## The Upper Floor

**Summary**

This is a series of linear short fics following female reader, a prostitute who is trying to navigate the world of the social elite in the Upper Floor, where pleasure runs rampant and anything goes.
The Contract

You were a prostitute. There was no nice word for it. But you were a damn good one. The best in fact, at least as far as your employer was concerned. You worked at the Pompeii Palace, a pleasure house, a high-class brothel. It was one of the most famous in the country and you were one of its top… employee. You were so frequently requested that your prices had tripled since arriving six months ago. Clients had to book you a month or two in advance just for an hour session. You had been visit by politicians, celebrities, even some foreign nobility once. So it was no surprise when the owner approached you to talk about a “promotion”.

The Upper Floor. A mysterious and forbidden place. You had heard rumors about it. Heard that it was some kind of sex dungeon where some of the richest and most influential people could play out their darkest fantasies. You had heard that the girls who went up to the Upper Floors would never return. Once you joined, you lived in the Upper Floors till your contract was up. Women and patrons alike spoke of it in hushed tones and nervous laughs.

So when your boss talked to you about joining the Upper Floor, you were already planning how to decline. You had good work down here on the first floor, you made plenty of money and never had to try anything too out there. You had your pick of customers and could turn them away as you pleased. You enjoyed this freedom too much to give it up for some dungeon where you would be forced to do god only knows what. But then he told you the salary.

At that incredible price per visit, plus gifts from your clients which you had grown accustomed to, within a year you could retire and live in style the rest of your life. You were good at your work and found it easy money when you had no other skills, but you knew your looks wouldn’t last forever, and sooner or later some younger, prettier girl with bouncing breast and a firm butt would waltz in and boot you to the curb. You needed security.

Still, despite this revelation, you had your doubts. What if the rumors were true. What if you couldn’t go. What if you were forced to do things, horrible things, things you had never even dreamed of. You’re mind conjured up stories told to you by ladies on the streets, of terrible men that forced them into nightmarish situations with the promise of a few extra bucks.

You took a chance. Your boss had always done right by you in the past, you wanted to trust him. With a nervous hum, you voiced your fears to him. His soft smile caught you off guard.

“You can’t believe those rumors. The Upper floor is extremely exclusive, you need a background check just to submit an application to join. With a place so tightly controlled and mysterious, of course people are going to come up with crazy stories. “ Despite the reassurance, he could see you were still having doubts.

“Now look, you will have to move upstairs if you are going to do this. I’ll level with you, a lot of the people up there get really attached to their chosen Ladies. And when your clients are as influential as some of these people are, that can make you a target. We just move you up here for your protection, in case.” This was not helping to calm your nerves. “But if you want to leave on your days off, you can.”

“What about the clients? Are they really into some of that extreme stuff?”

“Some of them, yes. But we do our best to only pair you with clients who’s interests match your comfort zone. I’m not going to let them ruin one of my fine girls.” Laying out the contract in front of you, he gave you a soft smile. “Look, I know you want out. And this is going to be your fastest way.
If you want, we can sign you up for just one year. That’s the shortest time I can offer. I wouldn’t offer this to you if I didn’t think you were up to it.”

You mulled it over in your mind. Even if you just worked five days a week with one client a day that would be more than you were making now with seven or eight clients a day. You could retire off your earnings after a year. Move away from here, somewhere where no one knew your past, maybe get married, maybe even a family. It was a risk, but you wanted out and you were willing to take it.

“I’ll do it”
You're first day on the Upper Floor, you are auctioned off to the highest bidder. All you can hope for is someone with "typical" tastes.

This chapter contains dub-con or forced sex (not fully rape though) and some very mild rough play or violence.

It was your first day. You had moved everything in to your new room, which was beautiful and decadent, and it was time for you to start honoring your contract. Another woman, Liz, would be your new roommate. She had been assigned to help you learn the rules of the Upper Floor and guide you in your first month. You had spent the last week learning proper etiquette. The Upper Floor had many rules, and you had to commit them all to memory or risk punishment.

From what you gathered, the most important rules were: Always address the clients as Sir or Madam unless specifically told otherwise. Always say please and thank you for any services. When out of the private room you serve the Floor, no one favored individual. When in a private room, you do as you are told and serve only your client until they are satisfied. When on the Floor, put on a show, you are showing the clients just what their money is getting. Be grateful for everything you are given. Never talk back. And the most important rule, the client get what the client pays for.

Despite Liz’s reassurance that it wasn’t as bad as it sounds, you still couldn’t help but feel that you had just signed your humanity away. Nervously, you awaited your “debut”. That Morning Liz had lent you one of her outfits, insisting that yours weren’t grand enough for your first appearance and made you look cheap.

“You can borrow some of my close until your first day off. Then we can go shopping for some new outfits. These people are paying big bucks. They want a woman of class that they turn into a whore. Or at least that’s what they like to think.” She explained, throwing a silver shimmering cocktail dress at you as she rummaged through her closet. “These people can have anyone they want, but they want someone who will do whatever they want, no questions asked. But they don’t want to feel like they are just buying a used whore, at least, not in the beginning.” With a wink she led you over to the her vanity to show you what makeups looked best in the Upper Floors lighting.

By the time you were done, you felt more like a princess then a sex worker. You admired the drape of the elegant dress as it fell in fold on the floor. Your hair was set up in curls and a set of delicate pearls hung from your ears.

“Are you sure I can borrow these?” you asked Liz as she fussed over your hair.

“First impressions are everything dear. Especially here. You need to attract the attention of a rich regular. We have to make you stand out.”
“I think I can woo them with my charms. This isn’t my first time.” Striking a seductive pose, you batted your eyelashes in a over dramatic fashion.

“You won’t have the chance. A woman’s first time on the Upper Floor is highly coveted. You are considered fresh, easy to break in. You will be auctioned off before you get to speak to any of the guests. I went for $350,000 my first time.”

“$350,000?!!” you hadn’t meant your voice to be so shrill, but you couldn’t believe your ears. “Yeah, that’s about average.” This place really was another world.

“How weird was he?”

“Not terrible. Really into bondage, but other then that he was nice enough.” Liz rubbed your back reassuringly. “Now come on, you go to auction soon. You can’t be late.”

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You were brought into a large expansive room, like something out of a Fairy Tail. Pillars line the room reaching high up into the ceiling, beautiful crystal chandeliers hanging down shimmering in the bright lights. The room was filled with well-dressed figures, the air about them had you realizing just how big the social gap between you was. Beautiful women with fine jewelry, well-dressed men poised and seductive. Eyeing you up and down assessing your worth. Your nerves continued to unravel as you looked out over the sea of rich and famous clients imagining each of them with some extreme fetish you would have to fulfill.

The six of you were marched out and displayed in front of the grand fireplace at the front of the room. Looking around, everywhere your eyes fell you saw elegance and beauty. Gorgeous wooden furniture, large Victorian couches, candelabras with fine detail, beautiful China. Some of the faces in the crowd you recognize, models, actors, singers. Women who had helped train you over the last week were scattered about the room as well. You watch them anxiously hoping to get a grasp for what your future would be here. Most of them draped themselves around the men of the room, caressing them, playing with their hair, lavishing them with attention. All things you knew how to do. This thought gave you some comfort. A large man stepped out in front of you his voice booming throughout the room.

“Welcome, Sirs and Madams, to the Upper Floor.” A cheer rang out from the crowd, drowning out the sound of your racing heart. “We have something very special for you tonight.” He turned to motion towards you with a grand gesture. “These six gorgeous ladies will be joining us tonight on the Upper Floor.” More cheering. “And six of you lovely patrons will get to usher them in for the whole evening.” You hadn’t expected the crowd to be this lively.

As he began to auction off the women in front of you, your nerves got the better of you, wondering if you would sell for near as much as as they were. 330,000. 390,000. 520,000. 460,000. Finally, it came to you.

“And what would you give to spend the evening with this fine specimen? Tell me, is she not the picture of the perfect woman. Yes, I dare say you don’t see many like here these days. Tell me sweat heart, what do you dream this evening will be like?” Remembering what Liz taught you, you shied away, a coy smile on your glossy lips.

“I just hope that my first evening will be spent in the company of someone who knows how to treat a lady.”

“Isn’t she just entrancing. Such a charming young woman.” Cheers came out and Liz gave you a
bright smile.

“So, let’s see who gets to keep this lovely gem company on her first evening here on the Upper Floor.” Bids started to fly, men throwing around money you could only dream of. The bid seemed to hold steady when an odd looking man in a silver mask sort of helmet promised $380,000. He was an strange to behold, face hidden behind the head-wear, his clothes seemed much more casual then the others, yet still he was well dressed. You were excited to be thought so valuable even by such a unique person.

“450,000.” A strong voice bellowed out, catching you off guard.

“Very good, Sir.” The auctioneer grinned. With no one contesting the price, it looked like this was your first client. As the man moved to the front of the crowd, you strained to get a look at your temporary owner.

A Japanese man, he was not necessarily tall, but very broad and powerful. His ora was stern and commanding. His black hair slicked back into a short, spiky ponytail save for some strands that framed the right side of his face. A striking black suit and dark intense eyes made him an intimidating figure.

Your eyes met, his penetrating stare giving you a shrinking feeling. Adverting your eyes, you noticed Liz moving through the crowd towards you. The rest of the girls were auctioned off to various men, all the while those strict eyes never left you.

“All right gentlemen, come get your ladies.” As he began to walk towards you, Liz ducked behind you, grabbing your arm as she whispered over your shoulder.

“That man, he’s new here. I’ve never seen him before.”

“So I’m in the dark on this one.” A knot began to form in your stomach. He didn’t look like a particularly nice man.

“Remember, make him happy. He just spent a lot of money on you. Don’t disappoint.” Her last words before she disappeared back into the crowd were not encouraging, but she wasn’t wrong. You had signed up for this. As the man reached you, you put on your best seductive eyes.

“Good evening, Sir.” Sparing a flirtatious smile, you hoped to soften the man.

“Greetings.” A small bow, a brief reprieve form his unwavering gaze.

“Would you care for some whine?” one of the many wait staff came beside you, offering a tray of red wine. You waited to follow your clients lead.

“Yes, thank you.” He said, grabbing the both of you a glass before handing you one.

“Thank you. So, I hear this is your first time here. Welcome to the Upper Floor, Sir.”

“My curiosity go the better of me. Tell me, how many men have soiled you?” You were caught off guard by his words, trying your best not to show it as you sipped on your whine.

“None as handsome as you, nor as direct.” Your attempt at coy flirtation was ignored as the man repeated his question, his cold eyes staring down at you.

“How many?” Biting your tongue, your expression soured a bit at his unwillingness to play the game.
“I’ve lost track.” You were starting to second guess your luck that night.

“So, it appears that here they just dress up common whores and disguise them as women of etiquette.” He sipped on his whine, his eyes peering out over the crowded with judgmental disdain. Unsure what he was seeking here, you responded honestly. Since he had no intentions of following the formal niceties, neither did you.

“If you wanted ladies you shouldn’t have come to a whore house.” Only twenty minutes in and you had already broken a rule. The man observed you out of the corner of his eye as he raised one brow inquisitively.

“I see you have yet to be tamed.” Moving swiftly, he took a strong hold on your arm, his calloused hand gripping you tightly as he towered over you. “Your spunk reminds me of someone I know. They also refused to learn their place.” His eyes grew distant for a moment, as if memories were playing through his head. As you opened your mouth to speak, the man snapped to, readjusting his gaze to match yours. “Maybe you can still be taught.”

Turning sharply, he began to weave through the crowded, moving gracefully as he almost danced across the room. Picking up your hem, you hurried after him, doing your best to keep track of his short ponytail as you shuffled through the crowd. You managed to catch up to him at the door of one of the private rooms. You remembered Liz telling you that different rooms were set up for different kinks. You wondered what this one held as the knot twisted in your stomach. You pictured chains and hooks hanging from the ceiling, and a wall of whips that would rip into your flesh. As one of the servants opened the door, you peered timidly inside.

The first thing that struck you was the soft glow of the candle light off of the red draperies that lined the walls. Four large ornate pillars stood in each corner of the room, gold trim matching the gold accents scattered about the room. It definitely lived up to the grandeur and elegance of the Upper Floor. At the wall farthest from the door, there rested a huge king bed with a canopy, sheer curtains hanging down around the bed-frame, embroidered with gold leaves.

“Don’t worry,” the servants’ whisper was barely audible, “this is the romantic room, you’re safe.” Your mind was put at ease as you stepped over the threshold, following your client into the room. Before the door was shut, the man called out over his shoulder to the servant.

“Bring me a bottle of your finest sake. Be quick.” With that the door was closed, and the room fell under the soft light of the candles that danced around you.

You studied the man, trying to get a feel for what your next move should be as he inspected the room.

“So tell me, do you dance?” The man didn’t even spare you a glance as he walked over to an antique looking record player.

“I know a little. Sir.” You didn’t want to let on, but you were quit practiced when it came to dance. You had studdied it for many years, it being a passion you had inherited from your mother.

“Do not call me that. If you are to be a lady, you must be my equal.” Thumbing through the records, he kept his back to you as he spoke. “Call me Mr. Shimada.”

“As you wish, Mr. Shimada.” Finding one he liked, he put it in place and lowered the needle onto the spinning record. Some classical music you didn’t recognize started to play as the man turned to face you, his lips pursed.
“Stop with this act. It does not become you. You are my date for this evening. Come, dance with me.” Moving towards you, he took your hand in his, wrapping his free arm around your waste, pulling you close.

You hadn’t realized just how built he was until then. With your close proximity you could feel the way his muscles moved under his suit, his strong arms guiding you along as you floated across the floor. He was very light on his feet, but an excellent lead. Slowly, you found yourself enjoying the dance as he twirled you around. Smiling, the tension began to dissipate.

Maybe this Upper Floor thing won’t be so bad.

A knock came at the door, interrupting your fun as Mr. Shimada paused. Stepping away from you, lips pursed as he straightened himself.

“Enter.” You thought it an odd command, but ignored it, as everything about this man seemed to be a little odd.

As the door opened, in stepped a servant carrying tray with a sake glass and two small cups. Placing the tray on the table, the man turned to face Mr. Shimada, not even regarding you.

“Is there anything else I can get you, Sir.”

“No. Leave.” With a bow, the servant look his leave. He was definitely direct. Moving to the table, the Japanese man poured some of the sake into one of the cups before knocking it back. Moving over to his side, you rubbed his back, kissing his shoulder as your other arm wrapped around him. Taking another swallow of sake, he turned his head, studying you.

“Ladies don’t need sake.” You refused to let his sternness detour you.

“Sakes not what I’m after, Mr. Shimada.” Your left hand traced delicate circles over his chest while your right hand reached around to unbutton his suit.

“You are too eager.” He chastised, but took his jacket off regardless.

“Is a lady not allowed to desire the company of a strong man.” He knocked back another sake.

“A lady is never pushy.”

“Why don’t you sit down, and Ill pour you another.” It was best to play his game. Maybe if you could get him drunk he would loosen up. You heard him sit back on the bed as you poured the cup as full as you could without spilling. Alcohol was always good for loosening the stubborn ones up.

Bringing the cup along with the glass over to him, it was not long after you handed him the cut that he downed its contents. You chuckled at how much he liked the drink.

“Can I pour you another?” He nodded, lifting the glass for you to fill. Two more cups worth and his eyes had a nice gloss to them. Swaying slightly, he leaned back on his arms, releasing a heavy sigh as he stared up at the ceiling.

“Would you like another?” you asked, hoping to get a few more into him, though truth be told, he was more than far enough gone.

“No… no.” looking off in the distance, a muddled expression on his face, the words seemed to tangle in his mouth as he slowly released them. Reaching out, you cupped his cheek, causing his slight surprise as you admired the light rosy tint that dusted his face.
“Then what is it Mr. Shimada wants of this lady?” He seemed to speak before thinking, slurring out the first thing that came to his mind.

“Hit me.” Without hesitation, your hand came across his face roughly, knocking his head sidewise. This wasn’t your first time being rough with a customer. His eyes were beautiful, open wide in shock, his strong jaw laxed with disbelief.

Standing abruptly, those same beautiful eyes quickly filled with rage as he snapped. Startled, you smacked him again reflexively, realizing too late that his request was something he didn’t mean to let slip.

“Damn whore.” In one swift movement, he stepped aside, strong arms throwing you onto the edge of the bed before pinning you there with his body. You gasped as the weight of is body suffocated you. Squirming frantically as he held your arms down, he bit roughly at your neck as he pushed you further into the mattress. You struggled to breath as the weight of his muscular body kept you still. Cry’s and please for forgiveness escaped your lips as he bit and sucked mercilessly at your shoulder.

Unsure whether to fight back or not, you debated letting him have his way. Maybe this was his thing. You had had customers like that before. Men that want to feel powerful.

The weight that smothered you lessened as the man let go of your wrists, reaching under you to fumble with your breast. Growling, he began to rub his hips against your ass, groaning into your neck as he sucked at a new spot. You could feel his erection pressing into you as he massaged the soft mounds of your chest. Letting out a soft moan, you couldn’t help the shiver of pleasure that ran through your body. Without lifting off of you, Mr. Shimada hiked up your dress, enabling his hand to move between your legs, teasing the wet spot forming on your black lace underwear.

“Since you insist on acting like a whore, I’ll treat you like one.” His heavy voice in your ear was intoxicating. As your body temperature rose, you pushed your butt back against the bulge in his pants, your need for friction taking over.

“You awfully silent. What happened to all that sass you had earlier.” The alcohol on his breath tickled your nose. Pulling your head towards his, he captured your lips in a messy but passionate kiss, his tongue wriggling its way into your mouth. Moaning into his kiss, your tongue danced with his, the taste of sake overloading your senses. Feeling bold, you bit his lower lip, relishing the groan that thundered from deep in his throat.

“Such a whore.” You could feel the rumble in his chest reverberate against your back as he degraded you. Reaching back, you took a hand full of his hair, pulling on it with a tug as he let out a soft gasp.

“You’re one to talk. Just listen to how you moan for me.” You felt his cock twitch against you and you rolled your hips back against his, eliciting a growl as the man closed his eyes, curling around your body.

Growing impatient, Mr. Shimada fumbled with his pants desperately trying to get his cock some release from the tight confines of his trousers. It took longer than you would have liked, the sake making him ill coordinated as he fought with the button. You were starting to wonder if you would have to help him when you suddenly felt the familiar presence of something warm and hard pressing against your entrance. Leaning forward again, the man used you as support as he rubbed his length up and down your opening. Skin growing hot, you could feel the pleasure building in your core. Without warning, he pulled your panties aside, plunged in, deep and quick.

Gripping the bed sheet, you were momentarily overwhelmed by the sense of fullness, and the comfort of his strong hands wrapped around your waist. It was no surprise that Mr. Shimada started
an unrelenting pace just as quickly as he was in you. The man seemed to have no inhibition when
alcohol was involved. Trying to brace yourself against the bed, you leaned back into his thrusts, a
blush on your face as the room was filled with the echoes of lewd sounds. His pace was rapid and
haphazard and you knew he wouldn’t last much longer. Reaching back, you dug your nails into his
muscular thigh, their firmness surprising you. God this man was built.

In response to the sudden pain, his thrusts became more erratic, deeper and more desperate. He was
almost there. Urgently you hoped for him to lavish you with more attention. You could feel the
pressure building inside you and wanted to find your own release before he was done with you. You
were not so lucky.

A few more powerful thrusts and he bent over your body, twitching and groaning as he released into
you, a name you didn’t recognize softly spilling from his lips. You couldn’t help the sigh of
disappointment as he went limp over you. So much for your orgasm.

Reaching back, you softly pet his hair, whispering sweat words to him as he regained his strength. It
didn’t take long. Standing up, he tucked himself back in to his pants before securing them.
Straightening his disheveled appearance, as he walked towards the door, you were reminded of just
why you wanted out of this business. Begrudgingly, you stand up, dusting off the wrinkles in your
dress as you got ready to leave.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Looking up, you were met by the stern eyes as the pierced you,
though not as cruel as before. Not giving you the chance to reply, Mr. Shimada leaned out the door
to address one of the wait staff.

“You. Get me two more sake.” Closing the door behind him without waiting for a reply, he was in
front of you in six steps. “I spent a lot on you. I intend to get my money’s worth.”
Twirling around on the pole, you struck a pose as the music thumped in the background. As you wiggled your hips, you observed the man who sat watching you stroke himself through his pants. You continued to dance and spin on the pole, enjoying the occasional words of encouragement from your client. Hooking your leg around the pole, you leaned backwards, extending your arms just far enough to unzip his pants, teasing his cock with your fingertips.

The man bit his lip, eyes darting over your form as he took in the erotic sight. Leaning forward, he reached to cup your breast, but you slipped away and out of his reach.

“Oh you are quite the tease, aren’t you.” He grinned, relaxing back in the chair as you spun to hang upside down from the pole.

“And you love it.” You blew him a kiss as you pressed your body against the pole. You had had Lucio once before, you knew he was a man that liked to be teased. Liked a long, drawn out foreplay. Seductively, you unzipped your top, tossing it aside.

“God you’re beautiful. You know that?”

“You’re not so bad yourself.” You purred, moving to straddle the man, hands rubbing up his bare muscular chest. Sitting in his lap, you rocked your hips in time to the music, savoring the feeling of his mound brushing against your warmth. His groans came from deep in his throat now, reverberating through his chest as you put on your show. He loved to watch you dance to his music, your soft body, tempting him, but always just out of reach. Pressing you breast against his chest, you leaned in to moan in his ear, whispering the things you would like him to do to you.

“Oh, baby, I want you so bad.” He panted as your fingers traced patterns over his bulge, your bodies still close and tight.

“Then take me.” You moan in his ear, giving his lobe a light nip. Without further prompting, the man stood up, carrying you with him as he moved towards the bed, furiously kissing you before dropping both of you on the bed.

You loved the softness of his lip, the gentle longing of his caress, the way he held you like you were his lover, not just some expensive whore. In a tangled mess of limbs and heat, you pulled each other’s cloths off. Running your hands along his muscular body, you smiled at how he licked your bottom lip, asking for entrance, instead of just taking it. Opening your mouth, your tongues entwined, the sound of both your moans mixing in your mouths as you explored each other’s warm flesh.

Grinding your hips up into his, you hoped he would take the hint, and satisfy your need. Breaking the kiss, Lucio leaned back, grinning down at you as his eyes traced your panting form.

“Don’t be too eager there. We’re just getting started.” Laying kisses down your body, he stopped as
he came to your hips, pushing your legs open with a firm grip on your thighs. Watching you, he began to kiss all around your slit, except for the place you needed it most. Squirming beneath him, you tried to move your hips so his lips would land where you desperately needed them.

“Such an impatient girl.” The dark man scolded playfully, moving his kisses further away from where you wanted them so desperately. To your dismay, he began to suck at the sensitive skin of your inner thigh, leaving a trail of pale bruises in his wake.

“Please.” You whimpered weakly, “Please, I need it.” Leaning up to rest his chin on the flat of your hips, those soft, sweet eyes fell upon you, admiring the shallow rise of your chest, and the flush on your cheeks.

“What do we say?” Biting your lower lip, your face grew a deeper shade of red as you gave him what he wanted.

“Please, I want to feel your mouth.”

“There’s a good girl.” With a triumphant grin, his mouth found the source of your need and began to work it. You let out a loud moan as his tongue flicked over your clit, the stimulation intoxicating after being so long denied. As he worked your opening, lavishing it with his tongue and mouth, you felt your end building. Your breath was erratic now, head back, eyes closed as you focused on the sensations this man was giving to you. Arching your back, you felt yourself at the brink.

“L-Lucio, I’m- almost-” Slipping two fingers in, he coaxed your walls, beckoning the orgasm from you as he sucked at your clit. Arching your back, you found your release, grabbing a handful of his dreads as your body quivered and shook, and all you could focus on was the way his mouth worked you still.

Trembling, you came down from your high, body going limp as the DJ crawled back on top of you, kissing up you neck and to your lips with light touches and words of affection and praise. As he nuzzled into your neck, you wrapped your arms around his neck, pulling him close and relishing the kindness and affection you so rarely enjoyed.

“You’re so beautiful when you cum.” He murmured in your ear, stroking your sides as his erection pressed against your hips. You loved the sound of soft kisses and gentle words of longing. The intimacy Lucio made you feel brought a genuine smile to your face. Why couldn’t all men treat you like this.

The heat began to build between you two again, hands continuing to explore one another, bodies pushing against each other as breathing once more became labored. Moving to your entrance, the man’s cock pushed gently at your opening, cautiously seeking asylum. A shudder coursed through you body as he slid in, slowly, inching his way till he was fully seethed inside you. Lucio let out a groan, fingers entangling in your hair as his brows furrowed in pleasure. He had been hard for some time now, and this was the first real taste of friction.

His pace was slow at first, pressing into you as his hips bucked in small thrusts, thoughtful that his length didn’t hit your cervix. But as you both began to feel the small shocks of pleasure, the room filling with the wet sounds of skin slapping against skin, and the soft breathy moans that escaped, he was emboldened. Pace quickening, you wrapped your legs around him, giving yourself better purchase and him easier access to where you wanted him.

“You’re so soft. God, I love how you feel.” He groaned, the bed now shaking from his movements. Greedily pawing your breast, Lucio panted into your neck, his thrusts losing their steadiness as his end grew near. Reaching down, his thumb played with your clit, rubbing small circles over it as he
encouraged you to cum with him.

As his thrusts became more punishing, his attention to your clit fervent, you reached orgasm again, moaning his name as you spilled over the edge and into sweet, sweet bliss. Hearing his name on your lips as you experienced the ecstasy he gave you, Lucio pulled out, a few strokes being enough for him to spill his warm essence over your stomach and breast, panting as he rode out his own pleasure.

