to prevent it.” Sam said softly as he looked up into Lucifer’s blue eyes.

Lucifer smiled gently. “Drop can happen even on vanilla scenes,” he murmured. “It’s rarer then, of course. It’s more likely to happen if comfort zones are breached.” He leaned in and kiss Sam’s lips chastely. “If we do this again, it’ll be easier,” he said. “Gabe’s just going to need lots of cuddles and kisses for a few hours and he’ll be fine. More communication between him and us would help.”

“Communication, I can do that.” Sam reached up and cupped Lucifer’s cheek. “Thank you for tonight. I really did enjoy it.”
Lucifer smiled and turned his head to kiss Sam’s palm. “Thank Gabriel,” he said softly. “The whole surprising you with something special was his idea.”

“Oh I will.” Sam glanced down and smiled at the archangel gently snoring in his arms. “After his nap.”
Day later, Gabriel and Sam are left to their own devices when Lucifer announced that he had some errands to run. The morning had been quiet except for one thing. Dean. So far he’d called Sam’s phone no less than 7 times, either to apologize or yell some more. Either way, Sam didn’t want anything to do with it. He was still sore from their blow up earlier that week and didn’t feel like hearing anything from his brother. Sam did send a single text to his brother explaining that he was safe and to stop calling. That’s when Dean turned to prayer. Prayers directed at Gabriel with pinpoint accuracy. The tenacity and intensity of them grated on Gabriel’s nerves until he was tense and aching between the eyes. Padding into the living room, the angel sits gingerly next to Sam while pinching the bridge of his nose.

Sam looked up from his book with a frown. “What’s wrong?”

“Our brother.” Gabriel sighed as he dropped his hand. “He won’t stop praying to me and it’s making my head ache. That’s saying something since I have tons of little old ladies and priests calling my name day in and day out.”

Sam rolled his eyes and sat his book on the coffee table. “It’s probably a tension headache then.” He maneuvered around until both hands were on Gabriel’s shoulders, rubbing the muscles at the base of his neck. “I’m sorry my brother is being an ass.”

“Don’t worry about it. He’ll stop soon.” Gabriel hummed “I hope.”

Lucifer called right then. “Hey, sorry, I’m going to be a bit later than I thought,” he said apologetically, giving a glare at the self checkout at the store. “I think I broke something.”

Gabriel stared at his phone for a moment before putting it back to his ear. “Well unbreak it and hurry home or I’ll eat the last of the cake without you.”

Sam snickered behind Gabriel as he gave his shoulders another squeeze, dragging a moan out of him.

“Sounds like- I put the bread in the bagging area you mechanic ape -you’re having a good time, Gabe,” Lucifer said, resisting the urge to fry the self checkout machine to a crisp.

“Sam is giving me a massage. A certain hunter is praying my wings off and gave me a headache.” Gabriel grumbled into the receiver.

“Apologies- what do you mean that’s four pounds worth of oranges - on that,” Lucifer said sympathetically. “Right. I’ll let you know when I’m on my way home. THE ORANGES ARE IN THE BLOODY BAGGING AREA DO I NEED TO DO SOMETHING DRASTIC TO GET YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT???” He hung up and got to work trying to fix the idiotic technology.

Tossing the phone onto the sofa cushion beside them, Gabriel sighed. “I think Lucifer’s going to smite a cash register.”
“Oh God. He’s using the self-checkout again.” Sam shook his head. “I thought he learned after that incident in Walmart where they banned him for life and argued who’s lifetime he was banned for.”

“Lucifer probably wants to conquer all registers and make them his minions.” Gabriel smiled at Sam over his shoulder. “It’s kind of diabolical if you think about it.”

“There’s a terrifying thought. Millions of mechanical female voices asking you to put the item in the bagging area. Too ‘Silence of the Lambs’ for me.” Sam moved his hands up to gently rub Gabriel’s temples.

“Good point.” Leaning into the pressure, Gabriel sighed. He let his mind go blank for a bit before he remembered that he wanted to talk to Sam about something important. Clearing his throat, he turned in his seat to look the human in the eyes. “Can I ask you something?”

“Sure. But I told you before that we can’t get a giraffe. Won’t fit in the bunker.” Sam replied blithely.

“A petite lap giraffe will. They’re no bigger than a dog. But that’s beside the point. I want to talk about Lucifer.” Gabriel chewed on his lip. “Have you noticed that Luci always comes last? You can tease him and tease him and he just seems to refuse to let go until we’re spent.”

Sam stopped and thought back to all their times together. “Huh. I guess he does.” His thought was interrupted by Gabriel’s phone going off again. The angel picked it up with a gruff greeting when he saw it was Lucifer calling.

“Do we need bail money?”

Lucifer laughed. “No bail money.” he promised. “And I’m not banned. The lady was actually very helpful and suggested I use an actual person doing the machining for me once we got it all straightened out.” He cracked his neck. “I’m in the car, I need to make a quick stop at the gas station to fill up and then I’ll be home.”

“Alright. We’ll be here. Travel safe and don’t smite the soccer mommies in their minivans.” Gabriel gently reminded him with a hint of teasing.

“I won’t.” Lucifer promised. “Smite the soccer moms, that is, though tempting it may be. I will do the travel safe thing.” He hung up before he began driving.

Sam waited until Gabe disconnected his end of the call before continuing their conversation. “Is it a problem that he finishes last?” Sam asked with a tilt of his head.

“No, not a big one. I just find it odd is all.”

“Well, why don’t we just ask him about it.” Sam said as he dropped a kiss to the top of Gabriel’s head and got up to go get a drink from the kitchen. “There has to be a reasonable explanation.”

“Yeah, there probably is, but it’s also like. . .” Gabriel sighed. “I feel like he doesn’t focus on himself, like his pleasure is secondary, y’know?” He watched Sam go off. “I dunno, I guess I don’t like how he’s always holding back for us.”

Sam sat back down, bottle of water in his hand, thinking. In every single encounter, he did notice that. Noticed how he’ll hold back until everyone’s had their pleasure, then release. How he hardly allows himself a respite, going straight from being blissed out to cuddling and curling up and talking coherently. Sam’s also pretty sure Lucifer’s the last to drop off into sleep before he allows himself to go under as well.
“Do you think... It has something to do with... y’know, his insecurities?” Gabriel asked quietly.

Sam shrugged. “It’s possible. Maybe he feels like he’s atoning, or maybe he doesn’t feel worthy to come before us.” He looked at Gabriel. “Want to fix that?”

Gabriel nodded. “But how? Luci won’t just... y’know, be like ‘okay, yeah, sure, I’ll come before one or both of you’ and do it. He’s too stubborn for that.”

Sam nodded thoughtfully. “Well, what does Luci like? In bed, that is.”

Gabriel frowned. “I’m not sure. I mean, with me he tops and when you’re topping him... well, to be honest, you guys are vanilla.”

Sam shrugged. “We spent over a hundred Hell years torturing each other,” he pointed out quietly. “I don’t want to overstep any boundaries or do anything to set him off into a panic.”

Gabriel grimaced. “That does make things a bit more difficult,” he agreed. “Right. Well, something I know for certain is Lucifer is very tactile, very affectionate. You’ve seen him, always hugging or kissing or doing something to one or both of us.”

Sam chuckled. “Yeah, I’ve noticed he’s a very cuddly angel,” he said. “And affectionate. So we could use that. Maybe have us touching him?”

Gabriel nodded. “Praise. That’s going to help.”

“Of course both of my angels have a praise kink,” Sam laughed. “Maybe we can tie him down. Maybe not with the stuff we normally use with you but something softer, gentler.”

“Silk.” Gabriel hummed. He looked at Sam. “You know this won’t be easy,” he said. “He’s going to fight this, fight like this is the Apocalypse.”

Sam calmly took a long drink of water. “Well,” he said. “We’ll have to be patient and wear him out. Should be no different than soothing a skittish horse.”

Gabriel decided not to inform Sam that soothing a skittish horse is far harder than it looks.

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Lucifer came into the house, dropping the car keys into the bowl on the counter as he carried in the groceries. “Sam? Gabe? I’m home!” He called.

Gabriel came into the kitchen and latched himself onto Lucifer’s side, nuzzling into him. Lucifer chuckled and kissed the top of his head. “Hey there, miss me?” He teased.

Gabriel nodded and hugged him tightly.

Sam entered a few moments later and Lucifer leaned up to kiss him softly. “Hey there,” he whispered.

“Hey,” Sam said, bringing a hand up to stroke Lucifer’s cheek. Lucifer looked worn, and Sam mentally shook his head. “Go cuddle with Gabe, I’ll put everything up.”

“I got it,” Lucifer said with a soft laugh.

“You look tired, Luc’.” Sam pointed out. “Probably because you used the self check out again, but I think you should go rest.”
Lucifer smiled and kissed Sam’s cheek. “I got it,” he repeated softly, more firmly.

Gabriel squeezed Lucifer tighter to him. “Luci, let’s go cuddle,” he mumbled into Lucifer’s chest. “Sammykin’s got the grocery put up.”

Lucifer sighed. “I take it I don’t have a choice in the matter?” He asked.

“Cuddles,” Gabriel insisted.

Sam laughed. “You heard your brother,” he teased. He tenderly kissed Lucifer’s forehead as he took the two armfuls of groceries, huffing in amusement. “You had to only make one trip from the car into here, didn’t you?” He asked.

Lucifer blushed and relinquished the bags from his hold. “Sorry,” he murmured.

“It’s okay, Luce,” Sam laughed. “Now shoo. I got it.”

Lucifer lifted Gabriel and carried him to the couch, where the smaller archangel promptly curled up on the elder’s lap and cuddled into him.

Gabriel let himself listen to Lucifer’s slow and steady heartbeat as he nestled against his older brother and sighed internally. Lucifer had always been a stubborn, independent asshole of an angel who really didn’t like being perceived as weak, or anything like that. “This is nice.” Gabriel hummed.

“It is,” Lucifer agreed, burying his face into Gabriel’s soft hair with a sigh.

“Other than coming dangerously close to damning all checkout machines to hell, how was your trip?” Gabriel asked, tilting his head back to look at Lucifer with a little smirk.

Lucifer groaned and ruffled Gabriel’s hair. “It was fine, you menace. Except for the self check out. I think I have my own special brand of masochism when it comes to those things.” He sighed and tugged Gabriel closer to him. “How was your time with Sam?”

“Productive and enlightening.” Gabriel stated cryptically as he wound his arms around Lucifer’s torso.

“Enlightening how?” Lucifer asked.

“Just Sam and I discovering some stuff and talking it out.” Gabriel tried to play it off nonchalant as he rubbed his three day old scruff against Lucifer’s shirt while he hoped Sam would hurry putting up the groceries. This should be a conversation for the three of them.

Lucifer narrowed his eyes. “Come on, tell me,” he said.

“My lips are sealed until the three of us can sit down and talk. So don’t even try and get me to spill the beans before then.” Gabriel warned as he kissed the bottom of Lucifer’s chin.

Lucifer lightly skated his fingers across his brother’s abdomen. “You sure?”

Gabriel grabbed Lucifer’s wrist and gave it a squeeze, his eyes narrowing at his brother. “I’m sure, Heylel. Now be a good boy and kiss me instead of trying to tickle me.”

Lucifer chuckled and leaned down to kiss his brother deeply, knowing that he’ll eventually learn what his lovers were talking about.

Sighing into the kiss, Gabriel’s hand comes up to trail his fingers along the shell of Lucifer’s ear as
He gently licked at his top lip.

Lucifer shivered and cupped the back of Gabriel’s head, drawing his brother’s lower lip into his mouth to suck and nibble on it.

Gabriel had just started to shift to straddle Lucifer properly when the squeak of springs from the old armchair told of Sam’s arrival into the living room. Turning, Gabriel shot a smile at the hunter who waved his hand. “No, don’t stop on my account. I’ll just stay here and admire the view.”

Lucifer growled softly and leaned forward to recapture Gabriel’s smiling lips, carding his fingers through his hair as he kissed him deeply once more.

Groaning, Gabriel threw his leg over Lucifer’s hip, pressing their groins together. His cock quickly hardening under the zipper of his jeans.

Lucifer groaned and rolled his hips, both of his hands wrapping themselves around Gabriel’s hips to grab them tightly and squeeze, his tongue worming in to dominate his brother’s mouth.

Gabriel allowed the kiss to go on for several minutes, his hand roaming over Lucifer’s chest and arms as he ground lazily down against him. Finally he pulled away with a gasp of air and nipped at the end of Lucifer’s nose.

Lucifer scrunched his nose and looked at his brother. “What was that for?” He asked him.

“Just felt like playing a little.” Gabriel said with a lick of his lips. “In fact, Sam and I need to talk to you about something.”

“Is it about me wanting to smite every self check out ever?” Lucifer asked with a grin.

Sam chuckled from his spot across from them. “No, but we should figure out a better way for you to shop. This is about something a little more important.”

Lucifer raised his brow. “And what, precisely, is that?” He asked a little warily.

“We notice that…” Gabriel stopped to consider his words carefully. “That you always finish after us and we were curious as to why.”

Lucifer shrugged. “I like taking care of you guys. I have exceedingly good control and I like exercising it. Besides, bringing you two to completion helps me do the same.” He smiled.

Sam moved from his spot to one beside Lucifer and Gabriel. Pressing his shoulder against Lucifer’s as he leans into him. “That makes sense, but would you be willing to let us try bringing you off before us?”

Lucifer hesitated as he rested his head against Sam’s shoulder. “I’m. . . I’m not sure if you guys can.” he admitted quietly.

“But are you willing to try?” Sam asked as he reached around Lucifer’s face the stroke his cheek.

“Why?” Lucifer asked softly.

Sam turned Lucifer’s face towards him and kissed his lips softly. “Because we love watching you come as much as you love watching us. And we want to give this to you.”

“You hold yourself back all the time.” Gabriel whispered in Lucifer’s ear. “Let go for once. Don’t worry about us, just enjoy.”
Lucifer kissed Sam back just as softly and shivered at Gabriel’s words. “You’ll take care of me?” He asked softly.

“Absolutely, Heylel.” Sam whispered against Lucifer’s lips. “We’ll always take care of you.”

“Until the sun burns to ash and darkness consumes the universe.” Gabriel promised as he kissed the corner of Lucifer’s jaw.

Lucifer drew in a deep breath and nodded. “Yes, we can try,” he whispered.

Both hunter and trickster thanked him with words and kisses, effectively sandwiching Lucifer between them until Gabriel slid from his lap and held out his hand. “Let’s go upstairs.”

Lucifer took Gabriel’s hand and slowly stood up, allowing his brother to lead him to the bedroom, nerves racing through him. A thousand and one questions about how this was going to work and if he was even able to do it swirled in his mind.

Once in the bedroom, Sam ran his hands over Lucifer’s shoulders having seen the signs of nervousness. “It’s okay, sweetheart. Just tell us what you need to make this work.”

“We don’t want you to feel uncomfortable in the least bit.” Gabriel added as he sat on the edge of the nest.

Lucifer sighed and let himself relax slightly under Sam’s warm, large hands. “I honestly don’t know.” he whispered softly. “I just focus on you two, that’s all.”

“Then focus on us now.” Sam said as he dropped a kiss to his neck before stepping around and whispering something into Gabriel’s ear. A shocked but pleased expression appeared on the archangel’s face as he nodded. Sam turned back to Lucifer and winked. “You two get started. I’ll be right back.”

“Where are you going?” Lucifer asked as he tugged Gabriel closer.

“Bathroom.” Sam said as he slipped inside the room and shut the door.

Gabriel kissed the corner of Lucifer’s mouth. “Don’t worry. He’s got something in mind and needs a minute. In the meantime, you and I have far too many clothes on and I’m determined to make you as relaxed as possible.”

Lucifer nodded and began undressing Gabriel eagerly. “I agree on the far too many clothes,” he said.

Gabriel laughed, almost a giggle, as he started to rapidly undo Lucifer’s shirt. “You know what I want to do to you, Heylel?”

“No, what do you want to do, Gabe?” Lucifer asked, almost tearing Gabriel’s shirt off of him.

“I’m going to lay you down in that nest and stroke every inch of your wings. Then I’m going to press my lips right against your oil glands. Licking and sucking until you are a slick mess.” Gabriel murmured as he kissed the skin he exposed on Lucifer’s chest.

Lucifer groaned. “Gabe, that’s almost cheating.” he admonished, running his fingers through Gabriel’s hair as he slid his hand inside his jeans to stroke him.

“How is it cheating?” Gabriel asked as sunk to his knees and swirled his tongue around his brother’s navel.
“‘Cause you know that they’re really sensitive and a hair trigger.” Lucifer said with a shiver. He
whined as Gabriel moved away from him to sink to his knees.

“That’s not cheating.” Gabriel grinned as he looked up and unhooked the button on Lucifer’s pants.
Lowering the zipper, he pushed them along with his boxers down around Lucifer’s ankles. “That’s
using the knowledge I have to the best of our advantage.”

“Bullshit,” Lucifer said, stroking his hair. “It’s completely cheating.”

Gabriel leaned forward and kissed the top of his lover’s cock. “Does it matter if it gets you there?”
He asked as he took Lucifer into his hand and stroked him with a loose fist.

Lucifer groaned softly. “I suppose not.” He guessed, rocking his hips. “Now get up here, you’re still
wearing too many clothes.”

Smirking, Gabriel slowly rose to his feet. “Yes, your Highness”

Lucifer rolled his eyes and smacked his brother’s ass. “Cheeky little shit,” he said, picking Gabriel up
and throwing him onto the nest.

“You love my cheek.” Gabriel said squirming up towards the pillows at the top of the nest.

Sam came out of the bathroom, already stripped down and smelling of soap. Taking in the sight of
Gabriel scrambling up the bed while Lucifer stood over him. “Has Gabriel gotten in trouble
already?”

“He’s just being a cheeky little shit.” Lucifer said, climbing into the nest on top of Gabriel, pinning
him down. He thumbed his jeans open and pulled them and the boxers his brother was wearing off,
hungrily devouring Gabriel’s mouth.

Sam shuffled into the nest on his knees until he was straddling both angel’s legs. With light fingers,
he stroked up Lucifer’s back until he found his targets. With a knowing smile, he pressed a kiss to
the small of Lucifer’s back, his fingers circle gently around the raised nubs of flesh.

Lucifer shuddered and groaned, dropping his head down. “FUCK.” he swore inelegantly, his wings
flapping out.

“Guess I’m not the only one who cheats, Luci.” Gabriel chirped with a grin.

Lucifer growled and dove back into his brother’s mouth, pinning his hands down so Gabriel
wouldn’t get any ideas as he rolled his hips.

“Lucifer.” Sam called sweetly as he kissed his way up the angel’s spine. “Let Gabe up. We have
something to show you.”

Lucifer groaned and rolled his hips into Gabriel’s firmly, punching a moan from the smaller angel
while insisting on his dominance over him.

Sam moved off to the side in order to try and get Lucifer’s attention once again. Before he could say
anything, Gabriel had wrapped his legs around Lucifer’s waist and threw his weight so that he
flipped the both of them so that Lucifer’s back was pressed to the mattress. “I believe Samuel told
you to let me up, big brother.”

Lucifer growled and surged up to reclaim Gabriel’s lips, gently clawing at his brother’s arms and
shoulders as he did so.
Gabriel whimpered into the kiss as he fought to keep his wings hidden. Reluctantly he pulled away from Lucifer but kept both hands braced on his chest to keep him in place.

Sam leaned down and whispered in Lucifer’s ear. “You like to watch us, right? Like to watch as I lick Gabriel open?”

Lucifer moaned and nodded, trying to push past Gabriel’s hands to bring him down closer to him. He freed one hand to grab at Sam, looking for the hunter’s cock to stroke.

Gabriel grabbed Lucifer’s searching hands and pinned them above his head. Kissing him quickly to show he didn’t mean any harm, he raised up to look his brother in the eyes. “Can you keep your hands here or will I need to bind them to the bed?”

Lucifer looked up at Gabriel with shocked ice blue eyes, his mouth dropping open a little bit. The pupils spread open a little bit, starting to overtake his irises. He gave a pathetic whimper at the suggestion and he struggled lightly.

Sam made a shushing noise as he petted his hand over Lucifer’s chest while watching the angel carefully. “Easy, Heyiel. We won’t hurt you. I promise.”

“Do you trust me, Luci’? Trust us?” Gabriel asked quietly as he loosened his grip a small amount.

Lucifer arched into Sam’s touch with a breathless sigh. “Uh huh,” he managed to say in answer to Gabriel’s question. He allowed his hands and arms to still, no longer struggling.

Gabriel snapped up a silk scarf that he slowly dragged across Lucifer’s arms and chest. “Simple silk. No stronger than paper to an angel so it’s just a reminder for you to not touch until we say. Okay?” He explained gently.

Lucifer shivered and tried to follow the scarf with his eyes. “Okay,” he said quietly.

“You can tell us to stop at anytime, Luc’.” Sam said moved Lucifer’s hands together, bending down to give his wrists a soft kiss before Gabriel started tying them together, then attaching them to the headboard.

Lucifer flexed his wrists slightly and felt his eyes slide shut a little bit at the feel of the silk binding him. Gabriel was right, he could easily break out of it if he needed or wanted to, but there was something soothing in not being able to touch until they wanted him to that he found calming.

“How’s that feel, my love?” Gabriel asked as he sat back, his hands trailing over Lucifer’s arms.

“Good,” Lucifer murmured truthfully, shuddering at the feeling of Gabriel’s hands on his arms.

“Good,” Lucifer murmured truthfully, shuddering at the feeling of Gabriel’s hands on his arms.

“Now I want you to watch close, Luc’. You’ll want to see this.” Sam murmured as he gave him one last kiss before turning to Gabriel with a grin. “Come here, Gabe. Let’s warm those lips up.”

Gabriel happily climbed off of Lucifer and wrapped his arms around Sam’s neck, pulling him into a kiss that started sweet and quickly turned passionate and desperate. His tongue moving along with Sam’s as he tangled his fingers in the hunter’s hair.

Lucifer whined and watched, his hips slightly rolling as it sought for friction.

After what seemed like forever had passed, Sam pulled back from the kiss with wet, swollen lips. “I’m ready Gabe. Do it.”
Gabriel moved to the side and carefully directed Sam to get on his hands and knees across Lucifer’s lap so the view could be unimpeded. Looking over at Lucifer, Gabriel winked as he rubbed his palm over the curve of Sam’s ass.

Lucifer groaned and lifted his head to look at them. “Fuck, you both are beautiful,” he whispered.

Sam smiled shyly as he ran a hand along Lucifer’s thigh. “So are you. But can you guess what Gabriel’s about to do?”

“Other than pop one of your cherries?” Gabriel smirked as he kissed along Sam’s back, working his way down towards his rear.

Lucifer looked at Sam. “Is he gonna eat you out?” He asked with a punched breath, shivering at the hand on his thigh.

Sam nodded as his teeth worried his bottom lip. “Never had it done before and thought it was something you’d like to watch.”

Lucifer felt his head drop back with a groan. “Fucking hell. Yes, I’d like to watch that. And I’d also like to do that to you.”

Sam dropped his head down to his folded hands and let out a low moan as Gabriel spread him open and pressed soft lips to his puckered entrance. His tongue slipping out and swiping across him in small kitten licks. Sam gasped as he hand tightened on Lucifer’s thigh at the shock of someone doing something to him that felt so taboo but so good at the same time.

