

## **In Dan's Hands (fic)**

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# **In Dan's Hands (fic)**

by [ARTofOTK](#)

## Summary

My first spanking fic! A tag to S3E14: "All About Her", so I'd recommend watching that episode before reading this. I was inspired by the split-second scene in which Dan gives Lucifer a playful smack... In my story, this leads to Lucifer asking Dan to take him in hand. And he gets what he wants, of course. Red is such a good colour on the Devil, after all! ;)

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

***You may recognize several lines of dialogue transcribed directly from the episode... so, disclaiming those! And the characters don't belong to me either. Just playing with them! ♥***

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Lucifer and Chloe headed to the little room where the murder suspect was being held for interrogation, the latter explaining what would be needed to get a conviction.

"Well, whatever you need, Detective," Lucifer spoke sweetly. "I am solely here for you."

Stopping before the entrance, Chloe turned to Lucifer and said, "Look, I know what you're doing."



So she'd been noticing his efforts - success! He gave a sly grin, replying, "Being the most selfless devil you ever met?"

This made Chloe shake her head, and she returned an insincere smile while saying, "You're only helping me so that I help you back, which is actually *worse* than not helping me at all. So thanks, but no thanks."

Worse? She clearly wasn't seeing sense! "But, Detective... Surely you can appreciate a benevolent gesture."

"Save it, Lucifer! I know this case doesn't matter to you." She began focusing her attention elsewhere and Lucifer floundered for his next response.

"That's not – "

Lucifer was interrupted by a sharp smack against his arse. He flinched but resisted a yelp, remaining speechless as a smug Daniel Espinoza continued past him with the complicit clipboard in hand. It looked deceitfully flimsy because that had *stung*! Lucifer could only stare in surprise as Dan and Chloe entered the interrogation room and shut him out. Rude... He didn't deserve such treatment from the ex-couple! They'd practically put him in timeout - after a humiliating lecture, no less! Well he'd just wait here like a good little boy then!

He settled back against a nearby desk, huffing, then pressed a hand over his left buttock. The lingering pain beneath his trousers was confusing. He'd had some rather kinky partners before and was able to handle heavy strokes from things like whips, canes and floggers. In fact, he was known in the local BDSM community to have an incredible tolerance for pain!

This made him a desirable sub when he wasn't choosing to dom during a scene. In any case, whatever was meted out on his arse only ever satisfied the definition of "love taps" in his mind. He never personally understood how a human spanking could be a proper punishment... until now! But why did Dan – *oh!* The *detective!*

With Chloe so near, of course he'd been rendered mortal and thus susceptible to physical injuries. Apparently, that included spans. Lucifer pouted at this realization. He had to rethink ever inviting her to his kinky parties now.

He left this worry behind when the double-doors to the interrogation room re-opened. Chloe ignored him and stomped away, but he caught Dan's attention easily enough by saying, "Ah, Detective Douche!" - which he quickly rescinded with hands up to placate.



"Daniel! Sorry, sorry, old habit. I think it's because I'm distressed... and I need your advice. Oh, and an apology from you as well!" The pain from the smack was gone by now but the memory of it remained an irritant. And after Dan had turned to face him, Lucifer couldn't help but notice how well-muscled the other man was through his shirt. No wonder his arm could pack a swing! He ought to be more careful about hitting his colleagues in jest, so it was only right to call him out.

Dan's brow crinkled in confusion. "Apology? For what?"

"For hitting me! With – with that!" Lucifer pointed at the clipboard like it should be put under arrest.

"Oh, are you serious? That hurt you?" Dan had the gall to laugh.

Lucifer raised his chin. "Yes, quite! I ought to report you for assault!"

"Geez, didn't know you had such a low pain tolerance. Good thing you weren't on my high school football team 'cause my coach's ass slaps would've benched you! Anyway, okay, sorry man, I won't *spank* you again." Amusement was clear across Dan's features but Lucifer decided to move on to his initial line of questioning.

"Apology accepted. Now, as for your advice - I've managed to somehow offend the detective and I'm not sure how to get our partnership to, uh... *bounce back*, so to speak."

"Well, did you tell her you're sorry?"

Lucifer scoffed, "Why should I apologize? All I've done is diligently help her with a case! She should appreciate my time, and it would just make sense for her to return the favour, wouldn't you agree?"

Dan shook his head before replying, "Chloe's not ungrateful for your help, she just doesn't appreciate the reason why you helped her. Along with betraying her trust earlier, you should be sorry for being selfish and manipulating her to benefit yourself. She doesn't deserve that... but she also doesn't deserve a fake apology either. That's all I think you could give her, so I

don't know if she'd ever accept it. From what I'm hearing - and from personal experience - it's like you're unable to show any genuine remorse for being an asshole."

