

“Right this way, Mr. Nightmare...”

Dia guided Roma through the sizable yet lavish studio, where he was loudly greeted by the rather...interesting sounds of various shoots in action. He took a moment to take in the visual of the employees there, sporting appearances of various sizes, styles, and...well, *other things*. For Roma, it wasn't anything he hadn't seen before since he got to this place long ago. However, he eventually turned his attention back to the damask skinned, raven haired dame that he was following with a grin, deciding to break the noisy ambience with a bit of a flirt, something he almost always found himself doing with guys and gals that caught his gleaming, tawny eyes...

“You know...you don't have to be so formal with me, carina...Nighty does just fine,” he flirted slyly.

“But you know I'm working, silly...I have to be professional,” she responded, giggling a bit at his comment.

“A little break never hurt a damned soul, baby...I'm unprofessional *all* the time. I can teach ya, *if you want*...”

“Dream on, billy goat,” Dia scoffed playfully, rolling her onyx eyes.

“Hey, helps me sleep better, honeybunch. But just sayin', if you ever need some...”*company*” after work” - he winked suggestively - “just ask for me backstage...”

“Val would kill me if he found out I was messing around with a meathead like *you*, goat boy,” she joked.

Dia was now laughing as she ceased walking, having stopped in front of the door to her boss’s office. On it was a stylistic chiseled slab that read his name: **Valentino**, in big bold letters. Roma took a second to admire the detailing in it, before Dia spoke up again.

“We’re here. Do yourself a favor and not look a *complete* dumbass in front of the big guy, yeah?”

“Whatever,” Roma scoffed cockily. “Can’t be that hard.”

“That ‘big schlong’ act is gonna get you in big trouble one day,” Dia scoffed again.

“Yeah, yeah, carina...what do you say to a little kiss for good luck...?”

After that last sentence, Dia got a wide smile on her face, putting a hand to his chin and leaning in, as if she was actually going to do it. But as soon as Roma got too comfortable and shut his eyes, Dia playfully shoved his face away, laughing loudly as she began walking away to tend to business in another part of the studio, walking seductively to *really* rub it in. Roma, a bit miffed, dusted his leather jacket and watched her walk away, taking in her features one last time before it was just him again.

“Damn minx...a very beddable one at that.”

He then turned to face the door once again, swallowing back any irrelevant thoughts that could screw up his confident demeanor, and with a few knocks, he was let in...

Inside sat the charismatic Overlord himself, seeming to have anticipated the rockstar's arrival the whole time. He eyed Roma ominously, brandishing an almost hungry smile while holding his cigarette between his fingers. The look creeped Roma out a bit, before Valentino finally spoke up.

“Benvenuto, handsome...” he spoke in his signature sultry voice. “I’ve been expecting you to crop up here for...quite a while now...come, come, sit...we have much to discuss now, *darling...*”

Without a word, Roma sat in the chair, feeling some slight tension and even unease as he looked at the pimp. He was a towering moth, clearly somewhat dwarfing Nighty's 7 foot stature to some degree. His cigarette left a red smoke in the air, as if it were misted blood, and Roma swore he could feel it touch on his corse at times, as if it were solid and felt like hands. Ignoring this, Nighty finally spoke...

“Seems my reputation precedes me.”

“Indeed, it does, handsome...you are quite the sight for sore eyes...and just quite the catch for the gals, guys, and everything in between...*and you’re just so much sexier in person...*”

“I appreciate the kind words, Val, but I didn’t come here to hear your little SinnerPad fantasies. So what do you want?” Roma inquired, a bit thrown off, yet a bit annoyed by Valentino’s verbal ogling.

“Oh, lighten up, baby, I’m just admiring the scenery in front of me...don’t tell me you don’t like a good compliment, Nighty? Such a shame indeed...”

“Whatever...”

“Sassy...I *like* that. Anyhow, you’re here because...you’re very special...and you have an opportunity to become even more than just...a famous rockstar, if you’re picking up what I’m putting down, *bel ragazzo*.”

“Continue.”

“Simple, Nighty...you’d be amazing in my roster. You’ve got the looks, the voice, the attitude...the *sex appeal*...especially the *attrazione sessuale*...”

“Mhm. So?”

“So, what do you say? Just sign the contract when you’re ready...in the meantime, let’s get to know each other, si? It’d be an enlightening experience for sure!”

