

Spanking Therapy (fic)

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Spanking Therapy (fic)

by [ARTofOTK](#)

Summary

Lucifer decides to discuss his punishments with his therapist... (A short addition to my series involving Dan spanking Lucifer. Consider this an interlude between punishments because in this part, Lucifer and Linda only make references to the spankings he's received - no actual spanking, sorry! Next time!)

Notes

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

After describing to Linda his two painful ordeals with Dan, Lucifer leaned back on the sofa and waited for her to tell him that such abuse shouldn't be allowed! He figured someone of her profession could convince his mind of this sane logic, make him see how ridiculous it was to be on the receiving end of this nonsense – as well, to have practically volunteered for repeat occurrences! Instead, she completely circumvented his pity-me expression and let out a... a *giggle!*

Lucifer switched to looking scandalized, mouth open and brows pinched, and Linda did a poor job of covering her reaction with a cough. Then she stiffened her posture and put on a neutral expression before saying, “So... You’re telling me that, um... Dan’s been punishing you by, uh...”

He interjected quickly, and helpfully, and *not at all defensively* – “By beating me!”

“Come on, Lucifer, I think I know him well enough that...” Linda trailed off and began again on a less personal note, “You described being put over his knee and getting hit on your rear end on both occasions. With an open hand, belt, and ruler. Would you disagree if I said a more accurate term for what you’ve experienced is *spanking?*”

The slightest edge of amusement in her tone made Lucifer’s face grow warm. Oh, how he wished he could still evoke his Devil Face, if only to conceal a blush! How could he have imagined he’d be able to admit to his punishments with his usual aplomb? He supposed it made sense that he was embarrassed by them... by his actions leading to them... However, one’s therapist should be more consolatory!

He tried to glare at Linda but could hardly maintain eye-contact as he blurted, “Yes, fine! He’s been doing... *that!* But what I’ve endured has been far harsher than what one may deem child-rearing levels. You ought to see what my arse looked like after his bloody belt... Actually, here, I’ll show you!”

In a dramatic fashion, Lucifer pulled out his mobile phone and brought up an image of his buttocks, bare and battered following that memorable spanking over his own piano bench. Much like the bullet wound Chloe had bestowed, the marks left by Dan on his previously pristine skin had been fascinatingly foreign. He knew they’d fade away soon after the cause of his vulnerability left LUX, and he’d had the desire to study them for longer. Hence some awkward twisting and turning for a perfect shot.

As far as Linda would know, however, he’d only wanted to provide her with evidence of his trauma. He passed her the phone and she stared at it for a long moment... Was the damage so terrible that she was struck speechless? Lucifer suddenly worried that Dan might come to serious trouble over what he was disclosing. He thought he ought to rejoice at the idea of him being faced with assault charges, but instead he was preparing to bring up the matter of patient confidentiality.

Half a minute of silence passed and Lucifer squinted at Linda’s face to try and garner her thoughts. He saw half-lidded, unfocussed eyes... flushed cheeks and parted lips... a quickened breath... and she was subtly shifting in her seat - *OH BLOODY HELL!* He stood up and put

his hands on his hips with a pout. “Linda!” he exclaimed, “You’re aroused!” She dropped the phone to her lap, seemingly startled out of her thoughts. Had she possibly been *fantasizing*?

“Oh... Oh my! I’m so sorry, Lucifer! It’s just that... um, your photo really shows that Dan was rather rough with you and, well... you must know how some people would gladly see two attractive men in a scenario like that!” She had *definitely* been fantasizing.

Lucifer rolled his eyes before replying, “Yes, I’m aware of that genre of porn, my randy dear. However, Dan is not my ideal play-mate. Despite his fitness, I’m not attracted to him quite that way, and the pain he’s applied to my arse has *far* from turned me on. I would much prefer a multitude of other human sensations, thank you... and that’s not at all surprising once you consider that I’m unaccustomed to a mortal’s perspective of pain, particularly Dan’s delivery of it while in the vicinity of the *Detective*!”

He continued even more dejectedly, “It’s completely her fault that I’ve cut down on my variety of bedroom toys... Corporal punishment has turned out to be my least favourite kink. All in all, being spanked by Dan has not been a sexy experience for me, although I’m struggling to sort out what I *do* feel about it... hence this appointment!” He sat back down with a sigh, but gave a glance to the door. Perhaps he should have kept this all between him and Dan... but then Linda finally went professional on him.