One word captured Lucifer's attention. "Remorse? Well, the remorse I've seen usually comes from those who've been severely punished... Does the detective wants to see me in pain?"

"What? No! Of course she doesn't want you to get hurt..."

Lucifer didn't seem to be listening properly. "Yes, yes! Why not use her ability to hurt me to some advantage? Hm... but how to go about this? I doubt she'd want to break my skin, after her reaction to my back... so Maze's tools would be questionable. No blood, just pain... A-ha! dear Daniel, you've given me an idea!

"I have?" Dan asked trepidly.

Lucifer continued, "You've proven it hurts well enough, so she could spank me! She can do it tonight. I'll take a sufficient dose of smacks, enough that she'll believe I've made up for whatever she's mad at me about! Excellent! It'll be worth having to react to pain like a human for a few minutes to stop all this nonsense."

Dan couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Lucifer, stop! You sound crazy! I know Chloe would refuse to hurt you in any way, even if you deserve it... Besides, she'll probably think you just wanna get off on something like this. Bad idea!" He paused to consider something else Lucifer had said, then added, "And that's not how a spanking works, dude. The person being punished isn't making it up to anyone. By showing remorse, that means they've learned their lesson... and they're forgiven."

Lucifer's grin dwindled to a frown. "Well that's not my idea of punishment. No one is *forgiven* in Hell... Anyway, I'm afraid you're probably right about the detective. I've suggested a playtime spanking once or twice to her, so she might very well be suspicious of my offer." Then the dark eyes lit up. "Ohhh, hold on! I was wrong earlier! The detective doesn't have to do the deed, she just has to be near me! Voyeurism has its charm. She can just watch someone *else* give me a spanking - but who? She'd have to be rather comfortable with them, I suppose..." Lucifer's gaze darted to Dan's hands with a glimmer of determination.

"No, Lucifer, I'm *not* gonna spank you!"



"Why not? You had no issue with hitting me earlier, and you definitely think I deserve to be punished in some way. Do you actually need my encouragement? Well, you have my permission to try and squeeze out - or beat out, rather - this feeling of remorse you say I lack. It'll benefit everyone if I can work with the detective again. So, let's say I invite you and Detective Decker over to my penthouse after work and we can get comfortable. I've got all the toys you need, and some rather innovative furniture to put my devilish *derrière* on display. Would you prefer - "

"Shut up, Lucifer! Geez, it really sounds like no one ever spanked you growing up - which might explain a lot. Whenever my Pop spanked me, all he needed was a chair and his hand.

Plus a belt or switch when I really asked for it... Oh Hell, why am I even talking about this? No one's gonna spank anyone, and... I'm gonna get back to work now, okay? I hate to say it, but don't ask me for any more advice." With that, Lucifer was left alone again, still without a solid plan to get Chloe and him back to being partners. What a waste of time! Lucifer should've walked away the moment Dan suggested an apology. Well, he'll worry about the detective later. There was still the matter of Cain to deal with...

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***Time-skip here! The following is set after the end of the episode, so a lot has happened since the scene I based my previous part on. Again, being familiar with the episode is recommended, but... y'all can go ahead and enjoy the spanking bit! ;)***

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After making the deal with Cain - or Pierce, as he ought to continue calling him - Lucifer drove straight to LUX and went up to his penthouse alone. He was not in the mood for company, he decided, and began stripping off his clothes for a shower. Though pleased he had managed to convince Pierce not to leave (until they found a way to kill him, of course), Lucifer was troubled by his revelation at the beach. So, his fellow immortal was *not* to blame for his regrown wings or absent devil-face. He believed now that God only wanted to thwart Cain's convoluted suicide attempt. Instead of using Cain to sabotage Lucifer, it had been the other way around.

As Lucifer stood under the spray of hot water, he hesitantly tried putting how he felt into words. One of Linda's suggestions for whenever he was being... emotional.

Used. Exploited! Disappointed... Well, what was he disappointed for? Was it because dear old *Dad* had regressed Lucifer's appearance as a means to an end? That it wasn't anything personal between them? If he was really honest to himself, a tiny part of him (whatever remained of his soul, perhaps) had wondered whether what happened to him in the desert was some sort of sign... that he no longer had to return to Hell, that he was welcome back at Silver City! A spike of hope had risen in for something he hadn't known he yearned for... *forgiveness*... but to admit that would be to confess he'd done wrong all those eons ago - and he would never! Still, Lucifer couldn't help but feel some heavy burden being lifted at the idea of his Father finally deeming his punishment over and not hating him so much as to banish him for eternity. However, no message or messenger had come to confirm and instruct. He remained in the dark where his hope wilted and died, turning over to more negative theories.