Lucifer watched, his mouth open and he groaned as he watched, watched Sam’s expressions as Gabriel kitten licked his hole. “How does it feel, baby?” He asked.

“Good.” Sam sighed as he squirmed under Gabriel’s touch. “Now I know why you two like it. Feels...makes me wish I liked bottoming.”

Lucifer gave a soft laugh as he watched. “Wait until I get my tongue there,” he whispered. “There’s so many reasons I love having a forked tongue. Rimming you with it would be better than any blow job you’ve gotten from me.”

Gabriel moaned against Sam. “I love his tongue. I love both of your tongues but his do things that should be outlawed.” The smaller angel gave Sam’s ass a little slap that made the Hunter cry out in surprise. Grinning, Gabriel dove back in, his ministrations firmer and more sure causing Sam to groan in pleasure.

Lucifer moaned and whimpered as he watched, wanting to join in, to touch. He wanted to swallow Sam’s moans and feel what Gabriel was doing to him. His hips jerked as he heard the sound of flesh being smacked and he whined even louder, dropping his head forward and struggling lightly against his bonds.

Sam looked over at Lucifer when he felt him jerk under him. Lathing his tongue over his palm, wetting it with his saliva, Sam wrapped it around Lucifer’s cock and stroked him in time with Gabriel’s tongue. “Like watching me get...rimmed?” Sam groaned out the last word as Gabriel pressed the tip of his tongue inside his hole.

Lucifer gasped and whined, rocking his dick up into Sam’s hand. “Uh huh,” he whined. “So beautiful.”

“Want to help Gabriel tongue fuck me?” Sam asked breathlessly as his cock started to weep precome
onto Lucifer’s, slicking the way for Sam’s hand stroking along his shaft.

“Uh huh, please,” Lucifer begged, already plotting the different ways he could make Sam Winchester fall apart and come hard. Maybe then he could rim Gabriel then. . .

“Then come for me, Heylel. Paint me with your come.” Sam panted.

Lucifer whined and whimpered. “Will. . . after I make you come,” he promised.

Sam shook his head. “No. If you don’t come for me then I’ll come with Gabriel’s tongue inside me instead of yours.”

Lucifer whined and bucked his hips up into Sam’s fist. He needed more, needed something more, but he couldn’t name it and he began struggling against his bonds.

Sam saw the struggle and reached back with his free hand to tap Gabriel on the head, signalling him to stop. Gabriel came up with spit slicked lips and wiped the back of his hand over them. Sam released his hold on Lucifer for a moment and laid down beside him. “Easy now, baby. Tell us what you want.” His hand returned to the angel’s cock as Gabriel pressed himself to the other side of his brother.

Lucifer whined and turned his head to bury his face into Gabriel’s shoulder, rocking his hips up into Sam’s hand slowly, trying to take deep breaths. “Dunno,” he whimpered.

“Too much or not enough.” Gabriel asked as his hand joined Sam’s then started to kiss Lucifer’s neck.

“Not enough.” That was a question Lucifer could answer, gasping as Gabriel’s hand joined Sam’s. “Not enough. Need more, need more, please, need more.”

“I can do more.” Sam said with a smile as he moved down and wrapped his lips around the head of Lucifer’s cock, sucking gently as he and Gabriel stroked over his shaft.

“So pretty like this, Heylel.” Gabriel whispered to him. “Remember what I said about your wings?”

Lucifer gave a soft whine and rocked his hips up. He nodded in answer to Gabriel’s question and drew in a shuddering breath. “Yeah.” he whimpered.

“Just imagine me licking and sucking the base of your wings.” Gabriel murmured. “My fingers pressing against those glands of yours until my fingers were coated in slick.”

Lucifer whimpered and closed his eyes. Rocking his hips up into Gabriel’s and Sam’s hands and Sam’s mouth.

Sam moved their hands out of the way as he sunk down to the base of Lucifer’s shaft, hollowing his cheeks and sucking as he pulled up to set a steady bobbing rhythm.

“Then I’d take that slick hand of mine.” Gabriel continued to whisper. “And stroke myself as I straddled your back. Letting your feathers tickle the head of my dick until I came. Oh Lucifer…” he groaned as he pressed against his brother’s hip. “I’d make such a mess of your wings.”

Lucifer gasped and groaned, his hips now bouncing against Sam’s lips. “Fuck, yes, please,” he begged.

Sam moaned around the cock in his mouth as his tongue stroked the sensitive spot on the bottom of
Gabriel groaned into Lucifer’s shoulder. “Then you know what I’d do? I’d lick you clean so Sam would have a nice canvas to paint while I licked your glands.”

Lucifer’s back bowed off the bed at the suggestion, his hips shoving his cock deeper into Sam’s mouth. “Fuck, Gabe,” he breathed, allowing his hips to slowly return to the nest, afraid of choking Sam.

Sam pulled away, gasping for breath. His hand quickly replacing his mouth. His grip was firm as he stroked Lucifer faster than he could with his mouth. “I should have Gabe mojo me so I have no refractory period. So I could come for you, over and over again.”

Lucifer whined and shivered with a gasp. “’M close,” he whimpered, his body shaking with the need to release.

“Then let go, Luci’.” Gabriel whispered to him. “We got you. Want to watch you come for us.”

Lucifer took a deep breath, trying to get to that point where he could just let go, his hands clenching into fists. At this moment he was cursing his self control as he arched his back again with a needy whine.

“Need more, Heylel?” Sam murmured as gently returned to sucking on the head of his cock.

Lucifer gave a loud whine and nodded his head rapidly, almost listlessly. The low pool of warmth curling in his belly.

“You look so beautiful like this. With Sam sucking you and you trembling like this. So close.” Gabriel whispered so only Lucifer can hear him. “But you know what looks even better?” He brushed a trace of his grace against Lucifer’s hole. “When Sam’s splitting you wide open. Fucking you like salvation can be found in you.” Gabriel nibbled at Lucifer’s earlobe as his grace pushed into him, stretching him just like he was being penetrated. “I love watching his come drip from your hole when he’s finished. Someday I’m going to lick it out of you.”

Lucifer gasped and came hard into Sam’s mouth, almost screaming in ecstasy.

Gabriel continued his litany of filthy ideas and praises while his phantom cock of grace thrust deep into Lucifer. Sam groaned around Lucifer as he swallowed as much as he could, but it didn’t stop a drop or two from leaking out around his lips.

Lucifer finally started coming down from his high, breathing heavily.

Sam pulled up with a smile and a drop of come on his chin. Before he could move to wipe it off, Gabriel stopped him with a crook of his finger. “Uh uh, big boy. Come up here so I can help you with that.”

Chuckling, Sam moved so that he was hovering over Lucifer and Gabriel surged up to run his tongue over his chin, capturing the taste of Lucifer with a moan. “He tastes even better on your skin.” He said with a grin.

Lucifer panted and gave a soft smile. “Glad you think so.” he managed to say. He looked up at them through lidded lashes. “And it’s... not fair... that my kid brother... beat me to eating your ass, Sam.”

Sam smirked as he started to undo the silk scarf around Lucifer’s wrists. “Us little brothers have to
get a first every once in awhile. Doesn’t mean you can’t use that wicked tongue on me too.”

Lucifer left his wrists where they laid and chuckled. “Alright. Good.”

“You know.” Gabriel started with a sigh as he rolled his hips against Lucifer’s, pressing his cock tight into his thigh. “I liked Sam’s idea of giving him Angel viagra.”

Lucifer groaned and rolled his hips back. “I like that idea as well.” he said.

“I’m not so sure about that.” Sam said hesitantly. “I don’t want to risk a bad side effect.”

“There isn’t, not like that medication,” Lucifer explained. “Mainly because when we’re fucked out, we can remove it.” He looked down at himself and groaned. “NO that doesn’t mean you can fucking join in on the conversation!!”

“Oh I think your devil stick can join in this conversation.” Gabriel said with a giggle as he gently took Lucifer into his hand, groaning at the heated pulse he found. “I got an idea. Why don’t you show Sam that wicked tongue of yours while I ride you.”

“That is an excellent idea.” He narrowed his eyes at his lovers. “Am I allowed to come after the two of you, now?”

They both shook their heads with matching devious smiles. “Nope.” they said in unison.

“Fucking hell!” Lucifer swore. “Why the actual fuck not? I just did it!”

“Because practice makes perfect.” Gabriel said cheekily as he kissed Lucifer.

“And I want to feel your come on me when I pound Gabriel into next week.” Sam said as he started to suck a mark onto Lucifer’s neck.

Lucifer moaned and kissed Gabriel deeper before pulling away, smacking his ass. “Hop on, then, the both of you.”

“I love it when he gets all bossy.” Gabriel said as he quickly moved to straddle him with his back to Sam.

“You just like to be told what to do.” Sam said as he swung his leg over Lucifer’s chest so that the angel could do what he wanted.

“Damn skippy.” Gabriel moaned as he fingered his own oil glands to slick up his fingers.

Lucifer pulled Sam up so his arms were wrapped around Sam’s thighs and his hole was there for his tasting and viewing pleasure, and he sent a teasing little flick over it with the very tip of his forked tongue with a smirk.

Sam’s eyes widen at the sensation of two prodding points on his sensitive flesh. “Holy..Do that again.”

“As you wish,” Lucifer purred, doing it the same exact way with a sneaky little smile and letting the points trail around his rim for a little longer.

Groaning loud and low, Sam’s head falls forward to rest between Gabriel wings that had just come out to play. His hips moving in small circles in search of more. “You were right, Baby boy. Luci’s tongue is the best.”
Gabriel peeks over his shoulder as he slips one of his fingers into his waiting hole. “Does Daddy like being licked like a girl?”

Lucifer groaned and began licking Sam with the flat of his tongue, using his points to flick across his hole on each upward lick.

Sam nodded with a hitch to his breath as his hands slid up Gabriel’s back. The feel of Lucifer’s tongue made his cock twitch with anticipation. “Feels good..better than I thought.”

“It get’s better.” Gabriel groaned as he pushed his fingers deeper, stretching himself open with each spread of his fingers.

Lucifer chuckled softly and slid one point into Sam’s fluttering hole, using the other to trace the rim.

“Oh God!” Sam gasped as he swiveled his hips in an attempt to drive Lucifer’s tongue deeper. His thighs trembling from the effort of holding the position and staving off his own need for so long.

Lucifer groaned and spanked Sam’s cheek lightly in mild admonishment for talking about his Father in bed, raking his nails lightly over the pink handprint as the singular fork swirled about inside of him, teasing the outside with the other fork.

Gabriel groaned as he listened to Sam pant and cry out against his shoulder. It made him rethink his entire plan about riding Lucifer. He wanted to be back there helping his brother take their hunter apart, piece by shuddering piece. Especially when he heard the sound of Lucifer’s hand smacking Sam’s ass and the subsequent yelp morphing into the dirtiest sound he’d ever heard come from the human. Turning around, he lined up his cock with Lucifer’s and lazily stroked them together. “You must be doing a good job, Heylel. Sam looks utterly wrecked right now.” He leaned forward and pulled Sam into a passionate kiss, their tongues sliding together and adding to the wet noises filling the room.

Lucifer moaned and rocked his hips in time with Gabriel’s hand as he slid the second fork inside of Sam, wiggling both of them about but not going any deeper, still lightly raking his nails along Sam’s rear.

Sam pulled away from his kiss with Gabriel and threw his head back with a wanton moan. “More..pl..please..never felt this good.”

Lucifer grinned and took the plunge, shoving his tongue as far inside Sam as he could. His free hand he used to bring up and stroke Sam firmly and quickly.

Sam’s cries filled the room as he squirmed above Lucifer, his mouth hanging open as his mind reeled at the realization that Lucifer’s tongue felt good. He hadn’t had anything inside him for years, not since his disastrous first time with a guy. He thought it would always be pain and discomfort for him, that he wasn’t built to enjoy penetration. But what Lucifer and Gabriel had done to him, licking him open was a revelation. The combination of Lucifer’s hand on his cock, and tongue in his asshole, along with Gabriel moaning against his neck as the angel sucked dark marks into his skin was enough to send him spiralling towards his orgasm. The suddenness and force of it taking him by surprise as his cock swelled in Lucifer’s hand and erupted in pulsating pleasure while he screamed towards the heavens.

Lucifer groaned as he felt Sam coming hard, flicking the forks against his prostate while he stroked him through, breathing in the heavy musk and stench of sex that seemed to have permanently made itself known in the bedroom air.
Gabriel lifted his head from Sam’s neck and looked down where his hand was wrapped around his and Lucifer’s cock. Raising an eyebrow, he stills his hand and rests it on Lucifer’s stomach. “As hot as that was, we have a little problem.” He said softly as he kissed Sam’s cheek.

Panting for breath as the aftershocks shake Sam to the core, he manages to look up in confusion. “What’s wrong?”

Lucifer reluctantly removed his tongue from Sam’s ass and his hand from his cock, he brought his hand around to lick Sam’s release from his hand, moaning softly at the taste. “Mmmm. . . “ he hummed contently.

“Someone held back.” Gabriel whispered as he gently slapped Lucifer’s cock with the tips of his fingers.

“Was a bit busy,” Lucifer hummed, hips jerking as his cock was slapped. “Busy eating Sam’s delicious ass. You wouldn’t come either if you had my tongue and he was making those delicious noises due to your tongue.”

“True.” Gabriel said as Sam carefully fell to the bed beside them. “But I would have come like a rocket if I were in your shoes and someone was stroking my cock. I think you need a spanking for holding out like that.”

“Mmm.” Sam hummed. “But who gets to do the honors?”

“You should. You are the Daddy after all.” Gabriel said with a smirk as he bent down to run his tongue through the mess Sam left behind.

Lucifer groaned. “Do I really need a spanking?” He asked.

Sam rolled to his side to face Lucifer and nodded. “Gabe has a point and I’ve not gotten a chance to spank you. Gabe plenty of times but I’ve been aching to get my hand on that bottom of yours.”

“I mean, I get why, it’s a tight ass,” Lucifer joked with a grin. “But come on. I bet that you would’ve done the same thing in my position.”

“I know I would have.” Sam said with a slow lick of his bottom lip as he sat up. “Doesn’t mean I still don’t want to paddle you good and proper.”

Lucifer gave a whimper- whether from desire or nerves, he didn’t know.

Sam moved to rest his back against the headboard with his legs stretched out in front of him. Patting his thigh, he gives Lucifer a gentle smile. “It’s okay, baby boy. If you take your spanking like a good boy, I’ll give you a treat.”

Gabriel moaned softly at the sound of Sam calling Lucifer the pet name. “Can I get a treat too?”

“Maybe.” Sam said in a serious but loving tone.

Lucifer crawled into Sam’s lap, taking deep breaths as he laid there across his lap.

Sam gently smoothed his hand down Lucifer’s back until it curved over his ass. “I want you to know, I’m doing this because I like spanking my angels, not because I’m angry or upset with you. Understand?” His voice came out soft and what he hoped was soothing.

Lucifer took a deep breath and nodded. “Yeah,” he said quietly, concentrating on Sam’s hand
touching him, allowing it to ground him.

“Count for me, Baby. Gabe will help if you need it.” Sam said as rubbed his ass one more time before raising his hand and bringing it down quickly. Although it wasn’t hard, the sound was deceptively loud.

Lucifer gasped and felt his hips buck as his eyes widened, shocked from the amount of pleasure. “One.” he whimpered.

“Good.” Sam murmured as he swung again, this time striking the opposite cheek.

“Two” Lucifer ducked his head down, hips bucking again.

Gabriel laid down at the foot of the bed so he could watch as he slowly stroked himself. Groaning along with every strike to Lucifer’s hide. “Doing so good, Heylel.” He whispered.

Lucifer whimpered out each count, his hips rolling into Sam’s lap as each smack sent a jolt of pleasure through him.

Sam rained down three sharp slaps in quick succession. When he finished he stopped to softly stroke the reddened skin. “So pretty. And all mine.” He groaned

Lucifer gasped and groaned, shivering at the strokes. “A-a-all done?” He stammered.

“No, Baby boy. Four more.” Sam explained as he struck him twice more, one of the slaps landing so that the the tips of Sam’s fingers grazed his perineum.

Lucifer cried out and nearly came, dropping his sweat soaked brow down to the bed, shuddering.

“I think you found his sweet spot, Sam.” Gabriel smiled until he saw his human’s admonishing look at being called by his name. “Sorry..Daddy.”

Smiling at the correction, Sam lifted his hand and placed a well aimed snap of his wrist in the exact same spot. “Was he right, Lucifer? Did that feel good?”

“Oh huh, more, please!” Lucifer whined, rutting almost furiously against Sam’s thigh now.

“Oh. I’m not going to stop until you come, Baby boy. Want you to make a mess just from me spanking you. Understand?” Sam asked softly as he placed his other hand between Lucifer’s shoulder blades.

Lucifer whimpered and nodded. “Uh huh.”

Sam started spanking him in earnest, his hand alternating from one side to the other while making sure to strike his taint every now and again. He kept it up until a fine sheen of sweat broke out on his forehead. “Let go, Heylel..come for me.” He huffed in between slaps.

Lucifer came hard on one of the times Sam’s hand made contact with his flesh, this time actually screaming as he covered Sam’s thighs and soft cock in his release, shaking.

Sam’s hand came to a rest on Lucifer’s bright red rump as he spoke words of praise, telling how good and beautiful he was. When the angel had calmed down, Sam gently lifted him, until he was cradled his his lap and kissed the side of his face. “You did so good, baby. You were so sweet coming for me like that. Good boys get a treat for being so sweet. What would you like?”

Gabriel was laying back on the bed by the end of Lucifer’s spanking, furiously stroking his cock as
he roughly shoved three of his fingers into his hole. “Please..can I come too?” He panted as he watched them.

Lucifer rested against Sam, mulling over what he wanted for his reward lazily, not even sure if he was all there, and he made a little whining noise in his throat as he watched his brother idly.

“Should we let Gabriel come?” Sam whispered in Lucifer’s ear as he gently ran his hands over his lover’s stomach in an attempt to ground him and make sure he knew his touch could be gentle as well as harsh.

Lucifer gave a listless nod and a soft moan, his eyes fluttering closed. He still felt like he was floating on a pleasure high.

“Come, Gabriel.” Sam said simply, his tone low and sex roughened. Gabriel gasped as his honey brown eyes locked with Sam’s, his body seizing as his hips lifted off the bed. Crying out wordlessly, he came with such force that it hit his chin as well as his chest. His hand stuttered along his shaft until it came to a rest, leaving him panting and quivering in a tangle of nest blankets.

Smiling, Sam turns his head to whisper in Lucifer’s ear with a hint of laughter in his voice. “I give that one a 9 out of 10. The trajectory could have been better.”

Lucifer groaned happily and buried his head into Sam’s shoulder. He was still high up on his cloud and was content to remain there.

Gabriel hummed as he wiped his chin clean and then sucking his fingers clean. “That was a solid 10.” Rolling over he crawled up until he could rest his head on Lucifer’s leg.

Sam smiled as he reached down to run his fingers through Gabriel’s hair. “How are my angels feeling?”

“Fantabulous.” Gabriel said with a sleepy grin.

“Floaty,” Lucifer hummed lethargically. “Could remain here allllllll day.”

“You just ride the floaty feeling, Heylel.” Sam whispered as he continued to hold him. “I’m not going anywhere right now.”

Gabriel sat up with a groan. “I’ll go get a warm washrag to clean him up with and some water. You want anything else, Luci?”

Lucifer shook his head as he felt himself go even limper into Sam’s arms, sinking in deeper into the floaty feeling.

Gabriel kissed Lucifer’s forehead and disappeared into the bathroom, coming back a few minutes later with a warm cloth and a glass of water he handed to Sam. While Gabriel worked on cleaning Lucifer, Sam held the glass to his lips. “Take a sip, baby. You played hard today.”

Lucifer took a few sips of water before letting his head fall back against Sam’s shoulder again, barely feeling Gabriel cleaning him off. He never wanted to leave this feeling of being loved and taken care of, and he absently wondered if Gabriel often felt like this.

Once Gabriel had finished wiping both Lucifer and Sam clean as well as himself, he threw the rag across the room and laid down beside Sam. “Did you like your first rimjob, Sam?”

“I loved it.” Sam confessed with reddening cheeks. “I didn’t expect that.”
Lucifer gave a content sigh and snuggled in closer to Sam, smiling as he felt the blush.

“Why not? You love doing it for Luci’ and me and we always loved it.” Gabriel asked as he propped his head up on his fist.

Shaking his head, Sam gave a sigh. “The first time I ever bottomed I was...16 i think. Me and some guy in school. We were young and too dumb to use enough lube or stretch enough. It hurt, damn did it hurt and I thought it supposed to so I kept going. And he was rough and fast about all of it. All in all a terrible first time.”

Lucifer frowned and nuzzled deeper into Sam, almost latching onto him as if to try to erase the memories of that first time.

“So you never bottomed again?” Gabriel asked with a frown to match his brother’s.

“No, I did. It didn’t hurt the second time, but I couldn’t get hard so I didn’t enjoy it. Just felt like a...toy to be filled, if that makes any sense.” He shrugged as he kissed the top of Lucifer’s head. “After that, I figured it felt better to give than receive and I made sure my partners enjoyed what I was doing.”

Lucifer whined and nuzzled into Sam, feeling almost guilty now that he knew why Sam never bottomed, had never really allowed Gabriel or Lucifer to give him the pleasure that he so often bestows upon them.

Sam’s arms tightened around Lucifer. “It’s okay, Luc’. Want to know what I learned tonight?” He said with a glance to Gabriel.

Lucifer nodded, nosing Sam’s neck.

“You and Gabriel were the first to make me feel good by touching me there. And you, my bright Morning Star, were the first to penetrate me in nearly 20 years and it felt so good.” Sam purred as he hugged him. Gabriel ran his hand along Sam’s thigh in a comforting gesture as the hunter spoke.

Lucifer blushed brightly at the nickname and the confession and hid his face in Sam’s shoulder, shaking his head. He couldn’t have done that... could he?

“I told you that Lucifer’s tongue was magic.” Gabriel said with a smile.

“Magic isn’t the word I’d use, but damned close.” Sam smiled as he tilted his head back to rest against the headboard. “In fact, next time I think I’d like to try a little more. Maybe some fingers. But I’d have to work up to that.”

Lucifer blushed and hid into Sam even more, giving a quiet mewl of protest at his supposed prowess.

Chuckling, Sam ran his hand through Lucifer’s hair. “What’s the matter, Luc”? Don’t you like me saying what fantastic lovers you two are?”

Lucifer gave another mewl of protest, hiding into Sam more. His wings drew up to hid him even more from their view.

“Oh no, Lucifer.” Gabriel chided as he sat up to pry his wings open. “You aren’t going to go in your shell and hide from the compliments. Because believe it or not, Sam’s right. Now come out of there and say thank you and kiss him silly until he agrees to let us tongue him into oblivion.”

“I could go for that. Maybe not right now.” Sam mumbled as his eyes drift shut.
Lucifer squeaked and tried to bat his brother away, blushing even more. He mumbled that they were bringing him down from his cloud, dammit.

“Oh I’m not bringing you down, Big Brother. I’m trying to permanently install you on that cloud.” Gabriel responded when he heard the mumble.

Sam peeked out of one eye. “Gabriel, you start a fight on my lap and I’m paddling you while leaving you in a cock ring for the foreseeable future.”

Lucifer cuddled into Sam more, softly purring as he kept himself hidden from view.

