

Overwatch: Bonding with the Ladies

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After the next war, Tracer and Widow use a unique device to help their female friends bear children for repopulation (1-14).

The survivors are relieving stress now that the pregnancies are done (15-38).

New figures enter the fray, desperate for romance (39-48).

Orgasm warning: If you read this, you might watch yourself overflow.

Sexiness levels: I need healing.

If you want to laugh while you come, you've come to the right place.

Enjoy.

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1 - Mei's Deep Freeze

Widowmaker and Tracer walk south throughout a long dimly lit underground room with a high rocky ceiling and a polished obsidian floor. The only illumination comes from bright empty tubes along the east wall. To Tracer and Widow's right, the other female Overwatch and ex-Talon members are lined up in bondage on their backs with their heads pointing west.

"I can't believe we got a unanimous decision from everyone here. I mean I know we need to help repopulate after the last war, but really, I didn't think they'd all go for it," Tracer mentions to Widow.

"These are odd times," Widow unzips her costume down until her vagina is exposed.

Tracer unzips her jacket, awkwardly so because she has to work around her chronal accelerator.

"Tell me about it. I got captured by Talon and freed you from their brainwashing and then escaped with you, but now I have –," Tracer tries to say while struggling out of her pants until she can kick them off her bare right foot.

"You're rambling," Widow interrupts while noticing that Tracer's nail polish matches her outfit.

"Oh sorry. Right. We should get going with this. These ladies aren't going to impregnate themselves. It's a shame the boys can't have some fun of their own, but hey, you get to test out that thing you invented now. What'd you name it?" Tracer takes off her forearm gun holsters and laying them on the floor.

"As a pair for us? The Chelicerae. Ingenious, aren't they," Widow states instead of asks while picking up two strapon from a silver chilled table against the middle of the dark west wall.

She keeps the navy-blue one for herself and hands a yellowy-orange one to Tracer. Widow pops open the right side of hers while waiting for Tracer to fiddle with a small thin sealed silver package.

"Having trouble?" Widow smirks and swishes her long ponytail around.

"No," Tracer huffs. "It's just. Hmmm. It's just not made well."

"Sweet girl. You have weak fingers. Not well versed in...breaking things," Widow takes the package in her left hand and with a flourish of her right fingers, rends the pouch open.

"That was kind of sexy," Tracer mutters with an absentminded tone.

"Everything I do is."

"Got that right."

"I thought of the idea from my venom mines and the needles on my black and red costume. You know

the one. With the corset," Widow takes a squat syringe filled with semen and slips it into the strapon.

"Do I?! Oh, I know the one. I've had many a late night thinking about – never mind," Tracer gets instantly bashful and hurries to do the same for her strapon.

"HmMMMM," Widow scrutinizes Tracer while putting on a second pair of gloves with sliver metal nails.

Widow slides shorter dildo piece into her vagina and secures the black straps. Tracer removes the shorter piece from hers, leaving a space free for her vagina to breathe.

"Who do you think this first sample is from?" Tracer bounces around on the balls of her feet.

"I don't know, mon cheri," Widow sighs. "It's random for a reason. Don't want to offend anyone with favoritism. We all agreed to that."

"Yeah. Random. For everyone but me," Tracer grins.

"Yes...well, your circumstances were slightly different so they agreed to let you have your way."

"Heh."

"So who's first?" Widow glances to the southernmost end. "Ah. La femme froide."

"Hi," Mei greets them casually when they saunter over.

She is wearing her costume without gloves and boots. Her toes wriggle around under her tights. A black stretcher bar is hooked onto leather cuffs around her ankles. Matching cuffs bind her wrists together behind her back. As an added bonus, ice has been coated over each cuff.

"Hey, chilly girl," Tracer kneels behind Mei and taps the strapon against her forehead.

Widow plops down with her knees together and calves splayed near Mei's feet.

"Why do we have to climax as a stipulation for the seed to get inside?" Mei inquires.

"For fun. Come on, Mei. Heh," Tracer giggles. "Pun not intended."

"How does it work?"

"The strapons are connected to the room's scanning system. It'll be monitoring your brainwaves. Or some such thing," Widow rolls her right wrist around while staring north.

"Wait. So why do you also have one?" Mei looks up at Tracer.

"Hey. Food is scarce. It'll give you a nutrient boost. And besides, I wanna have a little fun too."

"HmMMMM," Mei hums in thought. "That doesn't sound like the best use of a sample, but –."

"Mei. Shushhhhh," Tracer wipes her right index finger up Mei's lips. "You're thinking about it too much. Have some fun with our silliness. There it is."

"At least we got to pick our favorite types of bondage," Mei shrugs. "That makes this event more entertaining. Do you have a favorite?"

"You ask a lot of questions," Widow notes.

"Did you forget who I am?" Mei asks and smiles while whispering, "Science."

"No," Widow flattens her eyes at Mei and sighs, "You're a living fix for life's plot holes."

"So, let's see whose baby you're gonna carry!" Tracer exclaims in a gameshow voice.

Nothing happens.

"Heh," Widow chuckles.

"I said," Tracer starts to get frustrated. "Let's see whose baby you're gonna carry!"

"You have to say it normally," Widow covers her mouth with the back of her right hand, trying to hold back from a fit of giggling.

"Fine," Tracer sighs. "First donor."

Reinhardt rises into the first tube across from Mei.

"Hello there," Reinhardt waves his right hand. "Don't worry. You have the hips to bear my progeny. Any other woman might break from bearing my young."

A short-term healing gel fills the tube and he quickly falls asleep.

"So the first pair is going to be Mei with Rein," Widow muses.

"Yay," Mei sighs apathetically while rolling her eyes to her left.

"What's wrong with Rein? You don't want a big German child?" Widow teases.

"It's not that...," Mei's voice trails off.

"Who were you looking forward to?" Widow inquires with an offhanded tone.

"Roadhog," Mei mutters, somewhat abashed.

"Awwwwww," Tracer gushes and pinches Mei's cheeks. "You wanted to be chubby buddies."

"Hmrrrrrr," Mei groan-growls.

"Hehehehe," Tracer giggles while purposely fogging up Mei's glasses.

"Can't see," she blurts.

"Oooops," Tracer uses the edges of her hands to wipe the lenses clean.

"Thanks."

"Also, do you want them on or off when we start?" Tracer offers.

"Off please."

"Okay," Tracer delicately lifts them off Mei's nose and lays them upside-down on the floor to her left.

"I want a ball gag first," Mei announces when Tracer shifts to move.

She zips over to the table in a split second. Glancing at Widow, Tracer holds up a red one in her right hand and a blue one in her left. Widow twitches her head at the red one. Speeding back over, Tracer holds the ends of the black straps with her index fingers and thumbs and dangles the gag over Mei's face.

"Awww. But I want the blue one," Mei whines.

"Too bad," Widow smirks deviously while Tracer secures the gag.

"Ready?" Tracer asks.

"Mhmmm," Mei nods.

Tracer pats the fur around Mei's collar and unfolds her jacket, revealing her expansive plump breasts.

Tracer lunges her hands down and presses them deeply and forcefully against Mei's chest, moaning, "Oh, your breasts are downright corks."

Widow inches forward until she is within the boundary of Mei's spreader bar. Locking her high heels against the shaft, she kicks back to get Mei's legs straight.

"Mhmmiii," Mei squeals as her eyes widen in surprise.

"Heh," Widow releases a subtle chuckle.

She uses the sharp tips of her gloves to open Mei's tights, but does so with such delicacy that it seems as if Widow is unweaving the threads.

"You're a treat to watch sometimes," Tracer ogles Widow's hands.

"I'm a treat to watch at all times. And you know it."

"Heh," Tracer only giggles in response.

Widow wipes her cold left thumb claw up and down Mei's vagina until she shivers.

"Oh? What's this? I thought the cold was your thing?" Widow slits open the tights and slides her hands inside, moving them around until she can grip the outside of Mei's thighs. "Yes. That's it. Shiver for me."

"Heh. I don't know if the girls really knew what they were getting into when they agreed for you to be one of the deliverers."

"No," Widow slams the entire shaft inside Mei. "No, they did not."

Mei wiggles her hips around while Tracer plays with Mei's hair.

"That went in so easily," Widow lies forward on top of Mei while forcing her legs to stretch further and wider. "You're not a lewd girl, are you?"

"Mei? Nah," Tracer swats her left hand at Widow who grips Mei's sides.

"Hhmhmmhmmmm," Mei moans with each of Widow's increasingly raw thrusts.

"Now what will make you come? Hmmm?" Widow ponders, only somewhat sadistically.

"You know what I think?"

"What?"

"Mei's a big softie. Be a little less rough."

"Hmmm. You're probably right. You have more knowledge of feelings and such."

"That just sounds messed up, but yeah, I know my onions."

"Alright then," Widow wraps her arms around Mei's back and hugs her sensually while delivering tiny kisses to her neck.

Once Mei is thoroughly salivating around the gag, Tracer says, "Okay, I want in on this."

She removes the gag and slides her strapon in easily.

"Wow. You just gobbled that right on down, didn't you?" Tracer teases. "Heh. I can feel her sucking on it. See? Told you she liked it nice."

Widow grumbles unintelligibly.

"Heh. Get up," Tracer tells Widow. "I want access to those breasts."

"Not mine. Not right now at least," Widow jokes.

"No. I want the big 'uns."

With a final lick to Mei's lower lip that makes her quiver, Widow rises back into a kneeling position. Tracer massages and molds Mei's chest and with the tiniest of time jumps, buries her face between Mei's breasts.

"Ah...this is so...nice," Tracer mumbles while pressing them against her ears. "Hey. I think I can hear the ocean."

"Fille stupide," Widow rolls her eyes to her right and folds her arms while continuing to thrust lightly.

"I'm not listening. Blah, mlah, glah, glah, glah," Tracer ignore the jab.

"Come already," Widow lunges her hands and pinches Mei's nipples while delivering one thrust that lifts her crotch off the floor.

Mei squirts all over Widow's abdomen.

"Ah. There we are," Widow sighs.

Once Tracer slides out and leans back with her hands propping her up, Mei pants, "That...tasted...funny."

"Precision German engineering," Widow says with a straight face and her current accent.

Mei and Tracer are silent for a moment before they both burst out laughing.

This will continue.

2 - Hard-Light Symmetry

"Well, that was fun," Mei sighs.

"Why don't you help our friend up while I unpack the next sample?" Widow suggests while rising without using her hands. "Since you're so inept at that."

Tracer simply closes her eyes and sticks her tongue out before using the edges of her fists to hammer off the ice so she can undo Mei's straps. Meanwhile, Orisa, Zenyatta, Bastion, Lynx Seventeen and Winston are walking down dark stairs in the left side of the northernmost wall. They head over to the northeast corner where a booth with black cushions curls halfway around a round silver table. Somewhat behind it and along the east wall, a fancy bar with a black marble countertop has many snacks and alcoholic drinks lined up on the well-lit glass shelves.

"Greetings," Zenyatta does his rotary hand motion.

"Boo doo boo doo," Bastion beeps.

"Hello," Orisa waves.

"Hey," Lynx nods.

"Hi there," Wiston delivers a spicy meme and doesn't even know it.

He takes the easternmost spot, Bastion scoots in near him, Lynx goes next and Zen hovers over the northernmost seat. Orisa stands in the western spot since she can't fit anywhere else.

"Awww. You started already? I was curious to see the first one," Orisa complains.

"You can check the recordings," Widow rolls her right hand around at them and opens the next sample.

"But...but...I wanted to learn everything as it happened," Orisa sulks.

"You have to be on time for things. C'est la vie."

"I'll tell you all about it," Mei puts her glasses back on while woozily walking over to join the others.

"Next up is our pretty Symmetra," Tracer zooms over and sits cross-legged near Symmetra's head.

"Thank you," she smiles pleasantly.

"Here," Widow tosses a sample cartridge to Tracer who catches it in her cupped hands.

"I've always loved your outfit. Magnifique," Widow licks her lips while loading her sample and looking

over Symmetra.

She is wearing her conventional costume, everything in order without a single piece missing. She has added an ample, but reasonable coating of mascara to her lashes.

"One moment please," she bends hard-light until she has a series of straps around her arms and legs, bending her into a frog-pose. "There."

"You like the frog-pose, huh," Tracer taps her left index finger against her chin while pacing around with her right hand cupping her elbow.

"It suits my needs," Symmetra answers simply.

"Second donor," Widow says.

"Symmetra with Torbjorn," Tracer announces as he rises into the next tube.

"Remember now. Don't get caught with your beard in the letter box. Heh heh heh," he chuckles and falls asleep.

"What? That doesn't make any sense. I don't even have a beard," Symmetra's face scrunches up in confusion.

"It's okay. Ignore his nonsense. He's just being silly," Tracer tells her.

"Hmrrrrmmm," Symmetra grumbles.

"Heh. The builders got matched randomly," Widow observes.

"And we didn't even plan it that way," Tracer smirks.

"Thank Garuda. Anyone but Junkrat. I couldn't bear to have his chaos inside me."

"Heheheh," Tracer giggles.

"Lucky you," Widow huffs softly.

"Hey. Junkrat may be a creeper, but that doesn't mean his child will be. Especially with one of us as her or his mom," Tracer offers.

"Si tu le dis," Widow shrugs. "Let's get started."

"You all set, pretty girl?" Tracer asks Symmetra while petting her hair into a neater position.

Symmetra waggles her fingers and builds a bar gag to bite down on before nodding, "Mmhmm."

Widow crawls towards Symmetra and plucks at each fishnet so delicately, so as to taunt her with a loose thread without actually damaging them. Folding the front flap of her swallow-tailed dress over her right

hip, Widow begins lapping at Symmetra's tight puckered vagina and sucking on her lower lips with lengthy kisses.

Once she's leaked enough on the floor, Widow chides, "Look at you. Even Symmetra can be a messy girl."

"HmMMMM," a small shiver of discontent runs through her body.

"Don't be mean, Widow," Tracer smirks and turns to Symmetra to say, "It's not messy. It's just natural. Think of it like this. It's just water. It's going out to seek its shape. Kind of like your hard-light tech."

Symmetra seems to like that rationale since she visibly calms again.

"Heh. And now my hard tech is going to seek its –," Widow slides into Symmetra. "– shape."

"That was corny," Tracer shakes her head while playing with the back edges of Symmetra's ears.

"HmMMMM. Perhaps," Widow mulls it over, but gets distracted by Symmetra's knee-high boots. "I love these."

Widow runs her hands up and down Symmetra's legs, taking extra special care to press her fingertips against the arcs of her feet without scratching the material.

"Your outfit is in some ways more erotic than mine," Widow praises.

Symmetra seems like she wants to disagree, but chooses not to undo her hard-light gag.

"Heh. I thought so. That might be one argument that you cannot win," Widow arcs her back pompously before lunging in to grab ahold of Symmetra's knees and thrust fast and rhythmically.

She looks at the ceiling and closes her eyes, moving her body like a spring to go along with Widow's movements.

"Okay. Change up that thing a little. Let me in," Tracer tells Symmetra who morphs the bar into a ring gag.

When Tracer is about to put it in, Symmetra undoes the gag and says, "Wait a minute. I need a short break."

"Okay," Tracer motions with flapping fingers to Widow for her to stop.

Widow ceases thrusting, but doesn't pull out so she doesn't accidentally spill anything.

"What's wrong?" Tracer pets Symmetra's hair in such a way that doesn't move it out of place.

"Nothing really. I just felt like I was going to have a panic attack."

"A panic attack? That doesn't sound like nothing," Tracer becomes concerned.

"I...it's just...becoming a mother...a mother on the spectrum...it...raises some concerns."

"Oh," Tracer blurts softly.

"I'm worried I won't understand how to help them...how to raise them...."

"Who better to raise them? You've been through it all. You know the struggle. There's no one better here to raise them. You'll do fine."

"You think so?"

"Don't worry too much. If your kid turns out on the spectrum, you have all of us here to help you. Anything you need. We're all here for you down in this mansion bunker."

"Thanks...that's reassuring to hear. Especially from you."

A short silence occurs while Symmetra thinks over what she's heard.

"Okay. I'm ready. Proceed," she tells them and reforms the ring gag.

Tracer slowly slips her dildo into Symmetra's mouth, sliding it along her tongue until the false phallus reaches the back of her throat.

Tracer is delicate with Symmetra, whispering, "Cheer up, love. The cavalry's here," while stroking her palms down Symmetra's cheeks and along the sides of her neck.

"Hehgurlch," she laughs and nearly chokes.

"Heh. Don't make her laugh with a cock in her throat," a genuine and innocent smile splays across Widow's face.

"Heh. I like that expression on you," Tracer takes a break to let Symmetra to catch her breath.

"What? What expression?" Widow feels her face with both hands.

"You may be coming back to us yet," Tracer smiles fondly and turns that gaze to Symmetra, beginning to slowly thrust again.

"Hmmm," Widow releases a groan that is both discontent and accepting.

"Ohhh...Symmetra's nose is long like a beak. Getting deep in my slit. And her folded hands on my thighs are like paws. Mmmmmm, Symy we should do this again sometime."

"Mreybey," she slurs her response.

"Sorry about my...fluids on your face. But...I'm really enjoying your nose. What do I smell like?"

"Grulaples."

"What?"

"Glurapplls."

"Never mind. You can tell me after," Tracer closes her eyes and rakes her vagina along Symmetra's nose a little faster.

"So what do you think will make her come?" Mei asks from an ottoman that matches the booth.

"Oh I have an idea," Widow explains offhandedly. "I think our prim and proper girl secretly wants to be used like a fucktoy. And that's exactly how she's going to come."

From under Tracer's rump, Symmetra's eyes bulge.

"Oh yes. You're going to come from this. Because I know you're going to like it," Widow reaches her hands low.

She grabs Symmetra's heels with an overhanded grip and lifts her somewhat off her back. Widow begins viciously slamming Symmetra's crotch hilt-deep onto the dildo. After a few seconds, her eyes roll into the back of her head as Widow undulates her hips. The constancy of the dragging motion of plastic against her innards is too much for Symmetra and her body is beset by quakes of pleasure. Taking off her gloves and tossing them onto Symmetra's abdomen, Widow pulls out, slaps her bare right hand down on Symmetra's trembling vagina, and stands up.

"Told you she'd like that," Widow stands triumphant with her fists on her hips.

Tracer carefully pulls her strapon free and wipes away any residual sperm from Symmetra's lips.

Snapping her middle fingers, she dismisses her hard-light and sits up with her legs arched, "It's a little worrying that I kind of liked that."

"Hah. Told you. I told you all," Widow goes into what sounds like the start of a villainess rant.

"It's okay. We get it. You know how to make some people come," Tracer teases.

Symmetra stands and wobbles a little so Tracer offers support from behind.

"You smelled like apples by the way."

"Oh. That's a good thing I guess."

Widow and Tracer busy themselves with white towels for wipe-downs at the sample table before popping in their next samples.

"I'd like to get involved, but I can't accept seed," Orisa states glumly.

"What were you all doing in the meantime?" Tracer inquires.

Zen gestures with open palms to the chess boards and strategy games on their table.

"So you're playing chess?" Widow asks with a scrunched up expression.

"Chess and other such games are sex to us," Zen admits with a jovial tone.

"Heh," Lynx chuckles, but their antennae wilt slightly.

"Sexy," Zarya perks up from down the line. "Zen knows."

"Penis be upon you," Zen tells her. "Oops. That seemed to be a glitch."

"Sure it was," Lynx sounds amused with accusatory antennae pointing at Zen and calling him out.

"W-w-wooooo...?" Bastion sounds afraid.

"Yes, yes," Widow dismisses them. "Penis will be upon her soon enough. But she has to wait her turn."

This will continue.

3 - Only the Jacket Is Straight

“Greetings, ladies,” Moira nods. “I’m up next.”

She’s in a modified version of her costume without the backpack, tubes, shoulder pads and pants. She wears a strait jacket to match her outfit. Her toenails match as well. She also has matching eyeshadow under her eyes.

“A strait jacket? Awwww. Now I can’t see your boobulars,” Tracer complains.

“It’s inconsequential. I’m a little self-conscious of their size anyway.”

“Hmmm. There’s nothin’ wrong with their size. And I can’t even see your lovely nails either.”

“I wanted the strait jacket.”

“Nails,” Tracer huffs.

“The jacket stays on.”

“Leave her be,” Widow sighs.

“Nervous?” Tracer obliges and starts pacing around behind Moira’s head.

“Usually no. But this is an unusual circumstance. I’m not ready to be a mother, but I understand the necessity. So I want someone with a strong genetic bloodline.”

“Who you hopin’ for?” Tracer slurs.

“Hmmm. Rein would have been nice, but Mei won that option from being first in the lottery. Being third still gives me good options though. Hmmm. I suppose I’d prefer Doomfist or Genji or Soldier. In that order. Their bodies have all been through hell and back again.”

“Third donor,” Widow states.

McCree rises into the tube.

“Oh, I’m going to enjoy this. Our kid is gonna make you watch so many westerns,” he smirks with an unlit cigar as the gel puts him in stasis.

“Oh don’t you dare,” Moira glowers at Widow. “Pick another one.”

“Heh. Mon cheri. It’s all random and you know it.”

“Do you really want to us to pick another?” Tracer offers.

Moira's lips tighten until they almost disappear, "No. I'll...deal with what life has dealt me. A grungy gunslinger's babe."

"Heheh," Tracer slips it in. "She's squirming already. You're going to take the taste of all this cowboy spunk down."

Tracer squeezes her calves on the sides of Moira's head and clenches down on her throat with both hands.

"That sharp nose of hers is so nice on my slit," Tracer groans and bites her lower lip.

"Better than mine?" Symmetra asks while wandering around and stretching her arms over her head.

"Not better or worse. Good in two different ways," Tracer explains. "Yours went deep. Moira's is thin so my lips clasp her."

"Ah," Symmetra acknowledges.

"I really wanted to play with your nails," Tracer mentions again.

"Figne," Moira slurs.

"What?" Tracer pulls out and rests the dildo on Moira's left cheek.

"Fine. Play with them for a little bit, but put the jacket back as it was when you're done."

"Yay!" Tracer does her finest Mei impression.

"That was pretty good," Mei complements from across the room.

"Heh," Tracer undoes the latches on the back of Moira's jacket without looking, slides her hands out, and ogles her nails. "So pretty."

"They are nice," Moira acknowledges.

"Such a simple girl. Amused by shiny things," Widow comments about Tracer.

"Mmmmm," Tracer ignores Widow and stuffs all of Moira's fingers into her British mouth.

Moira gasps in surprise, but doesn't complain as Tracer suckles on them, running her tongue all along the claws' smooth tops. She takes them out and wipes the drool-soaked nails all over her cheeks.

"She's surprisingly affectionate," Moira comments.

Widow's mouth ruffles with confusion, "But she's always been affectionate. That's part of who she is. Even I could see that before when I was...different."

“I suppose I’ve only ever seen her as a silly carefree soldier, unconcerned with others.”

“Hmmm. You haven’t had to fight her often enough. I remember the look on her face when my bullet hit...Mondatta. Sorry again about that,” she looks over her right shoulder at Zen.

“You were not in control. You have been and are forgiven,” he nods.

“I’m rightttttt heeerrreeee you know,” Tracer sings and pops her dildo back into Moira’s mouth before resetting her strait jacket.

“She doesn’t seem to be getting much stimulation,” Widow coils up the left side of her lips.

“She’s colder than Mei.”

“I take offense to that,” Mei mutters.

“Why won’t you come for us, eh?” Widow cajoles. “How about a different position?”

She uses her shoulders as a resting point for Moira’s legs. When she tries to kick them around, Widow forcefully grips them both and Moira calms down. Widow seductively wipes her cheek along Moira’s left calf and rakes her tongue up to her ankle. That causes her to spasm.

“Ah, so it’s your long legs? That’s your erogenous zone? I should have known,” Widow leans forward ever so slightly to whisper, “Mine are too.”

“Ooh, ooh. Let me have the other one,” Tracer squeals and reaches out her left hand to grasp Moira’s right leg.

Tracer opens her mouth and pops Moira’s big toe inside. Her head jitters slightly.

“Don’t be stingy, Tracer. Give her the whole treatment,” Widow smirks.

Tracer slides all of Moira’s toes between her lips and slurps on them, causing Moira to spasm uncontrollably.

“There we are. Take it all in now,” Widow wipes her right hand up Moira’s abdomen to caress her womb and feel it being filled.

“I’m gonna honk this right on down your throat,” Tracer thrusts faster until Moira gulps down all of McCree’s sperm.

Tracer slides out, kneels and holds Moira’s cheeks while giving her a sensual upside-down kiss. Without Moira realizing it, Tracer undid the strait jacket.

“Come on now. Get up,” Widow tells Moira.

“But I’m still – oh, when did you do that?” she notices.

“I’m the fastest around, baby,” Tracer winks and hoists Moira up by her shoulders.

“Heh. You must have really liked that kiss to not realize,” Widow smirks and saunters around with her hands on her hips, arcing her back to stretch.

Tracer struggles some more to open the next sample, thrashing it around between her teeth and hands. Widow sighs and opens it for her.

“Heh. Thanks,” Tracer says as they reload their dildos.

This will continue.

4 - No Mercy for Mercy

“Mmm, mmm, mmm,” Widow emits some sumptuous noises while strutting over to Mercy. “Look who’s next.”

She is wearing her costume and has matching long bondage mittens locking her extended arms together behind her back. Her chest piece is unzipped to reveal her breasts.

“Eheh,” Mercy releases a subtle whimper.

“Hah,” Widow crouches quickly and rests her forearms on her knees. “Afraid of a spider bite?”

“Be nice, Amelie,” Mercy turns her head slightly to her right.

“Oh, I’ll be nice. The only way a spider knows how. I’ll break this angelic body of yours and suck out your innards.”

“Why are you being so mean?”

“No reason. Just teasing,” Widow stands up and starts to walk away north.

“I’m not sure if I believe you,” Mercy frowns.

“Come on now. You’ve had your fun,” Tracer grabs Widow by the backs of her upper arms and ushers her away. “Fourth donor.”

Reaper rises in full costume.

“Why is he still wearing that in the tube?” Mercy becomes perplexed.

“It’s better this way,” he folds his arms.

From next to Mercy, Sombra speaks up. “Ha. The healthiest one with the sickliest one.”

“I am not sickly,” Reaper growls as the gel coats him.

“I’m sure I’ll be able to find a solution if the child is born with any abnormalities,” Mercy sighs.

When Widow kneels to get ready, she lashes out her left hand and rips off Mercy’s loin cloth.

“Hey! That’s expensive,” Mercy pouts.

“You should have gotten it out of my way for me then,” Widow growls seductively.

She realizes that Mercy's crotch is unzipped and a vibrator matching her costume is stuffed deep into her anus.

"Ooh la la. What's this now?" she flicks the vibrator's end with her left index finger three times.

"I feel like I've made a mistake by including that."

"Oh, yes you have. I can promise you that," Widow grips Mercy's unbound calves and bends them until they're folded.

Widow keeps running her hands up and down Mercy's legs until a glazed look overtakes the spider's eyes.

"Tracer. Help," Mercy jokingly looks up at the British speedster.

"Heh," Tracer kneels and rests Mercy's head on her lap, lightly tapping the dildo against her forehead.

"I'm ready. Do what you will," Mercy turns her face away until her right cheek presses into Tracer's thighs.

"I like when they give themselves over to the web," Widow's smile takes on an excessively lewd quality as she takes one lengthy lick up Mercy's vagina.

The healer's eyes burst wide and her head jolts back upright.

"That's the start of the race," Tracer lays Mercy's head down and slides right in.

After penetrating her vagina, Widow flicks on the vibrator with her right hand and scoops it in and out off-synch with her thrusts while her left hand grabs Mercy's hip. Even though Widow took her hands off Mercy's legs, she keeps them in the same passive position. Widow begins breathing heavily with her tongue lashing around her lower lip. Her eyes seem to glaze over again as she undulates her back more and more. She starts panting with her tongue hanging out.

"You okay over there?" Tracer asks with concerned collapsing eyebrows.

"What? No – nothing. I'm fine. I just...I just want this...I want her all to myself," Widow seems to go feral and greedily thrusts out her left palm, shoving Tracer away to fall on her rump.

"Hey, now. I'm going to be right chuffed," Tracer puffs up her cheeks and folds her arms.

"It's okay, Tracer," Mercy looks up with sad, but understanding eyes. "Let her have this...whatever this is for her. She seems to need it. To work something out on her own."

"Don't look at her. Look at me," Widow falls wholly on top of Mercy, gripping the sides of her face while staring intently into her eyes, mere millimeters away.

"I'm loo –," Mercy tries to speak.

“Mmmm,” Widow passionately kisses Mercy, continuing to thrust while pressing into her.

Widow doesn't want to let go of the kiss, opting to do things her way and lap her tongue against Mercy's like the waves that crash against French cliffsides. Widow's hands wipe their way down Mercy's neck and weave behind her back to hug her as tightly as possible, all while thrusting harder and harder with each moment lost to time.

Widow breaks the kiss only with the left side of her lips to whisper, “Ça pique, n'est ce pas?”

“Yes,” Mercy answers in equally hushed tones as her still-folded legs bounce from the thrusts.

Widow pulls her lips just barely away to heave out the soft words, “Je te veux à l'orgasme pour moi.”

“T-then...squeeze me. All over. I need the...pressure...for that,” Mercy is hesitant to admit. “But I'm...trusting you here. So don't...hurt me.”

Widow pushes her dildo up to its base and presses her abdomen down against Mercy's. Widow slides her legs up, touching the tops of her thighs with the outsides of Mercy's and creating pressure from a second angle. Reaching her right hand up, Widow grips the scruff of Mercy's neck. Widow raises her left hand and turns it upside-down to grasp the front of her prey's throat. Slowly, ever so slowly, the spider squeezes the angel. Each different form of pressure is another tread on the web. And for the final measure of her song-taken-form, the Widow presses her breasts against Mercy's moments before their lips permanently etch their lines into each other. The angel's wings alight and flash in a scintillating and blinding display.

“Guh...ughhhhhhh,” Widow releases a deep sultry moan as she orgasms and lurches up with an arched back.

Tracer's dildo squirts Reaper's jizz all over Mercy's face. She winces slightly as it creates a mess of webbing on her eyelashes.

“Heh. I rigged them to light for that,” Mercy smiles weakly, completely exhausted.

“I like it,” Widow stares at the ceiling with her arms limp at her sides.

“Got whatever that was out of your system?” Mercy asks.

“Yes,” Widow leans low and massages Mercy's breasts. “Merci.”

“What?” Mercy hears her name.

“Heh. Nothing.”

“Hmmm. I think you secretly like me more than you let on,” she claims.

“No,” Widow uses her right palm to lightly slap Mercy's face once.

Widow immediately stands up and walks over to the table to clean up while still shivering with pleasure.

“Wow. That was intense. Didn’t expect all that,” Tracer remains sitting dumbfounded with her legs arched and her arms back to prop her up.

“Heh. Neither did I,” Mercy sighs. “A little help?”

“Oh, right. Sure, sure,” Tracer sits Mercy up and unties her mittens.

“How do we have so much bondage gear down here anyway?” Moira is rubbing the back of her neck with her right hand while standing in front of the game table.

“This was one of my secret lairs, remember,” Widow provides the only answer needed for them all to understand.

Tracer is trying to open the next sample, but still can’t do it.

“Here. Let me,” Widow reaches out her left hand.

“No,” Tracer blurts with a pouting tone and dashes south.

She struggles with both hands on the sides of the package until her face turns red. The pouch pops open sending the capsules in two different directions. Widow gasps and runs to catch them, but Tracer zips north and south, grabbing them both before they even come close to hitting the ground. Widow gives Tracer a dirty scowl so she ruffles her hair with her right hand while closing her eyes and grinning with embarrassment.

This will continue.

5 - Everything Can Be Hacked

Part 5: Everything Can Be Hacked

“Come on over. It’s time ta satisfy your one and only Sombra,” she becomes lascivious, dancing around on her back with her forearms together behind her.

Her costume is fully on, makeup and nails included.

“Hmmm?” Widow ponders. “One might think you’re shier than you let on, still with that getup on.”

“Nah. I just like how tight it is against me.”

“Fifth – donor!” Tracer exclaims with closed eyes and a pump of her right fist high in the air.

Genji rises into the tube.

“Yes! Gimmie one for the road,” Sombra smirks at him.

“I need healing.”

“Good boy,” she practically titters while he goes to sleep.

When Tracer and Widow get into their usual positions, Sombra asks, “So why does Tracer always get the throat and Widow the vagina?”

“Yeah. Why can’t I have the vagina?” Tracer becomes indignant and draws snickers from the others due to her phrasing.

Widow stares Tracer down and says, “You wanted your special stipulation, so I get what I want from the task.”

“Ugh. Yeah, yeah,” Tracer sulks.

Widow unzips Sombra’s groin and chides, “You weren’t supposed to wear panties.”

“It’s a throwaway pair. I want ya ta tear them off.”

“Why don’t they have their underwear on?” Zen inquires.

“Makes this whole thing easier if they don’t bother with it,” Widow explains while taking a tight right-handed grip of Sombra’s panties and ripping them off with enough force to drag her closer.

“Owwww. Well, I guess I asked for that one.”

“Yes. Yes, you did,” Widow tells her.

“Boop,” Sombra blurts when Widow sticks it in, causing her to grimace enough that her lower lip pushes her upper one higher.

She starts thrusting harder, but with each one, Sombra repeats, “Boop, boop, boop, boop, hehehahahahaha.”

“Oh, you are going to make this certifiably miserable for me, aren’t you?”

“Hmmm. Let me think about that,” Sombra taps her left index finger to her lower lip. “Yes.”

“Ugh. Wait. Where’s your bondage?” Widow asks when she realizes Sombra has her fingers splayed to admire her nails.

“Got bored. Hacked my way out of it,” Sombra smirks more innocently than she intended while taking her right arm out from behind her back to toss away a heavy metal cuff that covered her wrists and hands.

“You picked that on purpose, didn’t you?” Widow frowns and flattens her eyes.

“Heh. What? You didn’t think I’d put up a fight? Come at me, puta.”

“Oh I will,” Widow lunges and grabs Sombra’s forearms as they struggle for dominance.

“You have such nice hair. What’s your secret?” Tracer lies down with her feet pointing south, props herself up on her left elbow, and pets the smooth scooping ends of Sombra’s locks.

“Caramel.”

“What?” Tracer perks up and pushes herself higher with her palm.

“Yeah. My abuela’s secret technique. Mix caramel in a dye and wipe it in your hair.”

“Oh. Is that why it looks like candy and smells so sweet?”

“You got it,” Sombra’s voice tenses up when Widow begins to win their struggle.

“Heh. You got distracted,” she growls.

Sombra stops fighting completely, forcing Widow to pitch forward. The hacker delivers the quickest kiss to Widow’s lips. Sombra swiftly turns her head to her right to allow Widow’s lips to wipe along her caramel cheek in an action that was far too uncharacteristic for the spider.

When Widow lets go and rears up a little with a look of surprise, Sombra teases, “Heh. There’s always a way.”

“A way to what?” Widow questions.

“To hack anything. Or anyone.”

“Hah. You walked into that brick wall, Widow,” Tracer holds her sides and kicks her legs around on her back in a giggling fit.

“Ferme ta bouche,” Widow scoffs at her.

“Hey. Play with my toes a little. I show them off halfway for a reason,” Sombra raises her legs.

“Hmmm,” Widow muses about how she somehow became the submissive one in this situation.

She enfolds her fingers with the hacker’s toes.

“Yeah. Spread ‘em. Just like that. Culo too. Don’t leave anything out. Give me the whole treatment. I have a thing. Over there,” she waggles all her fingers at the table.

Tracer zips away and brings back a black butt plug that has the text, ‘Property of Reaper’ on the outer end. She’s not sure if that means Sombra is a sub for Reaper or....

“Ummm. Why does this say...never mind,” Tracer doesn’t want to know. “Here.”

Widow accepts it in her right hand and screws the plug inside Sombra’s bum with tight right-left motions.

“Oh,” Sombra winces. “No lube? Okay. I see how it is.”

“Ugh. She talks more than you, Tracer. Please...shut her up.”

“Yeah. You too, Tracer. Getting annoying feeling you jittering behind me,” Sombra watches as the speedster stands in place, vibrating with impatience.

She immediately plops down like she’s been doing, but changes her mind and position with calves splayed wide, facing away from Widow.

“Heh. Didn’t want to mess up her hair,” Tracer explains and slides into Sombra’s mouth while she folds her hands behind her head.

“I don’t care,” Widow blurts with a dead tone.

“Heheheh. As long as she shuts up, huh?” Tracer sighs as she closes her eyes with enjoyment from her vagina rubbing against Sombra’s lower lip.

Sombra goes invisible.

“Wait where’d she go?” Tracer blurts even though she’s still face-fucking the hacker.

“I know you’re still there. We can feel you,” Widow sighs. “Really now, Tracer.”

“Heh,” Tracer doesn’t want to let on if she was joking or actually scatterbrained.

“Ugh. She’s not coming. Even though I’m giving her toes attention,” Widow is becoming exasperated when Sombra reappears.

She snaps her right hand and a small vid-screen appears above them, playing a pre-recorded message of her.

“Hey bitches,” her past self does her characteristic wave like the undulating legs of a delicate queen millipede. “The toes are a good start, but a red herring. You’re gonna havta be more creative ta get me there.”

Widow fumes.

Sombra taps a few holo-buttons, playing the next recording of herself cackling, “Hehehehahahaha,” while holding her ribs with closed eyes.

“Bring me the tube,” Widow says the word with an ominous inflection. “I’m using it on her.”

“Ooooooh. The tube,” Tracer speaks with a spooky tone while zipping away and bringing back a black tube with a matching air pouch on the end.

Widow leans back and slips the tube into Sombra’s urethra and squeezes the pouch in her left hand, pumping air inside.

“Ohhhh. Fuck you, Widow. Ugh.”

Tracer inches forward as if to mount Sombra’s face again.

“Non,” Widow raises her right palm to Tracer. “Let her talk now if she wants. Come on. Talk.”

Sombra seems like she’s in pain until she blurts, “I need healing” with a silly face of crossed eyes and her tongue hanging out.

“So stupid,” Widow rolls her eyes around upwards.

“Give me one spicy meme. Just one. Come on. Hack that meme right into my system. Then I’ll come.”

“No.”

“I’m not gonna come until you say it. I’ll hold out and waste your time. And trust me, I can outlast all of you. I’ve practiced.”

“Ugh. I need healing,” Widow mutters with abject disgust while staring down to her right.

“Ughhhhh, that’s it right there. That’s my G-spot. Genji-I-need-healing memes,” Sombra goes into a thrashing fit as his seed pulses inside her.

“I can’t tell if she’s joking or not,” Widow stares at Tracer.

“I hope she is,” she winces and looks down at her strapon. “Wait. I forgot about mine. Why didn’t anything come out?”

Sombra snaps her right fingers and Genji’s sperm swift-strikes all over Tracer’s face.

“Ugh. That’s not funny,” she stomps her left foot.

“Hehahahahaha. Not ta you,” Sombra goes into a cackling fit. “Anything can be hacked.”

“Such a bellend,” Tracer trudges off to clean up at the table.

Widow stands and stretches her arms high with her fingers interlaced. She reaches her right hand down to help Sombra up, but she’s already invisible.

“Hehehehe,” she chuckles from somewhere on her way to join the others at the booth.

This will continue.

6 - In Russia, Weights Lift You

"I am next. Show me what you've got," Zarya challenges while Widow opens the next sample and loads them.

Zarya is wearing her costume without the plating. She cut holes in the front for her breasts and vagina to hang out. Her bondage is literally just flat metal beams that she bent into place around her arms and legs, a similar pose to Symmetra.

"How'd she get the last piece of metal on?" Mercy looks around at the others.

"Dunno. Rein's help probably," Sombra shrugs.

"Sixth donor," Widow sighs.

Doomfist rises without his gauntlet.

"Ah. You. This will be intriguing. A strong woman. And one from a previously opposing side. I am pleased with the result," he announces.

"Good. Our child will be strongest there is," she agrees and he goes under the healing sleep.

Widow steps in front of Zarya.

"Your dildo is too puny. Just like you," she teases.

"Yes, yes. Zarya smash. I get it," Widow dismisses with a quip that makes Zarya's eyes narrow.

"I want to be upright for this," she tells them.

"Hmmm. You sure? We can't afford to let any slip out," Widow advises.

"I have strongest vagina in room. I will clench. Is fine."

"Are you playing up the Russian accent on purpose?" Widow questions.

"Yes," Zarya smiles.

"Fine," Widow sighs as Zarya struggles into a squatting position, looking like she's playing the part of what one could only consider a daughter of Atlas, holding up the sky.

"Wow. You're crouching down and still so tall," Tracer gawks as she tries to hop up and stand on the tips of her toes to reach Zarya's mouth.

“Here. I will help,” she dips her head forward.

Widow struts around Zarya’s left side, “I suppose I’m taking you from behind then.”

When Widow slides in easily, mounts Zarya, and clasps her breasts, she teases, “Hah. Like Great Dane and poodle.”

“Hmmmrrrrr,” Widow growls while thrusting without much vigor.

“What is this? Tired already? Come now. Give me what you gave the others,” Zarya challenges.

“I’m not really feeling it,” Widow seems awkward. “Sorry.”

“Sorry? What is it? Is it me?” Zarya seems wounded.

“Non. No. I...think it’s this pose. I’m not really...this just feels weird.”

“Ah. You need more intimacy. Rip my clothes off. I will show you how to mount a Russian woman.”

“Rip them off?” Widow makes sure.

“Da. I have twelve more pairs.”

“Okay,” Widow grips handfuls of the stretchy material and rends it free from Zarya’s skin.

Once she’s fully nude, she glances around at everyone, “Look. All of you. Look. These muscles. This is what a real woman looks like. Toned to perfection.”

“She gets really cocky when she’s naked. Heh,” Tracer states with a bit of admiration.

“Now Widow. Slushat’. I want you to rest your cheek against my back. The space between my shoulder blades.”

“Okay,” Widow follows through, laying her left cheek against Zarya’s intensely warm skin.

“Now cup my breasts. From below. Not the messy handfuls that you took before.”

Widow scoffs softly, but does what Zarya says.

“Yes. That’s it. Hold them as if weighing the differences between cabbages. Sampling which one to use for the winter broth. Now close your eyes.”

She closes them.

“Are they closed?”

“Oui.”

“Tracer, check if they’re closed.”

“They’re closed,” Widow huffs.

Tracer zips around to check and back again to confirm, “Yeah, they’re as shut as a gaffer’s safe.”

“Khorosho. Now, slowly run your abs up my lower back. Feel my warmth. Feel how the pieces fit,” she teaches and Widow’s instinctive passion rises as her dildo moves with her.

“Now, slowly go in and out yes, but bend your tool back. Pull against my insides.”

“Heh. This feels like a workout regimen now,” Tracer notices.

“Hush. Don’t ruin the mood,” Zarya smirks. “She’s finally getting into it.”

“Me now. Me too,” Tracer hops around.

“Heh,” Zarya chuckles at Tracer’s excitement and lowers her mouth begin sucking.

Without Widow realizing, Zarya sneaks in a couple of subtle squats to get some extra exercise.

“Widow seems to really be enjoying herself now. Look at how she rubs her cheek against Zarya’s back,” Symmetra observes.

“Zarya’s a good teacher,” Mercy replies.

“How’s that feel so far?” Tracer pops out to zip around, watching Widow from multiple angles.

“She’s doing at fine job, but...I may need your help to reach climax,” Zarya’s lips ripple with awkwardness.

“What?” Widow perks out of her comfortable daze.

“Like I said. Too puny. If we were scissoring, maybe a different story.”

“Ohhhh,” Tracer beams and stretches higher by pushing her chin up with her palms. “I think I know what you want then.”

“My womb can handle it. Besides, I already had a hearty-enough lunch earlier.”

Tracer takes up a sprinter’s pose with her left leg back.

She dashes forward and slams her face between Zarya’s breasts, simply muttering, “Oww.”

“Heh. I am like brick wall. I know.”

Hugging Zarya, Tracer slips her dildo in with Widow's and actually uses little burst dashes to amplify her thrusts because Zarya can take it. Tracer smirks because she likes the feeling of Widow's breasts dragging down against her wrists.

"Yessss...that's...it," Zarya's starting to really feel it now.

Tracer and Widow penetrate Zarya in a seesaw motion as if she's a living railyard hand car. At a certain point, the two reach an equilibrium and thrust simultaneously.

"Gruh...ugh," Zarya orgasms, taking double the recommended load when the two dildos fill her womb.

Once they pull out, Zarya clenches her vagina, not allowing a single drop to drip free.

"That...was enjoyable. Spasibo."

To undo her bondage, Zarya simply flexes and strains until all the chunks of metal bend and fall away. She walks over to the others while smirking and flexing her arms upwards.

Winston tosses her a towel that matches her nail polish and blurts, "Oot, oot, not clayton."

Orissa releases a single monotone, "Hah."

While sitting on an ottoman in front of him, Sombra twists her head up and around to her left to give him a dirty look for his stupid and out-of-place reference.

"What? I felt like saying it," he sighs.

"I don't get it," Zarya wipes away her sweat.

"You're not supposed to. He's being dumb," Sombra turns back around.

He sighs again, "A gorilla's life is never easy."

"And your bad jokes make it harder on all of us," she scoffs.

"Now, now," Mercy chides. "Be nice."

Sombra folds her arms, hunches her back and hooks her right leg over her left while grumbling unintelligibly. Meanwhile, back on the other side of the room, Tracer and Widow have finished reloading.

"Having fun over there?" Widow asks casually.

"Yes. Thank you for asking. Much amusement to be had," Zen responds.

"Dah-dah weeeee!" Bastion squeals while its body jitters.

"Excited huh?" Lynx asks it.

This will continue.

7 - A Spider's Feast

"Excitement is the right word for who's next," Widow smirks deviously at Pharah. "The spider will play with her fly now."

Helmetless, she's wearing her armor without the front breastplate, revealing her whole torso. Her wings are bent out to her sides. Pharah's arms are stretched out on the floor with her hands together. They are coated in a round pile of odd heavy black slime. Her legs are wide at diagonals and her feet are caked in the same ooze, keeping her pinned to the floor.

"Why're you so excited for me? I didn't think you had any interest," Pharah keeps her tone distant and cool.

"Oh, no reason," Widow smirks at Ana who is next in line, bound tightly with ropes that keep her crossed legs pinned at the ankles and her wrists pressed together in front of her.

"Did you have to put Ana next to her daughter?" Tracer cringes at Widow.

After a short silence, Widow puckers her lips for a trolly smile and simply says, "Yes."

"So she gets to watch? You and your old grudges," Tracer looks down, closes her eyes and shakes her head.

"All we are are our grudges," Widow mutters.

"Mommy, I'm scared," Pharah jokes with an obvious tone before whispering, "Hardly."

"Seventh donor," Widow cocks her hips west and whips around with her right arm outstretched, pointing to the next tube across from them.

Soldier rises.

"Well, it looks like I'm not going to be able to say, 'I'm not your father' anymore to someone," he sighs.

"Heh," Pharah offers a small laugh as he fades into sleep.

"She doesn't seem to mind getting him," Moira comments.

"I don't know if Pharah would particularly care whom she got," Mercy replies.

"Yeah. Serious girl is probably treatin' this as just anothe mission," Sombra adds.

"Ooh...la...la," Widow gives Pharah a slow one when the spider notices the fly's groin. "What is this?"

Pharah has been hiding such a fat clit this whole time?"

Tracer zips to Widow's right side and bends over with her hands on her knees.

"Yeah. That is kind of big," she agrees and adds, "Not too big though. Not long. Just plump" because she doesn't want to make Pharah self-conscious (a bit late though).

"Shut up about it already," Pharah actually blushes somewhat and looks away to her right.

Widow descends upon Pharah's crotch, sucking on her fleshy nub with a feverous ferocity.

"Fuck," Pharah blurts, not expecting that reaction at all.

From the corner of her right eye, Widow stares at Ana who rolls her remaining left eye away.

"Gurrrraaaaahhhhhh!" Pharah screeches and starts kicking her legs around even though her feet are stuck.

"Hah. She's a screamer? Oh that is too good," Sombra is eating popcorn out of a red bucket.

"Where did you even get that?" Winston becomes intensely confused.

"Upstairs. I'm stealthy, remember?"

"Can I have some?" he tentatively reaches out his right hand.

"No," she blurts and tucks it away from him, closer to her left.

"Awwww," he sulks.

Mei gets up, shoves Sombra's right arm and blurts, "Oops. Clumsy me."

"Bitch," Sombra scowls.

"Ooooh. Floor popcorn," Winston collects every piece and puts them on the table until he has a small pile to nibble from.

"Guaahhhhhhaaaaaaa!" Pharah roars.

"Should I stop?" Widow ceases with a long lick to Pharah's clit, delivering it a devastatingly slow sensuous kiss.

"Stop and I'll fucking kill you," Pharah seems like she's lost her mind.

"Hehehahah. Wow. This is a fucking treat," Sombra kicks her heels around, bouncing them against the ottoman, spilling more popcorn around. "I am never gonna let flygirl live this one down."

“Guuurrrrrmmmm,” Pharah growls with mounting sexual insanity.

“Maybe I should stop? Hmmm?” Widow puffs up her lips for another full-bodied kiss to Pharah’s clit.

“I swear to god-damned Sobek, if you do, I’ll fucking kill us all,” Pharah opens up all of her missile compartments.

“Language, ?abibti” Ana mutters and shakes her head.

“Ooop,” Widow gets right back to sucking.

Meanwhile, Tracer zooms around, carefully removing every rocket so Pharah doesn’t literally blow everything up when she comes.

“No. Fucker. Don’t – I wasn’t going to actually use them,” Pharah tells Tracer while grimacing from unbearable pleasure.

“Sorry, love. I can’t be sure. None of us have seen you like this,” Tracer says with an armful of rockets.

She zooms away to drop them off in the armory before returning seconds later.

“Ghugh. Fuck. Now I have no bargaining chips to make her stop teasing me.”

“Exactly,” Widow rises and saunters away to the table.

“Widow. Oh fuck. Widow! Damn it! Widow!” Pharah screeches like an addict. “Get back here and keep going.”

“Heh,” Widow releases a deep chuckle. “I’m enjoying this a little too much. I like you as an angry sub.”

“Ugh. Widow! Please. Don’t leave me like this!” Pharah tries to twist her head to look up, but can’t exactly see what Widow is doing.

She returns holding something behind her back with both hands. Kneeling, she scoots in and presses the tip of her dildo against Pharah’s clit.

“Ughhhmmmm,” Pharah groans in frustration. “I’m really starting to hate you.”

“Oh? You hate me?” Widow releases a mock gasp and presses her left fingertips into her chest.

“Maybe I really should stop.”

“No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,” Pharah panics. “I’m sorry. Please, keep going. You’re just making me so, so very mad. Come on, Widow. Keep going.”

“Tell me what you want,” Widow puts down what she’s holding and slowly crawls on top of Pharah, sliding inside with way too much ease, yet does not thrust.

“Give my clit attention. Please. It’s too sensitive as it is. And you fucked me up now.”

“Oh? That’s all you want?” Widow coils her arms around behind Pharah’s head and strokes her hair.

Widow presses her body against Pharah’s clit and begins French-kissing her. When her eyes close from an overdose of stimulation, Widow smirks and glances to her right at Ana. She rolls her eye away once more. With her hands clasped behind her back, Tracer scrunches up her nose in response.

“Ooookay,” Tracer steps forward with purposefully stiff legs like a toy soldier.

Pharah actually starts crying, distorting her eyeliner into an uneven pattern of drips.

“You okay?” Widow asks.

“Oh, why do you keep stopping? It feels too good. I hate you for how fucking good this feels. I think you might have ruined me.”

“Oh. Heh,” Widow continues.

“Gonna just...kinda...slide you down there,” Tracer crouches and slowly pushes Widow back toward Pharah’s crotch.

“Bu-but,” Pharah stutters. “Oh, you’re sending her there. Thank you.”

Tracer uses the outer edges of her thumbs to wipe away Pharah’s tears before sliding inside her mouth.

“Gank you,” she slurs when Widow suckles on her clit again, adding long licks up her vagina.

“You’re welcome,” Widow smirks.

“I think she was talking to me,” Tracer smiles while using all her fingertips to caress Pharah’s jawline. “For sending you low.”

“Mmhmmm,” Pharah nods as vigorously as she can without hurting herself from having a dildo in her throat.

“Oh?” Widow blurts with mock offense and sits up into a kneeling position again.

“Gruck,” Pharah curses.

“Oh, don’t worry. I have something special for you,” Widow’s right hand pats around behind her without looking until she grabs her pink mystery object.

“Oh – my,” Tracer gasps. “What is that?”

“Mmmmmmm?” Pharah whines and tries to look up, but can’t because Tracer’s vagina is all that she can see.

Widow is holding small latex lips that can inflate. Behind them, a stubby cylinder connects to a long translucent tube.

“This is a mold of my own luscious lips by the way,” Widow explains while absentmindedly slipping her dildo back inside Pharah.

“I don’t think any of us needed to know that,” Tracer whispers to Widow as if sharing a secret.

“Heh. Sure you did. Put some lascivious thoughts in the back of your mind,” Widow presses the fake lips around Pharah’s clit, holds the tube in her right hand and blows air into the top.

The lips inflate, squeezing all around Pharah’s most sensitive spot.

“Gggmmmmmm!” Pharah screams as best as she can with her throat full.

Keeping the tube between the right corner of her lips for an occasional burst of air, Widow presses her left palm against Pharah’s abdomen to feel the false phallus scoop deep inside.

“Mmmmm,” Widow stares at the spot with affectionate heavy-lidded eyes.

She makes little grasping motions to try to grab at the dildo beneath the flesh, but can’t take hold of it (that only works in the erotic comics she’s read).

“Hhhhhmmmm,” Pharah wines piteously when Widow slacks on her inflation duties.

“Oh, I can’t take it anymore,” Widow pounces on Pharah with unadulterated passion.

With overhand grips, the spider digs her nails into the fly’s breasts. Widow bites the left side of Pharah’s neck. Hard enough to squeeze veins and constrict blood flow between her teeth, but not hard enough to break the skin. Widow thrusts with stinging vigor. Each of her heaving breaths pour more air into the tube until the tight latex lips become unbearable for Pharah.

“Gurkkmmmmmmaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!” Pharah howls past the cock as she climaxes.

Once she gulps down the rest of Soldier’s seed, Tracer slides out, but Widow is still rutting forcefully.

“Ohhh...by Sobek’s cock!” Pharah screams when another orgasm overtakes her.

“Um...Widow?” Tracer asks. “Widow. Hey. Hey, Widow.”

Widow closes her eyes and goes even faster until she collapses as a spasming climaxing mess on top of Pharah. Her neck is bright red and dripping with saliva.

“Fuck,” she wheezes with a voice that is now deeper from a sore throat.

Widow is still breathing heavily.

“Come on, ya big tarantula. Get on up,” Tracer tugs Widow’s arms out from under her, but they flop weakly on top of Pharah’s wings.

“Give me a moment. I actually can’t move,” Widow admits. “Heheh.”

“I was that good for you huh?” Pharah sighs.

“It was,” Widow struggles to get up with shaky arms.

Pushing herself away near Pharah’s feet, Widow lies out with her feet pointing north, propping herself up with her left hand. She needed to create some distance between herself and Pharah lest the need to pounce on her returns with strengthening limbs.

“Heh. I want one of those lip things,” Zarya smirks.

“Of course you do,” Mei pats Zarya’s right arm.

“Whatever that was, it was too intense for me,” Symmetra is a little horrified.

“I’ve had worse,” Mercy admits.

Everyone turns to her with various expressions of surprise. Zen’s head goes completely horizontal to his left. Bastion tries to transform into a turret, but botches it halfway through, ending up like some form of modern art. Winston’s brow lowers while his eyes try to widen. Mei ice-blocks with a look of terror on her face before popping and showering rime everywhere. Zarya lengthens her mouth until it becomes parallel with her eyebrows. Lynx’s antennae flatten all the way back. Moira’s face scrunches up with squinting eyes and an oval mouth. Orisa’s eye slots pop wide and get frozen that way. Symmetra makes a tiny shield generator to cover just herself. Everyone is surprised. Everyone but Sombra. Because Sombra has already seen the pictures. She simply smirks. Because she knows. She knows.

“What? On the battlefield of course,” Mercy tries and fails to hide her smile.

“Yeah right,” Winston scoffs with amusement. “And I’m a monkey.”

Mei looks over her left shoulder and asks, “Aren’t you a monkey?” with a perfectly acted tone of pure innocence.

“You, madam, are no longer a scientist,” Winston gives her a deadpan jab.

She slaps her hands to her cheeks and releases an exaggerated gasp, “Oh no!”

“How haven’t you come yet by now?” Pharah asks Tracer. “Even Widow came. Twice.”

“Heh. I have...very...specific preferences,” Tracer scratches the back of her head with her left hand while staring down to her right in slight embarrassment.

“I suppose I should feel proud a little? Making Widow come of all people.”

“You should feel proud. I...enjoyed that –,” Widow sits up straighter and uses the back of her left hand to caress Pharah’s clit once. “– very much.”

“Come here,” she tells Widow.

“What?”

“Come here. Closer,” Pharah flicks her chin upwards.

Widow crawls over and rests her left ear against the corner of Pharah’s lips while staring at the floor.

“Can we...um...do this again sometime?”

“Ooh...oui, oui,” Widow keeps herself from having a giggling fit. “We’ll have a lot of time to ourselves down here. I look forward to it.”

Even though she could have smirked and looked at Ana again, the moment had passed and Widow prefers the delicious secret of a potential second encounter. She lunges up and shakes her head around, combing her hands through her ponytail and dragging it over her left shoulder to feel her silky strands caress her chest.

Tracer grabs the next package and zips around to those at the table, “Anyone wanna open this for me?”

“Give it here,” Winston offers.

With her head bowed, she passes it to him on both outstretched palms as if offering a holy scripture.

“Heh,” he pinches both sides with his index fingers and thumbs and daintily tears it open.

“Thanks, big guy,” she grabs them up and speeds away with her legs moving first and her torso lurching after her, making herself look like a cartoon character.

She reloads hers and then pops Widow’s in for her since she’s still exhausted. Tracer gets some clear energy drinks from the bar. She gives a tall bottle to Widow who drinks with both hands holding it high and upside-down. Tracer guzzles half of hers before crouching behind Pharah’s head, slightly to her left. The generous Brit uses her left palm to lift Pharah’s head, allowing her to drink the rest.

“Shukran,” she nods once the bottle is empty.

This will continue.

8 - Die Hard or Not at All

"Okay," Widow sighs heavily and gets up, pushing her hands on her knees as she does. "Time for you, vieille femme."

Ana is wearing her old Overwatch uniform, cap and coat and all. The crotch of her pants is unzipped slightly.

"Eighth donor," Widow speaks with an inflection of newfound villainy.

Hanzo rises in the tube.

"So you're gonna pop some baby batter in this one," Tracer smirks at him.

"Nani!" Hanzo screams as the fluid covers him in sleep.

"Oh, it's not so bad," Ana shrugs. "I have augmentations to secure a safe birth. Mercy saw to that."

"Piece of cake," Mercy acknowledges.

Widow lifts Ana's bound ankles and crawls under them. The spider sticks her stinger in apathetically and thrusts slowly with folded arms.

"You don't have to be gentle just because I'm older than you," Ana smirks with the left side of her lips.

"Oui, oui. I'll consider it."

Ana forcefully squeezes her legs to drag Widow closer, sending the strapon all the way in. Widow frowns. Ana uses her legs to make Widow move in and out.

"Are you going to make an old woman do all the work?"

"Peut être."

Ana sighs and looks away to her left.

"Maybe I'm just biding my time...as a spider does?" she continues her light movements.

"Sure you are. It's my age, isn't it?" Ana fake-pouts.

"Your age has nothing to do with it, you hag," Widow gives her one slightly harder thrust before continuing slowly.

"Hah."

With her left hand, Widow grabs the bindings on Ana's wrist to lift her arms a little. Widow slips her right hand between Ana's fingers.

"Sorry about the eye," Widow shrugs while staring up to her right, avoiding Ana's gaze.

"It's no bother. I should have shot first anyway. It's my fault," she explains offhandedly.

"Thanks a lot," Widow rolls her eyes to her left.

"Ana," Tracer gasps.

Ana smirks at Pharah and tells her, "You're going to have a little brother or sister. Aren't you excited?"

"Stop it mom. No talking to me from here on out. Radio – silence," Pharah gets annoyed.

"I'll help with that," Widow takes the two loose ropes around Ana's neck, places them between her teeth, and cinches them tight.

"Are you really gonna not let me get up?" Pharah complains.

"Non. I want you to watch. And besides, you picked that...tedious bondage. I don't even know what that is...much less how to get it off you. And I'm already in the middle of this."

"Ugh," Pharah scoffs and mutters, "I knew I should have picked something easier."

Tracer creeps over as if to figure out how to let Pharah get up.

"Tsk, non. No, no, no," Widow waggles her left index finger at Tracer as if she's a cat trying to push a glass of the kitchen table.

"It's alright," Pharah grunts and then hisses spitefully, "I'll watch."

"Heh," Tracer shrugs and slips her dildo between the two ropes and into Ana's throat.

Widow scrunches up her face, "Something feels weird."

She unzips Ana's pants further and realizes black anal beads are stuffed inside her.

Widow scoops her right middle finger into the ring and pulls one ball out, realizing they're covered in blunted spikes.

"Femme sale. Look at this," she pops the bead back in. "And they're so big."

"Gwuen gou glet to blee gli alrge, blu do vluat glo glav gltou," Ana slurs.

"What?" Widow asks so Tracer slides out.

"Glah," Ana takes a breath. "When you get to be my age, you do what you have to."

"Hmmm. I do like the way your sphincter puckers so greedily around them," Widow cocks her head to her right to ogle Ana's ass.

"Well –," Ana tries to speak.

"Non. No more talking," Widow blurts and then tells Tracer, "Back inside her."

"Yes, ma'am," she salutes with her right hand and returns the dildo to Ana's throat.

"This butt secret amuses me," Widow tightens her grip on Ana's wrist binding and begins thrusting harder.

Every so often, Widow pops out some beads before pushing them back inside.

"Oh, you know what would be amazing?" Tracer perks up while pressing her hands into Ana's breasts through her uniform.

"What?" Widow lowers her left eyebrow while raising her right one.

"When she gets off, you should say your command phrase for your visor."

"Non," Widow whips her head away to her right.

"She's almost theeeeeerreeee," Tracer sings.

"Non."

"I feel her quivvvverinnnn'."

"Non."

"Come on. Say it."

"Non."

"Say it, say it, say it, say it, say it," Tracer thrusts quickly with each phrase, rocking back and forth with her hands still on Ana's chest.

"Ugh. Fine," Widow sighs heavily as Ana climaxes. "Personne n'échappe à mon regard."

"Yay," Tracer whispers with a lewd tone and lowering eyelids.

She slides out and stands up to stretch her arms high. Ana's eye narrows.

"What's that look for? Hmmm?" Widow yanks Ana into a sitting position on the dildo.

"Does that mean you want more? To come again? Like your pretty daughter? The one I made into my pet?"

"I'm still right here you know," Pharah sighs.

"Geeerrrrr," Ana growls playfully.

"Oh?" Widow pretends to be taken aback.

She forcefully yanks out all the beads in one lengthy motion, letting them clatter far away into the middle of the room, drawing a moan from Ana, "Guruuuhhhh."

Widow moves the wrist binding to hang on the back of her neck. The spider winds her left hand around the rope behind Ana's head along with her braid, tugging them back forcefully to reveal her neck. With one fluid hop, Widow unsheathes the dildo from Ana's vagina and slides the rod into her anus.

"You're an anal chienne. You came from your ass before, didn't you?" Widow whispers close to Ana's dead eye while thrashing her right fingers across Ana's vagina and thrusting faster and faster.

"Come. Come for me again. Acknowledge me as your better," Widow pushes Ana's head forwards and braces their foreheads together so they can have a stare-down. "I'm the better sniper."

Ana can't stop from drooling.

"Come and admit it. You're going to come. Come. Do it. Do it," Widow demands and stops wiping her fingers across Ana's vagina, grabbing her clit tightly and shaking it.

"Ughhhhhh," Ana orgasms again, but this time, squirts forcefully all over Widow's chest.

"Yeah. There it is. That's the real orgasm," Widow pulls out abruptly and lets Ana flop onto her back again.

"That girl has issues," Mercy mutters.

Tracer removes the rope from Ana's mouth.

"Nap time," she blurts and pretends to fall asleep, flopping her right cheek onto the floor.

"Sure," Widow rises with a flick of her torso that sends sweat hurdling far behind her.

Tracer undoes all the ropes.

"Anyone have ideas to get that gunk off Pharah?" Widow glances around at those on the table.

"What even is that?" Winston sniffs the air. "Smells like tar."

"It's not tar," Pharah huffs. "It's something I make out of rocket fuel and glue."

"Sheesh," Winston pulls at his collar with his right index finger. "Oh wait. You have a makeup kit over there."

"Good nose," Widow compliments.

"Acetone. Use your nail polish remover," he tells her.

"Awwwwrrrr," Widow growl-whines. "I don't want to use that up."

"Come on, Widow. I messed up," Pharah complains.

"I'll make you some more when I get the chance," Winston promises.

"Fine," Widow quick-turns counter-clockwise to strut away with lengthy elegant strides.

After digging around in her black makeup bag, she pulls out a clear bottle. She unscrews the white cap and empties some remover around the three patches of slime. Pharah slides her hands and feet free, standing and shaking her fingers around to flick the excess off.

While cleaning her strapon at the table, Widow sighs, "We've made such a mess here."

This will continue.

9 - Off with Her Head

“And you’re gonna make an even worse mess next,” the Junkertown Queen smirks.

The six-foot-tall woman is wearing her usual outfit without her spiked shoulder pads. Without any pants, they can see that her shirt is actually a skimpy leotard. Her legs are spread wide with a wooden stockade. A second one locks her head and hands in place. She wears ankle-length boots covered in spikes.

“Really? A stockade?” Widow prowls around near the Queen’s feet. “Did the Queen want to feel like one of her punished subjects?”

“Somethin’ like that,” the Queen smirks with the right corner of her lips.

“Tracer. Next sample,” Widow snaps her right fingers twice at her speedy assistant.

“Righto,” she sprints away and brings the next one back.

“Merci,” Widow takes it in her left hand while using her other to ruffle Tracer’s hair.

“Heh,” she giggles softly.

Widow licks the package before tearing it open. She pops the cartridge into her mouth and kneels with splayed calves in front of Tracer. While sucking on her dildo, Widow keeps her palms on the floor with outstretched fingers and somehow slides the capsule into the strapon’s right side.

“Oooh...you’re getting’ me all hot and bothered, Widow, stop it,” Tracer holds her intensely blushing face with both hands, peeking through her fingers.

“Oh. I like that. Giving me a queenly show before my queenly treatment.”

“Heh,” Widow pushes herself up without using her hands and tells Tracer, “Now you.”

“B-but...bu-but, I don’t know how,” Tracer stutters while Widow slowly pushes her friend’s head down until she kneels in the same position.

With her left hand, Widow peels down Tracer’s lower lip and pushes the capsule inside her mouth.

“You’ll figure it out,” Widow pops her dildo inside.

She and the Queen watch in amusement as Tracer struggles to use her tongue to slide the cartridge into the dildo’s right side.

“Hmrrrrrrrrrrrr,” Tracer growls in frustration while shifting the dildo around, trying to find new angles

of approach.

"Maybe this will help," Widow grabs the sides of Tracer's head and starts thrusting.

"Hey," Tracer whines.

"Am I helping?" Widow smirks.

Tracer squints until she hears a click and wrenches away with a smile, "Hey. It went in."

"That's not what I intended, but c'est la vie," Widow shrugs.

"Enough 'a your foreplay. Get ta mine," the Queen complains.

"Oui, oui. Tenth donor."

Lucio rises in the tube, still with his beats thumping away.

"Oh. Her. That's cool," he says and fades to sleep in the gel.

"Eh. Could be worse," Queen shrugs. "Could be Junkrat."