Collapsing next to you, his dreads splayed out across the bed, creating a halo around his head as he tried to regain his breath. As he settled, his arms wrapped around you pulling you close as he cleaned you off with a towel.

“That was so good, babe.” He breathed, stroking your hair as he held you. Nuzzling into him, you enjoyed his warmth and affection for as long as you could, not wanting to go back to the cruel reality of your situation. Just for now, you wanted to pretend that you loved him. That you had loved this man for years, that this was what your life was, being held in the arms of this sweet man as he kissed your forehead. Just for a little longer, you wanted to escape the type of love your job, your life offered you, escape the only love you’d ever known. You just wanted to pretend a little longer.

“If you want,” Lucio said, resting his forehead against yours, “I can stay with you as long as I can.” The words didn’t come as easily as the tears as you buried your face into his chest.

“Please, stay.”
It was only a matter of time before you had a client who took the Upper Floor's motto "Anything goes" to heart. You knew you had signed up for this, but it didn't make it any easier.

noncon elements, violence, rough sex, bondage, degrading. This is a very dark chapter. Please do not read if you can not handle the previously mentioned elements.

“I’m so sorry.” Liz whispered for the twentieth time since she had started tying you up.

“It’s fine.” You lied. “It’s part of the job.”

This morning you had been informed that you were going to be serving a very unusual client. A man that had requested special preparations be made before his arrival. You knew this would happen eventually. It was only a matter of time before your limits would be pushed.

Ropes were tied around your body, your thighs, your waist, your breast, they laced around you, Liz knotting them tight as she prepared you. Your arms were tied behind you back, your upper torso bound as she finished off around your hip, tying the ropes off to a ring at the end of a chain hanging from the ceiling.

“Listen,” Liz started with a resigned sigh. “This most likely isn’t going to be pleasant. I’ve heard about this guy. He's not nice. Really bad news. He’s left some of the girls in really bad condition. So just… do whatever he wants. The less you fight him, the easier he will be on you. And whatever you do, don’t say anything about his face.”

“What’s wrong with his face?” You questioned, voice wavering as alarm set in, your chest tightening as you imagined what was to come.

“I don’t know, the girls that have seen it are too scared to talk about it. I just know that when they said something, he got real mean.” You bit your lip, chest breathing heavy against the ropes as they cut into you, heightening your sense of dread.

“Liz. What’s going to happen to me?” You didn’t like this. You just wanted to run away. The anticipation of pain making your knees week.

“I don’t- Nothing, if you do just what he says.” Cupping your cheek, her thumb stroked the soft skin reassuringly as she tried to muster up a comforting smile. “I’ll be waiting for you when he’s done. You won’t be alone.” Looking at your friend, you wanted to believe her, believe that if things got too bad, she would burst in, saving you from your captor, but you knew better. This was part of the Upper Floor. Anything goes. Short of killing you, he could do anything he wanted to you, as long as
he paid. You were going to be at this man’s mercy.

“I have to go. He will be here shortly. I’ll be waiting for you.” With one last remorseful look, she scurried off. Leaving through the secret passage that all rooms had, so that the women or cleaning staff could come and go unseen.

Now you were left alone, naked and bound, defenseless against the darkness of the room. A few candles were lit on furniture near you, barely lighting the space around you. The flickering of the candles only added to your apprehension as they sent dancing shadows across the floor, tricking your eyes into thinking you saw a figure moving about the room here and there.

Nervously, you waited in the dim lighting. The room had a chill to it that made you uncomfortable as you stood there, exposed.

“So you’re the new toy they chose for me.” A gravely voice interrupted the silence as it echoed in the darkness. Gasping, you tried to turn to look at the man, the ropes and restraints making it difficult.

The man lingered in the darkness, just out of view as you strained to make him out. You weren’t sure how to react. Should you be flirtatious and seductive like you were with your other clients, or would he prefer you to be fearful and vulnerable. Liz said to do what he wanted. But you weren’t yet sure what that was. But you had to do something.

“Yes, Sir. I hope you find me suitable for your needs.” You tried to hold back the tremor in your voice.

“We’ll just have to see about that.” This time his voice came from the other side of the room. Whipping your head around, you started to lose face. How did he get over there so quickly? Feeling very uneasy, your instincts told you that you had let yourself get into a very dangerous situation.

“My, you move awfully quick.” You stammered, trying to track the man’s movements in the darkness.

“Just one of my many talents.” He chuckled, his tone dark and dry. You needed to see him, needed to know what you were dealing with, even if it was just to rid yourself of the monstrous images your mind conjured up.

“So, are you just going to watch? Or do you want to show me just what all your talents are?” You tried to look seductive, but it was hard when you didn’t know where exactly to look.

“Your braver then the last girl I had.” You jumped as much as you could in your restraints, the roped digging into your skin as this time the voice came from directly behind you. Before you could turn your head to look at the man, he grabbed a handful of your hair, keeping your head looking forward as you let out a lowed yelp.

“Save that pretty little voice, sweetie. You’ll be screaming for me all evening.” Wriggling against the ropes you senses heightened as you felt the man press against you, the mettle of his belt cold against your butt, his semi hard cock pressing against your thigh. “Tell me dear, how much practice does this ass get?”

“S-Sir?” Spinning you on the ropes, you were brought to face the man, eye level with his crotch as you got your first good look at him.

The first thing you noticed was how big he was. Tall and muscular, his figure was definitely intimidation as he loomed over you. Dressed in all black, it was no wonder you hadn’t been able to see him in the shadows. Hesitantly, you looked up, chancing a glance at his face as you prepared
yourself for the worst. A white mask, like an animal skull, stared back at you, catching you off guard as it met your gaze.

You knew this man. Or at least knew of him. How could you not. He was all over the news. The infamous Reaper. A man that left only death and destruction in his wake. He was a key enemy of Overwatch. You were in shock. You knew that the Upper Floor accepted some shady people, but Reaper? A man that murdered without a second thought, a man that was more of a devil then a man. And here he was, standing before you, your fate in his hands. Your heart races as the severity of your situation sank in.

Reaching down, the man's gloved hands unzipped his pants, pulling his half erect cock out, its size already hinting at its impressive girth. Grabbing your hair, he tilted your face up to look at his mask, pressing his dick against your cheek as he spoke.

“Get this wet. You have one minute before this goes inside you. Make it count.” Eyes wide, it took you a moment to register what he was saying. But as the head of his length pressed against your lips, you quickly took it in, bobbing your head as you coted it with your saliva as best you could. The man let out a hum as you worked him, a deep and flat sound, holding no trace of pleasure. Feeling him grow hard in your mouth, you ran your tongue along the underside of his cock, not bothering to suckle the head as lubrication was your only concern.

“Not bad.” He stated, no inflection in his voice. You wondered if this man ever had any emotion. Saliva trailed down your chin as you stroked him with your warmth, focusing solely on trying to make his inevitable entrance as easy as possible.

“Times up.” Suddenly, he pulled away from you, a string connection your lips to the head of his cock still. Grabbing your hair, he gave you a push, spinning your around so he was at your back again. Grabbing your ass cheeks in each hand, he spread them, the act making you feel embarrassed and exposed, at least until he lined up with your second entrance. Realizing what he planned, you began to squirm. He was not nearly slick enough for this.

“Wait! Please.” Was all you managed before the man began to push inside you, his girth stretching your entrance, tearing its delicate tissue. As you felt the searing pain, you instinctively clenched. This wasn’t your first time, not even close, but you definitely weren’t practiced enough for this.

You bit back a sob as tears pricked at your eyes, doing your best not to break down in front of the man. A harsh smack was delivered to your ass as Reaper tried to loosen you up, punishing you for resisting him. As he continued pushing in, forcing you open, you let out a small whimper.

“We’re just getting started.” Finally, after a lot of pain and a lot of force, he was fully in you. You remained as still as you could, any movement causing you pain as his cock stretched beyond your limit. He didn’t give you much time to rest.

Starting a relentless pace, he pounded into you, each thrust bringing a new wave of pain as he forced you open again and again. You couldn’t help the cries that escaped your lips, the burning becoming too much as tears spilled down your cheeks.

“Please stop! You’re hurting me!” you cried out between sobs, your whole body tense against his pounding hips.

“That’s it girly. Make some noise for me.” His laugh was cruel as it struck fear in you. There was no getting out of this, you were trapped. All you could do was pray for his quick release and hope that this would take all he had.

As he ravaged your ass, you felt his thrust become less coordinated, signaling the coming of his
orgasm. Biting your lip, you tried to retain what little dignity you had as he pounded deeper into you, groaning as he sought his own end.

“You’re so fucking tight. Your ass is just begging for my cum.” You winced at his words, embarrassed and degraded. The claws of his glove raked down the part of your back the ropes exposed, digging into your flesh and gouging marks into you. You let out a scream, the added pain being too much. You felt blood trick across your back, splaying out in patters as moved my his thrusts. That was enough to get him there.

With a lowed growl, he released inside you, still thrusting in intervals as he rode out his climax, his semen stinging your internal tears. His claws dug into your hips, puncturing you as he made sure you took everything he had to offer. Tears streamed down your face, make up a mess as you softly sobbed, praying it was over.

Pulling out from you, you could hear Reaper panting as he released your hips, giving your butt a firm smack. You whimpered at the contact, but said nothing. You just wanted this to end, and you knew better then to fight with him. With a sudden jolt, you were spun around to face his limp, slightly bloody cock, cum still dripping from the tip.

“Clean it.” Fresh tears came to your eyes at his command. You didn’t want to taste yourself, not from there, didn’t want anymore of that man in you, but you were too scared to refuse. Hesitantly, you leaned forward, letting just the tip of your tongue travel the length of his member. It was terrible, the blood and cum mixing with your own taste, making you sick as it lingered on your tongue.

“Don’t be coy with me. Take it all.” His voice was threatening as he forced your face into his crotch, the smell making you retch as the juices were rubbed onto your face, your tears not enough to wash them away.

Weeping, you took his flaccid cock into your mouth, the gummy feeling uncomfortable as the taste pervaded all your senses. You fought back vomit as your tongue worked him clean, doing your best not to swallow any of the juices. You felt his cock growing hard again, and as it reached the back of your mouth, it was all too much. Releasing his manhood, you leaned your head as far away as you could, vomit spilling onto the floor.

“Attagirl, make more room.” As he laughed, he brought his hand down hard on your butt, causing you to cough up more vomit. “We’ve got all evening ahead of us.” You hung there, limp and sick in your bonds, crying to yourself as you cursed this job with everything in your heart.

Two hours later, Liz heard the buzzer go off, signaling the client was done and the cleaning crew could come. Hurrying to the secret entrance, she pushed it aside, barging into the room as she called out to you. She hadn’t been prepared for what she saw.

There you lay on the floor, still bound by ropes, face pressed into the floor as your ass was propped up in the air. A single candle stuck out of your second entrance, still burning as the wax melted down to mix with the sticky white liquid that dripped from your pussy. Bruises, claw marks and wax covered you, painting you like some kind of sick, abstract artwork. Blood trails trickling down your body, some dried, some fresh. Tears came to her eyes as for a moment she was unable to move, the horror she saw too much to take in.

“Oh my God!” she uttered in a shaky voice. She had heard of this man’s cruelty, heard of his sick perversion, seen the fear in the eyes of the women he had tortured, but none of it had prepared her for the first hand view of his aftermath. Running to your side to quickly remove the candle, she rolled you over, brushing the hair out of your face to see the choke marks around your neck and the tear trails that stained your face.
“Oh my God.” Her voice trembled as she held you, pulling you close and rocking back and forth.
“I’m so sorry. I’m so so sorry.” Sobbing, all she could do was repeat that phrase over and over until
the cleaning crew came to take you to med bay.
You had been on the Upper Floor for a month now, seen many clients, experiences some new things, and over all, with the exception of the occasional brutal session, you were adjusting well. Liz and you had grown close over your time, comparing clients, sharing meals, helping to patch each other up after the mean clients. In your line of work, it wasn’t smart to get attached to men, so your friendship with her was all the more cherished as her companionship helped you through your rougher days.

You learned a lot from her in the last month, and you were grateful for the wisdom she gave you. With her help, you had learned how better to pinpoint a client’s desires and effectively use them in the private rooms. She had taught you some of the signs to look out for when a man wasn’t an obvious sub or dom, and which men she knew to avoid and why. Over all, the Upper Floor still had its rough days, but things were getting easier.

You walk around the room, tending to clients, flirting, letting them touch you. You had worked yourself towards the center of the room, a place you preferred not to be, but as you were having trouble finding a client on the outskirts, you were forced to move deeper. The further in you went, the more perverse your clients tended to be. It was a slow day, but then, the beginning of the week was always slow.

You could hear the moans and cries of the Slaves growing louder the further you went into the center. You avoided eye contact with them, many were girls you had talked to and knew. You didn’t like to think of them in this way. Most of them were naked, tied to some piece of furniture or hung from the ceiling. The clients swarmed around them, touching them, toying with them. The buzzing of vibrators and the cracking of whips was pervasive here. The women cried out as their bodies were endlessly violated, the clients forcing orgasm after orgasm from them. You couldn’t watch.

“You pity them?” A familiar voice found you, stern and commanding. You looked over to see Mr. Shimada studding you, his eyes harsh, unsympathetic. You had been hoping you’d see him again.

“Don’t you?” You asked honestly. You knew Mr. Shimada put up a cold front, but you didn’t think him as heartless as he let on.

“No. They signed up for this. They chose this life.” He watched the women, moaning and panting as various men and women sought their pleasure, both cruel and kind, from their bodies.

“Not this.” You told him in a hushed voice, shaking your head. “They signed up to be Ladies, not
Slaves.”
“And what pray tell, is the difference?” Standing beside you, he studied your expression. You knew his question came from genuine inquisitiveness instead of some philosophical jab.

“For me, this kind of treatment is once every couple week. For them, its every day.” You stated softly, pity in your voice as you regarded the women with mournful eyes. Mr. Shimada watched you thoughtfully, something swirling behind his eyes as he listened to your words. You couldn’t read him. He was so stoic and refined. A part of you wanted to get to know him better, meet the man behind that composed face.

A man abruptly came over, leaning in to cup one of your breast as he started to bite hungrily at your ear. This was why you hated the center floor, you were sure to be treated like property by lusty customers, little more than a toy to them.

“I hope you don’t mind.” The man said, sparing a glance over his shoulder at the Japanese man. “It doesn’t look like you are too interested, so I thought I’d just take her off your hands.” To your surprise, Mr. Shimada moved forward, placing a hand on the man’s shoulder and firmly pulling him away from you.

“Actually, I do mind. This Lady and I were just speaking about our arrangement. So if YOU don’t mind, unhand her.” His voice was level, his posture non aggressive, but his words carried a weight to them that caused the man to second guess your worth.

“Fine man. No problems here.” Turning, he wandered back into the crowd, surely to bother another woman.

“Such rudeness.” Mr. Shimada said with a click of his tongue.

“Thank you for that. I don’t want you to think I don’t appreciate your kindness, but if I don’t get a customer, I won’t get paid. And I’d rather like to retire at the end of the year so I could use all the money I can get.” He regarded you with an incredulous expression, one brow raised.

“Well if that’s the case, I suppose I could buy you for the day. Surely, I’d be better company then any of the men here.” You couldn’t help the smile that came to your lips. Mr. Shimada could be rough, but he was someone you had had before, which meant you knew what you were getting into, knew you were safe.

“I would like that.” Stepping closer to you, he offered you his arm. As you took it, you were reminded of just how strong this man was. Looking up at him now, the little warmth budding in your heart, you had to admit, he was very handsome, his dark brows and neatly trimmed facial hair off setting his pale skin. His sharp nose and strong jaw made him both an intimidating and intriguing figure to study. As you began to walk, he picked up on your conversation.

“So then tell me, why do some of these women end up Ladies, and some Slaves?”

“Well, all women that come here start out Ladies, but if you break the rules, or fail to satisfy your client, or try to run, you can become a Slave.”

“So these women are all being punished for crimes against the house.” He looked straight ahead as you walked arm in arm.

“That is one way to look at it I guess. That woman,” You pointed at a dark skinned Slave that was bent over a table as a customer brought a whip down on her back. “her name is Lulu. She refused to be raped and fought back against her client, accidentally hurting him. And Maggie,” again you
pointed to another woman, this one suspended upside down as customers took turns putting ice cubes and various alcohols in her entrances, “she became addicted to the Upper Floor, seeking only her own pleasure and forsaking her client.”

“And what about that one?” Mr. Shimada’s large hand pointed towards a woman at the very center of the room. Kneeling on all fours, she was chained to the floor, a ball gag tight around her mouth and blind fold across her eyes. A man sat on her back, using her as a seat as he sipped his drink, conversing with the other guest as his other hand pumped a particularly large vibrator in and out of her ass. Her arms and legs shook with the strain of maintaining her position, almost toppling over as a female client maliciously stomped her stiletto heel into the bottom of the Slave’s foot.

“She broke one of the biggest rule of all. Never fall in love with a client.” You watched her torment as a client began to attach weighted clamps to her breast. You knew Mr. Shimada was watching you, but you didn’t want to meet his gaze in that moment. “She met a young businessman who’s boss had brought him here to celebrate some great deal he had made or something like that. The two fell for each other hard. She still had two years left on her contract, but she wanted out. They planned to run away, they’d go to Russia, thought they’d be safe there, but the Upper Floors influence is great, and its pool of resources expansive. They were captured at the airport. She was brought back here, and this has been her life ever since.” Your grip on the man’s arm had grown tight, your shoulders tense as you became lost in her pain.

“And the young man?” Mr. Shimada asked, placing a hand on yours to bring you back to him. Turning away from the scene, you looked up at the man, his features lacking their usual severity.

“From what I’m told, when you become a clients of the Upper Floor, you sign a contract. Your own code of conduct, that has a list of rules you must follow.” The man nodded, recalling the many papers he had had to sign to get in. “Well one of those rules states that you will not take anything belonging to the Upper Floor, or else risk punishment equal to the value of the item taken. She had two years left, that’s approximately $30,000,000 the Upper Floor would have lost. All these people that join the Upper Floor are influential people. If they want, they can very easily make a man disappear. I don’t know what you do, but I hope you never get called upon to help with such a task.”

“Come. Let us leave such unpleasantries.” He wanted to tell her that such a request would not be abnormal for him. That killing was nothing new to him. That such an act would be the least of his sins. But instead, he merely guided her towards a private room, away from the center of the Upper Floor, the sounds of punishing pleasure fading from their ears as the distance grew.

Shaking the pain ridden faces of the Slaves from your mind, you reminded yourself of what you were here for. As you approach a private room, you reached out to lightly touch the arm of one of the servants.

“Excuse me, could you bring a bottle of sake? This gentleman would like to relax.” With a gracious smile, the servant nodded, turning to retrieve the drink.

“I do not need it.” Mr. Shimada stated, opening the door for you.

“You seemed to like it so much last time. I just thought a bottle would help you unwind. I can tell your work keeps you very… tense.” As you walked over the threshold, you placed your hand on his shoulder, letting it slide across his chest as you entered the room. This room was very similar to the one you had your first encounter in. The style of furniture was different and the room cared a gold and white color theme, but it very much resembled the other romantic rooms. Walking over to the sound system, you selected some classical music before turning to your client.
“Would you like to dance? I’ve been practicing.” Holding out your hand, you waited for him to take it.

“No thank you.” He stated flatly, taking off his jacket to hang off the back of a chair. Your surprise must have been written all over your face, as he gave you a look like a father might give a pouting child.

“You don’t want sake, you don’t want to dance, is there anything you want? Or did you just buy me out of pity.” You needed this to work. You had a theory you wanted to confirm.

“You get paid either way, so what does it matter?” The sternness had returned to his face, folding his arms as he stared you down. Moving to his side, you placed your hands on his broad chest, leaning against him as you looked up at him with the most pitiful look you could muster. “Did I not please you last time? I seem to remember you enjoying my company then. Four times if I remember correctly.”

“It’s not like that. And don’t be childish.” Mr. Shimada grabbed your hands in his, but made no motion to move them from his chest. Looking in his eyes, you could tell he was conflicted, you had been enough men’s first whore to know when they wanted you, but weren’t ready to admit it to themselves.

Guiding his hands to rest on your hips, you reached up to wrap your arms around his neck, letting your lips hover inches from his. Fingers playing with his hair, you removed the ribbon that held it up, letting the black locks fall to frame his face as he watched you. Still he made no move to leave, making you feel more confident in your theory. Entangling your fingers in his hair with one hand, the other moved down to begin unbuttoning his shirt, never breaking eye contact, never moving further from his lips.

You could feel his breathing becoming a little more intense as he watched you, the edge leaving his features as his eyes traced the shape of your lips. Pulling the front of his shirt out of his pants, you undid the last button, leaning in to subtly rub your thigh against his crotch as your eyes staring into his, lips slightly parted as they beckoned to him. Tugging the shirt off of one of his shoulders, you gave his hair a light yank, making sure you had his attention as he was still staring at your lips, lost in a daze.

“Kiss me.” You ordered, his gaze leaving your lips to see the commanding force of yours eyes. It proved too much for him as he grabbed the back of your neck, pulling you into a deep kiss. Wasting no time, your tongue pushed past his lips, dominating his mouth as he groaned into the kiss. Eagerly he ripped his shirt off, throwing it to the floor haphazardly as he continued kissing you with hunger. Your tongues danced in his mouth as you gave his butt a strong smack, causing him to moan again in your kisses. Smiling, you pulled on the waistband of his pants, tugging him closer against you as you feverishly worked his mouth.

A knock came at the door, interrupting your passion as you moved to answer it. Before you could get far, Mr. Shimada grabbed you from behind, pulling you against his sturdy chest as he kissed at your neck.

“Leave it.” He growled into your flesh, hands roaming your body as he started to pull your dress up.

“But it’s probably the servant with your sake.” Another knock rang out, this time louder than before.

“I don’t need it.” He was more forceful this time, a hand slipping into your underwear as he explored your body.
“But I ordered it, you’ll be charged either way.” A third knock this time, followed by the servants voice.

“Sir, I brought you your drink.”

“Damn it!” with a frustrated curse, Mr. Shimada released you, moving to throw the door open, snatching the bottle from the servant before he could say anything. “Leave.” You did not envy the servant as he experienced the man’s wrath. Slamming the door shut, you heard him turn the dead bold before stalking over to the table, slamming the bottle on the marble surface. You were surprised it didn’t break. You began to worry as you watched him slick back his hair, the muscles of his back tense and flexing with the movement of his arms.

“Oh, hun. Don’t let this ruin the mood. Come, let’s have a drink together.” Trying to soften his anger, you placed a hand on his shoulder, leaning over to look at him.

“I told you, I don’t want any.” With a harsh push of his shoulder, he knocked your hand off, one hand on his hip as he pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration. The moment was gone.

“Please, Mr. Shimada. Won’t you just have one, for me.” Turning sharply, you were startled by the anger contained in those beautiful eyes.

“Offer me that drink one more time and I will leave.” His stare remained on you, intense and heated. You backed away slightly at his fury. Seeing your uncertainty, he seemed to come to, composing himself as he turned to look straight ahead.

“My apologies. I did not mean to raise my voice.” In one swift movement, you grabbed the sake bottle, taking as much of it into your mouth as you could. At your alarming action, the man turned to face you, opening his mouth to exclaim his surprise. Before he could react, you leapt on him, knocking him back as your lips met his. Your right hand came up, grabbing his jaw and forcing it to stay open as you pushed the liquid into his mouth. Defensively, his arms grabbed you, ripping you off of him and tossing you aside as he spit up the fluid that invaded his mouth. But not before swallowing some of it.

“The drink is poisoned!” He shouted, getting to his feet as he continued coughing up the drink.

“No! No, I swear. It’s not poisoned.” You cried while spitting the sake from your mouth as well, heavily concentrated on not swallowing any of it.

“You whore! What did you do to me?” His anger had you frightened as you lay on the floor, bowing your head against the floorboards in a show of submission.

“Please, don’t be mad. I can explain.” You heard the sound of wood scraping across the floor before a chair clattered to the ground. Looking up, you saw Mr. Shimada, legs weak as he braced himself against the table, eyes fuzzy and distant.

“What… that drink…” he stammered, swaying where he stood. Leaping up, you wrapped your arms around his torso, trying to help him to the floor as he faded from consciousness. It was all you could do to keep him from toppling to the floor as he completely gave out. You managed to keep his head from smacking the hard surface as you laid him down, chest tight with remorse.

“I’m so sorry.” You muttered, brushing the hair from his face as you observed that even in sleep, his expression was severe. “I promise, it will be worth it in the end.” You gave his forehead a light kiss before running to the door.

Turing the lock, you opened the door just wide enough to stick your head out. It didn’t take you long
to see a servant passing by.

“Hey you.” You called out, ushering him over to you.

“Do you need something?” His tone wasn’t as nice as it would have been with a guest, but you ignored it.

“Get in here. I need your help with something.” Ushering him in, you closed the door behind you, making sure it was locked.

********************************

(40 minutes later)

The dark haired man began to stir, his head feeling fuzzy and his limbs heavy. Letting out a groan, he tried to move, but a pressure on his chest kept him still. His thoughts came to him as if in a mist as he slowly shook his head, trying to attain some coherence from the situation. Opening his eyes, the first thing he saw was the red ropes that entwined his body. Urgency taking over, he tried to pull himself free, jerking and yanking on the restraints, but they were tied too well. Looking around, he tried to ascertain what was going on.

He sat completely naked on the floor, propped up on his toes and knees as his thighs and cuffs were bound together. His arms were tied behind his back at the wrists, secured again just above his elbow and right below his armpits, leaving his large biceps exposed. Ropes laced around his chest, framing his pecks and strapping around his shoulders and throat as they followed the grooves between his muscles. In an attempt to lean forward, he found the crimson ropes that secured at his back stretched up to connect to the rafters of the ceiling, keeping him from crawling away. Looking down, he felt dismay at seeing even his special bits had been bound in the red ropes.

