

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

A/N: Raven and Cole finish their walk home and have a domestic dinner together~

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Walking through the city with Cole hand in hand has to be one of the happiest moments of Raven's life if she's being honest. Not because she's a pervert or anything like that, but because he doesn't waver once as they go. So long as they're physically connected to one another, his magic continues to suffuse her body, which in turn means that her father can't get a foothold.

Not hearing Trigon's voice after all this time is... beyond what words can describe. It's true what they say, silence is bliss. Though it's far from actually silent. In the absence of her father's voice trying to break her down, Raven is able to listen to the actual sounds of the city around them. Cars honking their horns, people shouting, animals howling.

It's... nice. Ever since the destruction of Azarath, Raven has been alone. Trapped in her own mind, forced to contend with Trigon every moment of every day. She hasn't had the time to spare to gaze upon the world around her. Earth was her mother's home and technically that made it Raven's too, but she'd been so focused on keeping it safe that she couldn't really take it in.

What she found now that she no longer had to focus on herself was a living world. Even if their surroundings were made of concrete and glass and metal, there were still people everywhere Raven looked. Living their lives, going about their business... it was wonderful.

It was what Raven had fought and struggled to protect. Even if half of what had driven her to keep Trigon at bay had been spite after the death of her mother and destruction of Azarath, the other half was this... to keep this all safe.

Of course, her and Cole's walk through the city can't last forever. Eventually, they reach their final destination. Cole fumbles with his key one handed and opens a door at street level, leading Raven into a building with a large staircase. From there, they ascend the stairs together, albeit a bit awkwardly as Raven refuses to let go of Cole's hand and he doesn't ask her to.

Eventually they reach a landing and Cole leads her down a hallway, still hand in hand, still providing his unique form of magic to keep her father at bay. Raven lets out a shuddering breath as they arrive at another door that Cole pulls out another key to, unlocking it and letting them in a moment later.

The light comes on as they step into the room together and Raven blinks as she takes in their surroundings. This was where Cole lived, his home... and she feels a little guilty because her first instinct is to say it really doesn't look like much.

That's not entirely true though... it's a bit paradoxical in nature, his living conditions. The place is small, utilitarian, and clearly in need of some work. The paint is peeling off the walls, for instance. However, one would expect such a place to be filthy... and it's not. No, instead the peeling paint is as pristine as can be, and so is every other part of the room. From the bed to the appliances to the floor and ceiling, not a single bit of it looks like it's ever been lived in.

Then again, knowing what she knows about Cole's magic, that makes sense doesn't it? He might not be able to afford better lodgings than this, but his cleaning magic was free and if he didn't have to live in utter squalor she saw no reason why he would choose to.

"... So yeah, this is it."

Raven swallows hard and opens her mouth to tell Cole a nice lie about how lovely it is. However, before the words can leave her lips, her swallow betrays her, causing her stomach to growl unexpectedly. Or rather, maybe she should have been expecting it because... when was the last time she ate?

"I don't have much, but we can have dinner. Hope you like ramen."

Ramen? She's never heard of it. She quickly finds out what it is though. Ramen comes in a cup and appears to be a form of very salty, very thin noodle. She watches as Cole handles two of the cups one handed, filling them with water and then putting them in an appliance that whirs and comes to life.

It takes a couple of minutes for each cup to be 'done', at which point Cole hands her one and then they walk over to his small dining table together. It should be said, they never actually let go of one another's hands this entire time, and even as he's making the food he never lapses in concentration holding onto that feeling of suffusing her with his magic.

His control is to be admired, Raven decides, even as she eats her ramen and finds it to be... satisfactory. Certainly, it's the best food she's had since arriving on Earth but given most of her meals before now had come out of trash receptacles, that was a very low bar.

The salty taste of the ramen is also enhanced by the fact that it's the first food she's eating without Trigon's voice in her ear as well. Truly, the impact of his silence cannot be understated. Which is why she panics slightly when Cole, finishing with his ramen, finally looks at where their hands are joined and grimaces.

"This... really isn't going to work long term."

Raven immediately straightens up at that, gripping down on his hand a little bit more tightly.

"W-What do you mean? I swear I'm willing to do anything you deem necessary to prove my worth."

But Cole shakes his head.

"It's not that. I don't mind you hanging around me even if it does put a target on my back. It's the handholding that's going to be a problem though. Like right

now... I've gotta piss and I'm not inclined to take you into the bathroom with me."

... O-Oh. Yes, well... that was fair. Um...

"If you cast your spell on me like you did before, I should be fine while you... relieve yourself?"

Cole hums and nods.

"Yeah, that'll work for one side of the bathroom coin. Not so much for the other side. Or showers. And then there's the big problem... what if I can't keep the magic going while I'm asleep?"

Raven swallows hard. He had a point. She hadn't really fully thought this through, had she? Cole gives her a look, like he's maybe reading her thoughts on her face a little bit. Finally, he sighs... and pulls his hand free of hers.

Before she can truly panic, he immediately casts a spell on her as he rises from the table.

"Going to take a leak. Think about it until I get back."

