

Tracer slammed her back into the coarse rough texture of the recently settled rubble as a scattering of weapons fire thudded into her new, makeshift cover, throwing up little clouds of dust that swirled around her. She ducked her head down low, sheathing one of her pistols as she looked down at her spent Chrono Accelerator with mounting impatience, "Come on, come on come on!!!"

She bit her lip and knew she shouldn't look over the rubble, defenceless as she was while her Accelerator went through its recharge cycle, but she was unable to help it.

Poking her head up only for a second, she saw Winston, arms outstretched, using his armoured hulk of a body to shield a wounded Soldier 76 who lay clutching a bloodied arm that was being seen to by Mercy, who was looking over him with a worried quickness.

A burst of gunfire from elsewhere drew her attention and with a yelp she ducked her head back down, panting hard, her chest rising and falling quickly in rhythm with her breaths. Across a bare open space in cover of their own, Tracer knew, Widowmaker and Reaper were laying down a curtain of cover fire to allow the hacker Sombra to work on whatever it was she was doing.

"Tracer!!" Came a deep desperate growl amid a fresh burst of clinking gunfire and Tracer let out a loud desperate whine, bouncing her feet against the ground as she recognised the sound of ammo pinging off of Winston's armour.

She looked down, her feet still tapping with the need to move and act as she watched her equipment until, finally and with painful slowness, the blue holographics of her Accelerator expanded back into place, signifying the recharge cycle was complete and that she was raring to go.

"Well, it's about bloody time!" She glanced up over her shoulder again, taking in the scene for a half second, noting the positions of her friends and foes before finally, with a blink and a flash of blue, she set out headlong into the fray.

"Tracer!" Came the shout again, more gleeful now as Winston recognised the zip of Tracer's movement, the massive ape still shielding Mercy as she saw to her patient's wounds.

Catching Winston's eye for a second Tracer giggled and flashed him a smile, offering a mock little salute which he returned with a grin, his morale bolstered for seeing her on the field and looking as happy-go-lucky as ever.

Across the open space she spotted the three assailants bunched up defensively, two, Widowmaker and Reaper facing outwards laying down fire from their own rubble as the third, Sombra, worked on a panel she'd busted open, trails of purple light extending from it, a telltale sign of Sombra's access.

Tracer pursed her lips for a brief moment between blinks, figuring out the best next step, before heading straight into the hail of oncoming fire.

She kept her gaze focused on reaper as she blinked closer and closer watching his aim and avoiding his shots, still aware of the covering fire coming her way from Widowmaker, but less concerned about it than she might otherwise have been...

Tracer sprinted forward towards the three, bullets kicking up the dust around her feet from the Widows Kiss rifle as Reaper dropped his guns, giving Tracer a brief reprieve as to not overwork her Accelerator as he pulled out two fresh weapons.

Tracer watched through her protective goggles as the barrels were raised towards her, saw the minuscule tensing of his hands as he pulled the triggers, then she blinked.

“Present for you loves!” She giggled brightly, standing in the middle of the three, winking playfully as they turned, dropping her explosive Pulse Bomb in the middle of the group, hearing the familiar click as it attached itself firmly to the ground.

She caught the gaze of Sombra and, crouched down as she was, Tracer found herself eye to eye with the girl, only six or so inches between their faces. Tracer got to enjoy the startled look on her face as she reached out a hand, poking Sombra on the nose.

“Boop! Am I right love?”

Sombra opened her mouth to speak but was grabbed instead by the collar, Widowmaker hauling her up and away as Tracer giggled, activating her recall.

The world around her spun and, as it came back into focus, she found herself once again sprinting, albeit now towards the explosion of the Pulse Bomb, the three operatives diving out of the way, and out of their cover.

“That’s more like it!” Tracer giggled as she zeroed in on Reaper, dancing around him with ease as she fired off bursts of pistol fire as he walked slowly backwards, returning his own hail of lead.

“Come on, idiotas! Let’s get out of here already, I got what we came for!” Sombra called as she pulled out her own machine pistol, expelling the contents towards the armoured Winston as she and Widowmaker fell back, the opposite direction to Tracer and Reaper.

“Winston!!” Tracer shouted out as she jumped and spun around a furious but collected Reaper, “Sombra has whatever she came for love! She’s getting away with Amélie! Go! I’ll keep this one busy!”

Winston looked up, watching as in one direction Tracer zipped and harried a retreating and occupied Reaper, while in the other direction Widowmaker and Sombra were backing away, focusing their fire on him still.

“Mercy, get him to cover! I’ve got to stop those two before they get away!” Winston growled, feeling his anger rise.

Mercy nodded swiftly and leaned down, taking Soldier 76 by his good arm and pulling it around her neck, hoisting him up with a groan, her wings spreading to help take the weight.

“Think you can do my job, do you?....” Soldier 76 said with a rough sounding grunt of pain as he hung onto Mercy, his legs weak under him, but strong enough to walk with her help.

Winston grinned briefly, “Someone has to.”

With that he turned, letting out a bellowing roar which violently shook the air around them as, eyes glowing red with fury, he leapt towards the escaping pair, fearlessly throwing himself into the incoming fire.

It was sometime later when Tracer and Winston regrouped with Mercy and a now mostly recovered Soldier 76. They regaled each other with an all too familiar story, Reaper melting away into smoke, Widowmaker zipping away at a speed which left Winston to focus on and chase Sombra and whatever information she had obtained, but she too had vanished, leaving them empty-handed for their efforts.

They spent some time sharing their concerns about what it might have been that Sombra had gotten her hands on and agreed that they’d have to keep a close eye on things moving forward.

They talked for a while longer before, as the sun started to set, they went their separate ways returning to their perspective homes and safe houses, or, in Tracer's case, someone else's.

Widowmaker arrived at home having gone straight there after ensuring her pursuer had lost her, focusing instead on Sombra. Silently she slipped in through an open window, eager to be here for Lena’s return which she expected soon, guessing the girl would be hot on her heels. She went through the cautious process of settling her Widow’s Kiss away inside a hidden drawer in her bedroom and wondered if it would be worth having a shower before she changed, or whether she should do that later, together with Lena.

She let out a sigh and stood, stretching her arms out above her head as she arched her back, feeling her suit cling even tighter to her body as she did. She lifted her hands to her shoulders, about to slide the fabric down and off when something in the air gave her reason to pause.

She glanced around her room for a moment, yellow eyes darting back and forth as she drank in the emptiness, her hands still held at her shoulders, tense. After a few long seconds she lowered her hands to her hips before speaking, her voice stern and mirthless, "Sombra..."

"Ah you're no fun," Sombra replied in her bright but quite mild Mexican accent, a childishness to the tone that reminded Widowmaker of Lena, but it was less friendly and more impertinent, her invisibility fading, rippling down her body in a purple gleam to reveal her still in her high neck, high tailed jacket, "you could've at least waited until it was down to your waist to realise I'm here, mi pequeña araña..."

"What are you doing here?" Widowmaker said coldly, her rich French accent conveying her displeasure as she kept her hands on her hips eying the girl with a severe frown.

"Not going to ask how I found you?" Sombra smirked, watching the obviously annoyed Widowmaker, "No? Oh, come on, mi amigo! We work together! We're on the same side! You should be happy to see me!" Sombra laughed, patting Widowmaker on the shoulder before sitting down on the edge of her bed, running her bare augmented hand across its fabric as she casually crossed her legs.

"What are you doing here Sombra," Widowmaker repeated, taking a half step towards the girl who leaned back on her hands, smiling up with frustrating warmth at her sniping ally.

"Why so cold and aggressive, 'Amélie'?" Sombra asked and smirked with satisfaction as she watched Widowmaker's back stiffen and her gaze grow even colder, if that were possible, "What, don't like being called Amélie? That is your name, isn't it?"

"I'm losing my patience," Widowmaker responded, not bothering to hide the displeasure in her voice at the use of the name.

"Oh, I'm sorry..." Sombra glanced down, lifting one hand and checking her nails this way and that, "I just thought, you know, since you didn't mind Tracer calling you that before, you wouldn't mind me calling you it now?" Sombra glanced up at Widowmaker with a smirk, "Oooh, you didn't think about that at the time, did you? Probably a slip of the tongue on her part, but you know, it left me thinking? Who refers to their enemy by such an... Intimate name...?"

"What do you know," Widowmaker asked frostily.