The room was dimly lit, but as he looked around, the memories of earlier events came back to him. The Upper Floor, the lustful hunger, the sake, and you.

“Oh, you’re awake. I’m so glad.” Craning his neck to look at you as you walked up behind him, his eyes were threatening and dangerous. Draping yourself over his shoulders, your arms hung down his torso to play with his muscle as you traced their defined form.

“What have you done to me? Who sent you?” Despite being tied up and completely at your clemency, he still managed to sound strong and in charge. The look he gave you was calculating and fierce, causing you to briefly wonder what it was he did for a living. Soldier maybe, or a body guard. He certainly had the build of one.

“Don’t worry, handsome. The sake just had a little something to help you sleep while I got everything all set up.”

“So you’re here to kill me.” The coldness in his eyes could have frozen your heart. A part of you wanted to know what kind of man he was that that was the first conclusion he came to, what was his life like that he assumed you wanted him dead. But you knew better then to ask questions about your clients’ personal life.

“Now why would I want to do that?” Your words were soft in his ear as you traced the outline of his jaw with your tongue.

“Who hired you?” You loved the deep growl of his voice, the tenseness of his muscles, but most of all, you loved his eyes. There was so much strength and determination in them, always so composed, and yet so full of solitude. You wanted to help this man, wanted to free him from his burdens, even if
this was all you could do.

“You did.” You said simply, brushing the hair back from his face. “Don’t you remember?”

*****************************************************************

(One month ago)

“What do you know about secret subs?” Liz gave you a curious smile, leaning back from her spaghetti to regard your expression.

“Enough. Why? What do you want to know?” She studied you teasingly while taking a sip of her beer. This wasn’t the first question you had asked her out of the blue.

“I think I have one. He’s this real tough guy, definitely some kind of authority figure. He’s from Japan. Maybe he owns some big company and comes here for business. I don’t know.” Taking a large bite of your spaghetti, you watched your friend as she thought.

“Well, it wouldn’t surprise me if you did. We get more of them here then you would expect. Most of the men here are powerful, holding positions of authority. They have to be large and in charge in their really life, you wouldn’t’ believe how many of them secretly want to be dominated. I had a European general once who liked me to make him wear school girl outfits and punish him for not doing his ‘homework’.” Putting a fork full of spaghetti in her mouth, she talked around her food. “Did this client say something?”

“It’s not so much what he said as much as what he does. He’s all alpha and macho, but the times I got the most reaction out of him was when I would take charge. And he got so drunk, he asked me to hit him, though I don’t think he meant to. But hit when I did it made him hard.”

“Yup, that sounds like standard procedure for a secret sub.” Liz smiled, “You’re lucky you got a hot one. All mine have been old dudes.”

“But I’m not really sure what to do with him. I mean, I’m pretty sure he’s a sub. But he didn’t say anything, so should I act on it? Or wait for him to ask?” Thinking back to the way Mr. Shimada conducted himself, you couldn’t picture him ever admitting he wanted you to dominate him.

“Some of them will never ask.” Liz stated matter-of-factly. “Because of whatever they have going on in their life, they have this really macho idea of what a man should be, and are afraid to be seen as anything else.”

“What do I do then.” Slumping onto the table, you gave and exasperated sigh. “He would be a really good repeat client, so if I can help him live out his secret fantasy, then maybe he’ll keep coming back to me. But I feel like if I just come out acting all dom, he will resist.”

“You could get him drunk again.” Liz smirked, holding up her empty beer, shaking the bottle to show it was finished. You shook your head at her before resting your chin in your palm.

“No, even when he was drunk he fought back. You should have seen how mad he got when I smacked him.” You wrinkled your nose at the memory. Your friend laughed at your expression, snickering as you shot her a dirty look.

“Well then tie him up. Most of my secret subs are really into bondage.”

“You’re right.” You said sardonically. “Why didn’t I think of that. I’ll just overpower him, and tie him to the bed.”
“No need to be mean.” Rolling her eyes, Liz got up to put her dishes in the sink. “The Upper Floor has tricks for these things.”

“Do tell.” You were still being sassy, but you couldn’t help the smile that pulled at your lips.

“Well, if you’re sure you want to go through with this, you could spike his drink.” Pulling an ice cream tub out of the freezer, she gave you a wicked grin.

“Isn’t that illegal or something?” Shrugging, she put a spoon full of chocolate in her mouth.

“Anything goes on the Upper Floor.” You appreciated how Liz could mock anything. She never took life too seriously, a trait you had come to really appreciate. “But in all seriousness. There are clients that like being drugged or ‘date raped’ or whatever, so if you ever need to incapacitate a client, just tell one of the servants to get you a drink and say that your client ‘needs to relax’.”

“Really? We can do that.” Reaching over, you stole a spoon full of ice cream while Liz nodded.

“Just make sure it’s really what your client wants. Cause if your wrong, you could end up a Slave for a week.” The smile fell from your face as the mood got serious. “So, is the risk worth the reward?” The look she gave you was frank. As you looked for the answer, you had to think hard. Were you absolutely sure you were right about him?

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“This is not what I bought you for.” His tone was fierce, but he seemed less guarded as his fiery eyes watched you walk around to stand in front of him.

“True, it’s not what you asked for, but I think it’s what you secretly want.” Grabbing a riding crop off the table, you examined it in your hands, tapping it gently against the palm of your hand.

“Why would I want this? Untie me now.” Despite his demanding tone, he wasn’t struggling against the restraints. You knew for this to work, you had to earn his trust back. Unless he trusted you explicitly, he would never let his guard down.

Turning to face him, you admired the man you had at your mercy. His chiseled form, the tattoo reaching from his left shoulder, all the way down to his wrist, his indomitable spirit, you had to admit, you wanted him. Here before you was a man of dignity. A strong man that knew how to handle himself. A man that likely took orders from no one. You couldn’t wait to reduce him to a writhing, moaning mess at your hands, lost in the pleasure only you could give him as he surrendered to your control.

“You know you really are just a magnificent specimen. I didn’t get to fully appreciate you before, but now that I look at you, I can see just how delicious you look.”

“Untie me.” His expression was insistent, but you had come this far. You couldn’t turn back now. Walking up to him, you knelt before him, grabbing his chin as you met his stare, doing your best to look in charge.

“No.” You weren’t sure if it was anger or surprise that flashed through his eyes, but regardless, you weren’t going to back down.

“Listen here!” Your hand connected with his cheek before he could continue, catching him off guard.

“You will not talk back to me.” Placing the end of the crop under his jaw, you turned him to look at
you. “Is that understood?” He just gawked at you, his expression displaying a mixture of emotions as you stared him down. When he didn’t respond, you gave his cheek a light smack with the crop. “I said, is that understood?” Up until this point, he may have been concealing his true desires well, but as his cock twitched to life, there was no way for him to deny it, he wanted this. Leaning in, you licked along the curve of his ear teasingly before whispering in his ear, “You may be able to lie, but your cock can't. You love this.”

Pulling back, you admired the vivid pink coloring his cheeks took on as he watched you, mouth open, eyes wide with awe, a little anxious.

“Do you trust me?” You’re sincerity let him questioning, his eyes wavering as they darted between yours. After a long pause, he seemed to reach his conclusion.

“Yes.” The word was barely a whisper, but to him it felt like a shout as he finally admitted what he had denied to himself for so long.

“Good.” giving him a pat on the head, you stood up, “For the rest of the evening, you are my bitch. You will do whatever I tell you to, and you better do it immediately. I will not tolerate disobedience or sass. You misbehave, you get punished. You will address me as Mistress at all times, and show me the respect I am owed. Is that understood?” looking down at him, you saw that the fire had drained from his eyes. He now looked at you like a lost child, seeking guidance and discipline.

“Yes.” his voice was breathy, his eyes longing. You gave a swift smack to his butt with the crop, causing him to tense up, a low groan building in his throat.

“Are you so useless that you have forgotten the rules already? When I ask you a question, you say what?”

“Yes, Mistress.” He corrected.

“That's better.” Grinning, you took satisfaction in the meekness displayed by the once intimidating man. Looking down, you were please at his obvious arousal. Leaning over, the tip of the crop ran up and down the mans length, gently grazing his balls as you teased his groin with the potential pain. Gasping, you watched as the man held his breath, anticipating the strikes that were to come. “See, look at how much you like this. I can see your cock throbbing for me.”

With lidded gaze, the man watched you, breathing growing heavier as he silently pleaded with you. In two swift moves, you brought the crop down on the soft flesh of his inner thighs, eliciting a yelp from the man as he squirmed in his restraints. “I gave you an order. What do you say?”

“Yes Mistress.” Looking down quickly, the man could no longer deny his own shame. Already hard, his cock twitched with need before his eyes. He wanted to look away, wanted to avert his gaze, but he feared your strikes too much, not wanting to admit to himself just how much he needed your abuse.

“Isn't that a beautiful sight. What would people think if they saw you, all tied up and hard for your Mistress. How shameful, isn't it?” Continuing to run the crop along his body, you made sure to drag it slowly over the various sensitive points, enjoying the shivers that ran through him. “What a worthless man. Needing to be commanded by a woman, enjoying being tied down and beaten.” As your hand grabbed a fistful of his hair, pulling it back so you could look him in the eyes, you weren't expecting the strong moan that grew from deep within the mans chest. “You're such a needy slut. Just listen to you moan for me. Such disgrace.”

“Mistress,” he breathed, precum spilling down the underside of his length.
“Don’t you dare make a mess on my floor.” Taking hold of his cock, your hand pumped it three times, giving him just enough to send a shutter of heat through his body before denying him further pleasure. “Look at this.” This time he obeyed, watching as the sticky liquid dripped down your fingertips. “What a mess you’ve made. You better clean it up.” the man continued to wriggle in his restraints, still seeking the friction he had enjoyed just moments ago.

As his eyes glistened in the dim light, there was seen in them no calculations, no walls, no inhibitions. From those wise eyes to his stern, usually pursed lips, there was no hint of his former self. This man before you melted at your touch, heart racing at the excitement and newness of the experience. His fear and arousal mixing within him to heighten each sensation you delivered to him, bringing him to a new level of sexual hunger he had never known.

“Stick out your tongue.” You commanded, loving the flush of his cheeks as he opened his mouth wide, sticking his tongue out as he made a face so lewd, you could feel your panties growing damp. Holding your hand out, you stuck the three fingers that were still coated with his precum, in his mouth. “Suck.” was all the command he needed to start lavishing you fingers with attention, his tongue running up and down their length as he licked them clean, the taste of his own essence invading his senses.

“How do you like the taste of your own cum? Is it sweet?” The man humming around your fingers was all the answer you got as he bobbed up and down on your fingers, causing you to briefly wonder how good he would be with a strapon in his mouth. You let him work your fingers for a few moments longer before adding a fourth, digits wriggling in his mouth, entangling with his tongue as he coated them in his saliva. As your hand finally retreated from his mouth, the man gave a soft whimper, desperate for what little contact he could get.

“Don’t be inpatient, my little slut.” You cooed, stroking his cheek with your dry hand. His features were warm with the haze of lust as he leaned into your touch. Removing your hand from his face, the man let out a soft gasp as it wrapped around his cock, the long needed contact sending a new wave of fire though his body. Your pace was slow at first, gently sliding up and down his shaft as each stroke elicited small tremors from the man. Crouching in front of him, the pace eventually quickened as groans and pants began to fill the silence of the room.

“You may not come without my permission.” He gave you a pained look, black hair beginning to cling to the sides of his face and neck as a thin layer of sweat glistened on his body.

“Yes, Mistress.” He huffed between moans. Reaching your still slick fingertips around to his back, the man gave out a small yelp as they came to press against his entrance. “No! Please, not there.”

“Little sluts should know better then to talk back to their Mistress.” Ignoring his protests, you began to press one finger in. Arching his back against the bonds that held him, the man let out an uncomfortable groan, clenching against your intruding fingertip. You slowed your pace on his cock, giving him longer strokes and paying more attention to the head as you tried to deliver more pleasure to counteract the temporary discomfort. Giving him time to adjust, you listened to the mans labored breathing as his body shook against the sensations that were delivered to both ends. Feeling him relaxing around you, another finger was added, pushing both further in to scissor inside him and stroke his walls. Still, he let out small protesting grunts as your hand moved down to play with his balls. But, as your fingers stroked over what they were looking for, the mood suddenly shifted. Once strained grunts turned into purring moans as your fingers teased his prostate, hand beginning to pump him rapidly again. Working him from both ends, you savored the sweet sounds and trembles that worked through his strong body as he surrendered to your treatment. Chest heaving against the ropes, muscles tense and strained as he fought against his own pleasure, you knew he was nearing his end.
Reaching up, you captured his lips in yours, swallowing the moans he let out as your tongue forced its way into his mouth, domination it. As you brought him to the brink of ecstasy, you bit his lip before letting your words tumble into his mouth.

“Don't you dare cum till I say you can.” Another moan came, this time longer, more desperate as his breathing became more labored.

“Mistress, I can't.” He pleaded, hips attempting to buck into your touches as the red ropes cut into his muscular thighs.

“You better.” A whimper was his only response as he attempted to stave off the waves of pleasure that were crashing into him, threatening to drown him. You could tell he wasn't going to last long now. Adding a third finger to his hole, you savored the desperate sounds that escaped this once proud man. As his dick throbbed dangerously in your hand, he pleaded with you one last time.

“Mistress. Please!” You stopped completely. Fingers pulling out, hand releasing his length, you stood back to admire him, the sounds that now escaped him almost pitiful. “Please. No. Don't stop.”

“Are you going to cum without my permission?”

“No, Mistress.” Cupping his face, you pulled him forward against the ropes, feeling the tension across his neck and chest grow.

“Tell me what you want.”The desperation in his eyes was almost enough to elicit pity, but you were too far gone in your power to feel anything but sear delight as he begged.

“Please, Mistress. Let me cum. Let me cum inside you. I want to feel you around me.” The sound of his deep voice, pleasing for the release only you could give him, had you at your breaking point.

“What's your name? I want to know the name of the man I've made my slave.” Looking at you through clouded eyes, his smile was soft, vulnerable almost.

“Hanzo.” Grabbing a knife off the nearby table, you cut the ropes attached to the ceiling in one swift movement. Tossing the knife to the ground with a clatter, you eagerly pushed him back off his trembling legs, letting him fall on his back before you straddled him.

It didn't take long for you to slide him inside you, immediately picking up a needy pace as you rode him, looking only for your own pleasure. The man beneath you was reduced to a mess of gasps and moans, chest heaving dangerously as his hips did their best to thrust up into you.

“Mistress, please. Please.” was all he could manage as his legs began that familiar tremble what little movements his hips could manage became more frantic.

“Cum for me, Hanzo.” With those words, he toppled over the edge into maddening pleasure as his long denied climax overtook his whole body, leaving his a mess of broken moans and shuddering quivers. As he writhed beneath you, one name, unrecognized to you, spilled from his lips over and over again, in a whispered need. You're own orgasm soon followed, engulfing you in the unequaled ecstasy as you continued to ride him through the remainder of your high. Eventually, you were both left, panting and weak, vision blurry and mind fuzzy. There you remained for several minutes, soaking in the glow of the after high bliss.

Finally, you slid off him, pulling the man up to sit on his legs again as you gave him light kisses all over his face and neck. Hanzo just sat there, breath still a bit haggard as he stares listlessly at the floor. Moving to his back, you worked to untie the ropes as you freed his hands first, helping to ease them forward and work out the stiffness they had suffered. You could already tell the binds would
leave deep bruises in the man's skin. You hoped they wouldn't show through whatever he wore in his
everyday life. As you continued to unbind him, the man remained silent, giving no reaction as you
fussed with him as one would a rag doll. In a moment of fear, you began to worry you had taken
things too far.

“Hun. Are you alright?” He did not turn to face you, so you stood to walk around, coming to stand
in front of him as he muttered.

“What have I done.” You could see the disgrace and apprehension creeping into his features as the
shadow of doubt darkened his thoughts.

“Do you regret it?” Your question was sincere, a little hurt lacing your voice as you leaned over him,
concern taking over and worry of repercussions.

“A Shimada enjoying such treatment, wanting to be subjugated, it would bring such shame to my
name.”

“Hey,” reaching down, you cupped his cheeks with both hands, tilting his face to look up at yours.
“You’re with me. You’re safe here. I don’t know who you are when you are out in the real world,
but here, with me, you can forget all that. I’ll protect you. You needn’t fear what others say.”
Leaning down, you kissed his forehead, giving him a kind smile as he reached up to take your hands
in his own. Pulling you down sharply, you fell into his arms as he held you desperately close,
burying his face in your neck before growing still. With a soft smile, you wrapped your arms around
him, gently stroking his back as you both remained in each other’s embrace.
Reinhardt

Reentering the Upper Floor for the third time that day, you did your best not to let the hickeys from your last client show. The medicine in the med bay could do wonders for healing bruises quickly, but they couldn’t make them disappear in twenty minutes. Deciding you would try for one more client before calling it a night, you joined the crowd, weaving through the people till you came to a spot that had fewer Ladies. Scanning the area, you looked for a client that wouldn't cause too much trouble. You weren't looking long.

“Greeting!” You were startled by the sudden boisterous welcome that rang out from directly behind you. Turning to face the booming voice, you were taken aback to find yourself staring at a wall of pure force. Stepping back, you had to tilt your head back to look up into the face of the man that stood before you.

To call him a giant would have been an understatement. Towering a good foot over anyone in the room, the man reminded you of statues you had seen of the Greek God Zeus. His shoulders were unbelievable broad, casting a shadow over you as you were dwarfed by his size. The suit he wore made him look distinguished, but did nothing to hide the sturdiness and power of this man. He had to be nothing but muscle under that jacket, an unmoving figure of pure strength. You had never seen a man so physically indomitable before, and you grew scared. The man was easily four times your size and could break you with a simple swing of his hand. His movements had all the power of a freight train as he shifted his stance, arm raising up to wave.

“Hello!” You were instantly taken aback. His voice boomed throughout the room with warmth and revelry, the bright smile he gave melting your fears away. You suddenly saw a different man than you first anticipated, bright and welcoming, full of life and joy. You couldn't help but watch him in wonder, his smile infecting you as you covered your mouth to suppress a giggle.

“Hello, Sir.” Holding out a massive hand, you placed your hand over his index finger, noticing that your whole hand couldn't even wrap around one of his fingers. Truly, the man was a Goliath. Leaning down, he lay a soft kiss on the back of your hand, giving you another dazzling grin as he spoke.

“If it is not too bold of me, may I say you are a refreshing vision of loveliness to these old eyes.” You blushed at the display of affection, unaccustomed to such manners. This man was definitely old enough to be your father, heck, maybe even your grandfather, but you found his old school chivalry endearing.

“Such flattery. You are quit the gentleman.” The smile you gave him was genuine as you lifted your skirt to curtsy. You may hold the title of Lady, but it was rare that anyone actually treated you like one. As the man straightened himself, you continued to marvel at the rare size of him. “Dare I say, I've never met a man with as strong a stature as yourself.” The man let out a hearty laugh, startling and at the same time softening you.

“Oh, liebchen. You are too kind.” His eyes glinted with a vitality that had long been missing from life, the joyous nature of his making your heart ache as you yearned to share in his unfazeable happiness.

“Tell me, Sir. Would you like some company?” Placing a hand on his arm, you leaned in closer, as if closer proximity to the man would help you absorb his revelry.

“I would be honored.” He gave you a hearty grin, leading you off to a one of the rooms.
Once inside, he wasted no time undressing you. The man was so large, it was hard for him to manage most of the intimacies of foreplay, but he insisted on trying. As he got you down to your undergarment, He sat down on the bed, admiring your smaller form.

Slipping off his jacket, you admired the way his shirt clung to his chest, the thin veil being all that hindered your view of his chiseled form. Even as he sat on the edge of the bed, you still had to strained on the tips of your toes to meet his lips. One hand wrapped around your back with ease, pulling you closer, like a cherished loved one. Despite his size and boisterous personality, the man was surprisingly gentle and kind. Running your hands down his chest, you felt a slight exhilaration at his firmness, his tone so well defined. Unbuttoning his shirt, your eagerness got the better of you as you threw his shirt open to admire the man. You had never seen anything like it.

Muscles so well defined, so strong and prominent. His body was a landscape of hills and valleys stretching out over his large form. As you continued to undress him till only his boxers remained, you were in awe. You had serviced many men, young men, fit men, men who clearly honed their bodies for combat. But here before you, this old gentleman, hair white with age, put them all to shame. You couldn't help yourself. You wanted to touch him all over, feel the way body moved and flexed, have those powerful arms wrapped around you, the imminent threat of their strength subsided by the passion of his kisses.

His thighs were the size of your torso, the feeling of their density comparable to nothing you had experienced before. Straddling one of his massive legs between your own, you couldn't help but grind needfully against it, kissing and nipping at the mans thick neck.

"Eager, aren't we miene liebling?" he chuckling, the sound reverberating from deep within his chest. Ever word he spoke, ever sound he made, came from deep within him, echoing out from his core as his voice filled the room. "Don't forget about these." He teased, holding up his arm to flex, the sight of his bulging muscles making you weak.

Reaching out, your hands traveled the length of his arm, studying every crevice, every raise, feeling the tension and pulsing of his veins. Something in you was compelling you forward. Leaning up, you kissed along his biceps, occasionally sucking at the skin, leaving a trail of light bruises across his arm. The man watched you proudly, a hum thrumming in his chest at the sight of you worshiping his sculpted body.

"And what about this chest?" His voice was proud, his question a bit rhetorical as you moved to caress his front, kissing over each muscle individual, lavishing them each with attention. Moving down his abdomen, you came to the the waist band of his boxers, licking along his stomach as you pulled the garment down to reveal his greatest glory.

It was far larger than anything you had taken before and you found yourself staring in disbelief at the shear magnitude of it. Monstrous was the only work you could think of to describe it. Sensing your apprehension, the man gave you a glowing smile.

"It is alright, Schatzi. Do what you can." His kindness touched your heart, warming you and giving you the courage to at least try.

Leaning down, you began to lick up the length, hands moving down to cup his balls as you massaged them in your hands. You knew there was no way you could take him inside you, you weren't that practiced, but you figured maybe this would do. Continuing to worship the over sized member with your mouth, you took satisfaction in the groan that escaped the man as he leaned back on the bed.

Wrapping both of your hands around his cock, it took both of them just to encompass his girth. Immediately you began with a quick pace, hands sliding up and down his manhood in long strokes.
Your tongue payed special attention to the head of his dick, licking and kissing it as you searched for the spot that would give him the most pleasure. It didn't take long, and as you knelt there, inspiring pleasure in the man, you took satisfaction in just how well you were handling such a massive undertaking.

There was now a light flush over the mans face, his eyes closed as he focused on the attention you gave him. You watched the way the muscles of his chest moved as he took deep breaths. Boldness overtook you, and you attempted to fit the tip of his cock into your mouth. It was a struggle, stretching your lips and jaw uncomfortable wide to accommodate his size, but the loud moan that rumbled from the man was encouragement enough as your hands picked up their tempo.

Unable to help himself, the man bucked his hips slightly, forcing more of him into your mouth. It was painful, but you refused to stop, determined to bring him to climax as your hands picked up speed. You're jaw was now hurting, and your arms grew tired, but as your tongue worked at his head, you could feel the tremble starting in his legs, signaling his nearing end. Using everything you knew, you delivered pleasure as best you could, working him till he was panting, broken German spilling from him in a torrent of groans and whispers.

Without warning, he sat up, pushing you off him before taking his cock in one of his massive hands. Within only a few pumps, he was there, warm liquid spilling out over your face in chest as he caught you off guard. His climax was loud and powerful as he continued to stroke himself though the waves of pleasure, muscles tense and flexing as he became lost in the sensation.

Finally, with a heavy thud, he fell back on the bed, chest heaving as he tried to regain his breath. You looked down at the mess he had made, trying to wipe your face clean, but there was too much.

“Sorry, schatzi.” he apologized, lifting his head to look at you, his seed still dripping from your face.

“It's alright. Nothing a shower won't fix.” you smiled, standing to retrieve a towel from the attached bathroom.

“Liebchen, if I was 30 years younger.” He stated, watching you saunter off.

“I don't think I could handle you.” You chuckled, giving him a flirtatious wink before disappearing into the bathroom, leaving the older man with a wide grin as he recalled all the things he'd do to you if he were still an energetic youth.
Double Trouble

Chapter Summary

This chapter contains Omnic-human relations as well as robo dick. Also, a threesome.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The Upper Floor was busy today, the expansive room overflowing with clients and Ladies, all swarming around each other in a sea of warm bodies and flirtation. You knew it wouldn't take long for you to find your three clients for the day, maybe you would even try for an extra or two. No sooner had you entered the fray before you were approached.

“My, you are very lovely.” Struck by the beautiful voice that complimented you, you turned to your left to see a man wearing a silver helmet that obscured his face. Wearing slacks and a button up, he seemed a little under dressed compared to the other guests. But as you observed him, your eyes fell on his hands. They were mechanical.

It wasn't abnormal for you to have the occasional client with a prosthetic. After all the Omnic attacks that had happened in the last thirty years, many people all over the world had been effected in one form or another. But despite this, the fact that you could see no skin anywhere on him set you on edge.

“Sir, you are too kind.” Your smile was well acted, but forced regardless. You did not trust this inhuman looking man, and feverishly your mind tried to find a way out of this situation.

“Me and my friend were wondering if you are free, so we may enjoy your company.” We?

Before you could ask who he meant, another figure came out from behind him. Unable you could stop yourself, you began to retreat backwards. The fact that he was floating bothered you far less then the fact that he was an Omnic.