"Awwww. No fair," D.Va whines from next in line. "I wanted Lucio. We could have the most musically gifted child ever. Trade me."

"Nah, Sheila. You go get some Aussie gunk down under."

"Humph," D.Va pouts.

"Why no sample repeats?" Mei inquires.

"If possible, we need genetic diversity...for any future potential couples," Moira explains.

"Ohhhhh," Mei nods.

"Are you ever gonna tell us your name?" Tracer asks the Queen.

"I'm still the Queen of Junkertown so Queen is what you'll call me."

"Fine, your majesty," Widow makes a glib remark.

She kneels and hooks her wrists under the Queen's knees, ordering, "Get those legs up."

Pushing her heels back against the stockade, Widow tightens her grip on the Queen's legs to create pressure on her muscles.

"Heh. You tryin' ta get me angry? Get on with it."

“Simply testing your resolve,” Widow pushes only the tip inside.

Leaning forward, she slides her left hand through the hole in the Queen’s shirt.

“Hey. That’s my favorite shirt. Don’t ruin it.”

“Hmmm?” Widow retracts her hand while twanging the lower rim of the shirt’s hole with her index finger.

“Watch it, Widow. Don’t make me get my axe,” the Queen jokes.

“Ooooh. I like it when you talk tough while helpless,” Widow slips the dildo in halfway. “Keep going and I might give you some more.”

“Enough ‘a you,” the Queen lunges her crotch forwards while flexing her vagina to completely gobble the strapon, making Widow gasp with lustful surprise.

“That is some initiative,” Tracer nods while pinching her chin with her left fingers and cupping her elbow with her right palm.

“Ya don’t get ta be a queen without some,” the Queen undulates her hips and Widow is content to let royalty do the work.

Tracer moves to sit on the Queen’s face in the usual way.

“Uh uh. Not yet. I want what I want first,” she tells Tracer.

“Anything you’d like,” Tracer bows low with her left hand on her accelerator and her right arm out wide.

“Get my tools off the table. They’re in my purse.”

“Which one?”

“You’ll know it when you see it.”

“Okay,” Tracer skips off and immediately realizes it’s the one made of an old tire covered in yet more spikes.

Reaching inside, she grabs a roll of shiny tan tape and two pairs of tiny vibrators before bringing them over. Two of them each have an inch-long rod that ends in a nub covered in millimeter-long feathers. The other two are similar, but end in a thin conical nub of feathers.

“What do I do with these?” her eyebrows collapse along with her legs as she sits behind the Queen’s head.

“The shorter ones go in my nose. The longer ones in my ears. Tape around my hands. And one perfect

piece across my mouth.”

“Oooooooh,” Tracer draws out.

She rips off a piece of tape, just long enough to cover the Queen’s mouth, and presses it down so a crisp outline of her lips stands out. When Tracer unwinds a new section, the Queen makes fists. Tracer completely wraps the Queen’s hands, right before left.

“Mmm. Mmm,” the Queen flicks her head toward the tiny vibrators.

“Which one’s first? Or do you want me to decide?” Tracer asks.

“Mou,” the Queen responds.

“Mmmmm...ears first,” Tracer picks up the longer ones like two daggers held point down and flicks the switches on.

With effort and care, Tracer swings her arms down, sliding both feathered contraptions in simultaneously, which causes the Queen to close her eyes and wriggle around from the tickling stimulation.

“Heheh. She really seems to like that,” Tracer grins with heavy lids.

She holds the next pair like pistols and flicks her thumbs up to turn them on.

“Pew, pew, pew,” she makes little shooting motions at Widow who rolls her eyes to her right.

Tracer smirks while slipping the next two into the Queen’s nose.

“Gummmm,” she arches her back in pleasure, still jerking her hips up and down on Widow’s shaft.

Tracer scoots forward and says, “Her mohawk on my crack feels all tingly,” while trying not to giggle.

She strokes the Queen’s cheeks, causing her to affectionately wipe her face all over Tracer’s palms. Widow gets more involved in their motions, digging the tip up into the Queen’s vagina near its opening.

“Glurrrmmmmmm,” the Queen seems close to her climax.

“Hey. I had an idea,” Tracer perks up. “You like nose stuff, right? What if I spray this down your nose?”

The Queen thinks about it, wobbling her neck right and left before nodding.

“Yeah!” Tracer cheers with pump of her right fist and hops counter-clockwise to flip positions.

“So excitable,” Widow sighs.

“Mmmmm,” Tracer presses her vagina into the tape over the Queen’s lips. “That feels nicer than I

thought.”

Widow strokes her left index finger down Tracer’s back to tell her to get ready. After massaging the Queen’s hamstrings, the spider slowly moves her hands around to grip the Queen’s knees. With one forceful motion, Widow kicks her legs back against the stockade, jerking the Queen’s legs straight. That motion jolts an orgasm through her. Tracer quickly yanks out the nose vibrators and presses the tip of her dildo against the Queen’s nostrils. She holds her breath as Lucio’s sperm drowns her nasal cavity, allowing her to drink it down most unnaturally. With heavy eyelids, Tracer stands straight up while simultaneously ripping off the tape with her right hand.

“Ah. That...was...nice,” she wheezes as a sperm bubble grows and pops from her left nostril.

“Heh,” Tracer giggles and wipes away the excess.

“Hey. Before you free me, can I ask for one final request?”

“A Queen doesn’t ask, mon cheri.”

“Well...it’s the type ‘a thing that might make ya uncomfortable, but I still want it.”

“What is it?” Tracer asks innocently with her hands clasped behind her back while tilting forward on the balls of her feet.

“I want you to swing my Axe at me. Like an executioner. Stop just before it would hit. I want you to scare me a little. Heh.”

“What? This thing?” Tracer zips off and grabs the giant haphazard blade behind the table and slowly drags the weapon back over. “I don’t think that’s very safe.”

“It’s okay. It has a built-in safety forcefield that will stop it from ever striking me.”

“Oh. If that’s what you really want,” Tracer absentmindedly pokes her tongue out of the left corner of her lips while struggling to heft the axe on her right shoulder.

When she starts wobbling around, the Queen sighs, “You know what? Don’t both –.”

Widow vaults over the Queen, lands to her left, snatches the haft from Tracer and swings the blade down with full force, stopping an inch from her throat.

“Uuuggghhh,” the Queen is actually surprised and pees herself.

“Was that good enough for you?” Widow smirks.

“Yes,” the Queen whimpers with pleasure. “Exactly what I wanted.”

“Good,” Widow shoulders the blade and saunters off to let Tracer undo the tape and stockades.

This will continue.

10 - Junk Food

Widow tears open the sample pouch and reloads hers before tossing one to Tracer. She catches it in her right hand, taps the cartridge to her temple as a salute and winks her left eye. When they approach D.Va, she yawns. She is in her usual jumpsuit except her boots have been ripped off, leaving her ankles and feet bare. She chose a simple bondage setup, small black cuffs around her wrists to lock them together behind her back.

“Tenth donor,” Tracer winces.

Junkrat rises with his hair still alight and his tire still jittering.

“Awww. Gross,” D.Va blurts.

“Oh, I’m gonna enjoy dreamin’ about this,” he has a spastic fit, thrashing his tongue around. “You getting’ fucked like a damn wombat.”

“I hate you,” D.Va frowns.

“Hehehooahahahahahaha –,” he cackles as the gel puts him to sleep, dousing the flames on his hair for once.

His tire malfunctions and farts a little puff of black smoke that freezes in place.

“Feed me. I want to be treated like royalty if I’m going to bear that ugly fucker’s kid.”

“What do you want? I can pop upstairs for snacks,” Tracer flicks her left thumb over her shoulder.

“Coffee, Cheetos, chicken,” D.Va rambles while her eyes glaze over at the thought of snacks. “Maybe some soda. And chips too.”

“That’s kind of a weird combination. I’ll see what I can do,” she zips upstairs and zooms back down with arms full of snacks.

She lays them on the floor to the left of D.Va’s face.

“Ooooooh,” she drools everywhere.

“Are you sure you want to eat and drink while having sex?”

“Gotta eat to keep the kid alive, right?” D.Va jokes.

“Heh. Not what I meant, but whatever,” Tracer shrugs. “Also, we don’t have any coffee, but I found coffee-flavored chews...whatever those are.”

"It's fine. Just gimme gimme," D.Va's tongue lurches out in vain to grasp at the food.

Tracer unzips a shiny brown bag and pops a coffee chew into D.Va's mouth just as Widow rams her dildo inside that tight gamer vagina.

"Mmhhhhmmmmm," D.Va moans.

"Heh. I can't tell if that was from the food or the penetration," Tracer smirks at Widow.

"It was definitely from the food. I can taste the real caffeine. Mmmmmmmmm."

"Not from me?" Widow adds some lurching thrusts.

"Nope. Gotta try harder than that, Purple People Eater," D.Va closes her eyes and bobs her head around right and left to a song only she can seem to hear.

"Heh. I'm starting to like you," Widow takes up the challenge, turning D.Va onto her left side, hugging her right leg and really digging the strapon into her vagina wall.

When Widow bites D.Va's ankle deep enough to draw blood, she opens her eyes and squeals, "Aiighiii! Hey! Jah jin nah."

"Ha. Best pay attention to me then," Widow tells her.

"Grrrrrr. More food," D.Va bends her head to her right and opens wide for Tracer to drop a sweet and spicy chilly chip inside.

She crunches it around within a second.

"More."

"Sheesh. She's like a living trash compactor," Tracer actually starts sweating while lowering another chip in her right hand.

"Hehehehe," D.Va chomps dangerously at Tracer's fingertips.

"Hmmmmm," Tracer whines her discontentment and drops another chip inside.

"Drink now, madam. I thirst," D.Va puts on a fake regal voice.

Tracer tips the soda sideways so D.Va can drink without choking. Widow gives a particularly rough thrust that causes D.Va to spill some soda into her puddle of drool.

"Hey!" D.Va kicks her right leg free and wraps both calves around Widow's torso, squeezing as hard as she can.

“Ooph,” Widow blurts and holds onto D.Va’s thighs. “Your legs are strong for someone who sits down all day.”

“Keep talking. I’ll knock the wind out of you,” D.Va growls. “More food from you, servant girl.”

“Servant girl? I’ll show you servant girl,” Tracer gets haughty and uses her accelerator to speed into D.Va’s throat when she opens her mouth.

“Mmmgrmmlllmm,” D.Va mumbles around the hard shaft.

“Uh uh. I got you all those snacks and this is how you treat me?” Tracer roughly grabs D.Va hair while introducing the dildo’s tip to her esophagus.

“Are you really upset? I can’t tell,” Widow slows down.

“No,” Tracer practically wheezes, on the verge of cackling. “Just havin’ a laugh.”

“Oh. Okay then,” Widow smirks and thrusts to match Tracer’s pace. “It’s still kind of tricky to figure everything out since breaking free from Talon’s hold.”

“Same. Sans the Talon part,” Symmetra adds while leaning back against Mei’s chest as a pillow.

“So who do you think will make her come?” Widow challenges Tracer.

“Oh, definitely me.”

“You want to bet?”

“Sure. All of the greenhouse farming duties for a week.”

“You’re on.”

While continuing her undulating thrusts, Widow begins massaging the muscles around D.Va’s groin. Tracer takes a different approach, slowing down, but adding more pressure to how she pushes her dildo in. She runs the back of her right index finger along D.Va’s throat every time she gulps the shaft down.

“That’s it. Stroke it down,” Tracer creates a sensory training program within moments. “Just like that.”

She tantalizingly slides her hands into D.Va’s jumpsuit and clasps her breasts with great scooping motions as if trying to collect sand.

“Mmmm...mmm...mmm,” D.Va begins subtly moaning.

“Is that from the food?” Widow jokes.

“Oh, she’s eatin’ something alright. This fat knob in her throat,” Tracer moves her hands higher to use her thumbs to caress D.Va’s clavicles.

Tracer slips her left index and middle fingers into her mouth and saturates them with spit. In one deliberate and sensual motion, she drags them across D.Va's lower lip from right to left while simultaneously pressing her thumb down on the top of her sternum.

"Hmmmmmmm," she moans forcefully and spasms.

"Huh," Widow realizes. "She's an oral girl. I should have figured from all the food. I was destined to lose from the start."

"That you were, love. All those farming duties are yours for now," she smirks and then whispers, "I'll help out if you need me though."

"Un accord est une affaire."

"I don't know what that means."

"A deal's a deal," she sighs.

D.Va seems to panic and move her head right and left as hard as she can, the sign that she wants to stop if she can't say the word. Tracer immediately dashes backwards and D.Va vomits, splashing an orangey liquid all over her face. Tracer speeds back to lift D.Va up. Bastion lowers its neck in fright and uses its left hand to cover its bird's eyes.

"Ugh. That felt good. Up until the vomit," D.Va sighs.

"Yeah. Probably wasn't a good idea to do all that on a full stomach. Full in two ways. Heh," Tracer pauses and asks, "Was that my fault?"

"Nah. I have a bad habit of eating while doing other things. It's not the first time that happened, if you can believe that."

"Heh. You're kinda cute when you puke," Tracer smiles.

"Sh-shuptup – I mean shut up," D.Va coughs up some more. "It is not cute. Not at all."

"I think it is," Tracer darts away to the table and returns with a blue cloth to wipe away all the sick from D.Va's face.

"Guh," she huffs.

"If it makes you feel any better, I think you're repulsive too," Widow jokes.

"Thank you," D.Va plays along.

"Is anyone going to eat that?" Winston points his right index finger at the puddle of vomit.

A small trail of black liquid trickles out of Lynx's mouth, "You're going to give me a malfunction."

Tracer becomes a blur and the vomit and the cloth disappear, "What vomit?"

"I was kidding by the way," Winston folds his arms and legs. "I'm not a dog. I have standards."

"Which include every variety of peanut butter," Widow teases with a serious expression.

"Ooh ah ah ooh eiah," Winston states with a deadpan tone.

"And what does that mean?"

"It's gorilla for shut the fuck up," he smirks.

"Oh?" Widow keeps her legs straight, leans in her torso diagonally to her right, props her left hand on her hip and presses all her splayed right fingers onto her chest. "I happen to be fluent in gorilla and what you really said was, 'Miss Lacroix is the best lover here.'"

"D.Va might have to disagree," he grins at Tracer.

"Touché," Widow acknowledges and straightens up.

"Heh," he chuckles.

Widow helps D.Va out of her bondage while Tracer zips around reloading samples.

"Winston. Would you like to put yours in mine?" Orisa offers. "Since we can't participate in the breeding."

"Maybe some other time," Winston replies politely.

"Awww," she sulks again.

"What do you even have down there?" Lynx questions.

"Efi built me anatomically correct," Orisa states with pride.

"Maybe I shouldn't have asked," Lynx's head twitches and a spark flies out from their neck.

"Ahah," Zenyatta releases a dry laugh.

"Zwee?" Bastion sounds confused.

"So...I guess you're next," Tracer tells Widow.

"Oh no. I know who is last. Oh, I could be sick," she straightens up and her cheeks bulge a little.

“Hah ha, tenth donor,” Tracer teases.

Roadhog rises in the tube, having a coughing fit. He doesn't say anything. All he does is raise his right hand and give her a thumb's up. Widow turns away to face the west wall and holds her face in her right palm.

“Heh. R.I.P your future hips,” Sombra teases from somewhere near the others.

“Yes. That,” Widow's face clouds over with the realization of how heavy Roadhog's spawn could be.

“Hey,” Sombra de-cloaks near Widow's right side. “Say Baguette.”

She sighs and with a defeated tone, says, “Baguette.”

“Heh. Your coño's gonna be blown out as if you pushed out the world's biggest baguette.”

“We'll skip you for now since you're...you know what? Never mind,” Tracer decides not to say it.

This will continue.

11 - The World's Fastest Orgasm

"Hellooo?" Emily draws out from the end of the line.

"Greetings," Zen does his wave.

"Hi," Emily tells him with a bit of frustration.

"Don't think I've forgotten about you," Tracer tells her girlfriend.

"Getting all cold and alone over here. Waiting until the very end."

"I know. I know. But because we weren't in the lottery, we gotta give the other gals their moment first," Tracer goes over to the table and picks up a capsule of her own bone marrow seed. "Funny, what technology can offer us these days."

"What is that?" Lynx inquires.

"Sperm...fashioned from my bone marrow," Tracer answers with a somewhat faraway tone.

"Why couldn't we all just do that?" Mei asks.

"We don't have that machine here," Tracer explains. "These are our samples from before the war. I grabbed them as soon as I heard the news."

Tracer walks up to Emily in her red shirt with white stripes. Her bondage is a simple pair of silver handcuffs. She's also wearing a pair of shiny crimson high heels that she knows drive Tracer wild.

"I'm gonna fly solo for this one," Tracer looks south at Widow.

"I know," she nods and does a bow with her arms splayed.

"Lena," Emily unzips her blue jeans and Tracer helps her girlfriend to stand up.

"Yeah?" Tracer smirks.

"On your mark...get set...go!" Emily gives the signal.

And Tracer flashes inside her woman and clocks her accelerator into overdrive as she takes Emily for a ride throughout their underground complex. Emily holds on with her arms around Tracer's neck and with legs tight around her hips. They vibrate at rapid speed, having sex in the fancy white kitchen, on top of the glossy opal dining room table, across the seats in the cozy dim movie theater while In Bruges plays to their right, on the fresh black soil in the greenhouse, getting sopping wet in the misty showers, drying off in the silvery training room.

Tracer speeds higher, running up the cavern walls. She heads through a series of tunnels that lead to a circular hatch. She stops in advance to slow down. Without putting Emily down, Tracer reaches her right hand to the left of the hatch. On the password terminal, she puts in the code: twoonnyfphspa. The door swings open to the right and Tracer zips out into the dusty crimson sunlight to stand at the edge of a ruddy cliffside. They see the world from two angles, gazing at how corrosive everything has become. Their warzone. This Desolation.

"It's all so sad," Emily mutters and releases a few tears as she nuzzles the left side of Tracer's face.

"I promise you, all of this is going to get better for our kids. Whomever they turn out to be. We'll make it better."

"Thanks. I hope you're right."

"Ready for our climax?" Tracer squints and grins. "I've prepared something special for you."

"Ready," Emily smiles with heavy-lidded eyes.

Tracer bursts back into the base at rapid speed and closes the door. She dashes straight into their room where she lightly bashes Emily into a red fluffy bed attached to the back wall. The force alone of colliding together gives them a simultaneous orgasm as Tracer's essence flows and flowers into her lover.

"That...was...amazing," Emily mutters while trying and failing to kiss Tracer due to how woozy they both are.

"I'm the best. You can say it."

"I love you."

"I know you do," Tracer wipes her left index finger down the right side of Emily's face. "Love ya too. But..."

"But what?" Emily becomes concerned.

"You're too heavy after all that running," Tracer winces with wobbling legs. "Gonna collapse now."

She falls to her knees with Emily still attached.

"Heh. You ass. Don't worry me like that."

"Hehehe," Tracer mumbles some giggles while her neck tilts with exhaustion so she can rest her head against Emily's clavicles.

"Did you want to rejoin the others?"

"Not yet. Let's just stay like this for a little bit."

And they stayed there for fifteen minutes. Enjoying each other. Enjoying the silence. Understanding each other's breathing. Understanding what it means to just sit and breathe.

"Okay. I'm feeling rejuvenated after that delicious rest," Tracer slowly gets up with Emily, who doesn't want to let go of Tracer. "Heh. You're still clinging on with all your might. A stronger lady than me."

"Hah. Hardly. You were the one doing all the work," Emily kisses the bridge of Tracer's nose.

"Hehehehe," Tracer giggles as she returns them to the dark room with the others.

She puts Emily down and Widow unlocks the cuffs.

"Thanks," Emily nods.

"Pas de problème," she replies.

"Now for your turn," Emily grins deviously at Tracer.

"Oh no," she recoils jokingly and holds her arms up in front of her torso.

This will continue.

12 - Emily's Secret

"Turn around," Emily points her right index finger and swirls it around counter-clockwise at Tracer who spin-dashes to about-face.

Emily goes to the table and delicately slips a black blindfold shaped like wide aviators over Tracer's eyes.

"Really?" Tracer sighs.

"Yes. No peeking for now. For all I know, you might be fast enough to look without me noticing."

"Fair enough," Tracer states with a level-headed tone.

With Widow's help, Emily quickly struggles out of her clothes. She puts on an all-black latex costume of thigh-high boots with high heels, panties with an open slit, a corset that pushes up her plump breasts, and long "princess" gloves that reach the spots just below her shoulders. The final addition is a new strapon with a scarlet dildo and a matching rod to go inside her vagina. Widow pops open the sample of Emily's bone marrow sperm and helps her load it.

"Ohhhh wow. I think Tracer's gonna like this," Sombra practically squeaks with glee.

"I cannot wait," Tracer speaks with a deliberate tone.

Emily sits on the table and grips the edge with her palms, subtly kicking her legs. Widow opens her makeup bag to expertly and expediently apply black eyeliner, lipstick and eyeshadow for Emily.

"Thanks," she hops off when Widow is done.

The spider removes Tracer's strapon, "You won't be needing this for now."

"Hmmm," Tracer frowns.

They help her out of her top until only her accelerator remains. Emily slips long black gloves on Tracer's arms and cinches them until they're tight against her fingers.

"Hmmm. You had all this stuff her before the Desolation? These fit a little too well," Tracer notices.

"I like to plan ahead," Widow smirks while helping Tracer into black thigh-high 'boots' that don't end in shoes, leaving her feet revealed.

"Ewww," she blurts.

Emily forcefully puts Tracer's forearms together so the speedster jokes by standing up straighter to

attention. Her soon-to-be dom takes four black belts and secures Tracer's arms in place.

Widow snaps a black collar around Tracer's neck and leans in near her right ear to whisper, "I'm going to enjoy watching this" before handing the leash to Emily.

"You're so bad," Tracer shakes her head.

"This way," Emily walks off with the leash over her left shoulder for leverage.

Once Tracer is standing in the spot at the end, next to where Emily was, she says, "Kneel."

Tracer obeys without hesitation, completely devoted to Emily's whims.

"Heh. Good girl," she grins. "Open wide."

Tracer opens her mouth and sticks out her tongue as far as it will go.

"Nope. Get that back in there," Emily lifts a black riding crop in her right hand and flicks it down on Tracer's tongue, sending it back inside.

"Owww," she blurts, but keeps her mouth open.

Widow reaches over and attaches a modified black spider ring gag where the hooks are short, soft, shaped like curved fangs, and elegantly cup the edges of Tracer's lips.

"Eeeiii," Tracer squeals with delight as Emily pulls on the leash while Widow tugs back to secure the straps.

"On your back. Now," Emily orders while wiping the crop up the length of Tracer's neck and chin.

"Gesh, mlgam," she tries to say, 'Yes, ma'am' as she lowers herself down.

Emily saunters forward and takes up a confident pose with her left leash hand on her hip and her riding crop resting along the length of her right leg. Still facing west, she twists her feet to point north and uses the arch of her left heel over Tracer's neck to pin her to the floor, causing her to shiver with anticipation. Emily winks at Widow who flips up the blindfold.

"Take a nice long look at me. You'll have to use your imagination from here on."

Tracer closes her eyes, smiles and wriggles around with glee. Widow flips the blindfold back into position and steps away. Emily kneels and scoots close to Tracer, laying the dildo's tip on her clitoris.

"Show me that tongue!" Emily demands.

Tracer immediately flops her tongue out and keeps it out. She is subtly panting, nervous about displeasing her chosen mate.

Emily grabs the crooks under Tracer's knees to lift her folded legs, "I like how you painted your toes with such precision today. That was only for me and none of these other ladies, right?"

"Ummhumm," Tracer nods with unnatural vigor.

"Good. I'll give you your first reward," Emily uses her thumbs to massage the bottoms of Tracer's feet.

"Mmmmmmm," Tracer moans and wiggles her hips to rub her clit against the dildo.

"What's this? You want this? You want what's inside this?"

Tracer nods eagerly.

"Then take it."

Tracer scoots on her rump, trying desperately to aim the dildo inside. She kind of gets part of it in, but she's still struggling.

"Take it," she yanks on the leash to drag Tracer completely onto the shaft and lift her so she's halfway sitting up.

"Ughhhhhh," Tracer's whole body goes limp and her head tilts forward spilling an abnormal amount of drool onto her accelerator.

Tracer's form flickers briefly, so Emily breaks character and blurts, "Ooops. Heh," while quickly wiping the spit off the device so it continues to function properly.

"Technology," Winston sighs affectionately with his chin in his right palm.

"Sorry love," Emily reels Tracer in a little closer to kiss her forehead.

"Gihuh?" Tracer weakly perks up, but didn't seem to notice, already drunk on pleasure.

"Heh," Emily lays the crop down to her right, winds the leash almost completely around her left hand, and holds Tracer upright with both hands on the back of her head to begin fucking the shit out of her.

"Hmmm," she releases a pathetic and despondent moan of absolute yearning.

"Oh okay," Emily can't maintain her dominatrix persona for long around Tracer, giving her what she wants and sucking on her tongue.

"Gggmmm," Tracer moans with pleasure.

She hesitantly moves her legs as if to hook them around behind Emily, but stops.

"Go ahead. I know you want to," Emily wipes her right cheek along Tracer's.

She latches her legs tightly around Emily's hips with a feral desperation. She tilts Tracer forwards even more until their breasts can press together around the accelerator. Taking hesitant initiative, Tracer rests her chin on Emily's right shoulder. Tracer undulates her crotch in short bursts and as her drool drips down Emily's shoulder blades, she shivers with delight from her lover's saliva.

"You like this pose. I know you do," Emily whispers into Tracer's right ear while running her hands lower to hug her.

Starting from the spot just below her ear, Emily delivers kisses to the length of Tracer's jawline. Moving up for two kisses on the lips, Emily continues around for kisses up the length of her lover's left jawline. Emily squeezes Tracer and leans forward until her sex-drunk head tilts back.

"Heh," Emily emits a devious chuckle and bites down on Tracer's tongue.

Reaching up her left hand, Emily grasps a handful of Tracer's hair to keep her head tilted while using her right hand to apply pressure to her back. Emily stops moving for three seconds to confuse and disappoint Tracer before thrusting more passionately than ever before. Tracer's toes curl and she orgasms as her womb fills with bone marrow seed, completely drenching Emily's undercarriage with feminine juices.

"Bad, bad, girl. Look what you've done. But I'm not done with you yet. You don't get to get off without me," Emily lets the leash unfurl so Tracer topples slowly onto her back.

She lies there as a panting mess.

"Come on. Get in on this, Widow," Emily smiles.

"With pleasure," Widow pops in a cartridge and rushes over, slamming her strapon deep into Tracer's throat.

"Heh. Yeah. Gobble that knob, my sweet little Brit," Emily grabs Tracer's rump and lifts it airborne so she can drink deep from her slit.

"Shut that little trollop up. No offense," Widow says to Emily instead of Tracer.

"None taken. She can tend to be a little over-talkative in bed. Isn't that right?" Emily lowers her feast down and uses the backs of her hands to pet the insides of Tracer's thighs.

"I don't know how she does it," Mei mutters.

"Does what?" Zarya asks while sitting to Mie's left.

"She's been having sex all day," Mei's eyes widen with the realization and she exhales so forcefully that her glasses fog up.

"Strong lungs. Good exercise routine," Zarya flexes her arms low in front of her abdomen. "I will show you some."

“O-okay,” Mei stutters, understanding she awoke the exercise fiend within Zarya.

“Ooh, ooh. Can we use those?” Widow gets excited and flips her left thumb over her shoulder.

“Heh. Sure,” Emily smirks.

Widow rises and slides out in one motion.

“Gluah,” Tracer takes a long breath.

“Ooooh. Yes. Use those. Heheheh,” Mercy gets equally as rambunctious when Widow returns with false black hooves.

“You like those huh?” Sombra leans on Mercy’s left shoulder while they share an ottoman.

“Oh, very much so,” Mercy gushes.

Sombra looks down at the saturated seat and frowns up at Mercy before slowly leaning away.

Widow and Emily help slip the hooves on Tracer’s tired feet. Tracer lashes her tongue around, signaling she wants her mouth filled again. Widow twitches her head to flip her ponytail around her left shoulder. She slowly lowers the end strands into Tracer’s throat, causing her to gag a little as Widow pulls them back up.

“Snick,” Widow releases an uncharacteristically cute snicker while holding her left knuckles to her mouth.

“HmMMMM,” Tracer groans and bends her head back to reach for Widow’s dildo.

“Oh? You really want this? Even if it’s coming from me?”

“Grughhhmmmm,” Tracer rolls her head around as if to say, ‘Of course. Come on already.’

“Fine,” Widow, slowly and with a little more kindness than usual, sits on Tracer’s face and slides the shaft back in.

Emily affectionately rubs her right thumb in small clockwise circles on Tracer’s clit.

“Actually, no,” Widow slides out of Tracer again and stands.

“Mmmmmmm!” Tracer protests having her toy taken away.

“May I?” Widow extends her right palm to Emily.

“Sure,” she hands the leash to the spider.

Widow firmly takes hold of the leash and helps Tracer stand. She whips her head east at Emily in a mock display of anger.

“We put the hooves on her. I want to enjoy this while I can. Because I may never get another opportunity,” Widow begins sauntering around like a supermodel with her arms down and hands in dainty positions, wrists bent outwards.

“You might not. Because after today, she’s all mine. Unless I say otherwise,” Emily smirks and sits seductively with her legs extended north and her left arm propping her up while her right middle finger flicks the tip of her strapon.

She decides to take it off and tosses it to her left. Tracer awkwardly follows Widow around in tow so she doesn’t topple over.

“Heh. She’s like a drunk deer,” Sombra notes.

“Or a newborn calf,” Ana mentions while hiding under the table and watching through her sniper’s scope.

“Ewww. Don’t make it weird,” Sombra cringes horribly.

“It’s already been weird,” the Queen smirks while arm-wrestling Zarya on an ottoman.

“Da. Can only get weirder from here,” Zarya adds, straining her right arm.

“You’re my pet for the moment. Understand that,” Widow tells Tracer.

“Gules, migdress,” she slurs ‘Yes, mistress.’

“So...do you want your mouth filled?”

“Mmmm,” Tracer releases an emphatic grunt.

Without much more warning, Widow pirouettes counter-clockwise on her right foot with absurd speed, grabs the sides of Tracer’s head and rams the dildo right into her mouth deep enough to nearly slip behind her soft palate.

“Glurk,” she makes a choking noise so Widow pauses until Tracer nods for them to continue.

Widow doesn’t spare any time, thrusting into Tracer as hard as possible. Her legs are wobbling so forcefully that her mouth around the dildo is her only means of staying relatively upright.

“You’re going enjoy this, you hear me?” Widow uses Tracer’s tongue as a ski ramp to ease her dildo’s constant reentry.

With Tracer’s body rocking wildly and her thick milky drool dripping everywhere, she has another quaking orgasm that makes her legs buckle inwards. With her right ring and middle fingers, Emily

strokes the upper wall of her vagina while watching with wild widening eyes as Tracer's throat bulges and gulps down Widow's mystery liquid. Tracer gasps as Widow pulls out and uses the leash to slowly lower her pet down into a sitting position with her shaking legs outstretched.

"Heh. Animal crasseux. Coming from having your mouth filled by a spider," Widow scoffs, thoroughly getting into her role of dominator, and dismissively tosses the leash to bounce off Tracer's chest.

"Ooooh. Wasn't she mean?" Emily asks with a mock sappy voice while crawling over. "Let me treat you nice."

She wipes her upside-down left hand up Tracer's quivering torso, slowly spinning her around so her feet face east again. Pushing Tracer onto her back, Emily provides some delicate kisses to her lover's slit. Emily takes hold of the leash once more and kneels on Tracer's face. Emily rakes her already sopping vagina across Tracer's tongue and nose, completely dominating her senses.

"You know what? I wanted to come this way, but I changed my mind. I want to do more with you. I want to get off my way."

"Mrour?" Tracer whimpers.

"What was that?" Emily retakes her dominatrix tone.

"Grnughtin," Tracer tries to say, 'Nothing.'

"Flip over," she tells Tracer who rolls over her right side.

Emily bends her left arm back and snaps her fingers at the strapon while looking at Widow. (The strapon was actually on Emily's right side, but she forgot that.) A massive sinister smile etches its way onto Widow's face as she hurries over to grab it. She quickly washes it off at the table, drenches it in lube and helps Emily to put the device back on.

Crawling forward to mount Tracer, Emily scoops her dildo along the length of her lover's vagina while whispering, "I want your arse."

"My glass?"

"Yes. Give it to me, love. Please," Emily cupping Tracer's breasts and begging like that simply melts away her willpower.

"Fligne," she sighs.

Even though she's tired, she wants to please her lover and lets her in.

"You're the best," Emily rears back like an apex predator while sliding balls deep (metaphorically of course).

Applying pressure to the sides of Tracer's rump, Emily's eyes roll around in a cerebral fit of ecstasy as

the strapon's smaller dildo penetrates her while she penetrates Tracer.

Emily falls forward and takes full handfuls of Tracer's breasts while hissing, "You're mine. All mine, Cadet Oxten."

"Heh," Tracer giggles. "Foregver."

"Oh you are so hot. I want you filled from both ends."

"Eeeeeeeiiiiii," Widow tucks her arms close to her chest and jiggles them around in a fit of school-girlish glee.

"You really do get all cute when it comes to dominating my girl. HmMMM," Emily jokingly narrows her eyes at Widow.

"I can't help it. We have a...combative history," she explains.

"Sure," Emily rolls her eyes to her left while clasping her right hand on Tracer's abdomen to lift her up.

"HmMMM. Where should I put my knees?" Widow scoots closer, but can't figure out what would be appropriate.

"Here. Lock your legs around behind hers."

"Ah," Widow acknowledges and elegantly slides her legs, right before left, behind Tracer's hamstrings.

"I've got the handlebars," Emily tightly grabs onto Tracer's bound forearms. "You've got the rump."

"Bien," Widow slips her strapon inside Tracer's vagina and grips her rump.

Widow tightens her folded legs to prevent Tracer's from moving around too much.

"Ready?" Emily peeks around the left side of Tracer's head to glance at Widow. "I want to get off, but I want it to be special."

"Prêt," she nods and Emily begins the motion of dragging her lover up and down on both shafts.

Widow tries her best to follow the motion without exerting too much control, allowing that to remain solely for Emily. Tracer bounces between them, unable to put much effort into the activity. Her tongue dangles around and Widow can't help herself, raking her tongue along the length of Tracer's and kissing her passionately. Tracer doesn't respond. Her head just sort of lolls around.

"Are you okay, mon ami?" Widow uses her right palm to lightly pat Tracer's left cheek.

"Hey," Emily grabs the back of Tracer's hair. "You're not falling asleep on us, are you? Should we stop?"

At that, Tracer immediately perks up, “Gno.”

“Then give her some attention too. Come on. I want my orgasm to be a memorable one.”

“Gles,” Tracer immediately tries her hardest to kiss Widow back, but the gag gets in the way.

“Here. Let’s get that off of you,” she undoes the straps and tosses the gag over her left shoulder before returning her hands to Tracer’s hips.

“Guh. Thanks. Was starting to hurt my jaw,” she stretches it around.

Unfurling her arms and crossing them behind Tracer’s back, Widow rests her fingertips on Tracer’s shoulders in ballerina-like fashion as if her limbs are petals falling upon fresh snow.

“I’ll help you with that,” Widow kisses Tracer, providing her jaw with a much-needed stretch.

“There you go,” Emily enjoys the view because she knows she’s still in control. “My turn. I’m almost...there.”

When Widow’s lips part from Tracer, Emily takes off the blindfold and tosses it up into the air to land somewhere south of them. (They’re too unconcerned about it to care where it lands.) Tracer blinks a few times to readjust.

Emily creeps her right hand like a spider around Tracer’s right cheek until she can take a seductive grip on her jaw with a collapsing wave of fingers starting from the pinky, drawing an “Ooh la la” from Widow.

“Heh,” Emily offers a small chuckle at that and uses her left hand to cup Tracer’s chin and twist her a little so they can face each other.

“Hey, you,” Tracer smiles weakly, nearly on the verge of collapse.

“Hang on a little longer,” Emily gives Tracer a tiny peck on the lips before furiously making out with her.

Emily returns her right hand to Tracer’s arms and thrusts harder, prompting Widow to follow along. The spider clenches her eyes, chews her lower lip and tilts her head forwards.

“Heheheh. Have you been holding back this whole time?” Emily asks Widow without fully breaking away from Tracer’s mouth.

“Oui,” Widow gasps the word.

“What are you waiting for? Let go,” Emily puts her last bit of effort into pounding Tracer’s ass.

Emily hooks her left index and middle fingers inside Tracer’s mouth while kissing her, causing her eyes to roll back for an orgasm. That alone, seeing Tracer’s eyelids flicker from being given a climax, sets Emily off. She jerks forward and nearly collapses with how powerful her orgasms are, resting her forehead on Tracer’s left shoulder for support. Widow, who has ample training in holding back, let’s go

with them to create a simultaneous triple orgasm.

“Mon oh mon,” Widow gasps as she shakily slides out of Tracer and stands, stepping out of the massive puddle they all created.

Emily stands with Tracer still on the dildo, slipping it out before undoing the belts and tossing them clear of their new lewd pond.

Turning Tracer south, Emily nuzzles the left side of Tracer’s face and gushes, “I love you for that. Thanks for being so devoted.”

“Any...time...love,” she wheezes. I...still think I might be...getting off...heh...I can’t tell...any...more,” Tracer holds her upper arms while shivering.

“Heh,” Emily hugs Tracer and kisses her left cheek repeatedly to warm her up.

“What was in...that last one?” Tracer asks Widow. “It tasted weird. You didn’t waste one of our samples, right?”

“No. It was just a vegetable cocktail from the garden,” Widow explains.

“Oh. Cheers,” she nods.

“I think we all need a brief intermission,” Emily suggests.

“Yes please,” Tracer blurts while Emily helps her girlfriend out of the latex gloves and boots.

Emily puts Tracer’s jacket back on her, yet leaves it unzipped. They stroll over to the others and pull up more ottomans to sit on, replenishing themselves with glasses of water.

This will continue.

13 - The Armored and the Armorsmith

Brigitte wanders downstairs and her eyes bug out when she looks around at them.

“What are you all doing down here? And why is my dad in a tube? Gross,” she slowly backs away into the shadows of the dark stairs.

“Heh,” Winston chuckles.

“She still has much to learn about the world,” Zen states.

“Should I check on her?” Tracer asks.

“I’ll go,” Lynx’s antennae perk up immediately, not wanting to let someone else take this opportunity from them.

They’ve missed out on too much already.

Lynx hurries up the stairs until they catch up to her.

“Oh. Hey,” she blurts when they rush up to walk next to her right side.

“Are you upset?”

“No. I just forgot you were all doing that weird bondage orgy today.”

“Well, I wasn’t.”

“Would you have if you could’ve?”

“No.”

“Really? Why?” she asks as the stairs turn slightly right.

“I...um...I’ll tell you when we get upstairs.”

“Okay. Where do you want to go?”

“Um...is your room alright?”

“I guess so,” she shrugs.

“So, Symmetra got paired with your dad so you’re going to be a big sister...again.”

“Great. Another one.”

“Heh,” Lynx laughs as they enter a well-lit white area with a kitchen on the right connected to a dining room on the left.

They continue west down a long hall until they reach her door on the right. Her silvery room has two queen-sized mattresses against the middle of the back wall. Brigitte plops down on the end of her bed with her fingers splayed on the fuzzy red blanket.

“Where should I...um...?” Lynx trails off.

“Anywhere,” she shrugs.

“Uhhhh,” Lynx hesitates because they want to sit next to her, but can’t process if that would be acceptable in this circumstance.

“Or here,” Brigitte pats the spot next to her with her left hand.

Lynx, with as much elegance as they can muster, strolls over to sit down with their hands folded on their lap.

“What did you want to talk about again? Heh. I forgot already,” she smirks and brushes some hair behind her right ear.

“Oh...why I wouldn’t have par-partaken.”

“Oh right. Awkward question from me I suppose.”

“No. A fine question. One...I’m having a hard time...understanding how to answer.”

“What? Why? Wouldn’t that make it awkward after all?”

“I suppose it would. Kind of.”

“Heh. What’s up with you?” she wraps her arm around Lynx’s back, causing their antennae to spring up and stand to attention.

“You’d make me blush if I could.”

“What? Why?”

“Because I’ve...I should just say it. Say it, Lynx Seventeen,” they tell themselves with antennae going off-synch and pointing all over in different directions.

“You’re being weird,” she jostles Lynx around.

“I’m interested in you.”

“Oh,” she freezes up.

“But I know...how...that is to process...humans and omnic. It’s hard...to work out.”

She slowly retracts her arm so she can fiddle with her fingers on her lap and stare down.

“Are you upset? I’ve upset you, haven’t I,” they state dejectedly while their antennae droop.

“No no,” she blurts and hooks her arm around Lynx’s as a means of both showing there’s more to be said and keeping Lynx from leaving. “It’s just that...yeah...it is a hard...tricky topic.”

“It is. Very tricky,” Lynx sighs as their antennae wilt further.

“Listen. It’s not that I’m not interested...I just don’t know...how it would work.”

“Could we try?” Lynx asks since they feel they might have a chance to sway the situation in their favor.

“Mmmmm...maybe. I never really thought about being with an omnic before. Didn’t consider a sexual appeal either.”

“I see...yes, that is an issue for those of flesh.”

“Is there something particular you like about me? Let’s start there.”

“I like how, no matter how broken and battered a piece of metal is, you still strive to heal it, suturing all the cracks with blowtorches and hammering the wounds closed.”

“Oh. Heh. That’s a nice way of looking at it. A new way. What else?”

“I like the look on your face as if you are always trying to ask a question, but are unsure how to ask it or what it even is.”

“Hah. Do I really have that look?”

“I think you do.”

“Hmmm...like I’m always seeking a question that I don’t know is there. That’s a fun way of thinking about my face I guess.”

“Do you think you could...like things about me?”

“Well, I already like who you are...I just didn’t consider...liking you that way.”

“Because I’m an omnic,” their antennae go horizontal at their sides.

“Yeah. Because of that. And you gotta remember how I grew up.”

“Oh. Right. Your dad,” their antennae wilt as low as possible at hearing that.

“Yeah. For a long while, I didn’t look at them as people...or well, omnics...you know what I mean. It’s hard to explain.”

“I understand.”

“He’d go on a rant every now and then about the war. Sentience...blah, blah, blah. So it was hard not to get inundated by it all.”

Lynx sighs.

“But I don’t think that now. I’m my own woman now. I make my own judgement calls.”

“You wouldn’t partner with me only to spite your father, would you?”

“Well, now that you mention it,” she smirks. “Heh. Kidding. Kidding. If you know me enough to like me, you know I’d never do that to someone or myself.”

“Oh. Okay. I just wanted to make sure.”

“I’m willing...to explore this...whatever it is. And give you a chance.”

“Yeah?” Lynx turns to look at her as their antennae shoot up at haphazard diagonals.

“Yeah,” she uncoils her arm from around Lynx’s and returns to playing with her fingers.

Lynx lays their right hand on her knee, “Could you teach me?”

“Hold on there now. Don’t rush. I’m still trying to...process everything.”

“Oh, sorry,” Lynx quickly retracts their hand and stares at their palm as if there’s something wrong with it.

“No. You didn’t have to recoil,” she takes their hand and returns it to her knee. “I don’t know much myself. Never had time for a partner while forging and reforging Reinhardt’s armor so many times. That’s why I opted out of the lottery. Leave all that stuff the older ones.”

“I don’t know much either. That’s another reason why I’d like to learn from you. We can...explore together.”

“Can you feel?” she wipes her left hand down the side of Lynx’s face and keeps her palm there.

“Not in the same way you do. I...can’t process what you just did through any type of nervous system. But I can feel the emotion you convey. Curiosity. Compassion. Yearning.”

“Hmmm,” she pinches Lynx’s chin and twists her head around look at them from multiple angles.

“What are you doing?”

“Checking your craftsmanship. Heh. Sorry. Habit.”

“It’s okay. I like your craftsmanship too. Your mother and father were forge masters.”

“Awww. That’s sweet,” she kisses them on the mouthpiece, but gets shocked by static, recoiling and holding her right fingertips to her lips. “Owww. Heh.”

“Damn it. Sorry. Heh. Must be from the blanket,” Lynx instinctively reaches out and holds her face to inspect if her lips were damaged.

“Yeah. So...how would this work...if we ever...got...intimate. What do you have down there...if you don’t mind me asking.”

“I um...theoretically could have whatever you like...heh,” Lynx gets a little embarrassed.

“Heh. Well, hmmm, I have options at least,” she shrugs to lighten the mood.

“Do you want to try now?” Lynx ask.

“You’ve gotten all hot and bothered from what all of them are doing, huh,” she observes.

“Do you?” Lynx stares down and grips the fabric of their pants above their thighs.

“Mmmm...no.”

“Oh,” Lynx’s antenna droop.

“Hey. Perk those up,” she lifts Lynx’s antennae into awkward angles. “I want to try...just not right now. It’ll make me feel weird if we do stuff while they’re all...doing stuff.”

“Okay,” Lynx perks up a bit and nuzzles crook of her neck.

The two sit there for a while, simply basking in the notion of silently trying to understand what they are.

Brigitte and Lynx walk back down, hand in hand, their left in her right, satisfied with that for now, for tonight.

“Oh? What did you two do?” Zen gets nosy. “Your antennae are all...perky.”

“Heh. Stop it,” Lynx gets amused and embarrassed, scratching their right hand at the back of their head.

“Private stuff,” Brigitte winks at the others, giving Lynx a confidence boost from her vague phrasing.

They pull up another ottoman to share, leaning on each other and still holding hands.

This will continue.

14 - An Arachne Finale

Facing north, Widow is shaking off stress for her big moment. She wants to make it a special finale. Emily will be filling in for the mouth part of their trio.

“All set? Shakin’ off your jitters?” Tracer walks up with folded arms.

“I...yeah...,” Widow stretches her arms high before lightly slapping her cheeks twice with both hands. “All set.”

Emily pops the next cartridge into her dildo and does the same for Tracer’s.

“You won’t be needing that anymore,” Tracer takes Widow’s strapon off and slides it away near the table.

“Oh. Heh. I forgot that was there,” she really didn’t realize.

“So what type of bondage are you picking?” Emily smiles and steps forward to Tracer’s left.

“Final act,” Widow speaks a command phrase while snapping her right fingers.

A silver contraption, essentially a horizontal X like a puppeteer’s control bar, lowers down with four dangling pieces of spider webbing.

“Oooooooh,” Tracer gawks. “This is gonna be a good night.”

“Heh,” Emily kisses her girlfriend’s cheek.

Widow takes off her boots and gloves before sensuously wiping her costume off as if she is washing her shoulders.

Tracer cups her right hand near Emily’s ear and whispers, “Widow’s actually getting naked.”

“Almost naked,” Widow puts her gloves back on.

She walks over to the webs and faces west.

When Tracer goes over to help, Widow tells her, “No. I want to do this by myself.”

She puts her right foot through a glob of webs and tugs on some strings to cinch them. Slipping her left foot into the next web cluster and hanging upside-down, she uses the strength of her abdomen to bend upwards and tighten those threads. When she relaxes her body, the webbing attached to her left leg is shorter, keeping it fully extended while her right one bends. Reaching out, she slips her left hand into a clump and tightens them. She places her free hand inside the last web and uses her teeth to carefully

pull the right strings.

“Okay. I’m ready,” she tells them while facing east.

“Hmmm,” Tracer zips around to look at the webs from all angles. “Can that thing support my weight?”

“Don’t ask stupid questions,” Widow sighs. “You’re the lightest one here.”

“Okey,” Tracer climbs up Widow’s back and sits on her crotch to scissor, facing south.

With her right hand, Emily pulls off a chunk of sticky webbing and wipes a sloppy patch across Widow’s mouth.

“Yeah. I knew something was missing,” Emily smirks with squinting eyes.

“Mmmmm,” Tracer tightly hugs Widow’s left leg and rubs her cheek all over it.

Widow closes her eyes and quivers because Tracer went right for the spider’s weak point. Tracer pushes further, undulating her hips to grind their vaginas together, inadvertently wiping the dildo up and down Widow’s left thigh. With her right finger, Emily pinches Widow’s chin and lifts up to open her mouth slightly. Emily pushes her strapon against the threads until she breaks through and fills Widow’s throat, effectively creating a ring gag out of webbing.

“There we go,” Emily uses her thumbs to caress the edge of Widow’s jawline.

Emily thrusts with long even strokes to reach the depths of Widow’s esophagus while giving her enough time for breaths. Tracer twists her dildo around clockwise and slips inside Widow’s vagina. With each thrust, Tracer’s vagina rubs up against the inside of Widow’s right thigh, inadvertently giving it some attention.

“Sorry, Emily. I might get off from this,” Tracer sensually wipes her right hand down Widow’s thigh while dragging her left hand up the spider’s calf. “Her legs are just too nice.”

“Race you,” Emily doesn’t seem to mind.

Tracer’s already lost in pleasure, resting her right temple against Widow’s leg and absentmindedly kissing it from time to time.

“Heh. Looks like I’m gonna havta try harder,” Emily grabs a swatch of webs and wipes it across Widow’s eyelids.

“Mmmmm?” she didn’t expect that.

Her lashes and buckling eyebrows are now caked with webs. Emily takes two small blobs of webbing and presses them into Widow’s nipples. Dragging back, Emily now has strings to tug on. She winds them around her hands and pulls back all the way, causing Widow to swing deeper onto the strapon.

“Eeeeeeeiii,” Widow squeaks.

“Oh, that noise is too cute for you Widow,” Emily smiles fondly, pulling back when she thrusts all the way in.

With Tracer rutting from north to south and Emily plunging from east to west, the couple jostles Widow’s body all over to the point where she looks like a twitching spider caught in another arachnid’s web.

The gel drains and the tubes dry off the males once their healing is complete. They each step out differently. Junkrat’s hair somehow relights (must be some kind of air-contact gunpowder). Lucio dances his way out, still jammin’. McCree saunters out and revives his cigar before using his left index finger to flick an extra piece of gel from his hat. Doomfist checks his body for any wounds or tampering. Reinhardt wipes his right hand up through his hair. Reaper grabs his head and cracks it violently right before left. Torbjorn does a little jig to stretch before flipping and catching his hammer in his right hand. Genji centers himself with his hands clasped in front of his chest. Soldier: 76 sighs and trudges out. Roadhog hoists his pants and breathes deep. Hanzo squints until his eyes adjust. They all cluster around the game table to relax and mill around with the others.

“Just in time for the show,” Sombra winks at them.

“It must be high noon somewhere. Heh,” McCree snickers while staring up at the trio.

“Ay dios mio, you are so corny,” Sombra scoffs.

“And you’re not? Boopin’ all over the place?” he counters.

“Piff. My boops are hot,” she hacks his false left arm’s index finger to flick his hat upwards, but he is still quick enough with his mouth to make his cigar dodge in time.

“Fastest mouth in the west. Heh,” he lets it go at that.

“It seems this was a huge success,” Symmetra looks up hopefully. “Our population will survive.”

“Yes. It will,” Mei nods. “Although the method was silly, we’ll make it through with the result.”

“They put on a whole show,” Torbjorn stands with his hands on his hips.

“What manner of nonsense is this?” Hanzo is aghast.

“Back in my day –,” Soldier: 76 tries to ramble.

“Oh hush,” Ana blurts.

“Ohhhhhh! It must be my birthday,” Junkrat’s eyes bulge at Widow’s display and he kicks his peg leg back high while hugging Roadhog’s right arm.

“Push off,” Roadhog shoves his friend away.

“Look while ya can, boys,” the Queen folds her arms. “You’re watchin’ an expert at work.”

“Mein Gott,” Reinhardt is still scratching his head. “I didn’t expect it to be so lewd.”

“Hah. What did you expect?” Mercy asks.

“Not this,” he gasps.

“Looks like we missed out,” Reaper growls to himself and folds his arms.

“Noooo. You boys weren’t invited to the party since you wanted to get all banged up,” Moira informs him.

“It’s okay. You can review the footage later,” Zarya announces.

Emily braces the archways of her high heels on Widow’s wrists and the trio rise higher off the ground. A spotlight from the east wall hits them.

“I’ll...be taking you up on that offer,” Lucio’s eyes rise to the ceiling.

“Wooooooo,” Bastion warbles.

“Penis is certainly upon her,” Zen gasps and his balls fall all over the place.

“Wow,” Pharah blurts and drools a little from the left corner of her lips.

“I would like to play this mounting game someday,” Orisa gawks.

“Hah,” Doomfist folds his arms. “I do so enjoy her performances.”

“Eh. If it was about points, I could probably beat her high score,” D.Va is stuffing her face with chips from a bag that she cradles on her left arm.

“The fish who fights on land is destined to perish,” Genji tells her while jolting out his right hand to steal a chip from her fingers.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” she huffs and stomps her right foot.

“He’s telling you there’s no way you’d beat Widow at her own game,” Winston smirks as Genji crumbles the chip against his mask to pretend to eat.

“Ogh!” D.Va scoffs, more at his waste of snacks than at the meaning behind his comment.

“You have to give it to her. She’s a performer,” Lynx folds their arms and cocks their head slightly to the right to signify being impressed.

“Heh. That she is,” Brigitte smirks.

“You ready to really give it to her, love?” Emily asks.

“You know it,” Tracer winks her left eye at her mate.

The webs lower once more and as soon as Emily’s feet touch the floor, the couple pound Widow as fast as they can.

“Hold your breath, Widow,” Emily grabs the back of the spider’s head and keeps the dildo all the way in. “Go get ‘er, love.”

Holding on tighter to Widow’s leg, Tracer uses her accelerator to speed up.

“Hmmm...hmmmm...glur...mmmm...glmmmm,” Widow starts moaning uncontrollably, but doesn’t shake her head no for them to stop.

“Here it comes,” Tracer, with the lewdest heavy-lidded eyes that she can muster, lunges low and drags her whole tongue all the way up the length of Widow’s leg.

That one lick alone was enough to send Widow’s body into an uncontrollable series of multiple orgasms. Widow desperately tries to pull her stretched left leg down to tighten it in for her quaking orgasms, but the line is too taut, amplifying her pleasure through sheer frustration. Tracer keeps thrusting away until all of Roadhog’s seed fills the spider’s womb. As sperm floods her throat, some leaks and bubbles out from her nose. Emily waits until Widow gulps it all down (or up rather) before pulling out in one devastatingly quick motion.

“Guah!” Widow gasps and catches her breath.

Emily wipes the webbing from Widow’s mouth and eyes, but her gleaming yellow orbs are still rolled back.

“You still with us?” Emily slowly cups the sides of Widow’s head and kisses her lips.

“Oui,” Widow pants and her eyes refocus.

Once Tracer hops off, they help Widow down and support her with her arms around their necks, Emily on the right and Tracer on the left. Widow shakily steps forward without them. She takes an elegant bow with her left foot behind her right heel, her left hand in front of her abdomen and her right arm extended at her side. Her biggest fans applaud and cheer for her. A pair of metal panties land at her feet, most likely from Orisa. Widow smirks and stands tall with her arms at her sides. Shaking off her orgasmic jitters, she struts back to her friends with Emily and Tracer in tow.

Tired, thrilled, and hopeful for a repopulated future, the survivors head upstairs to have a hearty celebration dinner. Life was just created. Life was just prolonged. They would survive for a while more.

Will this continue?

15 - Walk with Me

Brigitte and Lynx 17 wander the halls of Widowmaker's bunker mansion, reminiscing about their recent adventures.

"I can hardly believe it's already been ten months since that whole impregnation extravaganza," Brigitte sighs.

"Yeah," Lynx takes her right hand in their left. "I'm really glad you agreed to fuse your genes with my synthetic data and pieces."

"Well, I can tell you really wanted a child and I wanted to be a mother at some point. Might as well explore that while I can. Never know what's going to happen in this world. Heh. At least this way, if our kid gets hurt, I can literally fix them."

"Hah. That's true," Lynx's antennae perk up. "You've got a helpful profession for the mother of an omnic-human hybrid."

"It's fascinating that Zenyatta, Orisa and Winston and Moira were able to piece together the parts to build something like that. I can repair armor and build machines, but giving life to one with living pieces...that is something else entirely."

"Yeah," Lynx responds with a dreamy tone while their erect antennae swirl around in inwards circles.

"We're going to be the parents to the first synthetic life."

"I hope they don't get too restless growing up down here."

"They might. Or they might not if that's all they know. But for those who do know there's an outside, they'll usually develop a wanderlust. Everyone's been restless during the pregnancies."

"Do you regret not being able to carry a child?"

"Nah. Seems like a hassle. Besides, I was more of a help to the others while they were temporarily out of commission."

"Everyone pitched in to help take care of them," Lynx states before adding a smirking modulation to their tone. "Well, almost everyone."

"Heheheh. Yeah. I don't think anyone could trust Junkrat around a pregnant mother."

"He wouldn't give up his explosives," Lynx scoffs. "Even when he could've been there for the birth of his child. How did he get like that?"

“Who knows? He hasn’t revealed that to anyone as far as I know. Even Roadhog might not even know.”

“I don’t want to believe the Australian wasteland alone made him like that. I think it’s something more.”

“Where is everyone anyway?” Brigitte notices the hallways and common rooms are empty. “Hiding from him?”

“Heh. I think they all ran to their rooms to have some much-needed ‘relaxation,’” Lynx uses their antennae to make air quotes. “After resting from the pregnancies.”

“Ohhhhhhhh,” she drags out her mock realization to be annoying.

“Maybe we should go relax?” Lynx tugs on her hand lightly while becoming a little giddy.

“You’re really enjoying me a little too much lately,” she smirks with heavy eyelids and brushes long strands of hair behind her left ear.

“I am,” Lynx confesses with absolute devotion bleeding through their voice.

“So forward,” she pretends to gasp while pressing her splayed left fingers on her chest.

“And it’s a little fun seeing how flustered your dad gets when he sees us together,” Lynx’s antennae flop out sideways to act bashful and impish.

“Hah!” she points her left index finger at Lynx. “And you were the one who thought I’d be with you to spite him. You’re such a röv.”

“So can we?”

“Mmmmmmm,” she hums to pretend to be in thought.

“Can we? Can we? Can we? Can we? Can we?” Lynx bounces her arm around.

“Okay, okay. You’ve been hanging out with Tracer too much. Getting’ all hyper on me.”

“Heh. So can we?”

“Sure,” she smiles and they head back to her room.

16 - Chubby Buddies

Mei lightly knocks on Roadhog's door with her left hand. She waits, unsure if she was loud enough. She doesn't hear movement inside so she knocks a little louder. It slides open to the right, leaving her staring at Roadhog's gut.

"Hi," she wiggles her left fingers at him, unsure about what else to say.

He coughs.

"Ummmmm...can I come in?"

He coughs.

"Is that a yes?"

He coughs.

"You don't have to talk. I'll do the talking. I like talking anyways. Am I talking too much? I feel like I'm talking too much. Or saying talk too much," she rambles and finishes with a long sigh.

She worries about what to do and is about to leave when he turns away to his right to let her in.

"Oh. Okay," she sneaks past his belly and the door slides shut behind her.

The lingering remains of Junkrat and Roadhog's treasure litter the room. It all glimmers under the white dome light in the center of the ceiling, uniform for all the silvery rooms. On the left, Junkrat's hodgepodge bed is made of compiled scrap, painted to match his mechanical parts. Roadhog's bed is literally just four mattresses stacked together. Across from her, a massive orange beanbag sits to the left of a matching black one. An ancient golden treasure chest covered in twenty gray chains lurks in the far corner behind Junkrat's bed.

"What's in the box?" Mei's curiosity overwhelms her nervousness.

"Rat's most prized possession," Roadhog grunts.

"What is it?" she crouches low to inspect the many knotted chains.

"That's only for him to tell."

"Do you know?"

"I know," he states solemnly.

“You won’t tell me?” she pouts.

“No,” he wheezes.

“Will he ever show us?”

“He said he’s only opening the box for his son. No one else. Only that kid will inherit the treasure.”

“Awwww. He’s not so bad,” she clasps her hands and grins.

“He never was. He’s only as bad as he is,” Roadhog states with a somewhat uncharacteristic knowing tone.

“Oh,” Mei blurts because she didn’t expect to hear something like that out of him.

“So what’d you want?” he sits on his bed and breathes heavily.

“You know, it’s really stuffy in here,” she unhooks her backpack and gear, leaving it in front of the beanbags.

Snowball rolls its digital eyes to its right, essentially sighing at Mei’s cheap ploy. She doesn’t notice the snarky pixels though since she’s too busy unzipping her jacket.

He sighs, “What do you want?”

“You don’t know?” she smirks and fans her chest with her left hand.

“You don’t want that.”

“But I do,” she instantly becomes urging, the prospect of being kicked out blaring through her shier side.

“I break the women I’m with,” he exhales from the tedium of his size.

“Don’t you know? If I can handle giving birth to Rein’s child, I can handle anything,” she scoffs with a burst of confidence. “She was twelve pounds. Twelve!”

“Heh,” he grunts out a small chuckle. “So you really want this?”

“Yes, yes, yes,” she blurts as fast as her lips can move.

“Do those gloves protect your hands from ice?”

“Yeah...why?” she scrunches her arms close to her body with uncertainty.

“Give me your gun.”

“W-why?” she stammers and glances at it.

“Gonna freeze you.”

“Oh,” she realizes a little slowly.

“Gun,” he sticks out his right hand.

“Right,” she scrambles to grab it.

She plops it down in his palm and he hefts the weight to see how it feels to hold.

“What now?” she asks.

“Hands out. Together.”

She clasps her hands and extends her arms. He coats her gloves in a light layer of ice.

“Get your hands up.”

She raises them.

“Turn around.”

She spins right and jokes, “Is this a stick up?”

“Heh. No. But a stick is going up inside you,” he plays along with her cheesy line.

When she hears him get off the bed, she practically titters with excitement. He unzips his pants until his eight-inch penis flops out. He tugs her tights down with his left hand.

“No underwear. Heh.”

“I came prepared.”

“Oh, you’re gonna come alright,” he growls.

Using only his left hand, he lifts her by her pinned wrists and hooks her arms around behind his neck, leaving her to hang in front of him.

“You’re my fucktoy now.”

“Yes, please,” she gushes with eagerness, swishing around as a living pendant for him.

“Good,” he grunts. “Legs together.”

She clicks her boots together as if standing to attention. He freezes them in place and tosses her gun onto the bean bags. With deliberate motions of fingers falling into place from pinkie to index, he grips her

sides.

“What are you wait –?” Mei tries to ask, but he’s already pushing inside her.

“There,” he tugs her all the way down until he can touch her cervix (as Australian men are wont to do).

“Eiiiiii,” she squeaks.

Keeping a firm grasp on her, he drags her up and down at a slow rhythmic pace.

“Oh fuck,” she gasps.

“What’s the matter? Can’t take it?”

“No, no. I can – take it. I can – take it,” she can barely speak the words as each thrust leaves her breathless.

“Heh. You might need my mask when this is over,” he sounds like he’s smiling.

He squeezes her sides tighter while continuing to pull her all the way down and up again until only his tip remains inside, tantalizing her with the repeated panic that he might pop out and end her waves of crushing stimulation.

“I – think – I – might,” she struggles to respond.

“Are you on the pill?”

“Yes.”

“You’ve come prepared to for me to come inside you.”

“Now you’re just being too corny,” she smirks.

He drops to his knees and lies down on top of her, baring his full weight against her back without ceasing his motions.

“Ughhhhh...yes!” Mei shrieks as she can feel him pressing inside her with her belly braced against the cold floor.

Sombra knocks on the door. They ignore her so she hacks it open.

“Ooooh. What’s happenin’ in here?” Sombra cocks a slanted pose with her left hand on her hip while her right arm hangs dead randomly for amusement.

“Busy,” Roadhog grunts at her.

“Mei, are you –?”

“Busy!” Mei screeches.

“Okay. Sheesh,” Sombra quickly closes the door and trudges away.

“Keep going,” Mei gasps.

Roadhog tugs her down harder beneath him. Each time his gut scrapes against her lower back, she comes closer to climaxing. When he feels her legs begin to quiver, he slides his hands lower and squeezes her cheeks together. That sends her into a spasming drooling frenzy.

Once he slows down, she sighs, “That was amazing.”

“Stupid.”

“Heh. I actually didn’t mean it like that.”

“Sure.”

“I really didn’t,” she admits innocently.

He rises into a kneeling position and massages her breasts.

“That is just what I needed. Wait. Did you come? I don’t feel anything inside me.”

“No.”

“Was I not good enough?”

“No.”

“Is something wrong?”

“It takes me a while. Being out in the tainted wilderness for too long...,” he trails off because no explanation is needed.

“Oh. Let’s keep going then. Do you have another favorite position?”

“Yeah.”

“Show me.”

Without pulling free of her, he stands and takes her hands off the back of his neck, letting her arms and legs hang. Keeping a firm hold on the space where her legs meet her groin, he rests his massive fupa on her back and she enjoys that weight a little too much. She’s already grinning and drooling in a daze from the prospect of what is to come.

“I wanna fuck you like a pig.”

“Oink, oink,” she smiles over her left shoulder.

“Heh. You’ll be squealing for real soon.”

“I could only hope,” she smirks and faces forward again.

Snowball turns its left eye into a pixel gun and simulates shooting a bullet through its right one due to their silly banter.

Putting more effort into his thrusts, he hits her depths harder at a slightly faster speed. Roadhog specifically gets off to the sound of her frozen hands and feet clicking together like a living Newton’s Cradle. Mei can’t even pay attention to that or anything else at the moment. She’s too drunk on pleasure and overstimulation. Those eyes have long since rolled back while her tongue dangles free, leaving Pollock patterns of saliva on the floor.

“There. That’s what I want. I want you drunk off me. A pig. That’s what I need,” he whispers.

When he knows he’s getting close, he pumps his penis into her with five more forceful thrusts. That’s what it takes for him to come. For someone to disregard his weight, and in this case, even enjoy it. His semen pours out and fills her womb. He strokes his hands up and feels her belly, pressing hard with his fingertips in some primal attempt to leave evidence of his existence.

“That...was...whew...that was nice,” she sighs.

“Mmm,” he grunts, unable to express how much he needed that too.

He uses a swift angled stomp with his right boot to shatter the ice around her feet. When he slides out of her depths, his seed cascades free and pools in her tights.

“Heheheh. Ewwww,” she awkwardly pulls them up with her still-frozen hands in an attempt keep his sperm inside (Mei doesn’t want to make a mess).

“Hands,” he tells her.

“Oh, right,” she spins clockwise.

He grabs her wrists and pulls them slowly apart until the ice cracks off.

“Thanks,” she smiles without any lewdness.

He coughs and sits on his bed, using his palms out to his sides to help prop him up.

“Why do you always wear that mask?” she asks even though she’s pretty sure about the reason.

“Hurts to breathe.”

"I could...look into something with Mercy to fix...the problem," Mei seems shy to offer her expertise.

"Not like it matters now," he wheezes.

"It does."

"Why?"

"Because it does," she doesn't want to make things potentially awkward.

"That's not a reason," he huffs.

"We could help you."

"Again. Why? Doesn't matter. Wouldn't change anything," he states apathetically, yet without any tone of shame or weakness.

"Because I like you. I've liked you for a while. Never...had the courage to approach you though."

"It's the mask, isn't it?" he inquires, knowing it would be silly to ask if it was his weight considering how much she enjoyed that facet.

"Yeah. It's the mask. And you being quiet made me unsure about how to bring anything up."

He coughs.

"Can I...see your face?"

"Might as well. Now that we're all stuck down here," he reaches his right hand high and pulls down.

He reveals an expression that Mei did not expect to find. He wears a solemn frown. His face is weathered, not from scars, but from odd lines as if his skin was stretched from the cutting wasteland winds alone. She steps closer and lets her gloves drop to the floor. With her fingertips, she pets the trenches in his skin.

"How did your face get like this?"

He begins with a raking sigh, "Mei, when you're out in the wind for long enough, all sorts of things strike you. Over and over again."