And with that, he's gone. Leaving Raven alone with just her thoughts and the silence of the small room. Staring at the table as a minute passes her by with every second counting in the back of her head, Raven tries to figure out what to do. Maybe she could... no, that wouldn't work. Or perhaps... hm, no that wasn't viable either.

Well... there was one way, wasn't there? Raven swallows and licks her lips just as Cole comes back from the bathroom and recasts his spell on her. Then, he stops by the side of the table and looks down at her with an arched brow.

"So... any ideas?"

Trying not to blush too hard, Raven nods even as she carefully doesn't meet Cole's eyes.

"Y-Yes... I do have one... we could bind me to you... you could take me as your servant, something akin to a familiar, and it would in turn mean that a piece of your magic would always be within me... through no conscious effort on your part."

It was an ancient ritual, one that the mystics of Azarath hadn't used in quite some time. However, it had been brought up more than once by certain people back on Azarath as Raven had grown older. They thought she was too dangerous to leave unfettered, and that if they bound her to one of them, she might be safe from her father.

However, the ritual in question... was a tantric ritual. So obviously, her mother had refused to let it happen when Raven was not yet of the age of majority and nobody had pushed for it to occur before she reached adulthood. Then, before anything could truly be decided... Azarath was destroyed.

It felt a little bit like destiny that she'd found someone on Earth who was far more suited to bind herself to than any of the mystics of Azarath. Cole... she wouldn't mind serving him in exchange for safety from her father. In fact, she was already planning to do so. Performing the ritual would just make it... official.

"I mean... I don't necessarily want a servant or anything like that. Is there anything else we can do?"

But Raven shakes her head, warming up to the idea more and more as she thinks about it. In a way, Cole was her only option at this point. She had to put all of her faith in him.

"N-No... I don't think so. As for me serving you... I mean, I was always going to follow your lead no matter what so long as you allowed me to remain nearby. You are helping me in ways I can barely even put into words, Cole. And this would be helping me too."

Cole grimaces as he casts another spell on her while thinking about it.

“... I guess it would be better than me having to either hold your hand or cast cleaning magic on you for the rest of our lives. And I can't exactly keep this up without sleep forever either so if we can find a way to make it completely automated, that might be worth it... alright, let's do it. How does this ritual work exactly?”

Raven blushes and glances over at Cole's bed. It's a small thing but she thinks they would both fit on it... so long as they were cuddling nice and close.

“Ah... w-well... it's a tantric ritual.”

For a moment she's not sure whether Cole will even know what tantric means. However, either he does understand or he's able to correctly deduce what her glance towards the bed and sudden nervousness entails through context clues alone.

Either way, he goes a bit red as well, staring at the bed just long enough that Raven starts to hear Trigon's voice again before Cole casts another spell to silence him once more. Wincing, he slowly nods.

“I... I see.”

Neither of them seems to know what to do for a long moment... so in the end, Raven is the one who makes the first move. This was her idea after all. Reaching up, she carefully unclasps her cloak and pulls it off, setting it on the chair she's just vacated. Then, she begins to strip out of her bodysuit as well, peeling it off of her grey-skinned form and revealing inch after inch of her flesh.

Cole's eyes are on her as she does this, but she doesn't mind. It's going to be a lot more than just looking in a few minutes so long as she gets her way, after all.

Once she's entirely naked, Raven moves over to Cole and bites her lower lip, running her hands through his hair and down his arms.

“If you will let me... I shall i-initiate the ritual...”

“S-Sure... go ahead.”

With a nod, Raven gently guides Cole over to his bed, where she has him sit down on the edge. Then... she descends to her knees, her chest bouncing a little bit from the movement. Grabbing onto *his* knees, she spreads his legs apart so she can move between them. Looking down at her, Cole stares a bit, nonplused.

“Is this... necessary?”

Raven just nods again, even as she begins the process of pulling his cock free from the confines of his pants.

“Yes. It is a ritual of willing submission after all. I must show that I am ready to be yours, to serve you in every possible way. So... it starts with this.”

Stroking his cock with her hand, blushing all the while, Raven spends most of her time staring at Cole’s phallus. It’s better that than staring up at his face and having to witness him gazing back down at her, after all. But finally, she has to move on... so she does, leaning forward and taking him in her mouth.

Cole’s breath hitches as his hand automatically moves to the top of her head, his fingers carding through her dark hair. Raven’s eyes flutter as she feels him pushing his magic into her through that point of contact, maintaining a constant flow much like he did while holding her hand on the walk home.

Moaning around his member, Raven suckles for a brief moment... and then she starts to bob. She slides her lips up and down Cole’s cock, swirling her tongue this way and that, and works all along his shaft with her mouth. As she goes, she calls upon her own magic, bringing herself in tune with her emotions.

The ritual won’t work if she doesn’t mean it. It won’t work if she doesn’t submit, wholly and utterly. There will be no binding if she doesn’t consent with every

fiber of her being. So that's what Raven focuses on. Making it clear that this is what she wants more than anything.

Magic swirls around them, though whether Cole can sense it or not, Raven doesn't know. All she knows is that she loses herself in the act of fellating this young man, this salvation that comes in such a nice package.

... Binding herself to him won't be so bad, she suspects. In fact, she'll enjoy it quite a lot, Raven finds herself thinking~

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