How pathetic he'd been, exerting himself to find out exactly why he'd been changed. Evidently, this was all about Cain, one of the earliest human creations. The Almighty couldn't care less about His fallen angel son. The irony of it was sorely appreciated. Now that Lucifer could fly again, he felt lower to the dirt than ever.

Lucifer snarled and resisted the urge to bang his fists against the shower wall. Broken tiles were difficult to clean up. Instead, he shut off the cooling water and quickly towelled himself dry before donning his favourite silk robe. Exiting the bathroom, he headed in the direction of the Steinway Grand instead of his bed. He'd rather distract his mind with music than lose it in even more depressing thoughts, thank you very much!

Later into the night, Lucifer was so focused on the melancholic tune he'd begun composing that he didn't notice the ding of the elevator doors opening until the expected guest addressed him.

"Lucifer! We need to talk, man... Are you even sorry for what happened at the beach today? I can't believe you distracted Pierce in the stakeout van when my ass was on the line like that!"

Dan's presence did little to improve Lucifer's dour mood, and he didn't even bother to stop playing to reply, "Oh, yes, I heard about your little tussle on the sand. With some surfer gal, was it? Why should I be sorry? Shouldn't you be grateful? I'd wager it was the most action you've had in recent memory..."

It was a mixture of surprise, curiosity, and accustomed fearlessness that stopped Lucifer from fighting back when Dan got close and gripped the back of his neck. He was pulled up from his seat and shoved forward so that his body bent at the waist, and he couldn't help but try to regain balance by throwing his hands down onto the keys. The resulting loud and dissonant notes were jarring enough that he immediately raised his hands to his sides, making him fall the rest of the way. As soon as Lucifer's chest hit the polished top of the piano, his arms were tugged behind his back and he felt cool metal circle his wrists. Dan had actually handcuffed him! Like some petty criminal over the hood of a cruiser!

"My my, Daniel! I should have guessed you had a frisky side. Do you intend to arrest me? Go on, pat me down... though if you feel something long and hard, fear not! It's only my -" Before he could finish, the other man gripped his upper arms and spun him around to lock eyes. The look he gave made Lucifer hold his tongue, and he suddenly felt like he used to whenever Amenadiel came to admonish him and drag him back to Hell. Younger, smaller, vulnerable...

"I'm not going to arrest you," In yet another flash of movement, Dan kicked the piano chair back a couple feet, sat down on its cushioned seat, and then pulled Lucifer down and over his lap. "but I *am* going to spank you."

Dan's thick thighs were spread to provide a sturdy support, but Lucifer was so tall that his knees were bent at almost a right angle and his shoulders hung down with his head. If his arms had been free, it would've been little effort to push himself off of Dan. As it were, the handcuffs were an effective measure against escaping from this embarrassing position without using his supernatural strength. Lucifer was unusually flustered and couldn't help but declare the obvious, "You *dare* threaten to punish me?"

"You've earned it, and I have your permission, remember? This isn't for the original reason you wanted to be punished for, I know... but you definitely have the same problem that needs to be dealt with – a lack of remorse. Now, you gonna let me try and teach you a lesson? Or do you want another friend to give you the cold shoulder? 'cause I'm really pissed, Lucifer! I don't know if I can work with you again if this is your attitude about putting me in danger."

Lucifer's first instinct was to tell Dan to *piss off*! The man could stay as far away from him as possible after this ridiculousness, and why would he care? They weren't friends... were they?

Well, he couldn't ignore how their relationship had grown over the few years - despite some rough patches, there'd been fun and cooperative times. Plus he had to respect Dan for how he continued to treat himself and Chloe without any ill-intent. Not many ex-husbands would be so genuinely cordial in a similar situation. Lucifer had been making an effort to show some appreciation, he admitted. The name-calling had stopped (mostly) so it was apparent that he cared for Dan's feelings. Perhaps it would be another good step to show he was willing to be taken in hand for making Dan so upset. *Right?*

NO! He shook his head at the granite floor. The more he thought about it, the more silly he felt in this position. Couldn't they discuss this as adults? Proper, upright adults. He would promise not to eat Dan's pudding for a month... that would surely be a decent show of remorse! At the thought of this ongoing prank, Lucifer actually let out a chuckle.