Gabriel sat back on his heels and stuck out his bottom lip. “Don’t you dare, Messenger.” Sam warned as he shifted so he could lay down with Lucifer pressed between them. “Now be good and come cuddle your brother while he’s floaty and sweet.”

Lucifer mumbled something about not being as sweet as Sam’s making him sound as he burrowed into Sam’s strong chest, seeking out the warmth and protectiveness that was radiating off of him.

Gabriel crawled up behind Lucifer and wrapped him and Sam up in his wings, pressing tight against Lucifer’s back while Sam shushed the eldest archangel. “Sleep now. Don’t argue. Just listen to my heartbeat and float away, Lucifer. Gabe and I got you.”

“Did you know,” Lucifer mumbled sleepily as he pressed his ear against Sam’s chest, “that the reason Shakespearean actors say things like you make my heart beat in iambic pentameter is because the heart does beat in iambic pentameter?”

“I didn’t know that.” Sam said softly as Gabriel drifted off behind Lucifer. “Did you know that the reason I say I love you is because I do?”

Lucifer blushed and buried his head in Sam’s shoulder.

“I love you and I love Gabriel. I love that you both are so gentle yet strong. I love that you can make me feel like a teenager again.” Sam kept on as he stroked a hand over Lucifer’s wing, “Now go to sleep, Heylel. I’ll be here when you wake up.”

Lucifer shivered at the hand on his wing and looked up at Sam shyly, struggling to keep his eyes open. “You first.” he mumbled.

“My protector.” Sam smiled as he closed his eyes with a sigh.

“Mhm, always,” Lucifer murmured. When he was satisfied that Sam was asleep, he finally allowed himself to drift off.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Lucifer tells Sam and Gabriel that he doesn't feel worthy of having them as his lovers. Gabriel gives him something to think about.

Chapter Notes

Kind of a feel-y chapter.

Lucifer woke up slowly to soft trailing fingertips and hushed words and he groaned softly, trying to gain the ability to open his eyes to see what was going on. As near as he could make out, Sam was still in front of him, if the heavily calloused fingertips caressing his collarbones were anything to go by and Gabriel was behind him, tracing designs onto the skin where his wings burst from his shoulder blades.

“And this right here.” Gabriel whispered to Sam as his traced a finger along his side. “Is where his second pair of wings usually are but that’s only in our true forms. But the spot you should really pay attention to is right under his primary wings. Just shy of the glands.”

“From the way you describe it, it’s a bit like oral sex.” Sam rumbled softly as his fingers continued to stroke over Lucifer’s neck and chest.

“Sammich, to him it’s better than blowjobs, handjobs and rimjobs all in one. It surpasses oral sex and is the nearest you’ll come to tapping into his grace.” Gabriel expounded with a quirk of his eyebrow.

Lucifer groaned and flapped his wings lazily. His eyes still weren’t opening.

Sam placed his finger to his lips when he heard Lucifer stir. “I think we’re being too loud.” He whispered.

Lucifer nestled back into the pillows, hearing his lovers but not really hearing them as he settled back in to go back to sleep.

Gabriel sighed as he propped himself up on his elbow to look down on his brother. “Sam, about last night.” He started, his voice just above a whisper. “Although we all had a fantastic time, I think we still have to work on Luci.”

“Work on him?” Sam asked in confusion to which Gabriel nodded.

“He’s still really...unsure of himself. Did you see the way he was hiding when you were singing his praises?”

Lucifer felt himself awaken a bit more but remained still and with his eyes closed, wondering what was going to be said next.
Sighing, Sam nodded. “I know. The sad thing is I meant every word and he couldn’t...I don’t know what to do other than to keep on reminding him that he’s loved and one of the better partners I’ve had in a long while.”

“I better be the other one.” Gabriel teased, but quickly went back to being serious. “It may take more than that and I don’t know what it’s going to take. Short of stamping it on his forehead.”

“Maybe my little brother can mind his own business,” Lucifer mumbled sleepily, still keeping his eyes closed. “Or else I’m shoving glitter up his ass.”

Gabriel and Sam look at each other, startled at Lucifer’s threat, not realizing he was awake. “If that’s what it takes, Luci’.” Gabriel quipped softly as he laid a gentle kiss to the nape of his neck. “And open your eyes, you sleep faker.”

Lucifer cracked open an eyelid, then another, looking up at Sam sleepily. “Guys, seriously.” he murmured. “It’s not a big deal.”

“Then say ‘I’m a stud muffin that made Sam Fucking Winchester come on my tongue’.” Gabriel grinned as he leaned in close to Lucifer’s ear. “Without blushing like a thirteen year old girl with a crush.”

Lucifer groaned and batted his brother across the back of the head with his wings, blushing furiously and seeking refuge in Sam’s shoulder. “Fuck oooffffff, Gabeeee,” he groaned.

Sam sat up slightly and looked at Lucifer expectantly with a grin teetering at the corner of his mouth. “Come on, sexy. Tell me about that tongue of yours.”

“Not you too!” Lucifer pleaded, looking up at Sam with betrayal and another, deeper nameless emotion in his eyes.

“I’ll even say something about myself if you do.” Sam offered.

Lucifer shook his head, grabbing some of the covers and covering himself with all of them, burrowing down and covering himself even further with his wings.

Gabriel leaned over Lucifer and whispered in Sam’s ear. Sam pulled back and looked at him incredulously. “Seriously??!! You want me to say that??”

The Trickster nodded emphatically with a maniacal grin.

“No.” Sam said flatly.

Lucifer curled up deeper under his covers and wings, starting to tremble. Really, nobody before his lovers had ever held him in such high regards. Not since his old nest with Michael, when Gabriel and Castiel were fledglings and looked up to their older brother with a wonder and awe reserved for little siblings to give to their older ones; when he and Michael were close. For so long, even in the bedroom, no one had ever praised him like this, had told him how good he was, how wanted and desired he was. How loved he was. He just couldn’t accept it.

“Oh come on.” Gabriel prodded.

“Gabe, I’m not saying it because although it may have a hint of truth, it’s ridiculous.” Sam argued as he moved to get out of the nest.

Gabriel, yeah, Gabe ran off on me and Mike but hey, he still managed to do some good in the world,
getting rid of people who rightly deserve it for the most part. And he always did have the best tricks. And Sam... fuck, where do I begin with Sam? He’s just so good and pure, almost to the point where he’s too good of a Vessel for someone with such tainted grace and hands... He always tried to do the right thing, no matter what and he’s so strong... The archangel trembled and he burrowed into the pillow under his head more as he felt Sam move as if to leave the nest, giving a soft whimper of distress.

Sam heard the whimper even as Gabriel was listing off reasons to support his argument. He immediately started digging through the blankets to find the angel. “Luc’, what’s wrong?” He asked as he peeled back the last cover over the angel’s head.

Lucifer’s hand snaked out and snagged the cover back, pulling it over his head again as he hid his face into the pillow, tears starting to glide down his cheeks.

Sam slid back into the bed as Gabriel caught on and placed his hand on Lucifer’s shoulder. “Luci’, talk to us.” The angel pleaded

He gave a very firm shake of his head and burrowed his head as deep as it would go into the pillow, flipping over onto his stomach to better hide himself with.

“I’m sorry, Luc’. We shouldn’t have been teasing you like that.” Sam said, his voice sounding genuinely distressed that he could have caused Lucifer any harm. He curled around Lucifer and kept mumbling apologies as Gabriel laid his head on his shoulder.

Lucifer jerked his head up and he leveled a heavy glare at Sam. “Stop.” he said as sternly as he could with a tear filled face, placing a firm finger across Sam’s lips. “You... You have nothing to apologize for, either of you.”

Sam scrunched his eyebrows together. “But...I don’t understand. You won’t tell us what’s wrong so I assumed I upset you.”

Lucifer took a deep shuddering breath. “You... You have done nothing wrong,” he explained. “No. I can’t say those types of things about myself. How good I am with something, or how I’m amazing at this and that. If I do, it’s in a complete joking manner. Because I don’t believe it about myself. And I don’t think I ever will. And I... well, to be honest, I have a hard time believing that either of you are with me! I mean, just look at you two! I mean, yes, Gabe, you did kind of throw me to the steroid induced Alpha wolf that is Michael when you left, but honestly I really don’t blame you. I really don’t. Were the situations switched I probably would’ve done the same thing. And yeah, okay, so you killed a few million people and masqueraded as a pagan god and if legends are to be believed you gave birth to a horse but we’re not going to go into that. You took on a Trickster god persona and tried to teach people lessons, tried to teach them that they were doing wrong. You did revenge, but it was on people who deserved it. And it wasn’t like the person who slipped up once and then never did it again, no, you went after people who made it their entire beings to cause harm and havoc! And then you, Sam... You took everything the universe threw at you and came out on top. And you never once let any of the bad shit that happened to you consume you to the point where you went completely dark side and didn’t care. You just... You were always kind, always gentle. You always tried to complete your tasks, and you tried to save everyone, monsters included. You’re so kind and pure... almost too pure to take such tainted Grace, to be the Vessel to one of the most tainted and hated beings on this Earth and probably a few other worlds as well.” He took a deep breath, tears streaking down his cheeks. “Compared to you two? I’m just... the kid who threw one hell of a fucking temper tantrum when he felt like Daddy didn’t love him enough and tried to end the world on two separate occasions. I mean, yes, I’m no longer the Devil and I’ve done some good since I came back topside but... is it enough? Is it enough to be forgiven for everything I’ve done?
Is it good enough to be in both of your beds? I’m not saying I don’t want to be here, there’s no place I’d rather be but in our nest with the both of you but. . . I don’t feel like I’m worthy.” He sank back into the covers as he allowed the tears to come more freely.

“Are you done?” Gabriel asked in a flat tone that spoke to how frustrated he was inside. Sam looked up saying the smaller angel’s name in warning. “No, Sam I gotta get this out or I’m gonna go nuts.” He said sharply before turning to his brother with narrowed eyes. “Now listen to me, Lucifer. Are you listening?”

Lucifer nodded and flinched at his brother’s sharp tone.

“Let’s do the ridiculous first. I didn’t give birth to a horse. I rescued it from being butchered for meat. You shouldn't believe all the mythology you hear. Second, you are worthy and deserve every ounce of happiness you have. So what if you threw a tantrum? Everyone does from time to time, yours just took in apocalyptic proportions.” Gabriel took a breath and leaned in close. “We love you, Heylel and Sam’s time with us is so short. Do you want to spend your time loving us back or being stuck in that cage?” Gabriel said, tapping Lucifer's forehead. “I know what I'm choosing. You just have to figure it out too.” Dropping a kiss to his forehead, he looked up at Sam and saw that the hunter had a tear running down his face. Holding out his hand, which Sam took reluctantly, he tugged him out of the nest. “Come on, Samshine. I'll make you breakfast while we give our Luci time to think.”

Sam bit at his bottom lip, he bent down and placing a soft kiss on Lucifer's cheek. “I love you.” He whispered before he allowed himself to be pulled away from the bedroom.

Lucifer laid there for a short while, mulling over what his brother had said as he attempted to stop the flow of tears. He knew Gabriel was right, that he couldn’t let what he had done hold him back from the true happiness he had found with Sam and Gabriel. Letting go of what he had done wouldn’t be easy, but he had made his decision.

Composing himself, he grabbed his bathrobe and made his way into the kitchen. Seeing Gabriel at the stove and Sam sitting down, he made his way over to the hunter and curled up in his lap. Pressing a soft, barely there kiss to his cheek, he whispered into his ear “I love you.” before burying his face shyly into the crook of Sam’s neck. It would take a while for him to be able to say it without the shy gestures, but he knew it and he meant it.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Lucifer regresses in order to get him calm and loving, but fights coming out of it.

Chapter Notes

THIS IS NON SEXUAL AGE REGRESSION. Lucifer regresses in order to understand he is loved, not because he and Sam think it's sexy. Just a friendly reminder :)

Sam had been staring down into his mug quietly ever since Gabriel had drug him downstairs. He just couldn't figure out how to make Lucifer happy, not really. And that's what he wanted most. For all of them. Maybe he just had to accept that this was as good as they were going to get and that eventually it'd all slip away.

Sam was really on a roll, wrestling his own fears and doubts when his train of thought was interrupted by a lap full of angel. Sitting back in surprise, his hands hung loose at his sides until he saw the half smile shot his way by Gabriel. Looking down at Lucifer his arms slowly come up and wrap around him. It's not until he heard those three little words that his grip tightened and he buried his face into the crook of Lucifer's neck. “I love you too, Luc’.” He whispered.

Lucifer wrapped his arms and wings around Sam tightly as he hugged him close, most of the tension leaving his body as he did so.

Gabriel brought a cup of coffee over, made just the way Lucifer liked it and dropped a kiss to the top of his head. “Breakfast in five minutes.”

Lucifer looked up at Gabriel and smiled shyly. “Love you, Gabs,” he said softly.

“Back at ya, old man.” Gabriel sassed as he went back to the stove, humming happily as he worked. All was well in their nest for now and he wanted to enjoy it.

Lucifer giggled at the sass and nuzzled into Sam happily, grabbing his coffee to drink it. He took a few sips of it, letting it wake him up and soothe him before he spoke up.

“It might take me a bit to...y’know, see myself the way you two do.” he said quietly, but loud enough to be heard. “But I’m willing to get myself to that point, and I know you’ll help out. I love you both, so much. So very, very much.” The blush rose high on his cheeks and he took a long drink of coffee to cover it up. “I want to love myself too.”

“I’m proud of you.” Sam said simply as Gabriel sat a plate in front of him. Nodding his thanks, he continued. “Gabriel and I will help anyway we can, even if it’s lauding your praises when needed.”

“Careful Sammich, he might develop a kink.” Gabriel said as he came to the table with plates for him.
Lucifer rolled his eyes and cuddled into Sam a little bit more. “Maybe if it’s a kink, it’ll get into my brain faster,” he pointed out.

“It’s not a bad idea.” Sam mused as he took a bite of his bacon. “You going to cuddle me while I eat?” He asked with a chuckle as he craned his neck to look at Lucifer.

Lucifer blushed and nodded shyly. “Unless you don’t want me to?” He asked.

Gabriel looked meaningfully at Sam and nodded his head as he pushed a little thought towards him. A touch of divine inspiration. Sam’s eyes lit up when it struck him and he smiled warmly. Tucking his arm tight around Lucifer’s back, he stabbed a fork full of scrambled eggs and offered it to him. “You going to be my Baby boy today?”

Lucifer blushed, knowing that Sam meant to play the part of “Daddy” for him like the hunter had done for Gabriel in the past. He nodded slightly in agreement before taking the bite of scrambled eggs.

“Okay, but there’s going to be rules.” Sam said softly as he kissed the angel’s temple.

Lucifer nuzzled into his neck. “Okay, what are they?” He asked.

“Rule #1. Always use your manners. Please and thank yous, which you’re already good at. Rule #2. If you get upset or want to stop at anytime, you tell me. No hiding it from me thinking it’ll make me happy, because all it will do is the opposite.” Sam picked up his coffee and took a long sip. “Third rule, I won’t touch or kiss you sexually unless you specifically ask. Neither will Gabriel. Today he’s just your little brother.”

Lucifer nuzzled and nodded. “Okay.”

“And last rule. You’ll do what I say, when I say and if I give you a compliment you don’t argue. Just take it at face value and say thank you.” Sam finished as he picked up a piece of bacon and offered it to Lucifer.

“Okay,” Lucifer hummed, taking the bite of bacon and smiled. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, baby boy.” Sam said softly as he continued to alternate between feeding himself and Lucifer.

Gabriel smiled as he watched the two of them. “I envy you for this, Lucifer. To have Sam’s full attention today.”

Lucifer blushed a little bit before thanking Sam for the next morsel of food. He looked up at Sam. He never said anything, but he always envied his little brother when Sam gave Gabriel this same type of thing.

When the plate was clean, Sam placed it to the side and picked up Lucifer’s forgotten plate. “You still hungry, Baby?”

Lucifer purred and nodded. “Yes, please.” he said.

Sam worked through the plate of food, feeding Lucifer and himself from it while he struck up a conversation with Gabriel about when a good time to go back home would be. Gabriel was all for staying in their little lodge indefinitely, but Sam was against the idea. He still had to talk to Dean...
about what had happened before they left.

Lucifer ate and cuddled into Sam, thanking him after each bite. He rested against the hunter as he did so, enjoying the relaxation and slipping a little bit into that floaty feeling.

Sam paused to take a sip of coffee and adjusted his grip on Lucifer. “What do you think, Baby? Should we go back to the bunker soon?”

Lucifer hummed softly and cuddled into Sam. “Maybe in like a week or so,” he mumbled.

“I can live with that. But I’m going to have to call Dean at some point. Otherwise he’s going to keep calling and praying us to death.” Sam sighed. “In the meantime, I have some dishes to do. Why don’t you go curl up on the couch and do something fun while I work.”

Gabriel stood from his chair and held out his hand. “Come on, Luci. Let’s go watch some TV.”

“Okay,” Lucifer said. He gave Sam a chaste kiss on his cheek and took Gabe’s hand.

Gabriel led Lucifer into the living room while Sam cleared the breakfast dishes. Plopping down onto the couch, Gabriel grabbed the remote and started flicking through channels. “What do you want to watch, Luci?”

“Could we watch something funny, Gabs?” He asked, sitting down on the couch and cuddling into his brother.

“We can do funny. How’s…” Gabriel flipped a channel and landed on Caddyshack. “How’s this?”

Lucifer smiled and cuddled into Gabriel more. “Good. Thanks, Gabs.”

“It’s no problem, Luci’.” Gabriel smiled as he pulled the blanket from the back of the couch and draped it over their laps. Twenty minutes later, Sam came in and sat next to Lucifer. He rested his arm on the back of the couch and gently carded his fingers through the angel’s hair.

Lucifer purred and pressed his head into Sam’s hand.

Smiling, Sam scratched his fingers over Lucifer’s scalp. “You have really soft hair. Pretty blonde color too.”

Lucifer gave a squeak and blushed, mumbling a shy little thank you.

“I’m sorry, Baby boy, I didn’t hear you.” Sam said as he leaned in a bit closer.

“Thank you,” Lucifer said a bit louder, burying his face into Sam’s neck.

Sam wanted to press him for more but decided to take small steps. “Good boy.” Sam replied as he continued to watch the movie. A short time later, he tilted his head to look at Gabriel and Lucifer. “When was the last time the two of you had a wing grooming?”

Gabriel thought for a moment and scratched the back of his neck in embarrassment. “Nearly a month?”

Sam tsked as he leaned back in his seat. “Then I think it’s high-time we corrected that. Don’t you?

Grinning, Gabriel tapped Lucifer on the shoulder. “Want me to teach Sam how to groom your wings?”
Lucifer giggled and nodded. “Yes, please,” he said with a smile.

“Okay, lay out on the floor so you can watch the movie and open those pretty wings for us.” Gabriel said as he patted his brother’s shoulder.

Lucifer sprawled out onto the floor and let his wings out, letting the dusty rose feathers stretch out to their fullest extent. It was very evident that Lucifer hadn’t had a grooming in a while, and he wiggled in anticipation.

“Okay, Sammich. Time to groom the baby.” Gabriel said with a chuckle as he slid to the floor and ran his fingers through the primary feathers. Sam sat on the floor, across from the younger angel with Lucifer between them. Each of them taking a wing, Gabriel took his time to show Sam how to clean and straighten the feathers. Pulling the loose ones out and carefully laying them to the side. At first, Sam’s hands were too gentle out of fear of causing any pain. But as time passed, he became surer in his movements until he was not only dealing with the feathers but massaging the limb they were attached too.

“This is fun.” Sam said as he worked. “I knew your wings were pinkish but I never notices the tiny bits of bluish green mixed in.”

Lucifer flushed and purred happily, melting into the floor. “It mimics the morning sky,” he explained almost sleepily. The wing Gabriel was grooming fluttered lightly. “Well, the sky when dawn comes ‘round. Father had a little too much fun painting my wings, if you asked me.”

“I think they're gorgeous.” Sam sighed as he stroked the longest primary feather. “I always liked the trickster story about the Raven from Native American legends.”

Lucifer shivered at the stroke and turned his head to look at Sam, his wings fluffing up to show off unintentionally. “That is a good story.” he agreed. “Ravens are noble birds.”

“Legend has it, they’re messengers for the gods.” Sam stated as Gabriel snorted dismissively.

“I'll give you that they’re smart animals but messengers?”

Lucifer giggled, his wings all of sudden poofing out, one feather nearly stabbing Gabriel in the eyes and he squealed, blushing brightly.

Gabriel let out a yelp of surprise and tumbled backwards, to which Sam started laughing. “What’s with the puffy fluff, Baby?”

Lucifer blushed and tried to calm down his feathers. “They do that, when I’m really relaxed ‘nd happy,” he explained shyly. “nd sometimes as a mating display, but they’re normally not poofy.”

His feathers decided to do the opposite of what he was asking them to do and fluffed out even more.

Gabriel huffs as he sits back up. “You trying to tell us something?”

“Nuu.” Lucifer protested, shooting his brother a glare. “Not a mating display!”

“So just a happy poof.” Sam confirmed as he lifted the wing to work on the underside. “I think it’s cute.”

Lucifer giggled at the light tickle that the wing lift had given him and he turned his head back to Sam. “Why?” He asked curiously.

Sam peeked around the wing and smiled. “It makes you seem...innocent.”
Lucifer blinked. *Innocent* was never a word that was used to describe him before. “Innocent?” He asked quietly.

“Yes. My innocent, fluffy, baby boy.” He said as he maneuvered around to kiss his cheek.

“At least until he gets to pranking you.” Gabriel said with a smirk.

Lucifer playfully kicked his brother as he kissed Sam’s cheek back with a smile. He liked the way that word sounded. “Yours,” he confirmed happily.

Sam gave him a wink as he sat back to work on his wing. Gabriel poked Lucier in the side in retaliation for the kick.

Lucifer squeaked from the poke and gave a quiet mewl of happiness, relaxing back into the grooming.

“Gabriel.” Sam admonished with his stern ‘Daddy’ face. “Stop antagonizing Lucifer.”

The younger angel gave an indignant snort as he worked. “Just wait until it’s my turn to be Daddy’s boy.” He mumbled.

Lucifer turned and looked at Gabriel. “Aren’t we both Daddy’s boys?” He asked softly, far enough into his headspace to be able to use the nickname for Sam. “All the time?”

“You are.” Sam explained gently. “But today, you’re my special boy. It doesn’t mean Gabriel isn’t just we’re playing with you. Unless you want Gabe to join you.”

Lucifer was torn. On one hand, it’d be nice to share this with his brother, especially because there was a little part of him that was still unsure about all this “Little space” business and Gabriel’s been here before. On the other, Gabriel was in Little space a lot and he didn’t really feel like sharing his first time in this headspace with his younger brother. To think and avoid answering he slid one of his feathers into his mouth and began sucking on it.

Gabriel saw the feather slip into Lucifer’s mouth and raised an eyebrow. “You okay, baby?” His voice was soft and edged with concern. He’d only seen extremely young fledglings do that when he was still in Heaven and to see his older brother do it now was worrying to him in a way.

Sam’s head popped up and he folded Lucifer’s wing to the angel’s back. “What’s going on?”

Gabriel nodded his head towards Lucifer and gave a really brief explanation. Sam immediately started to rub along Lucifer’s back. “Baby boy, what’s going on?”