Sombra smiled, "At least you aren't insulting my intelligence by coming up with excuses, I like that about you, 'Amélie'," she grinned, adding emphasis to her name, "I know you didn't shoot to kill with little Tracer today, and I know that she knows you well enough apparently to call you by your real name. Oh, and I know that she spent the last weekend with you after you did an off the grid mission. I can only imagine what you two did that weekend, though, I don't need to do too

much imagining, you really should make sure your laptop is unplugged and shut down, mi amigo, you never know who's listening in." She laughed brightly.

"And what do you want," Widowmaker replied without any emotion.

"What do I want? Oooh you know me Amélie, i'm such a chismosa, little gossip, I want to tell everyone who will listen," she fanned out a hand, a bunch of displays popping up in the air, pictures edged with purple, not only of her own allies such as Doomfist and Reaper, but of Tracer's friends and Overwatch operatives, "and there's a lot of people waiting to listen to me, you know?"

"How much does your silence cost."

Sombra pouted some and stood, stepping towards Widowmaker, "You aren't as fun as I hoped you'd be, I was hoping for some begging, some pleading, but I guess that isn't really you, is it?" She looked up into Widowmaker's amber gaze, letting the taller woman explore her own, purple eyes.

Sombra lifted up a hand and rested it on Widowmaker's face, feeling the woman's unnatural coolness under her palm, "I haven't quite decided what my price will be..." She spoke softly, caressing her warm hand over Widowmaker's cool skin, tilting her head slightly in curiosity as she slowly ran a fingertip over the stoic Widowmaker's lips.

The two maintained eye contact as Sombra pressed her finger between Widowmaker's lips, her teeth unclenching as the girl pressed her slender finger deeper into her mouth, resting it on her tongue.

"But I'll let you know when I reach a decision..." Sombra smirked, holding her finger for a moment longer between the woman's lips, silently showing her new assumed dominance before, with a chuckle, she vanished, recalling back to wherever she had left her Translocator.

Widowmaker let out a sigh and relaxed, sitting herself down on the edge of her bed, clasping her hands together and glancing around herself, "...Merde..."

It was about an hour later when Lena, using the key Amélie had given her, let herself into the apartment. She glanced around the dark entrance way and pursed her lips, "Amélie? Amélie are you back yet love?"

Quietly she closed the door behind her and hung up her coat, placing her backpack, containing her jumpsuit and Chronal Accelerator, down beneath it as she stepped forward, wondering how it could've been that she had beaten Amélie back, wondering if their mission had had another step that Overwatch had been entirely unaware of.

With a soft hum she started to walk through to the apartment's main room, thinking she could at least warm the place up a bit before Amélie arrived but, as she stepped into the room she hesitated, feeling an icy chill flood her veins for a split second.

In the dark room sat in the windowsill, silhouetted in the night light and looking out over the still city was an enemy, a foe. Before thought could make itself known Lena felt her hand do a familiar flick, her fingers closing over where an unsheathed pulse pistol would've been, had she been suited up.

She blinked, her brain eventually catching up with her fingers, though Amélie was her love, it still took time not to recognise Widowmaker as anything other than her foe.

"Ah, Amélie, you surprised me..." Lena said with a gentle smile which, as Widowmaker failed to respond, slowly slipped away.

After only a moment did Lena step forward, noting the glass of red wine held in Widowmaker's hand and the half-empty bottle beside it. As she stepped closer she saw the woman's eyes, staring out at nothing in particular, seemingly lost in thought.

Lena smiled as she drew close, reaching out and placing a thumb and forefinger on Widowmaker's chin, turning her head, eliciting a surprised little noise from her a fraction of a second before Lena's warm supple lips found hers, joining her in a kiss.

Widowmaker stared in surprise at the girl, feeling her warmth and heartbeat. As she closed her eyes she felt more than a little blessed to have with her now a girl to whom Widowmaker's mere presence caused her heartbeat to race.

After a few moments and feeling the familiar flutter in her chest, Lena broke the kiss, her eyes opening slowly to meet the yellow gaze in front of her, "Hey love, thought I'd lost you for a moment there."

Widowmaker smiled gently, "I'm glad you came and found me..." She set her wine glass down and reached slowly out with a hand, caressing it up Lena's arm, keeping her eyes locked on hers.

"Ha, me too, I was thinking-..." Lena's words were interrupted by Widowmaker's hand, cupping the back of her head and pulling her close... Lena felt her heart skip a beat as Widowmaker pulled her deep into a kiss, heated and intimate. Widowmaker lived for the erotic warmth of it, while Lena enjoyed the subtle sweet taste gifted to the kiss by the wine.

The two enjoyed a long slow kiss, neither of them eager to draw away from it but, eventually Lena had to pull back, panting hard as Widowmaker smirked a little playfully, her altered anatomy leaving her not even a little out of breath from the encounter.

“Ah, ha, miss me that much, eh?” Lena grinned, her bright eyes sparkling even in the room’s dim light.

“More than you could possibly imagine...” Widowmaker replied honestly and Lena smirked playfully.

“Mm,” Lena bit her lip, “you don’t know, I might have quite an active imagination tonight love, y’know, after dinner and a movie?...”

Widowmaker smirked too and ran her fingers through Lena’s hair, “Let me change out of my stuff first, have a shower, then we can get a movie on and I’ll sort us dinner?”

Lena giggled slightly and couldn’t help but to lean in again, oddly enjoying the extra thrill that came from kissing Widowmaker as she was still her suited self, so much more like the counterpart and foil she was used to seeing, “Sure love.”

Widowmaker nodded and stood slowly, eyeing a gleeful little Lena, her hands clasped behind her back toying with her t-shirt, her perky breasts pressed forward and up towards Widowmaker, who smirked gently, “What’s with that look, mon amour?”

Lena bit her lip, a blush tingeing her cheeks as she shrugged her shoulders a little, “I don’t know, I just... I’m kissing Widowmaker... It’s a little hot, is that weird?”

Widowmaker pursed her lips for a moment, then smirked, a playful tone edging into her voice, “This is all very weird... What’s a little more, hm?”

Lena smiled some and nodded, her eyes sparkling with an adoration Widowmaker had never expected to see from the girl. She looked deep into that gaze for a moment and wanted to tell her, wanted to talk about her visit from Sombra, but the moment just seemed... Wrong.

Leaning in and kissing Lena on the cheek Widowmaker stepped away towards the bathroom, feeling Lena’s gaze on her every step of the way. After a moment’s thought she stopped at the door, glancing back over her shoulder towards the girl whose eyes quickly darted up none too subtly from Widowmaker’s *derrière* to meet her gaze, questioning and innocent.

“...Are you coming to join me in the shower, or?...”

The bright smile Widowmaker got in return was all the confirmation she needed.

As Widowmaker stepped into the bathroom she hardly had time to switch on the light before she felt Lena’s arms slink around her waist, the girl’s lips kissing at the back of her neck as her body contoured to hers.

Widowmaker let out a soft sigh of relaxation and arched her back slightly, tilting her head back and to the side, allowing Lena more freedom in the placement of her kisses.

"I love a girl with ink you know..." Lena said softly, tracing a finger down Widowmaker's exposed back, admiring the intricate design of the angular spider tattoo.

"Do you like this one too?" Widowmaker asked, raising her arm and feeling Lena stretch up onto her toes, resting her chin on Widowmaker's shoulder to get a look at the sleeve tattoo.

"Depends, what does it mean?" Lena asked, her hands caressing over Widowmaker's hips.

Widowmaker turned her arm this way and that, letting Lena see both sides as she enjoyed the sensation of her warmth pressed to her back, "It says 'araignée du soir, cauchemar', evening spider, nightmare."

"Mm..." Lena hummed softly as she rested her head lightly against Widowmaker's, eyeing the tattoo quietly.

"It's a play on an old French saying," Widowmaker continued, drawing out the moment, "In short it was said that to see a spider in the evening was considered lucky... But not so if you see me."

"I dunno... I feel pretty lucky..." Lena said, squeezing Widowmaker softly who let out a soft little laugh.

"You're too kind Lena," she spoke softly as she reached up, easing her outfit over her shoulders and letting it slowly fall down her sides.

With a warm smile Lena took a half step back and, as Widowmaker freed herself from the tightness of her suit, she helped by working the bobble out of her impressively long hair, running her fingers through the length of it so it cascaded down her bare back like a purple waterfall.

As Widowmaker's outfit pooled on the floor around her ankles, Amélie stepped out, nude save for the gloves which she now removed, placing them atop her other clothing as she looked over at the watching Lena, tilting her head curiously.

"Are you going to shower fully dressed?" She said a little teasingly as Lena couldn't help but stare at her revealed body, eyes flickering over every curve and line.

"Ah, right, no." Lena laughed a little, blushing and smiling sheepishly as she too undressed, placing her civilian clothes in a heap alongside Amélie's now discarded outfit.