Dan sighed from above. "You're laughing, seriously? You must think our friendship's a joke, huh? You know, I was thinking all your immature antics are just a clever charade you do, to help make people underestimate you or disclose things... but if you're not smart enough to accept that you lack discipline and a sense of consequence, then you've proven to me that you really are just an overgrown kid! Not just a kid - a senseless brat!"

Lucifer steamed under the demeaning lecture. If only Dan knew just how ancient he was... Well, he would show him a hint of his power. Without Chloe around, his arse would be safe from harm even if it was whacked away at all night! The only sore body part to come from this spanking would be Dan's arm! Looking forward to the other man's frustration, Lucifer smirked to himself and said, as cheekily as he could, "Okay, Detective *Douche*... Do your WORST!"

TBC

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the cliffhanger right before the action! Originally meant to do a single chapter, but I'm having trouble finishing the rest... so I thought I'd split this in two and see if others' feedback might help. I draw more than I write, so constructive feedback is appreciated! No beta, though I try to be careful... any typos, let me know. Um, I'm curious if the screencaps are nice or - distracting? There MIGHT be new art from me for the next part anyway.

I'd written most of this before remembering that Chloe spanked Lucifer in an earlier ep, but let's... pretend that didn't happen, eh? Also, I think I'm doing more "set-up" than necessary, but I really wanted to tie in the scene that inspired me, when Dan smacked Lucifer in the episode... and I decided to challenge myself with some plot. But, yes, straight to the spanking in the next chapter! Anyone have ideas for what's to happen? ;)



## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Lucifer gets what he asks for...

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dan lay down two forceful blows in reply to the childish taunt, one on each cheek. Lucifer gasped, wide-eyed. Those slaps were actually... *painful!*? He let out an involuntary whimper before getting over his shock enough to speak.

“W-wait, Dan! Stop! This is *not* supposed to -”

“Nuh-uh, Lucifer! You asked for this, so I’m gonna give it!” And his palm carried on. The thin layer of Lucifer's robe did little to quell the blossoming burn.

“But - OW! You don’t understand! It - it *hurts!*” Lucifer tried not to acknowledge how shrill his voice sounded. He moved to cover his arse with his cuffed hands but Dan had a good grasp of the connecting chain, pulling just enough so that Lucifer’s long fingers couldn’t reach past the small of his back.

“It’s *supposed* to hurt! What did you expect?”

The unexpected pain made it hard to gather his thoughts at first, but then Lucifer had a moment of clarity that made his stomach drop. *Oh! Oh no...* “C-Chloe! She’s here, isn’t she!” he exclaimed, wriggling side to side. Dan paused, spanking hand stopping its assault to grab Lucifer’s right hip and hold him tight.

“Oh, yeah, how’d you guess she was down in your club? She asked me to drop her off here after that sting at the murder scene. I think all that prop champagne from your undercover act led her to schedule a girls’ night with Linda.” Dan chuckled.

Lucifer huffed in response. “I don’t care *why* she’s here! Just make her LEAVE!”

Then a strike landed on the side of his right thigh, producing an awful sting. Lucifer groaned.

“Hey, watch the tone, okay?” Dan warned.

Sounding somewhat subdued, Lucifer tried again, “She – she can’t be here. Please, I don’t want her to...”

Dan softened and actually gave the sore spot on Lucifer's thigh a rub. "Are you afraid she'll come up and see? Don't worry, I told her I wanted to talk privately with you, and I think she's a little peeved that you ditched her right after the arrest... though she said you two made up about the Sinnerman thing. Anyway, she told me to tell you to be ready for work on Monday, so I'm sure she's planning to stick downstairs. We can keep this between us, okay? I won't tell Chloe unless you want her to know."

Lucifer realized that Dan had come to the only logical conclusion as to why he'd want the detective to go away. The truth would sound ridiculous - and even if Dan could miraculously believe that her proximity was the only reason this punishment was painful, then it would reveal Lucifer's scheme! In all likelihood, Dan would want Chloe to *stay*! So, his unnatural secret might as well remain safe from the man whose lap he was over. The same couldn't be said for his arse...

He would have to take a spanking like a *human*.

Dan seemed to sense Lucifer's acceptance of the situation and shifted to raise his hand. Lucifer told himself not to panic. Immortal or not - he could handle a punishment meant for *children*!

The spanking started again and there was a pattern to it. Left cheek, right cheek, then across the middle. Over and over, again and again... Lucifer managed to grit his teeth in silence for about a minute of this, but then the back of his throat produced a low keening sound. This seemed to be a cue for Dan to open his mouth again.