Lucifer looked back and forth between the two of them, unsure of whom to answer first and how to answer. He purred at the hand on his back, still lightly sucking on his feather.

“Lucifer, what was one of my rules today?” Sam gently reminded him.

Lucifer slowly took the feather out of his mouth as he looked at Sam. “To tell ‘ou if I wan’ to stop or ‘m upset, Daddy,” he said quietly.

Sam was briefly taken aback by the use of the nickname. It was one he expected from Gabriel but Lucifer had never shown the same inclination. Blinking a few times, he tried to fight the smile trying to break free. “So is there anything you want to tell Daddy?”

Lucifer looked down at his feather and played with it for a little bit before answering. “I kinda wan’
Gabs ‘o join, ‘cause it’s not tha’ new t’him ‘nd he coul’ help me.” he explained quietly. “But I also don’ wan’ im to join ‘cause he’s like this m’re oft’n ‘nd I don’ wanna share, but then I’d feel bad either way.” Finished, he shoved his feather back into his mouth.

“I understand.” Gabriel said as he leaned forward to gently pull the feathers from Lucifer’s mouth. “I can help you without being little today.”

“Would you like that, Lucifer? If you stayed my special baby boy and Gabriel helped?” Sam asked as his hand came to rest on the small of Lucifer’s back.

Lucifer whined softly as Gabriel tried to pull his feather away, but nodded in answer to Sam’s question. “P’ease?” He asked his younger brother with big round eyes.

“Of course, Luci’.” Gabriel whispered as he kissed his cheek as Sam sat back and let them have they time talking little to little. Leaning in Gabriel whispered. “Remember to tell Daddy what you need. He’s a very good Daddy and loves us so much that he’ll do anything to make his little angels happy.”

“ Anything? ” Lucifer whispered back.

Gabriel nodded and flicked his eyes to Sam. “Just ask him for something. If it won’t hurt you, he’ll give it to you.”

Lucifer thought and nibbled on his feather before looking over at Sam. “May I please have some taffy, Daddy?” He asked.

Sam chuckled as he looked to Gabriel. “You’re a bad influence.” Turning his attention back to Lucifer, he nodded. “What flavor, baby boy?”

“Lic’rice, p’ease,” Lucifer said around his feather.

Sam wrinkled up his nose at his own dislike of the flavor, but he got up all the same to pull the bag of taffy from the cupboard. Coming back to the living room, he sat on the couch and pulled out the preferred flavor. “Here you go.”

Lucifer sat up and scooted over to Sam, removing the feather and taking the offered piece of taffy. “Thank you, Daddy,” he said before resting his head on his thigh and starting to eat the taffy.

“Thank you, Daddy,” he said before resting his head on his thigh and starting to eat the taffy.

“‘You’re welcome.” Sam said as he pulled out a strawberry and tossed to Gabriel who snatched out of the air. “Do your wings feel better now, Luc’?”

Lucifer nodded and purred. “Yes, thank you Daddy, Gabs,” he said. His wings were still poofing out at an alarming rate but he ignored it.

“I think Gabriel’s need done too. No telling what he’s got in them. Probably half eaten lollipops.” Sam teased as he petted the top of Lucifer’s fluffed up wing.

Lucifer giggled and nodded in agreement, purring at the touch to his fluffy wings.

“I do NOT have candy in my feathers.” Gabriel grumped as he gathered up Lucifer’s discarded feathers. “They’re a little messed up from our fuck fest last night, but not with candy.”

Lucifer giggled and blushed at the mention of the night before, nuzzling Sam’s thigh.

Sam raised his eyebrow at Gabriel. “Really? We have someone in some serious headspace and
you're going to talk about last night?”

Gabriel shrugged. “It’s not like he doesn’t know. Just because you’re little doesn’t mean you’re not yourself.”

Lucifer crawled his way back into Sam’s lap and cuddled into him with a loud purr.

“I suppose you’re right.” Sam said as he nuzzled into Lucifer’s hair, his fingers gently tickling the angel’s stomach. “He’s just so deep in it.” He murmurs before turning his attention to Lucifer. “Aren’t you, Baby? You like being my baby boy?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Lucifer cooed, squirming happily on Sam’s lap.

“Well guess what?” Sam whispered to him like he was telling a secret.

“What, Daddy?” Lucifer whispered back, looking up at Sam.

“I like it too.” Sam said right before kissing the end of his nose.

Gabriel shook his head with a chuckle as he left to put the loose feathers under the nest where they belonged.

Lucifer squeaked and beamed happily, rubbing the end of his nose curiously.

“Want to know something else?” Sam whispered.

“What, Daddy?” Lucifer whispered back.

“I love you.” Sam said as he brushed the thumb over Lucifer’s cheek.

Lucifer blushed brightly and he shyly lowered his eyes. “I love you too, Daddy.” he replied.

Sam smiled warmly as he wrapped his arms around Lucifer. “Want to watch some TV with me or do something else?”

Lucifer hummed and cuddled into Sam. “TV, p’ease,” he murmured.

“TV it is then.” Sam turned on the discovery channel where they were running a special on Big Cats. Laying the remote to the side, he laid out on the sofa and pulled Lucifer to lay with him, pillowing his head on Sam’s chest. “Dean always wants to watch the specials on sharks, but I like the jungle cats better.”

Lucifer smiled and cuddled into Sam, watching the screen. “Kitties are prettier,” he murmured.

“And don’t have as many teeth.” Sam said quietly as the narrator explained about cheetahs.

Lucifer nodded in agreement, letting the headspace, TV, and Sam’s heartbeat lull him into a light sleep. Halfway through the program, Sam’s eyes drifted shut and fell asleep.

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Lucifer woke up a couple of hours later and yawned, stretching lightly before settling in to watch Sam sleep. The hunter had fallen into a deeper sleep that he’d intended when he shut his eyes, now he was dreaming. A hellish nightmare where everyone around him was dead. Castiel lay on the floor of the map room, the black char of his wings burnt into the marble as his dead eyes stared at his brother lying a few feet away with a hand outstretched in Dean’s final living act. His dreamself
looked around, horrified for any sign of what had happened. And like all dreams he flashed and found himself in the garage where he found Gabriel and Lucifer, pinned to the wall like moths, their eyes burned from their sockets as they screamed soundlessly. Sam’s heart jack rabbited in his chest as the horror of it all set in. Unable to move, he felt the tears streaming down his face as his own mouth fell open to scream, but his voice was gone. He was trapped and all that he’d loved was gone.

In the waking world, Sam’s chest heaved as tears fell from the corners of his eyes that were squeezed tightly shut. His Adam’s apple bobbing repeatedly as his body fought to do what his mind was telling it to do. Scream.

Lucifer saw the tears and the way his chest was heaving, and he immediately snapped out of his headspace enough to take control. “Sam?” He asked, shaking Sam lightly. “C’mon, Sam, wake up, it’s me, it’s Lucifer, c’mon, wake up!”

The shaking was enough to release Sam’s body from the sleep paralysis and he woke with choked out sob. His eyes wild as he tried to reconcile reality with the nightmare he’d just had.

“Sam, you’re awake now.” Lucifer said soothingly, reaching up to wipe away the tears tenderly. “C’mon, touch me, I’m alive and well. So is Gabriel, wherever he fucked off to. We’re both here, and I can promise you that Dean and Cas are fine. We’re all okay.”

Sam looked him over as he took several shaky breaths. His hands flying up to run over Lucifer’s neck and shoulders. “You’re okay.” He said with a hint of disbelief.

“I’m fine,” Lucifer said softly with a smile. “We’re all okay. It was just a nightmare, Sam.”

Sam’s face crumpled as fresh tears tracked down his cheek. “I’m sorry. I ruined your day.”

Lucifer shushed him and ran his thumbs across his cheeks, catching the tears and wiping them away gently. “You didn’t ruin anything,” he whispered. “I haven’t completely left it, just enough to be able to get you up and calm. I told you I’d always protect you, and if that means I have to leave my headspace to do it, then that’s a price I’m willing to pay.”

Sam nodded as he closed his eyes. “What if these are premonitions like before the apocalypse?” He whispered as if saying it louder will make it true.

Lucifer shook his head. “They aren’t, I promise,” he said. “Premonitions have a different energy than a nightmare, and that energy wasn’t there. That abilities been dormant since you killed Azazel and got off of demon blood. It’s not going to randomly resurface.”

“Then it’s just my screwed up brain telling me a story. A horrible story.” Sam rationalized as he opened his eyes. “Just a dream.”

Just then Gabriel came into the living room with a large teddy bear tucked under his arm. As soon as he felt the energy in the room, the smile dropped from his face. “Whoa, what’s going on?”

“Sam had a nightmare,” Lucifer said, nodding in agreement to Sam’s statement. “Yes, Sam, just a dream.”

Gabriel knelt on the floor beside Sam’s head and gave him a brief kiss on the temple. “Fire or the moth one?”

Sam shuddered before moving to sit up. “Moth.”

Lucifer moved back so Sam could sit up and hugged him tightly, burying his face into his shoulder,
wishing that he could protect his hunter from the nightmares.

“I’ll be okay. Just give me a few to get my head on straight then we can continue if you want.” Sam said quietly as he stroked Lucifer’s hair. “Plus there has to be a good reason that Gabriel has a new teddy.”

“You sure?” Lucifer asked softly, kissing the soft skin gently. He was already regressing back into his headspace, now that he knew that Sam was safe.

Sam nodded. “But how about you and Gabe cuddle a little while I go to the bathroom.”

“Okay,” Lucifer said. He slowly withdrew from Sam and held his arms out for his brother.

“Come ‘re, baby.” Gabriel scooped his brother up and dropped him into his lap as Sam left for the bathroom. “Would you like the present I got you?”

“Present?” Lucifer asked, cocking his head to the side like a confused puppy, although Lucifer’s look had more of a kittenish look to it.

“Yep.” Gabriel held up the teddy bear. “All yours for when you’re big or little.”

Lucifer’s face lit up and he beamed. He threw his arms around his brother and hugged him tightly. “T’ank ‘ou!” He giggled, planting a very wet and messy kiss on his cheek.

“You’re welcome, baby.” Gabriel said with a chuckle as he wiped his cheek clean. “Are you going to name him?”

Lucifer frowned as he stared studiously at the teddy bear, trying to think of a good name for his very first stuffed animal.

“How about...Mr. Floof?” Gabriel asked as he wiggled the bear while Lucifer held it.

Lucifer giggled and mulled the name over in his mind before looking at Gabriel. “Floofles.” he corrected.

“Mr. Floofles?” Gabriel chuckled “I like it.”

Lucifer beamed and hugged the bear close to him while cuddling into Gabriel happily. “Thank you.” he said again.

“You’re welcome.” Gabriel said as he leaned back against the couch, pulling Lucifer close. “You were such a good boy for helping Daddy with his bad dreams. I bet that was scary for you.”

Lucifer nodded and hugged Mr. Floofles tight to him as he cuddled into Gabriel. “It was very scary.” he murmured.

“Daddy’s okay now, because you were brave and strong. Telling Daddy everything was okay and that his baby boys were safe.”

“Don’t like seeing Daddy cry.” Lucifer admitted. “Not when Daddy’s so strong.”

“I know. I don’t like it either.” Gabriel sighed as he lay his head on Lucifer’s shoulder. “Everything’s okay now.”

Lucifer nodded and hugged the bear to him as he relaxed against his brother, slipping a little deeper into his headspace.
Gabriel let the conversation drift away as he started to hum a very, very old lullaby.

Lucifer smiled as he heard the lullaby and cuddled into Gabriel a bit more, letting himself sink deeper.

Sam came back from the bathroom, his face pink from washing, and smiled at the sight before him.

Lucifer cracked open an eye when he felt Sam’s presence enter and he looked at the human through happy, half lidded eyes.

“My boys having a good time?” Sam asked softly as he sat beside them.

Gabriel leaned into him with a sigh. “I am.”

Lucifer nodded and held out the teddy bear for Sam’s viewing. “Floofles.” He murmured sleepily.

“Did Floofles follow Gabe home just to meet you, baby?” Sam said as he ruffled the fur on the stuffed animal's head.

Lucifer nodded. “’nd he says he’s gonna stay with me!” He said happily, beaming broadly.

“He is?!” Sam asked with a grin because Lucifer’s was so infectious. “Where’s he going to sleep?!”

“With me!” Lucifer beamed and cuddled the teddy bear to him with a gummy smile.

Gabriel chuckled silently, causing his chest to shake. “You’re too frickin cute for your own good like this, Luci.”

Lucifer giggled and cuddled into Gabriel and looked up at him semi adoringly. “Thank you”

“You’re welcome, baby.” Gabriel said as he pressed his lips to his brother’s forehead.

Lucifer beamed and looked at Sam. “Are you better now Daddy?” he asked.

“I am now that I see you and Gabe’s pretty smiles.” Sam said as he lifted Lucifer’s hand and kissed his knuckles affectionately. “But I think it’s time we do few chores like straighten up the nest.”

Lucifer made a face as Sam mentioned chores.

“Come on, baby.” Sam said as he stood and held out his hand. “We made a mess now we have to clean it up.”

Lucifer took his hand and got out of Gabriel's lap.

Gabriel groaned in protest, his head dropping to the couch as he squeezed his eyes shut.

“Don’t start, Gabriel. Now come help clean the nest or we’ll have to show Luc’ what happens when naughty angels don’t listen to Daddy.” Sam said sternly as he waited for Gabriel to join them.

Gabriel glanced between Lucifer and Sam and smirked as he folded his arms stubbornly, clearly challenging Sam and being as Lucifer calls him ‘a little shit’.

“Gabriel.” Sam warned, his voice dropping low like a growl.

Lucifer pressed himself into Sam's side with a soft whimper at the growl, his eyes pleading with Gabriel to behave.
Gabriel winked at Lucifer and turned his attention back to Sam. “No, Daddy. I don’t want to clean the nest.”

Sam’s eyebrows rose up on his forehead in disbelief. He knew that Gabriel could be bratty but he’d never been this blatant about it. “Then I guess you don’t get to sleep in the nest tonight. Instead you’ll sleep in the spare room with a sore red butt.”

Lucifer’s eyes widened and he pressed himself more into Sam’s side and buried his face into the taller man’s neck.

“I’ll let you think about it.” Sam said calmly as he rubbed his hand over Lucifer’s back, sensing his discomfort. “The choice is entirely up to you.” Turning around, he guided Lucifer to the bedroom, where he started to strip the nest of it’s blankets to separate the soiled ones from the those that just needed airing.

Gabriel wrinkled his nose when Sam left the room. He’d hoped that Sam would have turned him over his knee right then and there. Something that, even though they’d been busy with Lucifer, he’d been thinking about all morning. Especially after having watched Lucifer get spanked the night before. Now he was running the risk of being ejected from the nest for a night and knowing Sam, he’d stick to it.

Lucifer helped with the nest getting clean sheets and blankets for Sam to put on the nest. He kept Floofles close to him.

Sam glanced at Lucifer as they worked. “So what do you think about Gabriel acting out?”

“Don’t like it.” Lucifer mumbled. “Think he’s being a dumbo.”

“I think he’s just jealous and wants a spanking.” Sam fluffed up one of the pillows and gently bopped Lucifer on the head with it. “But he’s going about it wrong. He should just ask Daddy for what he wants.”

Lucifer giggled and smiled. “Maybe you don't give him a spanking.” he said shyly. “So he has to ask.”

Sam stopped to consider the suggestion and nodded. “That’s a good idea, baby.” He said after a few moments. Tossing the last of the pillows at the head of the bed, he circled around and hugged Lucifer from behind. “You’re very smart, Luci.”

Lucifer giggled and nuzzled into Sam. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Taking a deep breath, Sam surveyed their cleaned up room. “We got a clean bed. Would you like to help me with the laundry?”

Lucifer nodded. “Yes Daddy.” he said happily.

“Then let Mr. Floofles guard the nest while we carry this to the washer.” Sam grunted as he loaded up his arms with as many blankets as he could carry.

Lucifer reluctantly put Mr. Floofles down and picked up the rest of the blankets. “Can I put the good smelling clothes soap in the washer, Daddy?” He asked.

“Sure you can.” Sam maneuvered his way to the laundry room and dropped his armful of blankets to the floor. He turned on the machine and measured out the detergent into the lid of the bottle. “There you go, baby.”
Lucifer carefully took the lid and put the detergent into the washer, beaming happily.

“Good job, sweetheart.” Sam said as he put the detergent away and starts stuffing the blankets inside. Shutting the lid he peeks out the door. “Want to help me with one more thing?” He asked Lucifer.

“What’s that, Daddy?” Lucifer asked with a smile.

Sam leaned in close and whispered “Teach Gabriel a lesson.”

Lucifer cocked his head to the side like a confused kitten. “How?” He asked very quietly.

“Well, you and me are going to go to the living room. Then we’re going to sit in the big chair together while I read to you.” Sam explained. “I want him to learn that good boys get cuddles and bratty little ones don’t.”

Lucifer giggled and nodded. “Okay! Can I go grab Mr. Floofles?”

“Absolutely. I’ll go get a book and you can meet me in the living room.” Sam said as he turned Lucifer towards the door. “Now go. Be quick like a bunny.”

Lucifer giggled and ran to the nest to grab his teddy bear before running back into the living room.

Gabriel looked up from the video game he was playing and smiled at his brother. “Hi there, Luci. Nest all clean?”

Lucifer nodded and made his way over to the big chair in the living room, waiting for Sam.

Gabriel tilted his head in confusion at Lucifer’s silence. He usually was more verbal than this regardless of his headspace. “Everything okay, baby?”

“Yea.” Lucifer hummed. He hefted himself onto the arm of the chair and curled up happily, hugging the teddy bear tight to him.

“You sure? Want you to tell me if you’re having a hard time.” Gabriel said with concern as he turned off the game and turned his full attention to Lucifer.

Lucifer gave his brother a look. “You’re being a brat.” he informed Gabriel, nibbling on the teddy bear’s ear.

“What?” Gabriel chuckled as he rested his chin on Lucifer’s knee. “I’m not a brat. I’m just playing with Sam is all.”

“No, you’re being a brat.” Lucifer corrected. “A big brat.” He looked at Gabriel with the most solemn expression on his face. “Don’t like it.”

“I thought you liked it when I was being a little shit.” Gabriel said softly as he looked up through his lashes. Actually hearing Lucifer call him out in the innocent voice he’d affected since they’d started playing this morning made him realize that what he meant to be playful and evoking was being taken all wrong.

Lucifer shrugged. “Like it when ‘m big.” he admitted. “Don’t like it when ‘m small.”

“Oh.” Gabriel said simply as he moved back to the sofa. His usual cock-sure nature slipping away. “I’m sorry, Luci’.”

Lucifer shrugged, his entire face brightening when he saw Sam enter the room.
“Ready for storytime, baby?” Sam said happily as he squeezed into the chair beside Lucifer.

“Yes, Daddy,” Lucifer said, snuggling into him happily.

Gabriel watched the pair of them curl up around each other as a tendril of jealousy raised its ugly head. On one hand he was happy that Lucifer was getting to experience this, in a way he needed it, but Gabriel wanted to be held and doted on too. Squeezing his eyes shut for a brief moment, he pushed aside the feeling and went back to his game while feeling more and more wretched as the guilt ate at him for feeling the way he did and causing this small rift.

Sam opened the his copy of The Hobbit and started reading as he cast occasional glances at Gabriel. Each time he looked at the angel, he became a little more concerned for him.

Lucifer cuddled into Sam happily, but also watched Gabriel. Finally, he sighed and jumped off of Sam’s lap and made his way over to his little brother and sat himself firmly in his lap.

“Wanna be small with me?” He asked him bluntly, but with the cocked kitten head that he had adapted whenever he asked a question.

“No.” Gabriel said flatly as he stayed focused on the television screen. “You’re missing story time.”

Sam folded the book around his finger to keep his place and watched the interaction carefully. When Gabriel declined Lucifer’s offer it shocked him. Gabriel never passed up a chance to be little when it was offered to him.


Gabriel shrugged. “This is your time. Not mine.” He turned off his game and lifted Lucifer off his lap, sitting him beside him. “I’m gonna go do….something.” He said as he got up and made his way towards the stairs.

“Gabriel.” Sam got up from his chair and went after him.

Gabriel stopped and held up his hand. “I won’t take this from him.” He whispered harshly. “He needs it more.”

“So do you.” Sam said softly as he took Gabriel’s hand and pulled the angel towards him until they were chest to chest. “Lucifer, do you want a little baby brother this afternoon?”

Lucifer nodded. “P’ease” he requested, his lower lip wobbling as the fear that he might’ve upset Gabriel ran through him.

“See?” Sam said as he kissed Gabriel’s forehead.

Gabriel looked towards Lucifer and his heart ached as he watched his brother tremble. “I don’t know if I can.” He whispered to both of them.

A brilliant idea went through Lucifer’s head and he got up and ran to them. “Gabs could be my big little brother,” he offered. “That way, Gabs doesn’t have t’be as small as me, but could still be small.”

He did miss having an older brother- he had told Michael in the Cage that they weren’t brothers anymore, not to mention in the old nest Michael wasn’t as much of a big brother as a father figure.

Blinking owlishly, Gabriel looked at Lucifer then up to Sam who was giving him the most caring and gentle smile.
Lucifer hugged Gabriel and buried his face in his hair. “Please? Want my brother.” he murmured with a whimper. “Wanna be small wif ‘ou. ‘ou coul’ be my big brother ‘nd teach ‘nd help but not too big o’ brother ‘cause then ‘ou woul’n’ be small.”

Gabriel nodded reluctantly. “Okay.” he wrapped his arms around Lucifer and held him tight. “‘m sorry. I was mean.”

‘S okay, Gabs, I still ‘ove ‘ou,” Lucifer murmured, cuddling into his brother.

“Love you too, Heyel.” Gabriel closed his eyes and tried to find that spot inside himself that let him slip into the proper mindset. “Is Daddy mad?” He whispered to his brother.

Lucifer shook his head. “Daddy’s dis’pointed,” he whispered back. “I t’ink. He feels that way. I ‘ink he’s gonna be be’er now.”

Sam crossed his arms over his chest as he watched the two of them, but when they started whispering he felt he needed to find out what was going on. “Alright boys, what are you conspiring about?”

Lucifer poked his head up out of Gabriel’s hair. “Nothin’, Daddy,” he said. “We’re not cons... cons...” he frowned.

“Conspiring.” Gabriel said as he pulled out of the hug. Looking down at the floor, he scuffed his toes against the carpet. “I’m sorry, Daddy. For being bratty earlier.”

“I forgive you. But it better not happen again for the rest of the day. Understand?” Sam reached out and tilted Gabriel’s chin up to look at him.

“I understand.” Gabriel replied softly.

Lucifer waited patiently, shifting from side to side as he watched the exchange.

Sam smiled at both his angels. “Now that we have all that settled, who wants some lunch?”

“Me!!” Lucifer cheered, hopping up and down. “Can we have grilled ch’se ‘nd bo-low-ga-na sammiches, please?”

“And Ice cream? With sprinkles an’ whipped cream an’ cherries?” Gabriel asked with wide, hopeful eyes.

“Yes to the sandwiches.” Sam said with a chuckle. “We’ll see about ice cream.”

Lucifer squealed in delight and ran into the kitchen with Gabriel tight on his tail. Skidding to a stop in front of the refrigerator, Gabriel opened the freezer and pulls out the tub of ice cream.