You hated Omnics. You had been fortunate enough that your life on the Upper Floor kept you away from the things. Omnics didn't need the kind of companionship you offered. But now, as this one watched you with its expressionless face, you couldn't help the disgust that welled up in the pit of your stomach. You were suddenly overwhelmed by the uncontrollable impulse to run.

“Greetings” the Omnic stated, its voice a mere simulation of a humans as its hand waved at you in jerky motions.

“This is your friend?” Your harsh tone was not lost on the man as he tilted his head at you.

“Yes. Do not worry. He merely wants to observe. He has been fascinated by human... relations lately and wanted to see one for himself.”

“Yes,” the Omnic stated, its tone level and without emotion, “I have read many books on the subject, but still lack a deeper understanding.”

You wanted no part of this. Without thinking, you turned, running into the crowd as the man called
after you.

“Miss!” Not looking back, you darted through the throng of people, heart racing as you tried to get as far way from them as you could. In your mind, you saw them hot on your heals, ready to catch you and drag you into the nearest room. As you ran, a large hand grabbed your own, jerking on your arm as you were anchored to the spot.

“No!” you let out a shriek, not caring how much attention you drew to yourself as you clawed at the hand that held you.

“Relax. Relax. It's just me. What's going on? Why are you running?” Looking up, you saw Hanzo, his face etched with concern as his brown eyes studied your dismay.

“They're chasing me.” you stammered, still trying to pull away, to run.

“Who's chasing you?” He asked, looking out over the crowd of onlookers.

“The Omnic!” twisting your wrist in his grasp, you tried to free yourself, but his grip was to strong.

“Omnic?” Hanzo's confusion didn't last long as the two you were avoiding pushed there way through the crowd.

“Miss! Miss! We didn't mean to startle you.” Moving you behind him, Hanzo turned to face the two that had you so frightened. Clutching at the back of his suit, you could barely make out his expression as his eyes fell upon the man that called out to you. Astonishment didn't begin to describe the look that overtook the usually stoic man.

“Hanzo?” you heard your chaser state, confusion in his voice as he recognized the other.

“Genji?” You were baffled as the two men exchanged names as if they had known each other for years.

“What are you doing here?” the other man asked, making no further moves towards you as the Omnic looked back and forth between the two men.

“That is none of your concern. Why are you chasing this Lady? Are there not enough women here for you to pick from that you have to terrorize this one? Or have you already exhausted all the other options.”

“Such cruel words.” The armored man stated, though he sounded like he was used to this treatment.

“Is everything alright?” The hairs on the back of your neck stood on end as your boss stepped through the crowd, coming to investigate the seen that had started. As he observed you, hiding behind Mr. Shimada as the three men faced off like some old west movie, he put on a bright smile. You knew that look all too well. It was the facade of pleasantry he put on whenever he was preparing to deal with a troubling situation. It was a face he often made when dealing with the Slaves, and you had hoped it would never be directed your way. “What seems to be the problem here.” Hanzo remained unmoving, keeping you behind him as one arm reached back as if to shield you from the newcomer. Genji was the one to finally break the silence.

“My apologies. It seams we inadvertently startled this poor girl.” the man stated, trying to smooth over the situation.

“We were just talking to this young lady about engaging in intercourse.” the Omnic added, causing his companion to tense up before lowering his head, frustrated with his friends bad timing.
“So she denied your request?” his eyes met yours, and you could feel yourself growing sick. You had just broken one of the biggest rules, and now here stood your boss, hearing it straight from the horses mouth. “My sincerest apologies. I give you my word she will be appropriately dealt with.”

At his words, the severity of your situation dawned on Hanzo, causing him to stand between you and your boss. Looking over, you saw Genji regarding this act, unable to read what he was thinking behind his face plate before he turned to your boss.

“We do not want to see her punished. She was just frightened.” the man defended.

“But she broke one of the rules. The appropriate actions must be taken.” Your boss was insistent, not willing to yield ground in front of so many clients and Ladies.

“No.” you whimpered, tears coming to your eyes a you shrunk into Hanzo's back. You could feel the muscles of his back tense as he addressed your boss.

“So you mean to make her a Slave.” Voice stern, he paid no head to the crowd around him.

“That is the penalty for her crime, yes.” Genji seemed to finally catch up to the weight of your actions, stepping forward.

“And what if she goes with us?” He asked, catching a disdainful glare from Hanzo.

“What do you mean?” Your boss responded calmly, regarding the mechanical man with curiosity.

“If she goes with us, it will no longer be a refusal. She won't need to be punished.”

“Well I suppose then everything would be in order, but that really depends on her answer.” All men turned to stared at you, Hanzo even looking over his shoulder at you, a mixture of emotions in his eyes.

Looking over at the men that would presume to save you from punishment, your conflcitions overwhelmed you. How could you trust these metal men? But then, what choice did you have. In your minds eye, you saw flashes of the women that had become Slaves. Eyes dull and lifeless, save when they were being punished. Their spirit taken and their humanity stripped away. How long could you last in such conditions. Hanging your head, tears filled your eyes as you answered, your own voice sounding distant and weak.

“I'll go.” You couldn't meet Hanzo's eyes as he turned to face you, your shame was too great.

“Well, then it seems everything would be in order. For your troubles, I'll charge you both half price for her. I do apologize for any trouble she's caused, please, do not hesitate to tell me if she acts up again.” With a slight bow, the man left, applause erupting from the onlookers.

“How entertaining.” “What a show.” “Never a dull moment.” “I was so hoping she'd be punished.” Their words cause tears to fall as you were reminded just how expendable you were to them. A calloused hand reached out to wipe away your tears.

“Ignore these heathens.” Looking up, Hanzo's concerned gaze fell upon you, his expression holding no trace of its usual severity. As you're two clients came towards you, your protector regarded them with disdain.

“I will not let you take her.”

“Hanzo. Now is not the time. Or do you want to see her punished?” Mr. Shimada continued to glare
at the man, but found no words to argue.

“Come my dear, there is nothing to fear.” the Omnic stated, offering up his hand for you to take. Reluctantly, you stepped forward, refusing to take his hand as the other mechanical man took your arm, leading you off towards a private room. Your feet felt heavy as you dragged them along the marble floor, eyes trained on the floor as you avoided the gaze of all the spectators that savored your defeat. As the distance grew between you, you couldn't help but glance over your shoulder. Hanzo still stood there, his expression a mixture of emotions you couldn't find words for, eyes watching you as you walked away with another man.

Once the door shut behind you, blocking out the sound of jubilation, you unzipped your dress, wanting this to be over as soon as possible.

“No need to rush. I'm sure you are still quite shaken. Rest. We can wait till you are ready.” giving the man a distrustful glance, you sat down in one of the plush chairs, arms folded in front of you defensively. “You don't like Omnics, do you?” Wasting no time with chatter, Genji got straight to the heart of the matter.

“No.” you replied candidly, “I can't say I do.”

“Why?” the Omnic asked, floating over to you.

“Well for starters, I wouldn't be here if it weren't for Omnics. Not that it's any of your business.” you shot, sitting up straighter as the robot got closer to you. “My parents were killed by your kind.”

“I am so sorry.” the pity in Genji's voice only served to anger you further as he sat in the chair near you. Leaning over in the seat, you were uncomfortable with your inability to read his face.

“No your not. You're just like them, more machine than person. Do you have any idea what its like to be a little girl, trapped in a pile of rubble with the bodies of your parents, scared and alone, just praying that the Omnics don't come back to finish you? Do you know what its like growing up on the streets, letting men use you so you can make a few bucks to buy the first meal you've had in days? I was just a child, forced into this 'career' because some Omnic decided to blow up my apartment. I lost everything that day.” Tears flowed freely, your teeth gritted as you fought back painful memories you had suppressed for years.

“So much sorrow for one so young.” You could almost swear you heard sadness in the Omnics voice, but you knew better then to believe such things. “I am sorry for your loss. Many mistakes were made by both sides in that war.”

“I'm glad you can brush my parents off as nothing more then a mistake.”

“That's not fare. You know that's not what he meant.” Genji interrupted.

“That's not fare. You know that's not what he meant.” Genji interrupted.

“It is alright, Genji.” raising a hand, the Omnic shushed his companion, his calm demeanor unsettling you as he regarded you. “I know that she speaks only out of anger and hurt. What happened to you was a great tragedy my dear. As any loss of life is. But you must know that I played no part in that battle, or any like it. My only wish, is for humans and Omnics to live in peace, so there can be no more needless blood shed or hatred.”

“Well excuse me if I find that a little hard to believe.” Your words were flippant, though they lacked the conviction they once held.

“Many of my brethren have suffered at the hands of humans, yet I do not blame you for this. Why, my child, can you not extend me the same courtesy?” Fumbling for words, you could not summon
the same indignant as you had before as you were now faced with such sincerity and benevolence.

“We won't deny it,” Genji added, mask turning to look at you, and though his face was congealed, you could feel his eyes on you, “There are bad Omnics out there. But are there not also bad people?”

You had no argument. For so long you had seen Omnics as cruel heartless things, your only encounters with them being filled with fear and cruelty. But now, as these two machines sat before you, their honesty and compassion left you unable to summon hatred for then. You had never known Omnics to be so... human. With a heavy sigh, Genji sat up straight.

“I understand your pain. My heart has also been scared at the hands of others.” Reaching up, his hands pressed at the back of his head, a small clicking noise sounding as his face plate moved apart. “For many years I struggled with the wounds I had endured, resenting the world for its cruelty.” One hand took hold of his mask, pulling it forward. “But with the help of Zenyatta, I have found peace.” As the metal was pulled away, golden brown eyes glistened from the shadows that were cast over his face. You were struck by their beauty, shimmering and fierce, they captivated you as if you were looking into his raw soul.

“What are you?” the question slipped out, unable to help your curiosity as he stared into those enchanting eyes.

“Technically? A cyborg. But I still maintain the heart of a man.” he replied, never breaking from your gaze.

“And what happened to you to make you into.. this?” You were unsure whether to be intrigued or disgusted.

“That is a question I will leave for Hanzo to answer.” he stated plainly.

“Hanzo? What does he have to do with it?” Leaning in closer, you could make out many fine scares that gouged his face.

“Everything.”

“You two really hate each other, don't you?” You knew better then to ask about your clients personal life, but after baring your heart to them, you couldn't help but want something in return.

“No, I do not hate him. He is lost. Confused and unsure, he must find his path, find who he is.”

“You talk like a fortune cookie.” you regarded the man with softer eyes now. He may be mostly machine, but talking to him, you could see his humanity, and the struggle he endured to find it. “You two must have been close. Let me guess. Child hood friends, grew up in different social classes, parents didn't approve, yada yada yada.”

“We are brothers.” sitting bolt up, you looked at the man in disbelief.

“No way!”

“Yes, 'way',” Genji stated, giving a weak chuckle at your response.

“But you two seemed so hostile earlier. What happened?”

“You should ask Hanzo.” There was a slight bitterness in his voice before he gave you a playful smile. “My, we aren't doing a good job of setting the mood. Now are we.” You had so many questions you wanted to ask him. It was so rare for you to get to know your clients on a personal
level, you suddenly realized how starved you were for real companionship. But despite this, you let it go. You had gotten yourself into enough trouble, you didn't need to be pushy.

Still uncomfortable with the situation you were in, you did your best to push aside your fears, resolving to trust these two as best you could. Standing, you walked towards the men, sliding your dress off to crumple on the floor behind you.

“So,” you started anxiously, gesturing towards the Omnic as you tried to pick the most tasteful way to phrase your question “How does this work? Do you have a... you know?”

“I am not anatomically correct, if that is what you are asking.” Zenyatta answered, understanding what you were so hesitant to say aloud. “I am just here to observe and study. I only wish to learn.” As Genji pulled you into his lap, undoing your bra as he kissed up and down your neck, you couldn’t help the blush that grew across your face, flustered at being watched in such a way. Reaching his hands around the cyborg cupped your breast, massaging them lightly, causing you to let out a light whimper.

“I read that though the mammary tissues are primarily used for feeding infants after birth, many woman find it pleasurable to have them massaged and caressed. Is this true?” Zenyatta asked innocently.

“What do you say, ダーリン? Are you enjoying this?” a soft moan escaped you, biting your lip as he gave a rough squeeze. “Do you want to give it a try, Master?” You could tell Genji was enjoying making you squirm.

“What?” you stuttered, pushing against the mans thighs in an attempt to resist, but the cyborg held you firmly in place. Reaching out, the Omnics cold metal hands cupped you gently, carefully stroking the sensitive mounds.

“Like this?” He asked curiously, eliciting a small gasp from you as the cold medal brushed over your warm flesh.

“See, look how much she likes that.” Genji’s voice was sweet in your ear, almost cruel as his mechanical hand wandered your soft form. You couldn't help the sounds that escaped you as both men stroked your body. You were overwhelmed by the sensations, not sure who's hands to track as both worked to bring you satisfaction. Meticulously, the Omnic studied every inch of your chest, gently squeezing and molding the soft tissue in his grasp. As the textured pads of his fingers brushed over your sensitive nipples, a small noise escaped you, incriminating you in what you didn't want to admit.

“Are these also effective means of delivering physical enjoyment?” Zenyatta questioned, paying special attention to the points of your breast, giving them a rough pinch. Squirming, you attempted to remove his but was stopped as Genji grabbed your wrist.

“Let him have his fun. You are his first woman after all. I'm sure this isn't the first virginity you've taken.” Giving your hips a tight squeeze, his hot breath tickled your ear, the low lusty tones of his voice causing heat to blossom in your body.

“I don't think this counts a losing virginity.” you retorted flippantly, though the idea of thinking of him as a young man experiencing his first time did help to relax you as it brought a sense of familiarity.

“It's as close as he will ever get.” Genji countered, grinding his hips up into you as he pushed you down into his lap.
“Is it not rude to talk about someone when they are not in front of you?” Zenyatta stated, no malice or sass in his voice. He was like a child. A very large, robotic child.

“Sorry.” you muttered, still trying to find your rhythm in this strange and foreign state of affairs. Without warning, Genji slipped his hand beneath the waistband of your panties, enjoying your surprise as he started to kneed your warmth expertly. Between the Omnis attentive ministrations and the cyborgs fingers stroking your slick entrance, you were a mess. Your guard was fast dropping as the men worked you into a lather, reducing you to a mess of mewls and heavy breathing. Grinding his crotch into your butt, the cyborg took the skin of your neck in his mouth, rolling it between his teeth as he sucked.

“Please, no marks.” you stammered breathlessly.

“Afraid my brother will see?” Genji words were harsh as he whispered in your ear.

“It's not like that.” You muttered, not wanting to think about Hanzo while enthralled in the bliss of another. “I need to maintain my appearance.” The man gave you an incredulous look, but complied non the less. Without warning, he slipped two fingers in, stroking your inner walls as you whimper at his touch.

“You seem to like that.” Looking up at his teacher, the man gave a coy smile, sinking his fingers deeper into your warmth. “Listen to her purr.” Scissoring his fingers inside you, your back pressed further against his strong chest as you gave into his ministrations. Moving inside you, you could tell he was well practiced, quickly engulfing you in shivers of delight as both men worshiped your body.

“You're so mean.” your whine was pitiful as you fell apart at his touch.

“Most woman like that about me.” He knew what he was doing. You couldn't help but compare this man, so experience in his interactions with women, to his older brother, who was fumbling and unsure in his actions. Such different approaches, each with their own unique benefits.

You were pulled from your thoughts as Genji's lean arms reached around you, lifting you up off his lap. Easily unzipping his pants, the cyborg pushed them to slide down his legs in a heap around his ankles. As he removed the metal plate over his crotch, you were take aback as you watched a cock spring forth, twitching with life and anticipation. It wasn't a real flesh and blood penis like you had hoped, but instead a mechanical one. Long and slick, green glowing panels along the sides, it mimicked the look of the real thing, from the long throbbing shaft to the smooth head.

“Wait. Does that...” you couldn't find the words, too many questions swirling around in your head.

“For all intents and purposes, it functions like the real thing.” he reassured you, biting your ear before whispering. “Let me show you the good things that can come from robotics.”

You and Genji were both caught off guard as three fingers were suddenly pushed inside you, spreading your walls as they pumped in and out of you. Zenyatta, taking the incentive, continued to stimulate your sex as his other hand grabbed his student, beginning a rough jerking motion on his length as he worked the two of you in sync. As you felt the blood rushing to your face, you looked over to see your previous tormentor, eyes shut, brows slightly furrowed as he tried to control his breathing against the sudden influx of pleasure. Tilting your head, you licked along his cheekbone, wishing he had more exposed flesh for you to tease. Distracted by your action, the cyborg let a low guttural groan escape him.

“Is this correct?” Zenyatta asked, his motions speeding up a bit as he watched his student lean his head back, hot breaths escaping him raggedly.
“Perfect.” you blushed, watching the robots hands as they worked the both of you mercilessly, feeling your arousal grow at the sight.

“M-Master.” Genji panted, looking down at the other through hazy eyes. As the Omnic’s hands were slicked by both your juices, the lewd sounds mixed in the room, creating an symphony of pleasure. You could feel the man now, trembling beneath you, shudders overtaking his mechanical body as he became lost in the sensations that were worked upon him. “Hang on.” reaching down, he pushed the others hands away. You were a little thwarted as he regained control of the situation.

“Was I doing something wrong?” Zenyatta asked, genuinely confused.

“No. No, that was- great.” he chose his words carefully, hips rutting in small circles at the lack of contact. “I just figured you’d want to see the main course.” Holding you up with one hand, his other reached down to spread you open, harkening to his friend as he did. “See how wet she is, Master? This is how you know she is enjoying our company.” You didn't have to look at him to know his lips were stretched in a haughty grin.

“Don’t say such things. It's embarrassing.” you attempted to turn your face away to hide your blush, but Genji's hand took hold of your chin, bringing you back to look at the Omnic before you.

“Come now, love. Let him have a good look at that pretty face of yours.” Zenyatta observed you, face expressionless as you felt Genji line up with your entrance. Before you could protest, he was pushing in, your slickness welcoming him with ease. It was a strange feeling at first, more akin to the toys you pleasured yourself with than the cock of a man. But as it sunk deeper inside you, you found yourself breathless, small moans escaping you as he stretched your walls. As he bottomed out, you felt a chuckle reverberate through his chest.

“So how does a robot dick compare to the real thing?” his voice was taunting, but playfully so. He really did act like a bratty younger brother.

“It's- It's good.” you managed, not wanting to admit just how much you were enjoying the slight hum of the artificial cock as it filled you. Growing impatient, Genji wasted no time finding a steady rhythm, his thrusts drawing sounds out of you you would rather no one heard. The cyborg knew what he was doing, immediately hitting all the right spots as he bounced you on him. A familiar warmth started to pool inside you, leaning your head back onto the mans shoulder as you began to unravel.

“Master, remember that little trick I taught you. If you use it right here, I guaranty she will love it.” Rubbing his index finger over your clit, you couldn't help the tremble that overtook you at the sudden sensation that branched out into you. Moving a hand to cup your pussy around the others cock, the coldness of his metal made you realize just how hot you had gotten.

“Like this?” In an instant, his hand began to vibrating with rapid pulse, forcing a cry from you, followed by desperate pants.

“Too much. Too much! Please-”

“That good? Well I better keep up.” bucking into you, his pace quickened, slamming deeper into you as he whispered lewd things into your ear. You were a mess, no longer able to control the noises that poured from your lips, eyes closed tight against the overwhelming gratification your body was receiving.

“Is this what you sound like when Hanzo is inside of you? Do you shout his name as he cums inside you?” Your heart grew tense at the mans words, wanting to think of anything other then his
’accusations.

“Leave him out of this.” You wanted to sound more demanding, more in charge, but your voice was weak and overtaken by sounds of pleasure.

“I didn't know conversation was such a prevalent part of reproduction.” Zenyatta noted, oblivious as his hand continued to stimulate you. “Fascinating.”

You could feel yourself nearing your limit, body twitching against your will as you pushed back against his thrusts, rolling your hips into the Omnic's hand as you chased your climax. You could tell the man under you was almost there as well as his hips began to move more erratically, his labored breathing peppered with groans and curses.

“Shit- almost-” With a sudden sense of urgency, you reached down, grabbing the Omnic's wrist to press his hand further against you, moving it in such a way that gave you the final push you needed to topple over the edge into ecstasy. A few more thrusts and the cyborg joined you in orgasm, his robotic cock thrumming inside you as it spilled its contents. Even as your bliss came to an end, Zenyatta’s hand continued to vibrate against you, making you shiver uncontrollably as your hyper sensitive body was over stimulated. You were grateful when Genji's arm reached out, taking his Master's hand off of you.

“That's enough.” Letting out a long sigh, the man leaned his head back, closing his eyes as he basked in the fuzz that clouded his mind.

“Does this mean she's pregnant now?” the Omnic asked, watching your chests heave as you lay on top of each other.

“I hope not.” Genji chuckled dryly, lids remaining closed as he patted your arm.

“So this was purely for enjoyment?” He asked, moving your leg to watch the fluids that spilled out of you.

“Yup.” the cyborg replied nonchalantly, feeling no shame as the other observed his now soft length still lingering inside you. Standing up, you pulled your panties back into place, stretching your back before you began to gather your clothes.

“So is this normal procedure? I read somewhere that many humans embrace each other for extended periods of time after coitus.” Continuing to watch in curiosity, Zenyatta hovered back and forth between the two of you, his energy not having been drained from the encounter.

“What do you say, cutie. Shall we have some post coitus cuddles?” Genji grinned, finding great amusement in the situation as he laid his arms behind his head.

“No thanks,” you smirked, “Not much of a cuddler.”

“You seem in a hurry. Going off to see someone in particular?” The look he gave you was playful, but you knew it was an accusation.

“I'm going back to work. Whoever buys my time is not up to me.” As you zipped up your dress, the man came to wrap his arms around you, one hand holding out a small piece of paper.

“I'd like to do this again sometime.” Taking the paper, you saw that it had a phone number on it.

“You know where to find me.” Despite the smirk on your face, your words were cold as you tucked the paper into your bra.
“Give Hanzo my regards.” You stiffened in his hold, annoyance bubbling up inside you at his insistence on the subject. You didn't like talking about other clients in the private rooms. It made you feel cheap, reminded you of just what you were. You just wanted to pretend, at least for a little while, that any man you shared a bed with was your choosing.

“Why do you insist on bringing him up? He is just another client of mine. What is your fascination with him?”

“My brother was never one to seek out a female's companionship, let alone pay for it. I'm wondering what changed.” You weren't sure whether his actions were out of brotherly concern, or a meddling nature, but you were growing quite tired of him implying you could know anything about your client other than his preferences.

“Look, if you want to know so badly, ask him yourself. I'm just here to do my job. It is not my place to meddle in the personal lives of my clients.” Pushing his hands off you, you left for the secret door, not wanting to deal with this family drama anymore. You had yourself to worry about and that was a handful enough as it was.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for taking so long on this chapter, things got a little... crazy. I'm going to be busy for a while, but I'll try to get chapters out whenever I can. Things should clear up in the next two weeks so it won't be too long before I'm back to regular updates. Thank you all so much for your love and support. It is so encouraging to get your comments and hear your opinions. Thank you.
You left them both there, not worrying about whatever it was the cyborg had to say as you slipped through the secret door, letting it close behind you with a echoing thud. Breathing a heavy sigh, you brushed back your hair, already feeling exhausted as you realized you had at least two more clients for the day. Your job had always been physically demanding, but after today’s encounter, you felt emotionally spent. Standing there in the dim lights of the passageway, your mind worked through everything that unfolded.

You had just had sex with an Omnic. The very thing that had killed your parents, the reason you had to sell your body to make a living. Yet for some reason, you felt no hatred in your heart for this one. He was so gentle, so naive, such a pure soul in this tainted world. He had treated you with more humanity then most of the people you encountered.

And his companion, Genji. You weren’t sure what to make of him. Mischievous, that was for sure. Yet there was a part of him you couldn’t read. You had no clue what was going on between him and Hanzo, but you knew it was none of your business. The last thing you wanted was to get caught in some family drama. All you wanted was to get through this year, retire and move away. You had been thinking about France.

In the stillness of the stone hallway, you could hear the distinct clicking of heels against the masonry as someone approached in the darkness. Looking up, a figure began to come into focus as they grew nearer, the soft lighting making it hard to distinguish them. Whoever it was, they weren’t one of the girls you worked with. The shoulders were too broad, the walk too direct, steps too heavy. It was definitely a man. Leaning off the door, you straightened yourself, curiosity overtaking you.

“You’ve been causing all kinds of trouble today. Haven’t you?” You recognized his voice before your were able to make out the gentle smile of your boss. Rubbing the back of your neck you regarded the man sheepishly.

“Yeah, I know. I just... hate Omnics.” you knew it was no excuse for breaking the rules, but you still felt the need to justify your actions.

“I understand. Can’t say I'm too fond of them myself. But regardless, you created quite the scene today.” His tone was firm, but his expression was sympathetic. You liked your boss. He had always done right by you. He was firm when he needed to be, but held great compassion for the woman that worked for him. You didn’t know how he did it, but this man kept the whole place running smoothly, easily redirecting and pacifying angry clients, motivating and comforting the Ladies. But if there was one weakness of his, it was that he was a stickler for the rules.

In his mind, the rules of the Upper Floor came before all else. He was a meticulous man, valuing order and structure above all else. You knew he sincerely cared about your future, your well being, but if you broke a rule, he would not hesitate to punish you. In some ways you wondered if it was the only way he managed to keep the Upper Floor operating so well. There were so many women to keep track of, so many powerful clients who’s egos and hunger could not be satiated.
“I'm sorry, Sir. It won't happen again.” Looking up at him, you were honest with your promise. You no more desired punishment they he desired giving it.