As she did Amélie padded barefoot towards the spacious shower unit, using a small device she kept nearby to play some music as she switched on the water, the sound not dissimilar to the familiar symphony of rain against a window that she loved so much.

Holding her hand under the stream of water she subtly adjusted the temperature, warming it slightly knowing that what would normally constitute a hot shower for her, with her adjusted biology, would likely be quite cool for Lena.

As Amélie stepped cautiously into the shower unit, the large overhead head raining the steaming water down atop her she heard Lena behind her, her voice uncharacteristically uncertain as she stepped forward, following her in.

“You know... I wanted to talk about something love...”

“Yes?” Amélie replied as she turned to face Lena, the pair of them stood under the steady stream of water, Amélie’s eyes tracing water droplets down over the girl’s lithe form, watching as they flowed between her perky breasts.

“It’s about today... Something that’s sort of been...” Lena glanced down for a long moment, then back up, her eyes searching, “Weighing on me, y’know?”

Amélie nodded but remained quiet, reaching out to place her hands on Lena’s hips, the girl’s own hands coming to rest on her forearms, their faces close, their voices quiet.

“Why... Why do you do the things you do? The missions, with Reaper and that...” She bit her lip and glanced down again, gently squeezing Amélie’s arms, “I just... I just always thought you were this villain, but you aren’t like that, you’re... You’re...” She searched for the word.

“Nice?” Amélie smiled gently.

“Yeah, exactly that...” Lena said softly, returning the slight smile.

“This may surprise you but... We aren’t that dissimilar,” Amélie started, caressing her fingers over Lena’s smooth silky skin, “what we do...” She thought for a moment, about Reaper and Sombra’s motives, “...What I do, is for the betterment and strength of humanity. Through any means.”

Lena nodded slightly, clearly deep in thought, “So... To you, does that make me a baddy?”

Amélie smiled and shook her head, reaching a hand up to caress Lena’s cheek, reassuring, “No, no mon ange... I know your heart is in the right place... It is part of the reason I feel about you the way I do. But... Like I’m sure you think with me, I just think you are a little... Misguided.”

“I just don’t want to see you hurt, love...”

Amélie smirked, “Mm, so long as I have you to look after me when I come home...”

Lena blinked up at Amélie and caught her smirk, biting her lower lip slightly as she reached a hand down, eliciting a surprised little gasp from Amélie as Lena’s fingers curled around her sleeping length, her voice suggestive, “You want me to look after you, love?”

Amélie let out a stifled little moan and could feel her length swell in the girl’s fingers, eager for the attention she was offering, but something else was more pressing, “You know I would love more mon petite amie... But I need to talk about something too...”

“Mm?” Lena looked up at her with those wide doe-like eyes, her fingers still idly resting on her length.

Amélie swallowed, feeling an unaccustomed pang of anxiety resonate within her, but she steeled herself, now didn’t feel like the right time either, but she couldn’t put it off forever, “It’s... Sombra, she knows. About us, I mean.”

She felt Lena’s hand slip free of her member, the girl’s expression changing, filling in an instant with worry, “W-what?”

“It was my fault... I didn’t think about what would happen when we met out there and not in here. I should have thought about it...” Amélie sighed lightly.

“What... What happened? How did she find out?” Lena asked, her voice a little shaken, the concern in it obvious.

Amélie couldn’t help but smile a little, the way Lena wore her heart on her sleeve was so endearing, “Ah you... You called out to Winston, to stop me.”

“S-so?” Lena’s voice quavered.

Amélie tried to look reassuring, her hands holding onto Lena, “You... Used my name, you called me Amélie.”

Lena’s eyes went wide and her lips parted, then closed, she looked on the verge of tears as the realisation of her error swept over her, “Oh... What’s... What’s going to happen?”

“I... Don’t know. She says she hasn’t told anyone yet and I don’t think she will. But she’ll want something from us... The question is just... What.”

Lena nodded slowly, her voice soft, “And when...”

A long moment of silent contemplation fell between the two of them as they leaned into each other's embrace, the void left by the lack of conversation filled instead by the sound of flowing water and the graceful elegance of a violin, Amélie's music warm and classical.

"...We can't let what could happen affect how we are together..." Lena said eventually, her head resting on Amélie's shoulder, feeling the woman's subtle curves against her own smooth body.

"No, we can't." Amélie agreed, caressing her fingertips up Lena's back, running them through the girl's short and lush sodden hair.

Lena bit her lip a little and leaned back, looking up into Amélie's eyes, her own cheeks adopting a pink hue, "Sooo..." her eyebrow raised delicately, a smirk touching her lips as her fingers once again sought to find Amélie's sleeping cock, "Ever gotten head in a shower before, love?"

"You... Want to?" Amélie asked, tilting her head curiously, her hair, darkened with water, clinging to her back.

Lena nodded meekly and smiled, slowly starting to sink to her knees in front of Amélie, her gaze shifting down to avoid the patter of water from above from getting into her eyes, "Can't let her spoil our fun now can we?"

Amélie bit her lip and as the girl knelt, moving her hands up her body until they were resting gently on the girl's head, fingers interlaced with her hair as Lena came face to face with Amélie's cock.

Leaning forward Lena pressed her lips to the topside of Amélie's length, kissing it in greeting as her hands moved, one over the other to hold the length, feeling it's soft sponginess fill her delicate hands.

"It's so warm..." Lena observed almost to herself as she lifted it up, blinking momentarily up at Amélie as she ducked underneath, kissing each of the woman's heavy nuts in turn, lifting them up onto her tongue, feeling the weight of each of them as Amélie purred approvingly above her, the woman's grip on her hair tightening in response to the sensations.

"That feels so good Lena, more..." Amélie moaned, tilting her head back and feeling the stream of hot water flow down her back and over her body as Lena gladly obeyed, doubling her efforts, drawing each of Amélie's full nuts between her lips and into her mouth where she sucked on each, her nimble tongue bathing them both in turn as her hands stroked and worked the thickening member.

After ensuring the Amélie's sack was well seen to, Lena focused her attentions higher onto the now swollen length of Amélie's dark shaft, her eyes drinking in the purple length held in her

slender fingers, her gaze taking in each ridge and vein, culminating in the deep coloured tip poking out above the grip of her hands.

Lena parted her lips and closed her eyes, letting the sensations guide her as the hot tip pressed against and between her lips. She let out a moan that matched Amélie's above as she felt the silky head of the cock slide over her slick tongue, filling her mouth as her hands moved away, down to rest on her own thighs.

Amélie bit her lip as she looked down at their point of connection, watching as Lena leaned in, taking more of the thick length into her mouth, the heat and persistent swirling attention from the girl's tongue pushing her pleasure onwards and upwards.

With her hands resting on the girl's head, it felt natural to them both when Amélie took over control of the girl's movements, pulling Lena's head forward and back, eagerly sinking her cock in and out of the girl's hot little mouth.

Lena didn't protest to Amélie's new found control, in fact, as Amélie increased the tempo of her slow thrusts she found the girl moaning and whimpering louder around the thick length filling her mouth.

Emboldened, Amélie bit her lip, inching her feet forward slightly, tilting Lena's head back so her cock could push deeper, the thick mushroom head of her length pressing against the back of the girl's throat, eliciting a series of hot lewd noises from the sweet little Brit as she struggled not to gag around the dominating shaft.

Amélie watched, spellbound, as her thick cock pushed deep between the girl's plush lips, Lena's warm honey coloured cheeks alight with a blush, her expression one of concentration as she tried her best to worship the deep purple cock with her lips and tongue.

Chewing on her lip and caught in a burst of pleasure at the sight, Amélie couldn't help herself but to tighten the grip on Lena's hair, the girl letting out a startled little whine that sent a warm shiver up Amélie's back as, with a sudden need to feel more, she pressed herself deeper still.

Lena squirmed as she knelt, her hands moving from resting on her own thighs to pressing gently against Amélie's as the crown of the woman's cock pressed firmer to the back of her throat, demanding access.

She gagged and choked a little, but Amélie was persistent, the tip of her cock opening up the entrance to Lena's throat, making the way for the rest of her shaft which, in a single long thrust, buried itself to the hilt inside Lena's helpless throat.

The girl let out a sharp little whimper as she felt her throat bulge out obscenely, Amélie's cock settling into its place sheathed in her throat. Lena opened her eyes wide in a moment of shock,

feeling her nose pressed in tight against Amélie's body, her lips wrapped tight around the girthy base of the huge cock, the woman's heavy nuts pressing to her chin.

