

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

A/N: Fighting one's demons~

-x-X-x-

“Laeh dna tcetorp!”

As she races forward, Zatanna thrusts out her hands towards Constantine's downed form. Her magic surrounds him in a golden barrier that immediately sets to work on trying to heal his wounds. Of course, Zatanna is not herself a specialized healer by any means. However, she doesn't need to be, she knows full well that Constantine has made enough deals to survive even a third story fall with minimal injuries.

Fortunately, she also included protection... because no sooner has the golden barrier encompassed him then something lands on the downed man, having followed Constantine out of the window. Zatanna blinks as what appears to be an obese bald man bounces off of her barrier and rolls across the ground for a moment before rising to his feet.

Then, he turns to her... and she immediately sees the demonic visage he's sporting, from four glowing red eyes on his face to the power wafting off of him. Zatanna grits her teeth as he sneers at her, looking like he's ready to attack right then and there. She sets her stance and prepares for a fight... only for a voice to call out.

“Hey lard ball!”

The fat demon whips around, allowing Zatanna to see that Constantine has risen to his feet in the meantime. With a smirk on his lips, Constantine snaps his fingers... and the runes he'd formed under the demon's feet activate in an instant, opening up and dragging him somewhere undoubtedly unpleasant.

Or at least, they try to. The reverse summoning circle that Constantine has drawn with his magic is a little too tight for the obese waistline of the bald demon. He gets stuck halfway through... and then plants his hands on either side and begins to try and pull himself up again.

“Ah... oops.”

Rolling her eyes at Constantine’s mistake, Zatanna gestures with a hand.

“*Dnapxe!*”

The rune circle balloons outwards in an instant, causing the dimensional hole in the ground to expand as well. The fat demon barely has a moment to register this before he falls through, banished back to the Hell from whence he probably came.

Constantine does the work of closing the hole back up, ending the reverse summoning a moment later. And then the street falls quiet... save for the acrid smoke still wafting out of the third story window up above. Together, the two of them race into the building. As they make their way up the stairs however, Zatanna can’t quite contain her frustration.

“What the hell was that Constantine?! And why didn’t you just stay put?”

“That was a demon, Zee. Obviously. As for why I didn’t stay put... I found a lead. And that in turn led me right into the demon. Simple as that.”

Simple as that... this was why they didn’t work together, both romantically and platonically. Because Constantine was the ultimate lone wolf. He didn’t consult his allies about *anything* before acting when he decided it was time to act. He always had to go off and do his own thing, even when it inevitably and continuously blew up in his damn face!

Finally arriving on the third floor, Zatanna finds it’s not as bad as she feared. There’s no fire, just the aftereffects of demonic magic being thrown around. She cleans it up quickly enough with her own magic and repairs the window at the

end of the hallway before giving Constantine an unhappy look. There would probably be first responders here soon, and she wanted at least some answers before they arrived.

“What exactly did you find?”

Rather than answer with words, Constantine gestures to the side... and Zatanna turns to see a nondescript apartment door. At first she doesn't understand what he's talking about... and then she starts to feel it. The same power at the Laundromat and again at the Bodega, except it's even stronger here. Once she's looking for it anyways. Of course, for someone like John Constantine who was all but allergic to this sort of magic, it probably itched at the back of his mind even from down the block.

“Tubby was waiting outside the door when I arrived. I didn't realize he was a demon at first, so he got the drop on me. Literally bounced me out of the window with that fat belly of his. As for this... well... if you're looking for a Lord of Order's abode, it's far more likely to be an actual apartment rather than some bodega, right?”

She hated to admit it, but he had a point. Zatanna hesitates for a moment before stepping forward and carefully knocking on the door. She waits briefly, exchanging a glance with Constantine as she does so... but nothing happens. There's no movement from within the apartment that she can hear, no sound of someone coming to the door to check who it is.

The silence is as frustrating as it is concerning. It would be so easy for her to just... unlock the door with her magic. But the risk of pissing off the very powerful practitioner she was currently trying to *respectfully* hunt down was incredibly real. And yet, at the same time... what if someone inside needed their help?

In the end, Zatanna just shakes her head and points her finger at the doorknob.

“*Kcolnu!*”

She figures that if this really was a Lord of Order's abode, then it would be protected against such simple magic anyways... right? And so when the unlocking spell just works and the door slowly swings open, Zatanna swallows any of her concern and steps foot in the apartment, curious what she'll find.

Constantine stays at the door, to be expected all things considered... because this place really has been sanctified even more than the Bodega down the street. It's completely and utterly spotless, leaving Zatanna feeling like her very presence is disturbing things by adding even the barest amount of dirt and grime to the otherwise sterile environment.

Breathing slowly, she checks carefully for any inhabitants... but frankly, the apartment is so small that there's nowhere anyone could hide. She also makes sure to call out just in case though.

"Hello? My name is Zatanna Zatara and I'm with the Justice League. If there's anyone here who needs help, please come out and speak with me."

But... nothing. And yet... as Zatanna looks around, she's able to draw her own conclusions. Her theory of the Lord of Order redirecting her to some sort of apprentice, protégé, or otherwise... it grows stronger with each and every thing she finds. Because this place? This place definitely didn't feel like the sort of place a powerful, centuries-old Lord of Order might live. But someone who caught their interest... that could be it.