“I hope so.” he states calmly, reaching a hand out to cup your cheek as he stepped closer to you. “Your not built for the life of a Slave.” Looking down, you focused on the buttons of his shirt, feelings of embarrassment and guilt growing in you. “What is your relationship with Mr. Shimada?” Startled, your eyes met his as you were taken aback by the question that everyone seemed to be asking you today. Your boss watched you unwavering, his expression relaxed but serious, his words direct as they made your heart tense.

“He is just a regular, Sir.” You answered, hoping your sincerity got through to him.

“He seemed very protective of you. Are you sure there isn't something more going on?” Hand still resting on your cheek, he did not move as his eyes studied you intently, seeming to read your thoughts as you quickly responded.

“Not to my knowledge, Sir.” Pausing, you remember the way Hanzo had shielded you earlier this morning, how he had tried to protect you, the look in his eyes as you left with his brother, “I think, this is his escape. I think coming here is the only time he can really be himself, unguarded and unashamed. Maybe he's just a little protective of that.” You were his Mistress after all. Of course he would feel some dismay at seeing the one person he could open up to sexually going off with another. But you were sure it went no further then that. He just needed a woman to dominate him.

“Just be careful my dear.” your boss said, his hand finally leaving your face. “I know you are not at much risk of it, but many people can confuse the hunger of lust for a deeper passion. Don't let your clients get too attached, or it could spell trouble.” Missing the warmth of his hand, you recognized the slight chill in the passageway.

“Yes Sir.” Was all you could think to say in response.

“Come, my dear. Mr. Shimada has already put in a request for you. Though try as I might to offer him another Lady's services, he would not be dissuaded.” A sad sort of joy grew in your heart at your bosses words. With a nod, you followed him through the winding passage ways till you came to a door that had your name marked in chalk on a black board. Signaling with his hands that this was your room, your boss left you there, thoughts swirling as you pulled the door open.

The entrance let out behind a tapestry, its thickly woven fibers hardly letting any light through as you wriggled through fabric, trying to find your way out. When you emerged from behind the cloth, a familiar scene greeted you. This was the room you and Hanzo had had your first encounter in. The red drapery, the gold accents, the lavish furniture, the large plush bed, Hanzo, sitting on the quilted sheets, back straight, hands neatly placed in his lap. He looked more like he was waiting for a buss then a prostitute. Like an awkward child, uncomfortable in his surroundings.

As your eyes met, his lips parted, a thousand questions in his eyes that his mouth could not form words for. You found yourself growing ashamed, the realization that he knew what you had done, with his brother, not lost on you.

“Hi.” you stammered meekly, raising your hand in a half hearted wave.

“Hello.” He replied, not really knowing what else to say. The silence soon closed around you, smothering you both as words escaped you. Despite the awkwardness of the situation, his eyes would not leave you, waiting for you to answer all the questions he couldn't bring himself to ask. Finally, not able to bear the stillness any longer, you approached the man, looking down at him.
“Look thank you for this morning. I’m sorry you had to get involved.” standing before him, you couldn't bring yourself to reach out to him.

“It was nothing.” he muttered, glancing off to the side as he wrinkled his nose. It didn't look like he really wanted to talk about what had transpired. You were glad to finally have someone not questioning you about the incident. But as his silence was drawn out, you were reminded of all the questions that were left unanswered.

You wanted to know what happened between him and Genji, wanted to know about their past as brothers. Why was there so much hostility between them? Why were they so different? What did Hanzo have to do with Genji's cybernetics. No matter how much you wanted to know, you were smart enough not to bring it up. Resting on your knees, you redirected his gaze towards you, taking his hands as you leaned in.

Gently capturing his lips with yours, his eyes watched you for a moment before closing as he relaxed. You heard him sigh through his nostrils as he tilted his head to allow himself better access to the kiss. Unlike all the others before it, this kiss was slow, gradually building as your lips danced, easing him into the mood. Soft sounds were made between you as the kiss deepened, your hands sliding to his thighs. Hanzo's brows were furrowed, his visage growing steadily more stern as you concentrated on the movement of his lips, matching them with your own. But as you began to undo his belt, his hands grabbed yours roughly, holding you fast.

“No.” he breathed before you recaptured his lips, though they no longer danced with yours. As you tried to slide your hands out of his so they might wander his body, you found his grip unrelenting. “No.” he repeated, this time more firm in his conviction. Not wanting to deal with whatever he was going to say, you pressed on, trying to elicit the same hunger he had in the previous encounters. But there was no trace of it.

Pulling back from you, you let out a small noise of annoyance at the lack of contact, eyes slightly irritable as you surveyed the man before you. His expression was of conviction as he stared at you, unrelenting in his rigor though his eyes seemed to be searching for something, desperate for answers he didn't even know he needed. It was too personal, too intimate, and you found yourself shying away as his beautiful eyes bore into you, seeming to see you exposed in a way you had never been before.

“Do I not please you?” you asked, more in aggravation then flirtation.

“Stop the act.” he stated dryly, his tone flat and his expression unamused.

“I thought this is what you wanted?” You replied, sitting back on the floor as you scowled at the man. “You requested me, didn't you?” Unable to answer you, he stood, putting some distance between you as he turned his back to you. “Look, I don't know what you want.” There was a long pause, his powerful shoulders tense as he refused to face you. After a minute, the quiet was broken by his low voice, barely above a murmurer as he spoke.

“Did you sleep with him?” you blinked at the question, finding it a bit ridiculous.

“Yes. I had to.” Your tone was matter of fact, not really able to think of any other response.

“So you just took him? You could so easily let that man claim you? Like it meant nothing?” His voice was accusatory, shoulders raising in tension as his ora grew dark. You were confused by this, not understanding what the man expected of you.

“That's not fair. You knew who I- what I am. There was no delusion as to what my profession is.”
you argued, feeling offended at the accusation he leveled at you.

“I know that. I am no fool. But with him- with him it is different. Of all people, why did it have to be him.”

“Your brother?” turning to face you, his expression was harsh and cold, so much like the first time you had met, his beautiful eyes now dangerous as they regarded you with disgust.

“So he told you.” he stated, his deep voice foreboding, almost threatening.

“Not much. Look, I didn't want it to turn out this way either. But it's not like I had much of a choice.” He gave no response, just staring at you as his brows lowered, a look of distrust sinking into his features. “Why are we even talking about this. It's not like talking about it will change anything.”

“So you just want me to forget everything that happened. Pretend like I don't know you were just bedded by my own brother.” he snorted, his condescending tone getting under your skin.

“How is this any different from all the other men I have to sleep with? They never mattered to you.”

“This was my brother! You think I want to have you, now? While my brothers seed still lingers inside you?” His tone was harsh and cruel, voice booming throughout the room as anger fueling his words. Reaching out, you went to place a hand on him, but he turned away, refusing to look at you. Clenching your fists, you bit your lip, fighting back the words of hurt that heavied your heart.  

“Fine. If you have no need of me, then I will leave.” His words stung you, echoing in your head as you walked towards the secret door. Of all the men you expected this kind of treatment from, Hanzo was not one of them. He was one of your favorite clients, never hurting you, you looked forward to his sessions, when you could feel respected again. But now, as he lashed out at you in anger, you wished he had just picked another woman.

Reaching the tapestry, you reluctantly spared a look back. Surprised as your eyes met his, Hanzo quickly turned his head away, attempting his usual stoic resolve as he waited for you to leave. Anger began to bubble up inside you like hot lava. No. This was not how this was going to end. Hearing your heals stomping towards him, the man spun to face you, mind conjuring a quippy remark. He hadn't been expecting the sting as your hand came across his face, cracking his neck as his head snapped to the side.

This was a huge mistake. Assaulting your client could get you at least two weeks as a Slave, but you were having a plane shitty day, and weren't thinking clearly as you snapped at the man. Catching him off guard, you used the force of your whole body to topple the man back on the bed, climbing on top of him as you held his hands down.

“Where do you get off talking to your Mistress like that?” Temporarily stunned, the man stared up at you in shock, those beautiful eyes wide and reflective as he faltered. “You're the one that summoned me here. Did you only want to insult me?”

In one swift move, he rolled you over, pinning you down as he lay on top of you, anger consuming those haunting orbs as he snarled.

“You think this is a game?!” you gasped as his grip tightened on you wrists, eliciting pain as you tried to yank your hands free. “You think you can just do whatever- whoever you want without consequence?” Taking both of your wrists in one hand, he yanked at your dress, ripping the straps as he pulled it down your body, leaving your bra exposed to the cold air. “Fine, maybe it's time I treated you like the whore you are.” Laying his whole body on you, he bit at the junction of your shoulder
and neck, teeth drawing blood as he clamped down around the muscle.

You let out a cry, desperately trying to break free as you shouted protests, causing him to bite down harder, till all you could manage was a whimper of pain. Taking a handful of your breast, his nails dug into your flesh causing a sharp pain to shoot through the sensitive tissue.

“Please, Hanzo!” you shouted, desperate to bring him to his senses.

“Silence!” the back of his hand made contact with your right cheek, stunning you long enough for him to tear at your bra, ripping it at the middle seam. As the cups fell to the side, the little piece of paper Genji had given you fell to lay in the valley of your breast. Upon seeing it, Hanzo stopped, staring at the small note as he recognized the hand writing. In an instant he was off of you, your hands quickly going to the wound on your neck, coming back with blood as you crawled back on the bed away from the man. His eyes were fiery, staring you down as he breathed heavy, yet he remained still. Never before had someone looked at you with so much contempt, such undiluted rage.

“Get out of here.” He spat, still looming over the bed as he regarded you with hatred. “The sight of you disgusts me.”

Wasting no time, you pulled up your dress, hands clutching at the material as you scrambled off the bed. You ran out of the room, ran all down the dark labyrinth of tunnels, not stopping till you had flung open the door to your room. Slamming it behind you, you threw your back against it, using it to support your trembling body. Shaky hands clasping at your breast as you sought to keep your torn dress from falling off your body. Your panting was broken, irregular as you struggled to breath. You snapped to as Liz rounded the corner.

“We must be busy today? You're back early.” As her eyes fell on you, she froze. Taking in your quivering form, chest spasming sporadically as you fought for breath, you could see the concern growing in her eyes. “What's wrong? What happened?” With her words, everything that had transpired that morning flashed in your mind, and you broke.

Sliding down the door, you came to a crumpled heap on the floor, tears forming rivers down your cheeks to fall onto the fabric of your dress as your whole body was overtaken by sobs, crying more freely then you had in years as you fell apart on your entryway rug.
Looking in the mirror, you scoffed at what you saw. Your eyes were still red from all the crying and your make up smeared all over your face. You hadn't bothered to wash it off last night as you fell asleep in Liz's bed. You looked a mess.

“What is wrong with you?” you stated bitterly, remembering what had transpired the day before. What had you been thinking. *Where do you get off talking to your Mistress like that?* Smacking your face, you tried to push the memory from your brain, too embarrassed at your own childish response to stand yourself. He had been an ass, but you hadn't helped matters. Grumbling, you cursed your own stupidity, knowing that one of these days your impulsiveness would land you in hot water.

“Why are you such a child.” you muttered to yourself, frustration and shame dampening your spirit.

It was Monday, which meant the Upper Floor didn't open till later, giving you ample time to repair the damage done to your face. Luckily Mr. Shimada hadn't smacked you hard enough to leave a bruise, but your jaw was still sore. Gently rubbing the area, you hoped you wouldn't need to give any blow jobs today. The mark on your neck hadn't been as bad as you had thought. Liz had run out to med bay to get some medicines that were healing it up nicely. The bruise was already completely faded and all that remained of the bite was a small ring of scratches. Thank God for modern medicine.

Scrubbing your face, you washed off the mascara and eyeliner that had run down your face with your tears. Your throat was sore from all the sobs and babbling you had required to convey to Liz what had happened. She had been so kind, staying with you, rubbing your back, listening to your incoherent rambling. You really did luck out with your roommate.

“You feeling any better?” As if on cue, Liz poked her head in the bathroom, her grungy t-shirt barely covering her panties as she scratched her leg.

“Can you just shoot me?” you groaned, hoping she might take you up on the offer.

“Nuh uh. I don't want to clean up the blood.” giving you a wiley grin, she nudged you with her shoulder.

“Why am I so stupid?” you grumbled, running your fingers through your hair as you went to tie it up.

“Because you are young. And you never learned to control that temper of yours.” Grabbing her toothbrush, Liz began to brush her teeth, watching you in the mirror as you continued to clean up your face. “Seriously though. You gotta watch that. You could get in some serious trouble around here if you just start going off on every customer that annoys you.”

“I know. I know. He was just being so infuriating. I mean, I get that it was his brother, but what did he he think would happen? It's kinda my job.”
“Forget him.” Liz said, bending over to spit in the sink. “You've got other clients to deal with.”
Inspecting the mark on your neck, her trim fingers brushed over the scratches as she smiled, content at their progress. “Tell you what. Next time he comes back, I'll take him. Save you some trouble. I'm good with the difficult ones.”

“You mean if he comes back.” you muttered pessimistically.

“Oh, he'll be back. The Upper Floor isn't something you just quit.” Pulling a towel out of the linen closet, she kicked off her slippers.

“Is that why you're still here?” As your and your friend conversed, you were beginning to feel the life returning to you.

“I suppose so.” she shrugged, turning the shower on as she stripped. “Really, this is the only life I've ever known. If I'm being honest with myself, I guess I'm just scared to leave.”

“Not me.” you asserted, inspecting your eyebrows for any needed maintenance. “I want out. I'm going to move far far away. No one will know my name, I can start a new life. Maybe meet a nice man who puts me first and does what I want for a change.”

“I'm surprised you can think about love while in a place like this.”

“Everyone needs someone. No matter how broken you've been, you'll still long for love.”

“Not me.” Liz protested from behind the shower curtain. “I've never been in love. Don't need it. Just causes too much trouble.”

“You're such a pessimist.”

A knock came at your door, the sound faintly heard over the sound of the shower.

“I'll get it.” you stated, wiping your face off with a towel before hurrying to the entry way. As you reached the door, a second knock rung out. “Hang on.” you shouted, stomach churning as you realized who it was. Opening the door, there stood your boss, his trim figure accented by his well tailored yellow button up.

“Rough night?” Looking down at you, his mellow eyes were knowing.

“Yeah.” you replied softly, stepping aside to let him enter.

“I saw Mr. Shimada yesterday. He seemed very disgruntled.” He wasted no time, jumping into the heart of the matter, his directness being one of his strongest qualities. “So I took him back in my office and we had an interesting talk.”

“I'm in deep shit, aren't I?” You knew this was coming. You had anticipated it all night long, unable to run from the inevitable repercussions of your own rashness.

“I asked him if you had displeased him, but he refused to say anything.” your boss said, tilting his head sideways towards you. “No matter how much I asked, all he would say was that he had changed his mind about you, and dismissed you.” looking at your dumbstruck expression, he never gave a hint to what he was thinking, hands held behind his back as he regarded you observantly.

“Now, we both know that's not the truth. I saw the hand print on his cheek. You struck him, didn't you.” You winced at his words, clutching your hands together at your chest as he regarded you, his composure never wavering.
“Yes, Sir.” your words were barely audible, but he didn't need to hear them, he already knew the answer.

“What do you think I should do, now that you assaulted one of my patrons, and failed to satisfy him?”

“I'm going to be a slave, aren't I?” you began to shake, all the fight leaving you as you cursed your own stupidity. Why had you let yourself get so worked up over something so stupid.

“Stop toying with her, Daniel.” Liz shouted, appearing in the door way, wearing nothing but a towel, a puddle forming under her as water dripped off of her. “You're not going to do anything to her and you know it. Stop getting her worked up.” Liz had always been bold, but in this moment she startled you. Glancing over his shoulder, a coy smile crossed your bosses lips.

“Hello, Lizzy.”

“Don't Lizzy me. You're purposely tormenting my roommate for your own sick amusement.”

“I was doing no such thing.” As the woman stomped up to him, the man made a graceful turn, head tilting down to look at the energetic woman. Placing her lithe hands on her hips, Liz gave him an unamused glare before glancing sideways at you.

“Don't you pay him any mind. This big softy won't do anything to you unless a customer demands it.”

“I wouldn't say that.” He smiled like a cheshire cat.

“So... Am I being punished?” You were thrown for a loop, confused by the playfulness of the man before you.

“No. Not this time. Mr. Shimada insisted on it.” At his words, you felt even more ashamed of your childish behavior. Despite the fact you escalated the situation, Hanzo still harbored you no ill will. Or at least not enough to condemn you to the life of a slave. You had so many questions you wanted to ask, but you knew if you asked them, your boss would only continue to think there was something going on between the two of you, so in stead, you opted to change the subject.

“So, am I working as normal today?”

“Not quite.” You had never noticed how much your boss reminded you of a fox until this moment. “Someones put in a request for you.”

Entering the room, you carried a bottle of bourbon and too glasses, balancing them at your fingertips as you sauntered over to the General. The man welcomed you with open arms, patting his thigh as you moved to sit in his lap. He was a repeat customer of yours. A robust man, he had a hearty vigor and an affinity for exhibition. Nothing seemed to get him hotter then having people watch that he could still outlast the young men. He wasn't a bad client, but he definitely got his moneys worth out of you. His friend on the other hand, you knew nothing about.

At the other end of the long couch, sitting in a very guarded stance, was a white haired man, his face scarred, but handsome none the less as his sharp eyes surveyed the room with a mixture of discomfort and intrigue. Clearly this kind of world was very foreign to him. Despite his age, he seemed very fit, his stature no less impressive as he sat there, arms folded in his lap.
“Come, Morrison. Stop acting like a child at his first strip club. Grab a woman. Enjoy yourself for once.” The Generals hearty laugh rung out, echoing in the expansive room of the Upper Floor, his body shaking under you with the force of his gusto.

“I really don't think that is necessary. Isn't there a more appropriate place we could discuss business?” Those brilliant blue eyes looked over at the other disapprovingly, briefly eyeing you before returning to the General.

“Jack, you are one of the finest soldiers I've ever known. But you've spent so much of your life playing hero, you've forgotten how to live.” Giving your backside a firm smack, the man leaned down to nip at your neck teasingly. “Come my dear, our friend seems a little shy. Why don't you go over and give him a warm welcome.” With a nod, you crawled across the couch seductively, working your way past the man's waving hands to curl up in his lap, sensually rubbing your hands up his strong chest.

“Really Sir. That's not necessary.” His hands were held back respectfully avoiding you as his eyes darted nervously between you and the General.

“Nonsense. Consider it my treat.” Giving a bright grin, the older man gave a wave of his hands, ushering two more women to sit on his lap as he squeezed them close. “That one really knows how to take you to new heights. You'll enjoy her.”

Leaning your head against his shoulder, your hands moved down to massage his abdomen and sides. You smiled as you felt the man stiffen underneath you, urging you to lean in further as you pushed your breast against him in such a way as to best show off your cleavage. Glancing up, you saw him take note of your endowment.

“Sir. I would really like to talk to you about-”

“Oh come off it Jack. We've known each other a long time now. You know I'll support you in anything you do. Let's not sour the evening with talk of politics and work.” Taking a handful of one of the woman's breast, he sipped on his bourbon as the other lady in his lap started kissing along his neck.

You could tell your client, Jack, was uncomfortable with such a brazen show of lust.

“You should really think this is appropriate.”

“What's not appropriate is you being so rude to such a delicious woman. Here she got all dressed up for the evening and you won't lay so much as a finger on her. You could at least give her a compliment.”

“She looks very beautiful. But I'm not here for such activities. I came here to talk business.”

“Pleasure before business, I always say. Isn't that right ladies?” As the women around him cheered, you could feel the tension in the man's shoulders as you pushed your breast against him in such a way as to best show off your cleavage. Glancing up, you saw him take note of your endowment.

“Why don't you unwind a bit. You're so tense. Let me take care of you.” Laying a kiss on the man's cheek, you rose, letting your fingertips slide along his body as you walked around the couch to stand behind him. As your hands began to work his taunt muscles, you felt him stiffen beneath your touch. But as you continued to work his chiseled figure, he began to melt at your fingers. Relaxing back into your dexterous hands, the man let out a soft groan. Clearly he had been in need of some special attention for a while now.
As your hands slid down his shoulders to kneed the thick muscles of his arms, you began to pepper compliments into your work, your sweet voice easing a bit of his edginess. The man pursed his lips, but gave no protest as you continued to massage his taunt muscles.

"Can I get you a drink, Sir?" a small sound echoed in his throat as you addressed him.

"Yes. Please." The man seemed unsure how to respond, enjoying your attention, but still very much aware of just how public his surroundings were.

Pouring him some bourbon, you sat back in his lap, handing him the glass, as you draped his other arm around your waist. He eyed you hesitantly, but did not withdraw, instead letting his fingers tangle in the fabric of your dress, ever so slightly rubbing his digits across the satin material as he sipped his drink. You loved the way his large hands enveloped your side, the small circles he rubbed into you, the softness of his touch.

As the other woman unzipped the generals pants, pulling out his semi hard cock, Morrison almost headbutted you in his attempt to look away. Following the other women's lead, you palmed the man, enjoying how well your grasp was filled. The man let out a cough at the contact, uncomfortable with such a public display. His rough hand took hold of yours, removing it from his groin as he watched you out of the corner of his eye.

"That's really not necessary." As he glanced uncomfortable at the general, and then down at the woman who's head bobbed in his lap, you knew he was going to require some persuasion.

"Why don't you enjoy the show." reaching a hand up to entangle in his short hair, your lips showered his neck with attention. Though his face was turned away, you knew the man was watching as the women worshiped the General with their mouths. Soft sucking noises could be heard as they took his length deep, the man letting his groans flow freely as he watched you out of the corner of his eye.

This time, as your hand cupped the white haired man, he jumped, but there was no denying, your hand was further filled this time. His grip on your side tightened, his lids closing briefly as his hips gave a small buck into your touch.

"Ma'am. This- this isn't necessary." His voice was no where near as convincing as it had been.

"You keep saying that. But I think you like this, Sir." Massaging him through his slacks, you were impressed by his size as he continued to grow. "I bet you really know how to treat a lady. Why don't you show-" Before you could finish his lips were on yours, tongue slipping into your mouth as his free hand grabbed the back of your head. As the taste of bourbon overwhelmed you, you were surprised by how vigorously he worked your lips.

Pulling you further against him, your back arched as he bent you. You felt weak as his tongue ravaged your mouth, caressing the soft surfaces as he overpowered you. Breathless and a little dazed, you didn't notice as his hand slid out of your hair, down your neck and to your chest, where they pulled your breast free of the low cut dress. The calloused skin of his palm against your soft breast sent shivers through you, causing you to moan into his mouth.

"Is this what you want?" He asked, his deep raspy voice doing things to you you couldn't put into words as he dipped down to take your left breast in his mouth, that devilish tongue rubbing circles over your erect nipple as he sucked.

"Yes Sir." you could feel his cock twitch in your grasp at your words. Undoing his pants was a struggle as you unraveled at the sensations he worked upon your breast with his hand and mouth. Onlookers pointed, some commenting as you moaned for the man, but he didn't seem to notice them
anymore. Finally managing to undo his zipper, you slid a hand into his boxers, palming his large manhood as your fingers wrapped around it. Jack groaned into your breast, grateful for the relief as you pulled him free of his pants. Small beads of precum had already begun to form, smearing against your dress as he tried to pull you further into him lap.

“How very erotic.” a female client chirped in appreciation, her high pitched voice reaching Jack and briefly bringing him to. Lifting away from your breast, a blush crept up his neck and across his face as he saw all the eyes on him. Covering his lower face with one hand, he moved to push you away, trying to recompose himself.

Lifting up your dress to your hips, you straddled him, grinding against his exposed erection as you took his lips, muffling any protest the man might have offered. You could feel your panties growing slick from both of your juices, hips rubbing in circular motions over him as your tongue entwined with his. Groaning into your mouth, Jack panted as his hips unconsciously rutted against yours, desperate for friction, despite his embarrassment and the onlookers that cheered you on.

“There are people watching” he muttered breathlessly into your kisses, hands gripping your waist as if trying to hang on to rationality and decency.

“Let them watch. Let them see how a real man fucks.” Sliding your panties to the side, you positioned yourself over him, his tip sliding against your entrance as you looked down at him through half lidded gaze. The lust in his eyes was not well hidden as he looked up at you, expression hungry as he let out a low growl. With one strong movement of his arms, he buried himself to the hilt, his cock twitching inside you as he groaned at the tightness of your walls.

Grabbing a fistful of your hair, he forced you to his lips where you enjoyed that talented tongue. His other arm wrapped around your waist, impossibly strong muscles holding you in place as he pulled out just to slam back into you, quickly starting a relentless pace.

“That’s it, Sir.” you moaned into his mouth, encouraging him as he rutted up into you, “so good.” as he grunted and groaned in that low voice, you loved the way the sound reverberated through your mouth. A sharp bite to your tongue made you shiver, a high pitched moan mixing with the sounds of slapping flesh. The pounding of his hips caused your breast to bounce around, his large hand snaking down from your hair to grab one of your supple mounds as he continued to dominate your mouth, eyes watching you from beneath heavy lids as you surrendered to the sensations he forced on you.

“That’s right Morrison. Give it to her.” The General laughed, regarding the other as his own Lady bounce on his cock. Looking over, as if in a haze, Jack regarded the other listlessly before you pulled his attention back to you, not wanting him to get distracted.

“Sir, your cock is stretching me so much. Don't stop! Make me cum.” At your words, a feral growl rose up out of the man, his hips lifting off the couch as he worked towards both your ends. You could feel it building inside you, a coiling heat as your mind began to grow blank. Wrapping his arms around your back, his strength was impressive as he pushed you down on his thrusting cock, all inhibitions lost. It was one of the most intense experiences of your life, the man arching up off the couch into you as he pounded you until you were a mess of screams and tingles, your climax hitting you like an explosion as stars danced behind your eyes.