“Did Daddy say we coul’ get ice creams?” Lucifer asked as he reached into the actual fridge to grab his favorite cheese and the bologna. Spying the strawberries in the back, he pulled those out with a triumphant squeak.

“No, I did not.” Sam said as he came into the kitchen. “Put it back, Gabriel.”

“But...” Gabriel started as he cradled the tub close to his chest. Sam leveled a look at Gabriel that spoke as clear as his voice that the angel was skating on very thin ice with the disobedience and general bad attitude in the last hour or so. Gabriel slowly put the ice cream back and shut the freezer door.
Lucifer looked up at Sam and handed him the cheese, bologna, and strawberries with a sunny smile.

“Thank you, baby boy.” Sam said as he took the items and worked on putting lunch together.
“Gabriel, would you help your brother set the table, please?”

Lucifer went back into the fridge to grab the thing of white grape peach juice that he had picked up, hugging it tight to his chest.

“Yes, Daddy.” Gabriel said sullenly as he pouted about not having his ice cream. He gently took the juice from Lucifer and sat it on the table. Going to the cupboard, he pulled down glasses for each of them and put them next to the juice.

Lucifer went into the cupboards and grabbed plates for everyone before carrying them to the table.

“Can I have my sammich without crusts?” Gabriel asked as he set the plates out in their places.

“And the magic word is?” Sam asked as he glanced back at Gabriel.

Lucifer giggled and walked over to Sam, hugging him but being careful not to distract him. “Can I have my sammich cut into treengles, please?” He asked softly.

“Yes, you may.” Sam said as he cut Lucifer’s sandwich into triangles. “Gabriel, have you discovered the magic word?”

Gabriel slid up to his side and lays his head on Sam’s shoulder with a cheeky grin. “Now?”

Sighing, Sam sat the knife down. “Gabriel. You know the rules. And if you’re trying to provoke me to spank you, it won’t work. Now try again.”

Gabriel nuzzled against Sam’s shoulder as he remembered what Lucifer had said about being bratty. “Please, Daddy. Can I have my crusts cut off?”

Lucifer hummed as he looked up at Sam, wiggling in happiness.

“Yea, sweetheart. You can have a naked sandwich.” Sam answered as he finished the sandwiches and went about transferring them to the plates. Then placed a few strawberries next to them. “There you are. Bologna and Cheese for everyone.”

“Thank you.” Gabriel offered as he sat down.

“Thank ‘ou, Daddy,” Lucifer said, sitting down and tugging his plate close to nibble on some strawberries.

“You’re both welcome.” Sam said with a smile as he turned to make his own sandwich.

Lucifer hummed as he ate happily, kicking his feet lightly in happiness.

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Later that evening, they were all curled up on the couch, lightly dozing. Gabriel was playing his video game while Sam and Lucifer watched, and Lucifer felt himself slowly start to surface out of the wonderful headspace he was in. He gave a whimper of distress and shoved a feather into his mouth to try to keep him in it.

Sam opened his eyes with a sharp intake of breath when he heard the sound come from Lucifer. “You okay, baby boy?”
Lucifer whimpered and shook his head, firmly trying to remain in his cozy little “small” mentality.

“What’s wrong?” Sam whispered as Gabriel remained fixated on his game. “Tell Daddy so he can help.”

Lucifer whimpered and took the feather out. “’M feelin’ m’self gettin’ big again ‘nd I don’ wanna be big yet.” he whined. “I wanna stay small.”

“I know it’s hard.” Sam said as he pulled the blanket off the back of the couch and wrapped it around them. “Don’t fight it so much. Just close your eyes and let your mind and body do what it needs too. I’ll be right here.”

Lucifer sniffled and cuddled into Sam, closing his eyes, still fighting it. Small, small small, he told himself sternly.

“You did so good today, Lucifer. You were a beautiful little. And Daddy loved spending time with you.” Sam murmured against his hair as he pet his hand up and down his back.

“Daddy, wha’s wrong with Heylel?” Gabriel asked when he heard them talking.

“He’s coming out and trying to fight it.” Sam said softly.

“Wanna stay small,” Lucifer mumbled against Sam’s shoulder, distress racking through his body as he fought trying to come out of his headspace.

Gabriel blinked a few times as he brought his mind around to a more adult way of thinking so that he could help with Lucifer. “It’s okay to be big. We love big you.” He whispered as he rested his forehead on his brother’s shoulder.

“He’s right.” Sam added softly. “We love you, Lucifer. No matter what.”

Lucifer gave a soft sob and buried his head deeper into Sam’s shoulder, willing himself to stay small, just until bedtime, where he could ease into being big. He liked being small. He could take Sam’s and Gabriel’s compliments and declarations of love a lot easier and say it more easily when he was small. It felt warm and safe and, most importantly, loving. “Smalllll,” he whined.

“You’re just tired, Baby.” Sam said as he looked at Gabriel with worry. “Why don’t you and I go to bed while Gabriel locks up?”

Lucifer nodded and clung to Sam. He reached out and grabbed his teddy bear and held it close, squishing it between him and Sam.

“Just relax.” Sam said as he picked Lucifer up in his arms and started carrying him upstairs, while Gabriel started checking the doors and windows. “Daddy will tuck you in with Mr. Floofles and when you wake up in the morning, you’ll feel better.”

Lucifer curled up into Sam, willing himself to stay small, just until he wakes up tomorrow. “Can I wear my fluffy onesie, please?” He whimpered. That would help him stay small.

“Whatsoever you need.” Sam carried him into the bedroom and sat him on the end of the nest. Going to the dresser, he pulled out the onesie that Gabriel gave him as a silly gift when he complained of it being too cold at night. Laying it down beside him, Sam took hold of Lucifer’s t-shirt and pulled it over his head. “Do you need help with your pants?”

Lucifer nodded, almost rocking himself to make himself feel small. “P’ease”
Sam made a shushing noise to try and calm him as he gently laid Lucifer back and worked his pants off his legs. “It’ll be okay, Luci’. Daddy loves you. I love you and will make sure you’re warm and safe tonight.”

Lucifer whimpered and nodded, trying to calm down and hugging his teddy bear tight to him.

Sam urged him to stand so he could put his pajamas on. “Do you want a story before bed?” He asked in hopes that keeping up his role as Daddy would help Lucifer transition out of it.

Lucifer nodded, his lower lip jutting out. “Ho’it?” He asked with a sniffle.

Sam scrunched his brow in thought as he tried to decipher Lucifer’s statement. He figured it out quick enough and smiled. “Hobbit. You want some more Hobbit?”

Lucifer gave a warm, gummy smile. “Yes, p’ease!” He confirmed, smiling up at Sam.

Snapping the last of the fastenings on Lucifer’s pajamas, he gave him a kiss on the forehead. “You get under the covers with Floofles and I’ll get the book. Will you be okay while I’m gone?”

Lucifer nodded, settling down as he managed to feel like he was back in small space again. “Yes, Daddy,” he said softly. He got up into the nest and curled up with his teddy bear.

“I’ll be right back.” Sam said as he put the dirty clothes in the hamper and left the room. He met Gabriel on the stairs and checked in with him. Gabriel assured him that he was coming out of his space just fine.

“I’m just worried about Lucifer. He’s going to drop hard if this is any indication.” Gabriel said softly as he handed over the book Sam had left on his chair.

“I know, Gabe. I’ve never seen him fight anything so hard, but we’ve handled drop before and we just have to be there for him.” Sam said as he put his arm around Gabriel’s waist to head back to the bedroom. “For tonight, let’s hope he nods off quick so he can rest before coming completely out of it.”

“Sam.” Gabriel stopped the hunter before they opened the bedroom door, wanting to make sure that he wouldn’t beat himself up about this. “I want you to know that you’re a good Daddy. To both of us and we couldn’t have wished for a better one.”

Staying silent, Sam hugged the angel tight in thanks. With a roll of his shoulders, he opened the door. “Hey baby, I got the book and look who I found.”

Lucifer beamed and made grabby hands for his brother. “Gabs!” He cheered.

“Luci!” He cheered right back as he took a running start at the bed and jumped into the middle, making the mattress bounce, sending Lucifer up a few inches.

Lucifer squealed and giggled before coming over and enveloping Gabriel in a hug. “Daddy’s gonna tell me a bedtime story!” He giggled happily.

“We better get ready for bedtime then.” Gabriel pulled Lucifer down into the bed and covered them up with the blankets. The younger angel not bothering to change into pajamas or even remove his street clothes.

“You guys all settled?” Sam asked as he sat against the headboard and opened the book.
Lucifer giggled and snuggled into Sam’s side. “Yes!” He said before giving a small yawn.

“I’m ready.” Gabriel rolled to his side and propped his head on his bent arm. “At least this isn’t a kissing book.” He gave Sam a wink.

Lucifer looked over at Gabriel in confusion. “Wha’s a kissin’ boo’?” He asked.

Gabriel leaned in and whispered. “It’s a book about people kissing each other on the lips and being boyfriends and girlfriends.”

“Oh come on. Kissing isn’t all that bad.” Sam said as he flipped through the pages. “Lucifer, don’t let him fool you. He loves kissing.”

“So Gabs is bein’ a silly-ead?” Lucifer asked as he returned his attention to Sam.

“Very silly.” Sam smiled as he started to read.

Lucifer snuggled up to Sam as he read. His eyes drooped down and by the time Sam had read ten pages, he was fast asleep, clutching his teddy bear tight to him and lightly sucking on his feather.

Sam noticed by page 15 and set the book aside. He and Gabriel carefully stepped out of the bed and stripped down to their boxers to sleep. “Sushi?” Sam asked as he looked at the boxers the younger angel was wearing. “Gabriel, do you actually have a pair of shorts that isn’t bright or food related?” Sam whispered.

“No, Sam. I don’t. Now stop ogling my goodies and get in bed.” Gabriel slipped under the covers and curled around Lucifer with Sam quickly following behind.

Lucifer shifted in the bed, snuggling down deeper into the covers with a soft, contented look. He cuddled sleepy into his lovers as he dreamed on.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Lucifer goes through his own drop (twice, poor thing) and to make himself feel better invites Sam and Gabe into an orgy.

When Lucifer woke up the next morning, he no longer felt like a fledgling. He was back to feeling like the several eon year old archangel that he was.

Both Sam and Gabriel were still asleep, and he sighed as he snuggled deeper in between them.

Going down into that headspace was so freeing and relaxing. More importantly, at least to him, he felt loved and cared for. Not that he didn’t when he wasn’t in that headspace. It’s just harder for him to accept it all when he’s “big”. When he’s “small”, he realized, it was easier to return Gabriel’s cute and sometimes inappropriate compliments and Sam’s adorations of love. When he was “big” and they did it, he’d brush it off, or maybe blush and protest and not feel like he was worthy. But when he was “small”, he’d still blush, but he’d giggle and thank them and cuddle into them. When he was small, he believed what they were telling him with every fiber of his being.

Is there something wrong with me? He wondered to himself as he hugged the teddy bear in his arms tighter. Why can’t I accept it when I’m ‘big’? Why can I accept it when I’m ‘small’?

He curled up as these questions swirled around in his head, swallowing to stop the tears coming to his eyes. There had to be something wrong with him, if the only way he truly felt unconditionally loved was when he was “small”.

The very small part of his brain that was still rational told him that he was dropping, dropping like a stone, and that he needed to wake up Sam and Gabe, tell them what’s going on so they could help. But Lucifer was a proud, stubborn archangel, and so he ignored the rational part of his brain and as the tears inevitably started to flow, he squeezed his eyes shut and buried himself away, riding it out, Mr. Floofles providing him a silent comfort.

Gabriel woke slowly with a growing feeling of anxiety, blinking his eyes several times to clear away the cobwebs, he did a quick assessment to see if the feeling was his own and what could be causing it. As he lay there, he heard a very quiet snuffle come from the blanket covered lump between him and Sam. That’s when it clicked, he wasn’t feeling anxious himself, but it was Lucifer bleeding through. Reaching out with his grace, he gently touched Lucifer’s in a greeting. “Luci?” He whispered so as to not wake Sam.

Lucifer sniffled and nodded. “Yea?” He murmured very quietly, using the sleeve of his onesie to dry off his tears before rolling over to face his brother.

“What’s upsetting you?” Gabriel reached out and brushed his thumb over the dried tear tracks.

“Is. . . Is there something wrong with me?” Lucifer asked his brother quietly.

“Why do you think that?”

Lucifer took a deep breath. “‘Cause when I’m. . . well, like now.” he said, gesturing to himself and
meaning it as older, big, whatever word, “I have the hardest time truly believing you and Sam and have a hard time saying I love you and I don’t love myself. But when I’m down in that headspace, it’s so much easier to believe it and return the affections out loud and everything. It’s easier for me to believe you when I am acting like a fledgling than when I’m not. And it’s like, what’s wrong with me? Why can’t I accept your and Sam’s compliments and declarations of love and take them to heart and fully believe them when I’m big?” Fresh tears streamed down his cheeks. “I want to when I’m big, but it’s hard and it hurts, Gabe. It hurts so much. To know that you guys are true with your words and to still feel. . .” he trailed off, overwrought with emotion.

“Oh, Heylel.” Gabriel sighed as he gathered his brother into his arms. Holding him tight while rubbing his back. “There is nothing wrong with you. You just need time to be out in the world. To learn some things over again that you knew how to do before the Cage. It'll happen. Just be patient with yourself. And in the meantime, Sam and I will still love you. Still call you our shining morning star and tell you how wonderful you are and all you have to do is try and feel it with your heart and grace. Try not to overthink it.”

“Shining wet morning star,” Lucifer mumbled into Gabriel’s shoulder, burying his face into it to hide his tears. He hated crying, always did, even before the Cage. “I just. . . I just want that feeling of knowing and believing the unconditional love again.” he admitted.

“Have faith, Heylel.” Gabriel said with a nuzzle against Lucifer’s hair. “And let us know if you need to go down again. But make sure you really need it because we don’t want you to stay little all the time.”

“How will I know when I really need it?” Lucifer asked with a sniffle.

“With me I usually get a touch more assholish than normal. Sam always seems to know and just asks if I want to.”

Lucifer nodded and hugged his brother tightly. He felt a lot calmer, a lot better than before. “You know what sounds really good right now?” He asked his brother. “Cheese popcorn.”

“White Cheddar or traditional?” Gabriel asked with a smile. He was hoping this was a sign that Lucifer was balancing back out. “Should we wake Sam first?”

“Traditional,” Lucifer grinned. “And let Sam sleep. OOOOHHHH! And root beer floats!” He scrambled over his brother and began running downstairs into the kitchen.

“Go play with your brother and let me sleep.” Sam grumbled as he buried his head under a pillow. “And please be quiet.”

Gabriel looked at Sam in surprise. “You sneaky.” He never finished the sentence due to a pillow smacking him square in the face with a growl from the hunter. Laughing, Gabriel chased after Lucifer. Reaching the kitchen, he grinned even wider. “I say we snap up all the good stuff. Junk Food pig out.”

Lucifer grinned and raised his hand to snap. “I agree with this assessment.” he said happily. “Cheesy sci-fi?”

“Seems only right to go with the popcorn. But only if we watch ‘IT’ before Sam wakes up.” Gabriel rubbed his hands together in glee.

Lucifer laughed and snapped his fingers, popping all of their favorite junk foods up. “Agreed.”

Grabbing a bowl of assorted candy, he headed to the living room.
Sam woke with a start at the sound of breaking glass and splintering wood, followed by shouts and general noise that sounded like a battle. Whipping back the covers, he reached under the mattress and drew out the angel blade he kept stashed and dashed down the stairs, fearful that something had broken in.

Lucifer laughed as he mercilessly tickled his younger brother on top of the shattered coffee table. “Say it and I’ll stop! Say that Riker and Troi are the best couple in Next Generation!” He taunted.

“F**k Deanna Troi and her intergalactic cheerleader ass.” Gabriel cried out as he writhed under Lucifer.

Sam stepped around the corner with a deep frown, surveying the mess of candy and popcorn mixed in with the remains of the coffee table. “WHAT IN HELL IS GOING ON?!”

Lucifer ceased his tickles and slowly reared his head with large eyes. “Uhhhhhhhh” he replied rather intelligently. “Shipping war?”

“It looks like a war alright.” Sam huffed as he tightened his grip on the blade. “Gabriel, what did I ask for when you guys got up?”

“Umm..Shit Sam. I’m sorry.” Gabriel said as he sat up. “We made it through ‘IT’ all quiet and then we started watching Star Trek and Lucifer started spouting off about Riker and Deanna Troi. It got out of hand.”

Lucifer nodded. “Very out of hand.” He looked at Gabriel. “You never told me he was awake and we had to be quiet!” He said.

“I forgot!” Gabriel said as he pushed Lucifer off of him.

“I don’t give a flying frog why or who. I’m going to make some coffee and when I get back the mess better be clean.” Sam gave each of them a pointed look and left for the kitchen.

Lucifer immediately dove to his cleaning task, feeling awful because in all honesty, this was all his fault. When Gabriel was off the shattered coffee table and they checked each other over for glass in skin, then Lucifer snapped the table back together before going to the couch and burying his head in his hands.

“Come on, Luci’. It’s just a little misunderstanding and mess is all.” Gabriel tried to comfort him as he put the pillows back on the couch.

“You’re not the one who bodily slammed their brother into the coffee table so hard it shattered.” Lucifer barely held himself from snapping, not wanting to push the horrible feeling that was eating at him onto Gabriel. He snapped everything else back to rights. If he was human, he was fairly certain he’d be feeling nauseated from being upset.

“True. But I was the one to start talking about Worf being better than Riker. And I forgot to tell you about Sam sleeping.” Gabriel sat beside Lucifer and slumped his shoulders. “I think Sammy might be a bit pissed with us. Especially after the long day we had yesterday.”

“Astute observation there, Gabriel. You might become the next Sherlock Holmes.” Lucifer snipped. Bringing up yesterday only made Lucifer feel worse since he did have a wonderful (if long) day with Sam and being pampered, and this is how he paid Sam back?
“He’s just tired is all. He has to get in his own head to play Daddy and sleep is his way of coming back.” Gabriel took in a deep breath and stopped. “Oh please let the person standing in the kitchen be Sam and not Daddy Sam.” he said quietly.

Lucifer conjured a trash can as the more human part of his psyche took over at Gabriel’s words and he threw up in it, groaning. “If this ever happens again.” he coughed, spitting into the can. “Please stop talking after clean up, because as much as I know you were trying to cheer me up and calm me down, you did a shit job of it.”

Gabriel frowned as he rubbed Lucifer’s back. “I’m sorry.” Was all he could say in response.

Lucifer waved a hand as he gave the trash can a fresh wave of vomit, tears dotting his face. You’re okay, you’re okay, Sam won’t hit you out of anger, whether he’s Daddy or he’s Sam, you’re safe, this isn’t the Cage. That wasn’t Sam.

A minute later, Sam came into the living room with a steaming mug of coffee and sits in his chair with a groan. Looking at Lucifer, his eyes widened in surprise. “Luc’, are you okay?”

Lucifer debated how to answer in his head, closing his eyes against the disgustingly bright fluorescent colors of his vomit. On one hand, he could lie and just find a quiet spot later to curl up and let his guilt out through crying. But that would make Sam even more mad if he discovered the truth. On the other, he could tell Sam the truth and feel a little better. But he also didn’t want Sam to think that he was trying to play the sympathy card to make the punishment more lenient.

In the end, his body answered for him with a choked sob and a fresh mouthful of vomit that he let loose. He rested his head against the farthest part of the trashcan and sobbed, shaking his head.

“Luci?” Sam asked as he leaned forward and stroked the hair away from the angel’s forehead. “I didn’t think angels got sick like this. Tell me what’s going on.” His voice was soft and caring without a hint of anger or disappointment. He was worried about what was happening since Lucifer seemed happy less than 10 minutes prior.

Lucifer flinched slightly from the touch before relaxing. He spat into the trashcan and slowly, so as not to cause dizziness, lifted his head enough so he wasn’t speaking directly into the trash can. “I’m . . . not sick. . . . At least. . . not physically,” he rasped. “That’s. . . that’s just my Vessel, feeling my emotions. . .” He felt a fresh wave of nausea pass over him and he ducked his head again, making an over exaggerated hand motion to Gabriel for him to fill in the blanks, using his Grace to shove what was going through his mind at his brother.

Gabriel looked to his brother and blinked when he got the message. “Seriously?! That’s ridiculous.” He turned to Sam and started to explain. “He’s kicking himself in the ass for making a mess and waking you up. He thinks, which I didn’t help with this, but he thinks you’re going to spank us and hopes it’s not out of anger.”

“What?” Sam asked incredulously. “I wouldn’t…” he sat his cup on the table and kneeled beside Lucifer. “I want you to listen real close, Luc’. I would never, ever spank either of you in anger. I’m not wired that way. Being woken up to crashes and shouting irritated me but I’m not going to beat you for it. This isn’t hell and I’m not..I can’t do that.”

Lucifer gave a shaky nod before he puked again. This was an aspect of humanity he could reasonably hate, the whole purging the stomach of its contents. “I know,” he coughed. “Guilt. . . it does. . .” he purged his stomach again, unable to continue, but he knew Sam would pick up where he left off. “Dropped this morning, was fine, now this, just. . . overwhelming.” he managed to say quickly.
“Take a deep breath, Luc’.” Sam said as he rubbed Lucifer’s back. “Everything is going to be okay.”

Gabriel nodded as he waved a hand to clean out the bucket without moving it. “I should have kept my trap shut.”

Lucifer brandished a finger at his brother. “You are not responsible for my feelings,” he said. “And if I hear you think that again, I will personally pluck you like a chicken.” He coughed, but didn’t throw up. “This could’ve happened even if you kept your fat lollipop fetished mouth shut.”

Gabriel held his hands up in surrender. “Okay..no need to get hostile about it.”

“Alright, we’re going to take a moment and just breath. Okay?” Sam suggested.

Lucifer nodded and concentrated on breathing in deeply and out slowly, closing his eyes. When he felt like he could move without gifting the can a purge of his stomach acid, he slowly brought his head up and rested it on the back of the couch. “Can I just point out,” he said when opening his mouth wasn’t the bullet in Russian Roulette. “That that is a completely ineffective way to make oneself feel better if they’re sick?”

“Better out than in.” Sam said from his spot on the floor as he slowly sipped his coffee that he’d picked up during their quiet time.

Lucifer mulled this over in his mind before nodding. “Fair point,” he said. He slowly opened his eyes and avoided the eyes of his lovers as he slowly stood up. “I’m going to go brush my teeth.” he announced.

“Alright, we’ll be here.” Gabriel said as he sat back on the couch.

Lucifer made his way to the bathroom and vigorously brushed his teeth a few times, enough to make his gums bleed, and splashed his face with ice cold water. Feeling a bit better and a lot more in control of himself and his emotions, he made his way back downstairs and sat down again. He honestly felt like he was dropping again, except a thousand times worse.

“Feeling any better, Luci?” Gabriel asked in a worried tone, resting a gentle hand on Lucifer’s thigh and squeezing it.

Lucifer shook his head. “While I don’t think I’ll be gifting the universe my stomach acid again, I don’t feel the greatest. It. . . It feels like another drop, to be honest. Except worse .”

Sam got up from his seat and dropped down into Lucifer’s lap. He hoped that by maybe reversing the dynamic between them a touch that it would help the angel even out a bit. Wrapping his arm around his shoulder, he kisses his cheek gently. “We’re here for you, Luc’. Whatever you need, it’s yours.”

Gabriel nodded emphatically in agreement.

