

Title: Christmas Angels

Author: Penemuel

RATING: R

Pairing: Lionel (Satan)/Zeke Stone, established relationship

Fandom: crossover between Brimstone & Smallville -- Lionel Luthor really *is* Satan

Completed: 12/5/02 for releasing on 12/16/02

Disclaimer: None of the characters belong to me -- I'm just playing with them and will give them back when I'm done. They may be a little sticky, though

Note: Part of the Slash Advent Calendar Challenge situated at: <http://www.kardasi.com/Advent>

Archived: also at [my site](#) once the stories are released

Feedback Email address: arkadi\_1@yahoo.com

Warnings: none

Spoilers: none, really

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## Christmas Angels

by Penemuel

Zeke Stone restrained a scream as the tattoo faded from his skin. Over the time he had spent returning escaped damned souls to hell, he had learned that the more powerful the soul, the more he felt it when he sent them back.

This one was, apparently, particularly strong.

As the searing pain began to fade into an entirely different sensation, his employer, the Devil himself, strolled into the room.

"Most impressive, Zeke," the Devil purred, sitting next to him on the comfortable couch. Sliding a hand into Zeke's shirt, slender fingers trailed down the demon hunter's back until he felt the dissipating energy. "Most impressive, indeed." Nails raked softly over the now-unmarked skin, and Zeke couldn't hold in a groan as pleasure zinged along his nerves, heading straight for his groin.

"Don't..."

"Do we have to play this game *every* time, Ezekiel?" the Devil sighed, leaning closer and nuzzling at Zeke's throat. "We *both* know where this is going to end up, no matter how much you claim to despise me..."

"That's only because you made these damned things feel this way," Zeke ground out, trying to deny the lust he felt thundering through his body as the Devil's hands roamed over him.

"I have to get my fun *somehow*," the Devil replied with a smirk. Zeke was leaning further and further back on the couch, his hips thrusting up, eagerly seeking his lover's warmth.

"And I'm not sure I like the beard, either," Zeke griped, finally admitting defeat and pulling the lean man down atop him.

"Can't be helped, at least while I'm here," the Devil murmured, nibbling his way along a marked collarbone and smiling at the tiny crackles of energy his contact with the tattoos sparked. The spells he had used to create the tattoos were a work of art, as was his demon hunter's naked form. While he couldn't take credit for the latter, he wasn't about to turn his nose up at it.

"Yeah, I know, you're having trouble keeping your son on his crooked path," Zeke sighed, burying his hand in the luxurious mane of hair his lover wore in this guise.

"You'd think between the years of sinful living and the allure of his pretty young farm boy, I'd have no trouble with him at all," the Devil sighed. "Instead, he seems to have quite suddenly developed a conscience. I find it very distressing, Zeke." And then he returned his attention to nibbling across Zeke's tattooed chest, shoving the shirt up out of his way to gain easier access to Zeke's hardening nipples.

"That's -- *good*..." Zeke groaned, torn between relief that his lover had managed to distract him before he could laugh at his family troubles, and lust sparked by those delicious crackles of power.

As much as he tried to deny it, inwardly he had to admit he loved the way the Devil made him feel. It almost made up for the fifteen years in hell and constant nagging he had to listen to now. Almost.

And that was why he always felt a great surge of amusement when things didn't go as his lover planned. Not that he would admit this though -- it just didn't do to let the Devil know you were laughing at him...

Zeke yelped, shocked back to the here-and-now by teeth fastening on one erect nipple and biting. Hard. Arousal shot through him, liquid fire coursing through his veins and settling as a blaze of heat in his balls. Suddenly, he wanted nothing more than to spread his legs and let his lover have his evil -- so to speak -- way with him.

Slender, dextrous fingers were unbuckling his belt, sliding into his jeans and wrapping tightly around his cock--

And then the door slammed closed. "Seventy-five rooms, and you two can't make it past the *couch*?"

"Lex, you're home early," the Devil said calmly as he teased the head of Zeke's cock with his thumb. "You can't honestly expect a blind man to risk himself going up and down those stairs

so many times a day..."

"God..." Lex muttered under his breath while Zeke groaned and then shot him an apologetic look. "This is worse than walking in on you and Mom..."

The Devil smiled fondly, then looked back at Lex and asked, "Was there something you needed, Son?"

"Yeah, Dad. First, you're not really blind. Second, Clark's going to be over in about five minutes to help set up the Christmas decorations." Lex paused, smiling at the look of disgust that spread over his father's face.

"I *hate* this time of year," the Devil grumbled, sitting up and pulling Zeke with him. "Okay, Lex, we're going..."

"*Thank* you," Lex said with a relieved smile. Then he took a step closer to Zeke and quietly said, "Sorry..."

Zeke nodded, then hurried after his lover, who was already halfway up the stairs.

"Hey, Dad," Lex called, with a smirk almost as evil as one of his father's. "We still need an angel to stick on top of the tree..."

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