"Go on, Lucifer, just let it out. I'm not expecting you to keep quiet. I always got to hollering in your position." Dan's palm was landing more randomly now, maybe because he was concentrating on speaking. The unpredictable strikes were harder to handle, fueling Lucifer's frustration. When Dan asked, "Why don't you tell me why you deserve this punishment? Do you understand why I'm upset with you?" Lucifer couldn't help but react with spite.

"You're upset because you got beat up by a *girl*! Now you're just taking it out on me!" Along with this, Lucifer began kicking his legs out as hard as he could, not caring how pathetic it looked. Dan struggled to hold the taller man in place.

"Dude, quit that!"

When the flailing continued, he spread his legs so that Lucifer's longer ones could be shifted in between them. Then he hooked his right leg behind Lucifer's thighs, clamping them still. The lithe body was forced into an even more acute angle, practically jack-knifed over Dan's left thigh. Lucifer could only drum his feet against the floor now and his raven hair nearly grazed the floor. That his robe had maintained its cover was a surprise, though he still felt more exposed with the lower part of cheeks presenting a better target. He was definitely less comfortable without the support of Dan's entire lap.

Lucifer stopped struggling and then, deciding on some levity, quipped, "Well, you told me to let it out..." He immediately cringed at his own words.

Dan realized his leg hold was a success and said, breathing a bit heavily, “You’re *really* testing me, Lucifer. If you’re not ready to have a serious conversation, I can wait.” He smoothed out the wrinkled silk over Lucifer’s angled bottom before adding, “Let me show you how patient I can be.” With that, he began directing a set of searing swats to Lucifer’s sit-spots. They rained down rapidly.

“Ooh... ow, OWWW! Ah... AHH! Guh... HNGHH!” Lucifer was making all kinds of noises now and was horrified to feel heat building behind his eyes. Pitiful - he would not *cry* like a chastened child! Screw it... he *had* to use some of his super strength just to preserve a bit of dignity.

So, Lucifer tensed his arms, took a deep breath, then jerked his wrists apart as hard as he could! But, instead of the chain breaking, the metal just bit into his skin with bruising force. Lucifer didn’t want to believe it, that Chloe’s downstairs presence may have reduced his strength... So he tried yanking a second time, then a third, a fourth - each failure bringing him closer to tears. Nothing was going to plan!

“*Damn* it, stop fighting, Lucifer! You’re hurting yourself!” and Dan paused the spanking for a second time, tugging Lucifer’s robe up over the mound of his rear. The fabric pooled at his lower back which was damp with sweat.

“So the man *beating* me is concerned I’m hurting myself? Are you insane?” Lucifer shot over his shoulder, simultaneously clenching his freshly bared cheeks as he anticipated the extra sting they would permit. But Dan, remaining silent, began to carefully slip the loose material of his robe into the spaces between the cuffs and reddened skin. He was wrapping Lucifer’s wrists.

It was perplexing to feel he was both being punished... and protected. A sinner couldn’t have both. Lucifer didn’t want to admit that he was touched. This extra emotion triggered the first tear to fall. What a weak and weepy mortal he’d been reduced to, now half-naked for Dan to see! He felt his ears redden, perhaps matching the glowing state of his posterior.

Lucifer wasn’t one to be bothered by nudity, but he was used to having his body worshipped and pleased in such a context. This certainly wasn’t one of those situations... Instead, he was being spanked like an errant schoolboy! It was downright shameful! Ignoring all the alarm bells that went off in his head, he decided to try and embarrass the other man in return. “Oh, dear me, *Mister* Detective... I didn’t know you just wanted a good look at my bum!”

“Lucifer... don’t.” And Dan delivered his first strike on unprotected skin, making a white hand print appear briefly against the pink. Lucifer tensed and hissed, but then carried on. “Mmm, oh *yesss*... Cop a feel, why don’t you?” And he clenched his cheeks again, awaiting Dan’s wide palm, but he just heard an exasperated sigh from above.

“You’re calling me a perv for touching your naked ass? Well *gee*, why don’t I make you more comfortable? I guess you’d prefer I use something other than my hand!” Then, there was a tell-tale clink and rustle and Lucifer felt a chill go up his spine. He twisted his torso just enough to glimpse Dan folding his belt in his hand. The leather looked thick and heavy.

The word REGRET violently crossed Lucifer's mind, prompting him to shout, "LET ME GO!" He attempted to sound fearsome, but nailed fearful.

