

## Golden Tattoos

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Fandom:	<a href="#">Shall We Date?: Obey Me!</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Mammon (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)/Original Character(s)</a> , <a href="#">Asmodeus/Solomon (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a> , <a href="#">Diavolo/Lucifer (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Mammon (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a> , <a href="#">Original Characters</a> , <a href="#">Lucifer (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a> , <a href="#">Belphegor (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a> , <a href="#">Asmodeus (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a> , <a href="#">Solomon (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a> , <a href="#">Leviathan (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a> , <a href="#">Beelzebub (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a> , <a href="#">Satan (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a> , <a href="#">Diavolo (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!)</a>
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# Golden Tattoos

by [AloisMikaela](#)

## Summary

Though Mammon and you had never put a name on it, you were, without a doubt his.

## Notes

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

Mammon saw them roll over out of the corner of his eyes, a small grin adorning his lips as he heard a small groan fall from their lips.

"Morning Sunshine." Mammon said with a grin, grabbing a shirt from his nightstand and turning around away from his MC to put it back on, only having slept in his grey sweatpants.

He heard a small gasp come from their lips, a small "woah," coming shortly after as his MC looked at the large, gold wing tattoo on his back.

"I never knew you had that," MC clambered out of bed, in one of Mammon's shirts and a pair of his boxer shorts. They stood behind Mammon, beginning to trace the beautiful tattoo with their finger, lips slightly apart and breath tickling the back of Mammon's neck.

Mammon shivered, the gentle tracing of MC's fingers on his back and their breath hitting the back of his neck was too much for him. He stepped forward, ending the contact and pulling on his white shirt with a blush, "Ha-hands off will ya!"

The demon feyned being angry, but in all honestly, he was embarrassed. Embarrassed at MC's gentle touch, differing from the previous night which was all teeth and tongue.

"You better get outta here before Lucifer catches ya. Both of us would be in so much trouble..." He muttered as he buttoned up his shirt and put his tie around his neck.

MC huffed, not liking this pattern of spending late nights with Mammon, only to get kicked early the next morning. Instead, they turned Mammon around, beginning to tie his tie for him. "Or" they began without hesitation, "you just tell your brother about us and stop being such a pussy."

Mammon stepped back again, huffing, "I ain't no pussy, ya got that? Surely these last couple of nights proves it to ya?"

MC knew they had him now, knew they had him wrapped around their little finger. "Well, I'm sure Leviathan would do the same to me, maybe even more. I'm sure that he wouldn't shy away from telling your brother about us too."

MC reached for the door handle, only to feel a chest to their back and see harms above their head.

"You listen to me and you listen good!" Mammon growled. MC couldn't see him, though they had no doubts that his eyes were glowing gold.

"You are mine. Mine and mine alone, you got that?" He leaned his head down to whisper that into his MC's ear, feeling them shudder from beneath him.

"Yours...only yours Mammon..." They whispered, beginning to pant and letting their head fall forwards.

A tight grip lead MC back towards the bed, the same one letting them fall on the bed.

Before MC could even mutter another word, they heard the familiar sound of a belt being undone and a chuckle leave Mammon's lips.

## End Notes

Gender neutral reader.

They/them pronouns.

A nickname will be used instead of (y/n)

I am a (y/n) hater.

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