Lucifer held onto Sam and stroked his hair. “I know,” he whispered. “I’m sorry.” He buried his face into Sam’s hair as he stroked the curls, allowing the repetitive motions to soothe him.

“Nothing to be sorry for.” Gabriel said quietly as he leaned against Lucifer’s side.

“He’s right. You went deep yesterday and fought coming out. Your system just needs some time to feel big again.” Sam rested his head on the angel’s shoulder. “And Gabe teasing you this morning probably didn’t help after I came downstairs.” Sam peeked over at Gabriel who looked like he was going to object. “Don’t even. I know you Gabe. You were teasing him, good naturedly probably but
still teasing.”

Lucifer sighed and cuddled into the two of them. “I meant for bodily slamming my brother into the coffee table hard enough it quite literally shattered and having that wake you up.” he explained quietly.

Sam chuckled deep and long, making his body shake. “You think I haven’t done that to Dean? Hell, I’d do it today if the old man could take the pounding without bitching about his back for days.”

Lucifer chuckled softly with him and cuddled into him. “So... you’re not mad?” He asked softly.

“No. Grumpy in the morning when I think we’re being attacked. But I’m not mad.” Sam looked longingly at his coffee. “Need more caffeine still.”

Lucifer gently took the coffee mug out of his hand and kissed his temple. “I’ll go get you another cup,” he said softly. “Let me up, please?”

“If I must.” Sam said with an imitation of being put out by the request and stood up with a stretch.

Lucifer smiled and shook his head affectionately before standing and making his way to the kitchen to make Sam another cup of coffee.

Smiling he turned to Gabriel and waggled his finger at him. “And you, Mister Trickster.” Gabriel widened his eyes and pointed at his own chest. “Yes, you.” Sam continued. “You were trying really hard to get my attention yesterday before you joined Lucifer. Something you want to share?”

“Maybe.” Gabriel said as he looked up with a smirk.

“Uh huh.” Sam said in amusement as he leaned down and ghosted a kiss to his lips. “Want to know what I think?”

“Sure. We’re a sharing and caring lot.” Gabriel tried to chase after Sam’s lips, but the hunter kept pulling back when he got to close.

“I think you wanted a spanking. Just like Lucifer got.” Sam teased as he traced a finger along Gabriel’s thigh. Gabriel shuddered under his touch as his eyes drifted shut. “Maybe I’ll give you one later...while you wear a cock ring.”

Gabriel let out a soft moan as he looked up at Sam with eyes nearly black with arousal.

Lucifer came back in with Sam’s coffee and raised a brow. “Am I missing out on the fun?” He asked.

“Just teasing him a little.” Sam winked at Lucifer and took hold of the fresh mug of coffee. “I think he liked what I had to say.”

“That’s just not fair, Sam. Telling a guy stuff like that and going to your coffee.” Gabriel huffed as he rubbed a hand along his thigh.

Lucifer chuckled and kissed Sam’s lips softly. “I’m sure it’s delicious. I already know what I want later.” he purred with a cheeky smile as a long, slender finger traced the top of Sam’s pants.

“And what would that be?” Sam sighed as he glanced down at Lucifer’s hands, his own trailing up the angel’s forearm.

Lucifer smiled and leaned up to whisper into Sam’s ear, “I want to ride your face while you tongue
fuck me and smack my ass. And jerking me just the way I like it. Until I cum.”

It was Sam’s turn to moan. “Anytime you’re ready.”

“You think I’m done?” Lucifer chuckled, kissing Sam’s cheek. “Nah. Once I’ve came, I want you to fuck me. Hard and fast and dirty. Be a little rough. Or a lot. Just as long as it’s rough. And I want you to cum inside of me. Then you can sit back and relax so Gabriel can eat it out of me.”

“Oh, I’m not going to relax. I promised him a spanking.” Sam said with a rougher sound to his voice as Lucifer’s words washed over him, making him grow harder with each passing moment.

Lucifer’s eyes glittered. “Once he’s done eating my ass, you can spank him. ‘Cause once you’re done, I wanna fuck his ass while it’s still hot from your hand.” He adjusted himself slightly. “Besides, this way he’s begging for it and actually asking for it, instead of being a little shit.”

“And is anyone going to ask ‘him’ if he wants all that?” Gabriel sassed from his corner of the sofa behind them.

Lucifer looked over at him. “Well, you did mention just the other night that you do want to eat Sam’s cum from my ass,” he reminded him. “Sam has already said he’s going to spank you, but I figured that a nice hot fucking would be nice as well. Wouldn’t you like that? My hips slamming into yours while your ass is still hot and red?”

Gabriel blinked up at his brother for a brief moment. “When you put it that way.” He drawled with a smile.

Tapping Lucifer gently on the chin, Sam leaned closer and said softly. “Are you sure about this, Luc’? You’ve had a rough morning and I don’t want to rush you.”

“This is going to help,” Lucifer said, turning to face his human. “It’s going to help remind me that I’m big, and that this is okay, it’s acceptable. Especially since I regress so far back and for me, it’s not sexual.” He kissed him gently. “It’ll help with the drop, too.”

“If you’re sure, I’ll do anything you want, but on one condition.” Sam said as his hand trailed along Lucifer’s collar.

Lucifer tilted his head back slightly. “Name it.”

“Think you can carry me?” Sam grinned as he glanced at Gabriel. “Or should Gabriel?”

“Mortal.” Lucifer growled playfully, picking Sam up by the waist and throwing him over his shoulder with a sharp tooth grin at Gabriel. “Just because you’re tall does not mean that I can’t carry you up the stairs and to the bed.” He began walking up the stairs.

Gabriel chuckled as Sam let out an undignified yelp when he was thrown over Lucifer’s shoulder. “Should be careful, Sammy. Lucifer just might turn the tables on you and you’ll be the one with the red ass.”

“Not likely.” Sam said with a giggle as he slapped the ass just below his dangling face. “I’m spanker not spankie.”

Lucifer yelped and laughed. “Aaaah, the advantages of being on Team Switch,” he said. “I can spank or be spanked and it makes no difference to me. Orgasms for all is my motto.” Reaching the bedroom, he launched Sam onto his back with a grin and began undoing the snaps on his onesie. He leered at Sam. “Besides, I distinctly recall smacking that amazing ass the other night and Sam gave
the filthiest moan I’ve ever heard.”

“Could have been because I had a tongue in my ass.” Sam licked his bottom lip as Gabriel crawled up beside him, pulling him into a kiss that started with a few soft pecks but quickly turned into a tangle of tongues punctuated by the sound of smacking lips. Sam wasted very little time in pulling Gabriel’s sleep clothes off, raking his blunt fingernails over swaths of exposed skin.

Stripped and naked, Lucifer joined his lovers on the bed, giving Gabriel’s ass a cheeky smack. His wings unfurled with a loud noise, the feathers now sleek and shiny with oil.

Gabriel’s breath hitched at the sting of Lucifer’s hand. Pulling back from the kiss, he looked over his shoulder and wiggled his hips. “That kinda tickled.” He said in a light but taunting voice.

“Mmm, I’m sure it did.” Lucifer chuckled, ducking down and giving his brother a filthy kiss of his own, biting down hard on his lip and sucking it.

Gabriel moaned into this kiss as he tried to reach over his shoulder to grapple at the back of his brother’s head. Sam took advantage of the distraction and rolled off the bed to pull off his clothes. “Someday I’m going to take pictures of you two like this. Take them with me on hunts so I have something to look at during those lonely nights.” The hunter purred as he tossed the last of his garments aside.

Lucifer moaned and rolled his hips into his brother’s. “We can most certainly have a photo shoot before we leave here.” he said against Gabriel’s lips. “I know there’ll be some I want for my personal collection.”

Sam knee walked his way across the nest until his hips were flush against Lucifer’s, his hardened cock pressing between the angel’s cheeks as he leaned down to kiss between his wings. “Maybe both of you bent over with plugs in your asses. Cocks hanging down, hard and leaking.” Sam said as he rolled his hips gently with a sigh of pleasure.

Lucifer groaned and rolled his hips between them. “Yes,” he breathed, tilting his head back.

“I want a picture of Sam’s face as he comes.” Gabriel said as he rocked back into Lucifer’s pelvis, catching the tip of the older angel’s cock on his rim.

Lucifer shuddered and rocked his hips firmly, arching his back. “I want a picture of you riding Sam’s face,” he groaned.

“You first.” Gabriel shuffled out from under Lucifer and leaned his back against the headboard as he holds his cock in a loose fist, moving it every now and again in an irregular rhythm. “And I want to watch.”

Lucifer chuckled and leaned back to look up at Sam. “Ready to assume the position?” He asked with a cocky smirk.

“And which position is that?” Sam said as he ran his fingers through Lucifer’s wing feathers, giving them a gently tug.

Lucifer gasped and moaned. “Whatever position you want to eat my ass in, I suppose. I mean, I’d prefer riding your face so you can spank me at the same time but you’re the boss, boss.”

“Far be it for me to ignore a suggestion like that.” Sam nipped at his wing and pulled back to roll over onto his back.
Lucifer whined at the nip and crawled over Sam, hovering over him to swoop in and capture his lips in a searing kiss, using teeth to pull the hunter’s lower lip out and into his mouth to suck on eagerly.

Tangling his fingers in the hair at the back of Lucifer’s head, Sam held him close as his fingers dragged along his scalp. His tongue flicking at the swell of Lucifer’s upper lip.

Lucifer groaned and gave a vicious suck, his eyes closing in absolute pleasure.

Sam pulled away from his lips only to start his attack along the Angel’s neck as his hands slide down to Lucifer’s back where his fingers could tease along the base of the angel’s wings, careful to avoid direct contact with the oil glands. His teeth scraping along the curve of his jaw only to end with him wrapping his lips around Lucifer’s pulse point and worrying the spot with sucking licks until the blood rose to the surface.

Lucifer moaned loudly, his eyes fluttering in pleasure as his hips rolled down and into Sam’s lazily, shivering at the touches to his wings.

“My beautiful Heylel.” Sam whispered against his skin as he kisses his way back to the angels lips. “Ready for that ride you wanted?”

“Yes.” Lucifer breathed, kissing him back. Pink had blossomed across his cheeks at the possessive compliment, but he nevertheless sat himself up and situated himself so that he was sitting on Sam’s face.

Sam lifted him up slightly so that he could kiss along his inner thigh. His nose brushing against the bottom of Lucifer’s balls as he inched his way towards his target. He smoothed his hands over the subtle curve of Lucifer’s ass, squeezing gently and parting them. Pulling the angel closer, he ran his tongue over the tender hidden pucker.

Lucifer shuddered and moaned, his head tilting back in pleasure. His mouth parted and he licked his lips, trying his best to remain still.

Placing his hands on Lucifer’s hips, Sam pulls him closer as he draws his tongue in lazy circles around his opening, until he presses his lips against him for a few kisses along his rim. Closing his eyes, he switched back to kitten licks, each pass pressing the tip of Sam’s tongue just past the tight squeeze of muscle.

Lucifer gasped and moaned even louder, his hands gliding over his body gently with feather light touches, just feeling his body as Sam licked him.

“Feel good, Luc’? Sam asked between licks.

“Uh huh.” Lucifer moaned, his voice raising a couple of notes in pleasure.

“Just wait. It’ll get better.” Sam murmured as he dove back in. His tongue stronger and surer until the tip finally breached Lucifer’s hole. Pointing his tongue he ground his mouth upward as his hands pulled at the angel’s hips, urging him to move.

Lucifer’s breath hitched and he moved as his lover wanted him to with a filthy groan and a gasped expletive falling off of his lips.

Moaning, Sam pulled his tongue out only to jam it back inside as his hand came in contact with Lucifer’s ass in a gentle slap.

Lucifer choked on his next breath, the only thing able to come out is a coughed version of Sam’s
name. His wings flicked lightly from the slap, splashing Sam’s torso and Gabriel in his wing oil.

Gabriel chuckled as he wiped a stray drop of oil from his cheek. “Someone’s excited to be riding Sam’s tongue.”

Sam’s reply was muffled as he pushed his tongue in a little deeper as his hand smacks Lucifer’s ass several times in a row.

Lucifer gasped and moaned, riding Sam’s tongue happily. His fingers were now pinching and rolling his nipples, drawing even filthier cries from the archangel.

Pulling out, he sucked around Lucifer’s hole as he laid several hard blows to Lucifer’s ass. His other hand reaching up and taking Lucifer’s cock in hand. Stroking him with a loose fist.

Tears of pleasure and joy spring to Lucifer’s eyes as arched his hips up to thrust his cock more into Sam’s hand, whining as he got closer to release.

“Wish you could see yourself, Heylel.” Gabriel groaned from his spot on the bed, his hand languidly teasing his inner thigh. “This is definitely the type of picture I want for later.”

Sam moaned against Lucifer’s skin, he tightened his grip on Lucifer’s cock. Each pass he made sure to run the pad of his thumb around the head to press against the spot Sam knew was most sensitive.

Lucifer came after a few moments later, gasping and crying out as he spilled into Sam’s hand.

Gentling Lucifer through his peak, Sam withdrew his tongue and moved him enough to lick up along the older angel’s balls until he was soft and pliant in Sam’s arms. Moving him so that he was straddling Sam’s chest, the hunter looked up with a proud smile. “Was that good?”

Lucifer purred and nodded. “Very,” he hummed happily. He lifted Sam’s hand and began licking his own release from it.

“I had plans for that.” Sam said as he watched him with want.

“You know lube is better for this pants kraken you have.” Gabriel said as he snapped up a bottle of lube and started to liberally apply it Sam’s length. Sam arched up into Gabriel’s hand, jarring Lucifer as his tongue whirled in between Sam’s fingers.

Lucifer groaned and watched his brother lube up their lover’s cock, still licking Sam’s fingers clean. “How you gonna take me, Sammy?”

Sam grabbed him around the waist and flipped them over the minute Gabriel removed his hand to add more lube. Hover over the top to the angel, Sam grinds down against Lucifer. “Like this, if you don’t have any objections.”

Lucifer groaned and ground back up into Sam. “I certainly do not,” he breathed, a wicked gleam in his eye as he began squirming playfully.

Gabriel knelt next to them while Sam kissed down Lucifer’s neck. “Think you’re ready, Heylel? Ready for me to stretch you wide around my dick?” Sam whispered.

“Yes, please, come on.” Lucifer whined, squirming even more.

Pulling Lucifer’s legs up to rest on his shoulders, Sam lined up his cock with Lucifer’s waiting hole. With a slow, steady roll of his hips, he sank in until he’s gripped tight from tip to base. With a few
controlled breaths, Sam waited until the urge to come right then and there passed. “Damn, you’re tight.” He hissed as he pulled his hips back a fraction to enjoy the drag of slick skin around him.

Lucifer cried out in pleasure and rocked his hips, mentally thanking his Father for giving him a bendy Vessel. He whined. “Yes, yes, yes.”

Sam pulled back and slammed back into Lucifer, setting a hard and fast pace. The headboard knocking into the wall, throwing Gabriel off balance until he was bracing one hand on the wall giggling at himself.

“You feel so fucking good.” Sam grunted between thrusts. His hand braced on either side of Lucifer’s head, pinning him in place.

Gabriel reached between them and gently tapped and stroked along Lucifer’s rim stretched wide around Sam’s cock. “I hope he makes a total mess of your ass, Luci. I love the taste of you together.” He whispered to his brother.

Lucifer whined and whimpered, nodding his head rapidly, arching his back. “Fuck, yes, yes, please, more,” he begged.

“What do you want, big brother?” Gabriel asked as he pressed a little harder against Lucifer’s rim. “Sam’s not going to last long from the look of concentration on his face.”

Lucifer whined and gripped onto Sam’s wrists, trying to convey that he wanted to be taken.

Smiling in understanding, Gabriel leaned up and whispered into Sam’s ear. The hunter growled as he pulled out suddenly. Flipping Lucifer over, Sam gathered the angel’s wrists together and pinned them to the mattress with one of his hands, while the other pushed Lucifer’s legs open. “This what you need, Lucifer?” Sam hissed into his ear as he lined up and slammed their hips flush together. “Fuck you raw. Punish that ass of yours and leave my come leaking from you?”

“Yes!” Lucifer cried out, struggling not all that seriously underneath of him, relishing in the sheer power that Sam was displaying, his hips going back into Sam’s.

Sweat began rolling down the side of Sam’s face as he pounded Lucifer’s ass like it was going to be taken away at any moment. The change in position along with how turned on he’d been with his face buried in that same ass not moments before, had him tumbling towards his orgasm faster than he would have cared to. “Can’t...gonna...fuck Luc’...can’t hold it.” He groaned through clenched teeth as he tried to hold his orgasm at bay.

Lucifer whimpered and nodded. “Yes, yes, please, cum in me,” he begged.

Sam’s breath stopped a quick moment as his balls drew up tight and his cock swelling as his thrusts started to lose their steady rhythm. It all snapped at once. Sam let out a loud drawn out cry as he came thick ropes of come deep inside his lover’s body. His cock twitching in time with each spasm until he slumped against Lucifer’s back. “Holy shit.” He panted into Lucifer’s shoulder.

Lucifer slumped forward, not having came but feeling it and groaned happily. “Agreed.” he breathed.

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Lucifer slumped forward, not having came but feeling it and groaned happily. “Agreed.” he breathed. “You need to do that more often.”

“Which part?” Sam panted as he carefully withdrew and flopped down to the bed.

He chuckled. “The whole pinning me down and taking what you want.” he moaned, arching his back so it’d crack. It’s mission accomplished, he carefully lowered his torso back to the bed. “Gabe?” He mumbled.
Nibbling on his bottom lip, Gabriel shuffled around until he was kneeling between Lucifer’s legs. Spreading his cheeks apart, Gabriel let out a soft gasp at the sight of Sam’s cum dripping from the well used hole. “He really did make a mess of you.”

Lucifer groaned. “Yeah?” He asked breathlessly. “Bet it’s gonna taste so good.”

“Let’s find out.” Gabriel kissed down from the small of his back until his was licking his way down to Lucifer’s leaking hole. The first taste of Sam and Lucifer mingled together, drew a moan from Gabriel that sounded nearly pornographic.

Lucifer swore and dropped his head as Gabriel licked across his hole. “Fuck,” he managed to gasp.

“Is that a good fuck or bad fuck?” Sam asked as he rolled over onto his side. His hands gently brushing the hair away from Lucifer’s face.

“Good, oh so good,” Lucifer moaned.

“What about when I do this?” Gabriel asked before pushing his tongue into Lucifer, as deep as it would go, and started wiggling it around.

Lucifer cried out and thrust his hips back into Gabriel’s face. “Fuck, yes, yes more please, more.” he begged.

Sam sat up and ran his hand over Lucifer’s back with an indulgent grin. “Aren’t you cock hungry tonight.”

Gabriel trailed a finger around Lucifer’s rim until he slipped it in beside his tongue. Curling the tip slightly, he thrusted it forward and brushing against Lucifer’s prostate.

Lucifer shouted as Gabriel brushed against his prostate and shivered at Sam’s words. “You like it when I’m cock hungry.” he moaned.

“That I do. Maybe one day we’ll see if Gabe and I can fit into the ass of yours. Make you a double stuffed cookie.” Sam bent down and kissed the back of Lucifer’s neck.

Lucifer shivered and whined at the thought. “Please.” he whimpered.

“But not today.” Sam whispered as he moved away from him and took up a position beside Gabriel. “And as for you, Gabriel. Are you ready for me to spank that ass of yours?”

The younger angel moaned as he licked and sucked at Lucifer’s opening, spit and come sliding down his chin.

“That’s what I like to hear.” Sam cooed as he rubbed his hands together to warm them up. “But first, I want you balls deep in Lucifer. I think you should be spanked while you fuck him.”

Gabriel sat up and wiped his chin clean. Glancing at Sam to see if he was serious with his request, the hunter nodded. “Luci, you good with this plan?” The younger angel asked as he smoothed a hand over Lucifer’s thigh.


Picking up the bottle of lube he’d discarded earlier, he applied a thin layer on his cock, trusting that Sam’s come will ease the rest of the way. Once sufficiently slicked up, Gabriel lifted Lucifer’s hips until his ass was raised high into the air and shoulders pressed to the mattress. Pressing the tip of his
cock to Lucifer’s waiting hole, he slid in with a groan. A sharp snapping sound of flesh hitting flesh echoed in the room as Gabriel lurched forward with a gasp, driving his cock deep into Lucifer. “I wasn’t ready!” Gabriel shouted as he turned his head to glare at Sam who had his hand raised for another slap to Gabriel’s ass. Sam simply smirked as he brought his hand down once more causing the younger angel to jerk.

Lucifer whined and buried his head into the mattress, rocking his hips back into Gabriel’s jerked hips.

Sam paused for a moment while Gabriel started thrusting, then he let another smack fly, this one pulling a low groan from Gabriel at the pleasure/pain of it all. It kept on like this for several minutes. Gabriel’s erratic thrusts punctuated by the sound of Sam’s hand on his rear.

Lucifer whined and bucked his hips back against Gabriel’s, digging his fingers into the sheets and arching his back into it.

Sam sits back to admire his handiwork as Gabriel settled and started slamming his cock into Lucifer like he knew his brother liked. “Look at that candy apple bobbing around. Luci, did you still want to bury your cock in this tasty looking ass?”

“Oh huh,” Lucifer whined.

Gabriel groaned as he reluctantly pulled out of Lucifer. “How you want me, Heylel?” He asked a bit breathlessly.

“Kneeling.” Lucifer groaned, also a bit breathlessly. “Legs spread.”

“Yes, sir!” Gabriel replied with a grin as he straightened up and assumed the position Lucifer described. “Don’t worry about prep. I had time earlier while you were riding Sam.”

Lucifer groaned and slid himself deep into Gabriel, wrapping one arm around his hips and one around his chest, biting down on Gabriel’s neck.

Groaning low in his throat, Gabriel stretched his hand back over his shoulder to tangle his fingers in Lucifer’s hair. “Don’t hold back tonight, Heylel. I want to feel this for days.”

“Oh, I won’t,” Lucifer promised, holding Gabriel tight to him as he began fucking into him hard and fast, even tapping a bit into his Grace to strengthen his thrusts.

Gabriel face contorted into a mix of discomfort tempered by pleasure as he tugged at Lucifer’s hair. His ass was still stinging from the spanking he received and each slap of Lucifer’s hips against him was a firm reminder of how heavy handed Sam really was.

Lucifer fucked into Gabriel hard and fast, mouthing at his neck before sucking a dark purple mark over his pulse point. His hips never ceased their movements, just increased with the help of his Grace.

He tried to reach down to take his cock in hand, but Sam batted Gabriel's hand away and replaced it with his own. “That’s it, my angel. Going to come nice and hard for our Heylel?”

“Please, Sam...Lucifer…” Gabriel begged as he clawed at Sam’s shoulders.

Lucifer switched over to the other pulse point, making it match as his hips snapped even harder against Gabriel’s sore bottom, keeping him nice and flushed to his chest.
Gabriel’s mouth fell open as he panted out Lucifer’s name in Enochian. The orgasm building at the base of his spine as he was pushed closer and closer to his end by the feel of being sandwiched between his lovers and the pleasure they were giving to him. He lasted only a few more strokes to his cock before he was tensing from wingtip to toes as he came hot and hard in Sam’s hand. His ass clenching and fluttering around Lucifer's cock.

