

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

A/N: Cole agrees to let Mystery join the fun~

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They'd only just met! ... is what Cole wants to say in this moment. Only, it's rather hard to use that as an excuse when he and Raven had had sex within mere hours of meeting one another as well. Except that was for the sake of saving the world... right?

And yet, hadn't Mystery saved them a whole lot of headache by stepping in like she did? More than that, she was giving them a roof over their heads, a place to live... and all for the low, low cost of completely free! It was, quite frankly, a bit ridiculous... but in a good way.

Not to mention, they were already technically inside of her... and Cole had been running his hands over her every surface using his magic on her for hours now. It didn't get much more intimate than that, did it? Except it did, because on top of all of that, Mystery had gone out of her way to cook them a delicious dinner... and it was easily some of the best food he'd ever had.

Were they rushing into things here? Perhaps. But... in the end, Cole lets out a low breath and offers Mystery a smile.

"I don't think I'd mind you joining *us* in bed, Mystery. If that's what *you* want." The emphasis he puts on those two words is nevertheless important. For one, Mystery had initially coached it as Raven joining them if it pleased him, but in reality Raven was there first... he wouldn't allow Mystery to sideline her or demean her in any way. For two, he also didn't want the sentient magical house to feel obligated to sexually service him or anything like that.

Mystery blinks big blue eyes at him, tilting her head to the side as she studies him for a moment before smiling softly.

“You are an interesting man, my lovely lord. I’m very much going to enjoy being owned by you.”

Cole just huffs, blushing a bit. Did she have to say things like that? Still, Mystery abruptly snaps her fingers, sending Cole and Raven’s uncleaned dishes to the sink where they immediately begin to wash themselves. Then, the stereotypically beautiful blonde fifties housewife smiles brightly.

“I’m taking the liberty of running you a bath as we speak, milord. Shall we?”

Rising from his seat as Raven does the same, Cole slowly nods as he suddenly feels all of the aches and pains of the day catching up to him. A bath sounded heavenly at the moment.

“That... sounds like an excellent idea.”

With that, Mystery leads him and Raven through her innards, all the way to the master bedroom. Which in turn leads into the master bath, of course. And there... well, the large inset bathtub in the floor is more akin to something straight out of a Greek Bathhouse than anything Cole would expect to find in a residential home.

But he’s certainly not complaining, even as Mystery moves in and begins to help him strip, something Raven quickly joins in on after a moment. And once he’s naked, they both get naked as well, before gently helping him into the bath.

At first Cole tries not to stare. And then he realizes he’s being an idiot because they clearly want him to look... of course they do. Honestly though, it’s hard to decide where to look at this point.

On the one side is Raven with her beautiful, grey-skinned body. The half-demon is voluptuous as all hell, with a gorgeous pair of tits, hips that just won’t quit, and an itty bitty waist that accentuates her ass and thighs all the more.

On the other side is Mystery. She’s not quite as curvaceous as Raven, but that doesn’t mean she doesn’t have curves. Rather, her proportions are slightly more

modest but all the more... put together for it. She's perfectly sculpted and it shows, a body designed to draw the eye but not to overwhelm the senses.

Together, the two of them press their bodies to his and begin to tenderly wash him. Cole relaxes into their touch because frankly, he can do nothing else. He supposes he should be touching them back, but his hands hesitate, not quite sure where to go.

He doesn't want to neglect or upset either woman... and they seem intent on serving him anyways. So instead he keeps his hands to himself and lets them do all the work, enjoying their ministrations all the while. Certainly, it proves impossible to keep his cock from growing rock hard beneath the water, his erection soon standing up straight between his legs as he sits there with their hands and tits and lips all over his body.

Upon seeing this, Mystery's blue eyes sparkle and she lets out a cooing sound.

"Ah... let me take care of that for you, milord~"

Then, she dips beneath the water's surface and a moment later wraps her perfectly red lips around his cock to begin sucking on it. The experience has Cole's eyes widening in disbelief, even as words catch in his throat. For a second, he'd worried for her... sucking someone's dick underwater didn't seem like it was very safe, after all.

But then he'd realized... Mystery didn't have to worry about that sort of thing, did she? She'd said it herself back in the kitchen... she didn't need food. So of course she wouldn't need air or anything else that a regular human would need either. The body she was using to interact with them, as perfect as it was, was just a construct.

That explained why what appeared to be perfectly applied makeup and lipstick was not in any way affected by the fact that she was now underwater and sliding those ruby red lips of hers up and down his cock. Her face remains as beautiful as ever, even as she bobs along his length, sucking dutifully and diligently. Her

mouth is hot and wet and feels amazing and all Cole can do is groan... and drag Raven in closer for a kiss.

After all, for all that Mystery's efforts are spectacular, he's not about to forget the other woman in the bath with them. His arm wraps around Raven's soft body, pulling her even closer not his side. His tongue, meanwhile, slips into Raven's mouth, making the half-demon moan as she shudders against his body.

Her tits squish along his chest and she squirms a bit. Not to escape him, but to shift ever closer, rubbing against him like she's in heat or something. Cole grins even as they makeout with one another, all while his other hand slides under the water and moves atop Mystery's head, carding its way through her blonde locks.