Amélie felt her eyes roll back from the pleasure of it all as she held the girl deep, feeling her push against her thighs, but at the same time feeling overwhelmed by the strength of the pleasure from her hot, wet squeezing throat, tight lips and even now, her attentive tongue.

Realising that she had been holding her breath, Amélie tilted her head down and began to exhale slowly, looking at the now red-faced Lena as she struggled with her own inability to draw in air.

Feeling a pang of guilt and biting her lip Amélie slowly let the girl pull away, her lips sliding down her thick veined length, revealing more and more of it until with a wet cough and a few strands of foamy spit, it came completely free from between Lena's lips.

The girl gasped in a hot lungful of air and coughed a few more times, her eyes red as she looked up at Amélie, her lips parted as she panted and made an effort to recover, resting the cock across her face as she looked up and past it.

"S-sorry, I got a little... Ah..." Amélie started, looking down over the sensuous curves of her own body, then across the primally thick cock to Lena's face and the expression worn beneath, through the coughing and the saliva, to a spark deep within that Amélie could swear was pure lust.

"Please..." Lena panted, her breath hot against the underside of Amélie's sensitive shaft, "More..."

Surprised, Amélie moved her hand to Lena's cheek and felt the girl press herself eagerly into her palm, her gaze looking up at her with a hunger that Amélie was suddenly keen to feed.

Hooking her thumb between Lena's searching lips she led her back to the tip of her glistening cock, letting her suck on it for a moment before, with Amélie's fingers once more laced through her hair, she began her lewd conquest anew.

Gripping the girl's head tightly she worked her hips forward with a renewed lust, desperate to experience all that Lena was seemingly willing to give. She let out a soft moan as she felt the heat once again surround the sensitive inches of her length, pressing ever deeper until the girl once again began to choke and gag, persisting until she felt her balls pressing against Lena's chin.

"Oooh Lena..." Amélie gasped, chewing her lip as she looked down, her amber gaze radiating affection and lust as she began to buck her hips, holding the girl's head in place as she began to not to gently fuck her face.

Each sawing movement of her broad hips was welcomed by Lena's hot tight throat, squeezing and massaging, her slender neck visibly bulging as it took Amélie as deep as it could.

Lena whimpered desperately between the lewd wet noises that escaped her lips and nose, drawing in every scarce breath Amélie offered her with a desperate need, always finding herself left wanting for more.

Amélie lost herself to the incredibly hot sensations surrounding and massaging her cock, the pleasure immense as each thrust of her hips drove her length down Lena's throat, her balls slapping against the girl's chin with a mounting ferocity as the pleasure within her built and built.

She could feel Lena's hands on her dark thighs, caressing and squeezing, her nails occasionally biting into the strong flesh when she was left particularly starved of oxygen, a pleading sign for Amélie to let up, a direction she was increasingly less keen to follow.

"Oooh fuck Lena, take that cock, putain..." Amélie moaned out loudly, listening to the beautifully sensual mix of her divine classical music and Lena's lewd wet choking gags.

Lena could feel Amélie's grip on her hair tighten as she became less and less forgiving, fucking Lena's face like her mouth and throat were toys at her disposal to use as she pleased. Lena couldn't deny the pain, her throat aching and sore, her lips and nose battered from the pounding of Amélie's body, the sharp sting of her hair being pulled so hard for so long.

But at the same time she couldn't deny the pleasure, her mind was a white space of desire and lust, her pussy on fire between her thighs as she was used for Amélie's pleasure. She couldn't explain it, why this worked so well for her, but she found herself rubbing her thighs together, eeking out what little pleasure she could from the experience.

Amélie bit her lip, looking down at Lena, noting the vibrant blush across her cheeks and the girl's mixed expression, seemingly somehow finding so much pleasure in having her throat brutally used for Amélie's pleasure.

"I'm, ah, going to, Ah! Cum, Lena..." Amélie panted, her accent bleeding into her voice stronger than usual, her breath quickening, a rare occurrence for her as the warmth of her own blush touched her cheeks.

Lena whimpered in acknowledgement, feeling the length pushed deep into the hot tight confines of her throat harden and become steely, each vein distinct against her lips and tongue as the cock was repeatedly forced down her throat.

Amélie closed her eyes and tilted her head back, the slapping sounds of her body slamming into the girl's face again and again echoing throughout the tight humid confines of the shower. She

could feel her pleasure inevitably mounting towards her climax, something she longed for, something she desperately needed.

She bit her lip, "A-ah, Lena!!"

Lena groaned and gagged around the thick length as Amélie sheathed herself to the hilt inside her pet's throat, feeling the girl's nose and chin pressing to her groin, the girl's lips wrapped tight around the root of her pulsing length.

Lena couldn't taste anything aside from her own spit, but she felt a distinct liquid heat spreading down her throat and into her stomach, a sure fire sign that Amélie was draining her balls deep into Lena's body without so much as letting her cum grace Lena's tongue.

Amélie gasped and moaned as she felt her heavy nuts unload their gift into the lean girl, feeling her throat constrict around her length each time a fresh burst of thick hot seed was deposited directly into her stomach.

Lena made a wet choking noise, one of her hands between her own thighs, fingers working deep within herself even as her other hand patted Amélie's thigh, trying to get her to give up, her face turning red as a lack of air made her begin to feel weak in the legs.

Amélie looked down through slitted eyes at Lena, her eyes open and red, streaks of water from the shower rolling down her cheeks, she could see the desperation in her eyes, but also the desire.

After several excruciatingly long seconds, Amélie felt the last of her cum pulse from her thick cock down the girl's throat and, with a slow long moan she slowly began to withdraw herself from the increasingly muted Lena.

As the length pulled free from the girl's throat she let out a sudden gasp, air rushing into her lungs as she pulled in as much as she could, feeling the sticky hot tip of Amélie's cock as it dragged itself lazily across her tongue, letting her taste the remnants of what she had been fed before it was pulled entirely from her lips.

As soon as the tip was freed from between her lips Lena's head fell forward, both her hands moving to the tiled floor beneath her to support her, the water running past her splayed fingers in little rivulets as it made for the drain.

Amélie felt her breath slow, her cock beginning to soften to rest between her thighs as she leaned back against the wall, watching as Lena recovered from the none to gentle experience.

"Are... Are you okay?" Amélie asked softly, her breathy voice edged with concern.

Lena nodded a couple of times as she coughed, moving back to sit down, her back to the shower wall, giving her sore knees a chance to rest as she panted hard, her buxom chest rising and falling quickly as she recovered, “Y-yeah love, I just... I just need a moment...”

Amélie bit her lip, feeling more than a little guilty for her roughness now her pleasure had subsided into a warm afterglow.

“Er, sorry I was so rough...” She said lightly and was surprised to see a small, subtle smile on Lena’s puffy lips as she looked back up at her.

“It’s okay,” Lena bit her lip as she pushed herself to stand, the rivulets of water cascading over her face washing away the spit to leave her looking surprisingly fresh-faced, though her eyes were noticeably red around the corners.

“That was...” Lena started, taking Amélie’s offered hand to pull herself up, finding herself suddenly almost nose to nose with the purple-skinned goddess, Lena blushed, “...So good... I... I think I came too.”

Amélie blinked, taken aback, “I... Really?”

Lena looked up at her with wide, sparkling eyes and nodded firmly, “Really love... That was just... I hope we can do it again soon, please?”

Amélie nodded and couldn’t help but smile, leaning forward and finding Lena’s lips with her own, enjoying the slightly different feel from Lena’s softer, plusher lips, ever so slightly swollen from their duties.

Lena kissed her back with hunger, her entire body pressing tight to the slightly taller Amélie, the woman’s breasts resting just atop of her own as their tongues mingled together.

As the broke kiss they held each other softly, just enjoying the warmth of one another’s company, each in their own different sort of afterglow.

“How do you feel?...” Amélie asked after a little while, caressing her hands up over Lena’s slender waist.

Lena looked up into Amélie’s amber gaze, her light brown eyes seemingly searching for something, which, judging by the small loving smile that she saw, she found.

“Happy, Amélie, I feel happy.”

Amélie smiled and pulled the girl into another kiss, slow and tender before letting out a soft, almost resigned sigh, “I suppose we shouldn’t hang around in here all day hm?” she said, her

voice warm and friendly and in response Lena let out a little giggle, though it sounded a little rough, her throat doubtless still sore, Amélie continued, "Mm, come on, let's put a movie on and I'll make us something to eat?"

Lena smiled brightly and nodded softly, "That's sounds lovely."

The two of them climbed out the shower, Amélie shivering slightly as she wrapped herself up in a towel, her naturally cold body chilling quickly without the heat of the water pouring down over her lithe form.