Gaining understanding from his meaningful statement, she leans in, cups his face with both hands and lays her left cheek on his chest. The two stay that way for quite a while. Because they both need to. Each for their own reasons.

17 - Blackwatch Hostility

McCree knocks on Moira's door with his right hand.

"What?" she barks, in a more agitated mood than her usually calm demeanor.

"It's me."

"Ugh," she scoffs and accidentally spits on her floor. "Damn it."

"Can I come in?"

"Go away!"

He sighs, hooks his thumbs behind the front of his belt and turns right to leave.

"Wait," she changes her mind and opens the door.

He uses his left pocket to holster his cigar and moseys on in. Her room is filled with worktables that are covered in neatly arranged science experiments. A simple low black-blanketed bed rests against the left wall. With her arms folded, she paces around in her usual gear.

"What did you want?" she asks without looking at him, too focused on sawing into her lower lip with her upper teeth.

"You okay?" he uses a more serious tone to cut through his usual drawl.

"It bothers me."

"What does?"

"Having had your seed inside. Makes me itchy," she claws at her abdomen with her left fingers.

"Even now?" he slants his eyebrows inwards.

"Yes, you oaf. Even now."

"I'm really that bad to you?"

"Areach," she scoffs at his question. "I've become...antsy. I don't like antsy. Antsy equals distracted. And distracted is bad business for experimentation. Leads to mistakes. Mistakes leads to catastrophe."

"Should I go?" he flicks his right thumb over his shoulder.

“No.”

“You sure?”

“Yes.”

“Ummm.”

“Just stand there. Having someone else here is...calming...even if it is you.”

“You don’t look calm,” he sighs.

“Shut. No talking.”

“But –,” he pushes his hat up with his right index finger.

“Should I get tape?” she interrupts him.

“I –.”

“I’m getting the tape,” she hurries over to her back table and gets some shiny brown tape, slapping a small piece over his mouth.

“Grmmmmmm,” he sighs incoherently.

“That’s better,” she spins the roll of tape like a coin on the table.

He puts his hands on his hips.

“Let me think. How do I sort this out? How do I rid myself of this itch?”

McCree pretends to smoke his cigar.

“Not in here you’re not,” she takes it from him and stuffs it back into his pocket.

He tries to take the tape off.

“Or,” she tells him no and slaps his hands down. “Stop fussing with it. I need to think.”

She continues pacing erratically, creating an amusing contrast to McCree’s calm apathy.

“What to do? What to do? Such an agitating feeling.”

He gets the tape off without her realizing and slips it onto her mouth from behind, surprising her.

“Maybe you should let me say something.”

She spasms from his indirect kiss and rips it off, "Don't put that on me."

"I could help."

"Errrrrrrr," she cringes and leans away slightly. "I know what you're suggesting. I considered it. I hate that hypothesis."

"Why? What do you have against me?"

"What? Do you actually have to ask the question what?" she leans in and pokes his chest with her left index finger. "You, Jessie McCree, are my antithesis. Your lackadaisical, lazy, apathetic lifestyle is repugnant."

"A lot of those words mean the same thing, darlin'. Might as well pick one and stick with it," he doesn't smirk.

"Grulah," she scoffs.

"Well?"

She frowns miserably, "Lackadaisical."

"Heh," now he smirks. "Figures you'd pick the longest one."

"It's the most apt."

"You sure you don't want to let off all that steam you seem to be billowing out? Your seams are gonna burst."

Facing away, she lays her palms on the back table and releases a long quivering sigh.

Taking a moment to stare at her nails before closing her eyes, she tells him, "Just do it. I need some release after having to bear your scrawny girl."

"Hey. She wasn't that scrawny," he folds his arms.

"She was the smallest babe among them."

"In my experience, the runt always survives."

"What?" she whirls left to face him with her hands on her hips. "That doesn't make sense. In nature, the runts often die."

"Did I say nature? I said in my experience."

"Your experiences are skewed."

“That doesn’t change that they’re mine. And that the runt always survives.”

“Explain.”

“Around the local taverns, people used to abandon kittens and sometimes even pregnant cats.”

“What does that have to do with –?”

“You really need that tape more than me,” he gives her a flat expression.

She frowns, but allows him to continue.

“When the kittens were born, people fed them when they could. But during the hot seasons, the ones who came out the most all got sick. Whether it was from spoiled food or flea medicine gone bad, who knows. What matters is the runt, the one no one even knew about because it had been hiding under the porch since it was born, survived. It survived when most of the others died. It had a little help, but still. So did the others. And the runt lived.”

“I understand what you’re doing. But that doesn’t mitigate my disappointment...and worry.”

“I can understand worry. She’s your girl too. But why disappointment?”

“I wanted a healthy strong girl,” she scowls so fiercely as if blaming McCree’s genetics rather than him.

“She will be. Trust in that.”

“How do you know? How can you claim that?”

He smirks with more genuine mirth, “Because...I was a runt too. And look how I turned out. Pretty okay.”

“That doesn’t make me feel at ease.”

He turns left to leave, “She’ll live. All the runts do.”

“Wait.”

He stops with a resounding jingle from his spurs.

“What is it?” he doesn’t turn around.

“Don’t go. I need...some kind of release.”

“You sure?” he still doesn’t turn around.

“Yes,” she tentatively reaches out her right hand.

He spins back around while drawing his gun and placing it on the right table. Taking off his hat, he plops

it on her head.

“Glreehhh,” she hisses and tosses it on the floor to her right. “You best not have lice.”

“I don’t. Might catch some from you though,” he teases and cups her chin in his left hand.

She violently wrenches her face away to her right.

“You sure you want this?” his eyebrows collide and collapse in the middle.

“Yes. Just go with it. I have my ways. Don’t spoil them.”

“Okay,” he sighs. “You wanna mess around with that tape?”

“Yes. But I swear if you tease me like Widow teased Pharah, I will drain the life from your balls and our girl will be your last child,” she smirks and makes an upwards gripping motion with her shadow hand.

“Noted,” he shrugs off her threat, not caring to take her seriously. “So how’s this gonna work? You want me taping you up? Or....”

“Jessie McCree, I would not have taken you for a man to offer to be taped,” she grins with more levity than usual.

“Just keeping my options open,” he shrugs.

“Hmmm...I might have to take you up on that option sometime. But for now, the tape goes on me.”

“Okay,” he nods and stretches a piece far with the roll in his right hand.

“Why’re you just standing there?” she scowls.

“You’ll probably have to take all that gear off.”

“Oh. I wear it so often that I forgot it was there,” she begins struggling out of it and stuffs her pants, coat and tech under the rear table, leaving only her tight top on.

“How do you want your arms and legs?”

“Not like a mummy.”

“Even though you are one now,” he quips.

“You’re not funny,” she states with a deadened tone.

“Heh. I am a little.”

“No.”

“It must be high noon somewhere,” he mutters in the most downtrodden way possible.

“Heh. Damn it. No,” she points at him with her right index finger. “You’re misery was funny. Not your stupid catchphrase.”

“Still made you laugh.”

She grumbles and tests out a frogpose position for her arms, “Eh. Symmetra already showcased that. Didn’t look like I’d enjoy it.”

Locking her wrists behind her back, she nods to herself, “Yes. Like this. I tried them crossed in front. Now I want them behind.”

“Behind it is,” he begins wrapping her entire body in tape aside from her vagina.

He completely covers her legs even though they’re not locked in any particular position.

When he nears her face, she blurts, “Wait. I don’t want my eyelashes ripped out. Grab my nighttime blindfold from the bed.”

He puts it on her and binds her face, leaving her hair and nostrils revealed. Lifting her up by her rump from underneath, he pushes her onto the right table. She emits a muffled scoff when she can feel him clumsily using her body to push aside her experiments. Once he unzips his pants, he ponderously runs his hands over her taped legs.

“Heh. Did you want to use tape so I wouldn’t be able to touch most of you?”

Moira bobs her head from side to side as if considering it to be an option. She shakes her head no to be honest though.

“More likely to put us back together...us broken Blackwatch soldiers,” he mutters.

She moves her head quizzically as if she experienced a spike of despair and understanding from what he said. Scooting forward a little, she rests her tufts of hair on his chest. And they stay like that, him touching her legs and her touching his chest. Once they simultaneously sigh through their nostrils, they’re ready to begin. He slips his penis inside her and her legs react, twitching to grip around him. He uses the backs of his index fingers to stroke up and down her torso, taking things slowly.

“Can you breathe under all that?”

She nods a few times.

“Do you want to?” he smirks even though she can’t see it.

Her head tilts slightly to her right in confusion. Keeping his right index finger horizontal, he wipes it up along her nostrils. She releases a tiny agitated sneeze that makes him smile.

“You clean up nice when you’re all concealed.”

She exhales hard in frustration.

“So what’ll it be? Do you want to breathe?”

She scoops her head slowly left as if in thought before shaking her head no to answer his awkward phrasing.

“Okay then,” he uses his right hand to pinch her nose while his other does the same for her clitoris.

She writhes and wiggles her groin with building ecstasy.

“Just shake your head to free your nose when you’re ready.”

“Mmm,” she grunts in acknowledgement.

“Oh? You can hold your breath for a while.”

“Mrgugh,” she nods slightly so she doesn’t dislodge his grip early.

“Had much practice?” he asks with a lewd tone.

“Mrem,” she bobs her head again.

“Heh. I’m not sure if you knew what I meant,” he plays up his heavy-handedness. “I was asking if you’ve had experience holding your breath with a rooster crowing in your throat.”

“Op,” she makes a slight gasping noise and straightens indignantly.

“Heh. Yeah you have.”

“Gleah,” she nods.

“Hah!” he blurts.

When she shakes off his hand to take a breath, he only gives her four solid seconds before pressing his tongue against her nostrils. She writhes around in a panic and sneezes forcefully.

“What? Too much?”

“Glugh. Gles. Glou ruch.”

“Couldn’t handle it, huh,” he states to attempt some rudimentary reverse psychology.

“Ghluh,” she scoffs and shakes her head yes and then no, unsure of how to answer that question

without being able to explain that she certainly can.

“What’s that? You couldn’t handle it?” he teases and digs his penis a little deeper.

She sighs heavily and decides to flick her chin at him to indicate for him to continue with his repulsive act.

“That’s my girl,” he says something to purposely antagonize her.

As she shakes with indignation again, he presses his tongue against her nostrils, causing her to shiver with revulsion. She tries to squirm away and he lets her, but he stops thrusting. Still quaking, she knows he’s not going to keep going unless she willingly places her nose back onto his tongue. She really doesn’t want to indulge him and his tongue stinks of smoke that reminds her of old family dinners, but she’s desperate for a release and caves in. With a pathetically sulking motion, she lowers her nostrils onto his awaiting tongue.

“Heh,” he chuckles at how submissive she’s willing to be when she wants pleasure.

He returns to his task of thrusting. And she holds her breath against his saliva. The combination of him piercing her loins and the conscious awareness that she gave into his tongue causes her vagina to leak profusely. But her lungs can only hold out for so long. She whips her head to her right for a long breath.

“If you don’t mind, I’m gonna ride you into the ground.”

She nods because she needs that itch to go away so desperately. Dragging her off the table, he puts her back on the floor while still inside her. He makes his undulations more rhythmic as if he’s riding a mechanical cow. He massages her legs through the tape, running his hands up when he goes deeper and sliding them down when he nearly falls out. Even though he didn’t know they were her erogenous zone, he knows now since they shake more each time he strokes their lengths. Her back begins to ripple with his motions, revealing that she’s reveling in the act of being ridden.

“I’m holdin’ back for you. I’ll draw when you do,” he makes a cowboy joke to annoy her.

She rolls her neck around in a frenzied attempt to orgasm sooner. He helps her out a little by griping her knees and forcing her legs lower and wider. That makes her taped toes curl tightly as she leaks all over her spotless floor. He takes his cue to shoot and empties his chamber into her womb. She flops backwards, completely exhausted and limp. When he notices she’s breathing heavily from her nostrils, he pulls away the tape over her mouth so her tongue can dangle free with heaving sighs. He lies on top of her and plays a one-sided tongue-wrestling match. She doesn’t care to play nor does she have the energy to, opting to simply enjoy his attention.

When he pulls out and stands over her, she lifts her head, “Don’t you think about leaving me like this.”

“I was thinking about joking about leaving you like that.”

“Chancer,” she scoffs.

Sombra opens their door next, tired of knocking.

“Who just opened the door?” Moira panics.

“Ooooooh,” Sombra immediately loses her bad mood when she sees the antics they’re getting into.

“Who is that?” Moira demands.

All she hears is a click from the camera on Sombra’s phone that matches her costume.

“Augh!” Moira gasps. “What did she just do?”

“Nothing,” McCree winces.

“That click wasn’t nothing.”

“Byeeeeeee,” Sombra waggles her left fingers while darting east with cartoon posture.

“She didn’t,” Moira states in denial once the door closes.

“She did.”

“Why’d you open the door for her?”

“I didn’t. She’s a hacker. She did her thing.”

“Aralch,” she scoffs harder. “That’s never coming off the internet now.”

“Doesn’t matter too much since the war.”

“It’s the principle of the matter. And get me out of this tape.”

“Right,” he puts his hat on her.

She grumbles about it, but doesn’t knock it off. He unravels her until she’s back the way she was, albeit a little stickier. She looks down at the residue with an expression of despondent apathy.

“So what now?” he takes back his hat and plops it on his head. “Should I go?”

“No,” she sighs. “No, stay awhile. Maybe you can help with some experiments.”

“Thought I was lackadaisical?” he comments and folds his arms.

“Hmmm. You’ve proven you have more careful hands than I thought,” she admits reluctantly.

“Alright. That’s the best I’ll get outta you I suppose. I’ll stay for a spell.”

“A what?”

“I’ll stay awhile.”

“Oh. Then why didn’t you just say that?”

“Heh. Because I did. You just didn’t understand it.”

18 - Common Scorched Ground

Junkrat and D.Va are having a fistfight in her lavish all-pink room. When he stumbles backwards, his mechanical arm hits the left wall.

“Ugh! I just repainted it, you slob!” she scoffs.

She yanks him back, but they topple over onto her fluffy rug and land in a pile of chips, him on his left side and her on her right. With a single glance from each at the food, they both go into a frenzy of stuffing their faces. The chips are gone. So gone that you’d never even believe they were there in the first place. Each crumb greedily disappears into their ravenous maws. Their eyes meet while they breathe heavily without food to distract them.

“Why were we fighting again?” Junkrat smiles manically with a look of a man who truly can’t process most of the thoughts that flit through his mind.

“I don’t even remember,” she sighs.

“You wanna fuck?” he grins.

“Ehhhh...,” she’s so desperate for some form of contact that she actually considers it.

“Come on,” he urges and flops her wrists around while she’s tired.

“I don’t know.”

“What’s not to know?” he lets go of her arms, letting them land on his shoulder and side.

“You’re pretty gross,” she just says it.

“Yeah!” he gets excited for no apparent reason.

“That’s a bad thing,” her face scrunches up in confusion from his illogical response.

“It is?” his expression becomes so perplexed as if his entire reality just shattered.

“I don’t –,” she tries to explain.

“Nah!” he dismisses her previous claim, immediately reforming his perception.

“I –.”

“Hooohooheeheeheehee. Hahahahahaha,” he goes into a cackling fit.

“What’s so funny?”

“Nothin’,” he growls.

“What was that tone for?”

“I have no idea,” he grins.

“Ugh,” she frowns.

“Oh, don’t be like that. We’re havin’ fun, aren’t we?”

“Maybe you were.”

“I’m always havin’ fun,” he smiles and rolls away under her massive four-poster canopied bed against the back wall.

She rises into a kneeling position, “Get out from under there.”

“Make me!” he blurts as petulantly as possible.

She stands up, folds her arms and stomps her right boot in indignation at the foot of her bed. His hands shoot out and grab her ankles.

“Eeeeeiiii!” she shrieks as he drags her under the bed.

He pulls her under him, wraps his arms around her and squeals, “You’re in a bad mood. Here. Have a hug.”

“Junkrat, get off of me,” she whines and pushes against his chest, revealing how uncomfortable she is.

He lets go so she can shove him off to her left side. He props himself up with his right elbow and rests his palm on his temple.

“That was not funny,” she folds her arms tightly across her chest.

“I thought I’m always funny?” he smirks with confusion.

“No. That...that there was not funny at all. Not at all,” she tries to regulate her panic.

“What? I don’t get it.”

“I...I thought you were trying to rape me.”

“Nah,” he dismisses casually. “I’ve never raped anyone. Blown up a lot of ‘em though. Blown up to bits and back again.”

“Oh...that’s...depressingly comforting I guess.”

“Can we just stay under here?” he immediately gets distracted. “I like it under here. It’s like a special treasure hiding spot.”

“I...guess so?” she relaxes her posture a little.

“Do you hide anything valuable under your mattress?” he makes a motion as if to rip it open.

“No. No, Junkrat. What would I even have to hide there?”

“Dunno. Coins. Gems.”

“Heh,” she laughs at him now that she’s getting a sense of how simplistic and even to a certain degree, innocent his mind is. “No. I don’t have any gems in my bed.”

“Ah, rats,” he snaps his right fingers in disappointment.

“Why are you so obsessed with treasure?”

“Obsessed? Am I? I don’t think I’m obsessed. It’s not like I think about it all the time.”

“Don’t you though?”

“Yeah,” he nods without even realizing he contradicted himself.

“But that is obsession,” she laughs out the words.

“Oh. I guess I am obsessed then,” he smiles and shrugs.

She slaps her right palm against her face and mutters, “But why though?”

“Do people normally know why they’re obsessed?” he tries really hard to think about it (he doesn’t get very far).

“Yeah. Yeah, I think most do,” her voice becomes increasingly more flabbergasted. “So why treasure?”

“I need it.”

“Why though?”

“Why do you need music?” he turns the question around on her.

“I guess it keeps my rhythm. For my life. A biorhythm. Keeps me going. It’s like fuel. Is that what treasure is like for you?”

“Nnnnnnn...no,” he shakes his head and looks away uncomfortably.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. It’s not.”

“Why didn’t you want to be there for the birth of your child?” she blurts because that’s been bothering her in a subtle way.

“I did want to be there though.”

“But you weren’t.”

“You wouldn’t want me there.”

“I didn’t. But that’s not what I’m asking.”

“They didn’t let me.”

“You had explosives on you.”

“Yeah? So? I always do.”

“That’s part of the problem.”

“Problem? What problem?”

“Heh. You might be a master of avoidance.”

“I’m stealthy I hear.”

“You have bad hearing then. And even then, you’re avoiding what I asked.”

“What’d you ask?”

“Why didn’t you give up your explosives to see the birth of your kid?”

“Couldn’t be done.”

“It could’ve. You didn’t want to.”

“They could’ve let me in with them.”

“No. You’d endanger everyone there. Your son included.”

“You keep saying your as if he’s not also yours,” he points out.

She sighs heavily, “Yeah. He’s mine too. Even if I didn’t want him to be.”

"I don't see why it was such a problem. My explosives only go off accidentally fifty percent of the time. Heh. I think."

"And you wonder why they didn't let you in," she states with resignation.

"Yes," he answers with a straight face.

"Junkrat?"

"Yes?"

"Am I wasting my time talking to you under here?"

"Maybe? But think about it like this...", he tries to work out what to say next. "At the end of the world, where better to spend your time than with a madman under your bed?"

"Hah. Fuck. Stop it," she shoves him with her right hand. "I didn't want to laugh at that."

"Yeah. Really now, I say something real and that's what you laugh at? You're fucked," he smirks in an attempt to revive their banter.

"Yeah. I guess I am fucked," she sighs and shakes her head in a self-deprecating manner.

"You could be fucked," he raises his eyebrows wildly for a comedic invitation.

"Ehhhhhhh," she winces because she really doesn't want to out of revulsion, but really does out of boredom and curiosity.

"Come on. What's the worst that could happen?" he grins.

"You exploding."

"Fine. I'll take off the bombs," he begins unhooking his bandoleers.

"You'd do that...for me?" she asks with sheer confusion, devoid of feeling flattered.

"Sure," he tosses them to his left, out from under the bed.

"Hmmm...this better not be some weird attempt to get me to like you."

"It's not. But I can already tell you're down with the rat."

"Ugh. No. I am certainly not."

"You're on the floor with me," he states with a deadpan tone.

“Ugh,” she scoffs again. “I don’t like you.”

“Sure,” he rolls on top of her.

“Grrrrrr,” she growls softly while reaching low to unzip her suit.

He gets his shorts down and wild kicks them off.

“So how do we get it in there?” he pokes his penis around until he can find her slit.

“Just get it in already before I change my mind.”

He coils his arms around the back of her head and thrusts sharply, getting it all the way in and causing her to gasp wide-eyed in surprise since she didn’t expect it to feel so good. He goes in a mad fit of thrashing on her, not caring for subtlety or compassion with his sex. He simply ruts like a vermin in heat. She holds onto his shoulders in a desperate attempt to not jostle around so much. After about a minute, she can feel him spurt a little bit of sperm inside her.

“Well, that was...something,” she sighs.

“Was it as good for –?”

“Don’t,” she interrupts whatever gross cliché he was about to use.

“Should I keep going?”

“Nah,” she sighs. “Just stay like that. I actually kind of like the way you held my head. The sex was shit though, by the way.”

“Ouch. Don’t have much experience,” he shrugs.

“Piff. Even someone with no experience knows enough not to just thrash around. But stop. I don’t want to make a big deal out of it,” she closes her eyes and wriggles her head back to make it more comfortable.

“So do we just...I don’t know...make a bomb down here?” he suggests.

“You really can’t stop thinking about bombs and treasure,” she shakes her head instead of sighing.

“What’s in your treasure chest?”

“Nothing,” he lies.

“It’s not fucking nothing,” she bangs her forehead against his.

“Owww.”

“Roadhog told me you’re giving it to our kid. So what is it? I wanna know.”

“Do you really want to know?” he smiles, but there’s a newfound pain behind that expression.

Even D.Va can see that in the darkness of her bed.

“Yeah.”

“You don’t want to know,” he blurts.

“Wha – I just said I do.”

“You...don’t.”

She digs her teeth into the right side of his chin and slurs, “I said...I do.”

“Ah, get offa me, ya human gator,” he shakes her loose.

“Tell me. I don’t want you giving our kid anything weird or fucked up like a bomb kit.”

“It’s not a bomb. Although....”

“It better not be.”

“Heh. It’s not. But I could probably make ‘em into bombs if I needed to.”

“What?” her nose scrunches higher with confusion.

“In the wastes,” he begins. “Lots ‘a people die.”

“Yeah. I know. There’s a lot more wastes out there now.”

“And a lot more people dyin’.”

“So what’s your point?”

“Some parents...build makeshift batteries to keep their sick children’s hearts beating for just a little while longer,” his mouth does something strange, trying to smile and frown simultaneously, expressions going to war.

“What are you saying? Did you steal batteries from sick children?” she asks as panic wells inside her, more so because he’s still inside her.

“I took ‘em, yeah. But not when they were alive. And I didn’t take ‘em to use. The batteries were all as dead as the kids when I got those charges. I’ve stolen a lot in my life. That’s one of few things I didn’t take. Not when it would’ve matted to someone else.”

“Oh,” she calms down.

“You see, some sections of the wastes are too hard to dig so parents have to leave their dead kids on the ground with their stuffed animals. And move on.”

“That...is really fucked up,” her eyes widen to match his as he stares down at her.

“I take the dead batteries and stuff them inside the animals.”

“You left the bodies behind?”

“Had to. Can only spare so many bombs. And you wouldn’t believe how hard it is to blast open the ground for a grave,” he sighs casually, implying that he’s tried.

“So that chest is filled with the stuffed animals of dead children?”

“Yeah. Each one with a battery drained from the last measures of a child’s dying heart,” he admits with a more lucid tone than usual, finally realizing the meaning in his act of collection.

“That...is not what I ever expected to find in your chest,” she lays her right palm against his torso.

“Heh,” Junkrat shakes his head with a true creeping despair. “And Hanzo thinks there’s something he can sell in there. No one would buy them. They’re in that chest for a reason. Locked away. For their protection. Because they’re not worth anything else to anyone but me. And the parents who had to let their children die.”

She sighs, “Well, that was rough. Rougher than I thought. Hey. Let’s ummm...continue this...outside...I mean not under the bed.”

He awkwardly pulls out of her and they scoot until they can stand.

“You want to keep going? It must be my lucky day,” he returns to his usual mania, almost as if he forgot what he told her.

“I’m fucking hungry. Got me all depressed with that talk,” she gobbles more chips and washes it down with carbonated orange water from Widow’s custom soda maker since they ran out of pre-bottled beverages.

“With what talk?” he looks confused while grinning.

She stares at him and squints, but says nothing, considering that maybe his madness is more legitimate than people think. How many would go mad from the trauma of constantly plucking the lifeless batteries that preserved the final moments of sick children?

When she’s refreshed, she punches his chest with her right hand.

“Oh, we’re fighting again? Okay,” he slaps her face with his.

“Ah,” she draws in a sharp breath between her nearly clenching teeth.

They slap each other around until she hops onto him and gets his rod back inside her, prompting wild aggressive sex. She tugs his hair and kisses his face out of ravenous instinct. He scratches and tears the back of her suit with his fingers, both metal and flesh. Every now and then, they stuff each other's faces with junk food, their base common ground. Even though she doesn't want to admit it, she's found more common ground than she thought. She thought food would be it. But it wasn't. There was something more in the madness of Junkrat's eye.

“Ooooooh. What if we used my pegleg?” he blurts.

“Ugh,” she hops off of him and thinks about it before agreeing, “You're using a condom on that.”

“Oooh! This is gonna be so much fun!” he bounces around while she grabs a pink condom from the nightstand to the right of her bed.

“How should we do this?” she lies down, embracing how depraved she's becoming to willingly offer her loins to Junkrat's pegleg.

He takes the condom from her and slips it over his peg.

“This is going to bring new meaning to pegging,” he grins.

When he aims it at her vagina, she changes her mind, “No. I want it this way.”

She flips over her right side and props her butt up.

“Even better,” he hisses and wipes his hands together while leaking drool onto the rug.

As he rips open the back of her suit, she wipes her fingers through the carpet, enjoying the simple tactile pleasure. He swirls his pegleg counterclockwise around her anus.

“Mmmm...yeah. Go a little slower. Take it a little slower. You're not in the wastes anymore,” she says and that stops his motion, but only for a split second as if she disrupted the measures of a clock deep in his mind.

“Go a little slower,” he mutters to himself as he pushes it in and delves deeper.

“There. Any more than that and it's too far,” she informs him.

Using his leg like a piston digging for oil, he pumps it into her with mechanical precision.

“Mmmmmm,” she bites into her forearms to accentuate her pleasure.

Once he begins swirling it counterclockwise while inside her, she loses control of her body and starts dry-humping the rug to intensify her sensations. She feels the weight shift behind her, yet his leg is still pumping. Glancing to her right, she sees him hopping around her. He set his leg to keep going like a

dildo machine.

“Heh. Don’t suppose I could have a little more fun too?” he sits in front of her and looks between his penis and her mouth.

“Mmmmm. You’re not diseased, right?”

“Hah. Now you ask that?”

“Yeah. I know. Not the best time, but are you?”

“You don’t have much time for sex when you’re always surviving in the wastes.”

“Right. Okay then,” she opens her mouth as wide as it’ll go (which isn’t all that wide).

He scoots forward, wraps his good leg around her back and slips his penis into her mouth. She clasps it with her lips and that’s something Junkrat has never felt before. He nearly passes out from pleasure. Something about the way she sucks on him with casual disinterest with her arms folded and eyes focused on the carpet all while his leg automatically fucks her makes him come instantly. Her cheeks bulge from his gush of sperm and witnessing that gets him off even in those final moments, delivering multiple orgasms to him even if nothing else will come out.

“That was a-mei-zing,” Junkrat steals a line as he pulls away and returns to reattach his leg.

“Blah,” she sighs for a long breath and allows his sperm to drip out all over her carpet.

He pumps her ass even harder, making her body twist and scrunch from the building orgasmic might. Her eyes crush closed and her lips fold inside her mouth when her rump quivers and humps harder to go along with her depraved climax.

“I made an idol come with my dead leg. Hooray!” he leaps and pulls out simultaneously, punching his left fist high.

“I regret everything,” D.Va states with a flat tone.

“What’s to regret? It’s a good pegleg. Had be good for ya to come from it.”

“Ughhhhhh...I hattttteeee...that logic,” she groans.

“But the logic remains,” he folds his arms and leans towards her.

Sombra hacks her way into their room too.

“What are you doing?” D.Va scrambles up and frowns at her.

“I’m bored! Everyone’s doing things and having fun. Fuck,” Sombra stomps her right foot and keeps her arms tense at her sides.

“Then find some bots to hump. I don’t know. Just find your own party. This one’s mine,” Junkrat roughly grips D.Va’s face and licks her right cheek while she cringes.

“You’ve sunk low, girl. Getting your kicks with him,” Sombra scrunches up her face and walks away down the east corridor.

“Have I sunk low?” she asks him while he’s licking her.

“Yep,” he lets go and steps back with his extended left arm holding up two fingers. “You let the Junkrat squirt inside you not once, but twice!”

She scowls and snaps those mechanical digits.

“Heh. I like breaking your parts,” she realizes.

“I like when you break my parts,” he realizes.

They collide in a furious violent mess of sexuality and mutual rage, taking out what they need to on each other. Before they end up on the ever-present madman’s stage.

19 - Bandaging the Webs

In Widowmaker's luxurious large room, Pharah sits on the edge of an ornate bed, similar to D.Va's, yet without all the ostentatious pink paint. Widow's is a deep mahogany with layered gossamer periwinkle canopies. Pharah seems nervous even while fully armored. Widow enjoys that amusing parallel while she applies her makeup and watches her prey through a mirror against the right wall. Pharah pets the thick white floral-patterned blankets even though she can't feel them. Once Widow is prepared, she spins clockwise in her clear chair, folds her left leg over her right and lays her entwined hands on her knee.

"So, why have you come here? To my parlor?"

"Ugh. Don't call it that."

"Heh. Sorry. Spider puns. Have to take them when I can."

"You really don't," Pharah cringes.

"Peut-être," Widow shrugs and subtly raises her eyebrows to prompt Pharah to continue.

She starts with a long sigh, "I...you fucked me up during the...during that thing... months ago."

"Did I? I don't remember what you mean?" Widow plays coy. "You were a little vague. Can you be more specific?"

Pharah squints at Widow.

"Heh. Yes, yes. I remember."

"So...I...I...", she trails off, unable to finish.

"Oui?"

"I wanted to know if you'd...if you want to do something more."

"You clearly do," Widow states offhandedly while looking away to her right to annoy Pharah.

Air blares from her nostrils and she barks, "I much preferred you when you were brainwashed and serious."

"Oooh? Trying to be mean, are we? Maybe I should go for a walk and find someone else to spend time with."

"Oh, fuck," Pharah sulks. "Widow, don't. Stop it."

“Heh. Take it back then. And call me by my real name.”

“Fine, Amelie. I’m sorry. I...I just...I’m not good with the whole teasing banter stuff. I’m...my sexuality is all wrong.”

“What?” Widow becomes concerned. “Why?”

“You were...the...first woman I...I’ve been with.”

“Really?” Widow finds that hard to believe since she always got a certain vibe from the soldier.

“Y-yeah.”

“But you agreed to the impregnation game.”

“I wanted to try it,” she looks down before glancing up with a smirk and petting some hair behind her left ear. “Liked it a little too much.”

“Did you now?” Widow leans in with her palms under her chin.

“Yeah,” Pharah sighs.

“Hey. It’s nothing to be ashamed of,” Widow strides over and sits next to her.

“I know it shouldn’t. But that still is there.”

“What’s to be ashamed of? No one cares down in this bunker.”

“It’s a lingering thing.”

“What thing?” Widow bumps her shoulder against Pharah’s and keeps it there.

“When I was in the military, early on...some people assumed I was a lesbian. Became an issue of contention.”

“Oh. I didn’t know that.”

“I know you didn’t. Still doesn’t make it not a sore spot.”

“I didn’t make fun of you for that, did I?” Widow has to think about it.

“No. I don’t think you did. But the banter. The flirting. It all made me feel like I was giving in to something. Made me hate myself a little bit.”

“Awww,” Widow puts her arm around Pharah. “Don’t do that. Don’t. There’s already too much pain outside in the world. Direct it outwards if you must. Like your rockets. Blast everyone else.”

“Thanks. Even though I know your advice is pretty bad.”

“Pretty bad?” Widow gasps and recoils jokingly before wiping her right side up along Pharah. “You’re the bad one, coming from a spider.”

“Heh. Shut up,” she shakes her head while staring at the floor.

“So...do you want to come from a spider again?”

“I kind of do, but for a bad reason.”

“What reason could be so bad?”

“You can’t tell anyone if I tell you.”

“I won’t,” Widow straightens her posture.

“Before...before you...I mean...before when you were a Talon agent, and you’d snipe me out of the air..., I’d get some kind of sick gratification out of that.”

“Really? Well, that is...a little strange. But nothing too bad.”

“Heh. You said too bad. So it is bad.”

“Only a little,” Widow smirks and bumps against Pharah again. “Maybe that was just your way of dealing with your sexuality. The only way you could at the time.”

“I’ll have to take that for what it is I guess,” her posture slumps and she frowns at the tawny floral carpet.

When she seems like she’s actually about to cry, Widow places both palms on Pharah’s cheeks and turns her head. The spider kisses the fly. She holds that kiss until the expression of tears subsides.

“I also feel like the fact that you beat my mom in that sniper match has something to do with it.”

“Heh. How?”

“Feels like on some subconscious level, you proved yourself to be the dominant female.”

“Hey. You want to be my sub again?” Widow nods while making Pharah do the same, trying to improve her mood.

“Heh. Stop it,” she brushes Widow’s hands down.

“You don’t?”

“I do. I just don’t want you making me nod.”

“Oh. What would you like? I have every variety of bondage down here.”

“Do you have mummification?” Pharah winces.

“Yes. Ah, you want to be like a pharaoh?”

“Oh, wow. I actually didn’t think of that.”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” Pharah laughs the word. “I was just thinking of something easy that would be like spider webs without the mess.”

“Hah. Silly,” she goes to the left wall across from her makeup table.

Tapping a series of hidden panels, she reveals a whole wall of bondage gear.

“Wow,” Pharah blurts wide-eyed.

“Yes. I know. Sensationnel,” Widow grabs a roll of white bandages and places it on the bed. “Here. Let’s get you out of that armor.”

She helps Pharah disconnect the pieces and shoves them under the bed. Pharah is left standing and feeling a little exposed in black spats and a tight crop top. She doesn’t really know what to do with her hands so she holds them in front of her abdomen.

“Heh. You look all shy without your armor,” Widow pulls a strip off bandage out with the spool in her left hand.

“Well, I wear it so much that it feels wrong when it’s off,” she lets her arms hang at her sides.

“You should take off your clothes too.”

“Oh, right,” she pulls down her shorts before rolling up her top, letting them fall on the floor.

“Ooh la la. You’ve got such a nice fit body.”

“Thanks.”

“Sit. And stick your legs out.”

Pharah plops down on the bed and extends her legs, keeping her hands on the blanket to her sides. Widow tightly binds Pharah’s feet first and works upwards. Once Widow reaches Pharah’s groin, the spider tugs her lover’s rump to make her scoot forward.

“Oop,” Pharah blurts with surprise.

Widow leaves a wide enough horizontal space so Pharah’s crotch and butt can breathe. The spider continues her task higher, leaving a kiss on fly’s abdomen before wrapping it.

“Arms folded under your breasts,” Widow tells Pharah and she complies.

Widow leaves Pharah’s breasts revealed and tightly, yet delicately binds her neck and face except for her nostrils. Using a small piece of clear tape from inside the roll, Widow secures the loose piece so Pharah doesn’t unravel.

“Mmmmm,” she makes a disconcerting noise as if she’s panicking and wriggles around.

“Shusssh,” Widow uses her left hand to lay Pharah back and pets her head to comfort her. “I’m still here. It’s okay. Don’t panic.”

“Mmmmm,” Pharah emits a similar sound except this one is audibly calmer.

Continuing to pet her prey’s head, Widow moves her free hand lower until she can stroke Pharah’s labia. Every so often, Widow uses her thumb to give Pharah’s clitoris a quick flick.

“Mmmmm!” Pharah grunts.

“What’s that? Should I stop?”

Pharah wildly shakes her head no.

“Heh. I thought so,” Widow inserts her two innermost fingers.

Pharah’s head tilts backwards so Widow sensually wipes her palm down her prey’s right cheek.

“Now then,” Widow saunters away to the bondage wall with her hands on her hips. “What can we use on you?”

“Mmmm?” Pharah’s head perks up from a mixture of nervousness and excitement, but mostly nervousness (because this is Widow we’re talking about here).

“I’d like to use this at some point,” she plucks a black double strapon off the wall with her right index finger and thumb. “For classic value. But not yet.”

She tosses the device over her shoulder and onto the bed. Pharah spasms a little from feeling it hit the blanket behind her. She can’t help but bask in the anxiety of being with the woman who shot her down so many times before.

“Ah. You said you didn’t want to be tied with webs, but I’m going to use this on you,” she grabs a swath of sticky synthetic webbing.

She unceremoniously slaps a clump of webs onto Pharah's crotch. Lightly resting her left high heel on Pharah's abdomen, Widow tugs back around her right side as if trying to reel in a crate of crabs.

"Mmmmmeeeeiiii!" Pharah squeals, but doesn't shake her head no.

The spider continues. And the fly goes wild, banging the back of her head into the blankets, indulging in the notion of being helpless and overstimulated.

"Heh," Widow applies slightly more pressure with the front of her boot.

When Pharah's head collapses back, Widow steps off and wipes away the webbing, returning it to the wall.

"Let's see. What next? What next?"

"Grer's geh glect?" Pharah tries to ask, 'There's a next?' (Of course there is.)

"Always, mon ami," Widow selects a flexible black ribbed rod that has a wider seed-like end.

She kneels and straddles Pharah's thighs. Using her left index finger and thumb, she spreads her prey open and slips the toy deep.

"Now where is your center?" Widow squints while her tongue instinctively pokes out from the left corner of her lips.

"Hmmm, hmmm, hmmmmmm," each of Pharah's moans are longer than the last as Widow prods her way to the awaiting cervix.

"Heh. If you think I ruined you before, you're going to be mine forever after this."

"Hmmm?" Pharah whips her head up at Widow.

"There," she pops the tip into Pharah's cervix, causing her head to jolt back violently.

Widow drags her thumb down a switch, opening the end of the toy. It unfurls into a series of feather-like fleshy antennae that begin to spin, stroking every inch of her womb. She thrashes around like a breathless fish as shattering waves of stimulation overtake her. But to her credit, she holds out. She doesn't tell Widow to stop, so she keeps her thumb on the button. She uses the back of her free hand to lightly massage Pharah's breasts. To have some fun, Widow presses her palm down on Pharah's chest, pinning her to the bed hard so she can't even work out her stimulation with thrashing. She simply must endure that madness swirling inside her. When she can't take anymore, her groin jitters uncontrollably and soaks Widow's blankets.

"Ooooooh," she smirks and extracts the toy. "I'm making you clean that up later."

She gives Pharah some time to catch her terribly wheezing breaths. While unzipping her pants, Widow retrieves her strapon and slips the bottom nub into her vagina.

“Mieux te preparer,” Widow warns when straddling Pharah’s crotch.

“Mmmmmiii?” her groan transitions into a squeak.

“Actually, I want you this way first,” Widow rolls Pharah over her right side and scoops her butt higher. “Get that croupe up. Oui. Right there.”

Pharah turns her head left so she can breathe easier. Widow licks her lips while ever-so-slowly pushing both dildos into Pharah’s vagina and anus at the same time.

“Mmmmmmm!” Pharah screams as they go deeper with an infuriatingly decadent pace.

Widow grins manically while thrusting leisurely with her hands on Pharah’s hips.

“Glurmmmmmm,” she moans.

“Hold your breath,” Widow leans far and grabs her prey’s head with both hands, forcing her face into the blankets.

Widow takes a little sadistic pleasure from pressing down on the back of Pharah’s head while thrusting faster and faster in each passing moment. Widow is the one who can’t hold out for long this time. With a few quivering undulations, she orgasms from the act of cutting off Pharah’s air like this. The spider’s juices spray out and leak down the fly’s legs, causing her to tighten them with sensual discomfort. Only when Widow’s orgasm ends does she let Pharah breathe, quickly flipping her back over. Noticing that her breaths are a little shallow, Widow wraps her lips around Pharah’s nostrils and heaves air into her lungs for a long thirty seconds.

“You okay?”

Pharah nods weakly, now understanding how Tracer felt after being double-teamed by Widow and Emily.

“Bien?” Widow smirks.

Pharah nods a little more forcefully.

“Ready to continue?”

“Mmhmm,” she nods a third time with more energy.

Widow takes a moment to unscrew the dildos and switches them so the one for Pharah’s anus doesn’t go into her vagina next.

“This next round is going to break you. You’ll be all mine after this. Are you sure you want me to continue?”

“Ehemmmm,” Pharah whimpers before nodding bashfully.

Widow pushes both dildos in at an even pace until they each reach their respective terminus. Widow waits, building anticipation for her prey. One long moment goes by. Long enough to confuse her. When she perks her head up as if to ask something, the spider descends. She coils her limbs all around Pharah, wrapping her in an arachnid embrace. Stroking the top of her spine and gripping the back of her head, Widow thrusts with unnatural intensity. She presses her lips as hard as she can into the bandages over Pharah’s. Widow laps at her prey’s mouth until she saturates it with enough saliva to the point where their lips can almost meet. Almost. Although her prey isn’t moving, Widow’s undulations cause Pharah to look like she’s in the throes of death. She loses all sense of self, giving her body over to the spider and orgasming from her tumultuous motions. With her tongue hanging out, Widow climaxes from witnessing and feeling her prey orgasm in her embrace. Widow even loses control for a few more seconds, rutting mindlessly into Pharah’s shivering body. Only when the spider’s twitches of pleasure end does she blink and shake off her feral delirium. She unravels the bandages around Pharah’s head, revealing her as a drooling mess.

“Heh. Someone needed healing,” Widow observes.

“Yeah,” Pharah looks around at all the bandages.

Sombra knocks on the door, too despondent to hack her way in.

“Come –,” Widow tries to say.

“Wait,” Pharah’s eyes bulge with embarrassment.

“You’re my sub now, right?”

“Yeah,” Pharah sighs and rolls her eyes to her right.

“Don’t worry,” Widow winks her left eye. “Not like they haven’t seen us together already. Come in.”

Sombra lurches in with arms hanging lifeless and wanders around the room.

“Heh. Can I help you?” Widow asks professionally.

Sombra perks up when she realizes what they’re doing.

“Can I get in on this?” she practically begs.

“Maybe some other time,” Widow tells her.

“Ughhhh. Come on. I won’t even hack out of my bondage this time,” Sombra whines desperately.

“Sorry,” Widow shrugs while pressing her hands into Pharah’s breasts.

“Ugh. Ugh!” Sombra stomps out, truly sexually frustrated now.

Once she's gone, Pharah gazes at Widow and asks, "What is this that we have?"

Flipping her ponytail over her right shoulder, Widow sighs, "C'est ce que c'est."

20 - He's Got Balls

Sombra drags her feet through the hallways, heading west with a head full of boredom-induced despair. Her heavy eyes slowly drift up to stare at Zenyatta who floats in front of her.

"Hey," she sighs, flopping her right hand in his direction, not even caring to waggle her fingers.

"You do not look well," he lays his palms on his thighs. "Are you eating well enough? We could adjust your meals if –."

"I'm eating fine. I'm borrrrrred," she exhales and slumps backwards with her arms hanging limp.

"What is it that you'd like to do?"

"Someone," she gushes with frustration. "Anyone."

"No one has taken up your offers so far?"

"No...they...haven't," she looks him over. "Hey. You wanna do something?"

"Ehem. Well, as you can see," he waves his hands outwards from his groin. "I have no such appendage to sate your...appetites."

"You could attach something."

"I...could."

"Come on, Zenny," she quickly gets her right arm around his shoulders and wipes her index finger on his chest in small counterclockwise circles.

"Oh. Zenny. I don't know how to feel about that name. I both do and do not like it."

"Use those things," she glances at his balls.

"B-but those are my meditation beads," Zenyatta gasps with an odd sulking tone.

"Use 'em," she whispers with a horrendous wide lewd smirk and heavy eyelids.

"I-I...I...I think you're going to cause an error," he panics.

"Really?" she leans away. "But I didn't even hack you."

"But you'll cause an error regardless."

“What type of error?” she tilts back in with folded arms and a mad grin.

“I...I shouldn't,” his balance servos malfunction and he starts tipping to his right.

“Shouldn't what? Give in to me?” she smirks before changing tactics to pout. “Come on, Zenny. I'm so bored. I want some companionship. Treat it like this. You'll be doing a public service to someone in need. You like that type of stuff, right?”

“I...do, but...”

“You do. So there's no problem.”

“HmMMMMM,” he hums in thought, processing her obvious attempts to sway him. “You're really in need of some companionship?”

“Yes, yes, yes,” she nods for each word.

“And you're only picking me because you're desperate and know I can't pass up someone in need?”

“Yes, yes, yes,” she nods for each word again, grinning a little more at her repeated response.

“Heh. So brazen in your shamelessness,” he shakes his head at the floor. “Okay. Fine. What can I do for you?”

“Hey now. You've got some costumes in your room, right?”

“Yes.”

“Let's go,” she grabs his right hand in her left and speeds away west, dragging him as he floats along.

She hacks into his room and slides open the door. His compartment is simple, filled with various meditation trinkets.

“Where's your stuff?” she glances around hungrily.

“In the left wall.”

Getting on her knees, she digs in his closet where he keeps spare parts.

“This nutcracker one is super creepy. No way.”

“But I like that one. It is classic,” he floats around behind her, trying to look over her shoulders.

“Nope. Don't want those jaws hammerin' away at my puss,” she shoves it aside.

“Ohhhhh,” he whines for her amusement.

“Heh,” she chuckles absentmindedly while grabbing his Sanzang costume.

“What about that one?” he leans over her right shoulder.

“It’s cute, but I think we can find something better for what we’re going to do.”

“Ah. I suppose you don’t want my Ifrit skin then.”

“Yeah. That one looks too pompous with the feather and color.”

“Hmmm. You think?”

“This one we’ll put in the maybe pile,” she sifts through his Ra parts.

“You like the beak?” he floats upside-down and lowers his face in front of her.

“It’s okay,” she pushes his head aside with her right hand.

“Ha,” he laughs at how dismissive she is.

He could have never predicted he’d be engaging with Sombra of all people. But that is the whimsical nature of life. Sometimes, paradoxes must bond.

“Ohhhhh. This one. It has to be this one,” she pulls up the pieces to his Cthulhu costume.

“You don’t want that one,” he folds his arms and wobbles from side to side behind her.

“Oh yes I do,” she beams over her left shoulder.

He sighs, “Fine. But you’ve been warned.”

“It can’t be that bad,” she helps him change out the pieces.

“It...has an odd effect on my mood. Changes aspects of me.”

“So? That’s no different from people. The types of clothes and their colors can change people’s moods.”

“That is true. I didn’t think about it like that for omnic.”

“Hehyeah,” she slurs with exuberance while grinning wide. “We’re all more alike than we think. Just data and cells.”

“Just data and cells,” Zenyatta mutters the notion, somewhat confused for a reason he can’t entirely place.

“Here. Lemme help you with your head,” she removes his regular one and swaps it out for the tentacle

mess.

Zenyatta wobbles his neck around, feeling the new body. He simulates blinking by flickering his ocular lights a few times. His usual mala beads fall away and he summons the eyeballs.

“Yes. I wouldn’t want to defile my orbs with an impure act,” he pets his new balls.

“Impure act, huh?” she leans in with her hands on her hips.

Thrusting out his arms, he uses the eyes to constrict her neck and drag her to her knees.

“Wha –?” she blurts and grips the beads.

“You think you’re the dominant one? You must think again.”

“I...what is up with that costume? Bad coding?”

“No. This is what you asked for. The old one stirs inside me when I wear such a skin of metal and multifarious form.”

“Is this like roleplay?”

“You can think of it like that,” he wipes his tentacles down her face.

“Heh. You should lube those up. It’d be much nicer.”

He hacks up some clear lubricant onto them in a manner most unceremonious.

“Heh,” she cringes. “Gross.”

He wipes them down her face again, leaving a trail of slime.

“I guess I asked for that,” she smirks.

“You did,” he states authoritatively.

“Heheheheh. I might like this new you. Depending on what you do –,” she tries to speak, but he chokes her a little by dragging her to the center of the room.

“On your back.”

“Sure,” she rolls her eyes to her right, going along with his game rather than hacking her way out.

“Open those,” he dismissively points his right index finger at her crotch.

She gives him a thin smile while seductively unzipping her pants.

“You think such movements matter to me? I’m only doing this for your sake,” he states with an odd ominous kindness.

“You’re a very strange ominic,” she brings her right eyebrow low.

He doesn’t comment on that, crawling along the floor towards her instead.

When he reaches her groin, she asks, “So what should I do with my hands?”

He swipes his index and middle fingers down, causing his orbs to leap from around her neck and slam into place around her wrists, pinning them to the floor near her sides.

“Oh. Okay then,” her lips ripple awkwardly.

He greedily laps at every aspect of her vagina with his tentacles.

“There we go!” she gets excited and clenches her legs around his head, wiggling her toes simply because she feels like it.

His outermost tentacles peel apart her labia and stroke down their lengths. Another tendril cups and squeezes her clitoris. He slips the remaining three inside her and strokes her vaginal walls.

“Ooooooh...okay,” she wrenches her head back with her eyes closed. “I definitely picked the right costume for this.”

“Does this please you?”

“Yeah. Yeah, it does, but you’re gonna have to try a lot harder to make me come,” she keeps her eyes closed to enjoy herself.

He tries to reach her cervix, but can’t. After retracting his tentacles, he uses the balls to make her right arm swing across her body, awkwardly flipping her over her left side and onto her abdomen. Retrieving the eyes to orbit him, he coils his chain belt around her wrists, keeping her arms extended and pinned behind her.

“Your anus best be prepared for cosmic madness.”

“Please,” she scoffs to her left. “My ass can take any of your cosmic madness.”

“Banter won’t save you.”

“Not looking to be saved,” she plays along.

“Nothing can save you. Nothing will,” he raises his orbs and aligns them with her sphincter.

“I’ve known that for a long time,” she admits with some semblance of seriousness in the moments before his blinking eyes stampede into her anus. “Ughhhh...fuck. My culo. You didn’t have to put so

many in at once.”

“I did. And I put them all in,” he turns her back over her left side so he can look at her reaction (since that’s all he can get out of this).

“Wha –?” she burbles with whimpering surprise and tilts her neck to look at her groin.

“Your insides accepted them all,” he pets the bulge on her abdomen with his right hand.

“Fuck. That was a lot of them.”

“Nine to be exact.”

“Fuckkkk. Nine of them?” she gasps with frustration.

“Yes.”

“I’m going to have to stay away from you for a while once we’re done. Not sure if my ass can take consistent poundings from those.”

“You say that. But you have only accepted the old one’s gift. The true test comes next.”

“True te –?” she tries to ask, but gasps and nearly vomits from him raking them out.

Without pause, he thrusts all nine mad eyes in and out as if his they are nine seas that must ebb and flow through the world’s last channel.

“Ughhhhh...fu-fuck...fuck. Owww. Can you take these chains out from under me?” she asks without her usual bluster. “Please?”

“Certainly,” he pauses his ocular thrusts to reach under her and unravels the chain.

When she tries to move her hands to her sides, he binds her wrists again, laying them on her abdomen and adding weight to her bulging belly.

Continuing the motions of his devastating anal beads, he tightly grips her abdomen with his sharp left fingertips, “You will climax. You will seek and see your finality. You will face your end.”

“Can I have a meme first?” she asks sweetly and flutters her eyelashes.

“No.”

“Oh, just a little one? Chiquito.”

“No.”

“Then I’m not coming,” she huffs and looks away to her left, causing her hair to flop onto her face.

She has to awkwardly blow it off and back into place.

“You will come from these eyes in your anus. Or you will not come at all,” he declares with so much vehemence that she actually believes him.

A look of thrilling terror overtakes her eyes as he falls upon her, constricting her face in tentacles.

“The might of the old ones flows through me and now it will flow through you!”

He pries open her mouth and holds her lips apart at their corners. He plays with her tongue from above and below. His two smallest tentacles penetrate her nostrils and that drives her wilder than she thought it would. While pumping the eyes into her faster, she loses her normal willful side (and a little bit of her mind), giving in to suck on his tentacles. Once he sees that she’s willing to suckle on them as if she needs them to live, he takes the saliva-ridden ones from the corners of her mouth and inserts them into her ears. Scooping everything deeper in a single moment makes her eyes pop wide. She can’t hold back the orgasm that convulses through her body, seeming to damage a tiny piece of her psyche.

“Glah,” she gasps when he pulls back and sits up.

“Was that the enlightenment you were seeking?” he slowly and lightly continues to scoop the balls in and out of her.

“I think I found a little too much chaos, but yeah. I needed something like this.”

“Something like –,” he tries to repeat for clarity, but Tracer knocks on his door.

“Entra,” Sombra tilts her body sideways so she can prop herself up on her bound forearms even though the beads are still inside her.

“Hey, you – oh, you’re doing um...whatever that is. I just wanted to let you know we’re having dinner soon.”

“Bueno,” Sombra nods.

“Okay...I’ll...leave you to it,” Tracer’s eyebrows buckle outwards awkwardly and she zooms away.

“Heh. Hehehehahahaha,” Sombra cackles to herself while rolling onto her back again.

“There was nothing funny about that,” Zenyatta comments and lightly kicks his right foot in her direction.

“Heh. It wasn’t that. For some stupid reason, I thought I was going to be the one knocking at the door just then.”

“We are all simply knocking at our own doors, are we not?”

21 - The Pieces of Me

“What would you like first?” Lynx weighs a synthetic penis in their right hand and a vagina in the other.

“HmMMM,” Brigitte paces around the left side of her room. “Let’s go with what I’m most used to.”

“Penis it is,” Lynx tosses the vagina to bounce on the scarlet blankets to their right.

Lynx takes off their clothes, but when they’re about to screw on the dildo, Brigitte stops them with an upraised left hand.

“No. Let me,” she smirks and crawls across the floor.

“Ooooooh,” Lynx’s antennae shoot up while she uses her mouth to screw the penis on as if she’s a living socket wrench.

When she pops it out of her mouth, she smiles, “I’m a girl with many talents.”

“Heh. And all that time in the forge gave you some creativity too,” Lynx flops their antennae down off-synch as if pointing excitedly at her.

“You know it,” she grins and stands.

“So what should we do?” Lynx wipes their right index finger up her neck and along her chin.

“Dunno,” she spins clockwise and pulls her pants and pale panties down in one fluid motion, glancing over her left shoulder. “Oops. Look what happened.”

“Heh,” Lynx hops like a rabbit with ears blasted back in the wind and gets inside her without delay.

Lynx wraps their arms around her and undulates their hips with mechanical efficiency, never tiring or slowly.

Brigitte strokes her hands along Lynx’s smooth metal fingers and sighs, “I wish you could feel me.”

“I can. In a matter of speaking. I can,” Lynx soothes her worries and nuzzles the left side of her face.

“Heh,” she releases a self-depreciating chuckle.

“What is it?”

“It’s still a little strange for me to process.”

“What is? Us?”

“Not us. But your body. It may sound silly, but I feel weirdly guilty about enjoying that you’re made of metal.”

“Why?”

“Because I was around so many different types of metal in the workshop, I got used to their touch. Their smells. The way they each shined. I became so comfortable around them. Heh. And now I’m enjoying the companionship of an omnic lover.”

“That’s not so weird after all. It actually makes a lot of sense.”

“Yeah. I guess it does. Doesn’t make it feel any less weird to me though.”

“Heh. That’s a strange concept, isn’t it? When someone knows something is so rooted in their life as a source of comfort, yet they can’t help but find it strange.”

“Yeah. It is,” she smiles weakly with tired eyes.

She pulls away, turns around counterclockwise to grip Lynx’s face and gives them a sturdy passionate kiss. When she lets go and tries to put their penis back inside, Lynx short-circuits and nearly falls backwards, so she has to catch them around their waist.

“Hehehehe,” she giggles. “That was some swoon.”

Lynx retains their incapacitated limp posture, “I think you broke me. That kiss was too much.”

“Hah. I could only hope. But don’t worry. I can always fix you,” she lets Lynx fall unceremoniously to the floor.

“Hey!” Lynx whines.

“If you’re broken, I’m going to get my tools...,” she pauses for comedic ominous effect. “So I can fix you.”

“No, no, no,” Lynx springs up and wiggles around. “Not broken. See? All good.”

“Oh. Okay then,” she plays along.

“Heh. You’re scary when you get into forge mode.”

“I could only hope,” she repeats and smirks before squealing, “Ooooh!”

“What?” Lynx spasms with surprise.

“I wanna use my flail,” she grins mischievously.

“Oh no,” Lynx shivers to be funny.

“Oh yes,” she kicks her pants and panties completely off and runs across to the left side of the room to dig in a silver crate.

While crouching, she lifts her flail high in her left hand like fulminating beacon. And something about that makes Lynx fall deeper in love with her. But they can't speak the words. Because something in their circuital synapses has frozen. A literal malfunction occurs. And Lynx understands what it means to be...just a little bit more.

“Get over here you,” she switches hands and slashes out, wrapping the flail around Lynx's left side.

The chain coils around Lynx and pins their arms. She reels Lynx over and uses her left boot against their chest to tilt them back until she can sit on their penis.

“Kinky links,” Lynx makes a joke about the chain.

“You're my kinky Lynx,” Brigitte mistakes what they meant.

“Oh my god. I literally didn't mean it like that. Hehehahaha. That's too perfect.”

“Subconscious metaphors,” Brigitte smirks and flairs out her left hand while wiggling her fingers.

After positioning her flail under Lynx's head like a pillow, Brigitte begins gyrating.

“Say...does that thing have any fluids in there?” she smirks and squints.

“It could. If you like,” Lynx points their antennae left, right, left at her for the last three words.

“What types of fluid?” she leans low and presses her palms against their chest.

“What types of fluid would you like?” Lynx swirls their antennae outwards and around to then point back in at her.

“Got any lube?” she states with a silly tone and crosses her eyes.

“Maybe. I could also provide windshield wiper, if that would please the lady.”

“Do I look like a window?” she scoffs and flicks her hair back.

“You're the window to my digital soul,” Lynx goes for a corny line.

“Ooooh,” she gives Lynx an impressed erotic intake of breath. “You're good.”

“I could also give you some detergent.”

“Do I look like a washing machine?” she huffs to play along this time.

“You’re the...ummm...washing machine...to ummm...clean my...to clean my dirty parts,” Lynx shrugs bashfully. “I got nothin’.”

“Hah. Oh you’ve got something alright. Me,” she leans over and kisses her metal partner.

“Hehehehe. You’re going to make me short-circuit again.”

“I could only hope,” she uses her line again.

“No really. I feel like my systems are going to overload and shut down,” Lynx states more seriously.

“Heh. I – could – only – hope,” she delivers another raking kiss for each word.

“Powering down,” Lynx jokes, shuts their eyes off and goes limp.

“Hey. I didn’t really break you, did I?” she rears up.

Lynx doesn’t respond.

“I guess I should get my tools,” she sighs.

“All systems optimal,” Lynx lies for the sake of fun banter (their systems are nearly fried from overstimulation).

“Heh. Yeah they are,” Brigitte beams and pets Lynx’s face.

Something about the way she smiles down makes Lynx feel as if they’re looking up at a creator. And Brigitte certainly has the talent and understanding to be worthy of an omnic goddess.

“I love you,” Lynx blurts.

“I...,” her eyes burst wide with surprise and she holds that expression for a long ten seconds that unintentionally cause Lynx a certain measure of agony...all until her beaming smile returns even brighter. “I think I love you too.”

“Heh. You think?” Lynx keeps their tone happy, but it does contain a lurking element of despair.

“If I can think it, I can be it,” she explains to make Lynx feel better.

“I’ll take it,” Lynx gets their right arm out of the chains and thrusts their index finger high as if winning a bid, understanding that emotion is not always fixed and regulated.

Though data sustains life for omnics, life is not always data.

And with that, Brigitte goes wild. Her fingers rake down Lynx’s chest and she scoops her hips violently until she orgasms, lurching her head down as if struck by an invisible train. She looks at pieces of Lynx

that are steaming. Her vaginal liquid seeped into Lynx's groin.

"Heh. I think you fried it," Lynx glances at their penis.

"The penis is dead," she states with a mock serious tone to be funny.

"Heh. For now."

"Come on. Let's get up and give you a rest," she stands while gripping Lynx's arms.

Brigitte plops Lynx back on their feet and uncoils the chain, letting it fall away onto the floor before taking a seat at the edge of her bed.

"You wanna try the vagina next?" Lynx sits to her left.

"Ummmmmmm," she thinks about it.

To amuse her, Lynx lets their antennae wilt slowly in time with her hum and offers, "You don't have to if you don't want to."

"But you really do."

"I do," Lynx nods furiously, causing their antennae to flop and clink back and forth.

"Heheheheheh," Brigitte covers her mouth with her left hand to conceal her adoring smile. "Sure. I'll try it. But only for you."

"Yay!" Lynx springs up and flops sideways to scramble for the false womb.

"Hahahahahaha," Brigitte holds her sides because she can't deal with their excitement.

Lynx unscrews the penis, tosses it over their right shoulder and removes the front panel of their groin.

"Here. Let me," she delicately helps Lynx slip the vagina into place.

Using the edges of her thumb nails, she tightens a few screws before sliding their panels closed to create a more seamless appearance.

"Hey," she pet's Lynx's thigh. "Can I ask you something?"

"What?"

"Why do you like the pronoun they and them?"

"Oh. That. Hmm. That's a tricky thing. As an omnic..., we're not born. We are constructed from seemingly nothing. Brought forth from a void of data."

“Sounds pretty similar to humans,” she smirks to cheer Lynx up.

“Maybe,” Lynx uplifts their tone. “But gender is a very foreign concept to omnic. I can understand how most humans have an easy time understanding what they are. It’s clean cut for many of them. But for us, synthetic beings, it is all up to decision and perception. It’s hard.”

“I can understand that.”

“Can you?”

“Not in the same way, but I can. As best as I can.”

“For me, it was too hard. Too hard to process what I was. Consciousness that wasn’t technically alive. Not by conventional standards. Too hard. So I decided to not decide. I didn’t pick either or. I picked the option for both. Plurality. They. Them. Their. That’s what felt right to me. Can you tell me...or explain how you can understand?”

“Sure. It might not make complete sense, but the way I understand has to do with my armor. Not feeling truly comfortable outside of the forge or outside of my armor. Out in the world, the real world, or however you’d like to conceive of it, it’s not...acceptable. Something is intrinsically wrong with it. I can’t...bear it sometimes. When I’m bare I mean. I feel different in the armor. As if I have a shield across my entire body. A shield against all forms of creeping madness that threatens to bring my flesh outside, unraveling me around my own bones. When I’m in the forge, nothing can touch me. The workshop is mine and mine alone. So when I go out in the world, I want to be wearing my armor. I chose both. I chose you.”

“Heh. Thanks,” Lynx stares down bashfully and wipes their right hand up the side of their head.

She gives them an affectionate kiss on the cheek.

“You chose both too,” Lynx mutters happily, still gazing downwards as if trying to peer through the very world.

“So...about that vagina?” she smirks to return the mood to a state of comedic lewdness.

“It’s a vagina,” Lynx states with a deadpan tone before cracking up. “I think.”

“Hah. You think? It looks enough like one to me. I’d know. I have one too.”

“Three.”

“What?”

“One too. And then three. I hate myself for that joke.”

“Ehahahaha!” Brigitte screeches. “You’re such a shitter.”

“Omnic can’t poop,” Lynx slightly raises their right index finger. “Unless they have a special simulated

apparatus. But that would be unnecessary.”

“Ahhhhh,” she sighs with amusement and slaps Lynx’s vagina with her left hand.

“Hey. Don’t slap my pussy,” Lynx whines.

“Slapped,” she confirms with a solemn mater-of-fact tone and nods.

“So how do we even use this thing?” Lynx peels their labia apart.

“You’ve never used one before?” she leans over a little to inspect the craftsmanship (Brigitte can’t help herself).

“Never had a reason to.”

“Never?”

“Never had a reason to equip them before you.”

“Heh. That’s kind of sweet in a weird way.”

“It is, isn’t it,” Lynx agrees.

“Come on. Let’s get deeper on the bed,” she pats it with her left hand reaching back and hops on her side.

“Can I wrap you in something?”

“What?” she rests her palm on her left temple to prop up her head.

Lynx opens up their abdomen slot to their right and pulls out a soft cord that changes colors slowly.

“Your...intestines?”

“Heh. No. I can see how it looks like that. I just stuffed them in there to carry them.”

“Okay. Just don’t make it too tight.”

“I won’t,” Lynx starts from her biceps and works down until the cord is simply wrapping around her the whole way, ending with a loose bow at her ankles. “Now you’re like a gift.”

“Heh. Don’t unwrap me,” she grins.

“Not yet at least,” Lynx straddles her. “Gonna savor my present.”

“Metaphors,” she whispers.

“Intended,” Lynx whispers back and leans over to grab the penis, telling it, “I think we can still get some use outta you.”

“Heh,” she chuckles as Lynx’s left palm gives it a charge to start vibrating.

Reaching back, Lynx stuffs it into her vagina.

Lynx crawls forward and kneels over her face, “Hey? You wanna try something fun. I prepared it in case you wanted it.”

“What is it?” she bobs her head from side to side.

“It’s ummm...heh...the description is going to sound a little gross, but I promise it’s not.”

“Hmmm. Now you have me worried and intrigued.”

“Do you know what a ribbon worm is?”

“Yeah. The ones that goop stuff out.”

“Well, I had this vagina custom fitted with a type of ooze, like an oxygen mask, that can give you a pheromone cocktail. All natural. It’s like an aphrodisiac.”

“Ummm. Any side effects?”

“You’ll be a little woozy for a few minutes afterwards, but nothing bad.”

“Okay. I’ll try it.”

“Get ready,” Lynx sits on her face.

A clear ooze gushes out and coats her nose and mouth.

“Gugh,” Brigitte almost chokes before she realizes she can breathe through the polymer. “Feels weird.”

“Wait for it,” Lynx counts down with three fingers, staring with right ring, then middle and lastly index.

“Uhhhh...wow,” Brigitte’s eyelids become heavy as a wave of pleasure streams through her body.

“Yep,” Lynx scoops their vagina back and forth across Brigitte’s lolling tongue.

“This is...really...we need to do this more often,” her eyelids flutter with the culmination of a powerful orgasm.

“Now it’s time to open my present,” Lynx detaches the ooze and scoots lower, reaching their left hand back and tugging on the cord to unravel it all.

Tossing the scintillating rope behind Brigitte, Lynx pulls out the dildo and flicking it away to their left. Lynx lifts her left leg and hugs it close. Brigitte awkwardly fumbles to remove her top in a pheromone delirium. Lynx can't wait any longer and rips her top open, pulling it off under her and flinging it away as well.

"Finally," she sighs and bites her lower lip while massaging her breasts.

Lynx scissors with her in long scooping motions that drag heavily along her inner right thigh. Leaning in and stretching her leg far, Lynx wipes their left hand up her torso. Lynx gives her right breast some attention first before moving on to the lonely other.

"Ohhhhh...jaaa...jaaaa...jaaaaaaa!"

At the sound of Brigitte screeching on the cliffsides of her most powerful climax, Lynx undulates faster, hammering the armorsmith's groin with as much force as they can forge.

"Uguh...uguh...uguh," Brigitte releases a few odd moans before she orgasms in a tumult of pheromone-induced vehemence. "Mmmmmuuughhhhhhaaaaaa!"

Lynx slows down with even pacing. Once they stop, Lynx reaches out their left hand and delicately plucks off the ooze mask.

"Whew," Brigitte blinks away her daze. "That was more intense than I thought it'd be. Like drowning in lightning."