Lucifer groaned and lasted a couple more thrusts before cumming hard into Gabriel with a short gasp, keeping Gabriel tight to him as he filled his ass up with his release, unable to stop once he started.

Gabriel slumped against Lucifer and gave Sam a blissed out smile. Sam bent down and gently kissed him before giving one to Lucifer as well. “How are my angels feeling?”

Lucifer smiled and rested his chin on top of Gabriel’s head. “So much better,” he purred. He ran his hands up and down Gabriel’s sides soothingly. “I think I’m done dropping. And could probably go for another round.”

Gabriel doesn’t say anything, just held up his hand in a thumbs up motion. Sam chuckled as his hands joined Lucifer’s. “I think we broke poor Gabriel.”

Lucifer chuckled and kissed the top of his brother’s head. “I think we did too,” he agreed. “Later, you two can break me. If you’re up for it.”

“I’m up for it.” Sam said as he laid out on the bed and held his arms open for them. “But I have a request.”

“And what would that be?” Lucifer asked, pulling out of Gabriel slowly and falling into Sam’s left arm.

Sam turned a bit pink in the cheeks as he rolled so he could wrap them both in his arms. “I want...I want to be licked too.”

Lucifer chuckled softly and kissed one of his pink cheeks. “Of course.” he said. “I’d be more than happy to get my tongue back in your delicious ass.”

“I wouldn’t mind that either.” Gabriel said groggily from his spot behind Lucifer. “I love the fact that our top likes a little tongue action but still is so shy about it.”

Lucifer chuckled and twisted his head to kiss Gabriel’s forehead. “He’s had his ass eaten out twice, I think he’s entitled to being shy about wanting a little tongue.”

Sam cleared his throat out of embarrassment as he rolled over onto his back. “Can’t help that it felt good.”

Lucifer laughed happily and hugged him tightly. “Nope, it feels amazing.” he hummed.

“Phenomenal.” Gabriel agreed.

“Alright. It was..fantastic.” Sam glanced the pair of them. “Happy now?”

Lucifer nodded and cuddled into the both of them. “Yes.”

“Ecstatic.” Gabriel all but giggled.

“It’s starting to sound like a thesaurus in here.” Sam laughed as he adjusted his pillow and pulled the
one of the blankets over his legs.

Lucifer giggled and smiled warmly. “Oh well, it can’t be helped since I love you both,” he hummed.

Gabriel poked his head up over Lucifer’s shoulder with a cheeky grin. “You adore us?”

Lucifer laughed happily as he rolled over to kiss Gabriel sweetly. But that didn’t stop Gabriel. “You hold us in the highest regard.” The younger angel said with a grin.

Sam slapped a hand to his forehead. “You broke sweet Gabriel and activated the smartass.”

Lucifer laughed warmly, unable to stop, a giant smile coming over his face, tiny wrinkles crinkling the corners of his eyes.

“You do realize that this is my standard setting, right?” Gabriel asked as he rested his head on Lucifer’s chest. “I also have a setting for Sleepy, pissed, dopey and grumpy.”

Lucifer kept laughing, wrapping his arms around his brother.

“I always knew you were one of the seven dwarves but not five of them.” Sam teased

“Oh blow me, Winchester.” Gabriel said good natured but with a slight squint.

“Been there, done that. Have the t-shirt.” Sam said as he rolled up out of the bed. Gabriel made to lunge at him with the intent of doing...something. Gabriel just didn’t know what that something was.

Lucifer laughed and hugged Gabriel tight to him. “What are you doing, handsome?” He asked Sam, running his eyes appreciatively over his form.

“Getting comfortable, so I can catch a cat nap and give my body time to recover.” Sam lifted the covers to look down at his flaccid dick. “I miss being 16 sometimes. Zero refractory period.” He said with a sigh

Lucifer grinned. “Last day here, we’ll give you angel viagra so we can fuck like bunnies all day,” he promised. “I wanna walk into the bunker sore.”

Sam turned to look at him. “Then that’s the day both of us will ride that ass of yours.”

Lucifer groaned and glared at his dick. “ Stop !” he commanded it. “Down, penis, down!”

“How can you be hard already?” Sam marveled as he turned back around. “After coming twice no less.”

Lucifer glared at the offending dick. “I was the first of the angels to discover sex.” he admitted. “And as a result, I have lost all sense of refractory periods and I could probably cum about ten times in a day.”

Gabriel grinned as he looked at Sam. “I think I just found my life goal. To see how many times I can make Lucifer come until he passes out.”

“Fourteen,” Lucifer supplied. “I did a jerk off session in the Cage one day. Just to pass the time.”

“Yea, but that was in hell..by yourself.” Gabriel purred as he trailed his finger along the vein on the underside of Lucifer’s cock.

Lucifer shivered and batted his hand away. “Be nice, the human can’t play,” he teased.
“Not to mention the human is a little sleepy.” Sam grumbled from his pillow.

“Okay, I’ll be good.” Gabriel sighed as he relaxed against Lucifer, his hand resting next to his face. Lucifer smiled and he closed his eyes. A nap sounded good.

“Luci?” Gabriel whispered as Sam’s soft snore started to fill the room.

“Yeah, Gabe?” Lucifer whispered back.

“Wanna build a demon?” He asked out of nowhere and let out a giggle.

Lucifer snorted quietly and ducked his head into his pillow and laughed.
Sam stepped out of the bathroom after a nice long shower. Today was their last day in their little haven. Then it was back home to the bunker where he’d have to face Dean and have a talk that probably no one really wanted to have. Frowning he tossed the towel he’d been drying his hair with into the corner.

Lucifer noticed the frown and he came up behind Sam, wrapping his arms around his waist. “Something wrong?” He murmured.

“No,” he snatched a shirt from the drawer and sighed. “Yes...I don’t know.” He sounded frustrated and lost as he unfolded the shirt and searched for the opening.

Lucifer kissed his cheek and cuddled into him. “I know the feeling.”

“Yea, well you don’t have to go home to a brother who hates having heart to hearts and needing to have one.” Sam stepped away for Lucifer to pull the shirt on.

“I used to,” Lucifer hummed.

“Was he as difficult as Dean?” Sam asked with a mirthless smile.

“Yes.” Lucifer chuckled softly. “Sometimes more so.”

“Strangely that kinda makes me feel better about it but part of me still doesn’t want to go back. Then another part does.” He finished dressing and leaned against the dresser. “Sometimes I think I’m a terrible brother for wanting to get away.”

“You’re not.” Lucifer assured him, smiling softly. “He pissed you off. I’d leave rather than try to smite him if I were in your shoes”

“Good point.” Sam leaned forward and kissed him softly. “Thanks for not making me feel like a dick.”

“Of course,” Lucifer hummed, returning the kiss. “Anytime.”

“Where’d Gabriel go? Usually I hear pots and pans banging around the kitchen by now.” Sam asked.

Lucifer shrugged. “Not sure,” he admitted.

“I think we should be afraid.” Sam joked as he left the bedroom to go start breakfast.

“With Gabriel, yes, be very afraid.” Lucifer laughed, pulling on a loose bathrobe as he followed Sam down into the kitchen.

Sam had just pulled out a pan to cook some eggs when Gabriel burst into the room like a kid on a
sugar high. “DON’T touch that stove. I have plans that do not include you cooking.” The sudden appearance of the angel, made the hunter jump in surprise and mutter an obscenity or two.

Lucifer raised a brow. “And what does it include?” He asked, hip bumping Sam out of the way to take over the cooking.

“It includes me, you, Sammich and a picnic basket.” Gabriel said gleefully as he clapped his hands together. “So put on your shoes. Let’s go.”

“You want to have a picnic?” Sam asked.

“YES!” Gabriel nodded.

Lucifer laughed and looked at his brother. “I assume you already packed everything?” He asked seriously.

“You two are batting 2 to nothing. Now let’s go. The lake is calling and it’s our last day.” Gabriel pleaded.

Sam looked at Lucifer with a grin. “We should probably go. He did go to the trouble of setting it up.”

“Yes, he did.” Lucifer grinned back, snapping their shoes on. “Let’s go.”

Gabriel let out a delighted cry as he took each of their hands and drug them from the house, leading them down the paths from the cabin to the pine surrounded lake. The smell of late spring greenery filling the air.

Lucifer laughed and let his brother pull him, beaming brightly as he eventually flopped down into the soft grass with a warm smile.

“This is nice.” Sam admitted as he looked around. “Usually anytime I spend in the woods is hunting.”

Gabriel clapped him on the shoulder and smiled. “Not with us around.” He wandered over to one of the larger trees where he’d left a old style picnic basket. He brought it over to their little group and started to unpack it. “Besides, hunting takes away from enjoying leftover fried chicken.”

Lucifer grinned and sat up. “Very true.” He leaned over to start grabbing food.

Sam stretched out beside the basket and grabbed a chicken leg. “I’d rather be eating chicken than fighting. That’s for sure.”

“Amen.” Lucifer hummed, grabbing a chicken breast.

Gabriel took a seat between them and took the other leg from the basket. All three ate quietly for several minutes. When Gabriel was finished he laid back and watched the trees sway above them. “Kinda reminds me of when the world was new. No pollution or worries.”

“Everyone got along fairly well.” Lucifer agreed, rolling onto his stomach next to his brother and starting to pick flowers.

“That must have been nice.” Sam added as he munched on an apple as he watched the rippling waves of the lake.

“It was.” Lucifer hummed happily as he began weaving a flower crown.
Sam laid down on his stomach and watched Lucifer’s fingers as he wove. “What are you doing there, blue eyes?”

Lucifer smiled. “Making a flower crown.” he admitted, sucking lightly on his thumb that got poked with a thorn.

“I haven’t seen you do that in...forever.” Gabriel said with a smile as he watched as well. “Who’s the lucky guy getting crowned?”

“Both of you,” he smiled, taking his time and patience to make the best flower crown he could. He cast a side eye at Gabriel. “Do you remember the first flower crown I made you?”

“I do. Wore it until the petals fell out.” Gabriel chuckled. “Remember when we used to decorate each others wings with the fall leaves?”

“Yes.” Lucifer laughed warmly, finished with one and starting on the second.

“Now there’s a mental image. You two decked out like an easter bouquet.” Sam smiled as he tossed his apple off into the underbrush.

Lucifer grinned. “Gabriel’s looked the best, the oranges and reds were gorgeous in those golden wings of his.” he admitted.

“And Luci looks best with greenery.” Gabriel nudged his brother in the shoulder. “Like a pretty little flower.”

Lucifer nudged his brother’s shoulder back and turned his head to give him a quick kiss. “I love you both.”

“I thought we’d established that.” Gabriel said with a cheeky grin.

“Stop tormenting Luc’.” Sam said as he reached over the smaller angel and rubbed Lucifer’s shoulder. “We love you too.”

Lucifer hummed at the shoulder rub as he finished the second flower crown. He placed each crown delicately on their heads before laying back with a bright smile.

Sam tried to look up to catch a glimpse of the crown on his head while Gabriel adjusted his. “I think we need a picture.” Sam pulled out his phone and switched on the camera. “Get close together.” He said as he nudge Gabriel against Lucifer.

Lucifer groaned and covered his face. “Not me. We do not need a picture of me,” he said.

“Yes, you too.” Sam said, firmly as Gabriel pulled Lucifer’s hands away from his face and hugged him tight.

“Smile for the camera, Satan.” The younger angel said right before smiling big for the camera.

Lucifer scowled at his younger brother before giving a quick smile.

Snapping the picture, Sam pocketed the phone before the angels could see the picture. “See? Painless.” He leaned over and gave them each a quick kiss. “Thank you.”

Lucifer hummed and kissed him back. “Of course.”

Sam pulled away with a smile and dragged the basket closer to him. “What else did you pack, Gabe?
I know you always have a dessert of some kind.”

Gabriel remained strangely silent as he leaned back to look at the clouds with an expression that seemed far too innocent.

“What’s that look for?” Lucifer asked suspiciously.

“What look?” Gabriel asked wide-eyed.

“It might have something to do with this.” Sam said as he pulled a large bottle of lube and couple of cock rings from the basket.

Lucifer groaned softly. “Out here?”

“Where anyone could see. If there were anyone within 20 miles of this place.” Gabriel shrugged. “Besides, I distinctly remember us talking about seeing if we could fit both of us in that tight little hole of yours.

Lucifer moaned and grabbed his crotch. “Give a guy a little warning!” He whimpered.

“We don’t have to do anything.” Sam stated as he put the items back in the basket. “He’s just letting his inner Boy Scout out.”

Lucifer looked at Sam, blue eyes flashing. “How do you honestly expect me to turn down being double penetrated??”

“Exactly, Sam.” Gabriel chimed in with an impish grin. “I don’t think he’s built to turn us down.”

Sam shook his head and pulled his knee up to his chest as he faced the both of them. “Doesn’t mean he couldn’t if he really didn’t want something.”

“True, but I have been fantasizing about that for the past week.” Lucifer admitted. “I want it. Badly.”

Gabriel kissed the edge of Lucifer’s jaw. “Then I’d like us to do it out here under the sun.”

Lucifer tilted his head back. “Yes. Lay me bare, here under the sun.”

Crawling up to Lucifer’s other side, Sam bent down to kiss him deep. Their tongues sliding together as Sam’s hand trailed up the angel’s chest.

Lucifer moaned and kissed Sam back, his other hand coming to cup the back of his head.

Gabriel kissed his way down the side of Lucifer’s neck until he pulled back to work the buttons open on the older angel’s pants. “You’re going to look beautiful between us, Heylel. Stretched wide around our cocks until you come.”

Lucifer groaned into the kiss with Sam biting down on his lip and giving a firm suck. He tilted his head to the side as he did so, long fingers tangling themselves in Sam’s hair.

Gabriel worked Lucifer’s cock free of his pants, giving it a quick lick before swallowing it down to the base without stopping.

Sam pulled away from the kiss long enough to tug his shirt off and toss it off the side. He paused to watch Gabriel bob up and down on their lover’s cock. His own swelling rapidly in his jeans. “I love watching him do that.” He mumbled while lightly running a thumb along his hardened member.
Lucifer whined deep in his throat, his hips bucking into Gabriel’s mouth, eyes already being colored black with lust and desire. His hands reached out to undo Sam’s jeans as his wings spread out on the forest floor behind him.

“Want something, Luc’?” Sam teased as he kicked off his shoes and removed his pants.

Lucifer whimpered and made grabby hands for his human lover, his almost black eyes wide in need and desire.

Sam grabbed the lube from the basket and fell into his arms and kissed him gently. “Take it easy. We’ll take care of you.” He whispered as he lifted Lucifer’s leg over his hip. “Just relax and let us.”

Lucifer moaned softly and began rutting lightly against Sam, blunt nails digging into the soft skin and hard muscle. His hips rocked even more into Gabriel’s mouth.

Gabriel popped off of Lucifer’s cock with a gasp for air. “How many times did you say you could come?”

“Record is fourteen.” Lucifer whimpered.

“Good to know.” The Trickster said with a wink as he took Lucifer in his mouth once more. Meanwhile, Sam had slicked up his fingers and was gently massaging Lucifer’s hole as he sucked red and purple marks into the angel’s shoulder and neck.

Lucifer moaned loudly, breathing small puffs of hot air across Sam’s skin as he clung to him in desperation and lust, his hips rocking back and forth between mouth and fingers.

“Come for us, Luc’.” Sam murmured as his finger breached the tight ring of muscles. “It’ll make you nice and relaxed.”

Gabriel peeked at them through his eyelashes and swirling his tongue around Lucifer’s cockhead. Humming as he relaxed his throat and sinking down until his nose touched the curled hairs at the base.

Lucifer gasped and came down Gabriel’s throat, slumping against Sam as he shook through his aftershocks.

“There we go.” Sam whispered as he kissed the tender spot below Lucifer’s ear. Gabriel came up from his spot and wiped the slick of spit from his chin. Grinning he bent down and kissed his way up Lucifer’s torso while Sam added a second finger and started fingering him in smooth thrusts of his hand.

Lucifer whined and held onto Sam, rocking his hips onto his hand as he stayed nice and pliant.

“Sam’s fingers feel good?” Gabriel asked as he slicked up his own fingers and teased around Lucifer’s entrance.

Lucifer nodded and moaned, shivering at the feel of Gabriel’s fingers. “Uh huh.” he managed to say, his back arching.

“Think you can take mine too?” Gabriel purred into his ear.

Lucifer nodded his head rapidly. “Yah, oh, yes,” he moaned.

“As you wish.” Gabriel whispered as two of his fingers slid in along Sam’s. At first they moved in
tandem but soon their thrusts were alternating so Lucifer was never without someone’s fingers buried deep inside.

Lucifer sobbed in pleasure as he rocked his hips back on their fingers. He gripped onto the nearest body to him tighter, nails digging into the skin.

“Jesus, look at him.” Sam groaned as he watched his fingers disappear repeatedly into Lucifer’s warm hole. Removing his fingers, he pours lube over his own cock, making sure it was as wet as possible. “Ready for my cock, Heylel?”

“Oh, Please,” Lucifer whimpered loudly, feeling strangely empty without Sam’s fingers inside of him with Gabriel’s.

Gabriel goes to move his hand out of the way, but Sam gripped his wrist to hold him in place. “Just like that Gabe. Don’t move.” Releasing his hold on Gabriel, Sam moved his hand to Lucifer’s hip as he lined up and pushed his way in with a loud groan at the added pressure around his cock.

Lucifer whined and tried to push his hips back onto Sam’s cock and Gabriel’s fingers, trying to get them into him faster and deeper, his eyes fluttering closed as his hardened cock jerked, on the brink.

Gabriel carefully curls the tip of his finger around the head of Sam’s cock, making the taller man keen into Lucifer’s shoulder. “Sensitive, are we?” All Sam could do was nod. Smiling, he kissed Lucifer quick and dirty with a little too much tongue as he pulled his fingers free. Sitting back on his heels, he directed the pair so that Lucifer was laying on top of Sam, back to chest. “Now that’s a pretty sight.” He mused as he started to slicken up his cock.

Lucifer whined and came as his back came in contact with Sam’s chest and he bowed, barely able to hear his brother’s words.

Sam cried out as Lucifer clamped down tight around his cock. His stomach spasming in preparation to come inside the angel like he’d done so many times before. Gabriel tsked disapprovingly and ran a finger along his balls using his grace to stop the orgasm in its tracks. “Not yet, Samsquatch.” Gabriel said softly as he shimmied his way between their legs.

Lucifer laid soft and pliant against Sam’s chest, panting and covered in his own release. His face was in a cum drunk smile, eyes lidded.

Sam whimpered from an orgasm denied as Gabriel smiled at them. “Ready for me, Luci? Sam?” He asked as he pressed the tip of his cock against Lucifer’s already stretched hole.

Lucifer whimpered and nodded.

Gabriel leaned down and kissed him softly as he pushed his hips forward until the head of his cock popped through the tight ring of muscle and slid along Sam’s shaft. Gabriel let out a low, throaty moan that echoed Sam’s.

Lucifer cried out and flailed between the two men, unable to stop the third, this time dry orgasm that came without warning, tears crinkling at his eyes.

“Are you okay?” Sam breathed into his ear as his hand massaged across his chest. “Want us to stop?”

Lucifer shook his head lazily at Sam’s second question, allowing his body to be somewhat soothed by Sam’s massaging hands.
“Alright.” Sam wrapped his arm around Lucifer’s chest and started moving in short shallow thrusts as Gabriel mirrored him. The smaller angel’s head dropped to rest against Lucifer’s chest. Each of them moaning and grunting in concert.

Lucifer moaned even louder and laid there, letting them move and fuck into him, content to be held and fucked.

The feel of the slick and squeeze of Lucifer around them coupled with the slide of Gabriel’s dick against his, had Sam teetering dangerously close to the edge of orgasm once more. “Please..” He whispered in a near whine.

“No yet, Sam..” Gabriel panted above Lucifer as he felt Sam’s cock twitch against his. “Need you to come with me.”

“I can’t hold back. Not again.” Sam panted as his fingers dug into Lucifer’s chest, leaving white marks around the tips.

Lucifer whined and squirmed in between the two of them. “Come with us, Heylel.” Gabriel pleaded as he nipped at his jaw. “Please.”

Lucifer couldn’t help but whine and cum a fourth time, giving a loud cry but unable to move with the way Gabriel and Sam were holding him.

Sam let out a choked sob as he followed close behind Lucifer. His back arching up and pressing his chest tight against Lucifer’s back.

The feel of Sam’s hot come flooding around him had Gabriel cursing so quickly that it sounded like gibberish until his moment arrived and gripped Lucifer’s hips tight as he fucked his come as deep as he could. His whole body jerking until the very end. Then he collapsed onto Lucifer’s chest and took gulping breaths as the endorphins raced through his sexed out brain.

Lucifer laid there, completely boneless and out of it. His eyes slid shut and he appeared to have nearly passed out, the only indication that he hadn’t was by his fluttering eyelids and random muscle spasms from the amount of pleasure.

Sam was the first to regain some of his senses and gently pulled out of Lucifer with a hiss as his oversensitive cock rubbed against Lucifer and Gabriel.

Lucifer gave a listless whine and whimper as Sam gently pulled out of him, his eyes closing fully.

Gabriel roused himself enough to pull out and flop to the ground beside them. “Holy Pogo Sticks!” He exclaimed, blinking up at the trees.

Sam hummed his agreement as he stroked Lucifer’s cheek. “How about you, Luc’? How are you feeling?”

Lucifer murmured something unintelligible as he nuzzled Sam’s hand.

Sam rolled them over and nestled Lucifer between Gabriel and himself. “Want to try and say that again?” He asked with a smile.

Lucifer simply nestled himself down in between Gabriel and Sam, nosing Sam’s shoulder as he did so. The sun warmed his skin and the cool grass felt heavenly against his cheek. A warm, sleepy smile graced his face as he sighed contently.
“I think we broke him.” Sam whispered to Gabriel with a grin.

Gabriel peaked at Lucifer and shook his head. “Just wore him out. Give him time to power nap and he’ll be right as rain.”

Lucifer gave a sleepy yawn and snuggled into them, his features smoothing out as he began to doze.

Gabriel, sensing that they’d be falling asleep in the woods, if Lucifer was anything to judge by, snapped his fingers, transported them and their basket back to the bedroom.

Sam let out a sigh of relief as he drew the covers over them. “Last night in paradise.” He says quietly to no one in particular.

Lucifer stirred and nestled back down with a happy noise, surrounded by his lovers and he slipped off into sleep.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

The trio returns to the bunker. Sam and Dean have a heart to heart, and Gabriel and Lucifer get into shenanigans.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lucifer was the first one into the bunker, waddling in a way that spoke of good times in bed, white knuckling the banister as he walked. “Castiel? Dean? We’re back!” He called out. He hobbled his way down the stairs, cursing Sam and Gabriel and their good ideas. “Gabe? Mind getting me a cold one?” He asked almost plaintively. Alcohol was definitely needed.

“You could always just heal yourself, genius.” Gabriel sass’d as he passed him to go get the requested beverage.

“I should paddle you for such cheek, youngling,” Lucifer sass’d back, sitting down in one of the kitchen chairs as he smacked his brother’s rear playfully. “Besides, healing myself after a DP and the most delicious spanking I’ve ever had? You speak sacrilege, brother.”

“But the fun we’d have giving you a repeat performance.” Sam quipped behind him.

“Oh for..I DON’T need to hear that.” Dean griped from where he emerged near the stairs. He folded his arms over his chest and stared at Sam. “Have fun?”

