

Ain't No Rest for the Wicked

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Ain't No Rest for the Wicked

by [Taz](#)

Summary

In that moment, he would have scooped Dan up in his arms, dropped him on the cool marble, and climbed on top of him. Never mind the boxes and bottles, and the whole mess! The two of them could have been fucking in the middle it, except for the cuff on Dan's ankle, and the key in Lucifer's back pocket.

The tail-lights of the Uber taking Chloe home vanished around the corner a block down the street. Lucifer realized his hand was still up in the air, waving goodbye.

He lowered it and looked at it, front and back, as if belonged to some other person. He rubbed the fingers together; they felt greasy. There was something in the air. It was fetid, and a little sulfurous, like Hell or rotting seaweed. The wind was probably blowing from the west he decided.

After wiping his fingers with a pocket square, he took a firm grip on the bag Chloe that had given him and headed back inside and where there was clean conditioned air.

Funny how she had known immediately who was responsible for Dan's release from the holding cell and where he'd be holed up after.

Pondering the mysteries of the female mind, he inserted his master key into the slot in elevator control panel; the car began to rise.

No, it wasn't all that mysterious; Chloe was analytical and highly effective at her job. Maybe he should confide in her, after all? They were used to working together and someone with a mother's skills...? No. Common sense prevailed. He was going to need all the help he could get, but he already had Amenadiel who was worse than and ten mothers, and he wasn't about to put Chloe and Trixie at risk.

He had spent a good deal of time these last few months trying to figure out what it was that made working with her so fascinating. Eventually, he had simply concluded she one of those rare mortals strong enough not to be affected by the ugliness that corrupted most human souls.

Hanging at police headquarters, it had easy to pick up the slime trails of misogyny and envy: Decker should have been sanctioned for Palmetto... Always receiving preferential treatment... Partnering with a dodgy civilian, skirting the rules, getting away with murder because of her father's friends... Oh, and her looks, did you see...? Decker. Decker. He might have added a nudge here and there to keep his hand in, and the pot boiling, but that had been mostly to annoy Dan.

At the thought of Dan, a disconcerting sensation began to churn in the pit of his stomach. It was foreign, but a bit like...remorse? No, that wasn't it. Guilt? Impossible. He had rooted out all the useless emotions in the centuries that he'd spent in the bowels of Hell, perfecting the arts of torture and torment.

But his sense of unease grew, swelling as he came closer to the penthouse floor. A thousand butterflies were fluttering in his gut, and he had backed into a corner of the car.

Was this what humans meant by panic?

Oh, Hell no! He was Lucifer Morningstar, First of the legions of Heaven, Lord of Hell and a successful LA business man, complete with a high-priced therapist.

He clicked the elevator key stopped the car. After some deep breathing, and when he was sure that butterflies weren't going to come flying out of his mouth, he took out his phone and called Dr. Martin's number.

He heard it ringing.

"Pick it up. Pick it up!"

You have reached the office of Dr. Linda Martin. If this is a true emergency...

Crap!

"Yes, Linda! This is a true emergency! Call me as soon as you get my message!"

He shoved the phone back in his pocket. Damn you Linda, and your '*Relationships are frightening; they can change you!*'

Angels don't change, neither do demons, and neither do I.

At least anger did for the butterflies. And speaking of demons, if he had known where Maze had gotten to, he would have ordered her to organize an impromptu orgy. A good orgy always made him feel better.

With that thought, a picture of Dan, as he'd left him—bundled in a black robe, chained at the ankle—appeared in Lucifer's mind's eye.

He was going to tell Amenadiel to get lost and then have his wicked, wicked way with Dan for the rest of what was left of the night. And probably several times tomorrow before letting him get dressed.

He released the elevator. It came to a gentle stop at its home base, his penthouse.

Lucifer picked up the bag. As the door slid open, he took took a step over the threshold and was mugged. Not physically, but it felt as if he'd been punched by the foul stench that greeted him. It was true that he'd left the place smelling a little funky—nothing wrong with the smell of good sex—but this reeking was a gross mélange of beer, reefer, tomato sauce, and stale gym shorts. It was almost tangible, and his reaction was purely visceral. He kept the butterflies down but it was near thing.