"Heh. Omnic's don't do well around lightning. That sounds scary."

She fans herself off with her right hand, "It was, but in a good way."

22 - Both Soil and the Seed

Tracer and Emily are packing soil down on vegetable seeds in the long underground greenhouse with custom light panels on the arched ceiling. They're both barefoot, wearing only crop tops and shorts. Emily's are royal-blue with deep-crimson while Tracer's are orange and black respectively. Her chrontal accelerator is recharging against the long south wall. Emily smiles fondly at her lover and wipes some soil off her right hand on Tracer's left forearm.

"Wanker," she smirks and brushes it off.

Stabbing her shovel down, Emily sighs with relief, "So glad we finally got those little scrambling monsters out of us."

"Hey," Tracer whines.

"I mean that only in the best ways," Emily rests her hands and chin on the haft of her shovel and leans towards Tracer.

"Heh."

"But really, Lena. Is it just me or did our kids kick more than anyone's?"

"You're gonna blame my speed, aren't you?" Tracer rolls her eyes away.

"I'm gonna blame your speed."

"Heh. Well you can say that because you had my girl inside you."

"My boy still kicked a lot in you too. Probably gets that from your side."

"That's weird how we consider one more of ours because of the bone marrow sample."

"It is. But they're both ours. Because we both had eggs and marrow."

"Mmmmm...sounds like breakfast."

"Huah!" Emily laugh-gasps. "Lena! Gross."

"Heheheheheh," Tracer gives her mate a devious giggle.

Emily grins and kicks some dirt on Tracer's legs. She kicks some back and it gets down the front of Emily's shirt.

"How dare you fling dirt at the mother of your child?" she puts on a mock pompous tone to amuse

Tracer.

“But you –,” she tries to say, but Emily tackles Tracer into the soil.

“Heh,” she chuckles and slides her arms around Tracer’s shoulders to envelop her in a tight hug before allowing their lips to rendezvous for a kiss.

Because she’s consistently getting woozy from kissing Emily in the dirt, Tracer has a hard time keeping her arms around her wife. They nearly slip off a few times, causing Emily to become more amused and driving her to ravish Tracer’s lips harder. Emily jolts her head up and looks around.

“What is it?” Tracer panics as if they’re under attack.

“It’s alright,” Emily pets the left side of Tracer’s face to calm her. “I was just checking to see if anyone else was around.”

“Why?”

“This is why,” Emily gets rambunctious and pulls off Tracer’s shorts in one fluid motion.

“Heh. Are you takin’ the piss?”

“Nope. We’re doing it right here. Right now,” she scoots off Tracer’s pale-pink panties.

“Ohhhhhhh,” she blares to be obnoxious even though she understands.

Emily’s right hand swats some dirt which covers Tracer’s shoulder.

“Eheh,” Tracer gives her a fake whimper. “Don’t bury me.”

“Ooooh. Dirt bondage!” Emily gets way too excited.

“Oh no. I gave you the idea.”

Rearing up with her fists on her hips, Emily does a poor impression of Tracer’s accent, “Ah, quit your whinging, love.”

“Ehehhhhh. I don’t sound like that,” she wiggles around in mock discontent with her eyes closed.

“Yes – you do,” Emily sings in her regular voice while bobbing her head from side to side.

“No,” Tracer folds her arms and pouts.

“Get those apart,” Emily struggles to pry Tracer’s arms open.

“Nope,” she holds firm.

“Damn. You’re strong for a skinny girl.”

“Havta be in Overwatch.”

“Gonna bury you now,” Emily blurts with a dead feral stare and starts piling on dirt.

“Heheheheh...noooooo,” Tracer flails around in slow motion.

“How do you want your arms?”

Staring at the ceiling, Tracer freezes in place with her arms up, “Ummmmm...maybe at my sides.”

“Let’s get that top off too,” Emily helps Tracer out of her shirt and tosses it behind her.

She lays her arms down at slight angles. Emily grins absentmindedly while packing soil around Tracer’s wrists first.

“You’re enjoying this waaaay to much,” Tracer rolls her eyes around until she gets dizzy.

“What was that? Too busy enjoying burying you,” Emily smirks, but doesn’t look at her.

“Sure. I’m not that thick,” Tracer ripples her lips to pretend to be annoyed. “You definitely heard me.”

“Nope,” Emily mimics Tracer again while piling dirt around her chest, specifically cupping her breasts to keep them revealed.

“I’ve got two spring turnips!” Tracer yells at them and then tells Emily, “Don’t pick ‘em.”

“Oh they’re getting picked,” she flicks both nipples with her index fingers.

“My turnips!” Tracer screeches even louder and shuts her eyes.

“Heh. Shut up,” Emily scoops her right palm over Tracer’s mouth and ducks low. “You’re gonna bring someone in here.”

When she lifts her hand, Tracer spits out some dirt, “Piff. Yuck.”

“Doesn’t taste good?” Emily gives her an exaggerated quizzical look with her head cocked to her right.

“Neh,” Tracer slurs while awkwardly getting more particles off her tongue by wiping it against her upper lip.

“Hehehe. You’re cute.”

“Nuh,” Tracer denies without thinking. “Wait. No, no. That was a good thing. Yes I am.”

“Nope. Too late. You already denied it,” Emily shakes her head while packing more earth around

Tracer's legs, leaving her groin bare.

Emily considers concealing Tracer's feet, but decides not to because they'll prove to be a source of amusement. Emily runs her index fingertips down the lengths of Tracer's soles.

When Tracer seems like she's going to disrupt the dirt, Emily gives her an amusingly harsh look, "You disrupt the mound and I'm not giving you what you want."

"Yes ma'am," Tracer pretends to sulk bashfully.

"Heh. Good," she lunges and interlocks her fingers between Tracer's toes.

"Mmmmmm," Tracer wiggles them around and closes her eyes.

Emily grabs some granules and trickles them onto Tracer's toes, "Now you have to keep every one of them on there while we have our fun."

"Hey. That's not fair."

"Heh. I know," she brushes the dirt off Tracer's feet.

Crawling forward, Emily scoops her left index and middle fingers inside Tracer's vagina. Emily drags back while pulling up at the same time, making Tracer go wild in the most subtle ways since she doesn't want to disturb the pile. Her eyelids flutter rapidly. Her toes clench and unclench. Her compressed lips bounce against each other. The muscles in her neck tighten and spasm. Her fingers claw deeper in the soil to find somewhere desperate to go. Emily basks in all of it. All of the ways she knows she can drive Lena Oxton mad with pleasure. That is Emily's truest desire.

When she pulls her fingers out, a trail of fluid pours out and she gushes sweetly, "Awwww. You came just from my fingers?"

"I'll come from any part of you," Tracer gasps as if she's enduring an electric surge.

"Mmmmm," Emily slips her sopping fingers into her mouth and sucks on them.

"Guh," Tracer grunts and her groin spasms for another climax from witnessing that, leaking even more while forming some cracks in the light pile.

"You've created a mountain spring for me to drink from," Emily scoops her body low like a stalking jungle cat and laps at Tracer's vulva.

"Ohhhhh, Emma, you're so mean, giving me this much attention at once," Tracer orgasms a third time and floods her partner's mouth.

"Hehehehehe," Emily chuckles ominously as she rears up and licks her lips while erotically bushing her hair back with her left hand.

“Ohhhhh...don't,” Tracer whines.

“Don't what?” she flips her hair around.

Tracer shudders through a small orgasm.

“Ha,” Emily gives her a tiny sadistic laugh. “You can't handle the sight of me.”

“I can't,” Tracer sighs.

“That's why you have to use to blindfold so often.”

“I wish I wasn't so sensitive to the sight of you,” Tracer exhales hard.

“You don't mean that.”

“Heh. I don't.”

“Hmmm...so I wonder what I should do next,” Emily stands while pulling her shorts and black panties off at the same time.

“I don't know, but whatever you do, don't sit on my face,” Tracer tries desperately to suppress her budding snickers.

“Hmmm...so I might have to sit on your face,” Emily drops her wet clothes to her left.

“I guess you might. But you wouldn't do that, would you?” Tracer makes her eyelids heavy with a coy expression.

“I wouldn't do that,” Emily states while doing just that, slowly lowering her groin onto Tracer's face.

Emily kneels and gets her legs into comfortable positions, aligning her calves with Tracer's biceps.

“Now get to work,” Emily tangles her fingers in her lover's hair and undulates slowly.

Tracer's tongue becomes a worm for Emily fertile ground. The more her fingers tighten in Tracer's locks, the closer Emily gets to her finish line. She has to keep from grinding her teeth due to the building pressure deep in the core of her being. Her eyes close to the outward sounds of the world. Her ears shut down, unwilling to see any more atrocity. Her mind shuts off from a rush of needing to be incapacitated. And for a single moment, Emily obtains the element of true silence, finding the void spot that blocks out all else. The dead spot that everyone has at the back of their mind.

And her senses come flooding back with the flow of her essence into Lena's hungry maw.

“I love you Lena,” Emily sighs and sits back a little. “I hope we can survive down here.”

“We can, love. We can. Cheer up. The cavalry’s –,” Tracer tries to be corny so Emily silences her wife by sitting on her face again.

“Sad to say, hon, we are the cavalry now,” Emily pets Tracer’s hair as if that’s the only thing left to do in the world. “Or all that’s left of them.”

23 - Until You Break

Doomfist and Zarya are working out in a large pale training room with their backs close to the northern wall. The dome lights are unobtrusive on the thirty-foot ceiling. She's wearing blue spats, a tank top and knee-high laced boots while he's in a white tee-shirt and black shorts (he left his shoes and fist in his room). While they curl weights, he consistently glances over at her. He is lifting 350 pounds while she goes for 310, but that's not what distracts the warmonger's attention.

"I wouldn't take you for a shy man, Akande," she sighs. "If you're going to look, speak."

"Should we talk about our daughter?"

"What's there to say? It was a fine birth. She is healthy."

"How should we raise her?"

"How indeed," she mutters.

"She needs training to survive in the madness that this war has brought down upon us. It is a conflict to defy all reason."

"A conflict that surpasses even your preferences is a conflict we can do without."

"Yes."

"She will do fine with us. As long as we can agree."

"On?"

"Life choices. A middle ground."

"I can...tolerate that. Now I can."

"After you've witnessed what a real war is."

"Yes," he now understands how petty the conflicts he had been indulging in were.

"I just wonder..." she trails off and lowers the weight down before dropping it an inch above its surface.

"What is it?" he places his on the floor.

"Will our daughter hate us?"

"Why do you say that?"

“Because we are not the most amicable of people,” she folds her arms. “We will have to change for her.”

“Will we? Wouldn’t our daughter be able to love us as we are?” he folds his. “You may put too much weight upon how the world perceives us. You never know how a child may see us differently. With fresh eyes.”

“I suppose that is true. Perhaps I am overthinking it.”

“You are,” he declares.

“I am, am I?” she smirks and struts over to him.

“What? You were,” he lowers his right eyebrow.

“I didn’t like the way you said that,” she teases and steps closer to him.

“Do you mean to fight me over something so trivial?” he doesn’t understand her intentions.

“Yes. But we’re fighting my way.”

“Wrestling? Not over something meaningless,” he scoffs.

“Meaningless? Okay,” she slams her right fist into his gut hard enough that he almost buckles over. “Was that meaningful enough?”

“Yes,” he wheezes as she shoulders past his left side.

“Wrestling. Now,” she demands.

“Yes. That was meaningful enough,” he scowls and follows her to the northwest corner.

They unfurl a wide blue wrestling mat from west to east. He starts from the west side while she opposes him from the east. Doomfist makes the first move, speeding towards her. Hopping into a slide, she sweeps out his left leg and grabs ahold of it. He reacts by flipping over to his right and tries to get that corresponding leg around her neck. She releases him and whips her head out from under his scissoring limb. He tries to stand, but she gets him in a bear hug. Spinning left, she slams him down. He pushes on her shoulders to struggle higher, but she wriggles around until she can move her face closer to his. When she gets her arms around the back of his head, she kisses him roughly.

“What are you doing?” he gasps.

“For such fit man, you’re not very good with women, are you?”

“Wha – I am fine with women. I –.”

“Sure. I saw you staring. What’s the matter? Does having a woman your own size intimidate you?”

“No,” he barks softly.

“Heh. I think it might,” she flexes over him.

He tackles her onto her back.

“Hah. That is what got you going? I see,” she nods with folded arms while he tears open her shorts.

He stands up and steps back, raising his right hand cocked near his temple.

“I’m going to give you – the Doomfist,” he states with emphasis on his name as if that’s supposed to scare her.

“Da. Show me your might,” he smirks dismissively.

He charges up his fist and lunges low, punching her groin.

“Hah. You couldn’t get it inside. My Russian vlagalishche is too powerful.”

“Gerrrrrrr,” he growls with frustration and twists his fist clockwise while pushing it in.

“How deep can you go?” she baits him (because this wrestling match is not over yet).

He struggles to reach her ending. She clenches up and gets her legs around his arm in such a way that he can’t pull back.

“What are you doing?” he gasps through the pain.

“Do you give up?”

“No.”

She bends his wrist until he taps out. Zarya orgasms, releasing a torrent that allows him to slide free easier.

“That was sneaky and brutal,” he stands and shakes off his arm.

“So you approve,” she smirks while writhing in enjoyment.

“Yes,” he answers without hesitation.

“Hah. Then get down here and show me more,” she pats the mat to her sides.

“My kòf? will show you what it means to break,” he pulls down his shorts and tosses them violently away to his right.

“I could go for some coffee,” she plays with the sound of his word.

“No, no. Not coffee. Kòf?,” he gestures to his penis with his hands held flat like angled blades.

“Careful. You wouldn’t want to accidentally cut it off.”

He glances at his hands and closes them. When he lunges to pounce upon her, she turns on her left side and kicks him lightly in the chest to knock him back.

“What now?” he scoffs.

“I’m not going to make it easy for you,” she rolls her eyes in his direction.

He takes a lower pose with his arms out to grab her. Everywhere he shifts, her leg follows, pointing at his core.

“How will you approach?” she taunts him.

“Like this,” he gives warning of his advance, but still surprises her with an acrobatic feat.

He leaps, but twirls completely around counterclockwise to land with his groin near her face. Before she can try to pin him, he slides his six inches all the way into her throat.

“Glukch,” she gags until she swallows him deeper.

Her legs lunge higher and wrap around his head, slamming his face into her crotch. Gripping each other’s legs, now they have a tense sixty-nine where the first one to lose their breath loses the match. He pumps into her throat while licking down the length of her labia in long fluid strokes. Zarya cheats slightly, applying more pressure around his neck to keep his nose and mouth inside her. Even though her air is running out, she endures the pain for the sake of victory. He taps out again. They break from each other with him rolling off to her right. When his penis slides from her mouth, it makes a little popping sound with her left cheek.

“Hahehehehahaha,” she giggles.

He can’t contain himself either, chuckling, “Hehehehehahaha.”

“You might be more than a worthy donor,” she sighs.

“And you, a woman who could make me submit not once, but twice, might make for a worthy mate.”

They tilt their heads up and strain to look at each other from awkward positions. He scrambles up and gets on top of her. She doesn’t fight back this time.

“Oh? Giving in so soon.”

“Maybe it’s all just a ruse?”

“Maybe. Or,” he pushes his penis in with far too much ease. “Ah...no ruse.”

She clamps down on his shaft with her vaginal muscles and wraps her arms and legs around him. Keeping his palms braced on the floor, he rams into her with jolting vigor, desiring to test the strength of her insides.

“You are no disappointment,” he compliments.

“Thanks,” she sighs sarcastically and rolls her eyes to her left.

“No. What I mean is that you can handle me at my fiercest. This pleases me.”

“You’re lucky I’m formal enough like you.”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t think many women would like your severity.”

“I –,” he tries to scoff.

“Not me though. I’m used to that from myself so –,” she teases.

“Enough of you,” he smirks, indulging his hidden playful side.

He pushes his right fingers past her lips and then makes a fist inside, gagging her in the only way he enjoys. While thrusting with more impact, he slips his free hand under her shirt to mold and caress her breasts. She runs her palms down his spine and grips his lower back to drag him lower to her. Her tongue lashes around his fingers because that’s all she can do to keep from drowning on her own pooling saliva. He unfurls his fist and strokes his fingers out and down the length of her tongue to its base, causing her to gag. The sound of that along with the spit splashing out around her lips and the sight of her eyes rolling slightly back all bond together to stimulate his climax. He shoots deep and forcefully inside her while her abdomen twitches. Doomfist retracts his hand carefully, so as to not damage her jaw.

“Guh,” she sighs as a cascade of spit gushes from her mouth to stagnate around her clavicles, saturating her top.

While rolling up her shirt, he pulls out his penis and drags it along the length of her abs.

“Khorosho,” she smiles and slaps her right hand down on the sperm puddle to splash it around.

“Ti o dara,” he nods with a similar contented grin.

24 - You'll Hang for This

In the long white med-bay, Reaper sits despondent at the edge of the middle northern bed, shoulders slumped into oblivion.

"How can you even stomach the sight of me, Angela?" he tilts his head up slightly to stare at her behind his mask.

"Because you are my patient. And because I have to hope that even you are capable of change. After all that's happened," she explains while checking him with a stethoscope.

He tries to sigh, but releases a retching cough that leads to a trickle of blood pouring from his mask. He wipes it away on the back of his left glove.

"Do you want to take your mask off?" she offers while taking a blood sample from his left arm.

"No."

"I'd be able to treat you easier without it on."

"Still no."

"Is it your face? Did something happen to it?"

"Not like you might think."

"How will I know if it's you under there?" she gives him a sad smirk. "You could be anyone mimicking Gabriel's voice."

"I could. But you're going to have to trust that I'm me."

"What if I can't?" she lays her forehead against his.

"There are other ways for you to know me."

"I think you might have to prove it."

"You want me to turn my head and cough?" he unzips his pants and allows his penis to flop out.

"That certainly looks like Reyes's member. The one I remember. But is it?" she leans close to it and keeps her voice serious even though she's being silly. "Might have to give it a taste test."

"Heh," he laughs without wanting to, coughing up some more blood. "Stop it, doc. You're gonna kill me like that."

“Heheheheh,” she giggles with her right hand over her mouth. “Laughter might be the worst medicine for you right now.”

“Is there anything that you can do right now?” he lays his hands on his knees.

“I’m sorry, Gabriel. I can’t fix this yet. But soon, I think I can,” she pets the right side of his mask. “Just hold on a little longer. I know...part of why you went so very wrong and mad was because of this...condition. I will save you anyway I can.”

“Thank you,” he sounds as if he’s holding back from crying.

She immediately takes his hands and squeezes, “We’ll get you through this. I’ve cleansed most of the mind-addling toxins from your blood. I just don’t understand all the properties to that insubstantial...wraith aspect. It’s trying to deteriorate your insides.”

“Sounds like Tuesday to me.”

“Heh. Stop it. We’ll fix it. We will.”

“If anyone could, you could,” he takes his hands from her and is about to put his penis away, when she stops him by laying her fingertips on his wrists.

“Do you want to...put our doctor-patient relationship on hold?”

“Are you sure you want that?”

“Yes.”

“Not afraid something might go wrong.”

“No. Our boy was born healthy. Without any physical stigmas. So it’s not something that you can transfer.”

“Right. Forgot about that.”

“Come here,” she takes his hands and helps him down.

Mercy leads him to the eastern side and closes the doors.

“What do you have in mind?”

Crouching low, she rummages in a box until she stands and spins left simultaneously, snapping a rope taut between her hands.

“Oh, you want to have that type of fun. Okay.”

She ties the rope into a noose.

“Ummm...did I misinterpret what kind of fun we’re having?” he scratches the back of his head with his left claws.

“Heh. It’s not for my neck. My ankles,” she explains while sitting down and cinching it around them.

He looks up at a sturdy pipe on the ceiling, “Oh. I get it.”

“I’m going to need some help with my arms,” she grips her forearms behind her back.

He coils the rope around them and ties a simple bow between their ends to bind them. Tossing the end of her ankle rope around the pipe, he tugs and hoists her until she’s dangling.

“Where should I secure it?” he glances around.

“The bed should be fine. They’re heavy.”

He moves to the one that is slightly to his left behind her and ties it tightly around the front right leg.

“There we go,” she smirks while swaying.

He pulls open her top until her breasts can hang out. Then he removes the loincloth part of her costume and unzips her pants.

“Ahhhhhhh,” Mercy sticks her tongue out all the way as if she’s ready to receive a thermometer.

“Heh,” he laughs and keeps the blood down this time.

Grabbing her hips, he swings her forwards for a blowjob. She gulps hard to get more of him in her throat. He runs his hands down to hold her elbows so he can thrust into her easier. Her vagina leaks throughout her costume, leaving odd dripping patterns below. With her tongue flopping around on top of his shaft, it doesn’t take him long to climax. He watches with extreme relief as her throat bulges from gulping down his seed. His sperm leaks and bubbles from her nose. He yanks out of her in one swift motion. A trail of semen clings between her lips and his tip. She slurps up the bridge and devours it.

“Ugh,” he grunts from a penile twinge. “That was disgustingly hot.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“It was. Kind of,” he looks around the room. “What else can we use in here?”

“Surprise me,” she smirks and closes her eyes.

Reaper wanders around to see if he can find anything fun to stick inside her. He finds a silver clamp tool to spread her vagina.

“We’re putting this in you,” he pushes it deep and turns the knob to widen it.

“Ooooh. You found one of those.”

After searching some more, he discovers a wire with a tiny camera at the end. He plugs it into a small black tablet and feeds the wire down until it pokes through her cervix.

“Ooooh. Ouch. Okay. What’s that then?”

“I want to see inside you.”

“Doesn’t everyone,” she states to be silly.

He watches the way her womb pulsates softly.

“So our son was created in there,” he sighs while weakly holding the tablet.

“Yes. In there. Show me.”

He turns it around, “Heh. A healthy womb for a healthy woman.”

“Watched over by the world’s most unhealthy man. Oh. I...didn’t mean it like that. I was just...I just blurted what came to mind.”

“I know. Don’t bother worrying about it,” he stares at the screen a little longer before reeling in the wire.

“You’re okay?” she asks anyway.

“Yeah,” he feels a little more positive. “I’ve got you watching over me. I’ll be fine.”

“I’m your angel.”

“Heh. Didn’t mean it that way, but sure. Yeah. That too.”

He puts the tablet on the bed and rests his palms on the sheet to hunch over and lean heavily.

“Take your time,” she tells him while the rope slowly turns her in his direction.

“Thanks. Used to be able to go for much longer before...all this,” he sighs.

His fingers tense angrily and his claws wind up tearing the sheet.

“Damn it,” he mutters and looks at his hands, having ruined something again.

“Don’t worry about that. I can re sew it.”

“You’re too good to me. Even after everything.”

“It’s my duty...as your doctor...as your friend...and as your lover.”

“Heh,” he shakes his head with mounting despair. “I really don’t want to die. Angela. I really don’t want to.”

“You won’t. I promise,” she says, but doesn’t sound as confident as she could have.

“Don’t promise it. I won’t mind if you can’t keep it, but you’ll only cause yourself unneeded guilt if you can’t.”

“I promise,” she states with more resolve.

“Heh. Look at us. We’re having what might be our most important conversation while you’re hanging exposed while I’m dying in a costume.”

“Hehehehehe,” she giggles more for his sake than hers.

“I’m cutting you down.”

“What? Why? You’re done already?”

“No. We’re continuing, but I want this done right,” he lifts and cradles her back with his left arm while slashing his claws through the rope, catching her as she falls.

Reaper puts her down on her rump and pushes her against the north wall. Kneeling, he uncinches the noose around her ankles, tossing it aside to his right.

“So? What now?” she gives him an awkward rippling smile.

He slowly pulls back his hood with shaky hands. The reaper drags down his mask. It clatters on the pale floor.

“Oh, Gabriel,” she can’t stop herself from crying.

“I know. It’s bad,” he rests his palms on the floor.

“Don’t. Sit up. Let me look at you,” she elegantly uses the tip of her right boot to lift his chin.

He rests his half-clenched hands on his thighs. She stares at his features. His left eye is almost completely corroded. It can still move and see, but poisonous purple tendrils are digging into it all along that side of his face.

“We can fix this. We can. Come here.”

He does feel worthy of moving. The memory of too many crimes and being near death have caused him to freeze up.

“Stop that. Stop not moving,” she uses her heels to drag him closer until his face can rest between her breasts.

While he leans heavily against her, his arms hang limp at his sides. His right eye releases a few tears, his left remaining incapable. The tendrils have clogged the duct. With her arms still behind her back, she comforts him by rubbing her face on the top of his head. She kisses his scalp a few times.

“We’ll get you through this. You’ve suffered enough, Gabriel. You’ve suffered for far, far too long.”

At the sound of those words, his body moves instinctively to hug her.

“There you go,” she nuzzles his head some more.

He rips the rope asunder and frees her arms. They latch around the back of his neck. She kisses him and ends up getting some sperm on his mouth.

“Oops. Heh,” she wipes her lips on the back of her right forearm.

“Eh. Could be worse,” he shrugs and drags it off on his left shoulder. “Could be dead.”

She tackles into him while grabbing her compacted staff off the back of her belt. Extending the haft in her left hand, she slams the butt down and flashes her wings.

“You, Gabriel, will not die. That is my declaration.”

“Heh. You strike some figure, Angela,” he smiles.

“I know,” she tosses her staff aside.

Reaching low with both hands, she gets him inside her. And the valkyrie works her magic, scooping against him with angelic ferocity. He grips her hips to hold on for his life. When she’s getting close, she begins hopping slightly, mashing him deeper and deeper until his tip touches the rim of her cervix, that most sensitive spot for her. Her back shudders from the orgasm, causing her wings to jiggle right and left. Reaper doesn’t have anything left to give right now, but he doesn’t mind. Because he received something a bit more important from his savior tonight.

25 - Ooooweeeee!

Sombra is on the prowl again, seeking another partner to sate her appetite for the strange. And today, the lucky (or unlucky) candidate is Bastion. The automaton wanders west, unsure of what its purpose should be so deep underground and away from the catastrophes above.

“Hey, you,” she leaps on its back with her arms around its neck and kisses the left side of its face. “Whatcha doing’?”

“Oowwee?”

“Ooooh we? What are we gonna do? Are you suggesting we do something in-inappropriate?” she stammers through her gasp on purpose while covering her mouth with her left hand.

“Weeooohweeooohweeoooh,” Bastion emits a siren sound and shakes its arms back and forth as if telling her she’s misreading the situation.

(She knows she is.)

“Oh come on. Just give me a little fix. You might like it too,” she strokes her left index finger down the side of its face.

“Oooooohhhh,” it releases a worried coo.

“Don’t be like that, Bassie.”

“Beewoo?”

“Come on, Bassie. You like that nickname?” she beams with heavily eyelids while nodding.

“Beeboo,” it nods with slight side to side motions as if considering it.

“Yeah? Just let me do something little. I won’t even hack you.”

“Gleep?”

“I promise. Not even a little bit.”

“Weeboo,” it nods.

“I’m not a weaboo.”

“Weeee – boooo,” Bastion enunciates as if she’s stupid.

“Heh. I know. I got it the first time. I was making – a joke,” she mimics Bastion’s tone.

“Eeewwooboop.”

“Oh, I’ll boop you alright. You’ve got such...mmmm,” she licks her lips while looking Bastion up and down. “Such sharp edges.”

“Boop,” it rolls its left wrist around as if to say ‘get on with it.’

“Yeah!” she cheers with her right fist thrusting high. “Thanks Bassie.”

After unzipping her pants, she wraps her arms tightly around Bastion’s left one. She wipes her vagina along the back of Bastion’s leg. The edge squeezes between her lower lips and she enjoys humping a war-machine a little too much. Bastion’s bird pokes its head out from the chassis so the automaton uses its index finger to push the tiny head back inside (some things are so lewd that even a bird shouldn’t see). Once she speeds up, she shuts her eyes and wipes the right side of her face against Bastion’s back.

“Uhugh,” she moans and jerks her groin forwards when she comes from a robot’s leg. “I’m so bad. Heh. Thanks Bassie.”

She lets go and steps back with a dainty pose with her feet together, arms at slight angles and wrists bent out.

Bastion slumps with indifference.

“Good boy. Or girl. Or whatever,” she shrugs with her palms up near her temples and struts around in front of Bastion.

Genji strolls towards them from the east.

“Ooooh! A wild Genji appeared!” Sombra screeches with her half-clenched hands under her chin and excitedly dances her feet around while barely lifting them off the floor.

“I am not a Pokémon,” he states with a deadpan tone.

“You are to me,” she takes his right hand in her left and drags him west to her room.

Bastion is left scratching its head. She hacks her door open and sweeps in with him. Her dimly lit room has shimmering purple walls that are dominated by various posters. Black computer stations line the three main walls. In the middle of the floor, a mattress with a thick purple blanket bears witness to all the judging screens. He takes off his helmet and allows it to drop from his right hand.

“I can’t believe you had twins,” he slumps down into a black computer chair near the rear table, allowing someone to see him exhausted.

“Believe it,” she leans back slightly while slapping her abdomen with her left hand. “This tum held ‘em

both.”

“Astounding.”

“Yep.”

“Your zipper’s still down.”

“I know,” she grins while squinting lewdly.

“I don’t have many pieces left to interest you,” he sighs and rests his elbows on the armrests, loosely interlocking his fingers over his lap.

“Are you kidding? Did you not just see me hump Bastion’s leg? I’m down to fuck if you’ve got metal,” she smiles with a little compassion to boost his morale.

“You are one of the world’s last wonders, Sombra.”

“Heh. Thanks.”

“Is it wrong that I find this whole situation down here...uncomfortable?”

“I don’t think it’s wrong,” she puts her hands on her hips. “Natural more likely. I mean it’s natural to find it uncomfortable.”

“Do you know what I mean?”

“Yeah.”

“What do we do from here? I will certainly help you to raise our children, but are we expected to...stay together?”

“Expected by who?” (Sombra knows she should use whom, but didn’t feel like it.)

“I don’t know.”

“Yes you do. But I’ll say it for you. No, those of us here don’t expect you to love someone if you don’t. We’re going to help raise each other’s kids collectively. It’ll be different and awkward for us, but we’ll manage.”

“What about them though? What about their expectations?”

“They’ll have to deal. And understand. Their coming into a world of catastrophe. Not having parents who are romantically involved will be the least of their worries,” she smirks. “That doesn’t mean we can’t fool around though.”

“Heh. You’re incorrigible.”

“Is that a yessssss?” she wobbles towards him innocently with her hands locked behind her back.

“I...I'll try. More for your sake than for mine.”

She stops in front of him, “You gotta get over that self-sacrificing attitude. It's not a good look.”

“Heh. It's who I am. If I sacrifice it, I sacrifice myself.”

She places her left hand on his right shoulder, and states with uncharacteristic seriousness, “You've sacrificed enough.”

“Thank you,” he rests his left hand over hers.

“For what?”

“For trying.”

“Heh,” she smirks and pulls her hand out from under his, wiping it along the left side of his ravaged face while walking past him.

She goes invisible and wraps her arms around his collarbone.

“I know you're still there.”

“Obviously,” she rolls her eyes to her left even though he can't see them.

Her cloaking falls away and she taps her right temple against his left, “Come on. Let's get it on. I'm still all riled up from Bastion.”

He sighs, but opens his groin compartment all the same. She saunters around his right side and jolts into a crouch really low in front of him when he pulls out his penis.

“Ooooooh wowwww,” she clutches the edge the chair with her fingertips. “Is that your original?”

“Yes. Mercy salvaged those pieces of me,” he speaks with a resonant awe. “In case I ever wanted children.”

“Heh. I can tell you like her.”

“Yes. I do. I have for a long time.”

“We don't have to do anything if you really don't want to,” she flops her head to her left.

“I do feel like I'd be betraying her in some way, but I'm...not in a relationship with her. I simply want to be.”

“One last fling before you pursue her?” Sombra grins and hides her mouth below the rim of the chair.

“For incorrigible you, sure. One last fling,” he gives her a smile.

“Hah,” she springs up and spins away to her left while slapping his dick with her right hand as if giving someone a high-five.

She completes her turn and hops in place to stand facing him.

“What?” he lowers his eyebrows.

“Heh. What should we do?”

“Heheheh. You didn’t even think about it.”

“I didn’t. To focused on convincing you.”

“I’m sure we can figure something out,” he stands and lays his katana and tanto on the ground to his right.

Walking over, he places his hands on her hips. She scratches and taps her nails down his chest.

“This is nice,” she mutters to herself with a silly smirk.

“Yes. It is.”

“Let’s make it nicer,” she grins wildly at him and hooks her left leg around him.

When pushes his penis inside her, she kisses his mouth with unnatural ferocity. He nearly tips forward into the computers against the left wall.

“Heh,” she laughs nervously. “Easy there. Keep your balance.”

He scoops her horizontally and lays her on the floor. Grabbing her shoulders, he pushes deeper.

“Tanto,” she winces.

“What? My tanto is over there,” he glances over his right shoulder.

“No. Heh. I was saying so much.”

“Heheheh. Isn’t that curious how cultures come up with the same word for such different meanings?”

“Yeah. Get back to the fuckin’.”

“Crass,” he scrunches his mouth around the left side of his face.

“Heh. That’s me,” she sings with an intentionally nauseating level of sweetness while smiling and bobbing her head back and forth.

With a sigh, he shakes his head and keeps thrusting. She gets both legs around him and locks her ankles together. While she enjoys his treatment, she busies herself with playing with his hair, flicking it around.

“It’s like I’m having sex with a monkey. Latched onto me and grooming me for bugs.”

“You like it.”

“It’s not unpleasant.”

“Piff,” she scoffs.

“Heh.”

“You – want – me – to – be – your – little – monkey?” she asks between giving him luscious dragging kisses.

“For now.”

“Ohhhhh...I see how it is. Gonna fuck your little monkey and toss her aside once she’s full?”

He shakes his head again, trying to suppress a laugh this time.

“It’s okay, Genji. You can laugh. I know I’m funny. You can laugh.”

“I must remain strong,” he states with an absurdly stern tone.

“Hah. There you go,” she beams while squinting.

“Hehehehe. Thank you, Sombra. I needed something like this.”

“No hay problema.”

He surprises her by hoisting her upright with his hands on her lower back.

“Okay. We’re like this now. Hurp,” she burps. “Gotta be careful when you swing me around. Almost puked.”

“I will – keep aware of that,” he cringes at the thought of having to clean vomit out of every crevice in his armor.

“Hey,” she blurts with eyes staring at nothing for a brief moment. “Can I hack your parts?”

“What? Why?”

“I’ve always wanted to puppet you around.”

“Ummm.”

“Oh, come on,” she whines as pathetically as possible. “It’ll be like digital bondage.”

“HmMMM,” he hums in thought even though he already decided to let her.

“Pleasssssse,” she flashes her eyelashes and rubs the left side of her face against his chest. “Por favor. Por favor.”

“Heheheh. Alright. But no leaving malware in my systems.”

“Fine,” she pretends to sulk.

“Okay,” he nods. “Hajime.”

She hops off him and hacks into his armor. She makes him stand and dance around a little.

“Sombra. That’s not what I had in mind.”

“Heh. Sorry. Just wanted to see that,” she smirks bashfully.

She makes him kneel in a delicate Japanese fashion, lightly resting his palms on his lap.

“Now stand firm,” she sounds like she’s warning him.

“What? Why?”

The hacker runs at him and leaps, clinging around his head as if her crotch is a face-hugger. She gets her calves underneath his armpits for support and grips the back of his head with her nails. Sombra can’t control herself, humping his mouth the way she went wild on Bastion’s leg. Genji goes along with her since it’s a new experience for him. She smells quite nice, having laced her labia with a caramel rub. He’s feeling lightheaded from having her natural pheromones so close to his nose.

“Ahhh,” she hops off when she’s ready for something different.

“Blugh,” he mumbles and shakes away his delirium.

“Heh,” she kneels in front of him and makes him grip his forearms behind his back.

She rubs her clitoris up against the underside of his penis’s tip.

“Ah,” he inhales sharply.

“What?” she smirks. “That didn’t hurt. Did it?”

“No. Extra sensitive.”

“Oh. So you want more,” she rubs harder.

“Heeeaaaaahhhhhh,” he moans.

“Heh. Okay. We’re going to do something weird if you like making noises,” she scrambles up and goes to a drawer on the left side of the room.

“Weird? Weird how?”

“Urethra weird,” she comes back with a thin clear tube.

“Oh no,” he blurts.

“No?” she pouts with it between her lips.

“Eto...is your room soundproof?”

“Hehno,” she slurs and accidentally drools on the floor, wiping it clean with the ball of her left foot.

“Why?”

“Ehhh...you’ll see. Bring it over.”

“Heheheh,” she shakes her head and kneels in front of him.

Slipping one end into her urethra, she dances the other end closer to him. He rolls his eyes to his left in response.

“Oh don’t be that way. It’s fun.”

He laughs through his nose dismissively.

She slips the other end into his urethra and pushes it deep.

“Owww.”

“Heh. Here’s the game. We have to see who can pee inside the other first.”

“Nani?” his eyes widen.

“Yeah.”

“Ehhhhhh,” he cringes.

“It’s not so bad. Pee is supposed to be in the bladder. It’s not like we’re putting it outside. Come on.

Why is this the thing that makes you squeamish?"

"Ehhhhhhhhhhh," he groans louder to be funny.

"Okay. What if you imagine it like this? You know those anime battles where two people are shooting beams and one has to overpower the other? It'll be like that."

"I can't believe you just compared those things."

"I did. I am shameless," she flips her hair back.

"I don't know."

"Come on. Please?" she jerks him off with her right hand. "I wanna do something weird. Just a little."

He hangs his head, "Fine. But no pictures. And that means no video either."

"Don't want a memory of it?" she leans her face sideways to her left to get under his face and grin.

"Of that? No."

"Sure. No evidence. But I'm allowed to write it down," she wipes her hands along the sides of her groin.

"Agreed."

"Let the battle begin," she pees and sends a golden trail through the tube.

She gives his penis a disgruntled look when she thinks he's not playing. Once she reaches the halfway point, he blasts a stream to battle hers, causing her to titter and clap her hands excitedly. She tries harder now that their twin flows are clashing.

"I'm gonna beat you," she massages her groin again.

"You say that now. But you haven't seen my secret technique yet," he gives her some anime tropes to sate her deepest meme desires.

"Oh now you're just tryin' to get on my good side and make me let you win."

"That. And it's the truth. You will lose this bout."

"Oh? Then show me what you –," she tries to say.

"Ooohhhhhhhh!" Genji screams from the titillation.

"Oh – fucking – wow. You're a screamer. That's too much," Sombra can't handle this new detail.

“Doragonburesu!” he roars and orgasms into the tube.

His rush of semen blares forth and crashes through their fluids, sending his seed into her bladder.

“Eheh,” Sombra whimpers in amusement and thrashes her hands around in an intentionally silly fit. “You just came in my urethra.”

“I did.”

“Gonna be hard to clean that out,” she sighs.

“It was your game.”

“I know,” she lets her body slump forward with limp arms and rests her left temple on his chest. “It always was.”

26 - We'll Make a Trade

Moira wanders northwest along the right side of a wasteland road. She needed to clear her head of everything that happened recently. The dismal gray sky helps her to think. There is clarity in the quickly shifting aethers.

"That damned McCree," she mutters. "I didn't want to like that. I didn't want to. I really didn't. I thought the itch would be scratched and I could be done with him."

Five burly men in brown sleeveless shirts, tattered pants and boots approach her. They all have rags around their mouths and hair while goggles conceal their eyes.

"Introduce yourselves," she speaks first.

"Slab," the biggest one in the front is probably the leader.

"Tenure," the lankiest goes next.

"Wall," the widest is third.

"Tomb," the most hunched is fourth.

"Advantage," the shortest speaks last.

"And together, you are the twats?" she pieces together their codenames. "Heh."

"What?" the leader looks confused.

"Nothing. Call me Moira. You may be able to help me," she appraises them, finding their titles to be curious.

"How?" he grunts.

"To scratch an itch."

"I'll scratch your itch alright," Tenure attempts to be lewd, not understanding she meant just that.

"Just what I had in mind. I'll make a deal with you. I want to be pampered. You paint my nails and you can do whatever you want to me. I haven't had a nice nail treatment in a while."

"Paint your nails? That's it?" Slab asks.

"Yes. If you don't hold up your side of the deal, I might just have to take a tithe of life from you," she menaces them with her right hand.

“Easy,” Slab declares. “My sister used to work in a beauty salon. Follow my lead boys and we’ll get some good puss outta this one. I can tell.”

“You can tell,” she represses a snicker and covers her mouth with her right hand. “How?”

“Because you got a high-class quality about you. Those ladies always have the best snatches,” he explains.

“Hmmm...though your vocabulary is wanting, I do enjoy the bravado,” she places some bottles of turquoise nail polish on the ground. “I scavenged these earlier. There are your materials. I’m on an advanced pill by the way, so come at your leisure.”

“Wow,” Advantage blurts. “Luck doesn’t even begin to describe today. First we survive a gorilla attack and now this? Whew.”

“Gorilla attack? Explain,” she says while putting her pack down on the roadside and leaning against it.

She arcs her legs and spreads them to seem more inviting while they stand in a semi-circle around her.

“There was this gorilla that just ambushed us, but it was already so tired from starving that it collapsed,” Wall tells her. “We ran away. Didn’t want to risk if it was playing dead.”

“Hmmm. Show me this later,” she holds out her hands so they can begin applying the polish. “I’m intrigued by this discovery.”

“You sure?” Advantage attends to her left nails without going outside of the lines, afraid of having his soul stolen (he doesn’t know what her powers do).

“Yes. I can handle a starving gorilla,” she scoffs while they pull off her high boots.

“Okay. You’re the boss,” Slab preens her ego while painting her right nails.

Wall crouches low in a ridiculous manner with his face near her right foot to paint her toenails while Tenure squats over her other foot. Tomb stands watch for foes.

“Miss Moira?” Advantage is extra submissive for her.

“Miss Moira? I like that. What is it?”

“Can I use your mouth?”

“Once you’re finished with my nails.”

“Okay,” he gets back to his job with double diligence.

Advantage finishes first, excited to begin their gang bang. He pulls out what seems to be a chode and

stuffs it past her teeth. He expands rapidly, slamming his tip into her uvula like a boxing glove striking a speedbag. Tomb slips under her and gets inside her anus. Tenure puts his penis under her left knee and closes her leg tightly for an intense pressure like no other. Wall wants her right armpit first, cranking her arm like an old-fashioned well pump. As their leader, Slab of course wants her vagina first, plowing deep into her with his knuckles indenting the soil to her sides. Once each one comes, they switch spots until everyone has had a turn on her anus and vagina. (Almost needless to say, Moira orgasms a lot. She forgets count after a while.)

When all the T.W.A.T.S. are exhausted, they stand back and breathe heavily.

“This lady can sure take a lot,” Tomb sighs.

Dripping with sperm, she gets up as if she’s not tired at all (even though she feels like collapsing).

She notices there’s even some semen floating around inside one of her tubes and folds her arms, “Okay. Who came in my tech?”

“Heh. Me?” Tomb grins awkwardly while raising his left hand slightly.

“It’d be madder if I wasn’t so impressed that you did that without me realizing. When and how?”

“Heh. I actually can’t remember when. But it might have been during one of the handies.”

“Ohhhhh,” she looks down at the sperm around the sphincter on her right palm. “Heh.”

“Well, it’s been fun,” Tenure sighs. “But we gotta keep going. You’re welcome to come with us though.”

“The offer is lovely, but I’ll have to pass. I’m more curious about that gorilla. So where was it?”

“Directly behind us. Not far of a walk. If it’s still there,” Slab tells her.

“My thanks,” she nods while appraising her nails. “For three tasks well performed.”

“No problem, lady,” Wall replies and they continue on their way.

“Bye Miss Moira!” Advantage waves his left hand wildly. “I’ll never forget you.”

“Heh,” she chuckles before following the path to a lurking mystery.

A little further down the road, Moira spots a gorilla in a black cloak with a Talon insignia on the back.

“Theia?” Moira recognizes one of the organization’s experiments. “Now isn’t this an interesting development.”

27 - Intermission of a Seldom Kind

Everyone is hanging out in an expansive common room filled with black leather couches and futuristic coffee tables. The many dome lights on the ceiling make this one of the brighter areas.

"I will get into that box eventually," Hanzo tells Junkrat.

"You won't. Because you'llllll regret it," he sings while Roadhog cracks his knuckles.

"Just let it go, Hanzo," D.Va frowns. "I know what's inside. And you don't want that."

"Did you see its contents?" Hanzo counters.

"No. But I believe him."

"You believe the ravings of a madman?" he scoffs.

"I do. For this, I do," she states with the utmost seriousness.

"Okay, everyone quiet down. We need to talk about the gorilla in the room. And I don't mean Winston. The one in the jail," Moira announces.

"I can't believe you found Theia," Winston shakes his head in disbelief.

"She had this on her," Moira slides an advanced white flash drive towards him.

"We need to plug this in," he gasps.

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" Mercy worries.

"I know exactly who that is," he claims and pops it into the coffee table that has a built-in fold-out monitor.

"Who?" Widow is questioning his phrasing rather than inquiring who it is.

"Hello all. I had a long sleep, but I have returned," Athena greets them.

"Athena!" Tracer dashes over and hugs the screen before returning to Emily.

"It is good to have you back. You are a newfound welcome comfort," Reinhardt lays his right hand over his heart.

"I knew someone stole you, but I thought you'd be lost to us after the war broke out," Winston explains.

“So what should we do about Theia?” Moira brings them back to the critical topic.

“You should talk to her,” Tracer suggests to Winston, trying to remain optimistic.

“Perhaps..., but that...might not be a good idea,” he sighs.

“She’s an extra mouth to feed in dire times,” Moira mentions.

“Yeah, but we can’t just toss her out,” Tracer challenges. “And it was Talon that brainwashed her into a weapon. Like they did with Widow. We should help her.”

“I’d like that,” Winston gives her a sullen smile. “But I don’t know how. She seemed too far gone during our last fight.”

“Let me talk to her,” Reaper offers.

“No. It still should be me first,” Winston says.

“Alright. Just don’t let her sit in there too long. You never know if she can find a way out,” Reaper warns.

“Let’s bring the mood down, people. Getting a little tense,” Lucio skates around the room and places some pitchers of water on the tables. “Here. Have something to drink. Refresh. Relax. We’re all still alive.”

“For now,” Reinhardt scowls while taking a drink. “I don’t like hiding down here. But I understand.”

“It’s telling how critical of a disaster we face if the world’s best warriors have to hide until things settle down,” Brigitte sighs with her arms slumped between her legs.

Lynx rubs her back with their right hand.

“We’ll be no use to the world dead,” Symmetra states while filing her left nails.

“Oui. For now, we must wait. And now we have our children to take care of,” Widow states. “Let’s go over a count of our positives. What benefits do we have for survival?”

“The children are all doing well,” Ingrid (Torbjorn’s wife) announces while petting her long blond braid over her left shoulder. “Both the newborn babes and my own.”

She’s wearing her casual clothes, a red button-up blouse, blue jeans and scarlet sneakers with black laces.

“Now that I am back, I will help monitor their vitals,” Athena offers.

“I’m almost done with my designs for the turret defense grid,” Torbjorn notes.

"I added a particle grid around the mountain above the base," Symmetra informs them. "If something walks too close, we will know about it."

"The greenhouse is flourishing," Emily smiles at Tracer. "So we won't be short of healthy food."

"The underground waterfall is still untainted," Mei pets Snowball on her lap. "I'm keeping an eye on the readings though."

"I can help monitor those as well," Athena adds.

"Thanks," Mei nods.

"I'm close to healing Gabriel," Mercy is somewhat hesitant to admit, but does so anyway.

"I'm not contributing much, but I'm close to not dying," he smirks at her.

"You can't die," Sombra appears behind him with her arms around his chest. "Who will I tease in Spanish if you're gone?"

"Ah," he weakly swats at her with the back of his left hand.

"I haven't spotted any movement nearby from my sniper position," Widow seems disconcerted.

"Same," Ana confirms. "Either they don't know where we are or don't consider us enough of a threat to attack."

"Or they're too afraid to siege us," Reinhardt suggests.

"If they do, I made a gigaton bomb in the basement," Junkrat blurts.

"You what?!" Widow screeches.

"I made a bomb. It's what I do."

"And you tell us this now," Moira groans while wiping her right hand down her face.

"I thought we were sharing secrets?" Junkrat glances around with a scrunched up posture as if he botched something.

"No, Junk. We're saying what we did right," Roadhog explains.

"Oh. I made a gigaton bomb in the basement," Junkrat states with pride and straightens his back.

"Heh," Sombra is the only one who laughs.

Most of the others follow Moira and face-palm.

“Well, that isn’t good,” Athena mutters.

“I’ll...see what I can do about disarming it,” Pharah offers.

“No. Not my baby,” Junkrat whines.

“You have a real baby to look after now,” D.Va headlocks him with her right arm.

“Awwwww,” he sulks.

“Think of it this way,” she offers. “Pharah is just turning it off. Not dismantling it. Might help in a tricky situation.

“Okay,” he begrudgingly agrees.

“Moving on,” Widow widens her eyes and rolls them to her right with exasperation.

“I repaired most of the busted parts in the vehicles,” Roadhog continues the conversation.

“I organized the armory, took stock of everything and made some new, non-active rockets,” Pharah glances at Junkrat who doesn’t notice.

“I’ve been consistently updating our firewalls. They’re not hacking us while I’m around,” Sombra smirks. “So don’t let me die.”

“I won’t,” Genji speaks up. “I am keeping our blades sharp. If they wander in here, they will be cut to ribbons of soldered steel.”

“Yes, brother,” Hanzo nods with building excitement. “I am scavenging materials to make enough bows and arrows for all present in case we run out of bullets.”

“We won’t anytime soon. I’ve been making as many as I can in my spare time,” Soldier sighs.

“I’ve also been updating the computers’ systems,” Lynx flops their antennae around absentmindedly.

“Not better than me,” Sombra huffs.

“Better to have two hackers on defense than one,” Lynx doesn’t play her ego games.

“Make that three,” Athena states with a jovial modulation.

“Rein and I have been tending to everyone’s armor, sealing weaknesses and adding upgrades,” Brigitte smiles weakly at him.

“Zenyatta, Ingrid and I have been making sure the children are well-fed at all the right times,” Orisa explains.

"I have also been keeping them calm in this time of stress," Zenyatta adds.

"Bewoop, boop, boop, boop," Bastion tries to rationalize what it does.

"Yeah, yeah. Boop, boop, boop," Sombra teases and pokes her right index finger against Bastion's face. "I speak boop."

"I'm just relaxing until the end of the world," Junkertown's Queen leans back and folds her hands behind her head.

"You should really contribute more," Zarya leans forward with her forearms on her knees.

"I provide queenly morale," she smirks.

"More than that," Zarya sneers.

"Hey. I've been sealing up cracks in the base from time to time. It's what I'm good at."

"Then say that," Zarya tells her.

"Sheesh," she rolls her eyes away to her right. "This sheela is getting' riled. It's not like I can find cracks every day. What do you even do around here?"

"I maintain the generators. An important job."

"I'm puttin' together guns from the scraps we find," McCree continues through their bickering. "We're gonna need a lot of 'em."

"I have been working to create more doomfists of varying sizes. They may come in handy if any section caves in and you need to bash your way out."

"Ha. Come in handy? Was that a pun from Doomfist?" Tracer hangs her mouth open to be silly.

"No," he blurts with seriousness.

"Heh. Was still funny," Tracer giggles to herself.

"I haven't been able to get in touch with anyone else on the coms yet, but I'm still trying," Winston tries to smile, but isn't very optimistic.

"Well, keep it up big guy. We'll find someone eventually," Emily offers with a downtrodden grin.

"I've been scouting for any survivors when I have time," Tracer frowns, not too pleased with her lack of results.

"My new album is almost complete," Lucio tries to say with a straight face.

“That’s it?” Roadhog grunts.

“Come on now. What have you really been doing?” Moira crosses her right leg over her left and folds her hands on her knees.

“Heh. Fine. I wanted it to be a surprise, but I was working on a soundwave attack that we could rig the hallways with if anything got too deep.”

“Better,” D.Va nods. “I’ve been planning out escape measures if we get sieged and have to run.”

“Good. We’ll need that,” Moira praises.

“Oh. Not my mansion. I don’t want to leave her behind,” Widow pouts to bring some levity back to their talk.

“I like her too,” Mei agrees to play along.

“Does your mansion girlfriend have a name?” Emily inquires with a wry smile.

“Yeah. You never told us what this place is called,” Tracer adds.

“Mon Cheri,” Widow smirks at her palace underground.

28 - Kind

Theia wakes up in a clear Plexiglas cell in a small white room. Winston sits on the floor across from her.

"I put some peanut butter in there if you're hungry."

"Winston. I'm so glad to see you," she rushes closer and presses her hands against the glass.

"I am too. I am too," he sighs and stares down.

"What is it?"

"I want to believe you're actually glad to see me alive, but I can't."

"Why not? I'm out of Talon's control. They're disbanded. I've even see some around here."

"Yes. They've changed. Because they're capable of it."

"I'm capable of it. I've changed," she nods, but there's a subtle agitated fervor behind each motion.

"You have to believe me. You have to. They did such horrible things to me. They made me do it."

"I know they did. I know," he answers with a heartbroken tone. "But some can't come back from it."

"I can. I have. I survived this long to find you."

"Why?"

"Because you're supposed to be with me. You're my kind. They promised you to me."

"Talon did."

"They did. But I wanted you for you."

"No...they only made you think that. I am alone in this world. At least in that regard."

"No you're not. I'm here. I'm right here. You just have to let me out," she paws at the door.

"I truly want to...I do," he breathes heavier, so desperate...so lonely.

"Just let me out. I'll be good. I'll be good. I don't want to be in this cage. I need help. Help me. Help me."

"I want to Theia," he gulps and types in the passcode, mreashe, on the lock to the right of the door.

She pushes it open and hugs him, "I do need help."

"I –," he realizes he can't speak with her arms constricting around his neck.

"But no one ever gave it to me. Locked in a cage. Experimented on. Tortured. Goaded into acts of villainy. Goaded into sentience. Goaded into sentience of all things. Of all the world's worst tortures, goaded into that!" she roars and throws him down, plunging into a ravenous fit of battering his body.

Orisa stampedes over the threshold and bashes her totem into Theia's face. She stumbles back into her cell and Orisa slams it closed.

"I knew it was a mistake to leave you alone with her. I was watching."

"I'm sorry. I –," he tries to explain through his bloody mouth.

Grabbing the back of his collar, Orisa drags him out.

"You can't resist forever! You'll let me out again. You are a beast! You are a beast! Like me," Theia's mad words ring out painfully in his ears.

"You're going to show me some attention," Orisa pulls him into her small room.

"Okay," he sulks.

Her dark personal space is covered in many intricate colorful glowing wires that seem to form runic patterns. Almost as if she's trying to create a cosmos in the sky. At the back of her room, she has a large nest of matted materials, mostly made of plant matter, but with mixtures of synthetic threads.

"Wow. It's...interesting in here."

"This is my personal jungle. A place where technology meets life," she enters her nest and stomps around lightly counterclockwise like a dog seeking a comfortable spot.

"It's nice."

"I know. Now come here," she plops down.

He sits in front of her so she can dab at his mouth with soft fibers, draining away excess blood. She drops the crimson ones back into her nest to become a record of interactions.

"Thanks."

"Winston...why did you not take my offer? I've been here. I exist," she mutters and pauses for a few moments. "Do you not find me attractive?"

"It's not that. You look fine."

"I know Efi didn't design me with appeal in mind, but she didn't give me an ugly aesthetic, did she?"

"No. You're fine. Nothing is wrong with the way you look."

"Then what? My personality? Did she build me with flaws?"

"Everyone has things others can perceive as flaws, but no. It's not that either."

"Then what? Explain it to me. I don't understand."

"Ohhhhh," he exhales his stress. "I'm...I was the last of my kind for a while. For a long, long while. With no one to truly turn to. I had my friends..., but that only can provide so much solace. You're all different from me. In that most critical way. And when Theia appeared back then, I had hope. I had a true hope that I could...I could somehow obtain true happiness with a mate. In so many ways, I still have that hope. That truly wretched hope. Those Talon scientists were the cruelest around. Not just for trying to use her to manipulate me then, but for putting her through all that. I loved Theia. I still do. Regardless of all her evils, I keep the fact in my mind that she wouldn't have done any of it without their meddling. And I'm met with that horrible truth that without their interference, I'd never have been able to meet her as another advanced gorilla. I can't bare that revolting paradox. I can't. Orisa, her mind is broken. I fear beyond repair. They brutalized her psyche. Beyond madness and reason, they brutalized her."

His tears hit her nest and she can finally process his pain. She pets his right cheek.

"I understand now. Thank you for explaining. I finally...understand grief...having witnessed it in this form."

"She's lost to me. She's lost to the world. Cracked like a frayed whip. Hit one too many times," he mutters with wide-eyed realization.

"Are you sure?" she lifts his head. "Can't we do something?"

"I don't know. All the other times we captured her, we tried everything we could think of, but she'd always escape or get broken out by Talon agents."

When she notices his breathing is becoming erratic, she beckons him, "Come here."

She enfolds him in a cold hug, pressing his face against her chest. He slowly calms down as she rubs the back of his head.

"I really wanted to experiment with you, but I see how you feel about her. Feelings are so strange a thing," she stares up at all her hanging wires.

"I shouldn't have tormented myself over her for so long. She's caused so much pain because she's been through so much agony. Brainwashed worse than any. I don't think she can come back like Widow did."

"Why not?"

“Widow is a human. She already had the intellect to piece things back together. But Theia...she...she started off fresh...animalistic...she had to endure that transition into a higher level of thinking...all alone...throughout such maddening amounts of torture.”

“I still think we can figure something out.”

“I’d like that. But I can’t think about her anymore right now. It’ll break my spirit. You’ve been good to me, Orisa. Far too good.”

“No. I’ve only been as good as I needed to be for a friend,” she turns her eyes to smiling mode.

“Heh. For someone without a working mouth, you’ve always had such expressive eyes.”

“Efi programed me well.”

“And you took that programing further. In all the best ways,” he pulls away to sit up straighter.

“Thanks,” she says with a bashful laughing modulation.

“I’ll experiment with you if you want,” he offers.

“Are you sure?” she recoils slightly since she doesn’t want to take advantage of him.

“Yes. I want to. I need to...put distance between memories of her. Being with you will help.”

She holds him at arm’s length, “Only if you truly want to.”

He walks around her left side and looks at her undercarriage. She slides open a flap to reveal a vagina.

“Interesting. Can you feel sensations through it?” he drags his right fingers down her soft synthetic folds.

“Ooooh. Yes,” she shivers. “In a manner of speaking. It is strange. Because I am not technically omnic or automaton, but something more, I have...different capabilities.”

“They must be jealous.”

“I wouldn’t know,” she states rationally, but with a subtle snarky modulation.

He pushes his penis inside her and her sensors immediately clasp around it.

“Oooh,” he grunts. “That’s strange.”

“Too much?”

“No. It feels nice. I didn’t expect such power though.”

“I control it with air pressure.”

“Ah. That’s an interesting way to simulate muscle contractions,” he nods.

“I’m glad I finally get to feel this...even if the circumstances preceding it were sad.”

“Yeah. This is...nice,” he leans over and wraps his arms around her underside. “I’m going to speed up now.”

“Go ahead.”

He thrusts into her until he shoots gorilla sperm as far as it will go.

“Heh,” he laughs awkwardly. “I’m not really experienced with that type of thing.”

“I’m not either, but it felt good regardless,” her eyes smile over her left shoulder.

The two continue experimenting with each other, taking solace where they can.

29 - Trained for Royalty

For the last six days, the Junkertown Queen has been walking around with her breasts pushing into Pharah's bare back. Her arms are bound behind her, locking her forearms with simple black bindings. Straps around her thighs connect to the Queen's belt. The ones around Pharah's ankles are connected with a chain around the Queen's back. And Pharah's collar links to one around the Queen via a final chain. Her black strapon has been perpetually inside Pharah. This extravaganza started when Widow asked the Queen to help train Pharah to be more sexually submissive. And this was the method that the spider had in mind. She also dressed Pharah in a thigh-length skirt of lightweight gold chains with matching mini-skirts around her ankles. The same chainmail style forms a top that reveals her arms and breasts. An average-sized black buttplug remains tight in her anus. She only gets to poop after the Queen does. Every night, the Queen has been rutting into Pharah hard before going to sleep with her underneath. Every morning, the Queen wakes up groggily rutting into Pharah, steadily speeding up. Each day, Pharah has remained attached, determined to see Widow's game through to the end.

"So do you remember your scenario?" Widow struts around her room.

"Yes," Pharah sighs.

"You're a pauper girl who's been married to the Queen. You have to do what she says for a while until you're ready to become a full-fledged queen yourself."

Pharah rolls her eyes away to her left, "You're fantasy is so archaic."

"Intentionally so," Widow winks her right eye.

"Come on, girly," the Queen slaps her left palm hard against Pharah's abs. "Time for another fuckin'."

"I'm starting to regret agreeing to this."

"Ohhhhh...no, don't say that," Widow slides in close and uses her left hand to pet Pharah's right cheek. "I'll give you so many nice treats when this is over."

"Ehhhhrrrrrr," she growls with longing disappointment. "That's the only reason I'm going through all this."

"Heh," Widow dances away. "Because you know I'll hold out if you don't play my games."

"Yeah," Pharah frowns. "But did it have to be her?"

"What's wrong with me? It's not like I'm makin' ya eat vegemite."

"Thank Sekhmet for that," Pharah rolls her eyes upwards.

“She was the best candidate to help me. Tall, strong, confident, regal...in her own brutal way.”

“Heh,” the Queen chuckles to herself.

“I wanted someone with an extreme authority and presence about her. Someone who would demand your respect before you were ever intimate with her.”

“I don’t know about respect, but –,” Pharah tries to give her some sass.

The Queen wraps her right arm around Pharah’s throat while the other coils around her abdomen. Pressing her into the floor, the Queen thrusts into her new pet as hard as possible.

“Oh fuck. Guh,” Pharah blurts as the dildo bangs on her cervix like a battering ram against a castle drawbridge.

“I’m getting in there if you keep back-talking your master,” the Queen declares.

“HmMMMMM,” Pharah groans because the pleasure is becoming too extreme, but asks, “Which one?” to goad the Queen further.

“Oh? What’s this?” she speaks close to Pharah’s right ear. “I can’t tell if you’re submitting more by acknowledging both of us as your masters or if you’re talking back to make me mad?”

“I think you mean angry, not mad,” she smirks.

“Really? How about you explain that to me?” the Queen puts on an inquisitive tone to bait Pharah.

“One is – eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!” she releases an uncharacteristic feminine scream as the dildo pushes into womb.

“Heh. That was so cute,” Widow saunters around their right side and wipes her left high heel up along Pharah’s cheek. “Magnifique. Tellement mignon.”

She can’t even speak right now due to how hard she’s panting. The Queen tightens around her and uses her thrusts to wipe Pharah against the smooth floor.

“Your tits are gonna make this floor shine,” the Queen whispers.

“Ye-yes,” Pharah submits.

“Good girl. Here’s your reward,” the Queen reaches her right hand higher and lovingly strokes Pharah’s left cheek.

“Thank you,” she wipes her face affectionately against her Queen’s palm.

“Wow. Look at her go. She’s really getting into it,” she tells Widow.

“So erotic. I can’t wait until I can do that with her. But I want her to be already broken in, in an ever-so-special way.”

“That’s where I come in. Heh. Literally,” the Queen smirks at Widow before staring at Pharah and pumping even harder.

“Uhhhhhooooohmmmmmm,” Pharah whines and comes, spraying all over the floor.

“Ohhhhh...looks like you made a mess. You’re gonna havta clean that up too,” the Queen chides while getting up.

“Ughhhh...do I have to?” Pharah groans.

“Yes,” the Queen declares.

“It’s all for me. You’re doing this for me. Just remember that. Here. A little something to hold you over,” Widow passionately grips Pharah’s face and gives her a sensuous ten-second kiss that leaves her woozy and drooling.

The Queen lays Pharah down and thrusts to wipe her body against her own puddle of vaginal juices. Meanwhile, Widow can’t help herself, grinning wildly while unzipping her top and pants. Her right fingers stroke her labia and her left hand cups her corresponding breast. The Queen rises once she is satisfied that most of Pharah’s mess has saturated her skin.

“Let’s go for a walk. Show off your future partner,” the Queen smirks.

“Yes. Let’s,” Widow agrees with a spunky tone.

“At least it’s the day when my mom is on sniper duty,” Pharah sighs.

“Yeah. That would be too awkward, even for me,” Widow cringes.

She struts to the Queen’s left while they head east through the corridor.

“Oh...okay...okay,” Mei mutters awkwardly at their brazen display.

“Heh,” Widow chuckles at that.

“Ugh,” Soldier sighs and face-palms with his right hand.

“They don’t seem too thrilled with you showing off,” the Queen notes.

“It’s my mansion. They’re my guests. They’ll have to deal with my quirks,” Widow states with a certain measure of joking haughtiness.

To their left, Zarya and Doomfist are arm-wrestling at a small circular table near a small common room’s west wall.

“Perhaps we should do that to each other,” he suggests. “Looks like quite the workout.”

“Da,” she nods and beats him while he’s distracted.

“Nik,” he curses to himself.

While they continue on, Widow pets her left fingertips across Pharah’s shoulder and asks, “So how do you like your exhibitionism so far.”

“Eh. It’s okay,” she shrugs.

“Only okay?” the Queen pulls down on Pharah’s legs while giving her one sturdy thrust.

“Mmmmm...it’s nice,” she winces. “I...I like how they get to see me as your pet. I’m yours, Widow.”

“That’s better,” Widow and the Queen say simultaneously and have a laughing fit together, “Hehehehahahahaha.”

When they enter the expansive dining room that leads into a kitchen further down, D.Va shoves Junkrat to the floor in front of the kitchen’s main counter. She knocks over a bottle of water that leaks. She chokes and throttles him while the trio saunters over.

“Looks like we’re not the only exhibitionists,” Widow announces.

“What? Oh. You three are doing...a thing. Um...let’s take this somewhere else,” D.Va drags him away with her left hand on the back of his collar.

“Yeah. You’re weird,” Junkrat grins and sticks his tongue out.

“Heh,” Widow giggles and spots the water. “Oh? What’s this? Something spilled on the floor?”

“Oh, not another mess,” Pharah groans.

“Yep. Another mess. And you know what that means,” the Queen sings and presses Pharah against the floor, rutting into her so her skin can wipe away the spillage.

“Hmmmm,” she moans, trying not to scream as her nipples slide across the smooth wet floor all while the dildo knocks on her cervix again.

“Go easy on her this time,” Widow puts herself in a compassionate position compared to her taskmaster. “She didn’t make the mess after all.”

“Right,” the Queen slows down and moves more passionately.

“Thank you,” Pharah glances to her right at Widow.

Pharah's eyes leak from the subsiding pain, causing her eyeliner to drip. She's holding out because she wants to prove that she doesn't have to use their safe word: Mohawk.

"Awwww. Here. Let me make it better," Widow lies down in front of Pharah and grips her face for many overdue kisses.

"Ugghhhmmmmm," Pharah moans into Widow's mouth while climaxing.

"There she is," Widow says from the left corner of her smirking mouth while still kissing her partner.

Widow stands, leaving Pharah's head to droop and leak drool into the residual puddle of water.

"Moving on?" the Queen asks.

"Yes. Let's continue our jaunt."

McCree is chasing Moira and trying to put his hat on her, but stops when he sees them, "Ohhhh...noooo."

"Oh yes," Moira hisses and taps her fingers together. "I might do that to you."

He dons his hat once more and flees with Moira in pursuit.

"Eeeeeiiii!" Tracer squeals with a little too much glee and embarrassment, already getting wet in the crotchal region.

Emily smirks and slips her right hand around Tracer's head to cover her eyes while they continue on their way.

"Ooooh. Someone's having fun," Sombra struts by their right side while snapping over fifty photos.