Still, there wasn't anything here that Zatanna felt like she could use. It was all so sterile and kept so clean that she was pretty sure she couldn't even find stray hairs to use for a tracking spell! Instead, as she finally hears sirens in the distance, Zatanna turns and steps back out of the apartment, closing the door behind her and relocking it like she'd never been there in the first place.

... By the time she does so, Constantine is nowhere to be seen. Zatanna isn't surprised that the man left before the first responders could arrive. But she is disappointed. Heaving out a great big sigh, Zatanna shakes her head and heads back downstairs to let the firefighters know their services wouldn't be needed

and the police know what had happened today was firmly taken care of and outside of their jurisdiction.

As she moves to do so, Zatanna can only say a silent prayer for whoever is being hunted so aggressively by demons. Hopefully, wherever they were, they were safe for the time being.

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Cole wakes up sneezing of all things. Not too violently, but still enough for him to blink his eyes awake and realize he's quite cozy and comfortable at the moment. Laid out in bed with two very voluptuous, very beautiful women pressed into either of his sides.

Huh, that was strange. The last thing he remembered was the bath the night before...

"Good morning my lord. Did you sleep well?"

Blinking, Cole looks to see Mystery grinning at him, the beautiful blonde avatar pressed into his left side, naked as can be. And yet... he definitely would have remembered if they'd done anything together, right? Did that mean he'd...

"Did I fall asleep in the bath last night?"

Mystery just giggles and shrugs.

"You might have. It's alright... you'd had a long day. I think yesterday was perhaps the first time you've pushed your magic to its limits, wasn't it?"

... Had it been? Cole blinks owlshly as he thinks back. He hadn't felt particularly tired at any point he didn't think, but he had done more cleaning of the House of Mystery in one go then he'd ever done for any other place before. Hours and hours of following the House's signals and cleaning every surface.

Maybe it had wiped him out more than he'd thought...

“Plus, you were being taken care of by two beautiful women. It’s no surprise you felt comfortable enough to fall asleep. Not to worry, we handled everything, finishing the bath and drying you off and bringing you here to tuck you in~”

From his right side, Raven finally stirs, the half-demon opening her eyes and looking from him to Mystery for a moment before speaking.

“... Good morning, Lord Cole.”

Right... he’d told both Raven and Mystery they could address him as ‘lord’ yesterday in an effort to keep the latter from calling him Master. Honestly, he hadn’t thought they would be so eager to keep it up, but it seemed he’d been wrong. Huffing a little, he gives Raven a smile and a nod as well before shaking his head.

“Sorry for falling asleep on the two of you. I know we had... plans for more.”

Seriously, what kind of man was he that he’d fallen asleep right before he was supposed to have a threesome with his half-demon familiar and the gorgeous personification of their new magical house? It was a little embarrassing, to say the least.

But Mystery just giggles some more while Raven quickly shakes her head.

“No need to apologize. You needed your rest, my Lord.”

“Mm, your familiar is right. You didn’t upset either of us. Besides, we can always have fun now... if you like~”

Mystery’s hand suddenly closes around Cole’s cock, alerting him to the fact that he’s actually sporting some morning wood at the moment. His half-hard member begins to grow even harder in Mystery’s grasp and a low groan leaves his lips, bringing a pleased smirk to Mystery’s lips.

The blonde glances over to Raven with a single arched brow as she gives him a handjob.

“Do you mind?”

Cole doesn't know what they're talking about at first, but when Raven shakes her head, it becomes obvious a moment later. Especially as Mystery drags back the covers and slides one leg over his body, straddling him and grinding her pussy against the side of his throbbing member.

“Is this acceptable, my lord?”

Looking at her beautiful, perfectly sculpted form laid out before him, Cole huffs and reaches out to grab her by the waist.

“It will be acceptable in a moment.”

Mystery's eyes widen and she lets out a delighted noise as he takes charge and lifts her up, only to impale her on his cock a moment later. A low moan leaves her lips as he fills her with his dick, pulling her down his member and pushing deep up inside of her.

Her insides feel as real and warm and wet as Raven's, despite the fact that she's literally the House's avatar. Puppet body though it might be, Mystery has clearly pulled out all the stops to drive Cole crazy. Well, he's definitely not going to just lie back and let her do all the work.

“O-Oh! Ah, such a d-domineering lord~”

Cole just grunts as he thrusts up into Mystery from below, making up for his lapse the night before. Falling asleep in the bath... for shame. But he can do better now, pounding away at Mystery's tight clenching cunt as it gushes fluids down his length.

At the same time, Raven leans in close from the side and her fingers dart between her own thighs as she plays with herself to the sight of another woman

bouncing on his cock. Cole needn't have worried that she might get jealous or resentful of having to share him with anyone else, because she seems quite... enamored with the view.

Her breasts press against his side and her light, soft moans fill his ear as she cuddles with him rather lewdly, fingering herself the entire time he's bouncing Mystery upon his member.

These two women are too good for him; Cole can't help but feel. But he also knows they'd disagree vehemently with him if he said that out loud.

He probably shouldn't be getting distracted while fucking one of them, but his mind does wander just a tad. They had a new place to live and almost half a million dollars to spend still. What in the world were they supposed to do next?

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