“Shit. Shit!” was all he managed before he spilled into you, hips still bucking wildly as he road out his orgasm as if it was a bull ride. You came down long before he did, melting against him as he continued to twitch and writhe beneath you, small groans and pants escaping him as his finders dug into you.

Finally, exhausted and emptied, he collapsed back on the couch, suit wrinkled and face flush as he
continued holding you against him, hands weakly rubbing at your back.

“Thank you, Sir.” you hummed, running your fingers through his hair as you lay gentle kisses up and down his jawline. The General gave a boisterous laugh, regarding the two of you as he continued to service both women.

“Is that all, Jack? Here I thought the great leader of Overwatch would put up more of a fight.”

“Shut up.” Jack growled, pushing you back as he tucked himself away, re-securing his pants. “No one said I was done yet.” Sliding you off his lap, he stood up, offering you a hand as he pulled you to your feet. “Come on.” you could hear the General cheering for him as you both walked away, other clients applauding to show they had enjoyed your little show as you both made your way to a private room.

No sooner had the door shut behind you then the man was on you, pulling you close against his chest as he ate at your neck, hands hungrily pawing at your soft form. You let out a gasp, caught off guard as the man pushed you up against the door, pinning your right hand to the wooden surface as his other hand tangled in your hair, pulling your head to the side to allow him better access. Now, with the privacy of closed doors, there was no hesitation in him.
Don't Fear the Reaper

Chapter Summary

This chapter is for a request for "edgelord crybaby Reaper and annoyed Reader feeling sorry for him". Sorry that it took so long to get out. I hope you are satisfied with it.

These were the days you hated. These were the days that made you wonder if it was really worth it being on the Upper Floor. These were the days that reminded you just how bad it would be to be a Slave. You had been requested again, which in and of itself wasn't bad. It was something that happened more often now as you had built up a clientele over the last two or three months. But today's request did not bring you relief, it did not bring you comfort, instead, it brought you terror and a sense of panic. Today your entire day had been cleared for just one man, Reaper.

You remembered, with tears in your eyes, the abuse you had suffered at this man's hands. The bruises that took a week to heal despite having the best medicine, the claw marks he gouged into you, nearly leaving scares, the burns, the pain. He had fucked you without regard, treating you like a tool for his own pleasure. He had made you feel so inhuman, so worthless. His laughter as he tore apart your body still echoed through your memories, clear and dark and haunting. A nightmare you couldn't escape.

As you stepped cautiously through the dimness of the secret passage, it took every ounce of will to restrain yourself from running away. But in the last month you had narrowly avoided punishment twice now. You didn't need to test your luck. As you came to your door, you paused, hands shaking as you held them close to your chest. There were to be no bonds this time, nothing to hold you there. He wanted you to fight back, wanted you to resisted, wanted to overpower you, to rape you. Tears pricked at your eyes, knowing this would not be quick.

As you pushed open the door, closing it behind you, you were engulfed in darkness. No candles, no lights of any kind, pure blackness. All the better for him to hide. This was what he wanted. You, helpless and afraid, unable to defend yourself in his element. Walking out into the room, you waved your arms out in front of you, making as little noise as possible in an attempt to forestall your assault.

You listened intently for any sound, any hint of if the man was there yet, if he was watching you. You felt eyes on you, but you couldn't be sure if they were really there, or you were just anticipating the man's presence. As you tried to picture where around you the man might be, your leg kicked into a chair, the grating noise it made against the floor sending a shock to your system as you swiftly grabbed onto it, holding it still as if that would undo your action.

Not moving a muscle, you poured every ounce of concentration you had into listening. You could hear the dull thrum of the air conditioning and the muffled chatter of the main floor, but all other sound was lost to you. These rooms were well sound proofed. When he eventually attacked, you knew no one on the outside would hear you scream.

As you grew accustomed to the stillness, you once again ventured out into the blackness. You weren't sure what you hoped to accomplish. You couldn't leave, couldn't fight back, not seriously anyway, but you couldn't bring yourself to just sit there and wait for what was to come. You felt the need to do something, even if it was just wandering in the dark.
Hearing a soft click, as if something solid against a wooden surface, you moved no more, senses heightened as you waited for another sound, another indication of his presence. He was here. Somewhere in the room, stocking you, hunting you, savoring the thrill of your helplessness as tracked you.

A bare hand gripped tight over your mouth, one of your arms being twisted painfully behind your back as you felt hot breath on your neck. You didn't have to act, didn't have to pretend. You were terrified. A soft hum sent shivers down your spine as course facial hair tickled your neck, his broad hand muffling your cries. As he licked up your neck and around your earlobe, your chest grew tight. He wasn't wearing his mask.

“It's been a while, Bomboncita.” You pictured a hideous visage, scared by acid, or maybe deformed from birth. Something cruel and hideous and unrecognizable as human. Jerking away from the tongue that drug across your cheek, you squirmed as hard as you could against the man, eliciting a sharp twist to your arm. “I see you're a little more wild when your not tied up. I like spirit.” Biting roughly at your neck, your scream was muffled by his palm and it clamped down tighter over your face, cutting off your air. Panic began to set in and you reacted without thinking.

Driving your free elbow back into his ribs, you heard the man grunt as his grip on you loosened. He wasn't wearing his armor. Wrenching free of his hands, you stumbled in the dark, knowing you couldn't leave, yet unable to simply surrender yourself to this fate. A dark chuckle came from behind you, malevolent and cold.

“That's right, Pobrecita. Give me a good fight.” He was on you, before you knew it, easily fending off your flailing arms as he ripped at your top. Mouth finding your breast, he bit and sucked aggressively at the sensitive skin, hurting you as he took a fistful of your hair. You screamed, hands smacking at him, desperate to push him away, but to no avail. You knew this was how things would end, but you were still scared, still unprepared.

A brilliant light blinded the both of you as the door was opened mere feet from you, the warmth and glitter of the main floor shining through as a woman reached in to flick on one of the light by the door. The door was not locked. Why hadn't the door been locked. A scream ripped from the woman's throat as she saw the man that attacked you, causing her to falter backwards, hands clutching at her face as she beheld his countenance.

Suddenly, Reaper was off you, vanishing into a cloud of smoke as the woman fled in terror the door shutting behind her. Taking wraith form reaper tries to retreat back into the darkness, but the blinding lights of the outside had left him disoriented and as he rematerialized, he collided with a large bookshelf, causing it to topple over on him. Temporarily stunned, he lay there under the pile of books and the heavy shelf, cursing angrily as his arms shook with the strain of moving.

Taking this opportunity, you started to stand, thinking that you could make it to the secret door before he regained himself, but as the sound of you standing reached him, his gaze shot your way, freezing you were you stood.

His face was so grotesque. Flesh pail and rotting, holes breaking out across his visage like warn leather. As he grimaced at you, you could clearly see his teeth, there were so many of them. Sharp and menacing, you were amazed they hadn't ripped your throat out when he had bitten into you. His eyes gleamed, red and black, the eyes of a demon. But what shook you the most, what made you stop in your tracks, was the gloss to his eyes as a single tear streamed down his face, soon followed by many more.

In that one instance, the man went from being a viscous predator, to a wounded animal. As his eyes bore into you, trying to inspire you with fear and terror, all you could feel was pity. Before you knew
what you were doing, you started walking towards him.

“I’m going to kill you!” He shouted, having all of the intimidation of a fox caught in a trap. “You hear me? You're dead.” Tears still running down his cheeks, his strength began to return as he started to slowly lift the bookshelf. But before he could, you were kneeling down beside him.

“What happened to you?” was all you could manage as you looked into the eyes of this deeply damaged man, reaching out to cup his face in your hands.

You knew you should hate him, knew you should run, knew you should harbor no sympathy or compassion in your heart for this man. But as his tears streamed forth, running down his cheeks and across your hands, you couldn't help the sadness that welled up inside you. The man looked at you with untrusting eyes, brows creased as he attempted to look menacing, but the fear he had once inspired was gone, and all you saw was a sad little man.

Releasing him, you grabbed hold of the bookshelf, lifting the heavy frame as best you could as the man turned to smoke again to slide out from under the furniture and books, solidifying beside you as the shelf slipped from your grasp. Pausing for a moment, his dark eyes regarded you, hesitant and unsure before he grabbed hold of you again, his grip painful as he pinned you against the wall. He began to bite at your neck again, hand roughly tugging at your pants. But the moment was gone.

“Stop that!” Feeling emboldened by the vulnerability you saw in him, you pushed the man away, fixing him with a disdainful look as you pulled your pants back into position. Unsure how to react, he stared at you, wavering resolve in his eyes.

“I give the orders here.”

“Oh just give it up.” You were starting to get annoyed at his persistence. Looking at his face still made you cringe a little inside, but those eyes, now that you had seen the great well of sorrow in them, you could see nothing else.

Glaring at you like a pouting child, Reaper just stood there, unsure what to do as tears pricked at his eyes again. Folding your arms across your chest, you looked up at the pitiable man, letting out a heavy sigh. Was this really the man you had feared so much?

“Come here.” reluctantly, you wrapped your arms around his shoulders, standing on your tip toes to hold him as your hands rubbed his back and tangled in his dark curly locks. You felt him stiffen at your touch, but soon his thick arms were draped loosely around you waist, his face burying into your hair as tears began to spill again. You held him close, stroking his hair as the man let down his walls.

You didn't know what his story was, and quite frankly, you didn't care to. But something in you, maybe it was maternal, maybe it was just your humanity, couldn't stand to see the suffering in his eyes. As his tears ran down your shoulder and over the marks he had marred into your flesh, you cooed soothing words into his ear, the muscles of his back tense under the light massage of your hand.

“It's ok. You don't have to be tough here. I got you.” His arms pulled tighter around your waist, a light tremor running through him as he choked back a sob, sniffing into your hair. You didn't know how long you stood there, comforting the weepy man in the dim lighting, but as time went on, he began to nuzzle into you more. Bodies pressing closer together, you lay soft kisses along his shoulder, his face nestling deeper into your hair as he pressed his weight against you more. You still had a job to do, and despite the weird turn this had taken, it seemed to be working out in your favor.

Lacing compliments and words of affection in between kisses, a relaxed groan rumbled in his chest
as your fingers tangled deeper into his black tresses, one hand sliding down his chest to slip under his shirt. His flesh felt cold, your fingers brushing over points where the skin was soft and squishy, as if rotting away under your finger tips. The thought disgusted you, but you pushed it aside as your hand roamed his muscular torso, not letting on how unsettling you found the mans body.

“Let me take care of you.” Pulling his head back, the man looked down at you with red glossy eyes, his expression void, lips parted as a few more tears ran free. Stretching up, you took his lips in a gentle kiss. They were chilled, but soft, pushing back against yours as the man held you close, large hands splaying out across your back. You kissed him like you would a lover, slowly and with great affection, hands exploring his body.

He was like a different man. Cautious, acting a bit novice as he waited for you to advance the progress, giving you all the control. As you separated from him, you were surprised to see that a few tears still ran down his face.

Taking him by the hand, you led him over to the bed, patting the sheet beside you as you sat down. Following your lead, Reaper sat beside you. You were kissing him again before he even got settled. This time he took some initiative, pulling you into his lap as your lips melded together. Straddling him, you admired how thick and sturdy his body was between your legs. The man was solid muscle, there was no doubt about that.

As the soft noises made by your lips became more predominant, his large calloused hands began to wander your back, sliding down to gently cup your butt, pulling you closer. As you gave his lip a light nip, a shudder ran through him. Taking the opportunity, you gently pushed him back till he was laying on the bed, your body flush against his.

You made quick work of his shirt and belt, tossing them aside and not caring where they landed. As you reached around to unclasp your bra, Reaper, began to fiddle with the button of your pants, eager, but still acting rather submissive. As your breast were freed, you lay against him once more, your warm mounds chilled by his cold flesh. It didn't take long for both your pants to come off, his hips beginning to grind soft circles into you with his growing erection.

You lay soft kisses all over his body, his chest breathing heavy at your affections. You were careful to avoid the spots where his flesh seemed decade. Not wanting to touch them with your lips, as well as worried it might hurt him. Small moans escaped the man as you worshiped his chest, kissing over every muscle, hands exploring every chiseled feature, his flesh steeling your warmth.

As your kisses migrated to his lower stomach, but above the waist band of his boxers, you made a point of letting your breast brush against the tent that had formed in the cloth, enjoying the hitch in his breathing as he watched you rub against his restrained manhood. Not wanting to tease him for too long, you grabbed either side of his waist band, his erection springing free as you pulled the material down.

Reaper became more vocal as you took his cock in hand, kissing all up and down its length, licking away the few beads of precum that had formed at the slit. Groans and moans escaped him between labored breaths, strong chest rumbling with every intake of air.

As you finished undressing yourself, you briefly took his cock in your mouth, coating the thick member in your saliva as you bobbed up and down on it, enjoying the way the man squirmed beneath you. Taking his balls in your hand, you massaged them gently as you worked him, alternating between long, deep strokes, and short swift ones. It didn't take long for the man to become unraveled at your affections.

Climbing back up his body, you sat on his stomach, letting your ass rest against his cock as his hips
gave small needy thrusts. Looking down at the man, you spared him a soft smile, hands once more rubbing his torso. As one of your hands cupped the man's cheek, he leaned into your touch, his own palm coming up to engulf your hand as your thumb wiped away the remains of the tear trails that had stained his face. Though he cried no more, his eyes were still wet and glossy, expression somber as he swept over your form. There was a hesitant need in him, a longing for affection and intimacy that had been so long denied.

Stealing one last kiss, this one was deep, passionate as you both held each other close and tight, like two old lovers. He let out a short whimper as you broke contact, but it soon evolved into a gasp as you shifted, pushing his cock into your entrance. His hands immediately took hold of your thighs, squeezing tight as his eyes clamped shut at the much needed friction. As you slid down on his length, his girth filling you full and rubbing your walls in all the best ways, you allowed a moan to escape you, louder then you had anticipated.

“Mi alma-” Reaper breathed, hips making slight jerking motions as he longed for more.

“Reaper.” you moaned, moving your hips in circular motions as you began to ride his throbbing member.

“Gabe.” he corrected, between grunts, hips pulling a loud moan form you as they bucked up into your warmth. “Call me Gabe.” His body was so strong, so masculine, yet his eyes so gentle and soft as they looked up at you.

“Gabe.” you stated, liking the feeling of the name on your lips as your pace picked up. Leaning forward to rest on your hands, the movement of your hips increased, small shocks of pleasure coursing through you as his cock repeatedly expanded your walls. Hands still tightly clenched on your thighs, Gabe began to lose his restraint, hips thrusting up to meet yours as he became lost in the soft, tight sensation of your sex.

It wasn't long before you both were a mess of moans and sweet Spanish phrases, bodies glistening, chests heaving as he slammed into you. Despite his flesh, despite his face, you were so turned on by him. His vulnerability, the way he surrendered to you, the passionate need in his eyes, you loved it all.

You could feel yourself nearing your end, his constant assault on your special spot driving you towards your sweet release. As you watched him, you could tell Gabe was almost there as well. Cheeks flushed, face contorted in pleasure and strain, his hips rutted into you erratically as he cursed under his breath.

Taking back over control, you bounced on him in swift, jerky movements, pulling more cries of pleasure from him as you forced him deeper into you. A warmth began to take over you, hips moving out of your control as you legs trembled, heaving chest desperate for air.

“Gabe.” you called, trying to warn him you were almost there, but unable to find the words. “Gabe! Fuck- Gabe!” As your orgasm overtook you, whole body shaking as you were consumed by pleasure, the man bolted up, strong arms wrapping around your quivering form as his brutal thrusts brought him to his own end. As a growl ripped from his throat, Gabe pulled out of you, his twitching cock spattering cum between your chests as he shook in the clutches of his pleasure. His grip was tight on you, but you could barely feel it, your body racked by the high of your fluttering walls.

With time, you both came down, panting as you leaned against each other for support. As his hands loosened from you, Gabe nuzzled back into your hair, seeking closeness and intimacy as he disregarded his own sticky juices that smeared between the two of you. Stroking his hair with weak arms, you smiled softly at the man that held you.
Without warning, he flopped over on the bed, taking you with him. Holding him close, you rolled over so you lay on your back, pulling him to lay across your torso as you rubbed his massive back. Lifting his head so that his chin rested on your collar bone, the man looked at you with wet eyes, as if about to cry again.

“I wanna stay.” He muttered, eyes shy as he tried to get a read on you.

“Then stay.” you whispered back, a warm smile gracing your lips as you ruffled his hair. A single tear ran down his cheek as he smiled back at you before laying his head on you, cuddling close as he relaxed.

“Thank you.”
Sorry this chapter took so long to get out. I've been really struggling to find a balance between requests and plot that keeps me motivated to write this story. On top of it I've had some things going on in my personal life that have kept me away from my writing. Thank you all so much for being patient with me. I hope you enjoy this chapter.

You finished with your hair, finally getting it to lay just the way you wanted. It was one of those days where no matter what you did with yourself, you just didn't feel attractive. It had been an odd night. You had slept peacefully enough, but you still didn't feel well rested.

As you heard a knock at the door, you sighed, figuring it was your boss come to tell you you had another request. You didn't mind the request, and truth be told you didn't mind your boss, but whenever he came around, Liz got all riled up. You knew if it was him at the door she would be talking your ear off for the next hour until you both had to go to work.

“I got it!” Liz shouted, rushing to answer the door. You could barely hear her talking with whoever was at the door, making light conversation before finally closing the door. As you started applying your makeup, she pranced in, carrying a large box that was almost dwarfed by the grin on her face.

“Well, we are both booked for the day.” She seemed quite giddy.

“How many? They didn't over book us did they? I know Paul has been helping arrange the requests and he doesn't always know what he's doing.” You grumbled as you tried to get your false eyelashes to fit on right. Normally you didn't wear them, but there were nine new girls on the floor so you wanted to make sure you kept your clients' attention.

“You have three, I have five.” Liz chirped, watching you through the reflection in the mirror, her smile dazzling.

“Five? You sure you up for that? I know you had a rough client a couple days ago. Don't you think you should rest?”

“I know all of them. They will be easy enough. Nothing to strenuous.” She reassure.

“You seem awful excited. Someone in particular you're looking forward to seeing?” You gave her an incredulous look, concerned as she tried to hide her smile.

“Oh, never you mind that.” Waving her hand a you, she tried to brush off the comment, holding the box tight as you turned to face her.

“Liz, should I be concerned?”

“No, mom.” she scoffed, pouting playfully as she scowled. “I can handle my self. Besides, I'm not the one that got a present.” Turning the box over to you, you let the issue go, resolving to talk about it later.

“Who's this from?” You were use to getting gifts from clients, most of your jewelry and underwear
was from the men of the Upper Floor. Liz gave you a shrug, glad for the change of topic as you untied the ribbon on the box. Setting it down on the vanity, Liz peered over your shoulder, curious as you removed the lid. Nestled in the box amongst shimmering tissue paper, was a gown of fine and expensive fabric. Gingerly, you lifted it out of the box, holding it against your body as you admired it, Liz cooing as she looked you up and down. It was a modest dress, nothing showy or revealing, but the rich blue of the fabric seemed to glow with radiance.

“Try it on. Try it on.” Liz encouraged, clapping her hands as she admired the elegance of the gown. “But I'm not done with my makeup.” You protested, though really you couldn't wait to see how it fit you.

“Oh never mind that. I'll help you finish later. I want to see you in it now.” Not needing further encouragement, you set the dress back in the box, careful to make sure it didn't touch anything on the counter. Stripping off your cloths in a hurry, you tossed them about the bathroom haphazardly till you were in only your panties. Liz helped you get the dress over your head, careful not to smear any makeup on it or mess up your hair. As she fastened the dress, your friend stepped back to admire you.

It suited you perfectly, hugging you in all the right places, fabric gathered to make your curves look fuller and the majestic blue seemed to make your skin glow. Twirling around, you admired yourself in the mirror, feeling divine and giddy as you saw just how well the dress showed off your natural beauty.

“You look amazing!” Liz exclaimed, fiddling with the skirt of the dress so it would lay just so. “I'm glad I was booked today, or else I wouldn't have gotten a single client with you wearing that.”

“I love it. But this couldn't have been cheap. Who sent it? Lucio? Cruz? Reyes? Ferguson? De Paul? Or maybe Wilhelm?”

“Don't know.” Liz shrugged, still running her hands over the soft fabric. “Check the box, maybe they left a note. Lucio and Ferguson always leave me cute little notes when they send me things.” Rooting around in the box, you pushed the tissue paper from side to side till you found a little envelope with your name on it in elegant handwriting. Ripping open the top, you pulled out a small card that was embellished with silver designs around the frame. On the card, in the same well practiced handwriting, was a simple note.

To make up for the last one.
-Mr. Shimada

Your smile dropped, heart sinking as the memories of your last encounter with the man flooded your mind. It had been such a mess, on both your ends. You had made a fool of yourself, overstepping your bounds an lashing out like a child, while he had been unreasonable, refusing to understand your situation. It had been two months since you had last seen him, yet still you cringed at the memory of that day.

“Shimada? Isn't that the one who...” Her voice trailed off, not needing to finish as she saw the look on your face. “Hey. You alright.” Putting a hand on your shoulder, Liz watched you tentatively.

“Yeah. You replied, remembering the disgust and anger in the mans eyes. The last thing you had seen of him. “Is he one of my clients today?”

“I honestly don't know. The list they gave me for you was just what rooms to report to. Didn't even
list out any preferences. I really gotta talk to Paul about that.” You put the note down, going to take the dress off. “If you are seeing him today, are you going to be ok?” Liz looked worried as her own memories ran through her head. The image of you collapsed in the entry way was permanently ingrained in her memory. The unreserved fear in your eyes, the tears you had cried all night long, the way you had fallen apart in her arms. She would never forget that night, the night she saw you crumble.

“If your asking if he will hurt me, I don't think he will. Mr. Shimada is not an inherently violent man. He was just upset.”

“Upset that you slept with another man.” Liz reminded, having no patience for excuses. “Hunny, it's kinda your job to sleep with men. What if he flips out on you again? Once you're in that room, there's nothing any of us can do. What if this time he doesn't send you away?”

You thought about it, his hesitation, his unwillingness the touch you, the look of betrayal in his eyes. It wasn't just because you slept with another man. It was because that man was his brother. You didn't know what had happened between those two to cause this much anger and discontent, but you needed to stay out of it.

“I think I'll be fine.” As Liz gave you a sceptical look, you sighed. “If he acts crazy this time, I'll talk to Boss. Tell him I'm getting feelings for him or something. That should inspire him to keep us apart.” Your friend still didn't look satisfied, but resigned herself to your decision.

“Fine. Let me help you with your make up.”

****************************************************************

It was time for your first client. You and Liz had left together, both taking the secret passage to your rooms, as you parted ways, she had left you with one final warning.

“Be on guard.” Her expression was serious as she placed a hand on your shoulder. “I don't know what baggage this guy is carrying, but you can't get wrapped up in it. You're his prostitute, not his therapist.” You gave a small nod, not thinking things were as simple as that, but appreciating her advice regardless.

With that, she left you, going down her own path as you turned to take yours. It wasn't long before you were at your room, the board fastened to the door baring your name on it. You wasted no time, not wanting to linger on doubt and worry. Whatever would happen, you wanted it to be done with.

As you came into the light of the room, you were immediately faced with your client. Standing mere feet from you, Mr. Shimada looked surprised, caught off guard as he had expected you to come from behind the tapestry.

You had almost forgotten how handsome he was. Standing there in his suit, his figure was no less impressive concealed. His features were sharp, back straight as he held himself with dignity and poise. Despite his intimidating form, his eyes were softer then you remembered, more somber.

You weren't sure what to say, unsure how to approach the situation.

“You look beautiful.” His words came across as sincere as he looked you over, admiring how the dress hugged your curves.

“You have an excellent eye.” You replied, slipping back into formality.

“It is not hard to paint a beautiful scene, when the landscape is so exquisite.” You were remembering
your rhythm. Talking to him as you would any other client.

“You flatter me, Mr. Shimada.” As you walked towards him, you made a point of swaying your hips, putting on a show, as you would with for any man. The man raised an eyebrow at your formality, but he couldn't say he was surprised.

“I hope this will sufficiently cover your.. losses.” He watched you as you came to stand before him, hands splaying across his broad chest as you leaned into him.

“A dress for a dress. It only seems fair.” Letting your hands roam his body, you leaned up to lay gentle kisses along his jaw, wanting to get things started so you could move on to your other clients. Like usual.

“You say it so simply.” As your trim fingers worked to undress him, shedding his jacket and tossing it to drape over a chair, the man watched you, unmoving.

“Because it is a simple matter, Sir.” Undoing the buttons on his shirt, your hand slipped beneath the fabric, traveling the hills and valleys of his muscular form.

“Don't do this.” He said, grabbing your wrists, breaking the contact between you and his warm torso. “I hate this act.”

“Then how would you like me to be, Mr. Shimada?” You gave him a coy smile, but the look in his eyes told you he was having none of it.

“Honest.” As his hands released you, his stoic eyes bore down upon you, piercing you. In hindsight, you should have known he'd be like this. He had always hated the pretty face and flirtatious facade you put on.

“I'm afraid my honesty got me in a lot of trouble last time.” You had let yourself get too comfortable with this man. You had come to the conclusion that that was why you had lashed out, that was why you had made such a fool of yourself, why you had said those embarrassing things. You had started to see him as a friend, rather than a client, and that was dangerous.

Mr. Shimada seemed surprised. Immediately his mind went to the worst places, picturing you tied up, forced into the life of a slave. In his mind, he saw you falling into depravity as man after man forced their pleasures out of you, reducing you to little more than a toy for their own enjoyment.

“I thought you wouldn't be punished.” His voice was breathless, his eyes filling with remorse as he scanned your features, looking for the hurt and anguish he expected you to be burdened with.