"When will you understand that you're making this punishment harder than it has to be? Just - start *thinking*, okay? You gotta understand that actions have consequences. I hadn't planned on it before you decided that it was good time to be an asshole, but now I'm gonna give you a taste of this." He rested his doubled-up belt across Lucifer's arse, a strip of coolness against the horrid heat. "While you're feeling it, remember that." The leather was raised, then - *CRACK!*

It took brief moment for the pain to register from the impact, and then it was like a line of fire had ignited on his skin. It was agony!

"Alright, Lucifer, let me help you out by explaining why you're being punished. You just listen, and take what's coming." Dan started near the top of Lucifer's quivering cheeks and the belt made its way to his sensitive sit-spots. Then back from the top, down his whole arse again. The belt was swung in a steady rhythm, like a metronome of misery. Another round of these well-directed strikes began as he spoke over Lucifer's crescendo of yelps.

"You interrupted a crime scene! Pierce told me it had nothing to do with the case so you had no excuse to be in the van. You've been in enough stings to know that those handling it have to stay focused or *mistakes will happen!*" Dan emphasized these three words by breaking the pattern and landing three strikes in the exact same spot.

Lucifer arched his back, abdominal muscles straining, and gasped out, "B-but I didn't intend for you to be in danger! I - I didn't think..."

"Exactly! You don't *think!* At least about anything - *anyone* other than yourself!" Every second of this lecture was accompanied by a swift slap of leather. "You like to act on whatever might benefit - or *entertain* - you the most, and you don't give a *shit* about how others might be affected. When your decisions hurt others... When your *mistakes* hurt people - like your *friends* - tell me, what should you do?" The belt stopped, allowing Lucifer to take a deep, hitching breath. He realized his face was wet with tears, and he also realized that Dan was actually waiting for an answer.

"Umm?" was all he could manage, any eloquence extinguished by the pain.

"It's an easy answer, Lucifer! You give a genuine APOLOGY! Show some goddamn remorse! I believe what you said, that you never meant to put me in danger. I *know* you didn't... but what really upset me was how you responded when Chloe explained how no one responded to my safe-word. She told me you laughed! You *fucking* laughed about risking my life, and then - *then* you said it would make a good bedtime story for Trixie! Do you actually want my daughter to hear about me getting hurt on the job? She already has nightmares about Chloe being shot..."

What Dan said about Trixie pained Lucifer in a different way from the throbbing of his arse, making him feel awful inside and out. He regretted his suggestion, feeling sick about it now. He'd also dreamt of Chloe being shot... by the Sinnerman. If Pierce's plan had gone wrong then Lucifer wouldn't have been there to protect her, to save her! She could've been killed...

Like Dan could've been killed. Both their deaths would've been his fault! They were both his friends (how could he say otherwise) and he'd been such an asshole to them.

"Know what? I actually gave you a chance when I came in here. I thought that maybe you were just trying to charm Chloe in some stupid way, but you'd be more serious if I confronted you myself. Man, was I wrong, huh? You don't take responsibility for the consequences of your actions OR understand the concept of remorse. That's why I'm teaching you a lesson."

The belt renewed its onslaught on Lucifer's raw, ruby skin. The first few strikes prompted a loud, wretched sob. Dan seemed to stall for a moment, but then decide the spanking was not over. Again, he lectured along with his swings. "Try to think before you act! Your decisions can affect others! If you do make a mistake and it hurts someone, then take responsibility! The least you can do is admit you messed up and say you're sorry!" The lecture ended there, but Dan's arm didn't deign to rest. The strikes sped up, increasing in force.

Lucifer could not have imagined the level of distress Dan could cause. He could easily believe he was sat on a pile of hot coals! He was sobbing wholeheartedly now and, with his arms restrained, he couldn't wipe the tears, snot, and spit from his face. His eyes were scrunched up, unseeing, but he could envision the mess dripping on the floor. After an unhelpful sniff, he cried out, "Stop, stop, *please*... I'm sorry!"

"What was that?" Dan asked, not letting up.

Lucifer voice was hoarse as he tried to be louder, "I said I'm SORRY!"

"Are you? For real? How do I know you're serious?" The spansks continued.

"I *am*! Please, Dan, I'm so sorry! I'm sorry I made a mistake that hurt you, that put you in danger... and I'm sorry I didn't come to you right after I found out what happened, to apologize. I'm sorry I treated everything like... like a joke! I was rude, and irresponsible, and idiotic, and... and unfit to be your friend! Please, I - I'm truly sorry..." And Lucifer truly was.