After a minute, he set the bag down and took a look around the flat.

The television was on, but the sound was muted. Every flat surface was littered with beer bottles, paper plated and napkins. For the umpteenth time Lucifer remembered it was Maze who scheduled the cleaners.

Amenadiel and Dan were at the bar, sitting across from each other. And at the end, perched on a stool between them was a kid in a red Pizza City vest who looked vaguely familiar.

Not one of them said a thing. All three were hunched intently over a different electronic device, touching keys or poking a screen Amenadiel was concentrating on Lucifer's laptop,

Dan had Amenadiel's phone, and it looked like the delivery guy was using his own iPad from work.

"What's going on here?" Lucifer said.

And was ignored.

"Who's going to clean up this mess?"

The question had the same effect. Dan gave a sort of shrug, but it was more as if he were shrugging off a mosquito than responding to Lucifer's question.

"Oi! Anyone Home? I said—"

Amenadiel had the temerity to raise his finger. "Just a sec, Luci!" he said.

Without even looking around.

"Are you shushing me?!"

"We're almost finished!"

"You can't shush me! This is my apartment! I'm the devil!"

"Then you gotta come see the tatas on this bitch!" said the kid in the red vest.

Since he was the most offensive of the stink, Lucifer let all his rage and power boil up inside him. Before he could cleanse the place with fire, though, Dan gave a shout.

"Five thousand," he crowed. "I win!"

"No fair!" Amenadiel looked disgusted. "Luci interrupted."

"Snooze, you lose." Dan performed a seated victory dance. "'Pay me," he sang, "Pay my money down! Pay me, or go to jail..."

The kid threw his iPad down, grouching, "Stupid touch screens!"

"Enough!" Lucifer roared.

He stalked into the living room—noting a little pipe, and associated mess—and got himself under control; it would be extremely inconvenient, right now, if he had to hire a decorator.

"What's going on here?"

He circled toward the bar.

He had their attention, although, Amenadiel's expression, said *Put it to bed Your Infernal Majesty*. He had enough sense not say what he was thinking out loud.

The kid didn't.

He said, "When do the girls get here?"

"Would you like to spend eternity as a pillar of salt?" Lucifer said. "Because I can make it happen."

"Huh?" said the kid.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Robbie."

"What are you doing here."

"I brought the pizzas. And then Manny and Dan needed a hand managing their group."

"Why do you look familiar!"

"It was me delivered the pizzas for your last orgy? Remember? I thought you were having another one."

Lucifer remembered.

"Oh. Okay. Clearly, I need to question more of my decisions. Listen to me Robbie. Your wet dreams are not coming true tonight. Get out of here. Get out fast, or your next job is going to be working in a French fry shaker at McDonalds. And I do mean in it."

Miming the sprinkling of copious amounts of salt, Lucifer advanced on Robbie.

The kid wasn't sure what he meant, but he could recognize a bona fide threat when he heard one.

Vacating his stool backwards, he had trouble shoving the iPad into one of the kangaroo pockets in his vest. But that was when he remembered what his real purpose was in being there.

"Wait!" He held the iPad out, like a cross in front of a vampire.

"What now?"

"Someone's got to sign for the pies!"

"Amenadiel!" Lucifer said. "Pay the man."

"I thought we were putting them on Lux's account."

"I only authorized a movie!"

"Then who's paying?"

Amenadiel turned to Dan. "You told me...!"

Dan tried to look innocent, but his jaw cracking yawn spoiled the effort.

“Somebody has to sign this.” Given an improbable future as sodium chloride or losing his job, Robbie was standing pat, even if his voice did tend to quiver. “I can take cash.”

“Amenadiel,” Lucifer said. “It’s getting late.”

With a grace that ill-became an archangel, Amenadiel dug out his wallet and began counting bills. When he hesitated, Dan said, “Don’t forget to tip generously.” Amenadiel gave him a dirty look, and dropped two more bills on the pile. “Is that enough?”

“Thank you for calling Pizza City,” Robbie said, grabbing the money.