“They didn't. I was lucky enough to avoid such a fate. But maybe if I hadn't been so honest, I wouldn't have needed a new dress.” You left out the part about how you knew he had had a hand in your freedom, not wanting to make things more personal than they already were. Your jab was not lost on the man as his relief was quickly hidden behind defensive eyes.

“Can we stop this game? This coy banter tires me.”

“Of course. With what you want me for, there is no need for words anyway.”

“So you're just going to continue? Like nothing ever happened?” With an aggravated sigh, you finally broke character.

“What else do you expect me to do? This is my job. I'm not your girlfriend. I'm not your woman. There is no relationship here. You're here for sex and I'm here to provide that. Why make it more
complicated then it needs to be.” The man had no words, unable to summon a response as he looked down at you.

You stared the man in the eyes, frustrated as you struggled to figure out what he wanted from you. But after a minute or two, you could no longer bare the way he looked at you, turning away as you put some distance between the two of you.

“I'm sorry.” His words caught you off guard. “Last time thing got... out of hand.” Half turning to face him, those beautiful eyes met yours, filled with remorse. You weren't sure how to respond to such honesty. If you accepted his apology, if you continued this conversation, you would be further encouraging this familiarity. If you just carried on, just did your job, you would be safe. Letting out a ragged sigh, you walked over to the man.

“We both said things we regret. Let's not revisit painful memories.” You wanted to hug him, to comfort the man, to reassure him that everything was alright, but you knew better. This had to stay professional. “So tell me, what can I do for you today.” Laying your hands on his arms, you were surprised as he pulled you into his embrace, your head laying against his chest as he rest his chin on top of your well done hair.

“The last thing I want is for you to be punished.” His arms tightened around you, mind wandering to dark places. “If you think it best, I'll leave and never come back. If me being here puts your in jeopardy, I'll go.” You weren't sure how to respond, defaulting to the one question that had been plaguing your mind for the last two months.

“Why do you come here?” The man paused, unsure if he should give an honest answer, or if he even had one to give. Mulling it over, it took several minutes before he answered you.

“Companionship.” It was a simple answer from a complicated man. Yet somehow you understood it all too well. You knew what it was like to have a lonely heart. “Do you want me to leave?”

This was your chance. You could tell him yes, he'd be gone. You'd be safe. He had caused you so much trouble. You're boss had a close eye on you, you had almost been punished, you had been emotionally compromised, not to mention he had destroyed your favorite bra. Lucio had bought you that bra from France when he was there on tour. Sending him away would be the safe bet.

“No.” The man paused, taking in your answer before he lay his face against your hair, his arms flexing around you as he held you impossibly close.

You knew you should send him away, knew you needed to protect yourself, but deep down, there was a part of you that also yearned for companionship. You had Liz, but you wanted someone from the outside. Someone to remind you that there was a world beyond these walls that you could live in one day, not just visit on your time off.

Course fingers took hold of your chin, tilting you up so that your lips could meet. His kisses were lusty, forceful as he hurried things along. Clearly he had been needing some attention in the last two months. Kissing back, you matching his hunger, hurriedly stripping him of his shirt as his hands fumbled with the clasp of your dress.

It wasn't long before you were both naked, bodies pressed together as you pawed each other, becoming reacquainted with each others forms. His body was so strong, so well defined, he could easily overpower you at any minute, and you loved it. Briefly, you wondered if he should take charge, if he wanted to be dominated today, but as he lifted you up, wrapping your legs around his muscular waist, you had your answer.
Rolling his hips, his length rubbed against your entrance, already hard and eager to be reunited with your warm sex. With your arms wrapped around his neck, you fumbled to hold yourself up, regretting not spending more time focusing on your arms when you hit the gym. Grabbing hold of your ass with both hands, Hanzo helped support you as you moved to the nearby table, sucking at your neck as his hands groped at your backside. His body was hot against you, your need growing as you felt the power in his muscles as he breathed against you. A deep growl rumbled from his chest like thunder, his hips bucking up into yours as he sought friction.

“H-Hanzo.” you stammered as his rolling hips rubbed your clit, sending the sweetest little shocks of pleasure coursing through you. Another growl escaped him, pulling you tighter against him as he bit sharply against your neck.

“I love it when you call my name.” His voice was low and lusty, shaking you to your core as you felt yourself grow slicker against him.

“Hanzo.” You moaned, kissing along his jaw. “Hanzo.” as he laid you down on the cold wood of the table, your hands wandered his torso, moving down his rippling abs as you moaned softer.

“Hanzo.” Wrapping your hand around his cock, you began to stroke him as the man leaned over you, propping himself up on his elbows. Closing his eyes, the man enjoyed your touch, small groans escaping him as he listened to you call his name over and over again.

Growing impatient, you rubbed the head against your slick entrance, teasing him as you suckled his earlobe. Giving a small needy thrust of his hips, the man poked at your entrance, letting out a grunt as he was tempted by your warmth. But as you moved to slide him in, he pulled away. Letting out a whimper, you reached to pull his hips closer, only for your hands to be pinned above your head.

“You've always been so impatient.” Hanzo mocked, giving you a coy grin as his dazzling eyes surveyed the alluring sight of you pinned beneath him. Dipping down, he kissed a line down your sternum, stopping only when he rested between your breasts. Releasing your wrists, the touch pads of his hands rubbed over your soft mounds, the sensation sending chills down your spine as he sucked at the skin, leaving small bruises and love bites along your flesh. Running your fingers through his hair, you were quick to knock loose the tie that holds it back. As his black locks fall to cascade over your exposed form, you admire the way he looks up at you, hungry and dangerous. In that moment, he looked feral, savage almost, and you loved it.

As his teeth bit marks into you, you briefly thought about your other clients you had yet to serve today, but the thought was pushed away as Hanzo's kisses began to move lower. Coming to rest on his knees, the man's large hands splayed out over your stomach, moving your legs further apart as he nestled between them. Taking the soft skin of your thigh in his mouth, the rough sucking was sure to leave harsh bruises, but you didn't care as he ran his hands along your form, the sensations he worked upon you rendering you light headed.

Letting a breathy moan escape, you savored the feeling of course hands wandering you, exploring as they massaged you. But as his mouth found you warmth, a jolt of pleasure struck you. The man was eager to please, slowly dragging his tongue over your tingling clit as his hands gripped your thighs, holding them open. You began to squirm as his the wet muscle swirled around your sensitive nub.

“You taste so sweet.” Briefly, you thanked whatever powers that be that Hanzo had been your first client of the day, knowing you wouldn't have received this treatment if you had already entertained another. Hands sliding further up your thighs, the man's thumbs came to spread open your moist sex, his tongue dipping in to wriggle against your walls. A shiver raked your spine, causing you to arch your back.

“AH! Uhh.” You couldn't form words as Hanzo lapped at your slit. For someone who lacked charm
and was so poor with words, his tongue was devilish in other ways.

As he moved up to suck at your clit, two fingers were pushed into your entrance, spreading you as they scissored inside you. Your head began to spin, the sounds you made echoing around the room to be thrown back at you, embarrassing you as you heard what escaped your mouth. As the man slipped a third finger in, pumping you roughly as the strong muscle of his mouth stimulated you, your limit was reached.

“Please.” you panted, tugging lightly at his hair to get his attention. “I need you.” Pulling back momentarily, sharp eyes observed you, the handsomeness of the man that rested between your legs only serving to further arouse you.

“What do you need.” He taunted, slowly dragging his tongue over your clit as he shoved a fourth and final finger in you, stretching you wide as he cruelly worked you open.

“I need your cock. Need it inside me.” You moaned, bucking your hips unto his mouth as you pleaded. “Please, Hanzo.” Any other time, he would have said no, he would have continued to torment you, forcing orgasm after orgasm from you. But the man had gone too long with only his hand to please him, and the taste of you was too much.

He was on top of you before you knew it, easily sliding in as he began a demanding pace. You had no time to adjust to his girth as he pressed you against the table, mouth biting at anything in reach. His thrusts drew high pitched moans from you as his hands raked down you body, coming to steady your hips as he sought to bury himself deeper in you. His guttural groans helped spur you towards your end, the sensation of being filled causing you chest to tighten as you danced at the brink. As you spilled over the edge, there was one word on you lips.

“Hanzo!” Throwing your head back, you let your orgasm overtake you, shaking beneath the man as he wrapped his arms around your waist, pulling you close as he listened to you call his name. His own mind was growing fuzzy, eyes unfocused as he looked down at you. Clenching his jaw, he hurried his own end along, wanting to be pushed over the edge by the sound of your voice. As he achieved his climax, he clung to you tight, his face smushed into your neck as he quivered and shook, hips bucking one last time to spill deep into you.

You heard it this time, clear and unmistakable, the name that had eluded you on all your previous encounters. You had been prepared this time, waiting and listening. As the man held you against his trembling form, riding out his pleasure as he twitched inside you, you heard it, breathed low and deep.

“Yuki.” maybe it was the fact he was right by you ear, or that you had been anticipating it, but as you repeated the name over and over in your mind, committing it to memory, you felt a mixture of joy, and pain at finally catching the name that danced off Hanzo’s lips at orgasm.
Mi Alma

The warm water felt good, washing over your sore muscles and bite marks as you rinsed off the suds. Teeth marks and hickeys peppered your body, evidence of your deeds. No shower could wash that much away. But the water felt good.

It was the end of your day. You had decided to wash up in the private room before heading back to your room. Liz was still in bed, recovering from a rough client she had had yesterday. You figured you'd make her dinner and put on a movie. Liz was never one to talk about her experiences, preferring your company as comfort.

You were done washing. And once cum was no longer dripping from your used entrance, the steam helped clear your head. You thought about getting out, but were enjoying the idea of being clean.

Powerful arms encircled your waist, lips kissing along your neck as a man pressed against your back, the water running trails down his dry skin. A soft smile spread your lips, hands reaching up to entangle in dampening hair. The man's facial hair tickled your neck, a hum escaping him as his large hands moved slowly to wander your slick form.

“I thought you were leaving?” Coy and fond, your words could barely be heard over the downpour of water. Pulling you back to rest against him, one of his calloused hands took your breast, thumb rubbing circles over your nipple.

“Don't wanna.” He muttered, voice low and raspy as he nuzzled his nose behind your ear.

“Don't want to put the mask back on, huh?” Leaning your head back, you rested on his shoulder, wet hair laying over his skin, sticking to it. Eyes shut, you enjoyed the man's embrace, the gentle way he touched you, as if he might break you if he wasn't careful.

“I'm tired.” His voice was quiet, words mumbled into your skin as he leaned more of his weight on you. The man had a lot on his plate, you didn't need to know about his personal life to recognize that. Between his current work and the baggage he carried from his past, the man needed a break, not that he would ever take one.

“I can only imagine. Especially after all the things you just did to me.” You knew that wasn't what he meant but you weren't about to pry into his personal life. This was the last man whose business you wanted to get involved with.

His arms stilled, unsure if he wanted to redirect the conversation in its original direction or let it be. But as your hands rubbed up his scarred arms, he let out a ragged sigh letting the matter go. You felt a little guilt, knowing the man didn't have very much in his life that brought him comfort. Turning in his grasp, you cupped his face, red eyes looking down at you somberly, a weary, broken soul smoldering behind them. Your heart swelled with sorrow as you observed the man, worn and haggard from his long, tiring life.

“Gabe, stay with me? At least a little bit longer?” Closing his eyes, the man leaned into your touch, grateful that you were the one to ask. Resting his forehead against yours, his long wavy locks fell around the two of you like a veil so that all you saw was him. He looked worn thin, the lines of his face deep and the bags under his eyes heavy. You had grown accustomed to his appearance now, his rotting flesh and monstrous features no longer unsettling you.

Unlike your first encounter, he was gentle, vulnerable when with you. Soft and needy, he clung to
you during these sessions, always dragging out the time, not that you minded. It was a bit tiring some
days, caring for this man's emotional needs, but whenever you looked into those red wells of sorrow
and struggle, you were compelled to help him in any little way you could.

Your thumb rubbed over his cheek, giving him the contact he was so often denied in his daily life.
Another small hum echoed in his throat, enjoying the gentle caress, wishing it was a more regular
occurrence. As your forehead left his, the man opened his eyes in time to watch you as warm lips
met his own chilled ones. You kissed him as if you loved him, as if you had loved him for years, and
he could almost believe you did. Almost fool himself into thinking there was something there, he
knew better. But he would take what he could get.

Kissing back, the dark skinned man tilted his head to deepen the kiss, large rough hands splaying out
across your back. His cool flesh felt good against your own, warmed by the water. Massaging his
back and sides, the man melted further into your touch, surrendering himself to your affections. His
coarse beard was scratchy against your smooth skin. As your hands brushed over his ribs, you felt
the man wince, shifting away from your touch.

“Is the pain bad today?” You asked, breaking the kiss to study his expression. He grimaced, clearly
uncomfortable, but he didn't look as bad as you had seen him before.

“Not unbearable.” He muttered. His condition caused him chronic pain. Some days, it was
unendurable, leaving him bedridden. You had yet to see him at his worse, but you had seen him
damn close.

Those were the worst. The sessions where he was in too much pain to continue, limp on the bed as
he groaned in pain. You never knew what to do then. Never knew how to make him better. When all
you wanted to do was help, you were forced to sit there and watch as the man tossed and turned in
agony till it subsided.

“Hey.” taking his chin, you lifted his face to get a better read on him, eyes capturing his as you gave
him a concerned look. “You sure you're ok Gabe?” He didn't smile, but his eyes were soft as they
studied you.

“I'll be alright.” capturing your hand, cold lips lay a light kiss on your palm. You opened your mouth
to speak, but were cut off as he pulled you forward by the hand, laying you against his chest before
he turned to pin you against the wall.

It wasn't forceful or aggressive. He barely put any weight on you as his arms rested on either side of
you, trapping you where you were. His nose nuzzled in your wet hair before moving down to kiss
along your neck, breathing in the smell of the body wash you used. The man's actions were so soft,
so careful as he gave you his undivided attention.

“One more.” His words chilled you, along with his cold flesh pressed against you.
As his hand reached down to rub against your entrance, you breathed in the hot air, a shiver running
down your spine at the contact. You had just come down from the many orgasms he had given you
earlier. Now, still sensitive, you could only whimper as he caressed your tired nub. Between the
steam of the shower and the ice of his touch, you were quickly feeling light headed and sensitive.

“Gabe.” you said his name in a weak protest, fingers gripping at his side as you bit your lip. A small
smile pulled at the edges of his lips, the man feeling a pulse in his cock at the sight of you
whimpering for him.

“Mi alma.” he purred, taking the skin of your neck between his teeth gently, careful not to cut you
with his sharp fangs. As he slipped a finger past your lips, a shiver raked your spine. He could still
feel his seed mixed with your fluids as his finger coaxed your walls.

“Gabe.” You breathed again, trying to steady your breath. Your eyes traced over the man’s chiseled form as he knelt down, sucking your neck as he covered you in more hickeys. Sliding another finger in, the man worked you open, not that you needed it.

As your legs began to shake, weary from the pleasure the man had worked on you for the last two hours, Gabe pressed his body against yours, supporting your weight as he continued fingering you. Gripping onto his shoulders, your head was spinning as he massaged your tingling walls, pulling the life out of you as your need overtook you.

This was a problem you weren’t used to having. It wasn’t often that you were the one left exhausted and drained as someone else drowned you in pleasure. You weren’t sure what to do as the man brought you closer to yet another orgasm. Through the fuzz and your disorientation, you could hear the dark skinned man muttering sweet things to you, coaxing you along.

“Please. It’s too much.” you whimpered, body consumed by small shudders as he pushed you towards your end.

“For me, mi amor. One more for me.” You couldn’t refuse him, couldn’t deny the man that whispered such loving words to you. As he slipped a third finger in, corse thumb rubbing over your clit, you spilled over the edge.

Calling the man's name, you tremble against him as your weary body was once more overtaken by ecstasy. His large hand continued to work you, even as you pushed weakly against it, maddened as you were overstimulated. It didn't take long for you to come down, legs shaking and breath ragged as you relied entirely on Gabe to keep you upright. Finally feeling satisfied, the man with drew his hand, arms entwining around your waist to hold you close to him.

“You’re so beautiful, mi alma. So good to me.” Kissing the top of your head, he continued to hold you, soaking up what time he had left with you so that it could hold him over until next you met.
You sat on the bed, trying to contain your excitement as you waited for your client. You had gotten there early, unable to wait after seeing who had requested you. You had put on your second best dress, your best being the one Hanzo had bought you, and you didn't want to wear that one for anyone other than him.

You weren't left waiting too long. As the door opened, you hopped up, trying not to seem too eager as you moved towards the man that entered. Well dressed, as always. His jacket was stylish, the top two buttons of his shirt undone to give a tease of his sturdy chest. His dark skin had a healthy glow to it, his eyes dazzling as they shimmered with life.

You moved to hug him, eager to feel his affections. But as your arms raised to embrace him, Lucio put out a hand to stop you. His expression was stern and unamused, eyes sharp as they pierced yours. Startled, you studied his face, trying to get a read on him. Had you done something wrong? Was he upset with you? Your eyes were questioning, unable to think of a reason for his behavior.

At first there was a twitch to his lips, then he broke out into a full smile, laughing as he slouched. Covering his mouth with the back of his hand, Lucio squinted at you, eyes alight as he chuckled at his own joke.

“I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself. You're just so cute.” Leaning forward, he places a light kiss on your forehead, his sparkling smile enough to win you over as you let a small grin slip past your lips.

From behind his back, the DJ pulled a box, nicely wrapped with a bow on top. Presenting it to you, Lucio seemed delighted as you took it in your hands, holding it close.

“I hope you like it. I thought of you when I saw it.” You spared him an excited glance before untangling the ribbon. You were about to throw the silk strip away when you had an idea. Laying the ribbon around your neck, you opened the box. Inside, on a satin pillow, lay a hair clip. Gold and jade swirled together to form an intricate cluster of cherry blossoms. The piece so delicate looking, that you held your breath, as if the slightest breeze might break it. The thin green petals, the dainty gold stamen, the droplet shapes of the yet budded bulbs. You had never seen anything so awe inspiring. Not daring to touch it, all you could do was stare, feeling unworthy to even hold such an object in your hands.

Offering a understanding smile at your bewilderment, Lucio stepped closer, gingerly reaching into the box to lift the clip out. Holding it in front of you, his eyes warm and affectionate as they reassured you. He wasn't surprised, despite the extravagance of the Upper Floor, you yourself weren't used to such fine luxuries. He guessed that most of the jewelry the men here bought you were fakes, whether you knew it or not. But when he had seen the clip, with its delicate yet alluring form, he couldn't help but be reminded of you.

“May I?” Motioning to your hair, the DJ gave a little twirl with his finger, indicating for you to turn around. Still overwhelmed by the awe of your present, you managed a small nod, turning as you covered your mouth with your hands.

Running lightly through your hair, Lucio’s fingers combed back your locks, the sensation of his fingertips against your scalp calming you. You melted at his touch, the man's company and affection putting you at ease. Pulling your hair up, the dark man configured it into a messy updo, pinning the clip in once he liked what he saw.
“Are- are you sure I can keep this?” You were filled with a mixture of overwhelming joy and shaky uncertainty. To be honest, you weren't even sure you could accept a gift this exuberant. You weren't sure you deserved something so grand from a man so spectacular. As you moved to face him, you hadn't expected the delight in Lucio's eyes, hadn't expected the way his arms wrapped around you. But you couldn't say you were surprised by the softness of his lips as he kissed you, the familiar, slow way he worked your lips.

Like an old lover and at the same time a first kiss, the man worked your mouth, parting your lips as his tongue snuck through to tangle with yours. The kiss built gradually, the both of you becoming lost in each other as hands wandered over flesh. In all things, Lucio was passionate. Whether it was his music, his fighting, or his intimate moments. The man never failed to make you feel loved.

Holding you in an affectionate embrace, you savored the gentleness and care he took with you. Never breaking the kiss, the DJ led you towards the bed, shedding his jacket along the way. Nimbly untucking his shirt, the pads of your hands slid their way up his chest, enjoying the warmth of his skin.

“Have they been treating you well?” Lucio asked, looking you over, checking for bruises and wounds. He felt relief bloom in his heart at finding you unscaved. He knew it was the nature of your life, and that there was little he could do to ease your burdens. As this was a choice you had made, but he still wished there was a way to keep you safe.

“Things have been well.” You told him that every time, but this time you meant it. With Gabe's newly discovered soft side and things resolved with Hanzo, you had very little to complain about. You were lucky of late, it seemed as though you had managed to build up a portfolio of steady and safe clientele, with only two men favoring you that gave you any cause for worry.

You couldn't say it was the ideal life, still living for the day you could be free, could retire and move somewhere far away. Leave this life behind you. But for now, you took comfort in knowing that things here weren't as rough as they could be. You had been on the Upper Floor for four, almost five months now, and already you had a respectable nest egg tucked away for your retirement. Your early years may have been harsh and challenging, a constant fight for survival, but you would make sure the rest of your life could be lived in comfort and ease.

“Good. I worry about you being in here.” He was such a sweet man. You had never known a man with a heart as big as Lucio's.

“Well with you here, I know I'm in good hands.” Kissing his cheek, you began to unbutton his shirt, loving his strong lean build. His dark skin was flawless, smooth and taunt. A lot of your clients were older men. It was nice having someone closer to your age. He had a vitality to him that was so refreshing. Slipping his belt off, you gave his thigh a light smack with it, causing him to grin and chuckle.

“Feeling spunky today, are we?” As you knelt before him, laying light kisses along his stomach, the man's gaze lingered on you, warm and endearing. Pulling teasingly at the waistband of his slacks, you made a point of dragging your breast against his crotch.

“What can I say. I always get excited when you are around.” Giving him a cheeky grin, you kissed the button of his pants before slipping it open and pulling his zipper down with your teeth. You could see the lust growing behind his eyes, lips pursing as his need grew inside him.

“Mmh, you're so sexy for me, baby girl.” His large hand came to rest on top of your head, hoping this was going in the direction he thought it was.
You knew what he wanted, knew he loved being teased as you pleased him. Sliding his pants down, your lips softly traced kisses along his muscular thighs as your hands snaked up to give his butt rough squeeze.

As your mouth reached the elastic of his boxers, you took the fabric between your teeth, pulling at it teasingly. Looking up at the man from under your brow, Lucio seemed to be holding his breath, teeth chewing at his lower lip as he watched you hungrily.

Pulling his boxers down to free his impressive erection, it wasn't long before your lips were around it, taking just the head in your mouth as your tongue swirled around it. Lucio’s head fell back as he let out a long groan, savoring the first contact as you suckled the tip of his dick, hand massaged his balls.

The man raised his head as he felt something being lightly tied around the base of his length. Looking down, he saw your grin first, so enchanting and playful, obviously pleased with yourself. He noticed the satin bow tied around the base of his cock second.

“What are you doing, baby girl?” He chuckled, hand cupping your cheek as he watched you.

“My second present.” Your eyes were coy, seductive as you licked up the underside of his cock, laying a teasing kiss on the head. You savored the look in his eyes. The hazy, slightly lost fascination as he memorized the way you worshiped his manhood. He was already hard, but as time passed, you teased him into a state of frenzy, licking and sucking and fondling him till his shook desperately, teetering on the brink as you denied him release.

“Oh, baby. I wanna cum.” Taking his cock deep in your throat till your nose brushed against the bow, you held it there, unmoving as the man whimpered and groaned, so close to his release. But before he could finish, you pulled back, leaving his twitching cock untouched as you grinned up at him.

“Already? But we just started.” Massaging his thighs and hips, you made a point of letting your fingers brush over his balls and the base of his cock, torturing him as his legs trembled.

“Please girl. You're killing me.” Despite his protest, the foggy lust and warm glow that resided in his eyes was evidence enough that he was loving every minute of this.

“If I let you cum, will you have more for me?” Dragging your tongue up the underside of his length, you closed your eyes as you listened to the needy sounds the man made.

“Oh honey. Oh beautiful. I'm not going to be done with you for a good long while.” With that, you took him back in your mouth, encouraged by the promise of a long, safe session as you worked him towards his end. It didn't take long. “Baby, pull back. I'm-” Grabbing you by the hair, Lucio pulled you off of him, grabbing his cock as his warm seed splattered over your face and chest, coating you in his sweet scent. Bent over, the man shuddered as his long awaited climax overtook him, making him dizzy. As his cum ran trails down your body, he moved to collapse on the bed, arms splayed out as he panted.

“Damn, girl. I don't think I could quit you if I tried.” Eyes still closed, a dazzling smile light up the man's face as he basked in the afterglow.

“Well good,” you grinned, climbing onto the bed to curl up in the crook of his arm. “Cause you're stuck with me for the next couple hours.”
The sound of soft suckling filled the room, slurping and light gagging, clumsy and ill-coordinated.

“You're doing so well, love.” You praised, petting the man's hair as those beautiful eyes peered up at you, hesitant and watery. His lips wrapped awkwardly around the plastic cock that was presented to him, cautiously taking its length into his warm cavity as he tried to gauge how well he was doing from your reaction. The man clearly had no clue what he was doing, but it was cute how he tried for you despite his discomfort.

Hanzo sat before you on his knees, hands bound behind his back by thick ropes and leather straps. You would be hesitant to admit it aloud, but you loved the way his cheeks hollowed as he took in what little of the dildo he could, the gloss to his eyes as he fought against his gag reflex, the furrow of his brow as he concentrated on what he was doing. Combing your fingers through his hair, the man relaxed into the touch, enjoying the reassurance as he braved to take in another inch.

“That's it. Take a little more for me. You look so pretty like this.” Completely naked, the man shivered against the cold, despite the heat that flared inside him. A mixture of shame and arousal stirred within him as his tongue dragged along the underside of the toy. Giving his mouth a break, he pulled back, trying to calm his breathing as he opted to lick up and down the length of the silicon cock.

