

“Oh! Um, well. Subject has... abnormal genitalia.”

“I’m just *full* of surprises, Doc.”

“I, uh, I do have to consider you one of my more interesting cases. Most definitely.”

Fizzarolli hums, entertained. Strong hands rest over his chest and thumbs gently run over his tiny buds; alluring but nothing an undershirt can’t cover up.

“No sense of suspicious tissue in the breast region.”

“Might be missing something with those gloves on.” He whistles innocently. “Isn’t skin to skin contact more effective?”

Asmodeus doesn’t reply, and his touch floats down to the psych ward issued undergarments. He clears his throat loudly to suppress the wanting, trembling moan aching to spill out when the fabric slightly sticks before it peels away. A cute little bulging clit bobs at him, the sheen of desire glistening in the fluorescence, leaking onto the paper beneath his patient.

His patient.

His fucking patient.

His fucking *patience*.

“You need to lay back for this part,” Asmodeus softly clucks his tongue. “It’ll only take a moment.”

Fizzarolli shimmies before obeying and snickers out a reply, “Will it hurt, Doc?”

The straitjacket really is just accessory, something frivolous to feed the fantasy so he still has plenty of control but he can pretend to squirm away anyway.

The words “Just a little,” huskily escape in between breathless pants. Another rumbling clear of his throat. “It’s a standard procedure. You’ll be fine.”

“You gonna talk me through it?”

“I’m going to remain professional.”

His body contradicts his actions, but isn’t that part of the thrill? Asmodeus, the good doctor, the symbol of celibacy and the lauded lord of self control, preaching about professionalism as he presses his entire body weight against the tiny imp he could throw across the room like a ragdoll.

“Relax,” Tiny blue flames tickle at Fizzarolli’s cheeks. Discreet butterfly kisses from the Ram and Bull to distract him as another duo forces itself upon his body, thick fingers penetrating—

—just doing their job, just feeling for anything particularly out of order or—

—or maybe exams weren’t supposed to be this smooth.

Asmodeus moans when metal fingers scratch at his back, threatening to tear his lab coat. A grunt furiously crawls its way past Fizz’s teeth, tiny heels kicking at him in protest.

“You’ve been in this program a while,” he mumbles, like he says during in each one of their sessions. “You should know how they go by now.”

“I don’t think this is taking care of me, Doc,” Fizzarolli barks out but not without a twinkle in his eye.

Ozzie can’t resist, can’t help himself, can’t do this program much longer with a fresh cut of meat hanging in front of his famished gaze.

“Maybe you’re right,” He withdraws his hand, only for a moment. The slick glove lands onto the tile floor with a wet, disgusting *slap* and is masked by the equally vile greediness of his patient’s hole. “Skin to skin contact is providing *much* easier results.”

An ugly, strained noise escapes Fizzarolli at the sudden bait and switch. He bites down on his lip, hand snaking to grip at Asmodeus’ mane.

“Ozzie.”

“How informal. I’m your doctor.”

“F-fuck you.”

“Resisting treatment again?”

Asmodeus recoils in shock when something wet strikes his face instead of his hand. Fizz sticks his tongue out and wiggles his eyebrows playfully, his spit dripping from cheek to bare chest.

“You betcha, *Doctor*.”

The smear on his little breasts is reminiscent of a different bodily fluid during such activities and dear *fuck*, does Ozzie try to reel it back like a wild animal on a fraying leash.

And yet.

“You like to push people’s buttons,” he gasps out when one of Fizzarolli’s arms loosens around his body — and grips the bulge in his skirt. His lab coat was barely covering it anyhow.

“No! How dare you!” is his cheeky reply. “I like to pull ‘em off.”

True to his word, buttons go flying when he yanks off Asmodeus’s skirt without fanfare. The awkwardness of their bodies pushed so close, so forcefully, doesn’t give him much of a view but the heat and the feel can satiate him for now. The lab coat is next but Fizz doesn’t waste a second in replacing his hand with his tail, stroking the entirety of his length feverishly, desperately, almost *tauntingly*. After all, Asmodeus’s... inspection was going painfully slowly.

Almost like he *was* a professional.

“Oh, *Fizzy*.”

