

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N:

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“You’ve done so good Raven, so fucking good. Let me show you...”

Truthfully, Raven would have been satisfied with just that much. Being praised for her forethought, being told she’d done a good job... that was more than enough for her. But she certainly wasn’t complaining that her Master wanted to do more with her. As their clothes come off and he tugs her over to the bed, she’s all moans and mewls, letting him push her down without a single ounce of resistance.

Her breasts bounce and jiggle as she lands on the bed, and initially Raven anticipates him getting on top of her and driving into her right then and there. His cock is already halfway to fully erect, after all. But instead... instead, he dips his head down between her legs, maintaining eye contact until her bust gets in the way and he disappears fully betwixt her thighs.

Raven gasps as her Master’s mouth makes contact with her sex down below. His lips suck upon her pussy mound, causing her to shudder in response, a throaty moan leaving her mouth. This... she wasn’t expecting *this*.

But then to be fair, there was a lot about her Master that Raven hadn’t expected so far. For instance, his dislike for the title. He had told her categorically that he didn’t want her to call him Master... and so Raven had avoided doing so, following his commands. At least... out loud.

Internally, she couldn’t help herself. Cole was everything to her. He was the only one who had bothered to care after the destruction of the only home she’d ever known. He was her salvation. And now, fundamentally... he was her Master and she was his familiar. His pet. His eternally loyal servant.

Better that than what she might have otherwise become. Better to be servant to an intrinsically good person like Cole than to be a doorway to a monster like Trigon. Better to have Cole's wonderful magic forever inside of her, connecting the two of them, than to have Trigon's voice in the back of her head, constantly tormenting her.

Even if Trigon wasn't such a huge factor though, Raven likes to think she'd be happy as Cole's familiar. Her Master had already proven himself worthy of her devotion a hundred times over, after all. He'd fed her, he'd clothed her, he'd cared for her... and then he'd shown that at his core, he was as good a person as anyone... better, even.

When Cole had decided they were going to fight that monster, Raven had been shocked... and afraid. She was strong, she knew that much, but she wasn't sure she was strong enough to deal with something like that big green creature. It had towered over the nearby buildings and reduced the street around it to toxic sludge.

Indeed, when Cole had told her to get its attention and she'd struck it in the back to no effect, Raven had almost despaired. She'd very nearly grabbed her Master and fled right then and there, even if it would have likely resulted in him hating her and punishing her most severely.

But... she'd held her ground on her Master's orders and followed his commands, protecting them both while he... he'd struck down the monster with his magic.

To hear Cole tell it, he truly believed his magic did nothing but clean. Raven knew better though. *Cleaning* magic did not silence the voice of a Demon Lord. *Cleaning* magic did not cut down a radioactive monster taller than buildings.

Cleansing magic on the other hand... purification magic... well, suffice to say, Raven believed her new Master was capable of far more than even he understood. And she was excited to help him explore his abilities in the future.

For now though... she cries out, her Master's tongue playing with her folds like nothing else. He pushes deep into her sex, making Raven moan and buck her hips. One of her hands has unconsciously moved to his hair as he eats her out and though Raven feels a little guilty for it, she can't help but grip down, holding his head in place.

Cole raises no complaints though, his own hands gripping just as firmly at her thighs as he swirls his tongue this way and that, sucking at her pussy lips with his mouth. It's enough to drive Raven wild. He's clearly insistent on 'rewarding' her... and all she'd really done was grab the money.

Leaving it behind when she could simply store it in her shadow pocket for later had felt like a waste, so she'd snatched it up before following her Master into battle. He hadn't noticed that much was obvious, because now he was expressing his joy over her decision and making it clear just how happy he was with her.

Raven's eyes flutter and threaten to roll back in her head as she gurgles. Her breasts jiggle, her nipples rock hard. The hand not on top of Cole's head grips at the bedding beneath her and she moans.

"A-Ah... ah... C-Cole... I'm going to... o-oh~"

With that, she tips over the edge and floods her Master's mouth with pussy juices. He imbibes without complaint, taking them in and continuing to tongue her out for a few moments afterwards. Raven moans as he does so, her cunt more sensitive than other and his tongue leaving her feeling like she's on fire down there.

Then, he pulls back. She immediately lets go of his hair, not daring to hold him in place without his approval. He leans back and gives her a smile, even as his hands continue to grasp her thighs. Sidling up, he brings his cockhead to Raven's pussy lips, pressing against her puffy entrance with intent.

Raven, for her part, bites her lower lip as she stares down at where they're about to be joined. There's no tantric ritual this time... no, this time around he's taking her for the sake of it. Because he wants to. Because he wants *her*.

A moment later and her Master is inside of her. Raven cries out in a wanton manner as he spears her with his cock, immediately arching her back while reaching over her head to clutch at the bedding. Seeing this, Cole wastes no time in leaning forward, one hand reaching up to grasp at the base of one of her tits to bring it to his mouth.

Raven's eyes widen and roll a little bit in her head at that. The combined sensations of his cock driving deep into her gushing, clenching cunt while he suckles at one of her sensitive, rock hard nipples. She mewls and moans in equal measure, quivering and shuddering beneath him.