“Fine, I’ll bite. What do you wanna know, mothman?” he asked, rolling his eyes.

Val, having heard a bit of the conversation Roma had with Dia, had a lightbulb go off in his head, and so he spoke out his next inquiry, thinking that maybe he could just now have Nighty in his clutches...

“What do you think of *Dia*, handsome?”

“You mean the chick that led me here? Total hot stuff, for sure. Cute, too. If only she’d let me get to know her more...”

With this information, Valentino’s small, toothy grin crept up his face even more, and so, he continued.

“You know...this job comes with many...*benefits*, and if you take it now, I’ll make sure that Dia's as good as yours, bambino. Better yet, you get to choose anyone you’d like, even my very own Angel Dust...no strings attached! So c’mon, what do you say? Do you need to hear more? Couldn’t blame a popular hunk like you, maybe you do.”

“Keep going. I want to know more.”

“Fame, wealth, assets, free healthcare if that’s your thing, and the crowd will love you even more than they already do! So if you would sign the contract, we can work on your first shoot ASAP...”

Nighty pondered this for a moment, before letting out a confirming sigh.

“Alright, give me the damn paperwork.”

Valentino happily obliged, tapping eagerly on the line where he needed to sign his name. Nighty signed where he pointed, after filling out other fields such as height, weight, age, and one that just said “size”. After he was done, Valentino smirked, reading over the details with a more sultry look on his face, licking his lips and teeth, until he got down to the signature. Confused by it, he read it aloud to confirm Nighty’s identity.

“Your real name is...Gufak Yesev?”

Almost as if on cue, Roma burst into a huge fit of laughter, slapping the armrest of his chair repeatedly as Valentino tried to put two and two together at what was happening. As he read it again and again, he made the realization: Nighty was basically telling him to go fuck himself.

Now, he was feeling a small bit of anger at this ruse, but before he could even say anything, Nighty spoke up first.

“You don’t think I know who the fuck you are, Val? That I’m some innocent flower that you can just snatch in and ruin however you want? You think I’m fucking stupid, stronzo? And since when the fuck did Hell have healthcare?” he asked, still laughing his ass off.

“...I...”

“Did you *really* think that just because Dia’s a cute little coquette, that I would be one of your little dolls in your shitty little studio that you can dick down whenever you like? You don’t think I know how you cocksucker Overlords work? Bite my damn ass. Not happening, we’re done here. Have a shit day, Valentino.”

Nighty had begun to make his way to the door, when he suddenly heard a loud bang and the sound of his ear ringing loudly. There was a small hole in the wall, and by now, Nighty realized that Val had just fired a warning shot at him near his head with one of his bedazzled guns. Val’s true colors were now showing, and he made it clear he was no longer fucking around with the caprine rockstr.

“Ah, ah, ah, not so fast, baby,” Val uttered sinisterly, approaching Nighty from behind slowly. “We’re not done here. I’m *afraid* I have a few more *questions*.”

Nighty froze where he stood, clutching his pained ear, not wanting his brains to paint the room. He was a brawler, but there was no way in **hell** he could close the distance now without a grave wound. So instead, he had to wait, and plan accordingly...

Valentino now closed the distance between them, spinning Nighty around and getting uncomfortably close into his face. Nighty tried to back away, but that same red smoke now had him in a small bind, immobilizing him as Val spoke, his red saliva dripping down his mouth.

“Let me let something be known to you, *bitch*. I’m not one to be disrespected, and I’m not gonna give you some kind of pass, no matter how fucking famous *or* sexy you are. As easily as you can become something worth a damn, you can always be a useless whore on the streets just as fast, *tonto payaso*.” Val monologued, slowly moving his hands around Nighty’s throat and squeezing, intending to intimidate him rather than turn him into a cadaver.

Now, Nighty was in a deep vat of shit. He could barely move, and now he was basically at Val’s mercy, almost unable to do anything, and something told him that his saliva was something he didn’t want to ingest, which was worsened by the fact that Valentino was now leaning in, seemingly to kiss him...likely with the intent to make him obey, given that Val’s tongue was just barely touching his nose and lip. So, Nighty made a desperate move to hopefully gain the upper hand...

“...Dia?” Nighty finally said, in a mock defeat voice, as he looked at the door behind Valentino.