Lucifer snickered and looked up at Sam with a mischievous grin, his head tilted back and accidentally showing off the expansive love bite that Sam had given him across his throat. “Hmmmm, I don’t know, did you have fun, Sam?” He cheeked.

“I did.” Sam leaned down and gave Lucifer a soft kiss. “Give me a minute?” He asked the angel in a whisper.

“Of course” Lucifer said, easing himself out of the chair. He pecked the human's cheek and limped out.

Sam turned to Dean and sighed when he saw the glare he was giving him. “I love him, Dean.” Sam started with a simple statement.

Dean raised an eyebrow. “You love the dude who tortured you in Hell? Who kept your soul there when Cas pulled you out?” He asked. “Like, yeah, he’s ‘changed’ but how the fuck do you move on from that?”

“I do. I love him and Gabriel.” Sam sighed as he sat in the chair Lucifer had recently vacated. “My experience in the Cage was...beyond terrible. I won’t deny it. But what you don’t understand is that the Cage was meant to isolate Luc’ which for an Angel is torture. Think about it. If you put Cas in a blacked out room without contact to other angels or even us...he’d change. Twist in on himself until he developed the equivalent of PTSD. Now, he’s here and he’s getting better and I don’t know how but I love him.”
“And the shit he did when he was out of the Cage?” Dean pressed. “Was that a result of this... psycho babble nonsense?” He sat down opposite of Sam. “Dude, he’s the Devil. And you’re his prom suit. Sooner or later he’s gonna want you back. As him. And then what?”

Sam shook his head as he leaned his head into his hands, pressing his thumbs into bridge of his nose. “You’ve slept in the same nest, seen him with Cas and Gabe. Watched him turn from what he was to what he is today and you still...” Sam lifted his head to look his brother in the eye. “Dean, he’s not going to do that to me. I wouldn’t allow it and neither would Gabriel.”

“I slept in the same nest with him up until he decided that it was okay to fuck my baby brother.” Dean growled. “Seriously, I am just concerned. Your relationship choices in the past haven’t been the best. And now, Satan and Loki? I mean, Loki’s a bit more understandable, even if he did kill me a lotta times, but honestly... What do you see in Lucifer?”

“What would you know about relationships?” Sam snapped without thinking and instantly regretted his choice of words. Sighing, he leaned back in his chair. “I don’t want to fight with you about this. And if you can’t see him for the kind, loyal and sweet being that he is, then that’s your loss. But I chose this. I said yes to being their third and I don’t regret it.”

Dean mulled this over in his mind silently, brooding on the words. “‘Sweet’?” He finally said. “Kind, yeah, I kinda can and his loyalty is the reason he got into his mess, but sweet? Sammy, he put the highest quality itching powder in my favorite boxers. Sweet’s not a word I’d use to describe him.” The look on Dean’s face spelled out his disbelief and mild horror at the prank Lucifer had pulled. “He also convinced Cas that putting honey in his hair was a human mating ritual.”

Sam bit the inside of his lip so hard to keep from laughing that he was afraid he was going to taste blood soon. “It’s his way of showing he likes you.” He forced out with a stifled giggle. “He’d ignore you otherwise.”

“This isn’t funny, Sammy, I nearly had to cut off Cas’ hair.” Dean grumbled. “And thanks for telling me that this is the Devil’s version of pulling on girls’ pigtails.”

Sam couldn’t hold it in any longer when Dean made the pigtail remark. He burst out in laughter, nearly doubling over as he covered his face. “Bitch.” Dean growled. “Okay, but seriously, Sammy, sweet?”

Lucifer smirked as he walked by the kitchen, arms full of laundry. “I have it on good authority that I’m sweeter in all senses of the word than Gabriel,” he informed the elder Winchester.

Dean covered his ears. “TMI!!” He said, shooting a dirty look at the former devil.

Lucifer’s happy laughter lingered as he left.

Dean looked at Sam with a fairly good impression of his own bitch face.

“He’s not wrong.” Sam said as he calmed down but had a mischievous look in his eye. “Taste aside, he is a sweet angel. Especially when he calls me Daddy.”

“Dude, what the actual fuck? He calls you Daddy?” The horror and disgust showed plainly on Dean’s face. “That’s... that’s fifty shades of fucked up, even more so than that horrible book series.”

“No worse than some of your kinks that I’ve heard Castiel tell Gabriel about.” Sam smirked as he raised an eyebrow at Dean. “Something about pie? I knew you loved the stuff that that’s just not sanitary.”
Dean turned bright vermillion and coughed. “Yeah, well, still, Daddy?” He questioned. “What, is it like an age regression kink or something?”

Sam shrugged. “With Lucifer it’s more like letting him have something pure again. It’s not sexual in any fashion and it gives him freedom to feel things he won’t allow when he’s big. Gabe on the other hand…” Sam let the statement trail off. “And I get to feel needed and care for someone on a basic level.”

Dean frowned. “Freedom to feel things he won’t allow when he’s big?” He quoted. “Like what?” Now he was concerned, because if there was one person who knew about repressing emotions, it was him, Dean Winchester.

“Compliments, love, praise. He doesn’t feel worthy of it when he’s not little, so he won’t accept a straight up compliment without deflecting or fighting it.” Sam leaned forward so that his elbows rested on his knees and he could lower his voice. “It helped. Not enough but it did. So if you ever see him acting childish. Like toddler childish around the bunker, don’t make fun of him, Dean. You don’t have to participate but you have to respect that when he’s in his headspace it’s no different than if a real toddler was standing in front of you.”

“Shit.” Dean said softly. He knew that Lucifer shied away from compliments, but he didn’t realize exactly how bad it was. “No, I won’t.” he promised. “What are signs that I can look for, so if he starts regressing and you’re not nearby I know what to look for?”

“He’ll be carrying a teddy bear, more than likely. Mr. Floofles.” Sam thought a moment, bobbing his head as he thought. “And sucking his fingers or a wing feather. And he might try to hug you or want to curl up to watch a movie. But honestly, he didn’t leave Gabe or my side the entire time.”

“Alright.” Dean said with a nod. “I won’t. I promise. Changes my outlook. I guess the Cage messed him up more than I thought.”

“Alright.” Dean said with a nod. “I won’t. I promise. Changes my outlook. I guess the Cage messed him up more than I thought.”

“It messed with all of us, Dean. One way or another.” Sam tilted his chin towards his brother. “We good? No more equating Luc’ and Gabe to Ruby?”

Dean nodded. “No more. Hate to say it Sam, but you seem happy.” he admitted. “It was just a shock to my system, and I reacted poorly.” He grimaced. “I might’ve told Lucifer to go fuck himself.”

Sam nodded as he listened. “I heard. And I hope Cas ripped you a good one for it because that hurt him, Dean. He considered you a nestmate. Like a..well I’d say brother but their definition of the word is a little murky compared to ours. But the point still stands.”

Dean nodded. “Yeah, Cas screamed at me for a good while and wouldn’t even come to bed, he stayed in the nest for a few days after you guys left.” He ran his fingers through his hair. “How do I make it up to him? I mean. . . he’s not just going to accept my apology at face value.”

Lucifer poked his head in. “Man pain over? Good, Sam, how do you wash stuffed animals? Gabriel just shoved his into one of the washers. All of them.” The look on the eldest archangel’s face was wide with apprehension. “Oh, and says that if they get ruined, he’s re-stuffing them with my feathers.”

Sam turned around and sighed as Lucifer described the dilemma he was having. “The washer is fine if you set it on gentle and tell Gabriel that if he tries to use your feathers or ruins Mr. Floofles, I will spank his ass until it’s raw and he won’t get any orgasms for a week.”

Lucifer’s eyes widened at the mention of a ruined teddy bear. “GABRIEL! DID YOU ADD MR.
“FLOOFLES TO THE WASH OR DO YOU HAVE HIM?” He roared. “BECAUSE I DO NOT RECALL SEEING HIM IN THE WASHER!”

Dean bit his lip to keep from laughing and winked at Sam. “Nice.” he whispered.

Sam smirked at his brother. “See what I mean?”

Dean nodded. “Yeah.”

Lucifer stomped off in search of his brother upon learning that his teddy bear was actually not in the washer. “GABRIEL I WILL SERIOUSLY SHOVE A CONFETTI CANNON UP YOUR ASS IF YOU DO NOT RELINQUISH HIM.”

Gabriel tore around the corner where Sam and Dean were sitting with the previously mentioned bear under his arms but instead of it’s usual dark brown, he was creamsicle orange. The angel shoved the bear into Sam’s arms. “These aren’t the droids you’re looking for.” He said breathlessly and disappeared with a flap of his wings.

Dean stared at the ice cream colored bear in his brother’s arms. “I take it that’s not Mr. Floofles’ original coloring.” he stated.

Sam groaned as he held up the bear. “No, it’s not. And now I have to keep World War Six from happening.”

“What were World Wars Three through Five?” Dean asked.

“Firefly vs Lost, Sprinkles vs Candy Pearls and the last one was about Riker and Troi’s defunct relationship.”

Dean stared at Sam. “Firefly is better, candy pearls are more fun, and Riker and Troi were canon.”

Sam shrugged as he hugged the bear to his chest. “Gabe hates her.”

Lucifer flew into the room. “Where’s the bear?” He asked breathlessly.

“What was World War Six?” Dean asked.

“Now remember, this was probably an accident so please don’t smite Gabriel.” Sam said as he held out the orange bear.

Lucifer’s entire face dropped as he took the bear and held it close and Dean couldn’t help but give a gentle smile at the sight. Even though he figured Lucifer was ‘big’, he could see how much that bear meant to him. “Can I turn one of his bears cotton candy pink?” He asked Sam, jutting his lower lip out.

“He’d probably like that. Try turning it black with crossroad demon red eyes.” Sam said as he tugged Lucifer closer to him. “You gonna be okay, ba...Luc’?”

Lucifer nodded and kissed Sam’s cheek. “Yeah, Sam.” he said quietly. “I’ll be okay.”

Dean smiled. “Hey, Luce, you could always turn his stuffed platypus into a snake.” he suggested.

Lucifer’s entire face brightened. “Can I?” He asked Sam eagerly.

“Yes, but if anything gets permanently destroyed, I won’t be very pleased.” Sam said while giving Lucifer a meaningful look. One that specifically meant that there would be two angels with shiny hinies.
“I won’t.” Lucifer promised. He kissed Sam’s cheek and went back into the laundry room.

Dean turned back to Sam. “Didn’t he seem a lot calmer when he was hugging the bear?” He asked, pointing to the offending stuffed animal on the table where Lucifer had left it.

“Yea, I did notice that.” Sam said as he watched the door that Lucifer had went through. Turning back to his brother with a smile. “It’s kinda cute.”

“It is,” Dean agreed with a chuckle. “He held onto that bear like it was his whole world.” He sighed. “You think he’ll go down soon?”

“I don’t think he will. Not without warning me first. At least I hope he warns me.” Sam scratched at the stubble on his chin. “He shouldn’t though. His drop when he came back was rough and it’s too soon for him to go through that again.”

“He dropped? Like, sub drop?” Dean clarified, frowning. “But you said for Luce, it wasn’t sexual.”

“Drops aren’t connected exclusively to sex, Dean. Going into a headspace, leaves you wide open and it’s mentally draining. So all the bad thoughts have a chance of rushing in and you drop. For me it was embarrassment for what I’d done, what I liked and feeling weak for even dropping in the first place.”

Dean nodded. “I dropped the first time Cas and I had rough sex.” he admitted.

“I hope he stayed with you through it and helped you come back up.” Sam asked. He was hoping that Dean said yes because if not, he was going to have to have a major talk with the seraph, maybe even bring Gabriel and Lucifer in on it too.

“Yeah, he was kind of freaking out, but he realized what was going on or something and helped me,” Dean said. “It’s scary, and I can’t imagine what dropping would’ve felt like for Luce. I mean, sex is one thing but a nonsex headspace where you feel great?” He whistled lowly.

“You said it, man.” Sam said with a sigh.

Gabriel let out an ungodly yell that could be heard all the way from the laundry room. “LUCIFER! WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY PLATY?!!”

“I COULD ASK THE SAME QUESTION ABOUT MR. FLOOFLES!” Lucifer shouted back.

Dean looked at Sam with a sense of dread. “World War Six?” He hazarded.

Sam tapped the end of his nose in confirmation, like a game of charades. “Want a beer while we watch?”

Dean grinned. “Hell yes. And I’m rooting for Luce. He’s more creative.”

“Gabriel’s small and nimble. If it’s a physical fight, he usually wins.” Sam said as he got up to grab a couple of beers from the fridge.

“IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. LUCI, GIVE PLATY BACK! DON’T YOU’LL RIP HIM!” Gabriel cried out.

Sam passed a beer to Dean. “I think I’m getting my psychic thing again.”

Dean took the beer. “Oh no.”
“I AM NOT GOING TO RIP HIM, I’LL GIVE PLATY BACK WHEN MR. FLOOFLES NO LONGER LOOKS LIKE MY FAVORITE YOGURT FLAVOR.”

“I’m seeing sulking angels over my knee within five minutes.” Sam said as he took a drink.

“I’ll have to agree,” Dean agreed, taking his own drink from the beer.

Gabriel comes storming over to Sam, pointing in the direction of the laundry room. “Sam! Lucifer turned Platy into a snake. A SNAKE!”

Sam tried to keep the amusement out of his voice as he turned to the Angel. “Gabriel, you two are older than me by eons, yet you’re acting like you’re incapable of reasoning and solving problems. Want to tell me why?”

Lucifer came out of the laundry room, holding the stuffed platypus turned snake.

Dean couldn’t help it as he burst into full bellied laughter as he observed the snake. It was the color of mint chocolate chip ice cream, but had retained its platypus eyes. Seeing the hurt look Gabriel sent his way and the bitch face from Sam, he schooled his features and leaned forward, taking the messed up stuffed animal from Lucifer and the teddy bear that Gabriel had changed the color of.

“All right, boys,” he said, adapting his ‘I’m an older brother and you will listen to me’ voice that had Sam groaning in recognition. “You will be changing these back, but not until you answer some questions. Gabe, why did you decide that Lucifer’s the one who had to wash the stuffed animals, even though all but one are yours?”

Gabriel opened his mouth a few times as he tried to think of a plausible reason other than he wanted to watch him bend over the machine. Finally, unable to think of anything and unwilling to tell Dean the real reason, he shrugged. “Seemed like a good idea at the time.”

Dean raised a very questioning eyebrow, but didn’t inquire further. He had a sneaking suspicion as to why Gabriel told Lucifer to wash the plushies. Heaven knows that he’s been bent over the washer plenty by Cas, especially while it was running, but if Gabriel didn’t want to tell him, he wasn’t going to force him. “Okay. Now since you were going to have Lucifer do this for you, wouldn’t it have been a nice thing for you to include Mr. Floofles in the wash? Or at the very least, tell Lucifer that you didn’t?”

Gabriel crossed his arms over his chest and huffed. “How do you think the bear got to be orange? I was trying to keep him out of the wash and clean him with a snap and it went sideways. Then Luci started yelling and I panicked.”

Dean briefly closed his eyes. “Why did it go sideways?” He asked patiently.

“Because.” Gabriel may have been acting a bit childish, he’s not too proud to admit it, but he was very done with Dean acting like he was his Dom or Big Brother. “You know what? You, Dean Winchester, are not the boss of me and I don’t need to relive the Spanish Inquisition.” He turned on his heel, snatching his Platypus turned Snake from Lucifer’s hands and stormed off to his room.

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Dean groaned. “Well, that went well.” He muttered. He looked at Sam apologetically before looking at Lucifer, who was looking positively furious and upset at the same time. He frowned and turned back to his little brother. “Sammy, do you want to deal with Gabe and I’ll help Lucifer?” He offered.

Sam was stunned at the offer. He didn’t think Dean would be prepared to handle either angel from the way he’d been acting earlier. He was expecting a little more resistance from his brother, not acceptance to this level. “Are you sure?”
“I’ll be honest, I don’t know what the hell I’m doing.” Dean admitted, “But I ain’t gonna go near Gabe after that and Luce shouldn’t be alone right now.”

Lucifer sniffled a little, looking at the ruined bear. Dean looked at Sam. “Change of plans. I’ll deal with Gabe. You deal with Luce.”

“Tears aren’t an STD, Dean.” Sam whispered to him as he stood from the chair and crossed to Lucifer’s side. “It’ll be okay, Luc’. Dean’s going to go talk to Gabriel and have him fix it.”

Lucifer nodded and held the teddy bear close as he leaned into Sam.

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Dean made his way to Gabriel and knocked. “Gabe, I hope you know Sam’s thinking about turning your ass red.” he noted. “And your brother’s about to cry.”

Gabriel sat on the edge of his bed with the snake between his hands looking miserable until he heard Dean’s voice. Then his whole posture changed to defiance. “What do you care? Thought you told us to fuck off? More specifically, Lucifer.”

Dean counted to ten. Twice. He took a deep breath. “Okay, let’s get a few things straight.” he said, coming into Gabriel’s bedroom and sat down in the chair. “First of all, I have apologized to Sam about that and I completely plan on apologizing to both you and Lucifer, and I have a helluva lotta ass kissing of the non kinky variety to do for Lucifer because I know that he’s like me and won’t take an apology at face value and will brush it off. Second of all, I was wrong for the way I responded when I walked in on you guys and that is on me.” He took another deep breath. “Now, onto the actual matter at hand. How do you think Lucifer feels right now? He doesn’t feel like that this was an accident. He retaliated in the way he knew best and I may’ve helped with a suggestion or two. He thinks you did this on purpose. And I bet you anything you got him Mr. Floofles, didn’t you?”

“Yea, I did.” Gabriel deflated as Dean finished speaking. “I don’t know what the hell went wrong. I was trying to do something nice for him by cleaning the bear, maybe add something to him and then I got distracted at the wrong microsecond. Orange Sorbet Bear..I was gonna fix him then Luci started yelling and it just spiralled.” Gabriel growled as he stood and started pacing the room, gesticulating wildly. “Now he’s mad, Sam’s mad, you’re pulling a...a...you’re acting like Michael before he became a dick and it’s freaking me out a little.”

“Lucifer’s not mad” Dean said gently. “Lucifer’s hurt. Sam was amused, to be honest, and I’m not sure how he’s feeling now. I may be acting like Michael because I’m acting like an older brother and hello, I’m the tux he was supposed to wear to his and Luci’s prom. It makes sense.” He leaned back a little and watched Gabriel pace.

“You..” Gabriel said jabbing his finger at Dean with an air of bluster that blew away when he looked Dean in the face. “Are right.” He plopped onto the bed beside Dean and grumbled. “I hate it when you’re right.”

Dean chuckled softly. “Yeah, well, you might thank me for being right later when your ass isn’t sore for non sexy reasons.” he said. “Now, we can fix this. Bring Platy with.. I’m sorry I laughed when I saw it, by the way, but it’s a snake with platypus eyes, for fuck’s sake...and this is what you’re going to do. You’re going to apologize to Lucifer and explain what happened, and what you were trying to do. Then you’re going to change Mr. Floofles back to his original color. Then Luce is going to do the same thing and change Platy back. And then you can help Lucifer put the rest of them in the washer and fuck him against it.” He smirked when he saw Gabriel’s shocked look. “Hey, it’s a great
thing to be pinned down on and fucked against!” He admitted.

“Please tell me that you and Cas…” Gabriel asked with a wrinkle of his nose.

“Yes, yes we have.” Dean grinned. “We’ve done about sixty percent of the bunker. I’m afraid you three have a lot of catching up to do.”

“Thanks for the mental image of your pasty ass in the air.” Gabriel said as he rubbed his eyes. “But on the subject of the bunker, does the Impala count as part of the bunker?”

“What did you do on Baby? Or in her?” Dean asked at a reasonable volume and tone of voice, or what would be considered reasonable and not overreacting.

“Want me to draw a diagram?” Gabriel smiled for the first time since the conversation began. “I never knew a car hood could withstand that much...force. I have a new respect for that car.”

Dean counted to fifty. Twice. “Okay, who was fucking who?” He asked.

“I’ll tell you this. Sam was watching. From the driver seat.” Gabriel nudged him in the shoulder. “Did you know that come can also be used as a leather conditioner?”

Dean’s eyes widened. “That’s fucking disgusting. Baby’s off limits.” He glared at the younger archangel.

“Aww Deano. Don’t be like that, I just thought it’d be useful information for next time Cas has you bent over the front seat.” Gabriel said as he clapped a hand to the older Winchester’s shoulder as he stood back up. “Which I for one never want to see.”

Dean rolled his eyes and stood up. “Like I wanted to see Sam fucking you while you had Lucifer’s cock shoved down your throat.” he stated, going back into the kitchen to see Lucifer curled up on Sam’s lap, cuddling without really cuddling, the orange teddy bear having a death grip on it. He smiled and pulled up a chair and sat down across from them. “Hey Luce, you doing better?” He asked.

Lucifer nodded. “Yeah.” he said quietly, almost tiredly.

Gabriel came in behind Dean, looking like a kicked pup. “Luci?”

Lucifer flicked his eyes up at Gabriel, distrust plain in them. “What do you want?” He mumbled.

The younger angel walked over to him and knelt down. “I’m sorry, Heylel. It really was an accident. I was just trying to clean him so he wouldn’t have to go in the washer but I screwed up.” Gabriel’s voice was low and full of contrition. “I’ll make it right.”

Lucifer nodded and slowly held out Mr. Floofles for Gabriel to fix. “M sorry for turning Platy ‘into a snake.” he murmured.

Gabriel placed his hand on the bear’s head and with a touch of grace the orange color melted away to the original dark brown. “It’s okay. You can turn him back when we go to bed tonight. Forgive me for being an ass about it?”

Lucifer nodded, a small smile appearing on his face as the teddy bear returned to his embrace. “Yea.” he mumbled.

“I think there’s a sleepy archangel who needs a nap.” Dean chuckled.
Lucifer gave Dean a sleepy glare and he shook his head.

“I’ll make those cheddar bacon burgers tonight.” Dean promised and Lucifer’s eyes lit up.

“Thanks, Dean.”

“You’re getting as bad as Dean about burgers.” Sam grinned as he pressed his nose to Lucifer’s hair.

“Unless it’s gummy bears. Those will win every time with Luci.” Gabriel added as stood from his crouched position. “I call dibs on making dessert.”

“Agreed,” Dean said. “Don’t forget the pie.”

Lucifer smiled and nosed at his boyfriend’s throat. “Burgers are good.” he murmured.

“Pie! Pie is for the uncreative. Now cake takes artistry.” Gabriel argued with Dean as they started making preparations for dinner. Their good natured banter filling the room. Not long after they began, Cas wandered in and draped his overcoat on a kitchen chair. He placed a loving kiss on Lucifer’s forehead and squeezed Sam’s shoulder as he passed. Dean immediately pulled him into his debate with Gabriel about deserts.

Sam tightened his arms around Lucifer while he let the conversation behind him fade into background noise. “I guess this means that things are back to normal. Or whatever passes for normal for us.”

Lucifer smiled and fully relaxed into his lover, no longer tense and unhappy. “Normal is overrated.” he stated, looking up at Sam.

Chapter End Notes

It is finished!
Well, this fic is
BUT THERE’S GOING TO BE MORE!!
Keep an eye out for time stamps!

Reminder that we're on tumblr!!

End Notes

Find us on tumblr!
Mrs_SimonTam_PHD is lucibae-is-dancing-in-hell
mindylee is mindyleeb

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Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!