

Lima

Sion, Satis, and Veran won't leave me alone. They keep bugging me and trying to make me horny enough just so I would mate with them. It's funny on the one hand, but annoying on the other.

"Stop it!" I finally exclaim after they have been saying dirty stuff all the time. They look at me in confusion. "I will decide when it's time and until then—leave me alone, will you?"

"We didn't want to make you uncomfortable," Satis says immediately. I smile and shake my head.

"I know and you didn't. But it's enough now. I need to figure this out on my own, so until then... and somebody else to bother. I don't know, maybe Nadira wants to try a dragon or whatever." When I say that, their eyes glow curious. I laugh out when they all start running at the same time.

I asked Salazar for his opinion on potential children for myself and he said he doesn't see a problem why it shouldn't work like with everyone else. That does get my hopes up.

"It's cute how you are trying to find a solution for somebody else's problem."

I inch when I hear Lima behind me. We haven't talked in days.

"It's also my own problem. And how the hell do you know anyways?" I frown and look at him, making him chuckle.

"Don't be mad at me for knowing what you are thinking about."

"Whatever." I stand up and want to go the opposite direction, but Lima gently takes my hand.

"Care to join me on an adventure?"

"What is this, *The Hobbit*?" I pull my hand back and fold my arms.

"I've heard about that, it does sound like fun. But the dragon is the bad guy there, so no..." Lima grins and I have to fight hard not to do as well. "I wanted to head out to the human world again. You wanna come?"

"Why should I? Last time wasn't so great."

"I know. But this time I'd be with you. And as sad as that is, a woman is always safer with a man around when it comes to humans." Lima shrugs and I hate to have to agree.

"Ok. But no touching," I warn him and Lima nods. He points to my clothes.

"Do you want some...more human clothes?"

I look down and have to chuckle. Okay, I see what he means. I'm wearing a feathery skirt and the slave-bra that I got in the auctions.

"Yeah, I should probably change."

"May I?" Lima points to my body, and I curiously nod. He moves his hand a little, and his eyes glow up, and without me feeling anything, my clothes change. Now I'm wearing a super tight black pencil skirt, knee long, with an equally tight white blouse, the buttons barely hold it together while my boobs obviously want to jump out of there. The cleavage is so visible, it's impossible not to look. I'm wearing high heels—and know that those are unreal ones because they don't hurt at all—in bright red, and this would be very inappropriate in an office. I reach for my hair and feel that it's in a tight bun.

"And what exactly do you want to achieve with that outfit?" I shake my head. "A little eye candy for yourself?"

"Not at all. You'll see when we're there." Lima points in a direction, and I reluctantly follow him.

He conjures up another portal, and we step through. I didn't know he could do that. We're in the same storage room as last time. Lima's wearing some suit as well now, he looks so delicious I would have dreamed of taking a bite if I had met him in the office before coming here...

He opens the door, and I follow him outside. The second we step onto the main floor, people start looking at us. Mostly at me, they nod and avert their eyes quickly again.

Lima starts walking in the opposite direction of where I went last time, and I follow him.

"Excuse me." The same guy that stopped me last time approaches us, and I feel my stomach drop. "I know you! You bolted last time."

"And you *should* know her. Adjust your tone, boy. She's paying your bills." Lima takes out an ID and hands it to the guy whose eyes are about to pop out.

"I... I'm so sorry, I didn't...know," he stammers and looks at me in horror. "If I had known, Mrs. Sire, I wouldn't have stopped you..."

Mrs. Sire? Well, that's mine by me.

"That's alright. We all make mistakes," is all I say, and he looks surprised, relaxes a bit. "Just treat your coworkers with more respect in the future."

"Of course. Please, let me open your office. It hasn't been used in so long."

He leads us to big doors and unlocks them, opening them for us and leaving us alone. When the doors fall shut again, I walk around here, look out the massive windows.

"This is where Des worked? I thought he stayed downstairs."

"He worked here in the beginning, apparently. Then, he found Richard and they moved into the basement. This has been unused since then." Lima leans against the desk. "You could say it's nearly...virginal."

I look over my shoulder to give him an annoyed glance. But fuck he's hot. He's leaning against the dark wood of the desk, his suit's pants are so fucking tight, I can make out his delicious dick, and his shirt is unbuttoned way too much to be office appropriate. Just as mine is.

"So, what's the adventure you were talking about now? Living the office life? How adventurous..." I joke, but Lima grins.

"Well, that depends on how you define office life. Most of these people here have the wildest fantasies. And...we could live some of them," he points to the chair and I raise my brows, sitting down. But when he kneels in front of me, I am confused.

"What happened to no touching?"

"I will stop the second you tell me to," Lima promises and raises his hands. "And I will not use my fingers."

Curiously, I nod. He uses his teeth to pull up my skirt as far as possible, and feeling his hot breath on my thighs gets me excited already. So I pull it up a little further and Lima chuckles, but I just grab his head and direct it between my legs.

"You better make up for how shitty you made me feel," I say and Lima's eyes glow when he looks up at me, licking his lips.

"Your wish is my command," he whispers and starts kissing my knees and thighs, wandering up. I close my eyes and lean back, Lima sticks his face right into my crotch and I hold my breath, until I realize what he's doing. I didn't even know that I was wearing lacy underwear until just now. He's pulling my panties down with his teeth, already wet with my anticipation. His breath is cold against my wetness and it makes me so fucking horny I just want to grab his head and make him fuck me with his tongue. But instead, I wait.

And just as he comes close again with his face to my pussy, there's a knock at the door. What. The. Fuck. I want to sit up and pull my skirt down, but instead, Lima pulls me by the knees closer to the desk, hiding himself underneath the massive wood. Oh fuck. This is truly one office fantasy.

"Excuse me for interrupting." That guy from before comes in. "But there have been some papers that Mr. Sire was supposed to sign. But he hasn't shown in ages."

I want to answer, but just as I open my mouth, I feel Lima's tongue lick over my folds. So there's just a quiet moan coming out, but it could be interpreted as an annoyed one.

"Give it to me," I say and reach out my hand, but Lima sees this as an invitation. He starts fucking me with his tongue, which is way longer than any human's. I whimper a bit and the guy handing me the documents is obviously confused.

"Are you alright, Mrs.?" he asks quietly and I open my mouth but as if he knows, Lima rams a finger into my pussy just in this moment.

"Yes!" I scream out and the guy inches, while I grab the edge of the desk, slowly grinding against Lima's finger.

"Good. Then I'll leave you to it."

Make him stay.

I hear Lima's voice in my head and although I'd just prefer if he picks me up, presses me against the window and fucks me hard, it does sound like a nice kink to be at the edge of being caught.

"Or," I sigh and the guy turns around again. "You stay here and keep me entertained while I..." I swallow the next moan. "Take care of everything."

The guy looks puzzled, clearly understanding the ambiguity—my moaning and dreamy eyes are hard to miss by now—but not too displeased. I pull down my skirt and stand up, pointing to the chair on the opposite of me, just the table between us. Carefully, he sits down, not letting me out of his sight. And while I just stand there, Lima spreads my legs a little and reaches between them, his hand covered by my skirt. And when he touches my folds, I know I'm going to be in trouble.