As she towelled herself she felt Lena embrace her from behind, her body retaining the heat which she lovingly shared with Amélie, kissing the woman's back tattoo, "I'll keep you warm..."

Amélie bit her lip and smirked a little, "You're too cute."

Lena giggled softly and gave her one last squeeze before letting go, "Sorry love, you just always look like you need a cuddle."

Amélie smiled a little and turned, looking down at the plucky Brit, the girl's eyes practically sparkling as she looked up at Amélie with admiration.

Amélie studied the girl's face for a couple of long moments, her smile slipping, "Ahh Lena... I'm sorry for what I did to you, with the conditioning and well, just for everything. I wanted to make you mine, break you, use you..." She looked down, "I didn't expect this."

Lena smiled reassuringly and reached up to caress a warm palm across Amélie's cheek, drawing her eyes back up till they met, "What you did was bad, sure, but look what came of it. I've had such a deep desire for you for so long... I feel free, free to love who I like and do what I like." She smiled, her voice bright and full of excitement, "And, you know, you can use me whenever you want~." She said in a singsong voice, grinning.

Amélie laughed softly and leaned in, kissing the girl briefly on the lips, "Lena, you know just what to say to make a girl happy. Now come on, let me cook you something wonderful, no?"

Lena blushed softly and nodded with a smile, "Sure."

They stepped from the bathroom together and, as Amélie stepped towards her bedroom to get dressed, she noticed Lena stepping towards the living room kitchen.

"Are you just going to wear the towel all night?" Amélie asked jokingly.

Lena looked over her shoulder and smirked, "No no, I brought something with me to wear, it's just in my backpack with my jumpsuit and tech. I'll only be a few minutes!"

Amélie watched as the girl practically skipped away and she smiled warmly, stepping into her bedroom to dress.

Amélie decided to dress as casually as possible, as she expected Lena to do. After ensuring her skin was dry, her long hair still wet, she pulled on a pair of panties, specially designed for women who need, 'a little extra space,' in their pants. Over that she pulled a pair of grey sweatpants and, forgoing any sort of bra, she pulled on a simple white vest.

She looked over herself in the mirror, standing this way and that, smiling as she checked out her side profile, admiring the curve of her ass, the slenderness of her torso and, most importantly, the side view of her breasts in the top, the material stretching thin to accommodate her impressive bust.

Pleased with herself, she stepped through to the living room and froze in her tracks, her mouth falling open as she looked across the room at Lena.

Lena was stood in the middle of the living room as if she had been waiting for Amélie to come find her. Her face lighting up in a smile as she saw Amélie, a blush touching her cheeks, "Um... Hey love."

Lena was stood in a silk nighty the same imperial purple colour as Amélie's own Widowmaker suit. It hung from the girl's shoulders with the smallest of strings and hugged her lithe figure, a deep V showing so much cleavage that, despite her not-so-massive bust size, Amélie felt she could very easily get lost between them. The hem ended dangerously high up her thighs and Amélie knew that any wind or movement would definitely put Lena at risk of 'showing off'.

"You alright love?" Lena asked, a soft smile on her face as she tilted her head curiously.

Amélie blinked, "A-ah, I um, sorry I was just... Wow, Lena."

Lena's blush deepened and she smiled, casually sauntering over towards Amélie, looking up at her with a hungry expression, "I'm not wearing anything underneath you know... We could... You know... If you want to?"

Amélie bit her lip and felt her cock twitch. She might've just had a huge climax a few minutes ago, but seeing Lena so deliciously inviting, she could feel the urge begin to rise within her once again.

"Mmm, you have the best ideas, mon cher, maybe I could bend you over the edge or-..." Amélie stopped mid-sentence as she stepped towards the girl and looked around, her brows furrowed as she scanned the room.

Lena blinked and eyed Amélie curiously, “Hey, everything okay?”

Amélie nodded slowly, “Yeah, yeah no I just... Thought I heard something. I thought...” She stopped, her expression hardening.

“Sombra,” Amélie said coldly.

Lena looked up at her confused, “Sombra? What about h-”

“Ahh, Amélie! You’ll have to tell how you know I’m here sometime eh? I was looking forward to watching this pale little piece of ass ride your dick.” Sombra said with mirth in her voice as she decloaked, reclined on one of the living room chairs, casually checking her nails over before casting her gaze over to the two, a none too pleasant look on her face.

Lena let out a startled gasp and took a step back, moving her hands to cover what little of her modesty remained, her worry and embarrassment clear on her face as she flushed with colour.

Stepping forward Amélie placed herself protectively between Sombra and her lover, “Sombra, leave, now.”

Sombra pursed her lips and glanced over towards Amélie and Lena, noting how the young girl was practically hiding behind the assassin to prevent Sombra from seeing everything she’d already seen. In fact, she’d watched as Lena had gotten changed.

“Amélie, hombre! That’s no way to speak to a friend is it?” She smirked and stood, stretching out her arms and letting them both see that she carried her machine pistol in its holster.

“We aren’t friends Sombra,” Amélie replied coldly, her anger obvious.

The side shaven caramel beauty smirked, “We will be, after tonight, after you agree to my deal.”

“What deal,” Amélie asked.

“You’re going to love this chica,” Sombra started, clearly enthused moving her hands as she spoke, taking slow steps towards Amélie, “Okay, so, as your best friend, which I so obviously am, I’m going to use my special talents to hide the two of you from the rest of the world. Trust me, with me on your case you’ll leave zero footprints. No one will ever discover you two.” She smiled.

“And what do you want in return.” Amélie pressed, her voice flat.

Sombra smirked and glanced between the two before shrugging emphatically, “Nothing big! Just a little something, you know?”

"I'm getting very impatient," Amélie warned.

Sombra rolled her eyes dramatically, "Ahh you're absolutely no fun at all, you know that right? I hope Lena is more fun than you."

"Leave her out of this," Amélie said, narrowing her eyes.

"Welllll... That'll be difficult, seeing how she's what I want. I want in. I want to bang that little British puta. So! Here's the deal. I make sure no one finds out about you two, and one night a week she's mine. To do with as I please." Sombra smiled sweetly, folding her arms.

Lena felt a chill run down her spine and opened her mouth to speak, but Amélie beat her to it, "Sombra, sous-merde, it's never going to happen. You might as well leave now. In fact, I insist."

Sombra pursed her lips and raised her eyebrows, "Okay, let me rephrase this for you, friend, you can share your toy and have me keep the two of you a safe secret, or you can not share your toy and I can make sure absolutely everyone knows about you two. Your choice, chica."

Amélie clenched her hands into fists and Lena could see the fury mounting in the woman she loved. Cautiously she stepped forward and wrapped her arms around her, feeling her tense for a second, then instantly relax, her hands unclenching.

"If I have to do this so we can be happy forever, I want to do it..." She whispered softly in Amélie's ear and felt the woman's cool hands reach back and caress her.

Amélie looked to Sombra and eyed her silently for several long moments before speaking, "If you hurt her in any way. And I mean in any way at all. If you so much as pull her hair, next time I see you, I'll shoot you. No second thoughts. Do you understand me?"

Sombra let out a little chuckle, "Wow, protective much?" She held out her hand, "It's a deal though."

Amélie swallowed and looked down at the outstretched hand before reaching out and gripping it, giving it a weak and limp shake before releasing it.

"Perfect! Lena, grab your stuff by the door and come with me." Sombra said joyously.

"N-now?" Lena whimpered, she had been looking forward to the night in with Amélie.

"Yup," Sombra grinned, "but I tell you what, if you're a good girl and do what I say, I won't keep you overnight. You could be back here in just a couple hours and that's us done for the week, and you know I'm not going to hurt you, so... Doesn't sound so bad does it, girl?"

Lena looked up to Amélie who just looked annoyed and upset. Lena tried to give her a reassuring smile, "I love you... I'll be back soon okay?"

Amélie nodded slowly and tried to smile weakly too, hating the feeling of being under someone else's power and influence.

"Don't worry about changing out of your nighty, you don't have far to go," Sombra said as Lena began to walk to where her backpack was stored.

"I-I can't go outside like this!" Lena protested but Sombra waved her words away dismissively.

"I pulled some strings online and I bought out one of the other apartments in this building, so I wouldn't have to waste half my time with you travelling to my place. So come on. Let's go puta."

Lena stepped hurriedly over to Amélie and wrapped her arms tight around her, hugging her lovingly, "Wait up for me?"

Amélie nodded slightly and tried to smile, even as Sombra directed Lena towards the door and out into the corridor, Lena making an interesting sight, only wearing two things, her lewd nighty and an oversized backpack.