He had made so many mistakes that he should have simply shown remorse for. He realized now that the right course of action would have been to apologize for going behind Chloe's back during the Sinnerman case. He could have saved himself a lot of stress if he'd just followed Dan's earlier advice and said SORRY to her! Much like all the pain he would have saved himself if he'd said the same to Dan before tonight.

As Lucifer admitted to his wrongs, a feeling of guilt built in his gut. It was a burdensome emotion, one he often tried to dismiss. Otherwise, Lucifer usually expressed it with some display of anger. This time, however, his guilt sought release through a show of acceptance. He forced his muscles to relax and ceased all wriggling. His body lay limp over Dan's knee, giving the other man complete control. Even his sobs lessened to quiet weeping, barely heard over the ongoing sound of leather making contact with his tenderized flesh. He deserved this punishment. He needed this lesson.

Dan delivered a couple more solid strikes with his belt before saying, "Thank you for your apology, Lucifer. We're almost done..." Then he freed Lucifer's legs from between his thighs

before lifting them to rest over his lap again. Lucifer allowed himself to be moved like a rag-doll. Even when Dan's left hand let go of the cuffs to grip Lucifer's shoulder instead, he wasn't even tempted to go for a rub.

Lucifer's arse was colourfully juxtaposed with the backs of his pale legs. Both cheeks were stained crimson and criss-crossed with visibly raised welts. Dan's next strike landed well away from the marked area, hard against his untouched mid-thighs. Lucifer's volume went back up and he let out a little scream before taking several deep breaths.

Then Dan patted Lucifer's shoulder, belt at bay, and said, "Okay, buddy, I know this punishment has been pretty rough, though you really asked for it. I'm sure you've learned your lesson but – to make sure it's a memorable one - I'm gonna finish by giving you 20 more. Right here, on your thighs."

He gave them a light tap with the belt for emphasis.

Lucifer actually felt faint at this announcement and couldn't help but plead, "Oh no, Dan, please... *Please* don't... I – I don't think I can bear that..." He could feel the sting of the most recent strike over even his flaming arse.

"Let me finish..." Dan responded, "I'll give you a choice. You can take the last 20 with my belt – or with my hand."

Lucifer nearly laughed with relief and immediately decided on the merciful option. "Your hand, please! I'll take your hand!"

"You're gonna stay bare, got it?"

"Yes, yes Dan!"

"You won't make any inappropriate comments?" Dan tapped his belt again in a clear warning.

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"No, no! I won't!" Lucifer cried, "I promise I won't! Please, Dan, just your hand! *Please*..." His voice cracked into a sorrowful sob.

Dan's left hand moved to pet the back of Lucifer's head, blunt nails lightly scratching his scalp. It felt nice, calming him a bit. He said, softly, "Alright, Lucifer... Just my hand now, I promise." And then the belt was audibly dropped to the floor.

Lucifer spotted it and thought that there was never a more pleasant sight. "Thank you, thank you..." he murmured. Then -

SMACK! SMACK! SLAP! SMACK! Left thigh, right thigh, and again. The pace was about that of a ticking clock.

SLAP! SMACK! SLAP! SMACK! (tick-tock-tick-tock)

SMACK! SLAP! SMACK! SMACK! Though it was certainly a reprieve from leather, Dan's palm was quite effective on the more sensitive nerve-endings of his legs.

SLAP! SLAP! SMACK! SMACK! Lucifer wailed throughout the steady blows though he did his best to refrain from wiggling. It helped to focus on the remaining count.

SMACK! Seventeen... SMACK! Eighteen... SMACK! Nineteen... SMACK! And *twenty*.

As soon as the final strike was delivered, Dan fished out his key and uncuffed the crying man. He gently freed Lucifer's hands which were automatically brought forward to wipe at his face, but Lucifer's tears kept flowing as he continued to sob. He also began a chant of "Please, please... Oh, please..." not really understanding what he wanted now that the spanking was over. "Please, I'm sorry... *Please!*"

But Dan understood. He said, "It's okay... It's okay, Lucifer. I forgive you."

There. *Forgiveness*. With it, his guilt for endangering his friends dwindled away and he felt... *lighter*.

Dan's view of the state of Lucifer's arse reminded him of what he'd seen in the mirror after some of the hardest (well-earned) lessons in his youth. He internally winced in sympathy, but being on the delivering side of a spanking made him sympathize with his father as well. Dan had feared he might take too much delight in hurting Lucifer, but the whole ordeal had been extremely difficult to carry through. He dearly hoped that it had been worth it... that his friend's behaviour would improve.

