

Fistpounding the New Girl

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Brigitte Lindholm, the newest waifu to join Overwatch, reunites with her childhood friends and finds out that they have a poly relationship

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It would have been a lie to say she had been thrilled about joining Overwatch. Brigitte had essentially been dragged into it by an old coot with a fetish for glory. It hadn't mattered because there had been no talking him out of it, and so she just found herself tagging along and finding herself adopted into a new family. She had met most of them before, but it had been years and years and...

Some of them have changed so much. The older girls that she had followed around and tried to impress for most of her childhood are now following her around and she cannot help but smile.

"It is good to have you with us Brigitte," Angela is all chocolate and rose, the prettiest woman she has ever seen. Brigitte always had a thing for the Swiss Doctor, ever since they patched her up when her and Fareeha fell off of Watchtower North Zero-One.

Fareeha had been trying to get over their fear of heights, and Brigitte had been silly enough to try and impress them with her engineering skills - but when Fareeha had stretched up and just a hint of their midriff exposed, she had forgotten entirely to tie the rope to the tower. At least Fareeha got over their fear.

"I betcha got some great stories, you lot," the new girl, Lena, sits upon the stairs up to the second floor of the workshop. Their cute little smile is taken though, she has already seen the near one thousand pictures of their girlfriend Emily.

"We have some good stories," Fareeha, who stands next to Angela, one arm suavely placed on the shoulder of Brigitte's armour, flashes a grin.

Fareeha has barely changed, still the driven, confident and cocky girl that Brigitte had lost contact with years ago. It had not been her choice, the two of them had been great friends, and she had a lot of fond memories trying to help her woo the pretty Swiss Doctor.

Once the others have left, Brigitte and Fareeha finally have the chance to really catch up.

"I noticed you and Angela are fairly close still."

"She was in Egypt, and I ran into her at a bar. It was nothing like we planned."

Brigitte smiles, hiding her jealousy poorly, "I'm glad for you."

"She's been talking about you ever since we heard you were joining," they place a hand on her arm, "We have a good relationship, but we both agreed we're missing something."

Brigitte blushes, unsure of how to take it, "I'm flattered but I could never-"

Or she thought she could never, that was until she found herself between the two women she had idolised as a child. Fareeha's strong hands spreading her ass, their thick tongue wet and slippery against her. She relaxes, her own tongue hard against Angela's perfect pink slit.

Her moans, her sighs, they muffle in the puffy lips pushing against her face, nose deep in a blonde bush with her brown hair roughly yanked by the Swiss Mistress. There is nothing she can do, her arms tied behind her back. A collar around her throat, like the pet, the plaything she longs to become. She yearns to please them, they have such dulcet moans. Fareeha though, all armour and axel-grease, tonguing her until she comes, driving home the point until she is warmed up and ready for the real test.

"In order to fuck Angela, you need to be able to handle getting fucked by her."

She squeals as her entire body is dragged up by the collar. Fareeha's anything-but-sweet approach just makes her wetter, her eager to please tongue still lolling as though it were inside the Blonde. Her Egyptian lover drags her into their arms, breasts against her back, her own cupped by their strong hands. She feels them, their strap-on pushes up against her. A long, hard cock that makes perfect use of her stretched out ass.

Angela meanwhile leans in, kisses her as they slide their fingers inside her. It is a game to them, one that she eagerly plays just to be a part of their triangle. Fareeha pulls her backwards, harder against their thrusts and stops to bury her full of their thick monster dong. Angela's fingers become three, then four. She grimaces a little, but moans as they fuck her.

They push harder, four fingers become five squeezing inside her. Her mind breaks as their entire hand fills her pussy. The almost sadistic grin on Angela's face, shared only with Fareeha as Brigitte's eyes roll back. She comes, and again just from how they ball their fist inside her, she can feel their wrist ruining her and only wants more. If this is Angela fucking her, she wants nothing else.

"How is it? I could barely take two fingers my first time, you're such a good girl," Fareeha pats her

head, kisses her neck. They reach over her to play with her clit, as Angela shows no mercy, fist-pounding her until she is a broken woman.

Bored, Angela releases her from their grasp, "I approve, Brigitte. Maybe next time you will last a little longer."

Fareeha holds her, strokes her hair and unties her. She finds herself crying, tears of joy, and nearly loses herself again when Angela hugs her. The three of them, together, lay in their bed, the only thing Brigitte can think of is - will she be sharing this bed with them, because it's honestly kind of small.