Her Master just smiles and gives her more of the same. He sets a powerful pace, thrusting in and out of her, fucking her hard and fast right there on the bed. The sounds of their coupling, of their lovemaking, quickly fill the small apartment.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Flesh slapping against flesh, his cock squelching in and out of her pussy... it's all music to Raven's ears. To be taken so soundly by her Master, to be rewarded for working so hard for him... Raven is ecstatic. She's filled with a deep sense of satisfaction as each orgasm he draws out of her takes her to greater and greater heights.

Eventually, Cole pulls off of her teat with one final tug of his teeth and grins at her.

"You're so loud, Raven. You must be enjoying yourself... but we should still be considerate of the neighbors."

With that, he brings his mouth to hers at least long. Raven's breath hitches as he captures her lips with his own and pushes his tongue into her mouth. She

wraps her arms around him at that, and her legs too for good measure. Even as he continues to thrust in and out of her without hesitation, she clings to her Master for dear life, loving every last moment of it.

Until finally... he lets out a grunt into her mouth just as Raven is tipping over the edge and explosively orgasming all over his cock for the umpteenth time. Her inner walls tighten around his pulsing, throbbing length... and milk him of his release.

Her eyes fully roll back in her head as Cole cums inside of her. The sensation of his seed filling her is like nothing else in the world. She is but a receptacle for his power, a container for everything he is. She's so very happy to overflow with his essence, if that is what he desires.

For a long moment, they both seize up in the throes of that ecstasy, waves of pleasure crashing over Raven and she hopes crashing over him as well as he pumps into her without hesitation. And then it's all over, his load deposited within her and their mutual orgasm coming down at long last.

Raven is left with a sense of deep satisfaction suffusing every fiber of her being, even as Cole rolls slightly, bringing her with him. She ends up on his side, their legs entangled and their bodies still joined together... because the bed is too small for them both to lay on their backs properly.

Her Master huffs as he stares into her eyes, smiling softly and reaching up to brush a lock of sweaty hair out of her face.

“Thank you, Raven. For everything.”

Raven blushes and nods shyly.

“O-Of course... it's my pleasure to help you.”

To serve him, really. To be a useful tool to him. To be his loyal pet. But Raven holds her tongue on that part... if her Master wants to call this a partnership, he can. Deep down though, she will always know who she belongs to.

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They cuddle like that for a little while longer before finally untangling their limbs and ultimately unwinding from one another. Cole almost regrets doing so, wanting to luxuriate in Raven's beautiful, bountiful body for an eternity. But alas, an eternity is clearly not in the cards. The world turns ever onwards and with Raven's actions, they had quite a lot of money that Cole had to decide what to do with.

First and foremost, after casting a spell to clean him and Raven off of their... activities and leave them both feeling refreshed, Cole puts his clothes back on and then sits cross-legged on the floor to start sorting out the cash from the plastic bag.

It's not particular difficult, all things considered. Every single bill was a hundred dollar bill. And they weren't loose either, they were all contained within 'straps' of one hundred large. Each 'strap' was ten thousand dollars... and counting through, there was exactly forty-five straps stuffed in the bag. Nearly half a million dollars just sitting there on his apartment floor. It was enough to make Cole's head swim.

The only issue was... he didn't really know what to do with it? It was a massive windfall to be sure, life changing money obviously... but the question was, how did he turn it into a permanent form of security for him and his new dependent?

Technically... technically he didn't have to. Specifically, he didn't have to rely on only this money to set the two of them up for life or anything like that. This was what he and Raven had found on one single trip, after all.

So long as they continued pilfering their surroundings for forgotten wealth and valuables, then it was likely this would only be the first score of many to come. So even if his instinct was to try and find a way to invest this money to grow it and keep growing it... he probably didn't need to bother.

Instead, he could use this first windfall for the important things... maybe a permanent home, for instance? Something that didn't have neighbors or shared walls or monthly rent. Even a fixer upper would be fine, given that he could handle half of the fixing/uppering himself with his cleaning magic.

Hm, it might be hard to find even a cheap fixer upper in New York City though... he might have to go a little bit out of town for something within his price range if he didn't want to break the bank. But then he would probably also need a car... which he'd never learned how to drive...

Of course, the question became... how dangerous was trying to use this money for anything? It was 'forgotten' according to Raven's scrying magic. Not simply hidden nor misplaced, but completely and utterly forgotten. That implied that whoever hid it there in the first place was never coming back for it, but at the same time Cole didn't know for sure that it wasn't stolen... in fact, it seemed likely that it would be. And that meant the authorities might be looking for it.

He needed to be careful about flashing this money in any legal institution. Opening a bank account for it might sound like a good idea at first glance, but trying to deposit all of it into said account would probably trigger half a dozen red flags even IF the money wasn't stolen.

... Maybe he could find someone willing to sell things to him under the table or looking to make a deal in pure cash? Or should he be trying to find a way to launder the money before doing anything else? Hah, now there was a thought.

Too bad he couldn't just wave his hand over the money and 'clean' it that way of any history or potential alarms that trying to spend it might raise... right?

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!