He made for the elevator as if the hounds of Hell were after him. Unfortunately, Chloe’s bag was there in the shadows. He tripped over it, and body-slammed half-inside and half outside of the elevator. He screamed as the door tried to bisect him. The door jerked back and forth several times before it opened all the way and let the whimpering Robbie scramble inside. Then it slammed shut, and he was gone.

“Luci,” Amenadiel said, “that wasn’t nice.”

“Nice is not one of the ingredients on the label.”

“Then that’s not normal behavior for an elevator,” mused Dan.

“I had Maze program it,” Lucifer said.

Lucifer found the bottle of Last Drop under the counter. It wasn’t completely empty. He poured a glass and sat down. The seat was still unpleasantly warm from Robbie’s ass. “I take it you two have been making lots of friends,” he said.

“That’s what you told us to do.” Amenadiel put his wallet away. He turned the laptop screen so that Lucifer could see it. “There were close to a thousand requests before you left. Then people started posting links and all hell broke loose, so to speak. They’re still coming—requests, messages, pictures, and I don’t know what...”

Amenadiel turned the laptop back around, and adjusted the angle of the screen. Something caught his eye. He stared, and then murmured, “I didn’t know that was physically possible.”

“Right,” said Lucifer.

Amenadiel realized what he was doing. He slammed the lid and shoved the laptop in Lucifer’s direction. “Take it! I do not see how friending every wing-fetish-weirdo on the internet going to help us find Mom, but you have five thousand of them on your Facebook account.”

“I suppose I should thank you” Lucifer said.

“I don't expect you to.”

“Even after we got a system for sorting out the sex bots, we couldn’t have done it without Robbie. Speaking of which...” Dan held the phone that he’d been working with out to Amenadiel. “I’ll take my hundred now.”

Amenadiel produced his wallet again, and with the air of an early Christian martyr, extracted five more bills and handed them to Dan.

“Better change your passwords,” Dan said.

“You’re welcome,” Amenadiel said.

“At least, the two of you seemed to rub along,” Lucifer said.

“Don’t say that.” Amenadiel looked disgusted.

“I do thank you, brother,” Lucifer said. “Now, why don’t you go home and get some rest. We’ll start fresh in the morning.”

“That’s the best idea I’ve heard all day,” Dan said. The robe slipped off his shoulders.

“Not you,” Lucifer said

Dan scowled and mouthed the words *Bite me!* at him. He kicked the foot rail and the chain on his ankle rattled loudly.

Amenadiel, unrestrained, retrieved his coat from the back of the couch. He paused putting it on, and glanced at Dan, and then at Lucifer. “Luci, I know you’ve got a lot on your mind, but I’m glad you’re thinking of questioning some of your...decisions.”

“You’ll be the first to know if that ever happens,” Lucifer said. “I’ll text you, if there’s any news.”

Amenadiel looked as if he would have liked to have said something else, but he just said, “Good night, then.”

As the elevator closed behind Amenadiel, Dan said, “Can you really turn someone into a pillar of salt?”

“Yes.” Lucifer tossed back the last of the whiskey. “I haven’t done it in a while, but it’s like riding a bike.”

He set the glass down, harder than he intended to. Much harder. It slid across the polished marble, sideswiped a pizza box, and rocked to a stop in gradually slowing circles.

“Rough night?” Dan said, with obviously spurious sympathy.

“Oh, Mary, don’t ask.” Lucifer said. “Anything new with you? Any new prophecies, predictions or insights?”

“Nada,” Dan said. “Wait! I take that back. Your brother has a broomstick up his ass.”

“Old news. Amenadiel believes in obedience and self-sacrifice to the exclusion of everything else,” Lucifer said. “He is incorruptible and un-seducible.

“Yeah. I found out,” Dan said.

“Except Maze,” Lucifer added. “That’s recent.”

With the burden of Robbie gone, the air handling equipment was getting on top of its job and Lucifer found the idea of pizza not nearly so revolting. There were boxes near. He lifted the lid. It was empty. So were the other two that he checked. “Is there any left?”

“You could try the meat lover’s special,” Dan said

Lucifer stared at him.

Dan was staring at the silent television screen. It was a 'Big Bang Theory' rerun.