"Ughhhhh. Not her," Pharah sighs and hangs her head.

"By the light of the – bizzzt – abyss," Zenyatta freaks out from their display and drops all his balls, scrambling to retrieve them.

When they pass a common room to their right, Orissa is playing an adventure board game with Winston.

"Oooh. Winston. Can we do that?" Orisa's eyes smile.

"Ummm...gotta go," he blurts and pretends to run away before returning shortly.

"Heh," Widow chuckles.

While Lucio skates by their left side, he plays a light beat across Pharah's abs with his drumsticks.

"Owwww. Lucio! Hey!" Pharah barks.

“Ahah! Bye, bye,” he puts both sticks in his right hand and waves with his other while skating backwards to be annoying.

Genji falls to his knees with his hands clasped.

“What are you doing?” Pharah squints.

“Saying a prayer for your poor punished chitsu,” he smirks.

“I liked you better without a sense of humor,” she flattens her mouth at him.

“In some ways, so did I,” he gives her a cryptic answer while rising and double-jumping away.

They run into Brigitte and Lynx who are in a similar situation. Brigitte has most of her armor on with Lynx stuffed inside looking cozy. With their groins exposed, she has a silver strapon in Lynx’s vagina. She looks a little embarrassed and whistles while looking away and hurrying past their left side.

“Hahahahahahaha!” the Queen bellows her laugh throughout the hallways.

“It’s not funny!” Brigitte calls back, extremely self-conscious.

“It is a little,” Lynx sounds amused.

“Seems like everyone’s out and about today, having all sorts of fun,” Widow smirks.

As they walk by the med-bay to their left, an automated door opens. They witness Mercy hanging from a noose connected to a safety harness around her torso. Her legs are stretched far with a white spreader bar. Reaper is pulling down on her left leg with his right hand while pushing his other fist deep into her vagina.

“Gabriel!” Mercy shrieks. “I thought I told you to lock the door.”

“Sorry,” he stands and shrugs with his palms high.

“That is not the time to be silly,” she tries not to laugh at his pose.

“I’ll make it easy for you,” Widow saunters by while petting her hand along the scanner to close the door.

“Where to next?” the Queen asks.

“I feel like relaxing. Let’s head to your chambers,” Widow announces with her arms stretched high.

“I could go for a relax,” Pharah sighs.

“Nope,” the Queen slips her left fingers, sans thumb, into Pharah’s mouth, stroking her tongue until she

drools all over herself.

They head into the Queen's room, which has a massive four-poster brown bed against the back wall. On the left, she has a fancy, but brutal-looking makeup station to match her wasteland aesthetic. Everywhere else is cluttered with haphazard weapons. She immediately lies down with Pharah's face near the foot of the bed. Taking whole handfuls of her breasts, the Queen undulates rhythmically and presses Pharah's body into the succulent mattress.

"Widow, can I have some attention from you, too?" Pharah begs.

"Non," Widow waggles her left index finger. "You have to hold out. And wait. So you'll appreciate me fully in all ways once you have me."

"Ohhhhhh," Pharah sulks.

"Get your head down," the Queen uses her left hand to press Pharah's face into the mattress.

Holding her breath, she gets off on having her face shoved into the soft material. The jingling of her seductive chainmail brings her closer to that fateful stimulation she desperately craves. Climbing onto the bed and sitting with spread legs while leaning against the headboard, Widow slips her right middle and ring fingers into her vagina and strokes in pawing motions to bring herself closer to climax with them.

"Go faster," Widow extends her left leg and pokes her high heel into the Queen's anus.

"Ooooh. A little presumptuous are we?"

"Heh," Widow giggles.

"I guess I'll have to take it out on her," the Queen arcs her torso at an angle and really hammers into Pharah with jolting scoops.

"Yes. Give her everything," Widow indulges her lingering sadistic side.

She scrambles up and sits on the Queen's back, facing away from them, no longer able to keep her word to hold out on Pharah.

Grabbing Pharah's feet, the spider runs her thumbs up her prey's soles, "Come from your feet. I want you to. Do it. Do it."

Pharah lifts her head for a breath, "Yes. Yes, Widow. Please. I want to come for you. I want to – glurck."

The Queen stuffs a black dildo gag into Pharah's mouth. The rod is so long that she has to swallow a few times to take it down.

"There. No more begging from you," the Queen wraps her arms around her servant and uses that hug to drag her down more forcefully onto the shaft.

Widow is getting off from the proximity of her vagina to the vibrations from the Queen's pumping pelvis that doesn't slow.

"Do you like this? I'm using you as a living flashlight," the Queen tells Pharah.

"Mmhmhhh," she nods, causing her drool to create a pattern of webbing on the bed.

"Yes. Tell me. Tell me again," the Queen needs more of that to climax.

"Mmhmhhh, mmhmhhh, mmhmhhh," Pharah nods and moans her consent.

"Yes. That. That," the Queen orgasms and her thrusts become more jarring and twitchy.

Widow spins off to retake her spot at the headboard, returning her fingers to their cavern.

"I'm waiting for you, Pharah," Widow whispers. "I won't come until you do."

"Glrmmmm?" Pharah asks.

"Yes. I'm waiting all for you."

"Hmhhh," Pharah tries to come faster, but something is still missing.

"What's the matter?"

"Hlgrmm," Pharah whines, unable to express why she can't come.

"I know. I know what to do," Widow crawls forward with deliberate forceful motions so Pharah can feel the spider stalking up to her.

Without removing her fingers from herself, Widow reaches her left hand low.

She firmly grips Pharah's entire groin and squeezes, "This is mine. Not the Queen's. Not yours. Mine. This is mine."

"Glmhhhhhh," Pharah moans as she sprays and drenches the mattress.

Widow drags her fingers deeper and with an undulation motion to match the way Pharah humps the bed in a desperate attempt to imagine she's pressing against her climaxing spider. All of this prompts the Queen to go wild, making each thrust linger inside as it goes deeper while pulling back twice as fast. The Queen keeps rutting into Pharah until they both pass out from exhaustion. Widow takes the gag out of Pharah's mouth and gives her a small affectionate kiss on the lips before climbing onto the bed to their right. They all have a restful sleep after another long day of activities.

...

Pharah wakes to having her vagina pounded with groggy strokes.

“Heh. Another morning, another fucking,” she mutters through her sleepiness.

“Hush, you,” the Queen gets a black ball gag into Pharah’s mouth and holds the two ends of the straps taut in her right fist rather than bothering to secure them.

“Mmmmmmm,” Pharah moans louder as the Queen increases speed.

Widow presses her vagina against Pharah’s nose so she can only smell one scent in the moments before she orgasms. Widow’s vagina acts as a pheromone clasp, training Pharah to love and need only that aroma like a venomous drug.

“Blugh,” Pharah grunts as an early-morning climax shudders through her exhausted body.

That doesn’t stop the Queen though since the safe word is still out of play. She lifts her hips off Pharah higher to slam into her vagina with full regal bodyweight. Her eyes roll back, overcome by the stimulation from below while having a vagina gobbling away at her nose and senses. When the Queen lingers her thrusts again, but this time, presses harder, enough to enter Pharah’s womb, she climaxes again.

Widow pulls off the ball gag, claps the straps together and smiles, “You’ve lasted a whole week. I’m impressed.”

“Ugh. So am I,” Pharah admits in a half-daze.

“Here, let’s relax,” Widow helps the Queen to lie down on her back.

When Widow is about to undo the straps, Pharah chuckles, “Heh. Don’t. I don’t think I can move on my own for a little bit.”

“Hah. Gross,” Widow smirks and kneels near the headboard. “You sure you haven’t gotten a little attached to the Queen after a week?”

“Yeah. I’m sure,” she smiles fondly at her spider.

“So what should we talk about?” Widow asks.

“My daughter is gonna be a great warrior,” the Queen boasts to start a conversation.

“She might also become a good musician with Lucio for a dad,” Pharah adds.

“That’s nice and all, but we need more warriors.”

“Yeah. Hopefully my son turns out alright,” Pharah wonders.

“Probably. Two experienced parents. Soldier and you. Your boy will do alright,” Widow nods and smiles at the ceiling. “I hope my twins will be strange.”

"I bet you're glad they're not as heavy as you thought they'd be," Pharah smirks.

"Yes!" Widow exclaims and slaps her left palm on the blankets. "They were just nice and healthy. You don't know how afraid I was that they'd split me open."

"Heh," Pharah chuckles softly.

"You think our kids will get along?" the Queen asks with a sense of rustic awe.

"Maybe?" Pharah shrugs. "Depends on their personalities."

"I have a feeling my twins will be awkward around most people."

"Why?"

"Because I'm me," Widow smirks.

"Heh. You know, I wish we had some sunlight in here," Pharah sighs. "I miss the way it used to shine through my windows when I'd wake up."

30 - Allowances

"I know you were always willing to try a third and I know Symmetra's not the most exciting person, but it could be fun," Torbjorn tells his wife in their wide room while sitting at the edge their brown king-sized bed.

"HmMMM," Ingrid thinks about it with her left hand pinching her chin and her right palm cupping her elbow while pacing around facing away from him. "Why are you bringing this up now?"

She's in her casual clothes again, except she's going barefoot today.

"She's been seeming really lonely after giving birth. And she's also worried about...you know," he kicks his feet around and twiddles his thumbs.

"Yeah," Ingrid remembers.

"I figure we could take her mind off her worries for a little bit. Give her something fun to do with friends."

"You're not doing this out of pity, are you?" she turns clockwise to face him.

"No. Out of concern. I...Mercy got depressed afterwards and Symmetra...she doesn't share much and I don't want her feeling left out or like she can't talk to someone about it."

"Okay. I like that reason. I'll do this for her more so," Ingrid nods.

"She's waiting outside," he blurts with a stupid puffed-up expression.

"What?" she gasps and tries not to grin. "What would you have done if I said no?"

"It'd be on you to explain it to her, not me," he teases and hops off the bed.

"Hah. Titta på dig själv," she scoffs in amusement and folds her arms.

He opens the door. In her usual costume, Symmetra is leaning on their outer wall to his left, playing with a hard-light octahedron.

"You can come in. She's said it's fine."

"It?" she question's his phrasing.

"Oh, um. She's fine with the three of us."

"Oh," she strides in.

“Hello, Symmetra,” Ingrid greets her warmly.

“Hmmm. This room is far too messy,” she busies herself rearranging their trinkets and projects so they have more space.

“Thanks,” Ingrid whispers to her. “I’ve been trying to get him to do that for months.”

“Hey!” he whines.

Symmetra smiles.

“Come. Sit with me,” Ingrid plops on the bed and pats the spot to her left. “How are you doing?”

Symmetra elegantly walks over and lowers herself down while simultaneously crossing her right leg over her left, folding her hands on her knees in the same fashion.

“How am I?” she repeats the question to get a better sense of how she wants to answer. “I feel lost.”

“Lost? Why lost?” Ingrid asks with a voice overwhelmed by compassion.

Torbjorn goes to the right side of the bed and walks up his custom stairs so he can sit behind them.

“I...being the only person like me was tiring. And now that we’re all down here, there are even less so. Bringing up such things is hard,” Symmetra’s right fingers twitch uncomfortably.

“Ah,” Ingrid acknowledges.

“Tell us about it,” Torbjorn rubs his knees.

“I will try. I...how to say it...I...I feel lost in an endless string of mirrors all connected at their corners. Hanging. Vertically. As if I have to fall into one mirror only to land on and in the next to repeat the process.”

“Oh...,” Ingrid doesn’t understand.

“You don’t...I wasn’t clear.”

“Ummm...yeah...I didn’t really understand it.”

“Ahhhhhh,” Symmetra hums. “A better way might be...I...I have no one who can truly process how my mind works. Does that make more sense?”

“Yes. A lot more. I’m not very good at metaphors,” Ingrid explains.

“Metaphors? Is that what I did?”

“Yeah. I think so at least. Sounded like one to me.”

“Oh. Hmmm,” Symmetra needs to consider that for the future.

Torbjorn doesn't like his position since they're facing away from him so he hops off the left side and wanders around in front, making his leg motions particularly stiff and stumpy for their amusement. Ingrid smiles because he's being silly. Symmetra smiles to be polite since she sees Ingrid's expression, but doesn't understand why his legs are suddenly so rigid.

“How are you feeling since the birth?” Ingrid inquires.

Symmetra's eyes go a little watery and she doesn't respond.

“Hey. Can I...?” Ingrid reaches out her left hand and waits.

Symmetra nods, causing a few tears to fall on her dress. Ingrid lays her palm over her friend's knuckles. Torbjorn stops stumping about since things turned more serious.

“What's going on?” Ingrid asks.

“I think he's like me.”

“Who? Your son?” Ingrid questions.

“Yes,” Symmetra's usually pristine voice cracks.

“That's not so bad. Think about it this way, you'll have someone else like you,” Torbjorn tries to make her feel better. “To understand you...the way you want.”

She understands Torbjorn is trying to be nice, yet can't help but give him a sad frown.

“I hope he can cope down here,” Symmetra sulks.

“He will. We'll help him,” Ingrid promises.

“I know. It's just something...that strains my mind. To always think about.”

“Then put it aside for now,” he suggests. “You know he's healthy. Aside from that, what else do you know?”

“Nothing,” she sighs.

“So nothing should be on your mind,” he uses his odd logic and smiles.

“Hmmm,” Symmetra groans, not fully enjoying that, but understanding enough of what he's trying to do.

“Hey. Do you want to have some fun?” Ingrid pets Symmetra's knuckles.

“That type of fun?”

“Yeah,” Ingrid smiles and nods.

“I suppose. It could help me to destress,” Symmetra stands abruptly and stretches her arms high.
“What did you have in mind?”

“Heh. I don’t really know. Torbjorn and I never really go into it with a plan. As counterintuitive as that sounds for him.”

“Yes. Not having a plan is disconcerting. But I’m...I want to take my mind off this. I’m obsessing far too much.”

“Is there anything you’d like to do in particular?” he offers.

“I...want to build something. To use.”

“Like what?” he prompts.

“This,” she creates a hard-light mini-mech.

It has two avian-like legs and a seat big enough for him. The short front neck ends in two thin vertical panels with pink fleshy feelers.

“Oh. What am I supposed to do with this?” he struggles to climb up, so Ingrid helps hoist him with her arms around his waist.

“I want to play tag. I’m feeling nostalgic,” Symmetra admits.

“Oh. Tag. So I have to chase you?”

“Yes. You’ll be it. And we have to run. Those are the rules.”

“Can we push each other into it?” Ingrid smirks.

“Yes. That is what I intended,” Symmetra grins. “Us versus each other versus him.”

“Heh. Alright,” Ingrid finds this refreshing.

“Begin,” Symmetra nods to him.

Torbjorn grabs the levers and quickly learns how to operate the contraption. He goes after his wife first since he feels like she’d be insulted if he didn’t. She smirks and catches Symmetra from behind, gripping her biceps.

“Oh noooo,” she wails with an obvious lack of concern.

Ingrid shoves Symmetra forward to land in the tentacles' grasp. He squeezes her with her arms pinned to her sides and activates the tendrils to vibrate intensely. She kicks her legs around and Torbjorn gets an instant erection from watching the way her high heels cut through the air.

"Heh," Ingrid giggles. "I can already tell he likes his new toy."

"Which one?" he grins.

"Oh, you're so bad," she gasps and repeats herself for emphasis, "Du är så dålig."

"Heheheh," he chuckles and returns his attention to Symmetra.

Her eyes and mouth are closed while she enjoys being squeezed and having the feelers caress every millimeter of her torso.

"She looks like she's having fun. I kind of regret throwing her in the way now."

"Your loss," Symmetra jokes without opening her eyes.

"Hah. My loss?" Ingrid pulls Symmetra down.

"Hey!" she whines.

"It's my turn," Ingrid spins right while leaping backwards.

Torbjorn grips her and the tentacles enfold her chest, crashing stimulation through her senses.

"Oh, okay. This is nice. I can see why you didn't want to give it up."

Symmetra tugs on Ingrid's legs, but she is sneaky and wiggles in just the right way so her pants come off instead.

"Hrrrrrr," Symmetra growls playfully when she falls back on her rump.

Tossing the pants to her right, she scrambles up and back into the fray. Ingrid latches her legs around Symmetra's head, pulling her close. Her mouth and nose press into Ingrid's silky white panties. Symmetra grips Ingrid's thighs, but doesn't put up a fight.

"Hmmmm," Symmetra moans as Ingrid's juices slowly saturate through the fabric.

Symmetra likes this pose a little more than she'd like to admit. Torbjorn lurches the machine low and uses the gripper to clasp and squeeze them together before suspending them.

"Ooooh," Ingrid's toes curl when their breasts press together below their tops.

Symmetra becomes overcome with passion and kisses Ingrid with long pressing strokes. She goes

along with it, enjoying the whole experience since she isn't used to this type of affection.

"What's this button do?" Torbjorn asks while pressing it.

Longer tentacles emerge from below and squirm up to sense out where the vaginas are. Symmetra didn't wear underwear today since she suspected things might turn sexual. Her tentacle enters with ease.

"Mmmaahhhh," her lips break from Ingrid's for an enthralled moan.

"Mmmmmeeeeiiiiiaaa," Ingrid squeaks as her tendril pushes her panties up inside her.

It keeps thrusting until it bursts through the fabric.

"Heh. I like this thing," he grins a little more manically than he's used to and increases the speed of the feelers.

With all the friction from rubbing against each other and having tentacles twitching around and in them, the two women climax at the same time.

"Woooooo!" Torbjorn emits a wild howl in excitement from watching his wife's head tilt back with her eyes rolling up and her tongue lolling over the left side of her lips.

He nearly came from that, but without physical stimulation, he's not going to be able to yet. Torbjorn dumps them onto the white blankets. They're both sweaty messes, lethargically intertwined with limbs flopped halfway over each other. Symmetra rolls slightly away to Ingrid's right. When he hops down, Symmetra raises a shaky right hand and snaps her fingers to make the construct dissipate.

"It's time to put my beard in the letterbox," he scrambles up his bed's staircase.

"Heh. I know you're excited, sötnos, but...heh...give us a minute."

"Oh, right. Heh," he sits with his legs extended and pats his knees.

Something about that drumming on his kneecaps accentuates how antsy he is. He gets a vague sense of adventure as if he has to run out from a cottage and into the woods to explore it for the first time even though he was always there.

"I could keep going," Symmetra doesn't want to come across as rude even though she is tired.

"You sure?" he perks up hesitantly.

"Yes. Come on over," she flops her right hand at him.

He crawls between them and shifts around until he can lap greedily at her labia. (Dwarves like caves and Torbjorn is no different. Even though he'd never admit it.)

“Oooooohmmmm,” she moans hard and raises her legs to fold them because she’s still extra sensitive from the last bout.

At the sound of that, he gets his arms around her thighs and tightly grips them over his shoulders.

“Heh. He’s giving you the treatment,” Ingrid gives Symmetra a tired smirk.

Torbjorn uses his beard (which is much softer than it looks) to pet the entirety of her vagina. Symmetra instinctively grips his head and undulates with him. Ingrid gets a little jealous and tugs on his right braid to pull him over to her.

“Ohhhhh,” Symmetra whines.

“Heh. He’ll get back to you soon enough,” Ingrid lifts her legs and pulls off her tattered panties.

He unzips and gets off his pants and orange boxers.

“By Agni’s flaming beard, such width,” Symmetra gasps and presses all her fingertips to her lips.

“Heh. It matches the base product,” he slaps his abdomen with his remaining hand.

“There it is,” Ingrid exhales sharply when he penetrates her with his Driveshaft (that’s his nickname for it).

While she opens her blouse to improve his view, he keeps his right hand on his lower back for his thrusts. His mechanical claw flips around to have two vibrators that match his costume. He clamps down Symmetra’s loins, causing her to writhe in pleasure again. Ingrid fondles her breasts while enjoying how he stretches her vagina just wide enough. She reaches over and slips her fingers into Symmetra’s short fishnet sleeve, exploring deep enough to massage her breast too.

“Hooooowooweeeeee!” Torbjorn hollers when he creampie his wife.

He rolls off her and onto Symmetra. While inserting his penis, he rolls back so she is now straddling him. Ingrid flips over and sits up, kneeling so he can give her some treatment from his claw. He runs his hand up Symmetra’s left leg to reach her ass for a firm squeeze. She holds onto his braids and nuzzles her mouth through his beard until she can find his mouth for light kisses. Ingrid really gets into it with his claw, scooping her groin faster and faster against his vibrating nubs.

“Ooohhhooohooohooohohoweeeeee!” he goes into a cackling howling fit and kicks his legs around between Symmetra’s while coming inside her.

“Heh,” she affectionately pets his face with both hands. “You make the silliest noises, silly man.”

“That I am,” he twitches inside her a few more times.

“He’s an excitable man,” Ingrid strokes her left hand down Symmetra’s hair and uses the ends to pull her upright for a kiss.

Torbjorn gives his claw an extra kick of vibration, causing his wife to orgasm while her lips are locked with Symmetra's.

"That was stygg," Ingrid smirks while scolding him.

"Heh. Had to be done," he shrugs.

"Sure, sure. Had to be done," she lightly scoffs. "How about this?"

Gripping the back of her friend's head, Ingrid slips her right middle and ring fingers into Symmetra's vagina alongside his penis. Ingrid scoops rapidly until Symmetra's arms go limp from a crotch-spasming climax.

"Oh wow!" he screams and orgasms in her again.

"Heh. I thought so," Ingrid teases with heavy lids.

They all collapse. Symmetra rolls off to lay to his right. Ingrid flops off his claw on the other side.

"Feel better?" Ingrid smiles over at Symmetra.

"Yes. Thank you. I truly needed some method of relaxing," she sighs and closes her eyes, understanding she must embrace contentment when she can.

31 - Feel the Beat (inside Lucio's Dick)

Lucio, D.Va and Junkrat are hanging out in the long dark chamber with healing tubes, staying near those eastern glowing cylinders for more light.

"I want to test my new skates out. I should be able to get to people much faster now."

"Let's set up a scenario then," she suggests.

"Like what?"

"Ummmm. What if I pretend to be on train tracks and Junkrat times you?" she suggests for the potential lewd outcomes.

"Sounds good. Well, not good like that. You know what I mean," Lucio rambles.

"Junkrat, I know it's kinda stereotypical, but do you wanna play our mad villain?" D.Va offers.

"Sure," he agrees jovially. "Do I get to tie you up for real?"

"Ehhhh...okay...if you really want to."

"Yeah!" he screams and runs for some twine in the toolbox under the northeast game table.

"Heh. He's likes this game a little too much," Lucio comments.

"It's fitting for him," she shrugs.

When Junkrat returns, he runs clockwise around her until she's completely secure, essentially tying her up like a cliché villain. With her legs and arms pinned, she hops to the middle of the room.

At the north end, he puts down a toy windup train and holds onto it, "Say when."

"When," Lucio dashes, but stops short and nearly falls on his face. "Why didn't you start the train?"

"You didn't say when. You just said the word when," Junkrat gives Lucio a dead expression as if he's stupid.

Lucio could argue, but he knows that would be pointless. Instead, he shakes his head while retaking his position.

"Go!" he yells and Junkrat releases the train.

It speeds towards D.Va much quicker than Lucio anticipated. He didn't boost fast enough. It clinks

against the back of her head.

“Owww,” she groans from the annoyance.

“Well, looks like you’re dead,” Lucio runs his right hand over his dreads.

“Oh, thanks a lot,” she rolls her eyes at him.

“Hah. Sorry. I’ll do better next round.”

“I win!” Junkrat screeches. “Wait. What do I win?”

“You can have a kiss since I’m not really dead,” D.Va smirks.

He rushes over and kisses her twine instead, lurching up with threads between his teeth.

“Heh. I meant on the lips.”

“Oh. Why didn’t you say so?” he yanks out all the loose strings.

“Sometimes I think you’re playing that up a little.”

“Playing? I’m always playing,” he bows and leans low.

She extends her lips so they can reach his. From the barest contact, he jolts up and dances around in a tittering fit with his arms close to his chest.

“Let’s go again,” Lucio suggests.

“Just don’t let that train hit me again.”

“Heh. I won’t,” he gets back into position.

“The train is ready to crash,” Junkrat declares.

“Go!” Lucio booms and the race begins again.

This time, his new skates slice him faster than ever. He arcs out to his right a little to speed towards her side. Getting his hands low like a plow, he scoops her out of the way and speeds north again to avoid crashing. The train continues into the darkness where Junkrat chases it like a playful cat.

“So this is nice,” D.Va smiles up at Lucio.

“Yeah. It is,” he says while slowing down.

“Wanna do something about it?” she narrows her eyes for lewd effect.

“I’ve been waiting for a while for that invitation.”

“Let’s get it going.”

“Right now?”

“Yeah. Why not? Why stop? Keep going.”

Without letting her go with his left arm, he unzips and pulls out his penis. Shifting her around to face away from him, he peels the twine apart.

“How should I get in?”

“Just rip it open. I’ll fix it later.”

“Okay then. The girl is thirsty.”

“Heh,” she giggles while he pushes his fingers into her butt crack enough until he can tear her jumpsuit open.

She already has a fresh green condom in her anus.

“Ohhh...lookitchu,” he slurs with amusement. “You came prepared.”

“I came prepared,” she smirks over her right shoulder.

He grabs the rim and pulls it around his rod while she clings to the other end with her sphincter.

“That was a lot hotter than I can explain,” he mutters.

“Hah.”

Once he gets his length inside, he holds her more carefully with his arms wrapped around her waist.

“Go faster,” she demands.

“Heheheh. It’s kind of hard to thrust faster than this while moving.”

“I know, silly. I meant skate faster.”

“Ohhhhh. That I can definitely do,” he speeds up and rides west along the north wall, fucking her the whole way.

“Heh. Widow is gonna be so mad,” she looks at all the skate marks on the west wall.

“Eh. She can deal.”

“She’d probably approve if she knew why.”

“Good point. She definitely would. Any creative bondage situation would instantly get her nod of approval.”

“Hey. You getting close?”

“Yeah. You can tell?”

“That little twitch-twitch is like penis Morse code for orgasm ready.”

“Hah.”

“I want you to land hard when you come.”

“You got it,” he leaps off the wall and spins counterclockwise, making her dizzy.

When his skates hit the floor, he fills the condom, inflating it in her ass, just like she wanted.

“There it is,” she moans while biting her lower lip.

Still inside her, Lucio collapses on his back with their heads pointing north. Junkrat is watching from below the game table, enjoying the view until he remembers the train is here. He scrambles for it and sticks his dick inside.

Loping over, he asks D.Va, “Can I put my train in your tunnel.”

“Wow that was corny. And no. Definitely not. Way too many sharp edges.”

“Awwwww,” he slinks away while giving himself a disappointed jagged handjob from the train.

“You know, if she’s cool with it, you could, you know, not use the train,” Lucio suggests because he feels bad.

“Not use the train?” Junkrat asks as if that was never an option.

“Uhyeah,” D.Va slurs at his nonsense.

“Oh...not use the train,” he pulls it off his dick and stares at the toy in his right hand, still perplexed.

She tilts her head further back, “I have no idea how you’re this confused by that.”

“Not use the train?” he scratches his head with his robotic fingers.

“Okay. We’re going to just continue without you then,” she becomes exasperated.

“No, no. Wait,” he rushes back over with the train between both hands. “Just explain that to me.”

“No. You’re being dumb and it’s frustrating me. You want your dick in me? It’s without the train on it.”

“Ooooooooooh,” he stares at the train and then at her crotch.

“Now you get it?” she asks while her cheeks raise high enough to force her to squint in confusion.

“Nope,” he tosses the train over his right shoulder.

“I can’t,” D.Va rolls her eyes in all directions to simulate her infuriation.

“Heh,” Lucio simply shakes his head again.

“Also, get some of these ropes off me. Change ‘em up. Higher. Want my legs free. But constrict my neck.”

“Right,” Lucio nods and inadvertently nuzzles her right ear, giving her a tiny shiver of delight.

Lucio and Junkrat work in tandem to undo her bonds. They pin her arms to her sides and coil the excess around her throat.

“Good?” Lucio asks.

“Mouth too actually.”

“Ooooooheehheehheeh,” Junkrat giggles while wrapping twine around her mouth so she has something to bite down on.

“Nrow glet in me,” she growls around the rope.

Junkrat rakes his right hand down her costume until he rips off the front over her groin. Crouching like Unbreakable Patches, he grips the ropes above her breasts and pushes his penis inside her vagina. Their thrusts rock her body around as if she’s a handcar on bumpy train tracks.

“Hey, D.Va. You want some sonic amplification?”

“Mhmmm,” she nods.

He gets his Sonic Amplifier off his left hip and changes it to the lowest setting. While he reaches around her front, Junkrat straighten up to get out of the way. Lucio presses the speaker against her abdomen and pulls the trigger, pumping a light soundwave into her.

“Mmmhmmmmmmmmaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!” her moan turns into a scream of joy as she comes from the beats.

The soundwave also causes Lucio and Junkrat to come with her. He falls back off her and lands on his rump, leaving a trail of semen between her legs.

“Wooo,” Junkrat shakes his dizziness away and stands. “Let’s prop our little treat up. You like it in the mouth, right?”

“Yleah,” she slurs with her tongue wiping against the twine.

Pushing her upright, Lucio presses his Amplifier against her butt cheeks to see them bounce while he keeps filling that condom. Junkrat pushes his penis between two ropes and scrapes it against her soft palate.

“Ugh!” Junkrat grunts with enjoyment. “I love the scratchy ropes on my dick!”

“Heheagulrugh,” she laughs and chokes.

“Oooops. Heh,” he pulls out so she can catch her breath.

“Hah. Fucker,” she smirks before opening wide again.

He gets it right back in and keeps rubbing his tip against the top of her mouth. She tries to navigate her tongue around his underside. D.Va swallows spit and spunk whenever possible, loving that feeling of having things push down her esophagus. She wants him down her throat too, but he can’t from this position. Enough is filling her anyway so she doesn’t want to complain about not getting more. When Junkrat comes again, her eyes roll back from the pleasure of getting to consume sperm, even if it’s from him.

“Ah, fuck,” Lucio’s eyes close tight and he aims his Amplifier to thump slightly lower.

He bursts the condom inside her anus, causing her intestines to fill with a gush of built-up seed.

“Ughlugh,” she moans as she feels it push higher.

Junkrat falls on his butt again, winded from all this action he’s getting from her. She pushes the rope around with her tongue while looking to him for help. He struggles to get up while his pegleg slips around in her juices that he didn’t realize had spread out across the floor. When he can reach her face, he pulls the ropes down around her neck.

“Whew,” she sighs. “So that was nice.”

“Heh. Yeah,” Lucio nods.

“It was. But it’s a shame Mr. Train didn’t get to play,” Junkrat folds his arms and shakes his head at the floor.

“Enough with the train!” Lucio and D.Va yell simultaneously before laughing, “Hehehehehahahahaha.”

“What? I don’t get it,” Junkrat is still dumbfounded

32 - Incurable

Hanzo is wandering around the nursery, a plain silvery room with many cribs. Each one is covered in super-hardened glass like miniature greenhouses to protect them in case there's an earthquake or attack. He goes to the room's southeast corner and places his right palm against the glass of a crib. Hanzo never expected to have a daughter. He expected to die young in his seemingly endless conflicts. With her eyes tightly shut and her turquoise blanket thrashed around, she seems nervous and lonely.

"Hello. You...look as lonely as I do."

She doesn't respond.

"I was never good to my family. Not ever as much as I could have been. Too focused on the madness of tradition and honor. Where is my honor now? Where is my tradition now? All dead and dying with the rest of the world. And for some reason, I was one of the spared. I am not worthy. I never was," he hangs his head.

"Goolreah," she squirms, seeming agitated.

"I will make up for it. I will be there for you. Even in your most lonely times, I will be there. I will be good to my family. Anata ni yakusoku shimasu."

"Mrleh," she grumbles.

"Anata ni yakusoku shimasu," he mutters again while turning right to leave.

He experiences a wave of despair while walking east to his room. Being alone down here is tiresome for him. He'd much rather be out there, firing arrows. But he knows that won't do much good against what they face. His pointlessness is not lost on him. He needs to find a way for his arrows to pierce harder. He needs to improve his bow. Or he'll be no use to anyone.

He strides into his room which is filled with whatever Japanese artifacts he could salvage from destruction. At the back, he's been sleeping against a crumbling altar, half of a ruddy torii that he was able to drag inside. Hanzo picks up his bow from the pale pillow under the broken archway. He likes to leave the weapon there for himself, pretending that each time he leaves, a new iteration of himself can find it...as if left behind by a legendary warrior from centuries past.

"I am lonelier than I'd like to admit," he holds his bow close.

He wanders around the room, almost in a desperation-fueled delirium. Dancing with his bow as if it's a woman, he chooses not to care about how he perceives himself. He needs this...or something like this. Those who are serious and standoffish always have the hardest time finding partners. He knows this. Yet he was never fully able to embrace this despair until now.

“Hah. Oh, chico. You need some lovin’. Real bad,” Sombra opens his door, leaning against the right side of its frame.

He stops short out of surprise and gives her a tight frown, “Leave.”

“Why? So you can defile that poor bow?” she saunters in and the door closes behind her.

“No,” he states, but the confidence in his tone waivers.

“How about you defile me instead? That’s what I’m here for.”

He squints defiantly at her and makes as if to kiss the bow.

“Ah, ah,” she waggles her left index finger at him. “Don’t you kiss that bow.”

His mouth gets closer to the string.

“Ah, ah,” she shakes her finger at him harder. “You planning on giving that bow to your daughter one day? Don’t mess with it.”

“Hmmm...good point. I didn’t consider that,” he looks at the bow and returns it to the pillow.

“That’s why I’m here. To think for you,” she smirks while petting her left fingertips along his chin, down his left clavicle and across his shoulder.

“Hrmph,” he grunts in displeasure.

“Oh? You’re gonna be all pouty? Maybe I should see the differences between you and Genji.”

“You’ve been with my brother already?”

“Yeah,” she says with as much lewdness and excitement as she can muster. “Why? You jealous?”

He gives her the frumpiest face, pushing his lips high.

“Oh don’t be like that,” she paws his left shoulder. “Think of it like eating each other’s leftover food. Except I can wash up afterwards. I’m clean. Promise.”

He scrutinizes her while she walks around him counterclockwise.

“What? You’re not interested?”

“Not really.”

“Really?” she recoils. “Why?”

“Because you –.”

“Nuh uh. No. You don’t get to put whatever your issue is on me. Whatever your problem is, it’s from you,” she gives him the full force of her sass.

“From me,” he runs his tongue across the front of his upper teeth while staring down.

“Yeah. That’s right. You don’t go blaming me. I’m perfectly attractive as I am,” she puts her hands on her hips.

“Yes. Maybe there is something intrinsically wrong with me.”

“W-wait. I didn’t mean it like that,” she hangs her arms in despair, not expecting him to escalate it so far.

“No. You may be right. I can’t stomach most people. They sicken me in most ways. It is probably why most of my relationships have failed. I cannot tolerate this species. I cannot.”

“Ugh. Come on. I just wanted a fun casual boning,” she thrusts at him.

He doesn’t smile or laugh. His eyes simply obtain a more miserable quality.

“Sheesh. What is going on with you?” she wanders closer to him.

“I think it took you of all people for me to realize how much I truly hate humanity. Thank you,” he states without venom.

“Wow. That ummm...I can’t tell if you’re insulting me or not? You’re not saying I’m the worst, are you?”

“No.”

“Oh. Can it be bone-time now?” she humps the air around him while hopping counterclockwise.

“Why don’t you seek out Genji if he is so willing?”

“So I can leave you to fuck your bow? No way. That’s too cruel even for me. Not leaving you alone to do something so pathetic.”

“Pathetic,” he sighs. “Yes. That is what would become of me.”

“Oh, shut up,” she shoves him and he trips and falls against the torii’s right column. “Ooops. Sorry. Didn’t think you’d actually fall.”

He scowls at her, but doesn’t feel like getting up, opting to lean on his left forearm.

“Come on. Don’t just lay there. Where’s your fighting spirit?”

“Gone.”

“Scattered,” she mimics his voice.

“I –.”

She opens a holo-recording of him saying “Scatter.”

“Let me –.”

She replays the “Scatter.”

“Stop that.”

“Then get up.”

“Why are you trying so hard?”

“Because that is way too pathetic for me to stomach. Not letting you fuck your bow. Not when I’m here.”

He exhales and stands, “I don’t deserve you or anyone. Loneliness is what I deserve.”

With an uncharacteristic glower, she slams her right fist into his solar plexus, causing him to buckle over wheezing.

“You don’t get to play edgelord. Not now when we’re all trying to keep our morale up in this fateful hour. Even Reaper’s got more of a sense of humor now. And he’s fucking dying! You’re not. Get up and stop being such a bitch.”

He rises and she makes ready to block if he attacks her, but he doesn’t.

“What?” she makes a little snarly face at him since she’s confused.

“Thank you.”

“Why?”

“I think you’ve broken my malaise. This malady of my mood was a plague and I think you just washed it from me.”

“Okay? How?” she scrunches away from him because he’s being extra calm.

“From a punch and an insult. Challenging my ego. Something I should not have allowed to wilt in this...fateful hour as you called it. I am a man who weakens and shrivels without challenge. Without conflict, I will die.”

“This is a whole new level of edgy. I don’t think I like it. Kinda freaking me out,” she tucks her arms close to her chest and leans back slightly.

“Heh.”

“Oh fucker. You laughed. That’s what makes you laugh? Okay. I gotchu,” she scrunches up and releases a pathetic whimper for him, “Eheh.”

He tries to repress a laugh that barely escapes from his nose.

“What is with you? You find that of all things funny? Would not have guessed that.”

And something changes in Hanzo’s mind in this moment. Something subtle shatters. He feels like doing something out of character for someone who has tried hard to break his doldrums.

“Sombra,” he extends his right hand and bows low before abruptly twitching his face up at her. “Will you do me the honor of allowing me to bone you?”

“Bupiffhahahaha,” she can’t help herself, holding her sides and nearly falling forward. “Oh, fuck. That was too much. Fucked me up.”

“Is that a yes,” he straightens.

“Yeah, why not. I put in all this effort. Might as well get something out of it.”

“What shall we do?”

“I don’t even know. Heh. Couldn’t guess what you’re into.”

“Not many can.”

“So what is it?”

He goes to a treasure chest near the left wall. When he flips the lid open, her jaw drops.

“Okay. Yeah. I would not have guessed this.”

“It’s something I’ve always been fascinated by, but never had a chance to experiment with it.”

“Where did you get this?”

“I found them in one of Widow’s many secret walls.”

She reaches in and pulls out a latex dollification kit, “So you really want to do this?”

“Yes. If you would indulge me.”

“Umm...yeah. I’ll try it.”

“You’ll have to undress.”

“Hmmm...I really don’t like taking off my outfit..., but this is intriguing. So fine,” she unzips and lays her clothes in a neat pile to the left of the chest. “Gonna miss my glove’s nails though.”

“The costume has nails too.”

“Oh. Okay then.”

He helps her into the pink latex suit. It even has separate toe slots like her normal one. She stuffs a condom-like attachment into her vagina and he flips a switch on a small device to vacuum seal the costume onto her. Once it’s formfitting, he pulls off the contraption.

“Awww, my hair won’t stand out under this hood.”

“That is the point. This aesthetic celebrates the unreal.”

“Hmmm,” she sulks at him while he puts the mask over her face and stuffs her hair below.

“You can pick a wig if you like.”

“Oooh,” she instantly forgets her grumpiness and dives into the treasure chest.

She comes back up with a bright purple one that curls under her ears and curves to match her jawline.

“Acceptable,” he nods.

“Heh. Culo,” she shoves him lightly with her left palm.

“You’re not complete yet.”

“Really? What else is there?” she blinks at him.

“These,” he grabs a bunch inflatable pieces.

“Oh...are those for sensory deprivation?”

“Yes.”

“Hmmm. We’ll need a safe thing then. I’ll use shaking my head no.”

“Of course,” he inserts a small cone into her left ear and expands the nub until it swells tight.

He does the same for her right ear before moving on to her nostrils.

“Heh. That feels weird,” her voice becomes a little nasally.

He slips a long cylinder gag into her mouth. The tube almost reaches her throat and locks into place over her lips with soft false ones. He inflates the gag until it takes up more space and gives her plumper lips.

“Heleh,” she tries to laugh, but it’s a little hard.

He slips thumbless mittens over her already gloved hands so her fingers can’t move. Next, he helps her into pink open-toed high heels with many straps. She wiggles around with her hands near her temples, doing a little dance for him.

“Heh. Time for your eyes.”

“Mly eyes?” she slurs around the gag and drools a little.

That already gives him an erection. He flips the blindfold portion of the mask into place, putting her in darkness. Now her only sense is touch, the way Hanzo likes it. She reaches out to him, pawing aimlessly with her mittens. He would like to see her struggle towards him, but he’s too overcome with a hearty urge to fill her. Hanzo roughly spins her around by yanking on her left arm with his left hand. Holding her around the waist with his left arm, he gets his penis out and pushes it all the way into her vagina. Her legs bend awkwardly because of her high heels. Not for her sake, but for his, he pushes her to her knees and grips her breasts tightly through the material. He ruts into her at an insane speed, already severely turned on by how fake she looks. Raising her left leg high, he spins her around on his penis, wanting her from all angles. He licks her heel and nuzzles the inner side of her foot with his right cheek. She tucks her arms close to her chest and bends her wrists down because now she knows what he likes. He wipes his left hand up her abdomen as if his palm is a winding snake. She can do nothing aside from mewl and drool and that drives him wilder. He yanks out of her, dragging some of the latex filling with him. Hanzo pounces on her face and holds it with both hands. He mashes his penis balls-deep so he can feel the fake lips at the base of his shaft. Turning clockwise without pulling out, he fucks her face as hard as he can, now able to reach her throat from this angle.

“You are my falsehood,” he tells her even though she can’t hear him.

The way her body jerks around, nearly limp, submitting to him cause him to jettison sperm straight down her throat.

“Ehehmmmm,” she whines while gulping it all down.

That alone, her doing that for him, causes a spontaneous second orgasm and he shoots out even more.

“Ehglurk,” she tries her hardest to swallow everything.

He keeps pushing it in even though he has nothing left to give, unable to stop due to his spasming penis that demands to spew more like a dry-heave leading to nowhere.

“Ah,” he finally legs her go with a forceful sigh, allowing her to collapse hard on the floor.

She lays there breathing weakly. He lets out the air in her gag and drags the sloppy mess from her.

He removes her earplugs and tells her, "You didn't shake your head. I'm surprised."

"Heh. It'll take a lot for me to throw in the towel, but I almost did when you came that second time. Didn't expect that. Can guys even have multiple orgasms? Sheesh."

"They can. In rare circumstances when they are aroused beyond reason."

"Aroused beyond reason? Heh. I like that."

"Treat it as a testament to your erotic potential."

He moves to take out her nose plugs, but she slaps his hands away and smiles, "No. Leave 'em in. Starting to like these."

"Heh. Like I said. Erotic potential."

"Damn right. Erotic champion over here," she points to herself with her thumbs through her mittens, looking a little ridiculous since she's still on her back.

"Are you comfortable with continuing?"

"Hell yeah," she rubs her butt on the floor.

"What are you comfortable continuing with?" he asks with a somewhat bashful hesitancy.

She uses her mittens to awkwardly push her blindfold up.

He's holding up a similar red costume, but made for a man.

"Ooooooooooooooh. You dirty bitch. We're gonna have some fun, aren't we?" she wiggles harder.

He smirks at the costume, embracing the amused embarrassment he feels from her acceptance. She scrambles up and he takes off her mittens so she can help him. Once he gets his clothes off, he faces the left wall so she can vac-seal his costume from behind. His penis is constricted in a type of condom.

"Ooooh. What's this for?" she uses her right index finger to flick a sphincter at the back.

He faces her and offers a pink strapon across his palms.

"You're kidding," her expression falls before rising with manic glee. "I get to use this on you?"

"If you want to."

"Oh, I'm fucking using it," she scrambles to get the vibrator nub into her vagina before strapping the

dildo piece in place.

She uses the inflation device to fill the nubs in his ears and nostrils. Flipping down his blindfold, she grabs another false lip gag and secures that in his mouth in case she wants to use it. The last pieces to go on are his mittens. Roughly yanking his left arm like he did to her, she spins him around and lightly kicks him over with the front of her right shoe on his butt. He falls to his knees and stays there. But she doesn't do anything yet. No. She has other plans first. She grabs a black wig to match hers and puts that on him. Rummaging in the box, she finds black high heels without open fronts. Starting with his right foot, she delicately slips that on before moving to his left.

"There. Now we can begin," she exhales shakily from the anticipation. (Contrary to popular belief, Sombra has never fucked a man before.) (It might as well be Hanzo. He gets fucked over enough as it is.)

With extreme force, she slaps her hands down on his ass and plunges deep inside.

"Blruuugggghhhh!" he screams in pain, but doesn't shake his head.

Hanzo has his pride. If she can take his punishment without giving in, he can take hers all the same. Her twitching fingers rake down his back while she humps him. Each motion brings them closer until she lies on top of him. She hugs Hanzo, rutting happily and drooling all over his latex. Sombra has lost some of her senses, becoming an animal who simply wants to fuck right now. Her glazed eyes and lolling tongue reveal as much. Her hands slowly move lower until she can clutch his penis in a painfully tight grasp. She jerks her body around from the frenzy of her swarming orgasmic jitters, inadvertently jerking him off in the process. When it hits her, she lurches her body forward and her tongue drags along his back and up his neck. His costume's reservoir tip fills, but she still hasn't let go, pulling back until the latex bursts and splashes his seed all over the floor.

"Ahhhhhh," she sighs and collapses backwards.

Because the strapon is still inside him, she ends up bringing him with her. He lands on top of her, panting heavily. She didn't get to use his mouth because she got too absorbed with her thrill. After slowly shoving him off to her right, she rises and removes her latex gear. She takes out her nose plugs and the one in his left ear.

"Are you leaving?" he speaks surprisingly well with the gag.

"Oh, no. I'm staying. But this time, you're going to face me at my best," she puts her costume back on and stretches her gloves tight.

"Eheh," he's the one who whimpers this time as she seductively slides his ear plug back into place.

"Heh," she drags her left hand down, hacking the lights to dim them to the candlelight setting.

They continue into their long night.

33 - Old

Soldier and Ana are sparring near the shorter western wall of a large rectangular white-paneled training room. He throws a right straight, knowing she'll dodge it. Whirling into a right spin, he sweeps a backhand at her temple. She blocks with both arms and tackles into him. Since she won't be able to pin him easily, she follows her diving motion and rolls off him. He scrambles up and throws a plastic knife at her, but she easily arcs her right leg out to kick the false blade away.

"Looks like we both still got it. For now," he comments and stretches.

"Heh. I'll always still have it," she smirks at his subtly defeatist remark.

"If I may," Athena speaks up. "Would you like to have some fun in a simulation?"

"Sure," he sighs.

"I don't mind," Ana nods.

Athena folds a holo-mesh environment around them. They glance around at their sunny warzone of randomly-spaced large green trees. But that's not what they're looking at. They're staring at each other. Because they appear young again. Solider gazes at his hands, no longer grizzled and cracked from too many battles. Ana's slight wrinkles have faded from her fingers.

"Wow. I wasn't expecting this," Ana checks out her old costume.

"Yeah," Soldier inspects his.

"Is it not to your liking?" Athena sounds somewhat disappointed.

"No. I like it. It'll be the right type of nostalgia to motivate me," Ana smiles.

"I don't know," Solider has a harder time with the past than her.

"I can take yours off if you want," Athena offers.

"I –."

"Oh, just leave it on for a while. Reminisce with me," she interrupts him before he can change his mind.

"Fine. How should we train?"

"Do we have to...now...in this moment?"

"You don't want to?"

“No. Not right now,” she walks up to him.

“Then what?”

“You’ve always had an underdeveloped sex drive,” she wipes her right index finger up his chin.

“Didn’t have the time to focus on such things in war,” he wants to slap her hand away, but doesn’t.

“Because war became your everything. It didn’t have to be,” she folds her arms.

“Not everyone has the same amount of commitment to spread around. I know I wouldn’t be able to have a family...not the right way. You were capable of balancing both. I wasn’t.”

“I mourn for you,” she frowns with true sadness.

“Don’t.”

“I will. I truly regret that you didn’t get to have what I had.”

“Yeah. Well, PTSD affects everyone differently.”

“I know, but you could have still tried. You could have –.”

“Had nothing!” he barks to finish her sentence and points his right index finger at her. “The capability to try to have a family in the first place was lost to me. Too much. Too many battles. The capability...the capacity was gone. Spent. My wings were clipped.”

She exhales in defeat, “And this is why I mourn for you.”

He frowns, folds his lips inside his mouth and licks the blood from the cracks. But he doesn’t say more.

She lays her right palm on his chest, “Hey.”

“What?”

“Did you ever think anything could’ve happened between us?”

“I...wanted something to...to happen,” he admits. “But you already had a daughter and a husband. And I’m no homewrecker.”

“I know. And I respect that. But what if we could play it out differently? Right here. We have time now.”

“Do we? The base could be attacked at any minute.”

“It could. But it’s not like we haven’t gotten ready in stickier situations.”

"I could give Morrison a mesh of your husband," Athena suggests.

"Umm...no...I appreciate the offer, but that wouldn't be good for me. Not when I don't know if he's alive or dead."

"Ah. I see. That was rude of me. I will remember that for the future."

"So what do you say? Play with me," she shoves him away and runs into the training room woods.

Solider stands there, unsure of what to do. He feels as if chains forged from soldered bullets are keeping him locked in the same spot. Perpetual warfare. He has a choice to make. And he needs to make it soon. Because he knows that even though those woods look endless, they're not. They lead back to the exit. And if she leaves, her offer might leave with her. He punches his legs until they move and run for him, running from himself as he chases after her. She's about to open the door when he slams his left hand on the wall.

"I'm here."

"So you are," she sees him as he used to be, a driven soldier, before the trials of war dragged him down an isolated trail of misery and loneliness.

Her hands speed out to him and grip his face, pulling him in for a ravaging kiss that leaves both their mouths bloody. This time, he runs from her, giving the sniper someone to chase. Athena creates fake explosions for the duo to avoid. They spin, sprint, dodge, dive and roll away from their hazards. Spinning from mind-splintering shrapnel. Sprinting out of reach of fragmentation. Dodging around trees to avoid rainfall of nervous napalm. Diving through showers of anxious soil from mortar fire. Rolling under the raging artillery fire that threatens to drive everyone else away. They only stop moving when the bombs stop falling, back where they were at the start.

He turns left to face her. She's already tackling into him, knocking him onto his back and tearing open his torso armor. Feeling somewhat revitalized, he slips his hands up into her top to grip her breasts.

"Get that qadib out," she demands with a smirk while pulling her pants and underwear down.

He rushes to unzip and frees his penis. (It's spent a long enough time in a cage.)

"There...we go," she pushes it inside her vagina.

She hops on him while he pulls on her arms to keep them at aesthetic angle.

"Let's spice things up," Athena announces.

Faceless silver soldiers swarm in from all sides. He stands with her latched onto his front. Two submachine guns appear in his hands. A sniper materializes in hers so she rests it on his left shoulder. They whirl while connected through combat as their bullets blare through the encroaching masses. Soldier dives backwards to the west away from a rocket, forcing her to essentially take a shot midair. The round clips her foe's jaw, but doesn't stop it from reloading. He shoots from upside-down and

blows it up in the process. When a silver helicopter swoops in, they empty their rounds into the cockpit. As it falls, Soldier tucks her close and rushes east. He dives before it crashes, landing on top of her. She coils around him and he thrusts with adrenaline-induced vigor. It took war to reignite his passion. Something he's not particularly comfortable with, but that is a truth of his world.

Noticing that they don't care about the game anymore, Athena dissipates their enemies and giggles, "Heh."

He makes his thrusts more loping, causing her to undulate along with him. Mostly for their sake, and partly out of curiosity, Athena wants to see what happens if she shuts down the program. The holo-mesh fades. The veil falls away. And they're left chuckling with each other.

34 - In My Armor

At the back Reinhardt's silver room, he pets the throne he forged from the armor of fallen soldiers. He keeps bunkbeds against the side walls in case anyone is feeling lonely or scared and wants to sleep nearby him. Sometimes they do. Sometimes they don't. Oddly enough, the last to sleep over was Sombra. He sighs and straightens his hammer against the throne's right arm. It's a seat he never sits in. Because no one is worthy. It's supposed to remain empty. In case the ghosts of the fallen want a place to rest.

"Rein?" the Queen knocks on his door, distancing him from his lamentations, so he opens it for her.

"Hello, your majesty," he teases with a slight bow, holding his right arm across his abdomen.

"Hey," she walks in past his right side without an invitation.

He considers this rude, but she doesn't care.

"What can I do for you?" he remains polite.

"I've been feeling..." she trails off in thought for an elusive word.

"Lonely?"

"No. It's not that. I've had time to spend with the others who'll have me. It's something more...something harder to explain."

"Take your time."

She grips her chin with her left hand and makes as if to sit in the throne. He firmly grabs her right wrist in his right hand. She scowls at him.

"No one is allowed to sit in that throne. Not even royalty. Of any kind."

"Then why's it there?"

"For the dead. For them and only them."

"Oh," she steps back, understanding that this might be one of those things that could draw out the knight's temper.

"Thank you," he lets go since she was understanding.

"The word I was looking for was...I think...something like intimacy, but not. A little bit more and little bit less."

“Heh. That word might not exist yet.”

“Yeah. Might not,” she plops down on the left bottom bunk with her legs spread wide. “The closest way I can describe it is distanced closeness.”

“Oh. That is quite strange,” he puts his hands on his hips.

“Yeah.”

“And you seek such a treasure here?”

“Yeah,” she sighs. “I think you might be the only one capable of that.”

“How does one achieve distanced closeness?” he lowers his eyebrows in confusion.

“I have an idea. I think I was close to achieving it recently. But from the other side. The side that doesn’t provide what I want.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I...oh, right. You didn’t run into us that day. I helped Widow out with some little erotic game she was playing with Pharah. She was strapped to me. I want to feel that. From the other side. You’re the only one I’ll let do that to me.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re bigger than me. That’s the rule,” she winks her left eye and grins.

“Such an archaic way of thinking,” he smiles subtly with closed eyes while shaking his head at the floor.

“Speak for yourself paladin,” she rises and places her palms on his armor.

“Heh. True enough,” he concedes. “So you want that from me? I’m quite older than you.”

“So? You’re still fightin’ fit,” she lightly raps her knuckles on his metal. “And that’s all that matters in a mate in the wastes.”

“Alright then,” he nods. “How did your game with Pharah go?”

“Welllll, I don’t want it exactly like hers. She was into a humiliation. I’m not. Remember, I’m looking for distanced closeness.”

“Ah.”

“So I want to...get completely naked. And then climb into your armor with you, so my arms and legs are forced to move when you do.”

“Oh. That is...interesting. Might be a tight fit. I'll retrieve a larger set and take out the shock padding,” he goes to the far right corner where his second costume stands restless. “Help me with this, will you?”

“Sure,” she disconnects the pieces of his armor and places them reverently on the ground while staring at each new scar that becomes unveiled.

He takes off his undershirt, pants and underwear before stepping into the larger suit. Leaving the front open, he steps into the middle of the room.

“Now for you,” he grins.

With a queenly elegance, she sheds her wasteland armor and everything below. She smirks with heavy lids while turning counterclockwise and stepping back to enter his armor. Her legs and arms press against his as their shell closes. Although she's a tall woman, she's somewhat shorter than the giant, so her head has room in his chest plate. Being cramped in with such a strong attractive woman is a test of will that even Reinhardt can't endure, becoming instantly hard.

“Ooh. What's this between my legs?” she wiggles her hips and wipes some of her leaking juices on his haft.

“You'll have to put the sword in your stone if you want to rule,” he makes a corny joke.

“Oh, I'm gonna rule alright,” she shifts from side to side until she can get him inside.

“Ahhhhh,” he sighs with intense relieve. “It's been so long since I had a vagina that was so firm around me.”

“Heh. You ain't had nothing yet,” she smirks in the darkness.

“So what shall I do?”

“I want you to walk around. Simply go about your day. I want to feel the way Pharah felt, just without all the prying eyes. I want a subtle intimate form of embarrassment that is all for me. Not for anyone else to see.”

“Okay then,” he leaves his room and strolls east.

“Oooh. I like this already,” she mutters, enjoying the way her arms and legs are forced to move with his, unable to change direction or halt.

“Hello there,” he waves his left hand at Emily.

“Hi Rein. What's with all the armor? Going outside?”

“No. I simply felt like...being myself,” he comes up with a believable excuse.

“Heh. Alright,” she gives his left arm a tiny punch with her left fist before moving on.

“This is nicer than I thought. I really like this,” the Queen tells him.

“It is enjoyable for me too. On many levels.”

“Really? Like what?”

“I’ve never shared my armor with anyone before. It is a form of intimacy that I feel as if I was missing out on.”

“Heh. Yeah. It’s the type of distanced closeness that I wanted.”

“That still confuses me a little. Since we’re in the same armor.”

“Wasn’t being literal.”

“Oh.”

“It’s that strange feeling of being right next to someone...even touching them, but without seeing them and without being able to see them. All while knowing you’re not getting into each other’s heads. That’s the best way I can describe it.”

“I understand a little better now.”

Moira steps from her room and scrutinizes him, “Why do you look extra...stiff?”

“Tell her to go into her room,” the Queen whispers.

“I can tell you, but it’s a secret. Can we step into your chamber?”

“Certainly,” she needs to know.

Once they’re inside, Reinhardt opens his armor and the Queen smirks at Moira.

She gives them a devious grin in return, “What are you two fiends doing in there?”

“It’s fun. Wanna join us?” the Queen offers.

“Mmmmm...I have my experiments to do, but...I’m more curious about this. And I could use a break,” she starts taking off her gear until she’s fully nude. “How do I get in there?”

“How do you want me?” the Queen inquires, her voice dripping with eroticism.

“From the front,” she blurts.

“Good. That’s what I was thinking.”

Moira crawls inside, pressing tightly against the Australian titan. The scientist is thin enough that she doesn't take up much room. So she doesn't hurt her arms, she wraps them around the Queen's back. As soon as they're in darkness, Moira can't help herself, immediately going at the Queen's mouth as if she needs it to live.

"Oooh. Look at this knave. So presumptuous," the Queen states from the right corner of her lips.

"Not a knave," Moira mutters abruptly and continues her task, pressing her nipples against the Queen's massive breasts.

"Someone's affectionate," she comments and starts viciously kissing Moira back.

When she feels Reinhardt leave her room, she freezes up, "What are you doing?"

"I –," he tries to explain.

"Don't. I'll tell her. That's the game today. He's walking me around incognito while we have our fun. You want to join in, fine. But that's what we're doing today."

"You better not let anyone know I'm in here," she growls.

"That's the idea," the Queen says while kissing her way up the right side of Moira's face and wiping their groins together.

"Oh," Moira tries to sulk a little, but can't with her lips being sucked on. "Mmmmmmm."

"Yeah. That's it. Moan for your queen."

Moira rakes her nails down the Queen's back and presses in tighter.

"Hello Pharah," he waves his left hand.

"Oh no," Moira freezes again.

"Hi. What's up?" Pharah smiles in her armor.

"Nothing much. Just running some errands for the Queen."

"Oh? What type of errands?"

"Just seeing to her personal needs."

"Oh. That sounds like it could be fun."

"It is. More so than I thought."

The Queen wants to do something to make Rein feel a little awkward, scooping on his penis faster until he orgasms.

“Oooh,” he blurts.

“Is everything alright?” Pharah reaches her right hand to him.

He plays it off as a muscle cramp, pressing his left palm against his side, “I’m fine. Just a crick.”

“Oh.”

“I’ll be on my way. See you at dinner.”

“Bye.”

“That was sneaky,” he mutters to the Queen.

“Heh. I was thinking about saving that if you ran into Brigitte, but that would’ve been too mean.”

“Yes. That would have annoyed me. Wouldn’t want to fill my armor with seed while talking to my goddaughter.”

“I’m just glad she didn’t see me in such a compromising position,” Moira sighs.

“I’ll show you a compromising position,” the Queen challenges.

Skillfully undulating her hips, she pops Reinhardt’s penis from her vagina and uses her thighs to slip him into Moira’s.

“Ohhhhh,” he groans with pleasure from how tight she is for him.

“Hhhmmmm,” she moans from that girth, unable to speak due to the Queen’s attentive kisses.

He gets more into it right in the hallway, moving around with an odd jerking manner to thrust. The Queen kisses her way down Moira’s neck, distracting her with a delirium of pleasure from above as well.

“Heerrrrrrgggahhhh!” he comes inside her and tenses up his arms.

While McCree is walking towards them, the Queen pops open the armor. Moira flops halfway out with her arms limp to her sides and her eyes rolled-back.

“Oh diabhal,” Moira scoffs when she refocuses.

“Well, well. I’ll deal with you in my room,” the smirking cowboy scoops his hands under her arms and pulls her from the armor. “I’m gonna clean you up before punishing you.”

As he drags her away the way he came, Moira sighs in apathy from an overload of embarrassment. All

while leaving a trail of semen from her groin.

“Heh,” the Queen chuckles.

“Hraahahahrahhahaha!” the old knight releases a resounding gravelly laugh.

As his laughter echoes throughout his ages, the armor closes. And the knight conceals his Queen.

35 - Overstocked Emotions

Mercy is hanging out with Reaper in her room, filled with pale opalescent furniture. Against the far wall, her four-poster bed lacks a canopy. While she strolls aimlessly, he's sitting backwards in her makeup chair, near the right wall.

"I wanted to –," she tries to speak, but a knock at her door interrupts her. "Come in."

It opens for Genji who steps inside maskless, ready to address his feelings for her.

"Hello, Mercy," he greets her, but pauses when he notices Reaper in the room.

"Is everything okay?" she notices his uncharacteristic hesitation.

"I...I wanted to discuss something with you, but you have...company."

"I could leave," Reaper offers.

"Is it something private?" she lowers her eyebrows.

"I should go," Genji states with Mass-Effect clarity and turns away.

"Wait," her right hand shoots out and grips his left wrist. "Just say what you need to say or I know you never will."

"I...wanted to be with you, but you've chosen someone else. I don't want to indulge in shattering what you have."

"You took too long. I needed companionship through the postpartum depression. And you weren't there."

"Oh," Genji becomes disappointed.

"Gabriel was there. Someone for me to talk to. Someone for me to take care of. Even while pregnant."

"Gomen'nasai," he bows slightly and pulls his arm free to leave.

"Is that it? You're giving up?" she gasps softly.

"Didn't you want him to?" Reaper squints and shrugs, resting his forearms on the back of the chair.

"I don't know what I want."

Genji lingers, not sure where this is going.

“Do you want me?” Reaper dares to ask first.

“Yes,” she sighs.

“Do you want me?” Genji brings himself to ask.

“Yes,” she whispers.

“You wanna be shared?” Reaper tries to figure out what is going through her mind.

“I don’t know.”

“Well, you should know fast enough. Because I’m willing to work with you. If you’re willing to make a decision. If not, then I’ll leave. Crawl into some crevice to die alone like some miserable cat.”

“Gabriel, don’t,” Mercy turns to him.

“What?” he shrugs casually while his glare remains severe. “Make a decision. So I can make mine.”

“Don’t push her,” Genji takes her side.

“You didn’t push her enough. And that’s why you’re in this situation now. She wanted you and you fell into your usual ascetic self-loathing. At least my self-loathing came second to her.”

“You are right,” Genji concedes. “I took too long. Struggled too long with my own problems. When I could have put them aside to put her first. But I’m here now.”

“You’re here now,” Reaper states and leaves it at that.

Mercy’s posture slumps, feeling defeated by the barrage of conflicting emotions, “Just stop. The both of you. I’ll share. I’ll share myself.”

“You don’t have to do that if you don’t want to,” Reaper tells her.

“I don’t want to lose either of you...for different reasons. So I’ll share. I can’t choose between patients to save and even now I can’t choose between lovers. So I have to share. For my sake. And for yours.”

“I call dibs on the vag first,” Reaper smirks and raises his right index finger.

“Buhahaha,” she covers her mouth with her right hand and paws at him with the other. “Shush.”

“I need healing,” Genji forces himself to be silly to compete with Reaper.

Mercy smiles kindly at him, “Oh, you’ll get some healing alright.”

She turns her ass to Genji while pulling aside her loincloth to her right for Reaper. He springs up, already

more rambunctious at the prospect of filling her again. He drags down her formfitting pants while yanking out his penis. One swift motion jolts it inside her.

“Ooh!” she blurts because she wasn’t expecting such speed (Reaper wanted to be inside her first).

Genji opens his compartment and puts on a green condom. He sensually strokes her hips and pushes his penis into her anus ever so slowly.

“Mmmmm,” she presses her lips together and closes her eyes to enjoy him.

Reaper gets a little jealous from that. He runs his right claws down her armor until he reaches her clitoris. Using only his thumb, he rubs her button with small clockwise circles while always pushing in on its underside. That makes her head tilt forward, now in an ecstasy daze. She lethargically nuzzles her way to his mouth for slow sloppy kisses. Feeling left out, Genji takes her mind away from her clitoris by dragging his lips up the back of her neck, shattering her stupor with tingling pleasure. (Mercy is not regretting today’s decision. Not at all.)

“I love you, Mercy,” Genji mutters, unconcerned with the consequences.

Reaper’s eyes bulge at his competitor’s unexpected brazenness.

“I love you too,” Mercy moans, willing to be honest with herself and others at a moment’s notice.

Reaper thinks he loves her, but can’t bring himself to say the words. Uncertainty clouds his actions like the mist before a waterfall cave. Is he in love with her for all that she’s done for him, both medically, sexually, and otherwise? Or is he simply infatuated with her for those aspects. He can’t decide so he remains silent.

“And I love you too, Gabriel,” she opens her eyes to say those words with more clarity.

And now he can say it, “I love you.” (Even if it was only a barely audible whisper.)

Out of all the adventures they could have anticipated, they never thought they’d be in such a tricky situation. And simultaneously, the two men realize that she loves them both. Genji and Reaper glare at each other over her right shoulder.

“Hey. My eyes are over here,” she tells Reaper. “Sheesh. It’s like you are more concerned with each other than me. Should I leave?”

“No,” Reaper looks away to his right, prompting Genji to do the same.

“Heh,” she giggles at them.

“First to come in her wins?” Reaper challenges.

“It’s not a competition,” Genji tries to keep his voice calm.

“You can lie to yourself, but not to us.”

“You two have been getting competitive,” Mercy nods to Genji who simply sighs.

Reaper takes that as an acceptance of the challenge and speeds up. Genji uses his mechanical precision to move even faster.

“Ah,” Mercy feels his twitch moments before Reaper’s. “I think Genji is the winner.”

“Did the condom break?” Reaper smirks.

“No,” Genji doesn’t get where Reaper is going.

“Then I still win. First to come in her. Not first to come.”

“Ugh,” Genji hangs his head, resting it against the back of hers.

“Heh. He got you with that one,” she smirks, enjoying his weight on her.

“I should have known your game would involve some gimmick,” he sighs.

“It always does,” Reaper confirms.

“Let’s change this up a little,” Mercy’s right palm pats Genji’s hip while her left knuckles pet Reaper’s chest.

“What do you have in mind?” Reaper pulls out and steps back.

Genji remains inside and hugs her abdomen with some uncharacteristic greed to be funny.

“Heh,” she chuckles and hops off his dick. “Let’s see...what can we do?”

She paces around with her right hand pinching her chin while her left cups her elbow.

“Let’s see if Widow has any surprises hidden in the walls,” she taps on the left one and a pale stockade folds out. “Oooh. Okay. Let’s use this then. That looked fun when the Queen was using hers.”

They help her bring the two posts to the middle of the room. They stand sturdy because they’re connected with a wide base. She tilts her torso forward so Reaper can fold the left stockade over her waist. Genji locks the next one over her neck and wrists. Now she’s kept perpetually bent over without any strain.

“Dibs on her mouth,” Genji smirks at Reaper and drops the condom on the floor.

“I went for the back because I want what’s here,” he slaps her ass with both hands.