Lena looked back over her shoulder towards Amélie and smiled softly, the two keeping eye contact until, finally, Sombra shut the door, separating them.

"Come on, this way." Sombra beckoned with a smirk setting off towards the stairs.

They went down two floors before Sombra led her out towards one of the apartments. Fortunately the building was quiet and they didn't bump into anyone else who could see Lena like this, or worse, recognise them both.

Sombra pushed open a door and nodded inside with her head, a sign she wanted Lena to lead the way which she did, eager to get out of anywhere public.

As she stepped inside she was surprised to find just how bare the place was. It was furnished, sure, but it looked like a showroom. There were no personal items in the living room, no food in the kitchen, it just felt empty and devoid of any sort of personality.

Sombra must have noticed Lena's look because she spoke up as she closed the door, "I know it's not much! I don't really live here, after all. Now come with me."

Lena looked back to Sombra and nodded softly, following her through to the bedroom which was just as bare, save for a laptop and a couple of empty cans of energy drink on a desk.

Sombra eyed Lena over hungrily and smirked, incredibly excited for what was to come, "So here's what's going to happen. You're going to undress me, you're going to undress you, you're going to put on what I tell you to then we're going to fuck. Understand?"

Lena blushed and nodded softly stepping towards Sombra, "I understand."

Sombra's smirk widened, "Yeah you do, you're a real submissive little whore aren't you?"

Lena's cheeks blushed crimson as she placed her backpack on the ground, reaching out to start unbuttoning Sombra's jacket.

"Why are you doing this Sombra?... Why couldn't you just let us be happy." Lena asked softly, not making eye contact as she shrugged the women's jacket off over her shoulders.

"You can be happy Lena, I just want to be happy too, is that so bad?" Sombra said with a smile on her lips, running her fingers up through her own side shave then across the shaved part of her scalp, feeling the metal under her fingertips.

"No, not at all but... You shouldn't make yourself happy at the expense of others?" Lena tried to explain, placing the jacket down on a bare-topped dressing table and starting on the women's undershirt.

Sombra let out a childish little laugh, "Oh chica, you have no idea, do you? Amélie doesn't care that I'm borrowing you for one night a week, she's just using you as I am. And I won't be making myself happy at your expense. If you obey me and you're a good little puta, you'll have the best evening of your life. Comprendre?"

Lena bit her lip, she knew that there was more to it with Amélie, that Amélie loved her deeply, something it seemed Sombra couldn't even understand. She swallowed.

"I'll be good if it means I get to go home sooner," Lena said gently.

"All you have to do is ride my cock, once I'm finished, you can go back to obeying Amélie." Sombra lifted her arms up over her head, letting the shirt be discarded, revealing her in a simple comfortable bra.

"What... Should I call you?" Lena asked softly, trying to build a rapport, wondering if she can find a warmth in the girl like she found in Widowmaker.

"What do you mean? My name's Sombra, I don't want you to call me papa or any of that shit?"

Lena blushed, “N-no I mean. I was Tracer, but now I’m Lena. And how it was Widowmaker, but now it’s Amélie. What’s your real name, love?...”

Sombra glanced down at Lena and raised an eyebrow, the girl looking up at her as her fingers undid the belt to her pants, “When you become Tracer, you’re putting on a suit, a moniker. Not so for me girl, I became Sombra to survive, whoever I was before Sombra no longer exists.”

“Oh...” Lena said as she finished undoing her pants, “Can you um... Take off your shoes and turn around please?”

Sombra smirked, “Mmhm.”

Sombra turned and was surprised when she heard a gasp from behind her. Curious and not knowing what had caused it she glanced over her shoulder towards Lena who was staring wide-eyed at Sombra’s honey-skinned back.

“You... I thought this was a part of your suit...” Lena spoke softly and Sombra felt the girl’s fingertips tracing over the cybernetics she had down her spine.

“It’s a part of who I am, of Sombra... Now keep going.”

After a moment Lena swallowed and nodded, reaching up to unhook the girl’s bra as she stepped out of her high heeled shoes, leaving them virtually the same height.

They finished undressing Sombra without any further comment and, once her panties had been discarded along with the rest of it all she turned to face Lena, her hands on her hips, her expression gleefully childish.

Lena blushed crimson as she took in the sight of Sombra stood naked before her, her breasts full on her chest, but more importantly, her cock waiting impatiently.

Sombra’s length rested softly between her thighs, long and thick with a hooded tip and two heavy looking nuts that made Lena feel anxious and even a little guilty. She knew her body would enjoy this, that she would feel pleasure, but her heart was reserved for Amélie and despite not having a choice, this felt like cheating, something she was wholly against.

“Now you,” Sombra said firmly, crossing her arms under her bust, pushing them up as she watched, her smirk never faltering from her expression.

Lena nodded meekly and reached down to the hem of her nighty, lifting it slowly up over her head, casting it aside to reveal her lithe naked body, her cheeks blazing red as she stood before Sombra, baring all.

Sombra's eyes trailed over the girl's young slender body, her smirk breaking into a grin, "Hell girl... I knew you were hot but I didn't know you'd be this perfect! Damn chica."

"S-so what now?" Lena pressed, not wanting to linger in the moment for too long.

"Now I'm going to set the mood a bit while you," she looked at Lena with an unreadable expression, "go put on your Chronal Accelerator."

Lena blinked, a little taken aback, her eyes scanning over Sombra's face as she tried to figure that out, "W-what? Why?"

Sombra shrugged innocently, "Maybe it's a kink of mine? You don't know and you don't need to know. Just do it, mm?"

Lena bit her lip but nodded, squatting down and opening her backpack, pulling out the bulky piece of equipment and watching as Sombra moved around the room.

First, she moved to her laptop which she switched on, letting it boot up as she padded barefoot over to the lights, dimming them down until it was almost dark, adding a more intimate and sexual atmosphere to the room.

Once that was done, Sombra moved back to her laptop, mumbling to herself for a few long seconds before the speakers began to play music, it sounded Spanish and was put on quite loud, the incomprehensible lyrics and the bright happy beat certain to drown out anything they were about to do together.

As Lena watched Sombra she clicked her Chronal Accelerator on, managing without issue even in the dark to equip it correctly. She felt its power surge through her and knew she could escape, blink away, then lose her with the recall, but Amélie was worth too much to her for that, she had to endure.

After securing it she stood, waiting as Sombra climbed onto the bed, sitting at the top with her back against the headboard, slumped down slightly, her legs spread, her soft cock inviting.

"Want to know what you have to do to go home to Amélie tonight?" Sombra asked, her voice loud to compensate for the music, stretching out her arms beside her.

"W-what?"

"I want you to cum. I'm going to lay back here and let you do whatever you want. But you have to cum while bouncing on my cock, puta. If you do, I'll let you go home tonight, if not, well, I'll keep you for an entire day and we can see whether or not Amélie has busted open your ass with her cock yet. Sound fair?" Sombra asked joyfully.

Lena swallowed and shook her head, she'd never so much as had a finger in her ass before, the idea of more did not leave her feeling hopeful.

"Well, fair or not chica, it's what's happening. Now... Get to work, puta."

Lena nodded softly and took a long deep breath, biting her lip as she stepped towards the foot of the bed, crawling onto it and up towards the waiting Sombra.

Sombra smiled, feeling her heart hammering in her chest from the anticipation of getting to fuck someone who constantly disrupted her work and goals. She watched As Lena crawled towards her, the girl's Chronal Accelerator on her chest between her breasts, giving Sombra a perfect view of her pale soft mounds and their cute pink little tips, swaying slightly as she settled between Sombra's caramel thighs.

Kneeling for a moment and considering her next step, Lena lay down on her side between Sombra's thighs, feeling the silky smooth skin of one of her honeyed calves against her back and feeling the warmth of the girl's soft cock, which was now up in her face.

Carefully she reached up and wrapped her hand around the middle of Sombra's dark shaft, giving it a few tentative squeezes and strokes, unable to help but to admire the way it felt, but all the time wishing it was Amélie.

Lena stroked the cock slowly, eying it over as it began to swell between her pale fingers and, in that instant, Lena made a decision, she would do her best to get this over with as quickly as possible, no matter what it took, no matter what she had to do, she just wanted to be back with her love.

Lifting the thick cock up Lena closed her eyes and parted her lips, her mind's eye showing her the alluring curves of Amélie, not Sombra, her minds attempt at coping with what she was having to do.

