

# Undercover Demonboss

An original short story inspired by lordofrubies, written by [MtG-Ti] Hoss,  
and based on art by [sotchosis](#).

*“You look... very handsome in a suit...”*

*It was a simple compliment that held a novel’s worth of subtext given who it was coming from, so you appreciated it all the more. You weren’t sure what kind of attire a ‘work function’ called for in the first place, but you couldn’t make your new girlfriend look bad, so you had to—*

*Turning around to smile at the fashionably-late woman like a goofy, love-struck teen, the moment you saw the dress she was wearing — looking like it had been made just for her in every sense of the word — you were awestruck.*

*It was risqué yet tasteful, and the kind of thing you felt you might see on a red carpet somewhere. ...Not that any stick-thin starlet could pull it off the way **she** was! **Va-va-va-VOOM!** Her arms were completely bare for a change, showing off a strength you only got glimpses of before; the plunging neckline **told you** to look at her chest, even if you were too embarrassed to, the hint of chiseled abs giving you an easy out and something a little **safer** to stare at, though not by much; and those powerful, **bone-breaking** thighs of hers... **Wew! What a woman!***

*“Have you been waiting long...?” she asked nervously, clearly not used to dressing up like she was as she tried to shrink in on herself and cover her body with her wings.*

*No, you hadn’t, but even if you **had**, you’d have told her the same... Stepping over to give her a peck on the lips, her body relaxed, those corded-steel muscles melting into you as she pressed her **sizeable**—*

*“W-We should head inside,” she mumbled, her usually stoic expression faltering just a bit as she took your hand and the corner of her mouth started to twist into a gentle smile. “I hear there’s going to be an important announcement..”*

*Really? You hadn’t heard anything of the sort, but the sooner you got in, the sooner you could get out. It was a little petty, maybe jealous even, but you didn’t want to share the breath-taking sight right in front of you with anyone else if you could help it.*

*Lifting your intertwined hands up and kissing the back of hers, the way her cheeks reddened a shade further made you smile even wider. She wasn’t the type to melt or gush or show her emotions openly if she didn’t want to, so you knew her wearing that dress was a major step forward in your relationship, and you were all for it.*

*“...Just remember one thing when we’re inside: no matter what anyone may say, or how they might react, **I’ll protect you no matter what, Anon.** I promise you...”*

*That sounded... more than a little ominous, but the steel in your new girlfriend’s eyes told you everything was going to be alright. You tried your best to exude confidence*

so **you** could be the one to protect **her**, but a little prayer that nothing bad would happen in the first place never hurt anyone...

Stepping through the office doors and into the low din of mingling coworkers, you readied yourself for whatever battle may come. It couldn't have been any worse than when you **first** started out there, right...?

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### Six Months Earlier

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New job, new city, new you! *Or so you thought...* As it turned out, working for one of the largest companies in the **world** didn't come with all the perks you thought it did. *Or, to put it another way*, it came with the kinds of drawbacks you never could have known about or would have even **imagined...**

Working brutally long shifts shoulder-to-shoulder with demons didn't phase you — *you didn't judge, after all, having known a person or two or ten who could've passed for demonkind with the way they acted* — it was the way they talked about **each other** that got to you...

There was shooting the shit, *and then there was shit talking, and then there was whatever the FUCK they were doing!* You bit your tongue, kept your head down, *and made a short list of places you could hide if things ever went Postal*, but having to put up with that kind of talk in the workplace — *hearing the kind of vitriol they spewed on a daily basis* — did things to you... *It'd do things to anyone!*

You liked to think you had thicker skin than most, but the daily hate got to the point you were about to put in your two-weeks notice... *At least until a young woman so beautiful she could put even angels to shame joined your team.* Actually, she reminded you of an angel despite being a demon too, *not that the animals you worked with could see it.* From minute one, they tore into her whenever she was out of earshot...

They didn't care in the slightest that she was new, or still learning the ropes, *or a really good worker, actually*, all they cared about were her **wings**. Those giant, leathery wings of hers that marked her as an **Elder-demon...**

You hadn't run into many before since they were *usually* in the upper echelon of demonkind, *and had a bad, mostly unearned reputation for violence thanks to a few bad apples*, but **she** didn't seem the type in the slightest!

*At least, not when she was with you...*

*Funny and quiet and sensitive and with the most beautiful eyes you'd ever seen before*, you started showing up to work just to meet **her** every day, *paycheck and toxic environment be damned!* You ate lunch together, complained about the working conditions together, and even came up with fun new ideas for the company together, *ideas that she seemed to love!* ...*The times you made her laugh or she*

*complimented you and your harebrained schemes were the highlights of your **year**, the times she brushed her fingers over your arm the highlights of your **decade!***

If she hadn't asked you to be her boyfriend first — *and if you weren't so afraid she might say "no" — you **definitely** would've asked her out to dinner someday! ...Eventually. **Probably.***

Ecstatic to even be able to call her your girlfriend, your romance was a slow burn for sure — *mostly holding hands and hugging and blushing so hard around each other that you got a face cramp from smiling — but the fire was intense, and the first time you kissed, it was **magical...!***

It was a simple thing that could hardly even be *called* a kiss compared to hardcore making out, *but it meant so much **more** to you coming from someone so reserved...* The moment your lips *finally* made contact after what felt like an eternity of leaning into one another and sharing hot, nervous breaths, it felt like lightning had split the earth below you and you were free falling your way to Nirvana itself! *You heard the crash of cymbals large enough to put the rings of Saturn to shame, and as your vision faded and the world disappeared around you, you could hear the way your heart beat in joy because you'd finally found **the one.***

*...Didn't hurt that you could hear **her** heart beating just as fast, either.*

Sweeter than honey and softer than marshmallows, you missed the gentle heat of her lips against yours that made the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end once the kiss to end all kisses came to an end, but what came *after* was almost worth it...