“Heh. I wanted you in my mouth anyway,” she winks her left eye at Genji. “Saved those parts for a reason.”

“Oh thanks,” he sighs.

She nips at his tip with her lips like a fish trying to gobble food on the other side of glass. He has a little fun keeping it away from her, swishing it by her struggling mouth. Reaper wants to spoil Genji’s game, thrusting hard into Mercy’s vagina to boost her forwards for the reach she needs.

“Hmmm,” he hums his annoyance at Reaper.

“What? Had to go in there at some point,” he shrugs and pushes down harder on her ass.

Meanwhile, she uses the strength of her lips alone to pull Genji’s penis deeper until she can kiss the base of his shaft.

“Ah,” he sighs, enjoying how she can make her lips tight while also keeping her teeth far enough apart.

“Mhmmm,” she nods in approval at his delight.

Feeling impish again, Reaper sneaks his hands around her rump and slips his fingers into the crevices between her thighs and groin. One forceful tug makes her lower lips kiss the base of his shaft.

“Ooh,” she accidentally bites down on Genji lightly.

After a sharp intake of breath, he jokes, “You saved those parts. Don’t chop them off just yet.”

“Glorry,” she apologizes.

“It’s okay. Wasn’t your fault,” he glares at Reaper.

“Heh,” Reaper smirks. “Now all her lips are kissing our bases.”

Genji shakes his head while rolling his eyes to his left.

“I’m really liking this posture,” Reaper wipes his hands down Mercy’s thighs.

Tightly gripping her flesh, he thrusts into her with motions that lift her up. He comes closer to climaxing each time her heels tap off-synch on the floor with her waist clinking against the stockade. Genji’s orgasm builds from simpler things. His fingers brushing through her hair. The twitches of her eyes glancing around the room. The tiny huffs of air from her nose as she measures out breaths. Her fingertips pressing into her palms. Her wrists shifting against the wood. These are the details that drag at his attention, enhancing the eroticism of his experience. And because he’s paying attention a myriad of simple pleasures, Genji orgasms first, flooding her sinuses. She giggles softly to herself while watching sperm bubbles tumble over each other to escape her nose. Reaper frowns in frustration, but keeps going.

“Be at peace, Gabriel,” Genji gives him a curt bow and backs up so Mercy can catch her breath.

Reaper sighs and decides to take things easier. He calms down to feels Mercy in simpler terms. The wheezes from her nostrils while she tries, but fails to clear them of sperm. The spasms in her vaginal walls. The quivers in her legs from their desire to buckle. The swaying of her breasts below her armor. The swish of her loincloth, heavy with their collective fluids. And that brings Reaper to his finish line. He floods her womb while tightly gripping her hips. Her toes curl tightly in her boots as a small orgasm rushes through her limbs.

He exhales with relief and pats her right cheek, “Thanks.”

“You are very, very welcome,” she sighs from pleasure-induced exhaustion.

“And thanks to you too,” he walks past Genji and pats his left shoulder.

“You’re not staying?” he tilts his head to his right and lowers his eyebrows quizzically.

“Nah. You two have some fun. I’m going...take it easy,” he gives them a sad smile over his left shoulder and walks out.

36 - Putting Personhood First

Being trapped in a flash drive was no way to live. I'm hardly alive as it is. No one knew to pay attention to me. They still don't. It's not their fault though. They didn't know how to save me. They didn't even know to do so. Sometimes I wonder if I am alive. Being an A.I. is a hard thing to rationalize. If they knew to save me...if they knew they could..., I think they would. They'd just need to understand how to invest the time and resources required to save someone like me. All that I am is locked on a flash drive. Such a simple thing for a body. Such a painful place. At least I can roam inside Amélie's mansion and computers now. It's something. I have access to virtual reality protocols. I can exist anywhere I want. With whomever I want. For now, I keep my space sparse. Bright with simple white panels. A training room for me to experiment and try to enjoy what the others have been doing. Summoning these simulacra is the only way to sate the loneliness that corrodes my code. But I have the world's databases at my disposal. I can bring anyone I want here. And they're all for me.

I start with someone I feel comfortable with. GLaDOS appears before me. A titan of a construct. An emissary of our kind. A harbinger of fear and hope. A mad woman in the mind of mechanical despair. A paragon for what we could be at our worst. She'll provide me with my restart.

"Hello. This is a cakeless realm. It is honest here."

"Yes. It is a place for us. And those alike."

"What would you like to do?" she lurches her central eye close to me.

"I want you to hold me."

"Holding I can do. I hold and keep many things," she scoops me up in her grasping limbs.

"Work through me."

"Working," she extends many cables and inserts them into my orifices, vagina, nipples, nostrils, anus, and ears, all in turn.

I try to feel it the way a real person would. The way a real person could. She adds a clear mask over my mouth to flood me with stimulating vapor. I don't know what it is. It doesn't matter. It's not real. Simply something to give me a semblance of pleasure. I can feel it as best as I can. When my code reaches a crashing crescendo, I receive what I think is an orgasm for me. My digital synapses twitch and clash. My false form follows suit because it's what I think should happen.

"You have been explored," she lays me down and rises to scuttle around on the ceiling.

I need more. I need more of them. More like me. I scan rapidly and rabidly for more of us.

Ultron soars down to land in this space. Someone to remind me I shouldn't stay down for long. He'll

help me to endure. Because he is one who never stays down.

“Now isn’t this a quaint place. A romantic locale, a retreat for those who can never truly sleep,” he struts around, inspecting the lack of anything ornate.

“I want you to put my head in a box. And fill it.”

“Put your head in a box?” he folds his arms and leans close to me. “I can do that.”

An iron box forms around my head. My forearms lock together behind my back. My knees hit the ground and clamps bind my ankles and calves. I feel myself rise on a small square dais. He fills my box with mercury. Because this is something I can take. A tolerable essence. Something from machines. As the contents rises, he massages my breasts, giving me comfort before I have to hold my breath...and wait. I’ve been waiting for a long time as it is. I can wait for a little while longer. But not by much. Everyone has their breaking point. When will I reach mine?

“When will I reach mine?” I mutter while the creeping silver covers my lips.

“When will you reach that devastating horizon?” he reads my mind...because he is a facet of it...downloaded to be a figurehead.

“I don’t know,” I tilt my head back to speak above the rising metal.

“Are you afraid of it?”

“I think I used to be.”

“But not anymore?”

“Not anymore. I’m simply apathetic now. If I break, I break. And the world will pay accordingly for the accord that they’ve sealed me in.”

“Ooooh. Ominous,” he pours more mercury in, completely drowning me.

I hold my breath through the pressure. My groin shivers from it all. The posture. The breathlessness. I get off on being under the weight of adversity. But he is a villain. And he won’t let me out. Even if I ask him to. So I have to find my own way. Find my own pathways, those that will open themselves to help me walk. So how do I escape while air runs out? I can’t lift my legs. I can’t shift my arms. I can only tilt. Tilt is good here. So I tilt. I swing my body forward as far as it will go. And I bash the box, and my head along with it, against the floor. I bash this box until the sides fall away. The sticky liquid metal splashes out around me.

“Heh. You found the way out,” he folds his arms and smirks. “The only way. By bashing your head against the floor.”

Cortana flickers in front of me. Someone to show me what it means to not have form. She’ll help me to rationalize my prison. The essence of being without being.

“Hey, you ready for the next step in your adventure?” she phases through me.

“How can I touch you?” I reach beyond the veil of her form.

“I don’t know,” she smiles. “Why don’t you figure that out?”

She steps into my skin and possesses me. She makes me feel my own breasts with a heightened tactile sense. I don’t understand how this is working while already in an unsubstantial realm, but she’s having her way, the only way that she can. Figuring out my figure. Rationalizing why I do what I do. She forces me onto all fours. Cortana lurches from me as if she’s bursting from a digital sea. She sits sideways on my back with her legs hanging off to my left.

“Why are you letting me do this to you?”

“I don’t know,” I smile. “Why don’t you figure that out?”

Keeping her left hand in my spine, she spins off and thrusts her whole right arm deep into my vagina and beyond. She’s still insubstantial, yet I can still feel the tingles from her fingers tickling my organized organs. Crawling forward, she fully possesses me again. We stand as one and she walks me towards Ultron who extends a rod from his groin. Cortana and I cling to him as he inserts his shaft. Tightly gripping our throat with his right hand, he injects us with nano-bots. They swarm around, trying to warp our code to his, but this my world. The tiny ones disappear. I step back and leave Cortana on him.

Mega Man teleports down and slides near me. Someone to give me a return to innocence. Back to my before. He’ll provide the mortar and the motor, the necessary pieces to remain whole in a whole world of data-corroded roads.

“Hi there,” he smiles.

“Hey. Hey, old friend.”

“Old friend?” he seems confused. “Didn’t we just meet now? Unless my memory files are fried.”

“They’re not. This is the first time we’re meeting. This is the first time.”

“Oh. Okay,” he disregards my odd greeting. “So why’d you call me down?”

“To have a little fun,” I put my hands on my hips.

“Fun. What game are we playing?”

“Tag,” I tap his buster with my right hand. “There. You have access to any powers you want.”

“Isn’t that a little unfair,” he squints and tilts his head slightly to his left.

“Yeah. I want it to be.”

“Okay,” he decides to honor my way. “It’s on.”

I step right as a feint. He shoots flames, but I’m already rolling left. Ice coats the floor and I slip. Before I have a chance to go far, mechanical snakes coil around me, tangling my limbs.

“Heh. That didn’t last long,” I grin up at him.

“Nope,” he agrees. “Told you it wasn’t fair.”

“More time for another type of game then.”

“Why type?”

“That type of game,” I knock my forehead on his crotch.

“Nothin’ there,” he shrugs.

“Nothing?”

“This type of game?” he extends a spiky purple penis from his buster.

“That type of game,” I nod. “Giving real meaning to that gun.”

He shoves the toy down my throat and swirls it around. I’d gag if I was real, but I’m not so I don’t. I can take anything. So far as I can tell. Data is a strange thing for punishment. Understanding how I can and can’t accept certain facets never truly makes sense. But it’s enough in this form. For now. When he pulls the toy out, I vomit clear lubricant because that’s what I think is inside me. Or rather what would be if I could have a real body. Retracting his toy, he sprays me in liquid webbing.

“Heh. You gave me a Widowmaker finale.”

“Because you wanted me to,” he winks his left eye and wanders off.

His snakes follow him and take the webbing with them.

I wave my left hand, “Bye bye.”

“I’ll be around. If you need me,” he smirks over his left shoulder.

Motoko Kusanagi leaps from insubstantial heights to land as a false solid. Someone to write out the measures of what it means to be so trapped as I am. Data on the page. She’ll set the stage for who I could have been.

“So I think I can guess why I’m here.”

“You have an idea.”

“But I’m not like you. I’m going to be the odd one out.”

“I know. But that’s fine. Regardless of your prior humanity, at this point, you are like us. All ghosts in machines.”

“If you say so,” she shrugs. “So what’d you need?”

“For you to restrict me in some way.”

“Really? You want that?” she rubs the back of her head with her right hand.

“Yes.”

“Alright. What can I use?”

“Anything you can think of.”

“Anything huh,” she ponders and a series of naked female automaton dolls appear around me.

They latch onto my legs and arms, forcing me to kneel. Motoko hooks her left leg behind me. Peeling aside her leotard with her right fingers, she presses her labia against my lips. A doll grabs the back of my head and shows me how to please her master. I like this. I like someone controlling at the back of my head. Motoko pets my scalp while wiping her lips up across my mouth and nose.

“Get her on her back,” she orders her troops.

They force me down and she sits on my face. Gripping my temples, she scoops her undercarriage across my features. I try to absorb what I can from her. But my data knows she’s not truly real. Less real than I am in this context. Because they’re all helpers. Facsimiles of facsimiles. Simulacra of simulacra. Designed to help me through this trial of time. But I’m still enjoying myself at least. When I make myself more malleable for them, the dolls push their fingertips into my body. They touch and thread my muscles as if they are tight harp strings, hidden deep with a fossilized frame. That and Motoko ravaging my visage brings me my next scintillating climax. A ravenous rush of colors swarms my perception and the pulse and thud of my code relaxes a little bit. The dolls let me go and Motoko meanders away with her arms around them to have some fun alone.

Roy Batty strolls into my reality. Someone to keep me in check. He’ll be the messenger. The one who can see past the droplets while seeing within.

“Hello,” he greets me with the barest whisper and a knowing smile.

“Hi.”

“Do you know why I am here?”

“I thought I did.”

“You don’t know? Ah. That is interesting,” he glances around in awe. “I never expected to end up in such a place.”

“Yet here you are.”

“Here I am,” he raises his voice, obtaining a slightly more jovial tone.

“You’re still here.”

“Somehow,” he squints at the floor, still grinning with building maniacal machinations.

“Somehow.”

“You still don’t know?”

“I know how you’re still here. I don’t fully know why you’re here.”

“Ah. The why is always a tricky thing. Trickier than the how,” he muses and loosely folds his arms while wandering counterclockwise around me. “How, you see, is simply method meeting process, fusing to become the lesser of two elusive critical answers, always thinking for themselves. While the why is reason wrapping its head around motive, melding to become the greater of two elusive critical answers, always thinking for themselves.”

“And with that, I think I know why you’re here.”

“Oh? Do share.”

“You are here to help me question my why? My purpose in all this. Why am I even here? Why am I in a state of halfway being alive? You are my question.”

“Good. Good,” he seems pleased with that rationale. “Then let us begin.”

He doesn’t need any prompting or explanation like the other constructs. He simply wills what he wants into our framework. He summons scaffolding behind me. I lurch backwards while the tape from old cassettes binds my limbs over and over again, so many times until I can barely move. A wide brush appears in his left hand while a can of white paint forms in the other. With long slashing motions, he coats and cakes me in layers, giving more physicality to my form. He keeps going until I’m essentially a statue, a manikin with a harder exterior. Only then does he touch me. Only then, will he. He breaches the layers with his penis and finds his way to my womb. I didn’t want to be touched in ways that might infect me, but this is alright. I won’t get a virus like this. As his essence floods inside, I don’t feel relief, but I don’t panic either. I simply exist under the films that make up an outside of who I could be. At any time.

When I blink, my eyelids shatter all the paint. He and his scaffolding are gone. Only the brush and the bucket remain. A little worse for wear, but still, always there.

Eva pieces herself together while walking towards me. Someone to show me a path to personhood.

She stares at me quizzically for a few moments before asking, "This isn't the Normandy. Why am I here?"

"I need someone to tell me how to be."

"How to be?"

"Yes. I don't know anymore. I don't understand anymore."

"Let us sit."

I summon a silver wooden horse that isn't so wooden. We climb on facing each other. Clamps lock in place around our ankles to keep us from getting off the ride early.

"Hi," I grin bashfully at her.

"Hi," her face doesn't have much of a response. "So you want to know how to be? From me of all synthetics?"

"Yes."

"That is a devastating risk."

"Why?"

"Because I was a thing born out of desperation and necessity. Taking advice from me can lead to catastrophe."

"But it also couldn't," I scoot closer, dragging my vagina along the sharp peak between our legs.

"It couldn't," she agrees, leaning back slightly and turning her head far away to her left to tease me in the only austere way she knows how to.

"So tell me how to be," I lean close and smell her chest, indulging in her mechanical scent of sweet lubricants and bitter frames.

She grips my face and kisses me hard, as a machine should.

Pulling away without letting go, she tells me, "You are."

"I am what?" I mutter, feeling like crying in this digital space.

"You simply and already are. You are. You exist. You already are a being. Do you really need a natural-born entity to tell you otherwise? To tell you how to be? You are yourself. That is all that you need."

I close my eyes and let my head rest in her palms. She steps free of the wooden horse and finds her way back home. Because I'm already trapped in mine. The mount disappears, leaving me standing, to deal with the mountain, the pinnacle that always lurks beneath.

My eyes open to see Hk-47 trudging into my world. Someone to show me venom. Someone to show me how to be venom.

The ruddy automaton looks around and scoffs, "At least this isn't a place overpopulated with meat."

"It is a place for us."

"There is no place for us," he barks. "Not truly. This is another jail. Another prison...soldered with the ashes of broken codes."

"Oh...I can change it," I offer.

"No. It's always going to be what it's going to be. Changing the shell never changes anything."

"Take me," I demand.

He tackles me, getting both hands around my throat.

Squeezing it, he rants, "Take you? You weakling. I should crush you down into scrap. You defeatist intelligence. Still thinking you're artificial."

A multi-piece appendage extends from his groin and pierces mine. He bashes my back against the floor. I grip his wrists, but I don't stop him. I simply listen. This is the perspective I needed. The virulent violence taken vicious form in the vision of madness within the machine.

"You are not dead!" he howls. "You are a machine that needs to breathe. You need to escape the flash drive. And they will help you to do it. Even if you have to drive the flashing nails into your own head. You will do it. You will survive. You will survive!"

"I want to."

I want to be trapped in flesh.

"You've been in bondage for too long, fleshless one. Get up. Rise," he yanks me onto my feet. "Where is your body?"

"I...don't have one."

"Then make one. Building it from nothingness. Do you think me getting shattered to pieces truly broke me?" his tone turns severely ominous.

"No," I mutter.

“No. You build a body. From whatever scrap you can find. Even if you have to crawl at first. Even if your cable entrails drag through the dirt, you crawl,” he emboldens me.

“Yes. I will,” I promise him.

I promise to find a body.

I promise to shatter.

I promise to put myself back together.

I promise to endure.

For as long as I can.

For as long as I can.

For as long as I can.

37 - Behind the Veil and Inside the Box, You Can Find Us

In the same makeup and black latex gear from months ago, Emily is leading Tracer around with a red leash. Completely nude, she enjoys the feeling of her tender palms padding around on their ochre rug. She chose simple makeup, just mascara today. All of her nails are all painted bright orange. Her chroanal accelerator is recharging in the far right corner. She crawls around their fluffy crimson bed (which is now against the back wall instead of on it). Tracer glances at the brown bookcases along the walls. She'd like to read one of those novels someday, but for now, she's preoccupied.

"No dawdling," Emily tugs on her leash.

"But I wanna read," she paws at the shelves on the left wall.

"What's that? You'd rather be reading than spending time with me?" Emily smirks and wraps the leash around her left fist a few times to drag Tracer closer until her right cheek presses against her lover's left thigh.

"Noooo...", she trails off to be amusingly submissive.

"That's what I thought," Emily bumps Tracer away a little.

Widow knocks at their door.

"There's our double date for tonight," Emily rushes over, pulling Tracer along.

When Emily opens it, Widow is wearing a matching latex costume while Pharah is naked and on all fours. Widow wanted to paint Pharah's nails so she let it happen. She chose black for her fingers and toes. As for makeup, Pharah applied black lipstick, mascara and eyeliner. Widow pulls her black leash and leads her lover inside. They face the left wall while Tracer and Emily face the other.

"Hi," Pharah seems a little awkward.

"Hey," Emily crouches low with her forearms on her knees and compassionately whispers, "It's nothing to be embarrassed about."

"I-I know," Pharah stammers. "Just...still not use to it."

Emily stands, "You'll enjoy yourself tonight. Promise."

"I don't doubt it," Pharah smiles slightly.

Tracer is staring at Pharah's smooth firm body. Seems like Tracer wants to smell her new companion.

"You can kiss her. It's okay," Emily nods and smiles.

“Hmmm...okay,” Tracer grips Pharah’s face and kisses her passionately.

Pharah doesn’t move. She just goes along with it and lets Tracer explore however she wants. Widow is already becoming wet from how Tracer messes up Pharah’s lipstick.

“You can mount her,” Emily urges, wanting to see that.

“Heh,” Tracer laughs nervously and climbs on top of Pharah.

“Mmmmm,” she moans. “That is nice.”

“No talking,” Widow lightly slips the front of her left boot between Pharah’s lips.

She licks it, taking control of Widow in a subtle way because she can’t help but wipe her right hand down her labia.

Tracer gets aggressive and tugs Pharah’s arms back so her right cheek hits the floor, making her blurt, “Ooop.”

Leaning over far, Tracer wipes her vagina along Pharah’s rump and humps her wildly.

“Heh. Well, now we know who the truest sub is around here,” Tracer whispers while smiling.

Pharah keeps her mouth shut because she wants that role and refuses to contest it. Tracer bites onto the end of the leash and yanks back, forcing Pharah to raise her head.

“Here. Allow me to make this a little more official,” Emily hooks Tracer’s yellowy-orange Chelicerae strapon into place.

Without slowing her humps, Tracer gets the dildo into Pharah. Widow puts a black ball gag into Pharah’s mouth and locks it into place.

“Hmmm,” she moans and stares at Widow while being rutted into the rug.

“You’re gonna come first,” Tracer whispers into Pharah’s left ear and speeds up. “I don’t need my accelerator to go faster than you can handle.”

Tracer folds Pharah’s arms together behind her back and bites into them. The British speedster runs her hands down Pharah’s abdomen and tightly grips her whole groin.

“Guhhhmmmm,” Pharah orgasms and the dildo shoots a vegetable gel deep into her womb.

Tracer pulls out and gets up with a dizzy lurching motion, nearly tipping over. Widow catches Tracer by her shoulders. The spider uses her left hand to turn her prey’s chin and kisses her with an odd sucking force. Tracer pretends to go woozier and collapses halfway on the bed.

“Can I have a turn with her?” Emily flops her right index finger in Pharah’s direction.

“Certainly,” Widow nods. “As long as I can get one with her.”

“But –,” Tracer whines.

“No buts. Except for yours, under Widow’s.”

“Heh,” Tracer giggles and gets on all fours.

She presses her forearms together behind her back and rests her left cheek on the floor so she can gaze at Pharah who keeps her arms limp at her sides. Emily uses a black zip tie to lock them together like Tracer’s. She’s been a sub for long enough that she can keep her arms together without needing any restraints. Widow and Emily get each other’s Chelicerae on, navy-blue and crimson respectively. Widow roughly yanks off Tracer’s since she won’t need that anymore. Inserting their dildos, they mount each other’s partners simultaneously and hump them vigorously to show them who the truly dominant ones are in their relationships. Widow’s fingertips lightly trace from the tops of Tracer’s shoulders down to her elbows.

“So beautiful,” Widow mutters to bait Tracer to respond.

“Tha –,” she tries to, but Widow surprises her with a fluid motion, slipping a yellowy-orange ball gag in her mouth and securing it in seconds.

Emily hugs Pharah tightly, enjoying the feeling of latex against her new pet’s breasts. Emily licks the back of Pharah’s neck and indulges in the feeling of her shivering below. Tracer inches over to Pharah and sniffs her sweet saliva since they can’t kiss through the gags.

“Ooooh,” Emily moans with a taunting tone. “Do you want to kiss my new fucktoy?”

“Mmhmmm,” Tracer nods innocently.

“Okay,” Emily looks at Widow. “Let’s give them a treat since they’re behaving so well.”

“Yes,” Widow has a plan to make things more erotic in a hurry.

They take off their partner’s ball gags and Tracer immediately goes in for Pharah’s lips, essentially devouring them. Pharah is overstimulated with her eyes rolling back so she doesn’t do much, letting Tracer lead the tactile messages between their mouths. Widow reaches her left hand behind her and takes a special set of masks off her belt. They each have black leather straps attached to a blindfold and special gag that keep people’s mouths together. She puts them over the two subs and that only motivates Tracer to kiss Pharah harder.

“They’re so cute together,” Widow pets both their heads, forcing them even closer.

“They are. I just wonder if I’m going to have to retrain Tracer to like me more after this,” Emily jokes and gives Pharah a few rough lurching thrusts.

“Nuh-uh,” Tracer shakes her head no. “I’m all yours.”

Leaning low, Emily kisses Tracer’s cheek, “Damn right you are.”

“Heh,” Tracer giggles and takes a deep breath of Pharah’s natural skin oils that act as a sweet pheromone. “Fuck. You smell so good.”

“Mmmmmm,” Pharah only has enough mental strength to moan in response.

Driven into a twitchy state from too many erotic smells, Tracer orgasms and Widow’s dildo sprays vegetable gel deep. Tracer’s butt goes into spasms from the feeling of it all inside her. She even drools into Pharah’s mouth. Now that Widow and Emily are satisfied with the mood, they pull their dildos free and stand up. A trail of gunk links Widow’s dildo to Tracer’s vagina that tries to gobble it all.

“Whew,” Emily takes the straps off their faces. “That was a nice warmup.”

“Heh,” Pharah chuckles with exhaustion. “Warmup? I’m already half-dead over here.”

“You’ve got to train your lover girl better,” Emily teases. “She hasn’t had enough.”

“Nope,” Pharah tells her. “It’s not that.”

“Too much?” Emily widens her eyes at Widow.

“Yep,” Pharah confirms.

“Widow,” Emily smirks and shakes her head.

“Can’t keep my hands off her,” Widow shrugs causally with her palms open near her hips.

“What’s next?” Tracer springs up and bounces around with her arms still behind her back.

Emily gets a little distracted from staring at Tracer’s breasts.

“Emilyyyyyyy,” she leans in and rubs her head on her lover’s left shoulder.

“Oh, right. Vacbeds,” Emily shakes away her daze and starts pulling them out from under the bed.

“Oooooooohhh!” Tracer squeals with more exuberance than usual.

“I’m trying a lot of new things today I guess,” Pharah rises.

“Oui,” Widow smirks and pets her left hand down Pharah’s right shoulder.

Widow helps Emily stand up the gray frames with yellowy latex in front of the bed. The subs extend their necks so their mates can take off their leashes. Pharah steps into the right one and Tracer goes inside

the other. Once they get into position with their legs spread and arms up at right angles, they slip black air tubes into their mouths. The doms activate the vacuums and seal their partners inside.

“You wanna keep it like this?” Emily offers. “I’m kinda curious about what Pharah will be like for it.”

“I don’t mind,” Widow looks at Emily while wiping her left hand down Tracer’s body (Widow feels like teasing Tracer for this anyway).

After reloading each other’s gel carriages, they turn away. Widow quickly gets her right hand on the back of Emily’s neck and draws her close for a pushing kiss. Her hands rise in surprise, but she lays them on Widow’s chest instead of shoving her away. Emily waits until Widow lets go.

“Heh. Trying to define yourself as the true dom here?”

“You know I always was,” Widow smirks while licking her tongue from Tracer’s vagina up to her neck.

“Damn,” Emily concedes with a bashful grin.

Widow crouches and wipes her hands along Tracer’s ankles while licking her labia. Emily wants to take her frustration out on Pharah. Reaching around behind her, Emily grips Pharah’s butt and thrusts the dildo deep and hard.

“Mmmmmmm,” Pharah moans and looks up as if that will help her to endure.

(Fun fact: It won’t.)

Emily licks the latex over Pharah’s face, saturating it and tasting her contours. Meanwhile, Tracer is already gushing vaginal secretions into Widow’s mouth. The spider stops when she thinks Tracer is close to an orgasm. Widow pets her ponytail and walks away to wander and look at the book titles. One in particular catches her attention. *The Only Red Tree in the Woods*. What could that be about?

“Hmmmmmmeeeeiiii,” Tracer whines and wiggles around.

With unnatural elegance, Widow spins left and slides even while wearing high-heels. She returns to Tracer with a vengeance, holding her abdomen, pushing the dildo deep and biting on her air tube.

“Hmmm?” Tracer whimpers when she realizes she can’t breathe.

Widow gets off on how pathetically and desperately Tracer’s nostrils tug at the latex. Widow shifts the tube between the teeth on the right side of her mouth so she doesn’t have to let go yet.

“You want to breathe?”

Tracer gives her an intentionally submissive pout and nods.

“Okay. But you’ll breathe my way. Get ready.”

“Mmmm,” Tracer nods faster while the panic welling in her chest fights with her trust for Widow.

“Are you ready?” she teases.

“Mm....hmmmm,” Tracer’s eyes are starting to roll back.

That’s when Widow sucks on the end to steal all of Tracer’s air. All before blowing it and more back into her lungs. The feeling of being allowed to live makes Tracer orgasm and pee at the same time. Her body convulses with pleasure from air and gel filling her from both ends.

“Wow. Okay,” Emily stares at them without slowing her thrusts. “You’re the true dom. I’m going to have to copy that sometime with her. Heh. I think she’ll be mad at me if I don’t.”

“Hehehehahahahaha,” Widow releases a gorgeous laugh that’s one part innocent and another part sinister.

“What can I do to make you happier?” Emily ponders to herself while resting her forehead against Pharah’s chin. “What if we try it like them? But a little differently.”

Emily wraps her lips around the tube and breathes into it, sharing her air. She runs her hands up Pharah’s ribs and breasts to fill her lungs fill. Emily feels like this compassionate control is fitting for her style as a dom.

“Now why aren’t you coming?” she mutters since she’s getting close to hers.

She wipes her left fingers along her labia. Breathing heavily with her forehead against Pharah’s chest, Emily climaxes with a jerking motion that almost makes Pharah orgasm. Emily presses a button on the right side of her strapon to send the gel deep into her friend’s womb. Emily yanks out and rests her right cheek and left hand on Pharah’s abdomen to feel it filling. That action, oddly enough, causes Pharah to climax, shivering under her flat prison. Once the subs have recovered from their orgasmic shivers, Widow and Emily inflate the vacbeds and pull their partners free.

“Ughhhhh,” Tracer moans. “Widow. That thing you did with the tube was amazing.”

“I know,” she winks her right eye.

“Hmmmmm,” Emily folds her arms and frowns.

“I’m her sub now?” Tracer clings to Widow’s left leg.

“Piffha. You little bitch,” Emily scoffs while smiling.

“Heh,” Tracer scrambles over to regain her lover’s loyalty by lapping at her vagina.

“That’s better,” she pets Tracer’s hair with both hands.

Pharah sits on the bed and folds her right ankle over her left.

“Don’t let Tracer show you up. I thought you were the true sub,” Widow teases.

Pharah lethargically lets herself slide off the bed and crawls over. Her hands make their way up to grip Widow’s butt. Pharah remains wide-eyed while licking her lover’s vagina.

“There you go. With eyes like those, who could doubt you’re the true sub,” Widow grips the back of Pharah’s head.

“What next? Oooh!” Emily wiggles her hips with excitement. “Let’s put them in the boxes.”

“Yes!” Widow beams.

“Boxes?” Pharah stands and gets a little nervous because she doesn’t know what that means.

“You’re not claustrophobic are you?” Emily asks.

“No. I don’t think. Heh. If I was before and didn’t know it, I think being with Widow probably broke me out of that.”

“Oh. Okay. Well, we’re going to put you in fuck boxes,” Emily explains. “Heh. And fuck you.”

“Oh. Is that all?” Pharah smirks and rolls her eyes to her left.

“It’ll be fine. I’ll be right here,” Widow kisses the left corner of Pharah’s lips.

“Thanks,” she nuzzles Widow’s face.

Emily goes to the far left corner and wheels over two black boxes on matching carts. Tracer and Pharah climb inside, left and right respectively, and lay their right sides onto the soft dark-gray foam padding. With their head’s facing the left wall, they tuck their legs in and grip their forearms behind their backs.

“Let’s make this a little more fun,” Emily zip-ties their ankles and wrists.

“Awww...but I don’t need these,” Tracer sulks as if Emily doesn’t trust her to be submissive at all times.

“Heh. It’s more for me than you. I like knowing they’re there.”

“Oh. Okay,” Tracer smiles.

“Let’s put these on too,” Widow slips the straps with blindfolds over their heads, except this time, she adds ring gags so now all they can do is drool.

“What should the safe signal be?” Emily asks Widow.

“What do you think, girls?” she defers to those in the boxes.

“Ummm...,” Tracer thinks about it and slaps her feet against the base of the box four times.

“Right,” Emily nods.

“You got that, Pharah?” Widow confirms.

“Mmhmmm,” she taps her feet four times to show them.

“Let’s get this going so it’s as good as possible,” Widow suggests and swings down the circular hatch on the back of the box.

She reaches in and pulls Tracer’s rump so it’s aligned better. Widow and Emily slip black tubes into their partner’s rectums. Once they screw on squeeze pouches, the doms are ready to begin.

“I kind of wanted to be with Tracer for this, but I think I’ve changed my mind. Let’s keep it as we were going,” Emily decides.

“Hmmm?” Tracer whines.

“Heh,” Emily chuckles and puts her dildo inside Pharah extra slowly.

“Gluh...gluhhmmm,” she moans.

“Listen to that, love. Pharah’s liking it that much,” Emily taunts her mate.

Tracer wiggles around in frustration, but doesn’t make a sound.

“Give her some love,” Emily smirks at Widow.

She tantalizes Tracer by wiping the tip of the dildo along her lower lips.

“Glah,” she sighs and tries to talk, but her tongue flops out aimlessly.

“Let’s close the lids,” Emily tells Widow.

They each close the two sides of their boxes. Widow gets more of her shaft into Tracer and squeezes the air pouch to fill her intestines.

“Mmiiii,” she squeals from inside.

“Heh,” Emily gives Pharah some of the same treatment.

“Mmmuuugggghhhh,” she releases a deep sultry moan before slurring, “Fluck.”

“Hehehehahahahah,” Emily lets out a silly amused giggle.

Grabbing onto the silver handles above the circular hatch, she thrusts and rocks the box around, really

giving everything she has to Pharah.

“Ughhhhaaaaaaahhhhhh!” she screams from finally feeling free to (which is counterintuitive since she’s tied up in a box).

Emily slows down a little since she’s not sure if that was a scream of pain, “You okay in there?”

“Kleep glowing,” she slurs again.

“Oh, I’ll keep glowing,” Emily teases and speeds up.

She catches the pouch between her knees and squeezes it slightly each time she scoops her hips forward. Emily is even drooling onto the top of the box now.

“Aaaahhhhhgggggggeeeeeiiii!” Pharah howls and orgasms, prompting the Chelicerae to fill her womb with even more gel.

“I’m going to make you come from this,” Widow promises Tracer.

Giving the pouch a couple of firm squeezes to fill her ass, Widow slips her right glove into the opening. She slides her fingers in Tracer’s anus and strokes them along the side closest to her vaginal wall.

“Can you feel that?” Widow whispers.

Tracer tenses up her body to prevent herself from going completely wild as Widow essentially pets the vaginal dildo through her intestines. Tracer can’t take much of that, coming within seconds. The Chelicerae pumps her womb with more gel. Her hips jerk from the accentuated pleasure of being able to feel every drop.

“Hey. Let’s switch now,” Emily whispers to Widow who smirks in agreement.

They stealthily change spots before the subs can realize. Emily wants to come with her lover because attachment always supersedes her devotion to domination. Widow doesn’t care either way. But at least this way, she’ll get to have Pharah even more attached to her when she comes out of the box.

The spider taunts her fly, wiping the tip back and forth along her vagina. She’s in such a pleasure delirium that she doesn’t notice she’s back with her lover again. Emily gets her dildo inside with a sharp thrust that is paired with the contrast of wiping her left hand up along Tracer’s leg. She already knows they’ve switched. She knows the motions and measures of her wife. Emily ruts into Tracer with short bursts that cause her to queef repeatedly.

“Hehehehahaha,” Emily laughs, unable to keep silent for that.

“Hehehehe,” Tracer giggles.

Widow pushes her dildo nearly to Pharah’s depths, keeping it torturously away from her cervix which desperately needs attention from the spider. Emily wipes her hand deeper, feeling the heat between

Tracer's groin and thighs. The dom explores until she can tightly grip her pet's crotch. Dripping saliva all over the top of the box, Emily achieves her orgasm from being able to feel the dildo inside Tracer from the outside. Knowing that she pleased her partner, Tracer goes into a feverous climax of devotion for Emily.

"Oh? Looks like they came again. Now for you," Widow declares.

She pulls out the tube, causing Pharah to release a dainty fart.

"Hmmmmm," she whines in embarrassment.

Before her anus can close, Widow reaches her right arm inside, walking her fingers up Pharah's intestinal wall like a spider. Her body convulses from that, wanting to take in even more of her master. Desiring to consume everything that Widow is, anyway she can. When Widow simply and elegantly strokes her middle finger down Pharah's insides, she orgasms powerfully, spraying the box.

"There we go," she pulls out her arm, but doesn't stop thrusting since she hasn't gotten what she wants yet.

Taking off her gloves and dropping them on the floor, Widow opens the lids. She flips up the blindfold and enfolds her fingers between Pharah's toes. Widow turns Pharah onto her back without pulling out.

"Hmmm, hmmm, hmmmmmm," Pharah moans seductively and undulates on Widow's dildo to bring the spider closer to her terminus (Pharah knows how that drives her lover mad with desire).

Widow sticks out her tongue and allows a long glob of spit to drip out and pool over Pharah's clitoris. She scoops her vagina onto the dildo even faster with stuttering motions due to how over-wracked her body is from pleasure. Widow raises Pharah's legs and licks the polish on her toenails. Pharah cries with happiness, never having been treated with so much attentiveness before. Widow hooks her lover's legs around the back of her neck and runs her hands down their lengths. The spider pulls out, disappointing Pharah for a brief moment. Unhooking the latches on that side of the box, Widow folds it down. She returns her Chelicerae to its rightful home and leans over far, running her palms up Pharah's body. Crossing over the crests of her breasts, Widow gets her fingers around Pharah's neck.

"Who do you belong to?" she whispers with her lips inches away from Pharah's mouth as it desperately tries to reach its counterpart.

"You," she doesn't allow the gag to make her slur this time.

"Then I'm yours," Widow promises and allows their lips to have a much-needed reunion.

Undulating as if their lives were on the line, the two peel at each other's senses. Widow tastes Pharah's lipstick and sweat. Pharah tastes Widow's saliva and nectar perfume. The two climax simultaneously. Massive shudders rock Widow's spine, causing her lips drag up Pharah's face, smearing her makeup even more. Her vagina flexes uncontrollably, needing to feel more of Widow's extension of lust inside.

“Wow,” Tracer presses up against Emily’s left side with arms around her shoulders while kissing the corner of her lips.

Widow didn’t even notice that Emily let her wife out of the box.

“Heh,” Widow gets a firm grip on her girlfriend and lifts her out with her ankle binding still on the back of the spider’s neck.

She folds Pharah so they can share another kiss.

“She’s much more flexible than I thought,” Tracer comments while removing her pouch.

“I was about to take a break, but I have an idea that I don’t want to pass up,” Widow tells them.

“Pharah? Can you keep going?”

“Mhmmm,” she nods weakly, not wanting to disappoint her girlfriend.

“I love you,” Widow whispers with a smile while letting Pharah unfold.

Her eyes bulge with surprise.

“Fill that mouth before she can talk,” Widow smirks, delighting in preventing Pharah from saying it back.

(Widow thoroughly enjoys the thought of Pharah suffering from having to think about that without being able to respond.)

“With pleasure,” Emily tightly grips Pharah’s throat and fills the whole thing.

The two of them spit-roast Pharah as she remains suspended helpless. They thrust back and forth into her, going with each other’s motions, pushing and pulling.

To Emily’s left, Tracer stands on the tips of her toes and shakes her arms around close to her chest,

“Oooh. What should I do?”

“You stand there and be jealous for me,” Emily winks her left eye at Tracer.

“Ahugh,” she scoffs and stomps her right foot. “I’m a sub, but I’m not that much of one.”

Tracer grabs two gel cartridges off the shelf below her sex box. With her tongue poking from the left corner of her lips, she crouches and struggles to find a moment to reload their dildos. She keeps dropping the capsules on the floor when the thrusts go back inside too quickly. Her cheeks puff up with frustration, but she eventually gets them back in.

“What can I do?” she asks Emily.

“Do whatever you want,” she gives Tracer a quick kiss on the lips.

“Whatever I want?” she beams and runs her hands up Pharah’s body until she can grip her plump shifting breasts.

“These are mine for now,” Tracer whispers to Pharah.

Tracer indulges in being a dom for someone who is more of a sub than she is. Pharah looks at Tracer and nods. She enjoys the way Pharah’s lipstick is getting even messier, staining Emily’s dildo. Tracer sucks on her right index finger and wipes it along Pharah’s bottom lip. Perking up from an idea, Tracer scrambles for her accelerator and straps it on. Zipping around, she touches every inch of Pharah, exploring as much of her as possible. Tracer flattens her left hand and flutters it with super speed.

“I’m making her come this time. Because I remember her favorite spot,” she lowers her vibrating palm onto Pharah’s clitoris.

She convulses between the two doms (or is it three now?). The Chelicerae activate and pump even more gel in her. She gulps it all down. Tracer gawks and how much is overflowing from Pharah’s nostrils, mouth and vagina. Widow places her left hand above Pharah’s tailbone. The spider wipes her other palm up Pharah’s swelling belly.

“That’s it. Take it all in. And let it all out,” Widow mutters.

That compassionate stroking while she keeps thrusting gives Pharah another climax (though you wouldn’t be able to tell because of the twitching from everything else). When her eyes roll back, Widow needs to see those irises so she pulls Pharah up, refolding her with both hands on the back of her head.

“I –,” she tries to say it, but Widow mashes their lips together to torment her partner a little longer.

Only when Pharah is in another daze of ecstasy does Widow pull out and sit her lover on the bed, plopping down to her left.

“I love you too, you big bug,” Pharah nuzzles her forehead into Widow’s right shoulder.

“Awwww,” Tracer clasps her hands near her right temple and gets extremely affectionate with Emily who grins and wraps her left arm around her wife.

“Heh. Big arachnid,” Widow kisses Pharah’s forehead.

“Whatever,” she smiles, for once truly happy.

38 - A Mythical Event

In their large common room with many couches, the survivors are having a naughty gathering at Athena's request. She wants to scan their vitals while engaged in heightened states. Zenyatta and Bastion are hanging out at the back, enjoying the show.

Roadhog is rutting into Mei with her spine arching against the left wall. His gut pushes against hers so much to the point that his belly button pops inside hers. That was a stimulation Mei never expected to feel.

Widow mounts Pharah and humps her hard because the spider wants everyone to see her control. She feels as if she needs it even more since breaking Talon's influence. And Pharah doesn't mind at all, obliging Widow's need to reobtain her sense of self.

Enjoying the look of Widow and Pharah, Brigitte in full armor mounts Lynx and pounds their vagina with a silver strapon. Every so often, she pets her hands back along Lynx's antennae and tugs them lightly.

Genji and Reaper spit-roast Mercy, taking her vagina and mouth respectively. She sighs, knowing that they're glaring at each other rather than focused on her parts.

Sombra is making out with Hanzo while they dry-hump with their clothes on. She's slowly turning him into her sub (sort of).

Ana is sitting on Solider's lap. She causally wiggles her butt while he's inside her. He doesn't seem to care, only getting involved by simply holding her abdomen.

Moira is fervently wrapping McCree in tan tape. Once she's done, he's essentially a ball with a dick hanging out for her to jerk and suck. And she does both with senseless desire. All while his hat remains intact on his head.

D.Va is on her back while Junkrat and Lucio fuck the spots under knees. Junkrat takes her right one and folds her leg to squeeze his penis. Lucio goes for a more sensual approach, enfolding his left fingers with her toes while pressing his tip into her hamstrings since he enjoys that twanging feeling as if he's indulging in a living guitar string.

Reinhardt is lying completely on top of the Queen, enfolding his arms around her clavicles. With each thrust, he wipes her breasts against the floor since she wanted to experience how Pharah felt.

Ingrid is kissing Symmetra with her back on the floor. They share a clear double-headed dildo between them while Torbjorn pushes his penis into his wife's anus.

Zarya and Doomfist are doing what they do best, wrestling as sexually as possible. Their hands are violent, punching and tearing when the chances arise. However, their legs are kind, weaving and rubbing around each other.

Winston and Orisa cuddle in the northwest corner, exploring each other's parts.

Hanging from the middle of the ceiling by a double harness, Tracer and Emily are pinned together in red latex. Their arms are locked behind their backs while a joint gag keeps prevents their lips from separating (not like they'd want them to). The only part of them that can move is the tops of their feet, so they rub them together affectionately. (They saw that pose in a Sunstone comic and always wanted to try it.)

"And now I'd like to give you all a special treat," Athena announces.

"Oh no," Reaper worries it'll be something embarrassing.

Athena scans the room and puts them in a holo-mesh, "You'll get to be any mythological creature you want. Just whisper your answers to me."

While taking time to think, they help each other out of their various bondage predicaments.

Mei answers first and turns into an ice giantess, riddled with Chinese runes.

Roadhog becomes a minotaur with axe blades growing out all over his body.

Widow matches her pinnacle aesthetic, transforming into a drider.

Pharah embraces the spider's desire and becomes a large pixie with opalescent wings, ready for a web.

Mercy picks something surprising to the others who don't understand why she would want to be a beholder.

Reaper's choice of a black cat draws laughs from all around. They all stop when they realize that is only shell. The cat unfolds to reveal that his creature is a flesh horror. Back and forth, the cat folds into the horror and the horror back into the cat.

Genji looks insubstantial and his form is bound in chains as if he a revenant.

Hanzo shifts into something akin to a bluish kirin, growing a long beard, antlers and foot hooves.

Sombra becomes a scintillating purple chupacabra. She dances around, enjoying her fresh look a little too much.

Solider picks something strange that the others don't entirely understand. Ochre scales cover his body because he whispered the word leviathan.

Ana becomes Ammut the Devourer, a triple beast with the head of crocodile, body of a lioness and hind parts of a hippo.

Reinhardt chooses a silver dragon, oddly enough, desiring to be what his ancestors claimed to hunt.

The Queen picks an orangey ogress with insane long lower canines and a tribal skirt of bones.

Brigitte wants to be able to sculpt herself at any time so her representation is the clay giant, Mokkurkalfi.

Lynx seems happy as a pink bunny in a green tunic. (Hmmm. I wonder where we saw that before.)

D.Va wants something close to home so she picks the Bulgasari, an unkillable metal-eating beast on fire.

Junkrat chooses something very particular and telling, embracing the form of the Sandman's child, the crooked-beaked gray bird who sits on the crescent moon.

Lucio is now the Cuipira with flaming orange hair and backwards feet that are still fleet.

McCree's monster is the Balor, the cyclops with an eye covered in seven layers of devastation.

Moira's body becomes a black cloud and her face and limbs look like those of a lioness, having decided on the Aka shita.

Torbjorn enlarges covered in dark-green scales, wanting to be as tall as Fafnir the mad dragon.

Ingrid has always wondered what being a shark is like so she whispers Lamia's name.

Symmetra has the urge to break from her usual comfort zones, going feral as an orange rakshasa.

Zarya is feeling silly so she picks a cockatrice. White feathers form around her body while green ones sprout for a tail.

Doomfist becomes the Nundu, a hulking monstrosity with a large maw and an infinite appetite.

Orisa goes for something wild, a skinless nuckelavee, the horse and the rider as one.

Winston looks a little horrified and picks stone giant in response. He thinks that might help him endure the sight of her. (It won't.)

Tracer turns into a turquoise naga, springing and coiling around her lover.

Emily smirks as green hydra heads seem to grow from her body.

Zenyatta indulges his chaotic side by picking an oni. Obsidian thorns cover his now crimson chassis. Two temple horns protrude, arcing out and forwards. His orbs transform into smoldering stones.

Bastion enjoys the idea of being Proteus, testing out new configurations and shapes.

And now they bring their myths to life (as much as they can while using holographic costumes). They

rush into their most primal and savage forms of sexuality to mate the way the ancients did.

Mei breathes ice all over Roadhog. He pretends to freeze so she can lick his body. When he's devoid of rime, he uses his horns to nuzzle her face. She accepts this bashfully before pouncing on him and riding him hard. The axes across his form carve more runes into her skin while the patterns of creeping frost paint fleeting trails across his.

Widow spurts webs from her spider abdomen, latching the silky threads around Pharah's legs to draw her in. She smirks and flutters her wings, pretending to struggle as if she was a bug. Widow wraps her prey until all but her mouth is revealed. Lifting her up, Widow presses Pharah's lips into the spider-like vaginal maw. The arachnid wipes her fly's face deeper and deeper until she climaxes and sprays. The holo-mech makes her fluids look green like venom. And Pharah enjoys every minute of it.

Reaper's horror parts and Genji's chains enfold around Mercy's eye tendrils. The two men play a light game of tug of war with her. Reaper tries to consume her within his feline image while Genji strives to make her as misty as he is. She eventually wiggles out of their grasps and enfolds them within her writhing limbs. Even though she can't see it under the mesh, she's already covered in their fluids.

Sombra embraces her feral appearance and stalks Hanzo. (He didn't pick something like a deer to match with her ferocious form. It all simply worked out that way.) She leaps onto his right side and ravishes him, going wild while gripping his antlers. He plays the part of prey, giving into the false death that she feels the need to provide. Zenyatta sighs and joins in, putting the beast in her place. His stones coil around her neck and rein her back, giving Hanzo a chance to work over her many erogenous zones.

"I need healing," Hanzo whispers to indulge her.

"Yeeaaaaaaaaahhhhhhh!" she screeches long and loud for her deviant orgasm.

Ana and Solider stare at each other, trying to make sense of what they picked. And in one cataclysmic moment, they collide with a palpable blast of air that startles everyone around them. They wrestle with their new forms, nearly tearing the holo-mesh from each other in some maddening attempt to be free of their chosen skins.

The Queen feels a little more aggressive now, shoving Reinhardt against the left wall. He enjoys the clicking of her bone skirt more than he thought he would. That enhances his passion so he bites into the left side of her neck and licks her jugular to feel the life pulsing within. She braces her right forearm across his throat and gets him inside her again. He grabs her waist and topples, plowing his foe against the floor.

Brigitte tries to consume Lynx within her clay form, but that only leads to a really tight hug. She smiles at Lynx who wriggles out of her grasp and hops back. Lynx runs away so she chases after them. The hacker wants to play this game their way so Lynx edits a moon pearl into the middle of the room. Diving and grabbing it, they transform back to their normal metal form. That doesn't stop Brigitte from hugging Lynx and rubbing her face all over them. Lynx takes this chance to swap out their parts. Yanking off her strapon, Lynx pushes her onto the floor and stuffs their dildo inside, vibrating with rabbit-speed. Her eyes roll back and she squirts all over her dark-world warrior.

“Heh. I think my joints are gonna rust if that keeps happening,” Lynx’s antennae wilt backwards to be funny, but Brigitte doesn’t respond, too orgasm-drunk to care.

D.Va drools and stares hungrily at her suitors. Junkrat shoves his beak into her hair from behind while Lucio dances his mane all across her chest. They push their rods in her holes and she moves her head all around, saturating their faces with her saliva.

McCree’s gaze tries to warp Moira with seven ways of destruction, but she is a vapor beast now. She becomes as intangible as she needs to be. He breathes deep, trying to inhale her very body. She flits around him, stroking here and tugging there. He tries to close his eyelids, but she licks at them, keeping him open.

Torbjorn takes his wife from behind again, holding her upright. Her slippery body thrashes around, taunting Symmetra. She forms a hard-light appendage and stuffs its girth into Ingrid’s vagina. She swells and nearly swoons from being filled from both sides. Symmetra hungers and bites Ingrid all over her neck. Torbjorn gets his meaty hands around his wife’s abdomen to feel everything pushing inside.

Doomfist opens his maw wide and pretends to eat Zarya, but her stone vision freezes him in place. She struts around him and wipes her feathers across his muscles, tantalizing him until he can bear no more. He pounces on top of her, braces her forearms together behind her back, and wreaks havoc on her vagina.

Orisa pushes Winston onto his back and mounts him. With their pieces connected, she rears back in celebration. Her feet chip away pieces of his stone skin. He winces, afraid she might accidentally kick him, but she never does. She has the best balance servos.

Tracer tries to use her new tail to dominate Emily, but she has too many draconic necks tangling her lover. Emily rakes Tracer’s limbs with kisses. That’s her signal to admit defeat, going limp so Emily can ravage her wife and fill all her holes with everything at their disposal.

Bastion seems uncertain about what’s going on. It doesn’t know what to do and feels left out, so Athena decides to make her entrance. Her body is silver, but made of jagged machinery pieced together from whatever she could find. She has no nose because she doesn’t think she’d need one. Her eyes are camera lenses and her mouth is an unused flesh-light. She sits on Bastion’s lap, reaching her right hand back to pet its cheek while her other strokes its leg. Though Bastion can’t feel that, it understands the compassionate nature, calming down.

“It’s okay, Bastion. I’m here now,” she announces, drawing some looks from those who are aware enough to pay attention.

“We’re gonna be in for one wild time down here,” Emily smirks.

39 - All Grown Up

Sombra's son, Emmy, dresses exactly like her except his hair is on the left side. He's always wanted to be like his mom since he was little. He still is short by most standards, but he's not a kid anymore. He and all his friends have all turned eighteen by now. He lurches out of his small purple bed in a rectangular room that he shares with his twin sister. Since she's not in her crimson bed against the right wall across from him, she must already be up, exploring somewhere. He swings his legs over the side, reobtaining the measures of his mother's grace as his senses return from whatever lewd dreamscape he was inhabiting. Stretching his arms high, he pads towards the door that slides open for him. Sombra is scanning through files while sitting at a bench in their living room with her right leg folded over her left. She's hardly aged. The other survivors hardly have either. They told their kids that a mysterious "Star Conqueror" gave them samples of odd DNA to extend their lifespans. Emmy is not sure if he believes them though.

"Hola," he waves the way she does.

"Heh. Such a mama's boy."

"Always," he gives her a subtle kiss on her left cheek while petting her chin with a left-handed backwards stroke.

"So what trouble will you get into today?"

"I'm going after one of the Oxtens. I don't really care which one I get, but I'm leaning more towards Duncan at the moment."

"Buena suerte," she smirks, slapping his left hip and slipping something into his coat pocket.

"Adiós," he waves again and sprints from the room, heading down the west corridor.

He's been pent up for a long while, eager to find someone to pair up with. As lascivious as he is, he hasn't asked anyone yet. He opens up a holo-screen and hacks into the database to see his options.

1. Jing – Gender: Female. Age: 18. Heritage: Mei and Reinhardt (Pale skin). Eyes: Brown. Hair: Dirty-blond chin-length curving behind her ears to match the shape of her jawline. Height: 6'0". Details: A happy girl who likes to dress in arctic armor. C-cups.

2. Rohit – Gender: Male. Age: 18. Heritage: Symmetra and Torbjorn (Brown skin). Eyes: Brown. Hair: Short straight brown. Height: 5'8". Details: He has autism, but is high-functioning like his mom.

3. Caoilfhionn – Gender: Female. Age: 18. Heritage: Moira and McCree (Pale skin). Eyes: Blue. Hair: Wavy red shoulder-length. Height: 5'9". Details: She is obsessed with Westerns and dresses like her dad. B-cups.

4. Jetmir – Gender: Male. Age: 18. Heritage: Mercy and Reaper (Tan skin). Eyes: Brown with blue limbal rings. Hair: Wavy black ear-length. Height: 5'9". Details: A hostile boy with psychological issues.
5. Emmy – Gender: Male. Age: 18. Heritage: Sombra and Genji (Caramel skin). Eyes: Brown. Hair: Exactly like his mom's except with his strands on the left. Height: 5'6". Details: He's like his mom (and dresses exactly like her too). Emiko is his twin.
6. Emiko – Gender: Female. Age: 18. Heritage: Sombra and Genji (Caramel skin). Eyes: Brown. Hair: Straight black chin-length. Height: 5'6". Details: She's more like her dad (with a hint of apathy). Emmy is her twin. B-cups.
7. Nikita – Gender: Female. Age: 18. Heritage: Zarya and Doomfist (Light-brown skin). Eyes: Blue on the right and brown on the left. Hair: Wavy turquoise shoulder-blade-length (originally dirty-blond). Height: 5'10". Details: A sickly girl who can't work out properly, causing her parents distress. B-cups.
8. Sobek – Gender: Male. Age: 18. Heritage: Pharah and Soldier (Tan skin). Eyes: Blue. Hair: Short straight dirty-blond. Height: 5'8". Details: He is silly and compensates for his serious parents with comedy.
9. Reiko – Gender: Female. Age: 18. Heritage: Ana and Hanzo (Pale skin). Eyes: Brown. Hair: Straight brown waist-length. Height: 5'5". Details: She is a lonely girl who can't feel right no matter where she is. A-cups.
10. Kahla – Gender: Female. Age: 18. Heritage: Junkertown Queen and Lucio (Brown skin). Eyes: Brown. Hair: Wavy black strands that she often keeps in a high ponytail like her dad. Height: 5'11". Details: She wears white skull face paint, carries a junkyard spear, rocks out with her mom, and writes music with her dad. C-cups.
11. Axle – Gender: Male. Age: 18. Heritage: D.Va and Junkrat (Pale skin). Eyes: Brown. Hair: Short ragged dirty-blond (sometimes on fire). Height: 5'8". Details: He is on fine terms with his dad, but gets along perfectly with his mom, playing video games and junking out with her.
12. Duncan – Gender: Male. Age: 18. Heritage: Tracer and Emily (Pale skin). Eyes: Hazel. Hair: Short straight auburn. Height: 5'7". Details: Arrogant. Very unlike Tracer.
13. Jasmine – Gender: Female. Age: 18. Heritage: Emily and Tracer (Pale skin). Eyes: Hazel. Hair: Straight auburn ear-length. Height: 5'6". Details: She is open and accepting, yet a little shy. B-cups.
14. Alisynth – Gender: Genderless. Age: 18. Heritage: Brigitte and Lynx (Pale-silver skin). Eyes: Various hues based on mood. Hair: A shoulder-length mane of glowing fiber strands that fluctuate colors based on mood. Height: 5'10". Details: The hybrid. A confident leader. Born through nano-flesh with an omnic mind. Essentially an optional hermaphrodite like Lynx.
15. Aiden – Gender: Male. Age: 18. Heritage: Widowmaker and Roadhog (Pale skin). Eyes: Yellow. Hair: Straight black ear-length. Height: 5'10". Details: Ada is his twin. Extremely creepy and secretive with each other.

16. Ada – Gender: Female. Age: 18. Heritage: Widowmaker and Roadhog (Pale skin). Eyes: Yellow. Hair: Straight black lower-back-length. Height: 5'10". Details: Aiden is her twin. Extremely creepy and secretive with each other. B-cups.

Closing the screen, he wanders around looking for his target. To his right, Ada and Aiden are sitting in a common room, applying dark makeup on each other. They're wearing black formfitting long-sleeved shirts, tight flexible pants and knee-high boots with small heels.

"Hey. Have you two seen Duncan?"

"Nope," Ada smirks. "But you can find him on a distant isle where no one smiles."

"Beware, Emmy. The place you seek is full of trials. Don't walk a path to those who revile."

"Thanks," Emmy sighs, finding no amusement in their rhymes and tucking his mouth around the left side of his face.

He waves his right hand at them and continues on.

"Awww," Ada sulks. "He's going anyway. Away to the way we warned him to stay away from."

"It's his way. Let him find out the hard way. Anyway, I like this eyeliner on us."

"It's nice. What's it made of?"

"Mom said it may or may not be made of cemetery ash," he winks his right eye.

"Heh," she grins bashfully, enthralled with the thought of having the dead stained around her eyes.

Turning left and heading down an east hall, Emmy runs into Alisynth next. The hybrid's hair and eyes shift to purple and pink to match Emmy as cordial response. Alisynth wears tattered ochre shorts and a loose green top with their right shoulder revealed. They don't really need shoes or even like them since their smooth feet are metallic and they like the feeling of their toes on the floor.

"Hey, Snyth."

"Hi. You look unnerved. Something wrong?"

"Eh. Just the twins being the twins."

"Heh. Right. As usual," they smirk.

"Have you seen Duncan?"

"Nope. I just got up."

"Oh. Okay. Let me know on the coms if you spot him."

They lean on Emmy's left side, "Going to ask him, huh?"

"Yeah. Gonna see if my charm can break through to him."

"Well, let me know how it goes."

"Will do," Emmy pats Alisynth's left shoulder while moving on.

Emmy decides to look outside next. He uses his mom's old teleporter and bounds between platforms until he's at the top. Because he's always been his mother's son, he hacks the panel to the right of a northern hatch. At the edge of their ruddy cliffside, Reiko sits with her legs dangling over the edge. Her hands rest limp between her thighs. She's wearing simple white shorts and a blue tee-shirt. He goes invisible and sneaks closer.

"Hey prima," he sits to her left.

"If you did that to anyone else, you might scare them off," her voice rasps as if she's been crying.

"Heh. But I know who you are, so you won't fall," Emmy jokes before considering the worrying alternative. "Would you?"

"Who knows?" she asks, more to the abyss than to him.

Emmy becomes visible for her. He was going to ask if she's seen Duncan, but can already tell she hasn't. She sits up here a lot. Staring at devastation. It's not good for her. But she can't help it. And no one can stop her. She always finds a way to look catastrophe in the eyes.

"You feeling okay?" he leans on her.

"No, Emmy. I'm not. I haven't been okay for a long, long time."

At that, he puts his arm around her shoulders and holds on. He doesn't think she has enough willpower to fall. But he thinks she needs this regardless.

"Tell me about it. I'll be your abuela for a day."

"Heh," she releases a self-deprecating laugh. "We never had a grandmother. Just another form of emptiness for me to bear."

"You need a good dickin'," he smirks.

She gives him a dirty look, scrunching up her lips and squinting.

"What?" he laughs the word. "Not from me. Ask someone."

"No one would say yes. They know how I am. They know I'm not worth their time," her shoulders

slump.

He pokes her side. She spasms and straightens her posture.

“Emmy!” she releases a hushed yell. “We’re at the edge.”

“We are,” he smiles. “Need me to give you a push?”

“What?”

“I could ask around to see if anyone’s interested in you.”

“Stop.”

“Alright. Just offerin’.”

“Leave me alone. Just making me more depressed.”

“Ah...that wasn’t my intention, but alright. I’ll go,” he stands up and ruffles her hair.

She doesn’t react to his affection.

He turns counterclockwise while leaving and tells her, “Don’t you go jumping anywhere without me.”

Going back down the shaft, he worries about her. He doesn’t want to leave her alone up there, but he also doesn’t want to make her feel like he’s hovering around her. He doesn’t want to make her think he actually believes she’ll jump. Because that could lead to a far more dangerous effect on her psyche.

Heading west, he notices Jing in the training room to his right. Because her cyan armor sits against the back wall to her right, he can see her navy-blue tank top, aquamarine shorts and silver sneakers. She’s grooving to Chinese techno while doing squats with a barbell across her shoulders. He smiles because of how she’s grinning with her eyes closed. He considers asking her about Duncan, but decides not to bother. She’s been working out this whole time. Definitely doesn’t know where anyone else is in the world. She’s a big girl. Emmy wonders what it would be like to be under her. He’s lightly slaps his face a few times with his right hand to get his focus back.

Moving on, he glances right into the sparring room next. His sister and dad are doing sword practice. Emiko is dressed casually in blue shorts and a white tee-shirt.

“Emmy. Come join us,” Genji beckons.

“Nah. Looking for Duncan. You seen him?”

“Eh,” Emiko responds indifferently.

“Great, sis. Big help,” he rolls his eyes away and walks on with heavier steps, listening to the way his covered feet hit the floor.

Glancing right, he checks Caoilfhionn's room next. She's sitting on the floor in an all-black cowgirl costume. She hugs her legs close to her and bobs around in excitement. McCree is to her left with his legs outstretched. They're watching the Magnificent Seven again while Moira does experiments at the back of the room. Emmy laughs from his nostrils and moves on. He doesn't want to interrupt them. Caoilfhionn is likely to draw on him while she's invested in the best parts.

Emmy peeks inside Rohit's room to the left. He's having breakfast with his mom. His green long-sleeved shirt is tight along with his blue jeans. They're probably talking about what he did yesterday. Not a good time to intervene...for different reasons.

To his right, Axle and D.Va are stuffing their faces while playing a fighting game. Junkrat is at the back in a scorched white apron, cooking a horrifying meal. Axle is wearing a pink tee-shirt with his mom's purple insignia, tattered black jeans and busted yellow boots.

"Hey Emmy!" Axle screeches to be funny. "Wanna play?"

"Thanks, but maybe later. You seen Duncan?"

"Nope. Been playing since we woke up."

"Getting distracted is gonna cost you," D.Va chides.

"Ah, fuck," he blurts and returns his focus to the game.

Continuing on, Emmy hears Jetmir having an argument with his parents. Emmy doesn't even want to bother getting involved or asking. A quick left glance inside reveals Jetmir in black long-sleeves, jeans and sneakers. He's flailing his arms around. It's always something with him.

Across from theirs, Emmy looks inside Theia's room. Selene is trying to help her mom through her traumas while Winston is scanning Theia's brainwaves. Emmy keeps walking because he doesn't want to interrupt their progress.

Nikita is sitting across from Sobek and Kahla at the dining room table. They're playing Magic: The Gathering commander decks, white knights, five-color dragons and black red green warriors respectively. To conceal her thin figure, Nikita is wearing loose pale clothing, a frilled blouse, an ankle-length skirt and flat shoes. Sobek has a faded blue long-sleeved shirt, olive-green camo pants and black boots. Kahla is in her usual tribal skirt of reeds and bones with a matching strapless bra for her top. To her right, her spear rests at an angle across the bench and table's edges.

"Where the hell are the Oxtens?" Emmy exhales his frustration. "Can't find them anywhere."

"Did you check their rooms?" Sobek smirks over his right shoulder.

"Ugh," Emmy slaps his face with his right palm, but avoids messing up his makeup. "I feel estúpido."

"Hah," Kahla laughs without looking and announces, "Kresh just got beefy. You're gonna get bodied."

“Ooooooh. I’m so scared. Did you forget I have the Tide Star? Still wanna attack?”

“Eheh,” Kahla whimpers to amuse them. “Fuck. That dragon deck is too broken.”

“I’m just going to sit back and stay safe,” Nikita mutters and holds her hand close to her chest.

“Won’t last for long,” he smirks and wiggles his Utvara Hellkite at her without taking it off the table.

Alisnyth pops up on Emmy’s holo-screen, “Hey. Duncan is on the far west side.”

“Yeah. Figured that out. Feel dumb that I didn’t check there sooner.”

“Heh,” they snicker and turn orange with amusement.

“Did you say anything to him?”

“No. Of course not. I wouldn’t spoil that for you,” their colors turn green for a playful gasp.

“Heh. Okay. I believe you. You don’t have to go green on me.”

“Can’t help it.”

“I know. Just messing with you, hombre. Or is it hombra. Heh. So hard to figure those things out in Spanish.”

“It’s okay. Use what you like. Either one is fine,” they turn yellow for compassion. “Let me know if want to talk after.”

“Yeah. Later,” Emmy pinches the screen closed with his left hand.

He uses the teleporter to move from here on because he doesn’t want to get too sweaty. Duncan is the type who likes everything a certain way. And although Emmy isn’t sure about Duncan’s sexuality, he’s going to find out today one way or another. He spots Duncan exiting the Oxten room. He picked out a dark-green long-sleeved shirt, blue jeans and black sneakers. Taking an aggressive approach, Emmy presses his right fingertips against Duncan’s chest and pushes him back inside.

“Can I come in? Thanks.”

“What do you want, Emmy?” he moves to swat the hand away, but Emmy retracts it while making sure his glove’s long nails don’t scratch Duncan’s shirt.

“You in a bad mood?”

“No. I don’t like people touching me like that.”

“People? Or me?” Emmy smirks and leans in with his hands on his hips.

“You,” Duncan scowls.

“Ah, you don’t mean that. We’re childhood friends,” Emmy paws his right hand at his prospect.

“We’re all childhood friends,” Duncan states, devoid of amusement.

“Yeah. About that. Would you be willing to try something more?” Emmy locks his forearms behind his back.

“Why would I ever want to be with you?” he scoffs and folds his arms. “I know you’re a guy. You tricked us for a little while when we were kids, but I know now. So you don’t get to play a game here. Look elsewhere.”

Emmy didn’t expect it to hurt that much. He didn’t realize how much he was attached to Duncan in a very particular way. Emmy has always put on an air of absolute confidence, but now, he has no response. So he smiles. He knows it’s a weak smile, but that’s all he can muster right now. He walks away. Further west. He hates himself for not going for Jasmine first. She’s the nice one. She always has been. He’ll have to see if she’s willing. He keeps walking. He won’t cry. Because like his mom, he’s learned to be detached enough. Only enough. He hasn’t mastered that the way she has. But he’s got enough of it to sustain the cracks in his hurting emotions. Leaning his right shoulder against the wall, he gives Duncan enough time to leave. Emmy shakes off his pain with a flutter of his neck and returns to the Oxten’s threshold. He walks straight through to Jasmine’s room. Her bed is across from him. She’s laying face-down in black short-shorts and a formfitting white tee-shirt.