Sombra let out a low moan and let her head fall back against the headboard as she felt the hooded tip of her cock become enclosed in Lena's lips. The wet heat of her mouth was intense and Sombra gasped in surprise, feeling Lena's tongue press forward, eager and desperate to please as it slipped under the hood of her cock to swirl around and pleasure her tip directly.

Feeling her toes curl Sombra bit her lip as pleasure washed through her, so intense knowing that this was the Tracer sucking her thick dark cock and that the girl would do anything she was told. On top of this, she knew she was close to seeing her plan come to fruition, she could feel the tension building in the air, even if Lena didn't know why.

“Yesss Lena, fuck you’re a good girl, keep going...” Sombra moaned, urging her hips upward slightly, wanting to feel more of the girl’s sweet little mouth around her tool.

Lena obeyed, feeling the cock between her lips stiffen and harden until the hood was pulled back to rest the silky smooth ruby tip on her tongue.

Sombra moaned as Lena dutifully began to work Sombra’s impressive length, her soft little lips gliding up and down the dark veined shaft, her cheeks caved in as she sucked hard on the length, her tongue swirling around the tip, maximising her pleasure.

She watched, eyes half-lidded as the girl worshipped her length, one hand wrapped around the base of her cock, squeezing it, her other hand down between her thighs where Sombra suspected she was getting herself ‘ready’ to go for a ride.

“That feels sooo good...” Sombra moaned, a hand moving up to roughly squeeze her own breast, catching her hard nipple between thumb and forefinger, tweaking it lovingly, her other hand slinking down, her fingers, with their mechanical additions, moving to run through Lena’s spiky hair as her head bobbed up and down.

Lena pulled up from her cock, panting softly as she leaned down each side, running her tongue up and down Sombra’s length, noting every curve and every vein as she made sure it was as wet as could be for what was coming next.

“You ready to fuck?” Sombra asked, grinning broadly, unable to hide her excitement.

“Y-yes,” Lena replied softly and she felt Sombra release her hair, the Mexican girl leaning back, eying Lena expectantly.

Biting her lip and moving up Lena knelt, bringing her own legs up past Sombra’s so she was sat facing her, her cock pressing against the underside of her pussy, the two slick surfaces rubbing together as she got comfortable, making Sombra all the more impatient for what was to follow.

“Remember what you have to do puta?” Sombra asked, moving her hips in slow circles, rubbing the underside of her cock against Lena’s smooth pussy.

She nodded, “Y-yes. I just have to make myself cum, right?”

Sombra nodded, “Right! Now... Get to work.”

Lena blinked, her demeanour meek as she nodded, looking down at the size of Sombra’s cock, comparing it only now to Amélie’s in her mind. It was, she noticed, not as long, lacking maybe two inches on Amélie’s length, but it was thicker, from root to tip it made Amélie’s cock look practically slender. Finally, she noticed how it was curved upwards ever so slightly.

“Don’t keep me waiting Lena~” Sombra warned in a singsong voice.

Lena blushed and lowered her hips slowly down, Sombra’s hands coming to rest on her pale thighs, not helping or pulling, just a little reminder of who was really in charge here.

A shiver ran up Lena’s spine as she felt the hot silky tip of Sombra’s searching cock find her lips and, as she closed her eyes, she pictured that it was Amélie beneath her, holding her, taking her. As she imagined it, she lived it, gyrating her hips down and using her plush smooth lips to caress and rub against her spit-slickened cock.

Lena bit her lip as she felt the cock rise slightly, being pushed up by Sombra in an attempt to gain access. She reached down with a hand and caressed the sensitive underside of her cock, guiding it towards her lips.

For a moment Lena hesitated, but, after letting out a shaky breath, she steeled herself, determined. The pressure against her lips grew until a subtle shift in their angle made Sombra’s length find its place.

From there it was over in an instant, the pair letting out a matched sultry moan as Lena pressed down with her hips, sinking every inch of Sombra’s thick curved cock into her hot waiting pussy.

“Ahh chica, you’re so tight, Amélie must have a little cock~” Sombra laughed, chewing on her lower lip as she looked up at Lena, drinking in the sight and admiring the contrast between the girl’s pale, enticing nudity and the sleekly designed Chronal Accelerator seemingly sprouting from between her gorgeous perky breasts.

Lena didn’t reply, doing all she could to block out any thoughts that would remind her that this wasn’t Amélie, instead she focused on the task. She wasn’t riding Sombra, she was riding Amélie and all she had to do was to make herself cum.

With that in mind she pulled her knees in tighter and sat up, leaning back to place her hands on either side of her partner’s legs, curving her back backwards she knew helped to accentuate her slender body and full breasts, but before Sombra managed to reach up and grab one to play with, Lena had begun her workout.

Raising her hips to the point where only the ruby tip of Sombra’s cock remained inside, she slammed her hips down hard, hilding the thick curved length inside her wet needy pussy and sending shockwaves of pleasure throughout them both.

Sombra parted her lips to comment, but before she had the opportunity to say a word Lena had begun to set her pace, lifting herself up and pressing herself down with such force that the

mattress beneath them bounced her back up with a little help right back to the peak of her arc, allowing her to press herself back down again.

The rhythmic slapping sound of the two bodies bouncing against each other echoed through the room, intermingled with Sombra and Lena's similar moans of pleasure and delight.

Lena took a hold of Sombra's hands and, after a moment's hesitation on Sombra's part, guided them up over her flat stomach to cup her full soft breasts as they bounced fluidly. After a moment of nothing happening as she rode her, Lena squeezed Sombra's hands in her own, enticing her to start playing.

Lena moved her hands back down to rest on Sombra's thighs as she bounced herself up and down, panting and moaning as the thick cock sawed in and out of her hot core, Sombra's hands, however, remaining on the girl's chest, fingers splayed out over the girl's pale orbs, lifting and squeezing, occasionally trapping her petite pink nipples between her caramel coloured fingers and squeezing.

Sombra lay, entirely relaxed and content with her upcoming victory, spending the moment to simply revel in the heavenly delights Lena was in the process of gifting her of her own free accord, something that would soon change.

She watched entranced as her curved cock vanished time and time again between the girl's spread plush lips, each tiny movement sending waves of pleasure crashing through Sombra's brain, making her wonder if she would even be able to hold out long enough for Lena to cum first.

"Y-you close?" Sombra panted, looking up at Lena and drawing her smoky half-lidded gaze.

"Getting ah... There.." Lena said softly before tilting her head back and closing her eyes once more.

"W-well hurry up chica, you're going to make me nut..." Sombra urged, pinching Lena's nipples roughly between her fingers, making the girl gasp in the mix of pain and pleasure that she so loved.

Lena didn't reply, but she moved one hand from Sombra's thigh, running it down over her own smooth stomach to her pussy, letting out another moan as her fingers began to play with and rub her clit, her fingers tracing familiar patterns over it honed from years of masturbating.

"Good girl..." Sombra purred in her rich Mexican accent, her hands continuing to freely play with the girl's tits, her hips moving to help make Lena's bounce all the more pronounced.

They continued like this for a few long minutes, each bounce and thrust pulling Lena and Sombra both closer towards the inevitable, it was a race to the finish line and they were both rooting for Lena to win.

“A-ah, ah, Sombra, I’m getting close, I’m going to cum!” Lena gasped and whimpered, her eyes squeezed shut, her bounces quicker and more frantic now.

“Talk to me Lena hermosa, tell me what’s happening,” Sombra ordered, her voice full of excitement and pleasure.

“Mmm! It’s building up, ah! Oh, oh fuck, Sombra it’s going... I’m going, ah! I’m cumming!” Lena gasped loudly and arched her back, her pussy squeezing Sombra’s cock like a vice as her climax set fireworks off in her mind, every nerve ending in her body alight with sparks of pleasure.

As she came, mixed in with the music, Lena thought she heard something electronic, like a series of beeps. With great effort, she raised her head to look down over her body to Sombra, but the sight that awaited her set ice to run through her veins.

“W-what... What have you done?” Lena asked, her voice, still flooded with pleasure as her climax began to subside, was now edged with fear and uncertainty.

Sombra moved her hand away from Lena’s Chronal Accelerator, which was now covered in a network of interlacing purple webs, and smirked at Lena, “Just a little trick I learned recently little chica. You’re going to crave me when I’m done with you, puta.”

Lena parted her lips to speak, but before she had the chance to form words, Sombra had pressed a button on her glove. Lena felt out of place for a second as her Chronal Accelerator recalled her, sending her back through time just a few seconds, right back to the beginning to her climax.

Lena gasped loudly and tried to push herself away from Sombra, but she was quick to grab the girl's arms, twisting their bodies and taking advantage of Lena’s weakened state to flip them both over.