The experience is surreal and completely out of this world, but then that's to be expected when you're having bathtime sex with your half-demon familiar and the avatar of your new magical sentient house. Right? Sure, Cole's life has gotten plenty strange, but this kind of thing is pretty normal if you really think about it... or something.

Maybe he's just trying to justify it to himself. Maybe he should stop caring so much and just enjoy the moment. A few days ago he was struggling to make ends meet while hopefully staying under the radar and keeping any big bad government agencies from finding out about him.

Now here he was, feeling good about pretty much everything. It wasn't perfect, of course. There was still Raven's father to worry about. Trigon wasn't going to give up any time soon. But how long would it take his agents to track down the House of Mystery anyways?

For now at least... they were perfectly safe. And so it was okay for Cole to relax and enjoy the moment, he figured. There was nothing to worry about, at least for today...

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"This the place?"

“Should be, yes. This is where the trail leads.”

Zatanna Zatara and John Constantine stand in front of a bodega that positively *reeks* of Order Magic. The place has been purified front to back and Zatanna can feel it in her bones... this bodega is effectively the equivalent of consecrated ground at this point.

Constantine squirms beside her.

“Fuck... don’t know if I can step foot in there. Feels... like a bad idea.”

Zatanna gives her fellow practitioner a look. Though calling John ‘her fellow practitioner’ was akin to comparing apples to oranges. They were both fruits... and that was where the similarities ended. The sort of things Constantine had done, the sort of deals he’d made, the magic he wielded...

“Stay out here then. Probably for the best, especially if this turns out to be the Lord of Order’s personal abode.”

Constantine gives her a strange look at that.

“You seriously think a Lord of Order is slumming it in a New York Bodega of all places?”

Sure the idea is strange, but at the same time... Zatanna just shakes her head.

“I think that this bodega is filled with the same sort of magic that destroyed Chemo and that I detected at that laundromat. It never pays to be incautious, John... so I'm going to go in with an open mind... and both eyes wide open to boot.”

At that, he can’t help but reluctantly nod.

“Not a bad strategy, Zee. Just... be careful in there.”

That gets an eyeroll from her, even as she carefully makes her way inside. Frankly, the inside of the Bodega feels even more consecrated by Order Magic than the outside did. The air in here is even cleaner than the street where Chemo was defeated, in fact. Zatanna breathes in a few lungfuls of pure oxygen and breathes easier than she probably ever has in her entire life.

Behind the counter of the bodega, a jolly Puerto Rican man smiles at her.

“Hello there, welcome to my business!”

Zatanna has dressed down today, foregoing her signature costume to wear something a bit more... concealing. Specifically, she has on a simple blouse and some slacks, along with a wide brimmed hat that covers some of her features so she's not immediately recognized. She's also done her hair up in a ponytail, a common tactic for entirely changing the shape of one's face without having to use illusion magic.

Removing her hat, she waits to see if the bodega owner will recognize her... but if he does, he doesn't show it. Of course, if he really was a Lord of Order in disguise, he wouldn't show a thing now would he? And so Zatanna approaches the counter with caution, giving the man a respectful nod.

“Thank you for the greetings. You have a lovely place here... absolutely gorgeous and extremely clean.”

The bodega owner chuckles.

“Ah, thank you kindly miss! I do my best, but honestly I can't take credit for most of it. I have a really good cleaning service!”

Cleaning service. Was that code for something? How much did this man know? Who was he really? Zatanna knew she had to tread carefully because even if she didn't sense a lick of magic coming off of the jolly Puerto Rican, that didn't mean much.

After all, a Lord of Order powerful enough to destroy Chemo and clean up after him would almost certainly be able to hide their true nature from her, even when she was standing right in front of them...

“Oh? Do you have their card, perchance? I might like to see if they’re willing to do business with me.”

All she could really do was keep things civil while doing her best to fish for information, in the end. Only, her question finally causes the smile on the bodega owner’s face to drop ever so slightly. It doesn’t go away entirely, but he does become a bit more guarded and wary of her.

“Ah, well... I’m afraid I don’t, sorry.”

Zatanna arches a brow.

“Not even a number?”

But the man just shakes his head.

“No. Apologies.”

Hm. She’s just wondering how to best continue probing without being too much of a nuisance... when they both suddenly hear the loud sound of an explosion from nearby. Zatanna’s head turns sharply in the direction and so does the bodega owner’s.

“What the hell was that?!”

Together, they both race for the door, with Zatanna stepping out entirely while the Puerto Rican man hangs out of the door. Both of them look down the street to see a sight that leaves their mouths agape. Black acid smoke is coming from an apartment window on the third floor of a building a few hundred feet away... and Constantine is on his back on the ground groaning, having clearly been blasted out.

Zatanna resists the urge to facepalm even as she looks to the bodega owner.

“Stay inside, it’s not safe!”

Then, she races forward to help Constantine. What sort of trouble had the man gotten himself into in the few minutes she’d been inside of the bodega?!
Seriously, what the hell John?!

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