“Lucifer, I was out of line... Please accept my apologies. I shouldn’t have implied that these situations between you and Dan have been at all sexual in nature, and it was highly inappropriate of me to find humour in what you’ve experienced. Please, stay, and let me help you sort out what you’re feeling. It looks like you were really hurt by Dan... physically, certainly. Do you want him to stop spanking you?”

“Well I don’t have a choice, do I?” Lucifer huffed, fiddling with the cuffs of his sleeves. “As I explained, I foolishly made a deal with Dan that allows him to take me in hand whenever he determines I need a damn *lesson*! And... well, you know I must keep my word.”

Then Linda leaned forward and he felt like bracing himself for what she was going to say. “So... if you *weren’t* the Devil, and if you *hadn’t* shook on that agreement, then you would’ve refused to have been punished by him that second time?”

Lucifer’s shoulders tensed and his gaze wandered down to his knees. He wanted to say - *Of course I’d have refused, you mad woman!* What Dan had meted out in that restroom had been quite painful and utterly demeaning, but... but...

“I deserved it.”

Linda hmm-ed a bit before responding in a knowing manner. “So, you felt like you had done something wrong, and you accepted the punishment because you knew it might make you feel less guilty afterwards, am I right? You agreed with Dan that you needed some kind of consequence, and he provided that with a spanking.”

“Sounds ridiculous, doesn’t it?” Lucifer muttered, “I’m not a child...”

“Actually, though it’s not exact to the situation, what’s gone on between you and Dan reminds me of something referred to as therapeutic spanking. Before you ask – no, I do *not* spank my patients - but it’s been a topic of discussion among my colleagues. There’s no doctorate or degree involved, and certainly no official license that can be obtained to provide this, um... service. Nonetheless, it’s offered as a form of therapy, and people – *adults* do seek it out. And not uncommonly.”

“How can being upturned for a shameful bout of wailing be therapeutic?” Despite sounding sceptical, Lucifer thought he already understood the concept... but he hoped to gain some deeper insight.

“Well, during a therapy session, my patients are free to reveal pent-up thoughts and feelings that they wouldn’t normally want to express. Like you are currently. I suppose a spanking session encourages a similar release... through a more physical process. Many adults who want to be spanked in a consensual and non-sexual manner claim that being made to cry can alleviate some negative emotions like stress, anxiety, or guilt. It’s cathartic. Giving over trust and control to someone else can result in a calmer mindset, and being held accountable can lead to more positive behavior.”

Lucifer couldn’t deny the comfort of feeling absolved, despite (or due to, rather) the acute unpleasantness of a throbbing bottom. Dan’s spankings did make him feel better. And crying did seem to be part of it. He could *let it out*, so to speak. As he’s concluded from the first spanking, it was as if his fallen tears took with them the awful feelings he usually let build up within himself. *Still*, he wasn’t fond of the idea that he needed discipline for bad behaviour... it just seemed so juvenile! With a wink and a smirk, he said, “Oh, but don’t others like it when I’m naughty?”

It was Linda’s turn to roll her eyes and then she picked up Lucifer’s phone from her lap, pressing the screen a few times before passing it back to him. He looked at the screen without a clue what to expect.

**~ Good morning! If your schedule is free, may we meet for a session this afternoon?
Or please let me know a more convenient time. TY darling! <3**

“It’s my text to you from this morning... So?”

With a small frown, Linda instructed, “Look back at your previous ones.”

Lucifer began swiping his finger down.

~ Maze is being a dick. I need to vent.

~ Hope you have tissues, Doctor... because I’m coming! ;) ;)

~ Why aren't you in your office? It's only midnight. Best time for accumulated complaints.

~ Amenadiel is being a bitch. I need to rant.

~ I'm on my way, so be a dear and sit your apple bottom in that chair.

~ Your sofa ought to be sanitized before my sessions! I've gone through your other patients' files and some of them sound disgusting! (I'll return the files, fret not!)

~ So, just to be sure, you DON'T want me to pay you with mind-blowing sex again?