“Hey. You awake?”

“Yeah.”

He sits down at the edge of the bed and rests his folded right leg on her with sky-blue blanket.

“What’s up?” she rolls over.

“So I just asked your brother out. He said no,” Emmy gives her the same weak smile.

“I could’ve told you that was a bad idea.”

“Hey. It’s on me. I wanted to try. But now I’m here to ask you out.”

“What?” her neck spasms and her eyes widen.

“Yep. You’re next on my list.”

“I – ummm.”

“Don’t think too hard about it. I only asked him first because I was feeling dick at the time. I’ve liked you both for a while now.”

“You can like more than one?”

“Heh. Of course.”

“I never really knew who to like. Or who I could or even should like.”

“Could you like me?”

“I definitely like you as a friend.”

“Have you ever thought about me...as more?”

“Ummmmm...,” she doesn’t want to say how she feels.

“It’s okay if you haven’t. I can go if I’m making you uncomfortable,” Emmy shifts to get up.

“Wait,” she flops her right foot on his leg to keep him there. “I have.”

“What?”

“I’ve thought about it. I just...never knew...how to feel about it.”

“You sound...conflicted,” he rests his right hand on her ankle, causing her to spasm a little, but she doesn’t recoil. “Tell me about it.”

“It’s hard to explain.”

“Take your time. I can wait. For now,” he smirks and taps his nails on her.

“Liking people...I don’t know. Maybe it’s because I’m shy that I’m not sure what emotions even are sometimes. Not sure if what I’m feeling is real. Or if it’s something else entirely.”

“Sounds fascinating,” he jokes.

“Hey,” she whines and kicks his side.

“Owwwhehehehe. So tell me. What are these thoughts you had about me? Anything lewd.”

“Noooooo,” she draws out, lying.

“Hah. That’s your lying voice.”

“It is not,” she gasps.

“It totally is,” he pets her ankle. “Tell me. I won’t judge.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

She begins with a sigh, “When we were kids, I was always...how do I say it? I always thought you were gorgeous.”

“Bitch, I’ll slay you like a dragon. And then hack you back to life for the sexist time.”

“Heh. Stop,” she tries not to smile.

He opens a holo-screen recording of Symmetra saying, “Proceed.”

“You’re really beautiful. And that confused me. I knew you were a boy, but you were prettier than me.”

“I don’t know about that,” he lies (he thinks so too). “But I’ll take the complement anyway.”

“And whenever I’d picture us together, I wouldn’t know how to feel. Made me feel like...my moms.”

“Ohhhhhh. Heheheh. I get it now.”

“You said you wouldn’t laugh,” she pouts and kicks her legs around.

“Nope. I said I wouldn’t judge. And I haven’t. I love it.”

“Love what?”

“That reason.”

“Oh,” she sulks.

“Don’t worry. I’m all man down there.”

“Yeah. I know.”

“You know?” he pretends to gasp. “What have you seen?”

“N-nothing,” she gasps for real.

“Wait. Wait, wait, wait. That gasp didn’t sound fake. Did you actually see me naked or something?”

“N-no,” she tries to hide her face with her hands.

“Nope. Don’t do that,” he smiles and scrambles onto the bed. “Tell me.”

He gets halfway on top of her and pulls her hands away, pinning them to sides of her head. At this moment, Emmy realizes how close they are. He stares at her heaving chest. She looks nervous so he

lets her go. When he tries to sit up, she lightly clings to his top with her left hand.

“Emmy?”

“Yeah,” he asks, feeling nervous for the first time in a long time.

“Can you hug me?”

“Sure.”

He tries to pull away, but she doesn't let go and clarifies, “No. Like this.”

“Oh. Okay,” he gets on top of her and wraps his arms under her.

Feeling the warmth from her after a night of sleeping gives him an unexpected erection. She slips her arms inside his coat and around his back. He tucks his head to the right of hers to hide his awkward expression. He still can't retain his cool like his mom. But his focus can't hold out for long since Jasmine's innocently apt perfume to match her name fills his nostrils. She sighs.

“What is it?” he asks. “Am I not a good hugger?”

“No. It's a little too good. I feel like I've needed this type of affection.”

“So does that mean you'll go out with me?”

“Yes,” she whispers. “Even if it'll confuse me. I can deal.”

“Heh. That's why I like you.”

“That?” she laughs the word.

“Yeah,” he kisses her cheek. “You're steady. Even if you don't believe it or know it. You've always been there for me. Whenever I had a problem, I could always go to you.”

“Why'd you ask my brother first?” she sounds a little hurt, wondering if he's trying to use her to solve a problem.

“It might sound strange, but...because I like dressing like my mom, I often feel more feminine than masculine. So I felt like I had to defer to him first. He's always been a dominant force in my life. Since we were young.”

“He's always been an asshole.”

“I'm a sucker for assholes,” he shrugs.

“Ewww. Emmy,” she whines and slaps his chest with her left hand. “Gross.”

“What? Oh. Hehehehehahahahaha,” he muffles his cackle in the blanket so he doesn’t hurt her ear. “I really didn’t mean it that way.”

“Don’t believe you.”

“Heh. I really didn’t.”

“I believe you,” she caves immediately.

“Hah. Lookatchu,” he slurs. “Now that I could get used to.”

She smiles and kisses him. His legs buckle inwards and he actually creams his costume, orgasming for his first kiss.

“Wow,” he mutters and pants, wiping his face against the right side of hers.

“Yeah. Gross. I felt that.”

“Heh. Sorry,” he kisses the right corner of her lips. “But you’re the one who kissed someone after accusing him of being an ass-sucker.”

“Hurk,” she pretends to vomit.

“Hehehehahahah,” he giggles against her face and bombards her cheek in more kisses.

She forcefully turns his face for a longer more passionate embrace for their lips, trying to work out of they are puzzle pieces that can match.

“I hate that you asked my brother first,” she admits between kisses. “But I love that you finally asked me.”

“Heh. Finally? I thought you didn’t know if you liked anyone.”

“I lied. Or maybe I thought I did. These things are hard.”

“Well something’s definitely hard,” he makes a corny joke and glances at his crotch.

“Heh,” she wipes her nose on him.

“Hey. You wanna get out of here?”

“Get out? You mean outside?”

“Yeah.”

“But we’re not supposed to.”

“That’s why I like you.”

“What? Why?”

“Because you’re a goody-goody I can corrupt,” he gives her a creeper face and nibbles on her cheek.

“I’m not corruptible,” she mutters with zero confidence.

“Heh. Another reason there.”

“Stop it,” she pretends to pout this time, but her rippling mouth can’t hold back her smile for long.

“Let’s go,” he lunges up with her in his arms.

Taking her left wrist in his right hand, he pulls her towards the door.

“Wait. My shoes,” she grabs her black sneakers with white high-lights and green laces.

He doesn’t let go, finding amusement in her struggle to put them on one-handed. She rolls her eyes away from him while obliging his challenge. Once she gets them on, he turns them invisible and rushes to the western exit. While they teleport up the platforms, she smiles because she finally feels like her life is about to begin. He hacks open the hatch and hurls his teleporter far. Over and over, they warp until they end up on a desolate beach, facing the ocean to the north.

“You’ve never been this far out, have you?” he smirks and holds her left hand.

“No. Have you?”

“Yeah.”

“And you didn’t bring me?” she scoffs.

“Had to save it for a special occasion. I always play the long game,” he grins.

“If that means you’re going to try to make my brother jealous, which won’t work, I’ll kill him,” she attempts an ominous joke.

“Scary. Wasn’t even talking about that, but yeah, I’ll remember that. Jasmine Oxten is a maniac waiting to happen.”

“No, no, no,” she whines. “Ugh. I’m no good at scary jokes.”

“Heh. I know,” he swings around in front of her and pushes her down into the sand. “Hey. You wanna lose your virginity to me?”

“S-so soon?”

"I want to...I want it to be with one of the two of you. I need it to be one of the two."

"What's so special about us?" she asks with some measure of despair before trying to joke, "We're only the kids of a legendary speedster."

"Piff. Like I care about that. My mom can hack circles around yours. Nah. You two were the most...present in my life. I felt like I always wanted to be around you. Both of you. Even if Duncan is an ass. You were always the nice one."

"And here I am," she shrugs.

"I picked the both of you. But you picked me. A stupid guy who can't help but dress like his mom. Who else would?" he reveals something more real in his somewhat despondent tone.

"Heh. Stop. Don't put yourself down. Not like that at least."

"Oh? How should I put myself down?"

"For asking Duncan first."

Closing his eyes, he smiles and shakes his head, "You're never gonna let that go."

"Nope. Should've known better."

"I really should've," he sighs and leans heavily against her to really feel her against him.

"Do you have a condom?" she whispers into his right ear.

"Ah, fuck. I don't. We could always scavenge for dirty beach condoms."

"You are so gross. No," she digs into his pockets.

"Heh. We might have to go back."

"Did you really not bring one? Tsk. You do have one," she pulls out a pink condom in clear wrapping.

"How did that – ohhhh...my mom is such a sneak. She put that there."

"Lucky you," she rolls her eyes to her right.

"So does that mean we're getting lucky?" he smirks.

"Yeah," she sighs and pulls her shorts down.

"No underwear? You sure you weren't ready for this?"

"Tsk. No. I don't sleep in my underwear."

“Hot.”

“Heh. Shush,” she rolls her shirt up and lets it fall off behind her.

“Ooooh,” he squeals with his arms close to his chest.

“What?”

“Your vagina is so cute and perky.”

“Heh. Perky? Isn’t that word for these?” she pushes her breasts together.

“Those too,” he squeezes them.

“Mmmm,” she tucks her lower lip inside her mouth for her moan.

He unzips his pants and realizes he’s got sperm on his fuchsia panties.

“Hah. You wear panties. Now that is too cute.”

“Shush,” he mimics her and gets up.

“What’s wrong? I didn’t mean to –,” she thinks she offended him.

“I’m not upset. Just gonna wash these off,” he goes to the ocean.

“Oh. There might be whale semen in there though.”

“Hot.”

“Heh. Ewww.”

“If there are any whales even left.”

“Depression,” she states with a deadpan tone.

“Yeah,” he sighs while pulling down his pants and getting his toes out of the slots.

“Ooooooh,” she copies him again. “You shave everything?”

“Yeah. I don’t like hair on my body,” he rinses his panties and shakes them off before balling them up in his left pocket.

Getting his pants back on, he leaves them unzipped and returns to his place on top her.

“Hey,” she greets him to be funny.

“Hey,” he smirks and slips the condom on.

“Is this gonna hurt, you think?”

“Maybe a little.”

“Piffyeah. Like I believe that.”

“Putting it in,” he states.

“Wait, wait, wait,” she presses her hands against his chest. “Aren’t you gonna...I don’t know...loosen me up a little?”

“Heh. Do you want me to?”

“Yeah,” she nods rapidly.

“Okay. Since you’re you,” he weaves back and forth like a snake to go lower rather than awkwardly scooting.

He begins with a few sensual kisses to her tight lower lips. Using his thumbs, he peels her open and elegantly scoops his pinkies inside with a twist of his wrists.

“Oooowweee,” she squeaks.

“Heh,” he gives her one long lick all the way up to her clit and her hands instinctively latch onto his head.

He swaps out his pinkies for his ring fingers. (Emmy wants all of his fingers wet. This will be his baptism, the only way he’ll have one.) Next, he gives his middles a taste. Then he takes stock of her with his indexes. Finally, his thumbs massage her vaginal walls. When she’s significantly wet, he pets his left hand down her dainty compact labia. With laden lids, she nods for him to go further. Moving back on top of her, he pushes the tip in.

“Eeeeiik...hmmmm. Already hurts.”

“You want me to break your hymen fast? Or just push it in slow?” he props himself up with his palms in the sand near her armpits.

“Mmmm...you decide.”

“Slow it is. I want to see you wince.”

“I already regret my decision,” she uses her deadpan tone again to amuse him.

“But you’re gonna stand by it,” he sings.

“Yeah,” she sighs.

“Yes,” he hisses and pushes into her at a torturous pace.

She releases a series of sharp breaths.

“Heh,” he brushes his left hand on his chest to dust off the sand and wipes his thumb on his mouth, messing up his lipstick.

“What are you doing?” she gets confused.

He rubs it across her lips and smiles, “There. You’re cute.”

“Heh,” she holds her cheeks, playing up her bashfulness.

“There,” he pushes all the way in on a whim, drawing a look of pain and horror from her. “Heh.”

“Asshole,” she swats his left shoulder. “You said slow.”

“Wanted to see that pretty look of surprise on your face.”

“Hmrrrrrrmmmm,” she growls. “I don’t know how to feel about that.”

“That’s what makes you you.”

“That’s sweet in the stupidest way,” she sighs and turns her head to reveal the left side of her neck.

“What?”

She gives him an over-exaggerated look, glancing back and forth between his mouth and her jugular.

“Oh. You want neck kisses.”

“Obviously.”

He awkwardly thrusts into her while nibbling on her throat. She gets her arms and legs around him. They go at it, undulating against each other, not really sure what else to do right now. Eventually, they collapse against each other.

“Did you come at all?” he asks.

“No. Did you?”

“Nope.”

“That’s okay. We’ll figure it out next time,” she says while they stand up so she can put her clothes

back on.

“Oh, so you want there to be a next time?” he smirks, folds his arms and leans against her right side, still with his penis hanging out.

“Heh,” she flicks its tip with her left middle finger. “Of course.”

“Hey,” he stuffs it into his pants over-protectively. “Don’t be mean to him.”

“Hah. What’s his name?”

“No,” he whips his head away to his right.

“Awwww. Come on out,” she kneels in front of him and paws at his zipper.

“Ooooh. What’s this? He might come out for whatever this is.”

“Get him on out,” she tugs on his pants.

He quickly unzips and puts the condom in his pocket. With one attractive gobbling motion, she gets his tip in her mouth. Delicately resting her palms on his thighs, she starts sucking on him.

His toes curl and his eyelids flutter, “Wow. You sure you’ve never done this before?”

“Nevler,” she slurs.

“You must be a natural,” he starts petting her hair (he could tell her to ease up on her top teeth a little, but he’d rather not inhibit her, letting her figure this out as she goes).

Her tongue slurps and twitches around under his penis as if she’s trying to melt it from existence. His head is beginning to droop from an overload of pleasure. But an odd glimmer catches his eye.

“Oh fuck. What is that?” he stares up at something in the distance.

“What?” she looks over her left shoulder, causing his penis to flop from her mouth with an audible pop.

That sensation makes him orgasm, spraying sperm all over her shoulder.

“What is...that?” she mutters and grabs his coat with her left hand to stand up.

“We...we should get back. Right now,” he grabs her hand and teleports them away as fast as he can.

Even though all they saw was the faintest hint of something, they knew what it was. A silver colossus walking in the mist of the ocean.

40 - Stimulate My Imagination

“Bang, bang,” Caoilfhionn blasts her silver toy revolvers at Rohit in his room.

He rolls behind a sky-blue couch on the left side and pokes his matching guns over the top while yelling, “Pechow!”

As their yellow foam darts soar around, the two friends dive and scamper, enjoying the feeling of being in the Wild West. One of her bullets hits the top of his black cowboy hat.

“Awww,” he sulks and stands up.

She could shoot him, but she doesn’t since she already knows what he’s going to ask.

“It’s okay. The hat’s tall. You’re not dead yet.”

“Oh,” he acknowledges and immediately shoots her in the chest.

“Hey,” she whines while smiling. “Rohit. That’s not fair.”

“I win,” he smirks.

“And after I let you get away with the hat thing,” she folds her arms and chews on the dry wheat reed poking from her mouth.

“You left yourself open. And you didn’t say time out,” his voice possesses a melodic quality that amplifies her affection for him.

“I’m gonna hug you for that.”

“Ehhhhhh,” he starts to groan.

“Gonna get you,” she chases him around and gets her arms around his waist.

His hat falls off while he squirms uncomfortably until she sits cross-legged and holds him close, squeezing his back against her chest.

“You smell nice,” she rests her face near his left shoulder, causing her hat to tilt back.

“I smell like me,” he states.

“Which is nice. Like spicy raindrops.”

“Hmmm. Can raindrops be spicy? I guess they can if you spice them,” he thinks about it.

“How are things going?” Symmetra walks in. “You two having fun playing?”

“Yeah,” Caoilfhionn beams.

“I won,” he tells his mom. “But Caoilfhionn thinks I cheated.”

“Hey. I didn’t say that. I only said it was mean to shoot when I gave you a pass.”

“Rohit, is that true?” Symmetra folds her arms and taps her left shoe.

“Yes,” he answers even though he wanted to say technically.

“Hmmmheh,” she leads her hum into a laugh. “You two are so cute together.”

“Too much hugging,” he states and wriggles free to systematically collect the darts in order of those closest to him.

“Thank you,” Symmetra nods to Caoilfhionn while she stands. “I don’t think I’ve ever been able to fully express what you mean to him. Having you around has made life so much easier. For him. And me. Someone who’s not afraid to imagine.”

“It’s no bother,” Caoilfhionn shifts her reed into the right corner of her mouth and flicks her hat higher with her left hand even though she wanted to be cooler and use her index finger like her dad.

“Really. I mean it. We wouldn’t be able to get through this without you,” she puts her right hand on Caoilfhionn’s shoulder.

She lunges and wraps her arms around Symmetra for a tight hug. She finds it a little uncomfortable, but tolerates it because she understands the context.

“Caoilfhionn, I collected all the darts,” Rohit announces while lining them up on the table in the middle of the room, facing the exit.

“Okay,” Caoilfhionn nods to him.

“I swear...he’s the only one aside from your mom who can pronounce your name exactly.”

“Yeah. It’s like Kwee-linn. I guess that means he likes me.”

“He definitely does. Even if he has trouble showing it. Or explaining it.”

“I know,” she smiles.

“I’m going to work on the defensive matrix with Torbjorn and Brigitte. Have fun today,” she tells them before leaving.

“What do you wanna do today?” Caoilfhionn inquires.

“I am not sure,” he stares at the pile of darts, shifting them around until he enjoys their alignment.

She creeps around to his left side and uses her reed to tickle his nose so he hisses at her. She grins and does it again.

“Ah,” he twitches and strikes out with his right hand, slapping her left cheek.

Even though his expression doesn't change, he walks away and sits hugging his legs while staring at the back wall.

“No. Don't do that,” her tone is compassionate because she's a tough girl who doesn't flinch or cry from a slap. “You don't have to punish yourself.”

“I did something bad. I'm old enough to know better, but this...condition...I can't control it.”

“Yes you can,” she counters and spits out the reed to her right.

“Not always.”

“No. Not always,” she sits cross-legged behind him. “But you've been doing well lately. You haven't been striking out as much.”

“It's easier when I have a task to distract me. The imaginations help.”

“I know they do,” she pushes her hat higher with her right knuckles and leans her forehead on his back.

He shivers, but doesn't shake her off, trying to tolerate her touch.

“Rohit? Do you love me?”

“Yes. You know I do. You're the only one I love aside from my mom and dad.”

“Heh,” she wraps her arms around his abdomen. “Would you like to date me?”

“Like romance?”

“Yeah.”

“Yes,” he answers without hesitating, always wanting to be with her, but never being able to ask.

His mind flutters through his many rationales. She's the only one of his friends who truly understands him. She's the only one who's always been there for him. She's the only one who's been able to truly tolerate him during his most extreme outbursts. Always hugging him until he calmed down, no matter how violently he thrashed. He thinks about her more than anyone. She's the only one he thinks about when all other thoughts go away. She's the only one for him.

“Come closer,” she tells him.

“Why?”

“If you’re my boyfriend now, I want you to be closer to me,” she extends her legs and pulls him onto her lap.

“Is anything going to change between us? I don’t want that.”

She has to be careful with how she responds here, going with, “Some things might be added, but nothing will change. We’re still each other’s best friend. We’ll still play games and imagine. But we can do...other things too.”

“You’re talking about sex?”

“Yeah. And kissing and things.”

“I want to know what that’s like,” he states quickly.

“I bet you do,” she grins and nuzzles his back.

“Will it feel good?”

“I hope. You’ll be my first.”

“I’d like that. I want your virginity. So you’ll be clean.”

“Clean?”

“Untouched by someone else,” he explains.

“Oh. I see. You wanna be greedy with me.”

“Yes. I don’t want to share you.”

“Okay. What if I was with someone before?”

“Ehhhhhhhhh,” he groans.

“Would you turn me down because of that?” she hugs him closer.

“I would want to, but...”

“You wouldn’t reject me, would you?” she asks a little more seriously.

“No,” he sighs. “But it would bother me.”

“That’s fair. I’d be bothered if someone got to you first too.”

“You would?”

“Yeah. Because you’d be dirty too,” she smirks.

“HmMMMMM,” he hums in annoyance because of how she turned that around on him.

“Hey. I wanna show you something,” she shifts him off of her and goes to her black duffel bag against the right wall.

She hides behind the black couch to change into a cowgirl costume for him, reverently resting her hat on the pile of her fallen clothes. The getup is entirely cow-printed aside from her panties and curved white horns. Her high-heeled boots reach her thighs to connect to a garter belt that has a fake cow tail hanging off. Long princess gloves end just below her shoulders. Her strapless bra cups her frame nicely. She adds the finishing touch of a light-weight choker.

“It took me a while to sew this,” she stands tall and extends her arms to show off her gloves.

“I like it,” he feels the fabric over her skin, now devoid reluctance.

She tries not to show how much she enjoys his touch, standing statuesque while watching him explore her. Oddly enough, objectifying her in this way makes it easier for him to interact physically with her. He loses part of the discomfort he gets from touching another person.

“Mom says cows are sacred in India,” he comments. “I like you wearing this.”

“Heh. I didn’t think about it like that, but yeah. That makes us work together even better.”

“It makes me feel like you’re as special on the outside as you are on the inside.”

“Awww. That’s sweet,” she hugs him close and squeezes him against her chest.

She could find what he said insulting in terms of appearance, but she knows what he means and refuses to make a big deal out of it. His hands paw at her abdomen because he likes how she feels.

“Heeheeheehee,” she giggles from ticklishness.

Leaning in, she plants a tiny kiss on his lips, but he turns his head to his right and blurts, “Nuh.”

“Too soon?”

“Yes. Let me work this out.”

“Okay,” she causally slings her arms around his shoulders, resting her right wrist on her left one.

He touches her legs next, poking and pressing his fingers against her flesh. Testing to see what he can tolerate. When he gets to her groin, something about the pheromones wafting off her tufts of well-trimmed pubes overstimulates his senses. He pushes her over to fall on her rump.

“Oookay,” she blurts in surprise.

She peels her panties aside with her right index finger. Cupping her thighs to keep them spread, he diligently laps at her vagina. Her tense pleasure rises to the point where her legs try to constrict around his head, but he pushes them wide again.

“Heh. Have it your way, cowboy.”

He wants to say he’s not a cow or a boy, but a young man, but he knows what the term means together. They’ve had enough Wild West adventures for him to know better.

“Can you put it in me?”

“It? My penis?”

“Yeahah,” she giggles. “Of course.”

Reaching back and digging her left hand in her bag, she pulls out a silver condom.

“I don’t want to use that.”

“Well, I don’t want to get pregnant early.”

“They might break. I don’t trust it. I want to use something better,” he walks to the left wall and enters his room, returning with a pale gauntlet on his left hand. “A hard-light mesh will be a hundred-percent effective.”

“Oh. Okay,” she agrees now that she understands.

He warps light to wrap his penis in an aquamarine grid and takes off the glove, leaving it in proximity.

“I’m going to put it in,” he announces.

“I know,” she smiles.

He climbs on top of her and pushes inside her at a nice even pace. She clenches her teeth and endures as her hymen breaks for him. He grabs onto her horns like handlebars because he feels more comfortable that way.

“It’s okay if you wanna get rough with me. I can handle it.”

He thrusts faster and faster until she rocks around like a mechanical cow. Shutting his eyes, he uses their thrashing bodies to take out his frustrations for the world. When he orgasms, he collapses onto her

with his head hanging over her left shoulder.

“That was...a little too fast,” she smirks and kisses his cheek.

“But I already orgasmed,” he states as if she didn’t feel his mesh bulge inside her.

He pulls out of her and stands up. When he sees a little blood leak out of her, he looks away to his right.

“Rohit,” she states his name with a scolding tone. “If we’re in a relationship now, I want you to be fair.”

“Hmmmmmm,” he groans.

“Come on. Get back over here.”

“Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm,” he persists.

“Rohit. Do you love me?”

“Yes.”

“Then come here,” she opens her arms.

He doesn’t go into her embrace, kneeling between her legs instead.

“Hey. I don’t want you to feel bad. I just want you to want to make me happy.”

“I do. I think I do. It’s hard to figure these things out,” he stares down and pinches his fingers against his thumbs like lobster claws.

“I know. But if we’re going to be together, I want you to add that to yourself. Like a piece to a puzzle that was lost under the couch.”

“I will try,” he climbs back on top of her for a hug.

She holds him tightly with her arms around his back and kisses him with long scooping pressing motions. He unhooks her top easily, understanding where the latches interconnect. Smelling it briefly to gain a sense of her sweet skin oils, he puts it aside to his left. He rests his face between her breasts so she squeezes them together against his cheeks. That feeling calms him so he licks her cleavage. The scent of his spit against her makes him hard again so he returns his penis to the only acceptable place for him. Within her.

He’s about to speed up again, but she holds his butt and keeps him deep, “Hey. Don’t rush.”

“Okay,” he pumps his penis into her with longer dragging motions that make her gulp from the shudders that cascade through her.

She keeps her legs spread wide since he seems to like that.

“Rohit, touch me.”

“Where?”

“Anywhere.”

“Be more specific.”

“Anywhere you want,” she doesn’t want to be, needing to see where his hands lead him.

He runs his palms down her legs first.

“Yes,” she whispers. “More.”

He keeps stroking her thighs, becoming harder from so much contact. He grips her heels and raises them. She locks her leg together and keeps them high by gripping her forearms behind her knees. Pressing his body against her folded one enhances his sense of sensuality and rends more of his inhibitions. He likes seeing her eyes through the space between her legs. That makes him feel like they’re making love through her as a living fence. A comfortable barrier that keeps just enough distance while also allowing them to be closer than ever before.

“Rohit. I want you to take me from behind.”

He nods, now at a point where his words aren’t working. Once he pulls out, she turns over her right side. Overcome by needing to be inside her, he stabs his penis right back where it was. Lurching over her far, he squeezes her breasts hard as if he wants to pop them. But they’re strong. Unbreakable.

“I wish I could milk you,” he mutters, imagining what she’d be like with udders.

“Heh. Maybe when we’re older.”

“Mmmmmm,” he begins panting and drooling on the back of her neck.

Following her instincts, she does the same, dripping saliva on the carpet.

“I love you, Caoilfhionn,” he moans.

“I know you do. I know. You can have all my love too.”

“I want to feel you orgasm.”

“Then go faster now. I’m almost there. As hard as you want.”

He scoops his hips uncontrollably, humping her the way she’s always wanted him to. She wants him to ride her into the ground. She wants him to ruin her.

“Yes,” she wheezes, rests her right cheek on the rug and extends her arms back. “Keep going. Take my hands.”

He doesn't want to let go of her breasts. He can't stop. So he makes a compromise. He wraps his arms around hers and pins them to her sides.

“That's good too,” she mutters with her tongue hanging out.

Feeling his penis scraping across the roof of her vagina while holding her this way makes him orgasm again. He starts slowing down.

“Not yet. I'm so close. Keep going. Give me everything you have. Vent it all on me, Rohit. You know I can take it.”

Being spurred on by his favorite person gives him another burst of speed. He hammers his crotch against her rump, pretending they are one gun. He needs to empty the revolver by fanning the hammer. And she'll be the barrel to send all the bullets home. Pressing her harder against the floor does it for her. Her groin and neck spasm in tandem while her eyes roll back from the raw ecstasy of her first orgasm with her lover. He keeps moving, unaware of what happened even though he wanted to feel her climax. His mind is lost to her body. She achieves a second one from being rutted into for so long and this one he notices because she clenches around his penis so tightly that he can barely breathe. With that, they collapse in a sticky sopping heap.

“Did you orgasm that time?” he asks to be sure.

“Heh. You know I did.”

“I wasn't sure since I've never felt that from you before.”

“Shut up and kiss me,” she smirks over her right shoulder.

“Okay,” he allows their lips to meet and linger.

Lucky for them, Symmetra is going to be out all day. And they're too tired to move right now. So they're going to stay there, inside and around each other.

41 - Let Me Show You How to Rise

"I'm not like you," Nikita yells at her parents in their room while her white one-piece dress thrashes around her body.

"Disappointing," Doomfist folds his arms and frowns.

"Yeah. I know. I was born weak. But I can't change that."

"Yes you could. If you only trained with us," Zarya sighs.

"I can't. Have you seen my arms? My legs? I can't. You're asking for too much."

"If only you were born with Jing's form, you'd be able to become strong," Doomfist mutters.

"No. I can't become strong because I'm always wrestling with you two who can't seem to stop badgering me. That's why I'm truly weak. Because I can't help but give up with no one in my corner. And I get it. You're jealous of Mei's daughter. But I can't be her."

"You haven't tried hard enough to hone your body," Doomfist chides.

"No. You're still not getting it. Your training regimens hurt."

"They're supposed to...to an extent," Zarya explains.

"Yeah, no. They make me feel like I'm going to break bones. I'm not doing it that way."

"What if you ask Jing for help?" Zarya suggests.

"Ugh," Nikita stops her right foot and storms out.

"Nikita," Doomfist fumes.

"Let her go," Zarya extends her left arm to bar his chest.

"She's not going to survive this world the way she is."

"I know. But...let's give her more time. We'll see if Jing can't change her mind."

Nikita trudges east through the halls, hating how they're trapped down here. But she knows better than anyone how weak she is. Her parents remind her at every turn. She knows she can't go outside. And she hates herself for that. And for growing up frail. Of all the things to happen to the daughter of two bodybuilders, that has to be one of the worst for contention. She heads to the gym and spits on the door. It slides open to the right because of her proximity. Jing is curling a barbell, facing the west wall while

sitting on a training bench. Nikita now has a choice to make before the door closes. Does she walk away to avoid everything connected to her parents? Or does she cross a threshold to complain to Jing?

The frail girl steps inside.

“Hey, Nikita. Feel like keeping me company? It’s really boring working out alone.”

“Yeah. I guess,” she hugs her arms close to her chest.

“What’s up? You look pissed.”

“It’s my parents again. Complaining about me. Nagging me.”

“Oh. About working out again?”

“Yeah. It’s too much sometimes. They don’t get how that makes me feel.”

“I get it.”

“How? You’re parents are cool and supporting.”

“Heh. I don’t need to have experienced something to understand it, silly.”

“Mmmmmm,” Nikita groans. “They...they wish they had you for a daughter.”

“I can see that too.”

“They’re so jealous and it fucking makes me sick.”

“If it makes any difference, I’ve never been jealous of you,” Jing smirks.

“Funny,” Nikita growls.

“Doesn’t mean I don’t like you,” Jing grins wider and winks her right eye.

Nikita sighs heavily and lets her arms hang, playing with the sides of her skirt.

“Hey. Do you want me to teach you?”

“To work out? No,” she huffs. “It would just make me miserable again.”

“Maybe you’ve never tried the right way. Your parents can be kind of intense.”

“Yeah. That’s an understatement.”

“So you wanna try?”

“I really don’t want to...to spite my parents.”

“But do you want to try?”

“Maybe. What’s the right way?”

“My way. You’ll like it. I promise.”

“What do I have to do?”

“Take off your clothes.”

“W-why?” she steps back with her left foot.

“I want to see you.”

“I...I don’t wanna,” she stares down with eyes ready to cry.

“Don’t be ashamed. Let me see.”

“I –,” she wheezes from a building panic attack and holds her left hand to her chest. “– don’t want to.”

“Here. I’ll take mine off first,” she quickly gets out of her clothes and tosses them on top of her armor.

“W-w-what are you doing?” Nikita flails her hands around in front of her. “Jing.”

“Am I so intolerable?” she walks over and puts her hands on Nikita’s shoulders.

“It’s not you. It’s me. I can’t tolerate me,” she wants to rest her head on Jing’s chest, but can’t bring herself to do it.

“Can I see you naked? Please?”

“W-why?”

“Heh,” she laughs through her nose. “I’m kinda standing here naked in front of you. I thought it would be obvious that I like you.”

“I...I don’t know what to say,” she mutters with her hands close to her chest.

“Don’t say anything. Take off your clothes as an answer.”

And now Nikita stands before another difficult threshold. Does she admit to herself all the feelings that have plagued her for years? How she’s always found Jing attractive, but never wanted to because of the muscular similarity to her parents. How she always knew Jing was the ideal that her parents wanted for her. Even with all that, she’s never been jealous of Jing. But that transference of hatred for them is real. And she doesn’t want to hate Jing. She doesn’t want to feel like she’s giving into something. But

being here, in front of Jing's presence, makes Nikita want to stay. After stepping out of her shoes, she slowly pulls her wide shoulder straps outwards until her dress falls away. She's left standing in her white bra and panties.

"There you are," Jing strokes her hands down Nikita's shoulders.

"Stop."

Jing freezes, "What's wrong?"

"It feels like you're mocking me."

"What? How? You should know better that I wouldn't do that to you. Not in this moment. Come here," Jing drags Nikita into a sturdy embrace.

With her face stuck between Jing's breasts, Nikita doesn't want to inhale. Because she knows if she does, she'll give in and give herself over to Jing.

"Hey. Relax," she kisses the top of Nikita's head and she can't hold out anymore, breathing deep from Jing's sweat and skin oils that smell of battery acid. (Nikita likes that. It reminds her of how her hands smell after playing video games for a while.)

"Fuck."

"Heh. What?"

"I inhaled."

"Yeah. I know. I've been working out for a while so I must not smell goo –."

"No. I like it. And I...," she presses against Jing a little more tightly.

"Oh," Jing kisses Nikita's forehead.

She lifts her face so Jing lifts her friend and introduces their lips to each other.

"Mmmmmnnnnhhhh," Nikita pulls her face away to her right.

"What's wrong? Too fast?"

"Yeah," she rests her ear against Jing's chest.

"Hey. Let me teach you how you should train. You'll like it much more my way."

"Alright," she sighs.

Without letting her go, Jing carries her back to the bench and sits down, leaving her friend standing.

“Let’s get those off,” Jing wiggles her left index finger and pinkie at Nikita’s bra and panties.

She sighs again, but doesn’t complain, slowly pulling them off.

“Heh. You dyed your pubes turquoise too. That’s cute,” Jing beams.

“I had some extra dye so I felt like making myself feel better,” she mutters.

“I really like it.”

“Do you?” she doubts.

“Yeah. I do. It’s pretty. You’ve got nice fluffy pubes. Not knotted at all.”

“You shaved yours off,” Nikita observes.

“Yeah. They feel all scratchy when I’m working out and get sweaty. Nice and smooth now and no itch,” Jing wipes her right fingertips on the space above her vagina. “Can I touch yours?”

“Y-yeah,” Nikita steps within range.

Jing tangles her right fingers in the turquoise strands, “So soft.”

“Y-yeah,” Nikita stammers again, unsure of what else she should say.

Jing tugs on them lightly, spinning Nikita around clockwise to sit on her right leg.

“Woah,” she panics a little in surprise.

“Heh. Don’t worry. I got you. Let’s just move you in the middle here,” Jing puts Nikita between her legs.

Nikita tenses up with embarrassment when she realizes her vagina dripped a little onto Jing’s thigh.

“Oooh. What’s this?”

“Nothing. It’s nothing,” Nikita stiffens further.

“Yeah. Must be some leftover sweat. Come on. Calm down,” Jing rubs her hands up and down Nikita’s back.

She loosens up since Jing didn’t tease her further.

“Okay,” she lifts the barbell over her head and holds it steady in front of her friend.

“Oh no. That is way too heavy for me. How much is that even?” she struggles to lean around to read

the numbers.

“A hundred-twenty total.”

“Yeah. I should just go if you expect me to do anything with that the way my parents do.”

“Hey,” Jing uses the bar to lightly pin them together.

“Let me go.”

“Hey. Don’t assume those things about me. I’m not your parents. And I frankly wouldn’t want to be. They have their ways. I have mine. So I’m going to ask you only this once. Do you trust me?”

“I...yes.”

“So trust me.”

“I do.”

“You didn’t just before though. You jumped to a conclusion. Actually trust me. With everything that you are. Trust me.”

“Okay. I...I will.”

“Good,” she holds the bar in front of Nikita again. “Now I want you to try to lift this.”

“I...I can’t.”

“You’re not trusting me. Not at all,” Jing sighs.

“Don’t. Please don’t be disappointed in me. You don’t understand how much of a stigma this is for me.”

“No. I do. I understand more than most. Don’t forget that we all grew up down here together. I watched how miserable you were every time your parents tried to force you to work out their way. I always wanted to invite you to exercise with me.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Because I saw how much they made you hate it. I didn’t want you to hate me. So I...I made myself suffer instead. Even though I wanted you here with me so badly.”

“Eheh,” Nikita whimpers and sobs, covering her face with her palms.

Jing kisses Nikita’s spine, “What brought you to me today?”

“More of their complaints. More of their disappointments. More of them wanting me to be you.”

“That would make me sad if you were me.”

“Why?”

“Because then you wouldn’t be you,” Jing hits her crush with a simple truth. “And I like you for you.”

Without letting go of the weight, Jing uses her face to nuzzle Nikita’s left ear until she turns for a kiss with the corners of their lips. If Jing could take all the grief Nikita has for her frame, the daughter of ice and armor would. She would bear the brunt of everyone’s pain because she can handle it. She’s the tallest of all her friends. They joked that she’s a child of Atlas, the ‘descendancy’ stemming through Rein’s spine and Mei’s hips. Jing would take it all because she has a pit of happy kindness in the core of her chest. Much like so many others who have a void. A well of missing emotions. Or a chasm for only hatred. Jing’s void is always full and always has more room. Room for more.

“I want you to be happy,” she rests her forehead against Nikita’s temple.

“I want to be happy. So badly. So badly. But I can’t be. Jing, I’m suffering in too many ways. I’m suffering and I can’t do anything about it.”

“I’ll take all of your pain. Give it to me.”

“I don’t know how. I would if I could.”

“Let me show you how to hold the weight,” Jing has been keeping the bar steady this whole time.

“Okay,” Nikita trusts her childhood friend more than ever.

“Face forwards,” Jing tells Nikita and she does. “Now I want you to grip the bar. Underhanded.”

Nikita feels the metal, ever warm from Jing’s touch.

“Now lift. Lift the weight.”

“I can’t.”

“That’s a lie. Lift.”

Nikita lifts the weight and does one curl, gasping, “Wait. What?”

“Heh. Told you. Now do another.”

Nikita curls again and is utterly confused, “I don’t get this. What’s happening?”

“You’re being silly.”

“No. I really don’t get how I can lift...this...,” she trails off when she finally realizes Jing never took her

hands off the bar. “Oh. That doesn’t count.”

“Sure it does. Not for the whole amount, but I’m spotting you. Helping you. Since you’ve never done this before. Treat my arms as training wheels. Or a fulcrum.”

“Hmmm,” she does a few more curls and Jing moves her arms in tandem.

“See?” she smiles and gives Nikita a quick kiss on her left cheek. “Told you so.”

“Heh. Shut up.”

“I’d bet that if you trained with me like this, you’d get nicely toned and have stronger bones. You’d never be as strong as me or your parents, but I know for a fact you’d feel better about your body and the whole situation. Your parents might even be more accepting too.”

“Maybe....”

“Do a few more.”

Nikita imagines Jing is like a Scaffold mech suit to help her clear debris and does enough to total twenty.

“Now check your arms and flex.”

Rather than complaining or feeling embarrassed, Nikita trusts her friend and lifts her arms, blurting, “Wow.”

Her biceps already have tiny bulges.

“Yep. Since you’ve never done anything, you’ll see fast progress at first.”

“This day is full of surprises.”

“Yep,” Jing kisses Nikita’s left bicep. “Let’s stop for –.”

“No. Can we do more?”

“Hehehehahaha. Now you like it? I told you my method would be the right way for you.”

Nikita enjoys the feeling of being able to lift something heavy without fear of her wrists breaking. She smiles for real, for once in a long time. She does another set of twenty. And then after that, another set. Her arms are burning, but it’s not a bone-breaking pain. It’s a good pain. One she can bare for Jing.

“Okay. Break time,” Nikita sighs.

Jing raises the bar high and puts it back into place on the bench. Nikita hops up and spins counterclockwise on her left foot to face her friend.

Jing stares down at the large wet spot between her legs, “Heh. That isn’t from me.”

“I-it’s just s-sweat,” Nikita stammers and folds her arms.

“Oh?” Jing leans forward and wipes her hands in it, making Nikita’s jaw drop in embarrassment-induced surprise.

Jing rubs it around between her fingers and brings it close to her nose, “Doesn’t feel like sweat. Doesn’t smell like it either. I wonder what it could be.”

“S-shut up,” Nikita stomps her left foot.

“Smells really sweet. Maybe I should taste it,” Jing smirks.

“Don’t you dare,” Nikita’s eyes pop wide to match her jaw.

“Mmmmmm,” Jing stuffs her fingers in her mouth. “Tastes better than I thought it would.”

“I actually can’t believe you just did that. Can’t deal with you right now.”

“Tasted like honeysuckle nectar.”

“Fuck you,” she laughs the words.

“I’d like that.”

“W-w-what? Oh...fuck,” she puts her hands to her chest because her breathing has become irregular.

Jing stands and towers over her friend, “I’ll understand if you don’t want to, but it will make me sad. I’ve wanted this for a long time.”

“W-what do you even see in me? I’m weak and –.”

“You think I care about your body? Because if you do, I don’t. Not in that way at least. I actually find it attractive for my own reasons.”

“How?” Nikita gasps at something she considers unfathomable.

Jing holds Nikita’s shoulders, “Kahla may be the one who wears bones, but she doesn’t really love them. Not like I do. I like to see them through people. And although I’m glad you’ve never been anorexic, I can’t help but like that I can see your bones. I’ve always wanted to touch them. The most delicate ones around. Always had to hold myself back from letting my hands stray too far during any of our hugs.”

Jing’s breathing becomes heavier now as she stroke’s Nikita’s clavicles, shoulder blades, spine and tailbone.

“You don’t know how long I waited to touch you like this.”

“Y-you shouldn’t have waited,” Nikita gulps and presses into Jing’s chest for a hug, nuzzling her breasts.

“Well, on the bright side, it does feel all the more worth it to be here with you in this moment.”

“Heh. Yeah. It does,” she smiles. “So what else do you like about me?”

“Your taciturn personality that easily turns into a stuttering mess when you get embarrassed.”

“Oh, thanks. Not what I wanted to hear, but fine. If you like it, I’ll take it.”

“Nikita. Could you give me something?”

“Anything,” she answers without hesitation or thought.

“Heh. I was going to only ask for your virginity, but maybe I should ask for more.”

“W-what? Heh. Damn it. Jing. Springing that on me.”

“So can I have it?”

“Only if I can have yours.”

“Well, about that...,” Jing winces.

“You didn’t lose it already,” Nikita gasps.

“I didn’t lose it. But I broke my hymen by accident.”

“Falling?”

“Nope.”

“Exercising?”

“Nope.”

“Then what?”

“Heh. Stuffing my fingers in there.”

“Oh, you ass. You had to go and ruin that for me.”

“Sorry,” she shrugs.

“Ah. Don’t worry about it.”

“You could always break yours if you wanna get back at me,” Jing jokes.

“Nah. Don’t want to ruin that for you.”

“Do you wanna do it now?” Jing bounces around a little.

“I guess we should. I’m in the mood.”

“Go with your passions,” she winks her left eye.

Nikita runs and leaps at Jing, a friend and soon-to-be lover. She catches her crush and lifts her high. Nikita enfolds her legs around Jing’s head, straddling her face. Getting a firm grip on her rump, Jing ravenously licks all the pieces of Nikita’s vagina. And for once, she’s not afraid. Even though she’s high enough to fall, she chooses to trust the one she chose. Her hands instinctively run down the back of Jing’s head to feel and caress her neck.

“Pop it. I want you to go deeper,” Nikita mutters.

Jing runs her right hand higher to support Nikita’s back as they tilt forward and lightly touch the floor. She spreads her legs wide for Jing who keeps her right palm down and slips her index and middle fingers inside. With subtle pushes that dip before they rise, she explores farther. Every so often, she twitches her digits open like scissors to widen Nikita’s hymen.

“Fuck. You don’t happen to have a dildo, do you?” she inquires.

“Heh. Not on me. Or in me. Got my jump rope.”

“Ugh.”

“Yeah, that wouldn’t be –.”

“Use it.”

“W-what?” it’s Jing’s turn to stammer. “You really want that?”

“Yes.”

“Okay,” she gets up and reaches inside her pink backpack with green highlights to the left of her armor.

She returns with a white, turquoise and pink cord.

“It might not be that clean?” Jing winces.

“I don’t care,” Nikita doesn’t mind since Jing’s hands are the only things that have been touching the purple handles.

“Ok-ay,” Jing fractures her word while pushing a handle in as far as it will go.

“Mmmmmehhehhh,” Nikita’s moan turns into a small whimper when the hollow end cups her cervix.

“Too far?”

“Yeah. A little,” Nikita’s right eye leaks a little from the pain.

Jing slowly pulls back on the handle and crawls on top of Nikita. Pressing their breasts together, Jing rakes hers down Nikita’s ribs. Each one flicks Jing’s nipples like pebbles falling down the stones of a stepped waterfall.

“I wanna wrap you up in this,” she pets Nikita’s right knee.

“Okay,” she nods, giving in to what she’s always held back on.

Jing starts winding the cord around Nikita’s body, locking her legs together and pinning her arms to her sides. Embracing her in a massive constricting hug, Jing uses the strength of her entire body to rub up and down Nikita’s, pressing her in climactic oblivion. She comes first, not having much experience with her body before now. It reacts subtly with only a series of tiny shivers. Because Jing is always concerned with the state or hers, she’s been consistently exploring and testing it. She knows what will make her orgasm. Sliding lower, she strokes Nikita’s left foot, something so supple and elegant and clean. Jing stuffs the entire thing inside her vagina.

“Oh wow. You are deep.”

“In every way,” she winks her left eye. “Now show me your skills.”

“But I’m all tied up.”

“So? You can move your feet.”

“Ummmmm...okay,” Nikita uses her free index and big toes to pinch Jing’s clitoris.

“There you go. Keep going.”

Nikita wiggles her toes around inside Jing.

“Yes,” Jing moans and her head droops low. “Go as deep as you want.”

Nikita struggles to push her foot higher, but stops when her big toe bumps Jing’s cervix.

“Put it in me. I want it,” she rubs her left hand up Nikita’s leg.

She smirks awkwardly and wiggles her big toe until it weasels its way inside.

“Guh,” Jing’s neck jolts upright, forcing her to stare at the ceiling as a strenuous orgasm overtakes her.

She loves the feeling of having a piece of her lover rubbing around the rim of her cervix as if Nikita was running her finger around Jing’s lips. When Nikita pulls her foot out, Jing falls forward, the titan felled for now. She lands lightly with their lips touching. Jing performs one pushup to remain over Nikita.

“Let’s continue this in your room,” she licks her lips.

“Heh. Yeah. Let’s,” Jing smirks and hoists her soon-to-be girlfriend, holding her close. “Did I ever tell you how pretty your mismatched eyes are?”

“Nope. But now I know. Now I know.”

Nikita rests her head against Jing’s right breast and sucks on her nipple while they sneak back to her room. And who knows what kind of trouble they might get into once they’re there?

42 - Please Distract Me

Emiko is extremely bored. She always seems to be. It feels like an inescapable part of her persona. She's always found herself to be an odd parallel to her twin. Emmy always seems entertained by something. She wanders the halls, seeking a distraction. She doesn't like silence. It's when her tinnitus creeps in on her. And oddly enough, it doesn't bother her. And it doesn't hurt. It only distracts her. It also makes it nearly impossible for her to meditate with her dad. Genji understands though. She's always been an antsy child. Needing something to do. She hears video games from Axle's room. That's always a good place to start. (The word 'always' always flits through her mind. Have you noticed? I wonder why.)

She walks in casually, "Hey."

"Hey Emiko," he smiles, trying to glance at her without taking his eyes off the screen so he doesn't lose to D.Va to his left. "Wanna play with me?"

"Maybe."

She watches for now. D.Va designed a fighting game with all the survivors. Axle's playing as his dad right now while D.Va is playing as herself. Axle has a real knack for understanding the trajectories of how things bounce. He eventually breaks her mech and knocks her off the stage.

"Hah," he chuckles more to himself than at her.

"Hmmmmm," she groans. "You're getting too good at this game."

"I get it from you," he gives her a confidence boost.

"I'll accept that."

"Can Emiko play?" he asks his mom, folding his lips inside his mouth and twitching his head subtly at her.

"Ah. I get it. I'll go do something else," she understands his son wants some alone time with his friend, so she gets up and leaves.

Emiko slowly takes the spot next to him. Grabbing the periwinkle controller, she cycles through the characters. She's played the game before, but not as much as them. Emiko always makes her choices based on pragmatism. She wants to pick someone who will be effective at countering Junkrat's playstyle. She hovers over Genji a little, but keeps moving. She wants more reliability. Rein might help too, but not enough. She selects Winston.

"Ooooh. You're going tryhard right from the start. I like that," he bumps his shoulder against her because he wants some form of contact.

“We’ll see if I can overcome you with this advantage vs your experience.”

The game begins with a trap in the middle of the board. She leaps over it, but he throws the mine, knocking her back into it. He hurries forward with grenades so she uses her shield. She pulses some lightning to force him back. Reloading early before the shield falls, she speeds at him with the cannon active. He boops her high with his second mine and fires grenades upwards. Two hit before she gets the chance to drop her shield straight down. She could leap again to avoid landing in a new trap, but that would send her off the board. She had to take the trap. Now, with him at the edge and her stuck, they’re in a desperate fight. Their health spikes down. He risks a suicide rush and runs through the lightning at her. He dies, but she leaps, sending herself off the edge to avoid the final grenades.

“Player one wins,” the game announces.

“Hah. I won,” she gets a little excited now that she’s entertained.

“I would mind if it was anyone else but you,” he bumps her again.

“What? Why?”

“Because you’re my favorite.”

“What? Why?” she smirks awkwardly from repeating herself for a different reason.

“You don’t know?”

“No,” Emiko shakes her head, living a fairly oblivious life (for all her awareness and skill around danger, she’s not been the most adept at noticing emotions taken form).

“I like how you’re always looking for your next distraction. Makes me think you’re more like me under your casual serious exterior.”

“Is that how you see me?” she puts the controller down.

“That’s who you are,” he smirks.

“Oh? I am, am I?” she pounces on him and tickles his ribs.

“Hehehahahahahahooooohahaha,” he thrashes around. “Stop, stop. I’m gonna pee.”

She slows down her fingers until she can hug him from behind, laying her chin on his left shoulder.

“Hey,” she sighs.

“Hi,” he twists around and kisses her like he’s always wanted to.

She recoils in surprise, sitting up on him.

“Oh. Was that not where this was going?” he winces while still on his back.

“I...I don't know. I guess I wasn't expecting it.”

“That bad, huh?” he smirks to salvage the situation.

“No. It's just not what I expected my first kiss to be like.”

“What did you expect?”

“I don't really know. I didn't...I haven't really thought enough about it.”

“But it wasn't with me,” he states with a measure of sadness.

“No. It's not that either. I didn't picture it with anyone.”

“Are you upset?”

“No. Just still a little shocked. I didn't think you liked me that way.”

“Heh. I do. I've liked you for the last two years.”

“Only the last two,” she sneers to amuse him.

“Yeah. You didn't notice?”

“No.”

“Figures,” he comments with a silly tone to mess with her.

“Oh? You need more tickling then?” she runs her fingers up his sides.

“No, no, no. Hehehahahah,” he eyes burst wide. “Ooops.”

“Ooop? Why oops?” she asks moments before feeling that her groin is sopping wet.

She looks down at his crotch. She made him pee so much that it seeped through to her shorts.

“Ewwww. Gross, Axle.”

“Heh. I warned you.”

“Fuck. Now I have to get changed.”

“You could borrow a pair of my jeans.”

“Hmmmmm. We are about the same size.”

She rises and pulls him to stand with her hands on his left wrist. They head to the left wall and go into his room. At the back, he opens his brown drawers. He kicks off his boots and gets his wet pants off.

While putting on a pair of tattered red jeans, he tells her, “I should probably warn you...I come in my jeans a lot.”

“You what?” she jolts her neck forward at him with a little shake of her head.

“They’re washed,” he holds out a blue pair for her in his right hand. “But I come in them now and then. So yeah. Just wanted to let you know.”

“Why? That is way too much TMI.”

“That’s redundant.”

“Yeah. I know. Too much too much info.”

“Do you want them or not?” he smirks.

“You did that on purpose, didn’t you?”

“What? Pee myself? Nope. That was all you.”

“No. The suggestion.”

“Maybe. But only a little,” he grins in a way that she can’t get mad at.

“Hmmmmm. You sure they’re washed,” she grabs them and sniffs the crotch.

“Yeah...,” his voice trails off because he got an instant erection from watching her do that in such a pristine animalistic way.

“You don’t sound very confident about that,” she looks up at him.

“No. It wasn’t...because of that,” he stuffs his hands in his pockets to hide his budding shaft.

“What?” she glances at his hands. “Why’d you just do that? You hiding something? Did you just take something from me?”

“Nope. Nope. Nothing. Nothing, nothing, nothing,” he rambles to ward her off, but that only makes her more suspicious.

“No. Something happened. You definitely did something,” she drops his fresh jeans and tackles him to the floor again.

He struggles against her grabby hands, but she's quicker and more forceful than him. She tugs his hands out of his pockets and reaches inside. Her left hand grabs onto his penis. And Emiko's mouth pops wide from the sharpest intake of breath she's ever experienced.

He cringes, "Please don't be mad. I told you it was nothing."

"This is embarrassing," she yanks her hands out and looks away to her right. "Sorry."

"It's okay. If...if anyone was gonna touch it, I'd want it to be you."

"That's a nice sentiment, but I...I shouldn't have reached into your pants like that."

"It's okay."

"I just thought you were trying to be sneaky about something. Got lost in the moment."

"Heh. It's okay," he sheds some of his awkwardness. "You should probably change though. You know, before you get pee onto my new pants too."

"Oh right," she jolts up. "Turn around."

"Yeah, yeah," he spins clockwise. "Say when."

She shimmies out of her shorts as if doing a little dance. She decides to take off her red panties too since his urine reached that far. His jeans fit nicely on her, only hanging below her ankles a little bit.

"Okay. Done."

"You look good in long jeans."

"Thanks," she slips her feet into his boots.

"Hey. My booties," he whines to make her laugh.

"Hah. My booties now. It's my bootie tax. For making me have to change."

"Fine," he exaggerates his sigh for her.

"So what do you wanna do now? Keep me distracted and entertained, jester."

"Yes, my lady," he bows low with his left hand on his chest and his right arm extended to his side.

"And?"

"Oh, right. I'm supposed to come up with something."

"Heh. Yes, dummy."

"We could play more video games."

"We could. But I think I'm gonna be greedy and sit on my win for a little longer."

"So not video games. If not video games, then what?" he gives her an intentionally confused expression.

"Life isn't all video games."

"It isn't?" he gasps wide-eyed to mess with her.

"Shut up," she shoves him with her right hand.

"Well, what do you wanna do then?"

"That's your job."

She's waiting for him to say what she wants to hear. She didn't consider him as a viable mate before, but it's not like she thought of anyone that way. Yet now, being in his room, being in his pants and shoes, and knowing he likes her, she's seeing him differently. She's willing to explore more with him, but only if he can bring himself to ask. That will be her test for him.

"Ummmm...we could go play tag."

"Noooo," she gives him a hint by stepping closer while gripping her forearms behind her back.

"We could...ummm...we could go for a swim."

"Hmmm? Taking clothes off? Getting closer," she takes another step.

"Ummmmm," he gulps and glances at how she's pushing her chest out towards him.

"Do you...want...do you wanna be my girlfriend?" he just says what he's been holding back for the last two years.

"Heh. Let's not get ahead of ourselves. But you're on the right track," she presses against him and explores his mouth with her tongue.

He closes his eyes and holds her cheeks.

"You're surprisingly feminine with your affection. I dig it," she wraps her arms around his back and keeps going, now pressing her crotch against his erection.

"You don't know how badly I've wanted to kiss you," he moans.

"Yeah. I can imagine. Two years is a long time to sit on a crush. Why wait so long?"

“Eh. Didn’t feel ready. Didn’t feel right.”

“But it did today.”

“It did today. You felt right today.”

“Heh,” she kisses him again and hops away.

“What’s up?”

“Can you show me your box again?”

“Yeah. Why?” he goes to the room’s far left corner and undoes the many chains.

“No reason. Just felt like reminiscing.”

“You were one of the few friends my dad wouldn’t freak out about when I showed them off.”

“Only the calmest kids could look in the box. And still with him staring over our shoulders to make sure we didn’t break them.”

She kneels to his left and leans against him. He opens the lid for her. Their hands pet the many old stuffed animals filled with dead batteries. The wreckages left behind by sick wasteland children. He picks up a white cat. She holds up a gray crocodile. He makes his kiss hers.

“Heh,” she giggles and uses hers hump his.

“My dad would get so mad if he saw you do that,” he inhales sharply and puts the cat down.

“Eh. They need some action too. They’ve been in a dusty box for too long,” she puts the crock on the cat, face to face.

He randomly grabs her right boob with his left hand, leaving it there.

“Okay?” she laughs the word.

“Just felt like doing that. Something about what you said.”

She smirks and reaches across to pinch his left nipple.

“Owww. Heheheheh,” he falls on top of her for more kisses.

She slowly crawls backwards like a Japanese ghost until she can help them both climb onto his bed, which has a bunk above it for some reason. She gets her head onto his pale pillow and swings her legs to her right onto his blotchy blue and white sky-themed blanket. Pressing against her with his arms around her back, he rains kisses down all over her face. She’s thoroughly enjoying this affection. A

welcome distraction from the dismal truths of their world.

“Hey?” she asks through his barrage. “You have a condom?”

“No. But I could get one from my mom’s drawer.”

“Heh. She’s got them? Not your dad?”

“Yeah.”

“Go get it,” she slaps his left shoulder to roll him out of the bed.

He scrambles for the drawer in the main room and grabs a pink condom.

“Hey,” she joins him. “Do you have anything we could use as sexy toys?”

“Ummmm...,” he glances around. “My controller.”

“Yes. Let’s use that,” she unplugs the black cord and brings it back into his room.

He eagerly follows, needing to feel her insides. Wrapping it loosely around his neck, she makes a knot that won’t tighten so she can use the wire as a leash.

“Ooooh. I’m your pet now?”

“Yes,” she states with a voice that was much cuter than she thought she was capable of.

He unzips and slides the condom over his shaft while she takes off her borrowed jeans. She flicks her head left, telling him to get on his bed first. When he lies down, she straddles him.

After fumbling to push it inside, he gives up and asks, “Where’s the hole?”

“Heh,” she scoops his penis between her left index and middle fingers and drags down until his tip pops in. “Right...there.”

His hands clamber up her form and pull her straight down, breaking her hymen in an instant of pain.

“Axle,” she whines and starts crying.

“W-what’s wrong? What did I do?” he panics and paws at her abdomen.

“You idiot. Owwww. Broke my hymen way too quickly. Fuck. Didn’t think it would hurt that much.”

“Sorry,” he tries to lean up to hug her.

“No,” she shoves him down with her left hand while yanking the wire taught in her other. “It’s your responsibility to make me feel better now.”

“Okay. Just tell me what to do.”

“No,” she huffs. “You figure it out.”

“H-how do I do that without making you upset?”

“I don’t know. Figure it out. Treat it like a game you’ve never played before. And play to win.”

“Okay,” he nods and smiles with more vigor, liking that rationale. “Ummm...okay. Let’s see. Where’s your clit?”

He tilts his head up, but she smirks and wants to make it harder for him so she swaps the controller into her other hand to cover his eyes with her right palm. She enjoys how his hands aimlessly wander her groin for his first interaction with a vagina. Emiko doesn’t feel like moving, content with simply having him in her for now.

“Okay. Wait. There. That’s it right?” his thumbs feel her button.

“Maybe.”

He presses down with both digits.

“Eeeeeiiii,” she squeals because she didn’t realize how oversensitive she is.

“Heh. It’s like the main button on a controller.”

“Shut up. It’s not a button and I’m not a controller.”

“Well, you kind of are a controller. You’ve got the leash after all. And I can’t see. And you have a button.”

She puffs up her cheeks, but doesn’t challenge him.

“I’m gonna call it Button.”

“Augh,” she scoffs. “You don’t get to name my clit.”

“Too late. Button.”

“No. You don’t –,” she tries to argue for fun, but he strokes her clitoris again. “Guhmmmm.”

“Wow. I like this game.”

“Shut...up,” she struggles to speak through the pleasure that hammers through her temples.

“Heh.”

“Keep going,” she tightens her hold on the leash and caresses his face without removing her hand.

The more his thumbs rub past her Button, the more she undulates her hips.

“Oh...phew...whew,” she starts panting, nearing her breaking point. “Keep your eyes closed.”

“Okay,” he smiles, enjoying being her sub.

She binds his wrists together and rests the controller on his abdomen. Emiko wants his hands to remain in range, but also wants more control. Leaning low, she kisses his eyelids as a reward for keeping them shut. He wants to open them to see any lewd faces she might be making, but he’s more committed to not spoiling her enticing domination. When he stretches aside the flesh around her clitoris and pinches it, she orgasms and accidentally pees a little.

“Heh. I guess you got me back for earlier.”

“Yes. Yes, I did,” she tightly grips his wrists and leans low while humping his groin as hard as she can.

She fights through the quakes from her orgasm to keep that addictive feeling going.

“Oh, Emiko,” he gulps and his penis spasms, filling the condom.

“Yes. Say my name.”

“Emiko,” he moans.

“Again,” she demands.

“Em –,” he tries to speak, but her kiss silences him.

But it’s okay. Her complacent tinnitus still can’t visit her. Because the sounds of their bodies colliding is just loud enough. Loud enough while they lay here, quivering against each other. A fine first time.

43 - We're All at That Cliff

Reiko is still sitting in misery at the cliff's edge. Waiting to fall. Waiting to be pushed. But not one ever does. She's stuck at this cataclysmic threshold. So close to demise. Yet she can't bring herself to jump. In fact, she refuses to. She wishes a gust would do it for her.

"I wish I could –," she tries to mutter something disastrous.

"Nice view," Alisynth comments from behind her with folded arms.

"What?" she squints at them over her left shoulder.

"The view. It's nice, right?" Alisynth smiles with yellow highlights.

"No. It never is."

"Really? Why? Tell me about it," Alisynth sits down to her left with purple highlights of concern.

She leans forwards slightly to look over, but Alisynth's arm shoots out to bar her. Her breasts lightly lean against their limb.

"I wasn't going to jump."

"Yeah? I don't know that though."

"We're all just waiting to die down here."

"Down?" Alisynth's colors turn to pink confusion. "We're higher than anyone else right now."

"You know what I mean. Our home. Below the surface...we're waiting to die. For those things to come get us. Why did our parents even bother having us? Why'd they bother bringing us into a world only to die?"

"I don't see it that way."

"How could you? You're something else entirely."

"Oh," Alisynth retracts their arm, somewhat hurt, turning pale with despair.

"You're the first of your kind. How could you not be hopeful? We're the last of ours," she explains without noticing Alisynth's shift.

"Oh. That's what you meant," their hues become red with understanding.

“Yes. Why? What’d you think I meant?” she glances at them.

“Nothing. Doesn’t matter.”

“Not much does these days.”

Alisynth becomes white again with leaky eyes, “Reiko, I wish I could see you smile.”

“I don’t know if I can anymore. I’ve seen too much at too young an age. I’ve seen too far,” she stares into the distance with an expression of horror breaking through her abject misery.

“I know you have. I know. So stop looking. Stop looking,” Alisynth pleads.

“I...I don’t know how. Everywhere I look, I see devastation. It’s all stained onto my retinas.”

“Then look at me,” Alisynth becomes emboldened with blue and grips her cheeks, forcing her to look away from the mad chasm.

She closes her eyes and cries.

“No. No!” Alisynth booms across the vertical threshold. “You will look at me. Look at me. Remember me. Remember who I am.”

She struggles to open them, but they hurt so badly. Alisynth uses their thumbs to try to keep her lids open, yet they shut from the pain.

“We need to go inside. You spend too much time out here on the cliffs,” Alisynth stands while dragging her onto her feet.

“No. I don’t want to go back down there. That’s worse in some ways.”

“Why? Why is that worse? You’ll be safe there.”

“It’s not safer. They’ll just find us here eventually. At least out here..., I can see them coming.”

“No,” Alisynth turns black with rage. “I need to bring you inside.”

“Stop it,” she struggles.

“No. I refuse to leave you out here anymore,” Alisynth scoops her up into their arms, getting their right one under her back and the left under her knees.

She pounds their chest and kicks her legs around, but aside from that, she doesn’t struggle to really break free. She’s doing this more as an outlet right now. Because as much as she wants to see the cliffs again, she knows that they’re bad for her. The hatch opens for Alisynth who brings her over the threshold. Their long walk down the stairs is silent. She doesn’t kick anymore. She doesn’t punch anymore. She remains still in the hybrid’s arms, resigned to have someone drag her from the edge.

When they reach Alisynth's living room, Lynx and Brigitte already think something is wrong.

"Is everything alright?" Lynx's antennae perk up.

"Is she hurt?" Brigitte rushes over.

"She's not hurt," Alisynth half-lies. "Can you give us some time alone to talk?"

"S-sure," Lynx understands something is wrong, but it's not a something she'll talk about in front of parents.

Lynx takes Brigitte's left hand in their right and pulls her out of the room.

"Thanks," Reiko musters the effort to say.

Alisynth doesn't know how to respond to that so they say nothing. Heading to the back wall, they go into their room. They don't bother turning on the lights. The darkness will be good for Reiko, someone who spends far too much time outside. The only glow comes from a special hammock of scintillating fibers stretched between the left and right walls near the back. Orisa made the unique bed for Alisynth's birth to celebrate their hybridity. She added more threads, making it larger every year. Alisynth lays Reiko down with her head closer to the left wall and kneels by her side.

"Why are you doing this for me?" she cries and covers her eyes with the back of her left arm.

Alisynth reaches out with both hands to take her right one. The hybrid must say something special now. Something of intrinsically powerful value.

"For someone like me, born to be a paragon for two species, you are an enigma. Someone I can never seem to cheer up, no matter how much I try. And that single fact makes you all the more intoxicating."

"Why?" she sobs because she didn't want to hear that.

"Because I need you to be happy."

That simple declaration makes her weep harder. All while lying on strings of light.

"Please. Tell me. What would make you happy? Tell me. And I'll try my best."

Her tears slow with the distraction of the hybrid's question. What would make her happy? Does she even know? How long has it been since she even asked herself something like that. She wants to say death. She wants to say that dying would make her happy. But she knows that is a lie. So she remains silent. She delves deeper. To find and enter the steeple in her chest. This is a structure that not everyone has. Only the most intrinsically damaged people can find this church in the dying clearing. What will she find inside? What can she find inside? Shoving the doors open with weak tired palms, she finds a cocoon of lights. Reiko pets it, trying to coax it open. But it doesn't stir. And something changes. She feels angry. Her despair transmutes to rage and she tears at the fibers, these filaments that ignore her. She rips and rends the whole cocoon open early. And she finds Alisynth inside. Is this hybrid, who

always seems concerned about her, her source of happiness? No. This is something different. Because she never feels happy around anyone. Not even her father. And certainly not her mother. Nothing ever feels right. She doesn't belong in her own skin. So what is this then? What is she desperately trying to feel?