There, standing in front of you, the most beautiful girl in the world had a **galaxy's** worth of stars swirling in her eyes as she slowly raised a hand to make sure her lips were still there. Even behind her hand, you could still make out what had to have been the biggest, brightest smile you'd seen on her, and it was a sight that you made sure would be burned into your memory until the end of time itself.

*Which only made you dislike your other coworkers and the way they talked about her even **more...*** It was one thing to resent your job, *or your station in life — something you had no control over —* and another entirely to actively focus all that negative energy onto one person! *Hell, if it weren't for her **physically** stopping you a couple of times, you probably would've gotten yourself fired! **Or worse...!***

*...Would she run away with you? you asked yourself time and again. Go looking for another job with you? She didn't deserve what she was being put through, and your 'coworkers' didn't deserve to even lay their eyes on her, so what was keeping you there? Other companies had to pay better for such a kind, beautiful, hard-working—* "There's a little company event coming up... Would you—? Would you go as my date~?" she'd asked out of the blue, completely derailing your negative train of thought.

*Of course you would. If she'd have you, you'd escort her **anywhere...***

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## Present Day

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*“Thank you all for coming today...”* your girlfriend started to announce, *for some reason*, after taking center stage and being handed a microphone... “I have an important announcement to make about the last few months I spent working on the ‘front lines,’ and I wanted you all to hear it first hand.

“First and foremost, I’m deeply ashamed and embarrassed. Both of those of you who besmirched both my and this company’s good name, but more so of the oversight that allowed such an environment to go unnoticed and unreported... My promise to you all today is that it won’t be allowed to continue even a moment longer.”

*Had she...? Had she reported the situation to HR or something...?*

“There will be harsh penalties and punishments doled out to the worst offenders, and as extra scrutiny is placed on all levels, *there will be a strict **zero tolerance policy** going forward effective **immediately**.*

“Furthermore, bonuses will be handed out to those employees who were able to remain untarnished while subjected to such poor working conditions along with **personal apologies** directly from me... *I want to thank each and every one of you for not giving up on this company, and being such shining beacons of integrity.*

“Which brings me to **Anon** here...”

*If you’d been drinking at that moment, you probably would’ve soaked the front row, so it was a good thing you only choked on your own spit at hearing your name called.*

“He not only welcomed me and made me feel like a member of the family this company is **supposed** to be, he withstood the ostracism he suffered by being associated with me and embodies something I’ve come to find almost *all* of our human employees do.

*“Polite, respectful, and courteous... Were I to encounter a front-facing employee from the other side of a desk, I would hope it would be him...”*

*The way she turned to look and **smile** at you made you melt a little, your legs turning to jelly for a fraction of a second before you stood up straight so as to try and at least **look** worthy of the praise she was heaping on you. Couldn’t let her talk you up and then look like some kind of **slacker**, now could you...?*

“His outlook on working here, and life as a whole, should be commended. **Will** be commended, and used as a basis for employee relations as we move forward. Seeing anyone and everyone not for their race, or their reputation, but as an individual, is what this company was founded on. *What I founded it on.* Though we may have lost our way somewhere, I will **personally** ensure we find our way back.

Which is why, *if he'll have me*, I intend to not only make him the lead of our Employee Relations department so I can work together with him closely, **but also my husband...**"

*Say what now...? Your girlfriend was—? Did you hear that right? She was the CEO!? ...Phew, at least that meant she wasn't in any real danger! Must've been one of those undercover type— **HUSBAND!?***

If you weren't frozen solid once that word finally registered, you probably would've fallen over backwards and rolled right out of the room.

*When did she—!? It wasn't like you **didn't** or **wouldn't**—! ...What were you even supposed to **say** to a proposal like that!? Besides **YES!?***

With your heart beating a mile a minute, you watched in slow motion as the murmuring of the crowd was silenced by a single raised hand belonging to your new **fiancée(!?)**, and as she crossed the makeshift stage to grab you by the back of your neck and **dip you** into the hottest, most loving and also **pants-tentingest** kiss, the only thing that ran through your head was how happy and relieved you were.

Not confusion, or betrayal, or anything else, just *relief*. And **joy**. *She'd never been in any real danger at any point in time, thank God...!* She also had the power to **do something** about the infection that was clearly present in the lower rungs before it ate away at—

*Wait a minute... If you got married, and she was the CEO, did that make **you** the house-husband...? Would you still be eligible for paternity leave~?*