Laying Lena on her back, Sombra put herself between Lena’s hips and leaned forward, sheathing herself inside the girl’s squeezing, milking pussy, still lost to the joys of climax.

Lena gasped and whimpered loudly, her arms moving to stretch out above her head, trying to find something on the headboard to grab onto as Sombra began to slam her hips forward and backwards, roughly fucking the girl.

Lena felt a shiver travel all the way down her spine as, once again, her climax began to subside and ebb away.

“A-ah, gods, it was too much...” Lena panted, laying limp against the bed as Sombra continued to slam into her pussy.

Sombra smirked, then set the saved recall to loop.

“A-aaah!!” Lena gasped, inhaling sharply as she felt her climax slam into her again without warning, her arms moving to wrap around Sombra’s back just for something to hold onto.

Sombra laughed as Lena arched her back, the girl’s mouth open wide as she panted, whimpered and gasped in desperation, every noise escaping her lips saturated with pure pleasure.

Sombra grinned and looked down at Lena as she hammered into her, “You want me to stop, do you? Go on, tell me what you want. Let me hear you beg puta!”

Lena whined deeply, her head thrashing from side to side, “Pleeeeease Sombra, please!”

Sombra felt the satisfaction of having the girl beg her to stop rise up within her, but she wanted more, wanted to push it, “Please what you little Coño? Please, what? Beg me to stop!”

She felt Lena’s legs move to cross behind her back, holding her close with both her arms and her legs as she broke down, begging and pleading, “Please be rougher! Please use meeee!”

Sombra slowed for a second and pursed her lips, looking down at Lena, her corrupted Chronal Accelerator beginning another loop for the girl, “Rough? You want rough, ha! Alright. Wow, you are a little slut aren’t you chica?”

Lena blushed crimson, no longer able to think of Amélie for the shame she felt at being unable to stop herself from wanting more, her mind too flooded with pleasure to allow rational thoughts to prevail over her newfound bestial needs.

Sombra bit her lip and leaned in, picking her pace back up to slam her cock deep into the little Brit’s hot squeezing pussy, her hands however moving up, one resting beside Lena’s head, the other wrapping around her throat to squeeze hard enough to restrict her airflow, but not to leave a mark, distinctly aware that she was instructed not to hurt Lena at all and not wanting to deal with the fallout if she did.

Lena gasped breathlessly as Sombra choked and fucked her, her mouth hanging open and her tongue lolling slightly between her lips as her face began to redden from the lack of oxygen.

“A...S-...” Lena tried to speak as her body was plowed roughly by the now dominant Sombra, her heavy tits bouncing enticingly on her chest either side of her Chronal Accelerator, but with the woman's fingers wrapped around her throat, all she could manage were a series of strangled noises.

“Shhh...” Sombra purred and grinned, leaning in to spit into Lena's open mouth, eliciting a moan and a shiver of pleasure from the girl as she tried to swallow what Sombra had given her.

Sombra released the girl's neck long enough to allow her to swallow the spit and draw in a fresh lungful of air, taking the opportunity to slap her across the face, sharp enough to draw her attention, but not enough to leave a mark outside of a little excusable redness, making sure to hit each cheek evenly.

Lena whimpered and moaned breathily, her eyes distant and unfocused as waves of pleasure continued to crash through her, her skin glistening with a sheen of sweat in the dim light of the room as Sombra's surprisingly strong, athletic body powered into hers without giving her so much as a moment's respite.

As she panted and worked hard, once again wrapping her fingers around the girl's slender throat, Sombra spent some time admiring her handiwork. She observed the way Lena's lithe youthful body gyrated up to meet her own, the girl's hips seeking out Sombra's thrusts, so lost in the throes of pleasure that she couldn't think, couldn't act, save for that which brought her more pleasure.

Sombra watched gleefully as the girl's Chronal Accelerator was thrown into another cycle, dragging Lena, kicking and screaming if need be, back past the point of no return for another mind-shattering climax over which Sombra had complete control.

The pleasure cascaded through Lena's body, her pussy soaking wet and hot, milking Sombra's thrusting cock, enhancing her tormentor's pleasure, driving her closer towards her own point of no return.

Lena clawed helplessly at the sodden bed sheets beneath her, slick with her own sweat as the constant unforgiving orgasm pushed her mind and body to breaking point, not giving her so much as a second's pause as Sombra fucked her, hammering her meaty cock deep into Lena's waiting core.

“Y-yeah, Lena, you pequeño puta, take that dick, yeah that feels good, doesn't it? Doesn't it!? Say it!” Sombra ordered with an aggressive snarl, softening her grip on the girl's throat to let her obey her Master, droplets of sweat beading down over Sombra's face to drip onto the overwhelmed girl below.

“It feels so good!” Lena cried out honestly, her back arching as her looped climax continued without so much as wavering, hammering away at her senses even as Sombra hammered away at her body.

“I’m getting close,” Sombra panted, looking down with her violet gaze over what was left of Lena, “Tell me puta, where do you want my cum?”

Lena looked up at Sombra through half-lidded eyes, her lips parted, her breath coming in ragged and desperate, “I-in my mouth...” Lena whimpered hopefully and Sombra couldn’t help but grin.

“Aww, you want to taste my seed? You want to drink my cum, puta?” Sombra goaded, intending to show Lena just what she had become, but the pleasure that flashed through Lena’s eyes at Sombra’s words showed that it had backfired beautifully.

Lena’s eyes rolled in lust at the thought chewing her already plush lip as she moaned, “Yessssss!! Pleaseeee!!!”

Sombra felt her pleasure and victory rise deep within her, the breaking of this girl as a fuck toy being so much more intense and wonderful than she could ever have guessed, the potential in the future too to use her sexually and to by proxy dominate Amélie so full of exciting prospects and ideas.

Panting hard and feeling the first pulses of pleasure lance through her cock, Sombra forced herself to pull her thick throbbing cock from the still milking fist that was Lena’s tight pussy, her sweat-slicked legs rubbing over Lena’s own as she shuffled up to straddle the girl’s chest, her heavy cum filled nuts coming to rest on the cold steel of Lena’s compromised Accelerator.

Lena stared up through slitted eyes, her lips open wide and waiting, her tongue extended as her breath poured out hot to caress up over Sombra’s wet shaft which twitched eagerly, held fast in one of Sombra’s stroking hands.

“I-I’m going to cum Lena! Beg me for it! Use my name puta!!” Sombra gasped, her back arched, her whole body tensed as she tried to hold back the inevitable and enjoy every second she could milk from this moment.

“Pleease Sombra!!! Please cum in my mouth!! Ahh! Ah!” She gasped, looking up at Sombra with such wide innocent eyes, so genuine and desperate.

As the waves of pleasure crashed down onto her she wanted to close her eyes, to tilt her head back, to relax and to moan, but she forced herself to watch, determined not to miss a second of Lena’s ultimate debasing.

The first thick rope of cum, to Lena's obvious disappointment, landed too high, the thick white streak plastering one of the girl's eyes closed as she whined in desperation, tilting her head back further as Sombra pressed down on the top of her curved length with her thumb, taking better aim.

The second and third ropes landed home, the pleasure and relief palpable on the girl's expression as she finally tasted Sombra's seed, her moans thick with lust and pleasure as she let the steamy hot cum pool on her tongue.

Sombra watched, panting hard as more thick ropes of cum shot from her cock, all coming to rest on the girl's tongue, forcing her to live the taste and texture as she jerked herself off into her wide waiting mouth.

Still caught in the loop Lena waited with the patience of a saint as Sombra ensured every single drop her cock had to give was stroked out onto her lips and into her mouth.

As she waited, and as Sombra watched, Lena's tongue swirled backwards and forth, her tongue swimming in the thick liquid, tasting and experiencing it as much as she could while waiting for the go ahead.

Sombra waited until long after she had wiped the last drop of her thick white cum into Lena's eager mouth, before finally giving Lena the command she had been waiting for, hoping for.

"Swallow, puta..." As she spoke, her voice heavy and tired, she released the mental effort that had kept Lena's device hacked, letting her climax play out in glorious completion as her throat worked, swallowing down Sombra's gift, her fingers moving to collect and swallow the streak that had landed across her eye, as the caramel beauty, exhausted and spent, moved to lay beside her.

Lena felt the exhaustion take her and knew she would be asleep in moments. She felt Sombra lay down beside her, their limbs intertwining as they embraced and cuddled, only now Lena's mind flickering to Amélie. She was free to leave, after all. But, she needed to recuperate first. To recover her strength. She'd rest, maybe just for a couple of hours, then go home and... What? Explain things? She didn't know. She just wanted Amélie.