The robe had fallen from his shoulders, and he hadn’t bothered to adjust it. Except for two russet spots on his cheeks, he was pale with exhaustion. But Lucifer could detect the scent of his arousal, and there was a note in his voice that made the words as plain an invitation as Lucifer was ever going to receive from him.

He leaned closer and Dan turned to him. As their lips touched a powerful current of electricity shot up the inside of Lucifer’s thighs, triggering a wave of heat, that made the muscles in his ass throb.

The gentle kiss progressed to rougher caresses, and then to speculative nibbling and questing tongues. And then Dan inhaled his tongue and began to suck it hard. Lucifer was caught by surprise but there was no doubt about what he wanted.

What Lucifer wanted was to sheathe himself to the hilt in Dan’s ass and feel the drumming of Dan’s heels on his back.

At that moment, he would have scooped Dan up in his arms, dropped him on the cool marble, and climbed on top of him. Never mind the boxes and bottles, and the whole mess! The two of them could have been fucking in the middle it, except for the cuff on Dan’s ankle, and the key in Lucifer’s back pocket.

He came off the stool, managing to keep their mouths sealed until, after a little fumbling, he found the key.

It should have been easy after that. Untie the sash. Get Dan naked. Unlock the cuff.

Except that there was so much skin to touch on the way down, and Lucifer kept surrendering to an urge to press lingering kisses randomly on Dan’s forehead, neck, shoulder and chest. Dan was dragging the process out, too, as tried to get Lucifer’s shirt and trousers undone, both at the same time.

Eventually, the robe hung like a painter’s drape around the stool and Dan sat with his thighs spread. His cock, too proud to beg, bobbed and bowed with its moist head gleaming in the

amber light.

Lucifer would have gone down on his knees then, except that Dan succeeded in getting his shirt open, grappled them together with his free leg and applied the considerable pressure that his mouth was capable to Lucifer's left nipple. Lucifer gasped, arching, and threw his head back and saw, out of the corner of his eye, the program on the television screen change to a public service announcement.

He clapped a hand on the back of Dan's head, urging him to suck harder. With the other hand, he caught up one of Dan's that was working on his zipper, and applied it the other nipple. He showed the fingers how to tease and twist, and spin a cord that seemed to run between them.

He pushed his nose into Dan's hair, and held on to him until the image on the television screen changed. By then, Dan had stopped trying to free Lucifer's cock. He was sucking harder at Lucifer's breast, urgently, as if he were starving. Lucifer finished the job for him, pulled him from the stool, pushed him to his knees, and fed him the nourishment he needed.

Yesterday, he had informed Dan that tumescence was his constant state, and orgasm was a spiritual condition.

On and on, the endless light flowed through him, until Lucifer felt the splashing on his feet, and a glorious musk perfumed the air.

He was exalted, and after the first climax, he allowed Dan to hold him in his mouth, letting him lick and suck. The sensation stimulated him to further spurts of pleasure; Dan's tongue probing the tender eye of his cock for the was the most exquisite torment.

Dan, being human, had to give up eventually. He melted on the floor at Lucifer's feet. Lucifer sank down beside him.

"That's what I call the correct way to worship!"

They were both laughing and panting.

"Oh, my God!" Dan said.

"There's no need to bring Him into this!"

"Give me an hour and I'll suck you dry through a flavor straw."

"In your dreams."

"Don't make any mistakes. I still hate you." Neither of them seemed to be aware that their shoulders were touching. "I just need to sit on something that isn't made of wood. I'd stay here but the tile is not an improvement." The chain on his ankle rattled. "Jus' wanna lie down on a bed..."

"Oh. There's something I have to tell you."

"You lost the key, didn't you?"

“I had it in my hand! I was standing right there, and you were...”

“I know what I was doing!”

Lucifer felt the touch of Dan’s shoulder withdraw from his as he started to feel around on the floor.

“Got it!”

“See! I knew it had to be here somewhere!”

“Right. Some detective.” There was a click. The cuff and chain rattled on the tile. “Help me up!”

“You don’t have to be so smug. I’m still learning the ropes.” Lucifer helped Dan up. Outside it was growing lighter, but the ribbon under Fox 11’s Weather map said they could expect an overcast day. “By the way, have you seen the remote?”

Finis

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