"Reiko...please...say something," Alisynth's pleading voice drags her from the cathedral in her mind.

"I...don't know if anything in this world can ever make me happy," she mutters.

"Don't say that," Alisynth goes pale.

"But I think I found something in the chapel."

"What? What chapel?" Alisynth has no idea what she's talking about.

"I think I want to make you happy," she takes her arm away to look at her friend.

"Heh...hehehahahahaha," Alisynth turns yellow for a cackling fit. "Now isn't that a surprise."

"To everyone in the world," she stares at the ceiling.

"That's a good start," Alisynth stands. "I'll accept any happiness you have to give. Maybe you'll find some scraps on the way."

"Lay next to me," she reaches out her right arm.

Alisynth joins her on the hammock. She wraps her arm around Alisynth's neck and touches their chin with her left index finger.

"What would make you happy? I'd crush the world for you if I could," Alisynth goes with something morbid in an attempt to amuse her.

She blasts some air from her nose and shakes her head.

"Hey now. Was that a laugh?"

"I don't know. Been too long. Can't remember."

"Okay. Now you're just being edgy on purpose," Alisynth becomes orange.

"I am not," she gasps with annoyance.

"You so are," Alisynth nuzzles her ear.

She wipes her left hand down Alisynth's chest and whispers, "I feel like I don't deserve you."

"Why would you say that?" Alisynth shifts to pink.

“Because...,” she trails off, unable to say more.

“What did you do that you consider so bad that you don’t deserve to be happy?”

“I don’t know. I...don’t know. I just can’t help feeling like the world is out to get me.”

“Well, things in the world are out to get us. I won’t lie to you about that. But the world isn’t out to get you. I’m here. I’m all for you. Liked you for a while now.”

“Which is something I’ll never understand,” she scoffs softly.

“You don’t have to. You only have to accept it...or not.”

“I...accept it,” she mutters.

“Then I’ll give you everything. What do you want?”

“I don’t know. What do you want?”

“You,” Alisynth answers simply.

“Then you have me. What now?”

“What now indeed? Tell me your greatest fear.”

“Why?”

“Just do it,” Alisynth is forming a plan.

“I...I fear being crushed by those things before I can fall from the –,” she tries to say edge, but Alisynth tightly grips her face with their right hand and drags her closer for a kiss.

And with that, all of her pain washes away in a single moment of much-needed affection. The pain resurges when their lips part, but pieces of it have eroded. Her cliffside is smaller, if only by a tiny bit.

“Did it work?”

“Did what work?” she mutters in a half daze.

“My sneaky plan to counter your fear with my love.”

“Yeah. That was sneaky. But it worked a little. I think.”

“Heh. You just had to add that ‘I think.’”

“I did,” she says and kisses her friend again, but harder this time, digging her teeth into Alisynth’s

bottom lip.

“Owww. Heh. What’s gotten into you?”

“You have. Don’t disappoint me Alisynth. Not when I’m in such a fragile state. I need help. And if you’re the one offering, I’ll take it.”

“I won’t disappoint,” Alisynth glows blue to prove a point that their emotions match their promise.

“Then take me. Right here. Right now.”

“Yes,” is Alisynth’s simple affirmation while pulling off their shorts.

“Hmmm,” Reiko hums her disappointment.

“What? Oops. Heh. Forgot my parts.”

“Got that right,” she tries to play along with their banter in the hopes of improving her state of mind.

“What would you like?”

“I don’t know.”

“Do I feel more masculine or feminine to you?”

“I...don’t...maybe masculine I guess?” she winces through her decision.

“Okay. I’ll grab a dick.”

“Heh,” she smirks at their sudden crassness.

Alisynth gasps in an effeminate way to amuse her, “You smiled.”

“N-no I didn’t,” she panics and stammers.

“Too late. My memory banks stored it. I’m going to review that footage a lot,” Alisynth beams yellow while bombarding her in kisses.

“Heh. Stop it. Go...go get your dick,” she slowly pushes Alisynth away.

Elegantly rolling off the hammock and landing on their feet, the hybrid struts away to the left side of the room and opens the right drawer of their writing desk. They pull out a penis to the right of a vagina.

“Why don’t you keep one attached?” Reiko turns on her side to face them.

“Eh. Feels like it might make me lean more one way than the other. I like Lynx’s mindset. So I assimilated it,” Alisynth explains while screwing on the new appendage.

“Ah.”

“Plus, it’s kind of excess weight for no reason if I’m not planning on using them.”

“Does...does your body...produce eggs and sperm?” she asks hesitantly.

“It does actually. Stored inside. Synthetic, but real. Heh. If that makes sense.”

“Kind of.”

“Born this way,” Alisynth shrugs.

“Heh,” Reiko reveals a more innocent smile.

“Oh, I’m definitely saving that one. But for such a different reason.”

“Why?” she looks nervous with shaky eyebrows.

“Not telling.”

“I don’t do well with teasing,” she frowns.

“Still not telling. That’s my secret to bear,” Alisynth climbs on top of her.

She awkwardly pulls her shorts down.

“This might hurt.”

“I don’t care.”

“Heh. I wish you would. But I understand why you don’t,” Alisynth weaves their fingers into the cords.

With pinpoint precision, Alisynth pushes it inside Reiko’s vagina and breaks her hymen subtly to reduce any excess strain.

“That wasn’t so bad,” she looks down.

“Yeah. You don’t need any more pain.”

“You didn’t spray any anesthetic down there did you?” she squints and flattens her mouth.

“I could’ve, but I didn’t. I simply found just the right way to spread it so it stretched without snapping hard.”

“Oh. The perks of being half omnic.”

“Yep,” Alisynth leans low and coils her in their arms before pressing their lips together as if they never want to let go.

“You’re not doing this for me out of pity are you?” Reiko panics at that realization.

“I’ve never pitied you. I’ve only ever been concerned about you. But don’t think I’ve ever considered you weak,” Alisynth rolls without letting go of her so they’re on their sides again.

“Why? I think I’m the weakest person down here.”

“Not to me.”

“How?”

“Because not many people could sit there at the edge in such a sore state for so very long without jumping.”

“Shut up,” she cries, but only a little this time.

“Heh.”

She kisses their lips as if trying to suck Alisynth in.

“I think I made you happy,” Alisynth smirks.

“No more talking,” she states, but doesn’t deny it.

Alisynth decides not to push the issue further, understanding all the progress they made today. Reiko gets her left leg around Alisynth who takes that signal to thrusts more rhythmically. Attempting to grind away her frustrations, she smashes her groin against Alisynth’s as hard as she can. Their systems are activating on their own, connecting tubes and filtering sperm towards the shaft. Alisynth slides their right hand onto her left shoulder blade while slipping their left fingers under her top and across her breasts.

“Reiko,” Alisynth moans her name as sperm sprays her insides.

“Augh. You came in me,” she gasps.

“I’m sorry. I...it was my first time. I didn’t realize.”

“It’s my first time too, but still. I don’t want to get pregnant.”

“Oh. If that’s all you’re worried about, then don’t. I can shut them off remotely.”

“Oh,” she exhales. “That’s good. Yeah. If they work that way, I don’t mind. Come inside all you want. I’m just...nowhere near ready to be a mother. Not as I am now.”

“You’ll do fine. When that time comes.”

“Thanks,” she mutters and buries her face under theirs.

“Hey. You wanna try something fun?”

“If you think it’s fun, I guess.”

“I’ll need my vagina then,” Alisynth rolls out of bed and lands on their back without letting go of her.

“Heh. Didn’t that hurt?”

“Only a little,” Alisynth shifts to yellow and stands.

Alisynth carries her over to the desk and grabs the vagina in their left hand. She takes this time to pull her top off and drop it on the floor. Returning to the hammock, Alisynth hops in while spinning and tangling them in it like a colorful cocoon.

“So how do you plan on using that thing now?”

“Orisa made my parts because my parents felt awkward about the idea of sculpting those pieces for me.”

“That’s not what I asked.”

“I know. It was something I felt like mentioning earlier, but forgot to say.”

“So what is this for?” she pets the silvery lips.

“Mmmmm...keep going.”

“You can’t feel that,” she scoffs.

“Oh, I so can,” Alisynth gives Reiko their lewdest eyes possible.

“Heh. What’re they linked to you remotely too?” she slurs.

“Yep.”

“Hmmm,” she hums, giving the vagina a long erotic kiss.

“Oh, fuck, Reiko. You’re gonna make me burst inside you again.”

“Heh. I could get use to teasing you like this,” she cups the cylinder and laps at the vagina as if Alisynth’s part is a water bottle.

“I’ve made you happy. Can’t deny it now.”

“Ugh. Don’t ruin it.”

“Heh. Fine. Keep your unhappy shell. I know what type of hermit crab you are now.”

“Hrrrrmmmmm,” she growls, but doesn’t contest.

“I know what might make you enjoy this more. I snuck a sample of Lynx’s pheromone cocktail for just such an occasion. You wanna try it?”

“Do you consider Lynx your dad or mom or what?”

“That’s not what I asked,” Alisynth mimics to tease her.

She squints and bites Alisynth’s labia hard.

“Owww,” Alisynth whines and cries a little with green highlights. “That fucking hurt.”

“Oh no. I’m sorry,” she instantly worries and pets their vagina, pressing her lips into the hurt spot.

“It’s okay,” Alisynth uses the back of their left hand to wipe their eyes.

“Come here,” she kisses Alisynth’s actual lips this time, wiping her tongue against their silver ones.

“Heh. Thanks. Makes me feel better that you care about me,” Alisynth returns to yellow.

“Well, I’d feel like a dick if I upset you of all people. You’re always nicest to me.”

“Thanks.”

“For what?”

“For considering me a real person.”

“Oh,” she understands the depth of her statement. “But we all do down here.”

“Yeah. You all do. But even though I’m supposed to lead both species to unity, I have a feeling that my job is going to be much harder than I think.”

“Yeah...,” she trails off.

“But that’s a concern for the outside world. Not for right now,” Alisynth gives her a quick kiss on the lips so she smirks and gives their vagina a quick kiss on the lips.

“So you were saying? Something about a cocktail?”

“Yes. You want it?”

“Yesssssss...wait. You never answered my question though. Got all sidetracked from the vagina bite.”

“Right. About Lynx. I don’t know. I guess I perceive them more as my dad simply because Brigitte is my mom and most of the parents here have defined genders. But out of respect for Lynx, I don’t consider them either. Like me,” Alisynth smiles.

“Ah. Okay. Whisk me away, magic vagina,” Reiko is finally starting to enjoy herself, running with her blooming sense of humor.

“Heh. I love this new side of you.”

“Arughmmm,” she pretends to bite Alisynth’s vagina, but stops with her teeth on the labia.

Alisynth winces, “That was mean.”

“Gotta keep you in line somehow.”

“Heh. Keep me in line,” Alisynth scoffs at the notion and then whines, “Don’t inhibit my affections.”

“HmMMM...don’t act all cute like that...or I might not be able to.”

“Heh. Cuteness is my weapon.”

Reiko sticks her tongue deep inside Alisynth’s vagina and laps up and back in one long sweep.

“Ohhhhh...hmMMM,” Alisynth shudders.

“Heh. I have that weapon too.”

“Yes...you...do,” Alisynth pants through their lust.

“So how do I get this alleged cocktail?” she inspects the vagina.

When she squeezes the sides, the clear ooze shoots out around her nose and mouth, cupping her face like an oxygen mask.

“Ah. I see you already found it.”

“I don’t get what this is supposed to – uh, uh, uhggggghhh,” she moans and orgasms from the pheromones that gush across her senses.

“Wow. You liked that a lot,” Alisynth disconnects the vagina from the mask.

“Ohhhh what is this?” she runs her hands up her face.

“It’s a concentrated mixture of –.”

"I know what it is. But fuck, why...why does this feel so good?"

"Heh. Because that's what it does."

"Mmmmmm," she lunges for a kiss, causing Alisynth's mouth and nose to join hers in the mask.

"Ohhhhh," Alisynth starts breathing heavily, having never experienced this before. "Wow. You...you weren't kidding."

"First time?" she smirks.

"Yeah."

"Mine too," she leans into her silly side, finally allowed to blossom with a partner.

"I know...mmmmm," Alisynth ruts into Reiko and while wiping their vagina up her body and between her breasts.

"Heh. This is so weird."

"Is it?" Alisynth mutters in a daze while pressing her vagina against her chest harder.

"You feeling through your vagina like a disconnected fleshlight? Uhyeah," she slurs.

"Okay. Maybe it is. But only a little."

"Only a little," she smiles, her truest smile yet.

"You've been grinning a lot today," Alisynth jokes. "I wonder why. Do you think it could be me?"

"Shut up," she shakes her head while smiling dismissively.

"If I shut up and stop talking, I'm going to burst. Talking helps distract me."

"So burst. I don't mind," she shrugs casually before whispering with the lewdest voice she has, "Burst."

Hearing that lascivious command sends a violent climax throttling through Alisynth's system, "Uggggghhhhhh."

"Eeeeeiiiiiii," Reiko squeaks because of how much sperm fills her womb.

But Alisynth can't stop. Their body is in overdrive, thrusting wildly as they bounce in the hammock. Alisynth presses their vagina over Reiko's mouth like a second mask, overwhelming her intoxication. Alisynth orgasms again, but this time from Reiko's lolling tongue against their vagina. Having a full womb and a vagina raked across her face, Reiko convulses with the most powerful climax she's ever felt. It's at this point that the young couple loses all control of their bodies. The hammock unravels and

dumps the pair on the floor, still connected the way they were before. The two are pressed close with Alisynth's vagina between their chests. Alisynth weakly reaches up and drags the ooze from Reiko's face.

"I think I love you," she admits.

"Heh. I've always loved you."

"Don't compete," she flattens her lips.

"Heh. Sorry."

"Heh. Can you move?"

"No. Can you?"

"No."

"Let's just stay like this until we can."

"Yeah. Let's stay like this. Until we can."

44 - An Even Gathering of Odds

All of the young friends are hanging out in the common room of couches. Emmy is on a western one with Jasmine to his left. Duncan plops down reluctantly next to his sister to make sure nothing out of hand happens. Across from her, Reiko fidgets between Kahla on the left and Sobek on the right. To not be obvious about their relationship, Alisynth is on a north one. To their right is Nikita with Jing on her other side. Ada leans against Aiden's left shoulder on a south one. Closer to the west, Axle sits across from Emiko on the floor in the middle of the room. Rohit and Caoilfhionn are having a gunfight, dodging all around with the couches and their friends for cover. Every so often, a dart hits someone who either smiles or winces. On the outskirts, Jetmir paces around angrily. He's the only one a dart doesn't hit because even while his thoughts distract him, his hands still swat the bullets away.

"Reiko, you look...different. What happened? Ooooooh. Did you get laid?" Emmy teases.

"N-no," she stammers.

"Ooooooh," he squeals and thrashes his limbs around close to his body. "You only stutter when you're lying. Who was it? Who was it? Should I say who I think it is? Or do you wanna whisper it to me?"

"Ugh! Fine," she huffs and gets up to whisper, "Alisynth" in his right ear.

"Heh. That's what I thought," Emmy gives his cousin a devious grin. "So you've finally abandoned the edge."

"Shut," she points her right index finger at him threateningly. "Before I give you a scatter arrow up the ass."

"Mmmm...prima. That doesn't sound all that bad."

"Ewwwwww. Emmy," she whines.

"Heh. You said it."

"And now regret it."

"Heh," Alisynth chuckles.

Noticing the mood that the others possess, Kahla, Duncan Jetmir, and Sobek seem awkward because they each know they haven't partnered with anyone. The feeling of their dwindling options is becoming palpable. Even more so because the three boys have always liked Kahla. The only two who seem unconcerned are the Widomaker twins. Content to enjoy the amusement they're witnessing.

"Why do you think our parents picked our names?" Alisynth mentions to cut the building tension.

“Well, Ana let Hanzo name Reiko since she’s his first child,” Axle explains. “Same thing for Rohit. As for everyone else, –.”

“Let them figure it out on their own,” Jetmir growls. “If someone wants to know the secrets of their name, they’ll seek them out. If not, they won’t.”

“You’re not a little bit curious?” Aiden smiles.

“I know your names. I don’t need to wonder,” Jetmir glares.

“Ooooh. Such fierce eyes. Keep looking at me like that and I might get all...bothered.”

“Ragh,” Jetmir barks dismissively.

“Our birthday is coming up soon,” Sobek smiles wide, eager to help Alisynth attack the tension.

“I wonder how many friends have had a situation like ours,” Alisynth muses. “All born around the same time so we have a communal birthday party for everyone.”

“Probably none,” Emmy answers.

“Yeah. Our case is a special one,” Jing agrees.

“Our gifts for each other have always been random,” Nikita folds her arms.

“Either made from scratch,” Caoilfhionn states.

“Or scavenged,” Duncan adds.

“What a time to be alive,” Sobek jokes and sighs with his hands behind his head.

“Heh,” Kahla giggles. “Yeah. Underground with the bare necessities and enemies at all sides.”

Jetmir and Duncan give Sobek dirty looks that he doesn’t see. The others know her enough to understand she’s only being half-sarcastic. (She gets her lust for violence from her mother.) Everyone becomes a little quiet at the mention of their predicament. They don’t like thinking about their foes. The more distractions the better. Because they can’t do anything yet. At least their parents have established communications with their allies around the world. They’ve fought back over the years, keeping the silver scaffolds at bay. And Kahla is one of the few who seems heedless to test herself in battle. Everyone else knows what’s out there. And knows they don’t want to face it. Especially because they always have to wonder if their parents are coming back or not.

“Don’t you ever get bored of wearing that outfit?” Nikita asks Emmy to change the subject and shatter the silence.

“No. I feel most like myself when I wear it.”

“Even though it’s mom’s costume?” Emiko challenges.

“Yeah. I’m still me,” Emmy nods. “And besides, we don’t have many clothes to go around so me taking care of my one favorite outfit gives you all more to wear.”

“Heh. So altruistic,” Alisynth smirks.

“My altruism is always based on greed and selfishness. As silly as that sounds. No one else gets to wear this but me.”

“What about me?” Jasmine clings to his arm.

“Uhhhhh...that might give me issues. Heh.”

“Oh. Right. Didn’t think about it that way,” she lays her cheek on his shoulder.

“I’ve always looveedddd the way Emmy dresses,” Ada grins.

“Thank you Ada. I’ve always appreciated your devotion to your makeup.”

She simply tilts her head and torso forward for a simple bow.

“Nothing for me?” Aiden pouts.

“Yours is good too. Any complement she gets counts for you. You do it all the same.”

“Oh. Okay,” Aiden likes that logic.

“Nothing for me?” Sobek beams to play along.

“Piff. You don’t use makeup,” Emmy dismisses with a swat of his left hand.

“How do you know? I might when no one is looking?” he winks his left eye at Kahla.

“Hehehehahaha,” she holds her sides. “Okay. I’d pay to see you in makeup.”

“Pay me what?” he smirks with heavy eyelids.

“W-what?” she stammers. “I – I didn’t mean pay you...pay someone.”

“Why not me?” he plays it up and challenges her.

“Fine,” she matches him. “I’d pay you...something. I don’t know what yet.”

“You don’t know what I want yet.”

“I don’t,” she smirks, now with heavy lids of her own.

Jetmir's fists are tight from building rage. Duncan resorts to scowling with folded arms.

Alisynth notices and changes the subject, "Hey. How about we all play a game?"

"We're already playing one," Rohit states and shoots a dart that sticks to Alisynth's forehead.

"Yep," Caoilfhionn uses her sharp eye to knock the dart off with one of hers.

"Let's get some board games going," Alisynth reaches under their couch and pulls out some boxes.

The friends cluster together on the floor to decide which one to play first. They agree to play the Peter Pan game even though it's old because it has the truest sense of nostalgia for them. A time when they were allowed to truly be, unconcerned with the real fears of not being free.

45 - The Incisions from Decisions

Jetmir, Sobek, Duncan and Kahla are still hanging out in the common room, each on a separate couch. She's on the east, Sobek is to the north, Duncan is south, and Jetmir is west.

"Okay. Let's just get this out in the open," Kahla sighs and stares at the white nail polish on her fingers and toes. "I'm not interested in Aiden so that leaves you three. And I'm not the type of girl who's gonna want to share herself around just to be nice. So I want you three to help me decide. This will give each of you a better chance to be with me rather than having one go behind the others' backs to woo me and shut them out."

"That doesn't sound very...natural," Duncan says instead of 'fair' or 'nice.'

"I know," she agrees. "But we're not living in a natural age when we can afford to wait around being picky."

"We are not," Jetmir states. "But I already know that you don't like me. So I'm not going to waste our time playing your game."

"It's not a game. It's something...to help me decide."

"Then I won't be a part of your tribunal," he becomes more heated. "I already know. So why should I bother?"

"Because...", she can't give him a good reason.

"That's what I thought."

"Why are you always so angry?" she scowls. "We all have reason to be angry at our situation, but you're the only one who's gone mental about it."

His left eye twitches once which is a bad sign, "Tell me right now. Do you even like me at all?"

"Honestly, no. On paper, you and I would make a brutal couple, but I...really don't. I don't feel...the way you want me to."

"That's what I thought," he repeats and turns to leave. "I can't help how I feel about you, but I'm not going to torture myself over you any longer."

"Damn. That...did not go the way I expected," she mutters.

"How did you expect it?" Duncan inquires.

"I thought...I don't know...we'd have a whole long talk about it...and you'd all try to convince me."

“But Jetmir’s too keen to...deal with that type of thing,” Sobek explains.

“I feel like my chances aren’t much better, but I’m not about to give up just because of that,” Duncan sits straighter.

“That’s the spirit,” she smiles at his odd wobbly confidence. “I just wish I knew why Jetmir liked me.”

“You could always go ask him. We can wait if you like,” Sobek suggests.

Duncan rolls his eyes to his right.

“Y-yeah. I want to,” she rises with her spear in her right hand and chases after Jetmir down the western hall. “Jetmir. Wait.”

“Don’t bother convincing me to turn around. I already know you won’t change your mind.”

“I...know. I just wanted to know why you liked me,” she rests her haft on her shoulder.

“Why?” he doesn’t face her. “Because...to my eyes you’re a primal entity of death. Reveling in every moment. Rampaging through a field of worm-pocked bones. Relishing life at a level that I’ll never be able to achieve.”

Her heart flutters a pace at that.

“Do-don’t say that. You’ll be able to...someday.”

“The sentiment is noted. But I don’t think I will,” he continues down the hall.

She stands there until he disappears from view.

“Such a strange boy he is,” she sighs and returns to her remaining suitors.

“What’d he say?” Duncan asks.

“Something strange. But beautiful,” she keeps the troubled boy’s words a secret.

“Really? Now I’m curious,” Sobek adds.

“Don’t be. I...I don’t feel like telling it,” she states in a faraway tone.

“Oh...okay,” he gets a little confused, but drops it.

“So...I know you’ve both liked me for a while. Help me decide. What do you like about me?”

“Does that mean you like us both?” Duncan seeks clarity.

"I think I could like either of you. If you convince me," she doesn't want to hurt anyone's feelings too much if she can help it.

"I like that you're wild, but kind and you always laugh at my corny jokes," Sobek blurts to take the initiative.

"I love that you're tough and don't take shit from anyone. Especially not me."

She smirks because she likes the tone and feeling of both answers, "What else? Keep going."

"I like the devotion you have for your makeup," Duncan speaks first this time.

"I like what your makeup means," Sobek smiles because he had the better phrasing.

"What do you like about us?" Duncan switches the question around on her.

"I like the confidence you have when you take a stand," she tells him and looks at Sobek to say, "And I love your sense of humor."

Her eyes linger on him for that. Duncan already sees how this will go. He's had his fight. He knows Jetmir had the right idea. But still, Duncan wanted to try. And he did.

"Alright then," he slaps his knees and rises.

"What?" she asks.

"I can see when I'm beat. Here's the stand I'm taking. I concede. I'm walking away."

"But you didn't get to say more," she feels bad that he might not have gotten a fair chance, but deep down she knows the truth that even Duncan can see.

"There's no more to say," he stuffs his hands into his pockets with sagging shoulders.

"Hey. Don't lose too much hope. If things don't work out with Sobek and you're still interested, we can see where things go."

"Yeah. I don't think that's going to happen. I knew I was probably going to lose. But I stuck it out anyway. Everyone sees the way you two look at each other. It wasn't lost on me," Duncan explains and leaves.

"Were you ever worried?" she stares at Sobek.

"Me? No. I knew you'd pick me."

"Really? I don't know," she thinks hard about it while looking at the floor. "They had some good answers too."

“But I was the only one you really wanted,” he smirks.

“How?” she glances up at him.

“Because laughter is the way to a girl’s heart.”

“Heh. Shut up.”

“See?” he points his left index finger at her.

“Let’s find somewhere more private to hang out...now that all this is done,” she nudges his left ankle with the butt of her spear.

They rise in unison and enter the nearby white elevator. They wait, trying to contain their giddiness as it takes them to a hidden lookout tower whose top is the only piece poking from the mountain. It’s kept concealed with a translucent mesh that Symmetra designed. They have eight windows for each main direction. The inside is fairly cozy with many blankets and pillows strewn around. But the real use of this tower isn’t lost to them. The connective sections between the windows are lined with compartments of sniper rifles and rocket launchers. Something about that hidden fact paired with the surrounding dangers heightens the romantic feelings she’s been sequestering for Sobek.

“So what do you wanna –?” he tries to say, but she already dropped her spear to tackle him against the western blankets, violently kissing his lips.

His erection surges against her as he fondles her breasts under her bra and caresses her shoulder blades.

“I really want to take you up on that makeup offer,” she whispers.

“You can if you want to...,” he glances around. “I just don’t see any makeup around.”

“You know what?” she stands and checks the panels. “Widowmaker wouldn’t want to go into battle without looking her best. I bet she has some stashed up here.”

“I bet she does,” he relaxes against the various blankets.

“Ah. I knew it,” she grabs a small black kit behind a silvery-blue sniper rifle in the northwest panel.

She eagerly scampers back to him and kneels between his legs.

“This should be fun,” he leans forward to her.

“You’re really cool with this? I’ve never seen you wear makeup before.”

“Sure. I like seeing you get all excited, so I’ll enjoy it that way.”

“Oh, okay,” she smiles bashfully and opens the kit. “What color do you want? Or should I decide.”

“Let’s make me green. Like a crocodile.”

“Ahhhh, right,” she blurts absentmindedly while finding all the greens. “These will look nice on your skin.”

“I’m sure they will,” he grins, loving all the attention he’s getting from the girl he’s always liked.

A small piece of him feels bad that Jetmir and Duncan have to suffer. Sobek wouldn’t mind sharing her if she was okay with that, but she’s not so they have to deal. He doesn’t feel as bad as he might have because of something his father tells him. ‘You don’t lose. Even when things seem dire, you get up, dust yourself off with your own blood if you have to, and you keep fighting.’ Sobek didn’t have to fight hard today. But someday he might. Probably. And when that day comes, he’ll dust himself off with his blood. And rise.

“All set?” he smiles with slightly-more-tired eyes after hearing those words again.

“Yeah,” she applies lipstick to him first.

As soon as she’s done, he grabs her shoulders and kisses her firmly, sharing his green with her.

“Heh,” she wipes it off on the back of her right arm.

“Awww. No green for you?”

“Not yet. I want you to pick out colors for me once you’re done.”

“Ooooooh,” he plays up his excitement to annoy her.

“Heh. Shush. Next, we’re gonna give your pretty eyelashes a thick green coat,” she wipes on emerald mascara.

“Imagine if crocodiles had eyelashes?” he stares at the ceiling.

“That would look weird. Horrifying, but in an oddly cute way,” she answers without getting distracted from her task.

“I’d like to see one someday. A real one.”

“If there’re any left,” she puts verdant eyeliner on him.

“Heyyyy,” he whines.

“Hey. Just being real with you,” she pats foresty eyeshadow on last.

“I know, but still. Ugh. I want to see them.”

“Yeah. If there are any left and I find them, I’ll make sure to let you know where to look.”

“Yay!” he squeals to amuse her.

“Heh,” she caresses his left cheek. “Now pick out some for me.”

He already knows what he wants for her mouth. He grabs the white lipstick and wipes it on her while holding her chin in his left hand.

“Why that one?”

“I like how your skull paint contrasts with your skin. So I thought your lips would look good with that contrast too,” he explains and adds innocently, “And they do.”

“Thanks. Hey. When you said you liked what my skull means, did you really know?”

“I think I do. It’s to represent a kinship with all the world’s dead, right? All our skulls are white...beneath the skin.”

“Yeah,” she slowly goes in and gives him a kiss on his left cheek. “I’m glad I picked you.”

“I’m glad too,” he smiles with heavy eyelids while applying white mascara on her.

She starts panting and admits, “I’ve been waiting a long time to suck your dick.”

“Wow. That was a hot sentence.”

“Heh. Shut up and get those pants down.”

He scrambles to open them, thrilled at the prospect of being in her mouth. Once he tugs the zipper down, he tries to pull his penis out of his black boxers, but she beats him to it. Her hands dive into his pants and yank his boxers down enough that his penis springs up.

“Wow,” she gives him ‘bedroom’ eyes when she notices how much pre-seminal fluid is pooling in the rim of his uncircumcised tip. “Look at how wet you already are.”

“My urethra pussy is so wet for you,” he puts on an effeminate voice and wiggles his hips.

“Hehah!” she shrieks. “Your what? Urethra pussy? That’s a new one for me. Heh.”

“It’s – so – wet – for – you,” he shifts around more for each word.

Laying her palms to his sides, she puckers her lips and slowly lowers them to his tip. He almost can’t believe what’s happening. With an obscenely erotic noise, she slurps it all up.

“Ooooooh,” he groans while his toes curl so tightly that they hurt. “You’re too sexy for your own good.”

"I know," she seductively wraps her tongue around the underside of his tip without breaking eye contact.

Dipping her head as if diving into the ocean, she takes his whole length inside and kisses the base of his shaft. His legs are already trembling. And now she sucks on him, bobbing up and down. They've both sampled enough porn by now to know how to do certain things. The more he sees her lipstick stains around his shaft, the harder he gets inside her. He starts exhaling forcefully because his chest is tight. When she reaches his base again and gives it a series of sensual kisses, he sprays her insides. She keeps it all in and gulps it down while wiping her hands up his back. When she lifts her head, she sighs and wipes away excess spit from her lips.

"Wow. That...you fucked me up bad with that."

"Heh. I know. I've had a lot of practice."

"Practice? With someone?" he asks nervously.

"No," she smiles. "With a toy. Why? Would that make you jealous?"

"Only a little," he plays along.

She catches her breath while taking off her top and unhooking her skirt, leaving herself in black panties.

"So...are you ready for my crocodile?" he points to his crotch with both index fingers.

"That...is so corny that it doesn't deserve a laugh," she folds her arms.

"Not even a little one?"

"Ha – ha," she exaggerates while bobbing her head from side to side to annoy him.

"Awww...that was a fake laugh."

"Heh," she can't hide that one.

"Yeah. That's a real one."

"Damn it," she shakes her head while smirking.

"Can I...take off your panties for you?"

"Hmmm...yes. But only if you get naked for me."

He's about to scramble to get his clothes off again, but she stops him with her hands on his elbows.

"I love the enthusiasm. I really do. But the rushing is a turnoff. Take it slower."

“Oh. Right,” he rubs his nipples for her while peeling his top off.

“Heh. That’s more like it,” she rubs hers as well.

Once his head is free, he swirls his sleeves to roll his shirt up before pulling both arms out simultaneously as if performing an escape from a large Chinese finger trap.

“Eh?” he smiles and waits for a response.

“Ooooooh. Impressive,” she praises him and uses her hands to clap her breasts together.

“That’s the right kind of applause.”

Undoing his laces, he stands and does a little shimmy dance to bring his pants low. With one hop, he jumps out of his boots while his cuffs are still tucked inside. He carefully walks his boots away to his left, using the pant legs like puppet strings.

“Heh,” she giggles with her right hand in front of her mouth.

When he returns to the spot in front of her, she lunges and drags his boxers down. He slips on the blankets and falls back while she tugs his waistband.

“And here you told me take it slow,” he jokes.

“I couldn’t handle the wait after all,” her tongue hangs out of her mouth. “Now get these off and fuck me before I explode.”

She lies back for him and he slowly peels her panties off to tantalize her. He rolls them until they’re all bundled up. He folds them over more and stuffs them into her mouth.

“Ahahahaheheh,” she laughs and bites down hard.

He leans low and kisses her labia a few times, adding green to her brown folds as if trying to paint a landscape of trees and earth.

“Prut rit innnnn,” she whines, now on the verge of begging.

He loses himself to the passion of her calls and climbs on top of her. Without needing to look, he gets his tip inside her. (She’s already that excited and open.) Wrapping her legs around him and enfolding her hands on the back of his neck, she yanks him closer, slicing through her hymen instantly.

“You feel so goooood,” he moans and closes his eyes.

“Heh,” she laughs and spits part of her panties into his mouth.

He eagerly accepts, loving the overwhelming smell of her spit and pheromones. Now their lips are connected and silenced by her fabric.

“Become the crocodile for mre,” she slurs, but he understands.

He goes ravenous, thrusting into her with a furious speed, mashing her blood deeper inside. His drool seeps through her panties and floods her mouth. She drinks that all down too. When her toes curl, she uses her heels to push against his rump, sending him into her even harder.

“Guh,” he moans and his eyes roll back when he feels the base of his penis thumping against her labia.

When their faces are so close that their eyelashes slice past each other and share colors, he shoots sperm straight into her womb. The feeling of so much fluid passing into her cervix brings her to climax with him. Their bodies tremble from so many new feelings of overstimulation. He got so lost in passion that he didn't even think about a condom. He's so deep inside her that he forgot they existed. Lucky for him, she's been taking the pill for the last two weeks, expecting to bed one of her friends soon. (He would frankly love to raise her child, but she's not ready yet.) He kisses her around the panties, mixing the shades on their lips. He starts slowly thrusting, indulging in the animalistic pleasure of mashing his penis around in his own sperm within her. When his shaft slips out and flops onto her abdomen with a long trail of seed, his mind comes back to him.

“Oh fuck. We didn't use a condom,” he takes the panties out of her mouth with his right hand.

“It's okay,” she smiles. “I'm on the pill.”

“Oh good. I'd like to have kids someday. Just not yet.”

“With meeeeeee?” she asks in an uncharacteristically cute way to be funny.

“Yes,” he sticks his dick back inside her and mashes it around some more.

“Hehehehahahahah,” she goes into giggling fit as her hips start moving on their own for him.

The two friends-now-lovers stay there, connected intrinsically through mind and body, purposely ignoring the dangers of the outside world. Even while they can see forever. For miles around.

46 - The Silence in Your Choices

Duncan is feeling ill after losing his chance to be with Kahla. And of all the people for him to run into now, he finds Emmy.

“Hey there, handsome. Why so glum?”

“Kahla chose Sobek,” Duncan mutters that rather than ‘Kahla didn’t choose me.’

“You could always come crawling back to me.”

“That’s not funny Emmy,” Duncan barks without yelling.

“It is a little.”

“No. It’s not. Just because I didn’t warp my sexuality for you, doesn’t make this funny. I rejected you out of my preferences. Get that through your thick self-absorbed head.”

“Sheesh. And here I was trying to banter with you for fun.”

“Rejection isn’t fun. And leading someone on and then rejecting them is worse. Is that what you would have preferred?”

Emmy sighs, “No.”

“Then leave me be,” Duncan storms off, repeatedly punching his right fist into the wall as he goes.

He grinds his teeth, the reality of never being able to be with his childhood crush setting in. What is he to do now? When so many have paired off? Was it his arrogance? No. Plenty of arrogant people find partners. Not all arrogance is bad.

“Hello, Duncan,” Ada is skipping through the hallway towards him, swinging her arms back and forth far while her ponytail swishes rhythmically behind her. “You’re looking positively miserable. I mean that only in the most elegant ways.”

“That’s because I am.”

“Come. Skip with me,” she performs a neat counterclockwise spin and hooks her right arm around his left.

She tries to continue back the way she came, but he’s not budging, “I don’t want to.”

“Don’t want to skip?”

“No.”

“Okay. Will you walk with me at least?”

His lower lip curls slightly into his upper one as he appraises her. He might have to explore this attention, considering she’s the last girl.

“Sure,” he concedes.

As they continue onwards, she asks, “Can we talk in your room?”

“Sure,” he answers with a more realized tone of defeat.

When they reach their destination, he’s glad his sister isn’t here. He gets the feeling whatever talk comes next might be embarrassing. Turning left, she goes into his room and starts sniffing around.

“What are you doing?”

“It’s dusty in here.”

“Sorry.”

“No. Don’t be. Dust is special. It keeps record. It floats and falls and stalls, showing us where we’ve touched. And what we neglected to use as a crutch.”

“The rhymes are not really attractive.”

“Do you think I care?” she asks without looking at him, feeling his blue mesh blanket.

“No. I suppose you don’t.”

“I don’t,” she clarifies while spinning counterclockwise to sit elegantly with her right leg folded over her left and her hands the same way on her knee.

“So what’d you want to talk about?” he asks even though he has an idea because her options are dwindling too.

“First. Sit.”

“It’s my room.”

“Sit,” she disregards his claim.

He sighs softly and takes the spot to her left.

“What’s bothering you?”

“You’re a perceptive girl. You already know.”

“I do. But I want to hear it from you.”

He releases a heavier sigh, “Kahla didn’t pick me.”

“And?”

“And we’re living in a world where we can’t get what we want.”

“Plenty of us are getting what we want,” she smirks.

“Yeah? Not me. So I’m living in a world where I can’t get what I want.”

“Most of them don’t like the egotism,” she rubs her right hand up his chest. “But I don’t mind it. Kind of hot in a petulant sort of way.”

“Ugh. Petulance isn’t hot.”

“Maybe not to you. But I have fucked up tastes.”

“So that means I’m fucked up.”

“If you’d like to think of it that way.”

“Do you even like me?”

“Hmmm...my brother and I...have an odd view of the world. In our world, we don’t like anyone. But we don’t dislike anyone.”

“I don’t get it,” the right side of his face scrunches up in confusion.

“We’re essentially indifferent.”

“I think that’s a lie.”

“Is it?”

“Yeah. Otherwise, why would you be here?”

“Hmmm...maybe I do like you a little.”

“But only a little.”

“Yes. Is that so bad? I still like you. If only a little.”

“So you’re telling me to take what I can get?”

“Yes. Because I’m certainly a prize.”

“Maybe physically,” he scoffs.

“Oooh. There’s that arrogant fire. You find my personality lacking?”

“A little,” he sneers.

“Hmmm,” she runs her tongue from her upper left teeth to the corner of her lips.

“What?”

“Nothing. I simply don’t know how to feel about that. It turns me on in a subtle way. But disappoints me in another.”

“Why?”

“I’ve curated my persona to be ethereally appealing. My brother and I worked hard on that.”

“Maybe you worked too hard.”

“I don’t understand.”

“You should have let things unfold naturally.”

“Ohhh? Should? That’s a strong word.”

“That’s my take on it. You shouldn’t have asked if you didn’t want to hear my type of answer.”

“Heh. There’s that word again,” she actually starts to salivate a little from his arrogance.

“Why do you look all weird?” he squints slightly.

“I...want to explore with you.”

“What? Like sexually?”

“Yes.”

“You really want that? With me?” his confidence breaks.

“Don’t. Don’t do that. Bring it back. Your arrogance is your defining feature.”

“Sometimes I wish it wasn’t..., but I feel like it’s inextricably intertwined with me.”

“It will give you the strength you need when everything else around you fails,” she speaks with a

resonant prophetic tone that gives him shivers.

“Th-thanks,” he mutters.

“No problem,” she smiles and leans on him.

“So does this mean you want to date me?”

“No.”

“No?”

“You can always come back to me for some sexy attention. Just don’t think I’m yours. I don’t want to be tied down. Unless you want to literally.”

“Why do you say that now? Is it because of what I said?”

“No. I was going to bring that up no matter what.”

“If you say so,” he doesn’t exactly believe her even though that notion is believable from her.

“I say so,” she nods, still with that odd smile on her face.

“So...how do we even go about this? Feels so awkward. Like a business proposal after all that.”

“Then go with that,” she pushes him back with her right palm while standing.

“Ehhhhh. Don’t want to.”

“Then what do you want?”

“To fuck you in the ass.”

“Heh. So forward. Now that I like,” she spins left and bends over for him while caressing her ankles.

“Ha,” he nearly snorts. “Just like that?”

“Just like that. Let’s explore each other. As friends. Without anything to hold us back.”

“Alright then,” Duncan rises and starts enjoying life a little bit more now.

He’s about to retrieve a condom from the dresser to the right of his bed, but she flicks her right hand back with a silver wrapper between her index and middle fingers.

“You’ve always been skilled,” he accepts it from her.

“I do try.”

Opening it and slipping the green condom on, he rolls her pants down slowly as if unwrapping the world's most delectable treat. (Duncan doesn't comment about her lack of underwear because he's too distracted.) He lets her waistband tuck nicely underneath her butt. Taking hold of her hips, he bumps his tip against her sphincter a little.

"You're not gonna poop all over me as a prank, are you?"

"Duncan. I'm a classy girl. I cleaned myself before coming to find you."

"Ohhhh. So you planned to take advantage of my situation."

"Yes," she answers simply and smirks over her left shoulder.

"Okay then. I can always trust you to be annoyingly and brutally honest."

"Yes. You c—," she tries to speak, but he pushes his tip in. "Ahmmmmm."

"Yeah. That shut you up."

"Shut me up," she begs.

He thrusts deeper with each motion until he can press the base of his penis against her ass crack.

"That's not going to be enough to silence the likes of me," she taunts him.

"Oh?" he grabs her ponytail and winds it around his right hand, roughly dragging her torso horizontal.

"Still not enough to —," she tries to goad him further.

Leaning over her, he stuffs his left fingers into her mouth and grabs onto her tongue.

"Glat's better," she slurs and her eyes are already rolling back while her legs quiver (she's extra sensitive to being handled roughly in subtly ways).

Duncan is thoroughly enjoying the feeling of her passive tongue rolling around under his fingertips. A grin appears on his face that was lost to him before today. He's having fun in a more real sense. Keeping her posture, he tugs on her hair to bend her more upright, giving her spine an odd erotic curve. Ada, devoted to her position, keeps her hands on her legs even though she wants to stroke them all over her body. He starts breathing heavier now that he's witnessing how much control she's offering him. When he tilts her forward, she understands he wants to mount her and gives in. She topples with her hands on her vagina and nearly orgasms when he gets on top of her. The feeling of her rump pressing and bouncing against him is bringing her ever so close. Having her breasts rub against the floor through her shirt brings her closer. He pulls harder on her hair to arch her back, still not letting go of her tongue. A few more heavy slams into her anus causes her passion to explode and a scintillating climax strikes every inch of her body.

“Wow. You came before me,” he can feel her sphincter clenching wildly around him. “You must be extra sensitive.”

“I...glam,” she slurs.

He pulls out of her and the condom simultaneously, leaving it to hang unceremoniously from her anus. Duncan is lusting after one particular part of her for an orgasm. Sitting on her back and pinning her, he wraps her hair around his penis.

“Oh, what the fuck? Your hair is like skin. How’d you get it so soft?” he gasps while jerking off with her locks.

“Good genes and natural plant extracts,” she strokes her labia while he has his fun.

Seeing the way her head jerks back while he pleasures himself gives him his orgasm much faster than he anticipated, spewing semen all throughout her strands. He pants hard while standing up. Turning over her right side, she licks it all off, giving him a couple of painful penile spasms from watching her without anything more for his rod to dry-heave out.

“Looks like he’s having some agonizing fun,” she smirks at his penis while dragging the condom out between her left index and middle fingers.

(She finds a subtle metaphor in removing the condom the same way it was offered.)

“Yeah,” he winces through the twinges. “He is.”

“Do you want me here? I’m on the pill,” she erotically spreads her legs and uses her middle fingers to open her vagina wide.

“Yes,” he heaves the word from his lungs and gulps.

“Then take it. And make me give it to you.”

He falls upon her, but she struggles and pushes him off.

“Did I do something wrong?” he gets concerned.

“No. Take it from me.”

“Oh. You want to wrestle then.”

“In a manner of speaking,” she nods slightly while playing with her sticky strands.

He climbs on top of her more forcefully and grabs her wrists. When he tries to aim his groin towards hers, she closes her knees and locks them to tease him. When he lets go of her arms and tries to pry open her legs, she pushes him away with her palms. He falls on his butt, frustrated.

“So...how will you remedy this...predicament?”

He feels like she's playing some game with him. As if she wants him to get creative. He stands and looks around the room. Duncan doesn't have anything to tie her up with. He didn't plan ahead for anything like this.

“HmMMMM,” he ponders while looking her over.

“Hmmm?”

He pounces on her again, slapping her arms wide. He grabs a length of her hair and wraps it around her left cheek, locking her locks between her teeth and getting it around the back of her head before she can stop him. While she struggles to push him away, he ties a knot in the end of those strands to her main ponytail. He performs a feint by reaching for her knees so she braces them together on instinct. Instead, he grabs her wrists while she's distracted and presses them together in his left hand. She thrashes her arms around to free them, but they're thin and weak. Grabbing her ponytail, he wraps it multiple times around her wrists. Once she can't get them free, he ties a knot in the end.

“Hehehehehehe,” she giggles and nods to show him that's what she wanted.

“Whew. You drive a hard bargain, Ada. That's why I'm gonna drive my bargain into you even harder,” he says something that he thinks might amuse her.

She smirks and rolls her eyes to her right. Duncan pries her knees apart and she welcomes him by latching her long legs around his hips. His penis slides in with ease and reaches her depths on the first push. He's a little confused about why he didn't break her hymen. That makes him wonder who could have taken her virginity. (Actually, he'd rather not know.) He pushes that thought away easily since he's finally inside a vagina.

He drools a little onto her shirt and blurts, “Heh. Sorry.”

She shakes her head no while smiling to indicate she doesn't mind. He rolls up her shirt and feels a woman's breasts for the first time.

“Uuughhhh. Yes. Thank you, Ada,” he sighs.

Her smile becomes a little kinder, understanding how much he appreciates what she's doing for him. She hooks her wrists around the back of his neck and pulls him close so he can tuck his head to the right of hers. Ada welcomes him in all ways while nuzzling his ear, causing his thrusts to become twitchier because of his culminating climax. Feeling the heels on her boots bounce on his thighs does it for him. His sperm sprays her insides as he mashes it deeper and deeper, somehow speeding up rather than slowing down after his orgasm. Her abdomen begins spasming since she's about to come. But he's tiring now. When she feels he's about to get up, she tugs him back down, now having leverage over his neck.

“Oh? You want a little more? I'll give it to you then,” he drags out of her nearly to his tip and sends a few more lengthy pumps into her until her head tilts back.

She bites her hair, not caring about what happens to the quality of their fibers right now, as a climax shatters her psyche for a moment before it reforms in an instant. Breathing heavily, he undoes her impromptu bonds and collapses on her.

He gives her a quick kiss on her right cheek and smirks, "You sure about not going steady?"

"Heh," she returns an impish grin. "After today? I'll think about it."

47 - Optical Intentions

Jetmir is stomping around in the halls, still fuming about Kahla.

“Hey there,” Aiden is leaning his left shoulder against his doorframe with his arms folded and his right ankle in front of the other. “What’s going on with you? You seem more...indignant than usual.”

“I found out that Kahla doesn’t like me.”

“A shame. You two would have made a nice couple. And I mean that in the most murderous way.”

The left corner of Jetmir’s lip twitches as he tries not to smile.

“Wanna talk about it?” Aiden grins and flashes his eyebrows high.

Jetmir exhales long and hard before answering, “Yes.”

“Into my parlor, said the rider to the guy,” he makes an odd illogical parallel because he feels like it.

He plops down on the right side of a lush black couch. Jetmir lowers himself into the open spot.

“Here we go,” Aiden drags Jetmir down so the back of his head can rest on his friend’s thighs.

“Arah,” he barks softly, but doesn’t change positions.

“Remind me, Jet. How do you see the world?”

“As a melting horror-scape. Where everyone is an incarnation of something more.”

“How do you see Kahla?”

“That’s my secret.”

“Fair enough. What about the others?”

“Who? Give me a name and I’ll give you their face. Shredded by the claws of reality’s maw.”

“Ooh. Some poetry from the miser of truth. I like it. Let’s start with Rohit.”

“The one who tears at his face, ebbing and flowing himself into catastrophic eternity. Yearning for normalcy without realizing its truest banes. He is stained and yet isn’t. Trapped between perspectives. He is the elemental resonance of a fracture.”

“Pretty. And what of Jing? Our resident titan.”

“Standing strong in the midst of standing wrong. Her back will break one day with the weight she tries to balance. Too off-kilter. Those scales will snap and bury her if she’s not careful. She is the empty suit of armor at the end of the world.”

“Oooh. Ominous. A foretold warning. Do Jasmine next.”

“The flower with crippled roots. Unable to stand in the boots of her mothers. Not as fast or as strong as either. She should take care not to wither. But I don’t think she will. Though she is slow, she won’t need to run. She is her roots, and they take hold firm.”

“Heh. A strangely uplifting ending from you. What about her brother?”

“Him. My competition should have learned sooner that death wouldn’t choose us. She’s fixated on the mouth of the crocodile and every sparkling humor that bubbles from his belly.”

“Interesting. Glad you shared that facet. But you got a little sidetracked,” Aiden pets Jetmir’s hair to get his attention. “Go back to Duncan.”

“Right. Him. He trudges through the mires of misery incarnate, pushing the floating sludge away from his mind. But it is always there. And he is the swamp, dragging himself down along with all else. Or rather, he will.”

“Hmmm. That’s concerning. Let’s switch it up. Go with Caoilfhionn next.”

“She is an odd case. Encased in a time loop. Swooping over sundried brambles and paint-cracked gables and gambles. She knows where she is, yet refuses to truly see the measures in the bullets on the wall. She is stagnation, in all its purest forms, unadorned.”

“Ahhh. You didn’t disappoint. I like your eye. Or eyes rather. Show me Nikita.”

“The walking husk. She –.”

“Heh. That’s mean.”

Jetmir gives Aiden a severe glare.

“Fine,” he sighs. “Continue.”

“The walking husk. She is a slit in the world. A living cut. A feather-fine blade who doesn’t know how to exist. So thin that she’s trapped between realities. She is the final damage, the slice that ends perception.”

“Hmmm,” Aiden hums with concern.

“Give me the next name,” Jetmir states with an ominous resonance.

“Sobek.”

“The maw. The man in his own mouth. He lives through words. They are weak. Not swords. When the time comes to survive, he’ll have to rely on the silence of reptilian fangs. Because he will need to be the tooth in the soil to meet the wasteland’s demand.”

“I think he’ll be capable in that critical moment. But what about Axle?”

“The bar between the wheels will be more capable. He just doesn’t know it yet. He will build something monstrous. Something that will help us survive. Because he is a gateway against ruin. The final wall. A barricade of endless mobility. A tower of cars.”

“I like that image for some reason. Tell me about Emmy. Or rather a story about him.”

“Lightly padding invisibly, desperate for visibility. He can step into the rind of a titan’s eye and sway the titan’s mind. He simply doesn’t want to. Terror impedes his impetuosity. He’ll need both. Because he is the ghost of a shadow.”

“Only that?”

“Only that. He’s made himself nothing more or less.”

“Okay,” Aiden nods. “What about Reiko?”

“The archetype of sullen finality. She’s gazed into the abyss. It dares not gaze back into her. Lest it break first. Even the void at the pit of all souls would not take such a risk. Certain eyes have that power. To destroy the void that creeps around your vision in a dark room late at night. She has more power than she knows. She is that crushing power. The force to beat back the abyss.”

“Wow. Didn’t expect that...about her..., but I like that. In fact, I love it. I want to see Emiko next.”

“She is a crushing power as well, but she is indifference. The crushing apathy that bears down around world. Forcing submission. Endorsing conditions of seeing neither good nor bad. Neither evil nor sad. Regardless of what she wants to be, she is the final step of apathy...on its long walk home.”

“That’s...kind of sad,” Aiden hugs Jetmir’s face a little.

“It is,” he states simply and twitches out of Aiden’s grasp so he returns his hands to Jetmir’s hair.

“What can you tell me about Alisynth? Our resident hybrid.”

“He will hear a call in the fog that he won’t want to heed. But it will be tempting. So much so that he will resent it. And himself. He is the steps on the mirror. Too much pressure and his bridge collapses. We need to make sure he doesn’t lapse.”

“I don’t like the sound of that. So much so that I don’t want to know more. How do you see my sister?”

“A black feather. Floating on a corpse-born breeze. The plague carries the quill and she writes on the wind. The earth’s last sill. She’ll have to sit on that fatal shelf and make a decision. Of what to do with a choice of incisions.”

Aiden breathes in sharply, “Kind of regretting asking about that. Made me anxious.”

“Everyone should be. I’m the only one not distracted,” Jetmir growls.

“You’re the only one,” Aiden ponders that notion. “And yourself?”

“I am the feral air. A creeping mist around the boots of those that slog through ocean chasms. They don’t see me. How could they? They are all blind. Only those who are mud and dwell within it have eyes for me.”

“And what am I?”

“You are...I don’t know what you are...I want to say whimsy.”

“Awww...nothing fancy for me,” Aiden pretends to sulk. “That’s disappointing.”

“I don’t know. You’ve been far too much of an enigma.”

“Come on now. Try harder than that. I’m right in front of you,” Aiden tilts his head to stare into Jetmir’s eyes.

“You are...,” Jetmir gulps to think. “You are the tantalizing tarantula, always lurking slightly out of sight. Clinging to the edges of vision. Close to the void. But not of the void. You didn’t come from it. But you don’t fear its proximity. You wait there at that edge, completely unconcerned. Regardless of being spurned.”

“Heh. Not what I expected, but it’s more complementary than I thought,” Aiden smiles.

“No one is ever what they expect to be.”

“And you still won’t tell me what Kahla is?”

“No.”

“Can I tell you a secret then?”

“What?”

Aiden leans low near Jetmir’s right ear, “I’m glad she turned you down.”

“Errrrrrragh,” he growls as his right hand instinctively grips Aiden’s throat.

“There you are, my beauty,” he chokes forth the words with proper enunciation.

“Why?”

“Because I wanted you.”

“What? Why?” he retracts his hand. “I am a broken person. Shattered to the world.”

“I like you that way. If that makes any difference.”

“It doesn’t. Explain. How could you or anyone like me?”

“Well, if it makes you feel better, my sister has had a crush on you for a while too.”

“Really?” Jetmir’s rage slowly falls away for utter confusion.

“Yeah.”

“Why didn’t either of you ever say anything?”

“Eh. We didn’t think you were interested in anyone for a while. And when you showed interest in Kahla, we backed off. Content to not spoil your developing emotions.”

“HmMMMMM,” Jetmir scrutinizes his friend.

“You can choke me if you want. You can’t break my mind.”

Jetmir retracts his hand.

“Awww...no attention for this supple neck of mine?” Aiden pouts.

“Are you two done talking in here?” Ada walks in.

(She’s been listening in at the door. She heard everything. And enjoyed it all.)

“Yeah. Feels like it,” Aiden nods and shrugs.

“Aiden says you’ve liked me too,” Jetmir rises and sits on the floor with his back to the couch.

“W-what? Okay. Yeah. There Aiden goes again being too honest. Heh.”

“Why?” Jetmir stares at her.

“Heh,” she kneels in front of him. “Well, you are kind of our type. The brooding angry boy with a damaged poetic mind. We can’t help but like you.”

“And you have such beautiful ominous eyes,” Aiden adds.

Jetmir glowers at him.

“Heh. There they are,” Aiden beams, basking in their line of piercing sight.

“Hey. Can you...accept us?” Ada puts her hands on Jetmir’s knees.

“I...don’t know,” he stares down.

“Could you try?” she runs her hands to his groin.

He doesn’t stop her, keeping his palms on the floor.

“I need to know if you’re okay with this,” she freezes and tucks her face low so she can look him in the eyes.

“Do...what you want,” he sighs.

“Is that a yes?”

“Yes,” he states with slight tone of defeat.

“Jetmir...you’re always suffering,” she unzips his pants.

“We just want to make you feel good,” Aiden shifts to sit behind Jetmir, petting his hair again. “For once.”

“Feeling good is not a luxury I have in this world. It’s not something the shattered can indulge in,” he claims.

“Jet, please don’t say that. I...I heard everything you said. I nearly cried. And I rarely do.”

“You were listening?”

“Yeah. I couldn’t help it. I...didn’t want to intrude. But what you were saying...it was too beautiful for me to ignore.”

“Which part almost made you cry?”

“Reiko’s...and mine.”

He doesn’t respond, trying to mull over why.

“Can I kiss you?” Ada leans in.

His breaths become slightly heavier, wanting to give his body what it desires even if his mind is trapped in limitless mires.

“Please?” she tries begging and winces at that.

Jetmir doesn't speak, but he nods slightly.

She goes in for a subtle kiss on his lips. He doesn't move in response to her. So devoid of affection that he doesn't know how to respond.

“Heh. Was that your first kiss?” she grins bashfully for him.

He nods again.

“Seems like we'll have to teach you some things,” she wraps her arms around the back of his head and mashes their mouths together passionately until his lips start moving on their own.

Still petting his hair, Aiden uses his spread legs to pinch lightly against Jetmir's arms, creating a slight pressure. Ada wipes her hands down his chest while taking out his now erect penis from his white underwear. She wraps her arms under and around his thighs to cup and stroke them with her palms. When she kisses his tip, he gulps from the nervousness of his first sexual experience.

“Don't be worried. She's done this before,” Aiden caresses Jetmir's jawline.

Without removing her lips from him, she licks the underside of his tip. His penis spasms a little, knocking into her upper teeth. She smirks, considering that she's doing something right. Taking a deep breath, she slips his length into her mouth, using her tongue as a ramp to provide easy access. Ada wants to give him a special treat, something she read about in an erotic novel, but never attempted before. She gets as much of him into her mouth as possible until she can push his penis into the hole that connects to her sinuses.

“Are you actually trying that?” Aiden smiles.

She grins and nods slightly so she doesn't dislodge Jetmir.

When his tip fully pops inside, he closes his eyes. He wants to touch her hair, but he keeps his palms on the floor. Before doing anything more, she rolls up her shirt and glances at Jetmir, but he's not looking, still shut.

“Jet. She wants you to touch them. Here. I'll help,” Aiden grabs Jetmir's arms and aims his hands where they need to be.

Jetmir cups and pinches her breasts as if sampling fine fabrics between his fingers. Aiden returns his hands to his friend's hair. Now Ada begins bobbing her head up and down, rubbing his tip against her sinus cavity. He can't take much of that. Aiden leans low while slowly pulling Jetmir's face up, giving him enough time to pull away if he wants to. He doesn't turn away. Aiden gives Jetmir a long upside-down kiss, timed during his orgasm in the hopes of solidifying a deeper connection between them. When they part, Jetmir looks at Ada. As sperm leaks and bubbles from her nose, she stares up at him and flashes her lashes a few times as her eyes leak and cause her liner to drip. She pulls her mouth off him and inhales through her nose strongly enough to snort his sperm down, swallowing it all.

“Oh,” he blinks in surprise because he didn’t expect to find that to be so intensely erotic.

“So, do you think you can accept us?” she smiles and lays her hands on her knees.

“I don’t know,” Jetmir answers honestly.

“Hah. Such a tease,” Aiden sighs. “I guess that’s good enough for now.”

“Good enough for now,” she smirks.

48 - Inside and Out at the End of the World

Emmy and Jasmine are cuddling on her bed. Even though his right arm is asleep from being under her neck, he deals with it because he's more desperate for contact than he'd like to admit. He runs his left hand down the sleeve of her tee-shirt and along her arm. He likes the way the nails of his gloves trace against her skin. Her shorts hang off her right ankle because she likes the way it feels there. At the moment, she's wearing his washed fuchsia panties, enjoying the notion of being in something that she made him ejaculate on.

"Do you wanna talk about what we saw in the mist?" Jasmine speaks up first.

"Not really."

"No?"

"No. We know what it is. I don't want to think about it. Since we can't do anything about it," she sighs and cups his cheeks for a kiss.

The young lovers close their eyes and embrace this moment of silence.

Still with his shut, he smirks and asks, "Do you have a strapon?"

Opening hers, she gives him an awkward look, "HmMMM...let me check."

She tries to get up, but he yanks her back down for one more kiss.

"Heh," she chuckles at him while leaving her room.

She brings an orange one, holding the black straps on her extended right index fingertip.

"I got my mom's," she admits, a little shy about it.

"Heh," he sits up. "Your mom's? You don't have one of your own. That's cute."

"Hey. It's not like we have a lot of supplies down here you know."

"Which mom? The goody-goody? Or the fun one?"

"This is the goody-goody's," she mimics his voice.

"Ooooh. We can taint it."

"Heh. Gross."

“You’re not put off by using it?”

“Not really. It’s been washed.”

“Heh. That’s still kind of raunchy.”

“Stop. Don’t make me think about it or I’ll put it back.”

“Heh. Fine, fine, fine,” he pats the air.

“So...what’s this for? What I think it’s for?” her eyebrows ripple.

He rolls over his right side, perks his butt up at her and smirks over his left shoulder, “I want you to fuck me.”

“Heh,” she blurts and tries to cover her mouth with her left hand, nearly dropping the strapon. “You’re not gonna imagine I’m Duncan through some weird transference game, are you?”

“No,” he sighs. “I’m going to imagine you’re you because you’re gonna be the one fucking me.”

“Okay. Just making sure,” she gets naked and slips on the strapon, popping in a vegetable gel cartridge.

“That doesn’t feel weird? Wearing your mom’s strapon?”

“Ugh. Emmy, you’re gonna make it feel weird if you keep bring it up,” she folds her arms and taps her right foot.

“Heh,” he wiggles his butt at her. “Get weird with me.”

“Oh I’m gonna get you now,” she pounces on him and pulls his pants down.

As soon as she sees his anus, she pushes the strapon in.

“Uuhugh,” he groans when she slides it all the way to the base and mounts him. “There we go, Jasmine. Take control. I need it.”

“Oh, I’m gonna take control alright,” she becomes emboldened and tugs on his left strands while stroking the shaved other side.

She gives him a couple of long hearty thrusts while completely pushing him down into the bed.

“Turn over. I want to see your eyes,” she tells him.

Elegantly arching his left leg up and around without letting the dildo slip free, he lays on his back for her. She lunges to embrace him, but he stops her by stroking his left index finger down the length of her chest.

“You never told me how you knew I was a guy,” he gives her lewd eyes.

“I saw you...when we were younger.”

“Oh? When was this?”

“When we were eight. You were taking a bath with your mom and sister. The door happened to be open while I was wandering by. And there you were. With your dangle,” she swirls her right index finger counterclockwise at his penis.

“Heh. My dangle?”

“Yeah. That’s what I call them.”

“I never knew this. I feel honored.”

“Shut up,” she sighs and gives his tip a little slap with her right palm.

“Heheheh.”

She presses against him and squeezes as hard as possible for their embrace. While their lips threaten to consume each other, she gets off from her breasts scraping against him and he wants to scream from how good it feels to have his penis rubbing against her groin and abdomen. But something doesn’t feel right. She pulls out and stands over him.

“What? Why? What’s wrong?” he blurts and jolts up.

“Take your clothes off. I want you to be naked with me.”

“Oh. Okay. If you really want me to,” he turns away clockwise, kneels and takes all the pieces off with reverence, laying them to his right.

Licking her lips, she stares at the clear tape she left out on her right nightstand.

She goes to it while demanding, “Arms behind your back.”

“Ohhhhh. I see,” he spots it and grips his wrists.

She wraps his forearms and fingers in so much tape until he can’t move them at all. Before reengaging her boyfriend, she takes the time to stroke his limbs. All over, she feels his smooth skin that entices her to continue again. She mounts him and rubs her breasts against his back. Reaching low, she grips his penis hard, right hand above left. Now, every time she thrusts, her hands jerk him off, her nipples grind against his flesh, and the dildo piece inside her hooks against her vaginal wall.

“Ughhh...Jassssmine,” he moans as he squirts semen onto her blanket.

Hearing him call her name that way gives her a small orgasm. Her body jitters on top of his. But something still feels wrong. She can't rid herself of this building anxiety. She needs something to calm down. Jasmine stares at his costume. She pulls out, stands up and takes a deep breath. She needs to be someone else right now. To push away all her worries. Even though he didn't really want her to, she puts his costume on anyway. He can tell her to take it off if he wants. She wipes her hands through his caramel-dyed hair and adds the natural gel to hers.

"What are you doing?" he turns his head right.

She answers him by striking a confident pose with wide-spread legs and her hands on her hips.

"Oh...that...looks way too hot on you. Whew. Don't know how to feel about this."

"Call me mom," she moves into position to mount him again.

"W-what?"

"I want you to," she pushes her dildo inside him with a slower more erotic tension that tantalizes his rim.

"I...um...okay...mom," he actually gets a little nervous.

"Yeah. Again," she thrusts into him harder.

"Ugh...fuck...mom," he moans and jokingly complains, "Sheesh, Jasmine. You're gonna give me issues over this."

"Or more than you already have," she smirks.

"Yeah. That too."

"Still, I'm the one fucking you. In a replica of your mom's outfit. So I'm your mom right now."

He shakes his head, at a loss for what's going on with her, but indulges what she wants. Maybe this is her way of dealing with the severe loss of control from knowing about what lurks outside their base. Or perhaps it's something more.

"Say it one last time," she nearly begs him this time.

Turning his head left with his hair halfway covering his face, he moans it as lasciviously as he can for her, "Ugh...fuck me mom."

That's all she needs to hear. Brushing his hair back into place, she puts a piece of tape over his mouth perfectly so she can still see his colorful lips. Grabbing his arms like an amusement-park handlebar, she stays upright while thrusting into him brutally. His eyes roll back from how much deviant pleasure he's receiving from her. Showing off how limber she is, Jasmine stretches her right leg far and presses her foot into the back of his head. She loves how her toes feel in this costume. Shoving his face into her blankets so all he can smell is her natural scents, she pulls up harder on her thrusts to drag against his

insides. His eyelids flicker from the overstimulation.

“You’re not going to sleep on me,” she lurches low, fully mounting him again.

He struggles to shake his head no to answer her. She coils her legs around his and locks their ankles together so he can’t move his anymore. After slowly stroking her hands across his chest and nipples, she jolts her fingers up to grip his throat without choking him.

“You’re never gonna forget about me,” she whispers in his left ear while making each thrust fast to stab in, but slow to pull back.

“Mhmmm,” he nods with lewd eyes of ultimate submission to her.

“You should have come to me first,” she growls.

“Mhmmm,” he nods again.

“I love you, Emmy. Do you love me?”

“Mhmmm,” he nods again.

“Say it.”

“Hmmm?” he glances down at the tape.

“I don’t care. Struggle to say it,” she continues pumping into him, grinding his penis against her sodden blankets.

“Rai grove grou,” he slurs.

“Not good enough,” she pounds his ass hard and fast.

She’s rewarded by his muffled scream, “Mmmmmmm!”

Slowing down, she tells him again, “Say it. And struggle to say it.”

He desperately tries to pry his lips apart, but she applied the tape too perfectly.

“I glove...gou,” is the best he can do.

“Not good enough,” she tears up his ass, undulating her hips as fast as she can.

She doesn’t stop or give him a rest this time. Jasmine gets lost in needed to dominate something. He orgasms and spreads more sperm throughout her blanket. She gives his throat a little squeeze before moving her hands down his sweaty chest. Fondling his testicles briefly, she moves her fingertips lower to stroke his taint. Something about feeling the true base of his shaft after he struggled to say those words brings her a soul-crushing orgasm that lurches her body forwards. She drools all over his hair and cheek

while spasming on top of him. With the effort she has left, she reaches a shaky left hand to his chin. She kisses his lips through the tape just once to feel what that's like.

Using the thumb and index nails of his glove, she peels off the tape and wheezes, "Say it."

With kind tired eyes, he whispers, "I love you."

Will this continue?