Dan took one last look at the damage and then pulled Lucifer's robe back down to cover him. The light weight of it on his skin was enough to make him gasp and jerk. Gracelessly, Lucifer slid backwards to kneel on the floor on Dan's right side. He avoided sitting on his heels, making room for both hands to finally reach down and rub gingerly at the punished area. It did little to ease the pain and he whined as he hid his face against Dan's right thigh, practically using the denim material like a handkerchief.

Lucifer felt Dan's hand start to rub his back, over his shoulder blades - right where his wings connected. When they were gone, the scars had been painfully sensitive, but now that he had his wings again, Dan's touch was akin to having his feathers preened. Lucifer sighed at the soothing sensation.

In low tones, Dan spoke, "You took that really well, Lucifer."

Lucifer contradicted this with a scoff and said, "It wasn't my proudest performance." He refused to look up, face still pressed to Dan's thigh, but his ears were visibly red again, revealing his embarrassment.

"Hey, man, I'm serious. You showed a lot of strength. I could tell you did your best to stop fighting me... to let me handle you. That was good, *really* good. That's when I knew you understood what you'd done wrong and were learning your lesson. And I meant to be harsh with you, to help you remember it."

“I’ll remember, believe me...” said Lucifer rather ruefully.

Dan chuckled. “You’re a good guy, Lucifer. You can be a real weirdo most of the time, but – and I know this sounds cheesy – but you have a heart. If it weren’t for that, I wouldn’t be letting you anywhere near Chloe or Trixie, believe me!”

“I do,” replied Lucifer, completely sincere. He allowed himself another couple minutes of Dan’s calming massage before lifting his head. Then he took notice of the wet and wrinkled jean-clad thigh, immediately saying, “Oh, I’m sorry about that... I should’ve -”

Dan interjected, sounding fond, “Don’t worry about it. I’m not a Hugo Boss model like you. Besides, did you forget I have a kid? I’m used to getting snot on my clothes.”

Lucifer seemed embarrassed again, but then he jerked his head up to finally look at Dan, surprising him with a glare.

“Do you... spank Trixie?” he asked rather ominously.

“No, no, I don’t! She’s pretty bratty sometimes, but time-outs and lost privileges are what me and Chloe punish her with. Maybe it’ll seem unfair to you, but, uh... I just could never imagine hurting her.”

Lucifer nodded in understanding. “I’m glad that you don’t spank her. I’d kill you if you did.”

“Chloe would beat you to it, dude...” Dan mused, then, “Hm... but you won’t kill me for spanking *you*?”

“No! I... have to thank you for it. I think I’ve been so accustomed to being the one dishing out punishments that I’ve had trouble realizing that I was earning my own.”

“That’s great to hear, Lucifer. Honestly, I... care about you, okay? And I do think you’re a big help as a consultant. I want you to keep working with us, but you need to smarten up and fix your behaviour or else you’ll eventually push everyone away. Is that what you want?”

Lucifer shook his head. Of course he didn’t.... He wanted to be a better friend.

“So you’ll let me help you? Help you realize when you’re wrong, and punish you if I decide you deserve it?”

“You mean...”

“I’ll spank you again, yes.” Lucifer subconsciously kneaded his arse as he thought over the idea. Being spanked had hurt – *incredibly* – but he couldn’t help but consider the other feelings he experienced in the past several minutes. It had actually felt like a reprieve to give over control to someone he trusted, and then there was the release of guilt, plus Dan’s caring touch. Atoning, and then being forgiven and comforted... It was refreshing. Though his arse ached and burned, he felt... *good*. He tried not to associate any of this with a church confessional... This was different!



He slowly moved to stand, Dan rising with him to hold him steady. Then Lucifer held out his hand, saying, "I accept your offer, Daniel Espinoza. It's a deal."

Dan smiled and shook it.

"Deal!"

>:)

## Chapter End Notes

I'm surprised I managed a much longer chapter to finish the story! It took me a while to handle the lecturing bits in between all the physical stuff. I would love any kind comments, and constructive feedback is appreciated! Again, no beta, so feel free to point out typos. Wasn't able to add screenshots this time but I plan to draw a scene or two in the future. I decided to go ahead and post the text now since the art will probably be a while. Maybe I'll add a chapter just to update readers when I've added it.

I took to the idea that Chloe rendered Lucifer human enough that he couldn't break off his handcuffs, though that might not be true to canon. I'm gonna keep re-using this detail, though... since, well, I actually came up with at least three more Dan-spans-Lucifer plots in my head while writing this one! :), I'll probably do a series of one-shots to add on to this fic if ppl are interested? I'm open to ideas! :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!