

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

**A/N: The next morning~**

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Cole wakes up to the feeling of lips wrapped around his cock. He shudders a bit at the sucking sensation and under any other circumstances, he might have freaked out. After all, he didn't live with anyone else so at most any other time, there should not be anyone in his apartment with him.

However, even as groggy as he is... the events of last night are pretty damn unforgettable. More than that though, he can *feel* the connection between the two of them. It's a certainty in a world of doubt and insecurity. That connection... it's the foundation for Cole's newest relationship. The most intimate relationship in his whole damn life.

Opening his eyes slowly as the bobbing up and down his cock continues, Cole stares up at the ceiling of his small studio apartment and lets out a rattling sigh. Yesterday had been... insane. Most of it had been normal enough. He'd done odd jobs, made some cash, gotten swindled by yet another fucking 'small business owner' looking to save money.

... And then it had all gone off the rails when he'd decided to check on the sound of a woman crying coming from a dark and dimly lit alley. It could have ended badly for him. He could have wound up in a bathtub full of ice minus a kidney or something.

But that wasn't the case. Raven had turned out to be exactly what she seemed and so much more. On the one hand, she really was a desperate woman in a bad situation in need of assistant. On the other hand, she was also apparently a half-demon who could be turned into a portal by her demon lord father that would allow him to invade and destroy their world.

... Yeah.

All things considered though, Cole had no regrets. And not just because he has an extremely gorgeous goth baddie sucking and slurping away at his morning wood right now. Even setting aside their sudden intimacy, it sounds as though he might just have been the only one in the whole wide world who could help Raven.

Cole hadn't really believed in things like destiny or fate before yesterday... but now it was hard not to wonder if something had pushed him in Raven's direction, bringing them together.

Just as this very cerebral bit of philosophizing is running through Cole's head, he tips past the point of no return. Letting out a groan, his hips lift off of the bed as he involuntarily pushes his cock deeper into Raven's working mouth while he cums.

In response, gulping noises can be heard from under the blankets as Raven swallows his seed down, drinking and guzzling every last drop. Until finally, his balls are emptied, his cock is spent, and she pulls back from his dick.

Cole reaches out and drags the blankets away from her at that point, revealing the naked, gray-skinned woman kneeling between his legs. She freezes up as their eyes meet, only to blush prettily and avert her gaze.

"I... I thought about trying to make you breakfast... but I don't know how to cook."

Blinking, Cole glances over to his small kitchenette and snorts derisively.

"That's alright. I don't have eggs or anything else you'd use for breakfast anyways. Too expensive."

Raven tilts her head to the side curiously at that, but Cole isn't about to explain the half-joke, half-serious comment. He wouldn't know where to begin even if he wanted to.

Instead, he slides himself up and gets out of bed, with Raven following after him. With a wave of his hand, he cleans them both up. No need to waste water on a shower when he had cleaning magic, after all.

“Get dressed. There’s a bodega nearby and the owner is nice enough. Should be able to wrangle us a couple of breakfast sandwiches.”

Raven blinks but nods all the same, doing as she’s told. It’s only as they’re both getting dressed that Cole finds himself considering Raven’s attire. She... definitely stands out, doesn’t she? And from the sound of things, he should definitely expect to be hunted sooner rather than later over helping her. Though maybe he should clarify.

“You said I’ll be in danger for helping you, yeah? I assume that means your father has other agents working for him on Earth?”

Raven flinches but nods after a moment, biting her lower lip.

“Yes... I think they were hunting for me before too. So they might... they might already be close by. I don’t know. I did my best to hide my location from my father initially but now... I do know that your magic has closed Trigon off from my mind completely. So not only can he not whisper to me, but he also can’t find me through any glimpses he might have gotten when my concentration lapsed before.”

Hm, right. That was good. Well, the latter part was good. The part where Trigon’s agents might already be in the city... less good.

“We need to get you new clothes today then. You stick out like a sore thumb wearing that outfit. You look more like a superhero... or a supervillain, frankly.”

Raven looks down at her midnight blue leotard and cloak consideringly for a moment, and then back to him and his own clothing. Finally, she nods.

“Yes... I can see how I might not blend in.”

Cole snorts in amusement. That was an understatement. Regardless, they finish getting ready and he leads Raven out of the small apartment after casting a couple more quick cleaning spells on the floor and bed.

Look, was he a bit of a neat freak ever since he discovered his magic? Maybe. But to be fair, the more he cast, the stronger he seemed to get. Practice made perfect and what not.

He continues a bit of surreptitious casting as they make their way out of the apartment building as well. It's something he always does really, though he feels a bit more self-conscious with Raven watching. Not enough not to do it of course... she is his 'familiar' now after all.

That bit, Cole is still struggling to fully wrap his head around. He was pretty sure familiars were usually small animals, magical or otherwise. Or at the very least, they weren't often fully sentient people capable of conversing normally and having their own thoughts and desires.

Of course, if Raven wasn't his familiar, that meant she was his slave... and obviously, that didn't sit well with Cole at all. He wanted to help her, not enslave her, and as much as he'd enjoyed their activities last night and the way Raven had submitted for the purposes of the ritual, he had no intentions of abusing the power he now had over her. But then, they said power corrupted... so he would have to be careful and make sure his intentions didn't change.