<=====3

Lucifer thought some of it was worth a chuckle but, overall, he sounded like a... a *douche*! He hadn't realized how inconsiderate and obnoxious his messages were. This was a shock. He thought he'd been charming! Guilt settled in his gut. Though he used to disregard the feeling, he knew better now. Linda deserved better. His *friends* deserved better. He glanced up from his phone and, in a small voice, said, "I'm sorry, Linda... I make a disgraceful human being, don't I?" And he made a mental note to apologize to his brother, and Mazikeen as well.

Linda came to sit on the sofa with him, a soft warm presence by his side, and she put a hand on his shoulder, giving a gentle squeeze before speaking. "You're capable of being a good person, Lucifer... a wonderful one. Your friends all see that, and we value our relationships with you, but sometimes your words and actions make it seem like you don't know how to value others in return... Now, as your therapist, and as someone who's aware of your full identity, I can understand why you behave in certain ways. You can be naive, immature..." She continued over his huff, "...and it makes sense! Despite being as old as you are, I think the lack of an upbringing on Earth has resulted in some difficulty. And, well... though I don't understand how an angel is raised in Heaven, it doesn't seem like you had the best of, um... parents. And then, being kicked out..."

Lucifer cut in with, "Please, that's enough about Mom and Dad, thank you... I get your point."

Linda squeezed his shoulder again and replied, "Okay, but here's another. Who is the best father you know?"

Lucifer's eyes widened at the immediate answer that came to mind. He wasn't close to many men with children, past or present, but many of them were the definition of a deadbeat. Dan wasn't perfect, but he was hard-working and full of unconditional love for his and Chloe's tiny spawn. Trixie was a healthy and happy child, due in part to her father's strong presence in her life despite the divorce. He voiced his next thought out loud, "Well, he certainly beats mine..."

The words came out more forlornly than he intended, and Linda extended her arms to hug him. He leaned against her and sagged when she began petting his head. *Count your blessings*, he actually thought to himself, then Linda said, "So, to sum things up, I think you understand that you walk a thinner line than others when it comes to maintaining good relationships, especially with the secret you're keeping, and I think you believe that Dan's punishments might help you keep your balance. Am I correct?"

Lucifer gave a small but deliberate nod, trying not to dislodge the hand in his hair.

“Then, if you want my suggestion, I’d say you should keep up this so-called *deal* with him, as long as you feel it’s having a positive impact.”

Lucifer cringed a bit, his bum cheeks clenching at the memory of just how *impactful* Dan was, but he recognized that the punishments were helping him be more aware of (and atone for) how often he hurt others when they didn’t deserve it. That was not in the Devil’s job description... and he wanted to rectify his shameful behaviour, especially when it came to those few he wished to remain a part of his relatively new life on Earth.

After a couple more minutes of accepting Linda’s comfort, Lucifer thanked her for her help and advice, then stood to go while adding, “I... I’m grateful we are friends. I’ll aim to be a better one.”

Linda smiled at him, saying, “Please talk to me whenever you need to. About this, about anything. Just call. You don’t have to wait for my working hours, okay, Lucifer? We can chat away from my office, you know!” He smiled back with a nod and made his way to open the door, and he was just about to shut it behind him when Linda questioned, “Lucifer, what if Dan decides to punish you, and... Chloe isn’t anywhere near?”

Lucifer paused, but didn't let his concern show. “Oh... Well, Dan’s had good timing so far. Anyway, I’ll be endeavoring to be a good little Devil, so perhaps I won’t be punished again.”

The doubt on Linda’s face reflected what he felt.

TBC...

End Notes

It's been a while, but I managed to make a third addition to this series! Despite the lack of actual punishment, I enjoyed getting Lucifer and Linda to discuss his thoughts and feelings some more, though a lot of it's redundant from his POV in previous parts. Sorry Linda doesn't come off too professional. I'm no therapist myself and I think the bloopers showing how Rachael Harris is a bit of a pervert influenced how I wrote her character, haha... I hope I succeeded in depicting the cute relationship between them, though! Anyway, I might have Lucifer seek her advice after some future spankings too. And there's A LOT of spanking scenes I've got planned in my head for this series... probably too many... ;) As always, I'm open to constructive critique on my writing as I don't do much of it. Thanks for reading!

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