“What happened to being informal?” He chokes on the last word when the two fingers inside of him force their way inside even further, slightly scissoring. “Or are we past that, Doc?”

“Fizzy baby, please. Please,”

Fizzarolli may have been the one pinned to the operating table, but Ozzie was the picture of desperation. His goggles almost fogged up with sweat, mane ruffled, neon eyes dancing with flames and his strong wrist trembling with the urge to throw the roleplay out the goddamn window.

“Please what, Doc? Whatdya need from me now?” He cradles Asmodeus’s face, softly tutting at him. “What’re you thinking right now, hmm? Talk to me.”

Honestly, his resolve thus far had been impressive.

He can feel the tight coil in his lover’s wrist as he holds still, as he holds his thumb back from caressing his erect clit. That certainly couldn’t fall in line with Bratty Patient and Not So Good Doctor.

“Harlequin.”

The safe word makes his nerves light up a bit, but the keening, eager noises bubbling from Ozzie tell him it isn’t a red, just a yellow.

“Hmm. Okay, big guy. Go on,” Fizz urges in a husky whisper.

He parts his legs a bit more and loudly groans into his lover’s mouth as Asmodeus falls forward for an open-mouthed kiss. He’d been painfully close from the second his underwear had come off. With the speed of his touch picking up, the firm pressure to his sensual nerve endings, the massive cock leaking all over his stomach as he pleased him so easily, easier than breathing...

...Fizzarolli all but wailed against Ozzie’s lips when he came, drenching his feathered hand and no doubt making the paper stick to the table.

“Gotta book a follow up,” he snorts out.

He feels himself showered in soft kisses, propped up to sit just enough. Ozzie’s soft groans are melodious and comforting enough to lull him into a nap, even with the hedonistic rutting against the crux of his thighs until he spills all over him. Hey, operating rooms were usually messy either way, right?

Fizz goes limp in his arms just as the whispered “I love you” hits his ears.

But, of *course* rest is the final part of aftercare.

“Hmm. Fizzy-pop. Froggie. Open your eyes, sweetness.”

Fizzarolli groggily does as he asked, and clumsily takes a sip from the water bottle Ozzie is holding out. His sides still ache from the straps, now gone, but at least he can finally breathe without feeling like his lungs are being used as fucking stressballs.

“Good job. So good for me, baby boy.”

“Do I get a sucker for being a good patient?” he chuckles.

Asmodeus chuckles low and rumbling like thunder. “In a bit.”

“No sticker or toy either?”

“Sorry.”

“Man, this place *sucks*! I’m suing for malpractice, asshole.” He giggles wickedly when he receives a playful swat on the ass before silently being asked to finish the water bottle with the way it’s pressed to his lips. “We — we, uh, *ah*. Ah, fuck,” Fizz’s legs tremble. “We gotta pick something different for the costume party.”

“I think I have a few corny, non sexy ones. Like peanut butter and jelly.”

“Oh, shut up,” is what he mutters before chugging the rest.

“Salt and pepper?”

“Hmm. Only if you’re a long, *spicy* pepper.”

“Always, baby. You good?”

“Mmmhm.” Fizzarolli reaches out with grabby hands, arms whirring as they encircle Asmodeus several times over like twin snakes. “Never better. Thank you, Oz.”

“Hey.” He pecks him on the mouth. “What’s our rule?”

A quick pout and eye roll from the jester precedes a bashfully mumbled, "Don't thank Daddy for doing his job."

"Which is?" Asmodeus drawls in that smooth, honeyed voice.

Fizz's pout turns playful and he scoffs, "Taking care of me."

"Thank *you*."

"Yeah, yeah. Corny cock. *Wait! Ooooh!*" He eagerly, excitedly kicks. "What about a frog and a prince?! Then you *really* have an excuse to kiss me all night."

Asmodeus smiles softly, "But I love you just the way you are."

"*Ozzie! Stoooooop!*"

"Never!" He scoops up his lover and peppers kisses all over his face. "But I do like that one best. I think I can find a froggy jumpsuit in my size. Bup-bup," He boops Fizzarolli's tiny crimson snout with a single finger. "You're gonna be wearing royal getup soon enough, baby. Better get used to it."