These thoughts swirl around Cole's head as they arrive at the bodega. It's just on the corner of his street and he comes here practically every morning because he has a long standing arrangement with the owner, a jolly Puerto Rican man named Rafael.

Even before they step inside, Cole is already casting his magic on the outside of the bodega, giving its already fairly clean exterior a quick tuneup. Then, once they're inside he takes his time running his hand over every surface. The place is relatively quiet for the moment, with the usual morning rush still a short time away. Cole is an early riser, after all.

By the time he reaches the counter, Cole has swept most of the place with his magic. Rafael smiles and greets him with an already wrapped BEC, otherwise known as a Bacon, Egg, and Cheese. Cole smiles back, but its half-grimace as he glances to Raven.

“Uh... any chance I could get two today? I can do the back too if you want me to earn it.”

Rafael just chuckles and waves him off.

“No worry, my friend! I have you covered!”

In no time at all, the jolly man has already whipped up a second BEC and is pushing both across the counter towards Cole. Cole can't help but smile much more genuinely now as he picks them both up and gives Rafael a thankful nod. The Puerto Rican was one of the good ones... specifically, one of the good small business owners to be clear. Cole wasn't racist.

“Thanks man. See you next time.”

“Of course! Cleanest Bodega in the entire city, thanks to you! Ahahaha!”

Cole hands off one of the BECs to Raven and then sets about unwrapping his own in order to take a large bite out of the breakfast sandwich. Raven, watching him do this, follows suit... and her eyes light up the moment she bites down. Chewing hastily and swallowing it down, she stares in wonder at the food in her hands.

“O-Oh... this is... good.”

Cole nods along, even as they head off down the street, making their way along the increasingly crowded sidewalk.

“Yeah, it is isn't it? Rafael makes some good food.”

Not to mention it was fast eating. They've barely made it a block before Cole has finished polishing off his BEC, allowing him to crumple up the paper it was wrapped in and put it in a nearby trash can. Raven follows suit once she's done as well, their bellies suddenly full.

Frankly, Cole was just happy that Rafael hadn't commented on Raven's attire. Maybe it was just because they lived in a world where it was better not to ask questions when you saw someone dressed... eccentrically. Of course, it wasn't just Raven's outfit that was the problem... her skin also set her apart as 'other'.

Nothing they could do about that though, Cole supposed. But at least when it came to clothing... well, he leads Raven right to the nearest Goodwill, which was where he did all of his clothing shopping as well. It was much cheaper thrifting over buying brand name shit even from somewhere like Walmart, in the end.

Plus, well... Cole's magic meant that he could be certain anything he picked up at Goodwill would be as clean as possible the moment he got his hands on it.

Stepping inside the store, Cole leads Raven over to the clothing section and gestures broadly.

"Find whatever you like best. Just needs to be a bit more... normal. Think about what you've seen everyone else wearing and go with that, basically."

It's a funny distinction that Cole has to make, but to be fair... there are a LOT of rather unique and eccentric pieces of clothing on the racks around them that would draw just as much attention to Raven's strange appearance as her current outfit did.

Nodding solemnly, the half-demon quickly begins to look over the racks, seeming to be on a mission as she peruses articles of clothing with a clinical eye. Cole watches her quietly, even as he considers next steps after this.

Normally... he'd already have started making his rounds so long as he didn't have anything else to do. Rafael's Bodega was the only place that wanted his

services every day and truth be told, Cole suspected that the man was more just trying to help him out by giving him a good breakfast each morning over actually wanting him to clean up the place on the daily.

So normally, he cycled through dozens of businesses every week, rotating further and further outwards from his apartment as he was forced to stop working for certain individuals who decided to cheat or threaten him. In his mind, he has a map of the city and checks off the laundromat from yesterday as a wash... he's never going back there, that's for sure.

Of course, if he was going anywhere today... he would have to bring Raven with him, wouldn't he? That might be okay... but it also might not. It was one thing for a bunch of people to turn a blind eye to him and his cleaning antics. But Raven might be a step too far. It might draw more attention than he would want if they ran around asking for cash under the table in exchange for clean businesses.

“What do you think of these, Cole?”

Pulled from his thoughts, Cole looks over to see what Raven has found. He eyes the top she's located for a moment, not recognizing the old indie band that it's apparently representing. It's a fine shirt, really, though it might struggle to contain her chest without a proper bra...

Fortunately, she's also found a jacket to go over it. Not a sick cool leather jacket or anything like that, such things are only found in thrift stores in movies and what not. But it's a good jacket as far as he can tell.

Finally, she has a skirt as well, one that will cover up her long gray legs, hopefully.

Slowly, Cole nods.

“Good, that'll work. Let's get those purchased and I'll clean them up while we head back home for you to change.”

After that... well, Cole would just have to figure out what to do next. He needed money if he wanted to survive, but he also needed to keep Raven as hidden as possible if she was being actively hunted by agents of Trigon. Leaving her at his apartment while he ran around all over the city though... every part of him balked at that idea for some reason.

He wanted her close by... and he had a feeling she would want to stay at his side as well, no matter what.

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