Confused, yet still intent on making Nighty submit, Valentino foolishly began to turn around while still strangling him, to Nighty's delight. He had fallen for the oldest trick in the book, and Nighty, without hesitation, used the window of opportunity to free his arm, landing a good five dusty brass knuckles across Val's face, greatly staggering the Overlord. Not stopping there, Nighty stomped down on his cigarette, ensuring he couldn't use the damned thing to manipulate him in place again.

Val, who was still reeling from the sucker punch, was now showing who he really was: a cruel, sadistic Overlord who had no actual regard for anyone else, only really caring about the Veas' affairs and success and banging all that he could, not caring if he had to get his hands dirty to do it. Now clutching his welted face, he spat out a small bit of blood, furious at the caprine rockstar demon before him.

"...you...ungrateful...bastard..." Val began to hiss. *"...I'll...I'll..."*

Nighty restood himself, his brass knuckles gleaming in the dim light. He had a realization, that being that there was only one way out of this with his dignity intact: **to fight back.**

And fight back he did, as now he and Valentino were struggling on the ground, exchanging hit after hit on one another, Nighty faring well despite Val being better armed, (in a literal sense) due to Nighty's experience in pankration. But by now, the noise had gotten too

loud, as they both heard the sound of knocking, which was likely a concerned worker who was just checking in...or probably reminding Val that he was being “too loud” again with his new “lover”.

Realizing this, Nighty held Val down a little longer by forcing his forearm into Val’s neck, taking the opportunity to say a few choice words before he eventually retreated, knowing that if he tried anything further, he’d likely have to deal with Vox and Veltette as well. Something he’d end up getting the rest of the Hotel dragged into.

“You’re lucky I didn’t get to rippin’ your stupid little moth wings out of your goddamned ass, Val. So I’m goin’ to leave you with this, you dumbass insect. I’m **nobody’s** bitch.”

And with that, Nighty exhaustedly slugged Val clean across the kisser one more time, getting his point across before making his way to the door, both men a bruised and leaking mess, with Nighty still standing. Nighty then broke off into a retreating sprint to the door, making it fly open and knocking the poor worker, who happened to be Summer, to the hard tile floor. But, as much as Nighty wanted to run like a bat out of hell and never return to this place, once he heard the poor feline girl yelp and whine a little bit in pain, he took a moment to check on her, as well as help her up to her feet before he left, knowing he would’ve felt bad if he didn’t.

“Sorry, sorry! Are you okay, dolcezza?”

But before Summer could respond, Nighty heard the angered shouting of Valentino from his office, and took it as his cue to get a move on, and so he ran like mad to the exit without hearing an answer, knocking over multiple cameras and various equipment, and even interrupting two amorous demons making love for a shoot by leaping overhead. Nighty was ultimately able to escape unhindered, sprinting off as fast as he could to the Hotel, knowing it was safe.

“Not today, pazzo bastardo,” he muttered to himself, slowing to a brisk run.

Meanwhile, Valentino was busy trashing his office, raging pretty badly about how he let this goat escape the pen he *thought* he had him locked up in.

“That piece of shit himbo...who the **FUCK** does he think he is? **I’M** the one in charge! **ME, damnit! He probably wasn’t that big, anyway, the limp-dicked farm animal!**” Val ranted, smashing a few objects and slamming his four hands on his desk. The vitriol that spewed from him could’ve been enough to turn Heaven into a second Hell alone!

As Valentino continued to destroy things in his office, he shot his flat faced prince, Vox, a few messages about what had happened. The conversation seemed to cool his childish anger a bit, especially considering Vox had “things to discuss” with him anyway. As his fury winded down despite his messed up visage, Valentino began to have that sinister smile synonymous with himself, his gold tooth gleaming dimly.

For now, he was dead set on not letting this go easily. To put it simply: **revenge** is what he now craved, wanting to show the notorious Nightmare just how merciless he can be...

“I won’t let that bastardo get away from me so easily...” Val finally spoke, intent on making the rockstar pay dearly, one way or another.

“When I’m done with that conniving little asswipe, he’ll wish he had just signed the contract...”

Valentino then finally let out a villainous laugh that echoed throughout the studio, being ominous enough to stop a couple of actors mid-coitus, and paralyze the others in fear.

“Hasta la próxima vez, Nighty. You’ll regret the day you decided to make a fool out of me. Run, run now, little goat...because the prods are out, and at full voltage!”

(If you made it this far, thanks for reading, lovelies! Put a lot of effort into this one, so I hope you liked it...)