You were disappointed to see that his own manhood was still limp, hanging there lifelessly between his legs. But you were patient. Gentle, yet firm, you grabbed a handful of his loose hair, redirecting him to the tip of the strapon, not granting him the rest he wanted. His eyes met yours, briefly questioning, as if hoping he could get out of it, but you raised a brow, hand adding a slight pressure to the back of his head, encouraging him to continue. Thick shoulders tensed as the man submitted to your wishes, the thick head once more pushing past his lips to fill his virgin cavity.

With a soft hand, you guided him up and down the toys length, moving his head in a bobbing motion in an attempt to teach him a good rhythm. Despite the man's hesitance, he was picking up on the skill quickly. You wished you could feel something from the experience, wished you could know what his warm entrance felt like, the sensation of his tongue twirling over the head, wanted to know what he felt when you did the same for him.

“Hanzo, baby. You're doing so good for me.” A part of you wanted to be rough with him, wanted to force him down on the toy, but it was clear he had never done anything like this, had never gone this far. You didn't want to scare him off. You were probably the first person he had ever trusted with this. You couldn't risk losing his trust.

Briefly, you heard his voice in your head, deep and lusty and longing. “Yuki”. Had he ever done anything like this with her? Did he open up to her with his secret needs and perversions? Did he long for it to be her cock that violated his mouth? Was he picturing her standing above him right now?

You pushed the thoughts aside, concentrating on guiding the man through his motions. Small sounds
occasionally escaped him, some soft and needy, but most awkward and sloppy. As the tip brushed the back of his throat, the man let out a horrid gag, jerking back swiftly to lean away, coughing violently.

“Shhh. You're ok. Shhhh.” Leaning over, you cupped his face with one hand while the other rubbed his back. Hanzo avoided eye contact, embarrassed by the whole situation. “Such a good boy.” Laying light, fluffy kisses over his hair and forehead, you managed to ease him into facing you. “You're doing just fine.” Reluctantly, his eyes glanced up at yours, doubtful, as if he wanted to say something, to stop this. But he didn't.

Taking his lips, you continued to lay repeated soft pecks on them, sweet and comforting. Closing his eyes, Hanzo appreciated the softness of your touch, easing the soreness of his jaw. Leaning in, he tried to deepen the kiss. A shiver overtook him as you grabbed a handful of his hair, suddenly turning the kiss rough as you mauled his lips. A low groan echoed in the back of his throat at the unexpected force, watching you through heavy lids as your tongue slipped past his lips to dominate his mouth. Sneaking a peak, you were pleased at the pink tint to his cheeks and the lust that smoldered in his eyes.

As your tongues danced, a slow heat building between the two of you, a warmth that grew from deep inside you. Sliding down his solid shoulders, your hands splayed across his chest, palms massaging his pecs.

“Such a beautiful body.” You muttered into the kiss, feeling the large mass of muscle under your hands. “So strong. So powerful.” Breaking the kiss, you gave his pecs a harsh squeak, savoring the way the muscle melted in your hands. His chest tensed, breath hitching at your words. He loved your praise. Longed for more of it. Needed to feel your hands all over his body, hear your voice telling him how much you wanted him. But more than anything, he needed to be wanted, and wanted to be needed.

“We're going to try something new today. How does that sound my little pet?” The man chewed on his lower lip nervously as you revealed to him a his new toy, a slick black butt plug.

It was a normal size, nothing too taxing for the man's first time. The silicone was soft and smooth, a brilliant blue gem at the end of the taper. Hanzo regarded it with uncertainty, resolve wavering as he thought about just where the toy was going. But as your lips wrapped around the toy, tongue running over it in a showy display, he was again intrigued. As your wet muscle twirled around the plug, lubricating it for his benefit, you watched as the man's dark eyes followed the movement, mesmerized by your work. You knew he wished it was his cock in your mouth, that he could feel the warmth and softness of your moist cavity.

With a twitch, his cock began to respond. Smiling, you removed the plug from your mouth, sliding into the mans lap as you seduced him with your eyes.

“You're going to be good for me, aren't you?” Biting his lip, Hanzo didn't have time to respond before you were pushing the toy into his entrance. A single groan escaped him as the bulk of the plug slipped past his clenching opening, the vibrations making him squirm. Wasting no time, you stood, tapping the head of the fake cock against his lips.

“Open wide for me.” He was less hesitant this time, lips parting so that the thick dildo could work its way into his wet entrance.

You took it slow, letting him set the pace as you guided him along. But as he was stimulated from both ends, Hanzo began to feel antsy, an alien need growing in him.

“Mhm hhn mmh.” You couldn't make out what it was he said as his words were muffled by the
plastic that filled his cavity.

“What was that, my little dragon?” With the strapon out of his mouth, you could hear him loud and clear as he muttered, eyes sheepish as they stared up at you.

“Please, be rougher.” You didn't need to be told twice.

Grabbing a fist full of his hair, you yanked him forward, forcing the cock past his lips and to the back of his throat. Eyes open wide, Hanzo squirmed against you, hacking and gagging as choked sounds battled with the plastic that worked its way further down his throat.

“Take it. Take all of it, you worthless piece of meat.” Lips stretched wide at the very base of the toys length, those enchanting brown orbs began to roll back as he struggled for air. Darkness crept into the edge of his vision, his surroundings blurring as consciousness began to slip from his grasp. Just before he blacked out, you pulled him off of the strapon, allowing him to take a loud desperate gasp of air, lungs filling with much needed oxygen. Panting and coughing, Hanzo's heart raced as his eyes began to focus again. Drool dripped from his swollen lips, gaze still fuzzy as he stared at your feet. As his senses returned to him, his face grew bright red as he realized his cock had grown erect.

Looking up at you, he opened his mouth to protest, only for you to shove the toy back in his gaping entrance. This time the man managed to breath sharply through his nose before the hard plastic filled his throat. As his mind grew foggy, the vibrating sensation that filled his entrance was heightened, arousing him as it overwhelmed what was left of his senses. Again the blackness crept in. Again he struggled to maintain consciousness. And again, you pulled out at the last moment, leaving the man a limp, struggling mess as he realized just how undeniable his perversions were.

As this game continued, you bringing him to the brink only to pull him back before he could be swallowed by the darkness, Hanzo found himself consumed by the feeling of vulnerability, completely surrendering himself to your will as you controlled the very air he needed to survive. It was addicting, his senses heightened, the throbbing of his cock, the buzzing of the toy inside him, the clamminess of his skin in comparison to the heat of his face, all amplified, so much more intense then he had ever experienced.

Pulling away again, you stepped back to admire the man as he leaned over, limp and weak. He was a mess, his face and chest red as they glistened in a thin layer of sweat. His cock almost glowed a furious crimson as it begged for attention, bobbing with the occasional twitch.

“If you don't take proper care of this cock, I know plenty of men that will do the job for you.” Meekly lifting him head, Hanzo was down right pitiful. Eyes glossy and red, chest still heaving for air, his jaw hung slack, sore from exercise you put him moist cavity through. Glancing up at you, his eyes were filled with need and longing, a haunting desire swirling in those captivating orbs. You weren't expecting him to lean towards you, tongue slipping out over his bottom teeth, mouth opening more as he waited for you to return the toy to the warm nest of his mouth.

Letting out a hearty laugh, a genuine smile came to your lips, pleased at the man's eagerness.

“Well! Look at you. Can't wait to be fucked by my cock. Such a dirty slut.” sticking your thumb in his mouth, you grabbed the underside of his jaw with your fingers, thumb pushing down on his tongue as you lifted his head up so you could look him in the eyes. Raising a brow, you savored the moan that echoed from his mouth, the pleading in his eyes. “Do you want more?” Towering over him, the strapon brushed against his throat causing a shiver to run through his skin as the yearning to be choked took hold of him.

“Yes.” He whimpered, brows knitted as his hips gave a small buck for emphasis.
“Yes what?”

“Yes, Mistress.” A mischievous grin stretched across your face, one that was more sincere than you would have liked to admit.

“Good boy. I think I'll give you a reward.” Squeezing the underside of his jaw and his tongue between your fingers, you felt the wet muscle wriggling under your thumb as you pulled him forward to fall crashing awkwardly to the floor. With a groan, the man winced, arms tense in their restraints as they instinctively tried to move to lift him back up. With his ass propped up in the air, you could clearly see the blue jem that guarded his entrance.

Taking handfuls of his ass, you spread his cheeks to get a better view of the toy that buzzed incessantly against his walls. Embarrassed, Hanzo tried to wriggle away, overcome with shame as his most private area was viewed in such a lewd way. A sharp smack to his backside was all it took to still him.

“Continue and I'll take away your reward.” At the thought of losing the addicting sensations you worked on him, the man let out a groan, face smushed into the floor as he tried to get a clear look at you. “Stay here, I'll be back.” You gave the hand print forming on his cheek a soft rub before rising to walk across the room to one of the drawers. As he heard you rummaging through untold objects, an excited nervousness grew in the shivering man.

After finding what you were looking for, you turned the item over triumphantly in your hands, pleased with your findings. As your footsteps signaled your return, Hanzo craned his neck in an attempt to see what you had pulled out of the drawer to bring you such satisfaction. But before he could make out what you held, you were kneeling behind him, fingertips tracing light patterns over his balls and cock as they hung vulnerably from between his legs.

“I think you'll like this my little dragon.” As your fingers moved up to circle over the blue jem, you heard the man let out a weak plea.

“Mistress...” Taking the crystal between your fingers, you began to twist it as you slowly pulled the buzzing toy out of the man’s puckering entrance. Hanzo let out a sharp cry, startled as his opening was stretched around the bulk of the plug, the vibrations against his tight muscles sending tingles through his balls and all the way to the tip of his cock.

As the plug popped free, you admired the small gape of the man’s twitching entrance. A smile spread your lips as you thought of all the things you could do to expand it. But you would save that for another time.

Your fingers brushed over the man’s asshole, causing a shiver to run down his spine at the unexpected touch. You knew this was his first time going this far, but you wanted to push him further, wanted to test the man’s boundaries. Wanted to take him to places Yuki never could.

Spreading his cheeks with one hand, you lined up the tip of his reward with his entrance. You doubted the man had any experience with anal beads, probably never even seeing any in person, let alone having them pushed inside him. A small part of you was glad to be his first in that regards.

These beads weren’t as large as the ones you were used to taking, but they were more than enough to stretch the man’s walls. Starting out small, they grew in size as they continued down the string. Every other one had a vibrater built in, powerful and addictive. When you had seen how well he responded to the plug, you couldn't help but think he would love this.

Pushing the smallest bead against his entrance, it slid in with ease, causing the man before you to
relax as he believed that to be the end of it. But as you began to press the second bead in, he stiffened, realizing what was being forced into him. With each added bead, each increased girth, the man let out a small moan, short and breathy.

Laying soft kisses on his right cheek, you watched the man's arms pull at his restraints, struggling to stay still against the sensations you inspired in him. Despite the pleasure you brought him, Hanzo couldn't yet fully surrender himself to you. But as your teeth nipped at his taunt flesh, a small mewl echoed from his throat, betraying him. With every bead you pushed in, you left a bite mark across his ass, one's that were sure to remain for several days. As the last bead was pushed in, Hanzo let out a small moan, trying to reason with you as he anticipated another bead to be pushed past his tight entrance.

“Please.. No more.” Giving his ass a sharp smack, you savored the groan that flowed from him.

“I say when you've had enough.” Taking the tail of the toy in hand, you flipped the switch.

The vibrations were deeper, more thunderous as it beat against the soft lining of his inner walls. Hanzo's legs trembled as his mind was consumed by the buzzing that violated parts of him he had never felt before.

“Uh! Nnh!” His brain was unable to form words as it was blinded by the feeling of the toy, oblivious to anything else.

Pulling him up to a sitting position, you watched as the man squirmed, against the wriggling and buzzing that desecrated his untouched walls. Small groans escaped him between jagged breaths as his muscles twitched sporadically. His legs shook with the strain of holding him up as he fought to stay upright.

“Such a small thing bringing such a big man to his knees.” You tutted, enjoying the blank stare of those beautiful eyes.

Grabbing hold of the bindings that held his arms, you dragged him across the floor, his legs folding out from under him as he slid along the smooth tile. You pulled him till his back was against the wall, body leaning against it for support as his legs splayed out in front of him. As he sat on his butt, the pressure of his posture put more stress on the toy inside him, causing him to moan as it rumbled stronger inside him.

“You've been so good for me, Hanzo. Keep it up and maybe I'll let you cum.” His face seem to soften, reassured by the promise of release. But the relief was short lived.

Grabbing a fist full of his hair, you leaned his head back against the wall, waiting for his eyes to meet yours before pressing the head of the plastic cock against his lips. Hanzo opened his mouth, granting you entrance, but he hadn't expected you to be so forceful. In no time, you were in the back of his throat, pulling back out only to slam back in as the toys girth stretched his lips taunt.

“This is all you're good for.”

Pinning his head against the wall, you rammed the toy down his throat, again and again and again, face fucking him as you forewent gentleness, letting your own twisted needs take control. The sound of repeated gagging filled the room, saliva pooling in his mouth began to run from the corners of his lips as he struggled to maintain a steady breathing pattern. Tears began to run trails down his cheeks as his eyes watered.

Despite his best efforts, he could feel his consciousness fading as you fucked him into the wall. He
was so close to the edge, Hanzo felt like one good push would send him toppling over the edge and into the abyss of insanity. Your fingers ran through his hair, taking a firm grip on it as your thrusts became impossibly brutal.

“God, you take my cock so well. You deserve a reward. You want to cum?”

“Ghaag-” A choked response was the only answer you got as Hanzo's eyes rolled back into his head, so far gone in his pleasure he could barely tell what was going on anymore.

Pulling out of his throat, you had the strapon off and tossed aside before Hanzo had finished taking his first full gasp of air. Yanking on his legs, you pulled the man away from the wall enough for you to quickly jump into his lap, his swollen member sliding into your dripping pussy with ease as you started a vigorous pace, hoping to achieve your own end on his tortured cock.

That was only a dream, sadly. Three pumps inside your warm cavity, and the man found his climax, the long awaited contact proving too much for the mess of a man. To see him, you would have thought the man possessed.

“Mistress- uh- hnn-” His orgasm was violent, overtaking his whole body as he shuttered and bucked fiercely underneath you, his warm seed filling and overflowing from you as he convulsed. The sounds that filled the room were incoherent as the man was overtaken by the greatest physical pleasure he had ever experienced. Despite the torrent of moans and cries, you heard it, breathed amongst all the almost animal sounds that poured from his mouth.

“Yuki.” You're heart sunk, something deep in your core hardening as you realized that despite all your efforts, despite all you had done for him, it was still her name he called. He was still thinking of her. Always thinking of her.

The worst part was, you knew he didn't even realize he was doing it. His love for her was so deeply ingrained in him, he couldn't help but call for her in his moments of deepest pleasure.

How long would it be before his feelings for her were too much. How long before he had to have the real thing, instead of using you as a substitute. How long before she took him away from you.

Hanzo was good to you. One of your favorite clients, you enjoyed his sessions. Whether you would taking control, making him subservient to you, or he took the lead. You felt a special bond with him, like you walked similar paths in life. You didn't want to lose that. Other then Liz, he was the closest thing you had to a friend.

Eventually, Hanzo came down from his explosive orgasm, chest heaving as he lay limp. The cool tile felt nice against his fiery skin, not that he felt much as his senses were dulled and he was left hazy and unresponsive. Eyes sweeping over his red, sweaty form, you wanted to feel pride at your work, but between the ache of your own need and the name that now echoed in your head, you were consumed by frustrations.

“Thank you.” Hanzo's ragged voice captured your attention. His eyes were still closed as he lingered in the fuzz and tingles of his high, but his expression was softer now, more pleased as his composure came back.

“I'm not done with you yet.” Pulling him up into a sitting position, you combed his hair out of his face, locking eyes with him as you tried to get a read on what he was thinking. He looked confused, a little worried as his mind tried to push past the fog to list all the things you could possibly still want to do to him. For but a moment, you captured his lips, enjoying their softness and the scratch of his goatee, not sure why you felt compelled to do so. Tiredly, the man kissed back, as if his swollen lips
wanted to thank you for what you had done to him.

Breaking the kiss, you were startled by the look in those beautiful brown eyes. Gratitude. So sincere, so honest and open as he stared into your eyes. You found yourself unable to meet his gaze, uncomfortable with the intimacy.

“It's my turn now.” Sitting up enough so that his limp cock could slide out of your throbbing walls, you lay back on the chilled tile before too much of his seed could drip out. The man gave you a questioning look, unsure what you wanted from him.

Reaching up, you grabbed a hold of his hair, guiding him till his mouth was mere inches from your dripping entrance. From between your legs, he glanced up at you, hesitant and pensive.

“Eat.” Was all the command you gave. You no longer wished to mince words, thinking only of your own release as your eyes traced over the soft shape of his mouth. You knew what he was capable of, knew how that mouth could treat you, and you wanted more.

“But...” Hanzo protested, watching the cum, his cum, that seeped from you. His face grew hot, cheeks red at the weight of your request.

“Now.” You stated, more firmly as your fingers tightened around his hair. The man held off a moment longer, stalling to see if you might change your mind. But as your eyes continued to bore into his, he knew there was no way out.

Cautiously, his tongue slipped past his lips, gliding up your slit as it was coated in both your fluids. The taste was a mixture of salty and sweet, making the man wince as his senses were assaulted by his own flavor. As a low moan escaped you, Hanzo felt emboldened. Pushing past the taste, his tongue slipped past your lips, lapping at your inner walls as he scooped out his own seed, swallowing what didn't dribble down his chin. Despite his aversion, despite the shame of his action, he felt himself growing hot at the thought of his own cum sliding down his throat.

More aggressively now, he lapped at your sex, tongue wriggling inside of you, causing you to squirm as your voice echoed about the room. Encouraged, Hanzo sucked at your entrance, sloppy, wet sounds mixing with your lusty moans. You were almost there, desperate to stave off your orgasm as you tried to draw out your pleasure as long as you could.

But Hanzo knew what he was doing far too well. As his lips closed over your sensitive nub, you couldn't help the tremble in your legs, his swirling tongue and sucking force carrying you to your end. Even as you came, the man continued to play with your clit, tongue flicking at it wildly as you shook, back arching you off the ground.

“H-Hanzo. Hanz! Yes!” If your eyes had been able to focus, if your mind hadn't been overtaken by the static of ecstasy, you might have been able to see the smirk on the mans face. You might have noticed the delight he took in giving you such pleasure, might have noticed the purposeful way he drew out your orgasm, wanting to keep you a quivering mess till you collapsed from exhaustion.

But all good things must come to an end and as you subsided, hands still shaking as they reached for the man, you couldn't find the words to thank him. As you lay sprawled out across the cold tile, Hanzo managed to struggle into a sitting position, eyes memorizing the way your body gave out from the bliss HE brought you to. Cracking an eye open, you studied him, a playful smile working its way to your lips.

“I think I'm done for the day after that.” Hanzo blushed at your words, a little embarrassed, but also glad that he had done so well for you.
Sitting up, you combed back your hair, giving him a breathy chuckle, eyes dazed as they looked into his. You let out a groan as you got to your knees, moving to untie the binds that held his arms back.

“You really know how to treat a lady. Can't say I've ever had anyone that good.” The leather straps were tossed aside easily, the ropes, however, took a little longer. “You're so so good to me. I'm so glad you decided to come in today.” Your soft words mixed the the way you massaged his arms as the ropes were shed, helped to put Hanzo into a trance. Suddenly, the weariness of his body seemed to catch up with him, his posture slumped and his head nodding as he closed his eyes, listening to your reassurances. All the doubt and uncertainty was put to rest as you continued to praise him, assuring him that his performance had been flawless. It meant so much, coming from you. He gave a shiver as you slowly worked the beads out of his swollen entrance, but beyond that, he gave no protest.

“Come on, big boy. Let's get you washed up.” Draping his arm over your shoulder, you helped Hanzo to his feet. His legs were still week, body exhausted. With you supporting him, you managed to get him to the bath.

Sitting him on the toilet, you started the water, making sure it wasn't running too hot before adding in some bath salts and scented bubbles to help sooth his sore muscles. Even as the tub filled, Hanzo seemed to remain incoherent, but blissfully so. While you waited for the large bath to finish, you attended to the man, brushing his hair back and tying it in a messy ponytail. Fingers lightly tracing over his sore jaw, you studied him, trying to gauge how he was doing.

“You ok?” Offering a weary smile, Hanzo's eyes had a twinkle in them you weren't accustomed to as he met your gaze.

“Wonderful.” For a moment, you thought he was going to kiss you, but instead, his hand reached out, cupping your cheek as his thumb rubbed over your soft flesh.

You gave him a kind smile before turning back to shut off the water. Though he could stand fine on his own, you helped Hanzo into the tub, worried he might slip and hurt himself. After he was settled comfortably in the sudsy water, your hand pressed at his back, prompting him to sit up as you slid in behind him. With your legs situated to either side of his hips, the man was able to lay back against you, the warm water making both of you melt into each other.

Taking the expensive sponge that rested at the lip of the bath, you dipped it in the water and squeezed, filling it with the healing liquid. With light touch, you washed the man’s body, whispering gentle things in his ear as your tender caress soothed his weary form.

“You were so good for me today, Hanz. Thank you so much. I loved every minute of it.” Laying a soft kiss on his head, you continued to wash his shoulders and chest, your other hand rubbing his wrist where the binds had formed bruises.

With a satisfied hum, Hanzo leaned his head back on your shoulder, eyes closed as he surrendered to your care. The steam of the water and the lingering scent of lilac had you both in a trance. As you kissed along his jaw, sponge washing away the soapy bubbles on his chest, you were surprised when his deep voice broke the silence.

“Would you mind if I asked for your number?”
Your eyes swept out across the crowd, scanning for familiar faces, hoping for one of your kinder regulars. At not finding any of the desired men, a frown stretched your lips thin. As was typical for a Thursday, the Upper Floor was teeming with guests, the gentle piano music drowned out by the buzz and chatter that pervades the air. Despite this, you were struggling to find a client, most of them being either taken or having preferences you would rather avoid.

You had spent the last two days recovering from a very rough client and didn’t feel inclined to spend the next few days doing more of the same. Your skin had healed nicely, thanks to the miracle of modern medicine, but you still carried a wound inside of you from the man's cruelty. Hence your desperation to have someone kind and understanding today, someone you could trust.

Standing some distance from you, surrounded by a group of men, Liz dazzled the crowd with her smile, eyes sparkling as she told an amusing anecdote. You felt your heart lighten at the sight of your friend, her liveliness and spirit inspiring you. Liz had been here far longer than you, and would remain long after you left. If she could brave this place and still smile, there was no reason you couldn't.

“Greetings, 王女(Ōjo)” A familiar voice called out, causing your spine to stiffen. “It has been a while since our paths crossed.”

Turning around, you came face to face with one of the last men you wanted to see. Dressed casually, as always, Genji’s metal form shined in the bright lights of the Upper Floor. Though his continence was obscured by his face plate, you knew he had a wiley smile stretched across his face.

“You're back.” You made no attempt to hide your displeasure as the man approached you. Ignoring your cold greeting, the cyborg continued, amused by your annoyance.

“You never called me. I'm hurt.”

“Don't give me that. You've been running around with every other girl in here. And besides, you'll get me in trouble if I have contact with you.”

“Don't be silly. Most of the women here have given me their number. There's no rule against staying in contact with your clients.” You met his flirtatious demeanor with skepticism, raising a brow at him. You weren't sure you believed him, but you secretly hoped he was right. It would mean you could rest easy with the knowledge that Hanzo now had your number.

Making a mental note to talk to Liz about this technicality, you noticed for the first time the gentleman that stood patiently behind Genji. You would have liked to say that the first thing you noticed about him was his laid back demeanor, or his sharp, handsome features, or his rugged, wild masculinity. But no. The first thing that caught your eye when you regarded him was his ridiculous hat.
He was dressed casually, leading you to assume he was with the cyborg as his eyes regarded the two of you with amusement. His wide brimmed hat overshadowed his face, darkening his features further only to add to his romantic mystic. His thick beard and sharp eyes were captivating, drawing the interest of something so instinctual within you. The sleeves of his button up where rolled up to his thick biceps, revealing his hairy forearm and robotic left arm. The buttons of his shirt were left undone to his mid chest, revealing a forest of thick brown hair. In his tight black slacks and cowboy boots complete with spurs, you couldn't believe he hadn't been picked up by the other Ladies yet.

Noticing your eyes on him, he decided to enter the conversation.

“And here I thought there wasn't a woman out there ya couldn't charm.” Turning back to his companion, Genji seemed to be enjoying himself.

“They are rare. But most of them can still be swayed.”

“Do you ever come here alone? Or is this your idea of a guys night out?” The stranger gave a laugh at your teasing remark, greatly amused by your treatment of the cyborg.

“Are all the women here as spunky as you?” The cowboy chuckled.

“Probably if they have to deal with him.” Nodding your head towards the shorter of the two men, your eyes never left the dreamy brunette.

“Well then let me apologize on behalf of my friend here.” Taking your small hand in his massive grasp, and kissed it, the man never broke eye contact as his brown orbs sparkled with intrigue. You had to admit, he was quite charming. Smiling back at him, you ignored Genji as you stepped closer to the mysterious cowboy.

“I'm glad to see at least one of you knows how to be a gentleman.” Glancing at the crowd, you noticed some of the other women had taken note of the ridiculously good looking man, eyeing you to see if it was too late for them to make a move. “So tell me, you see anything you like yet?” His toothy grin stirred something inside you, eyes darting between his as he moved even closer to you.

“Yes ma'am. I'd say I found just what I was looking for.”

“You didn't even want to come here. And now you're swooping in on my prize?” You could tell by Genji's voice that he was amused by the situation, teasing his friend. The both of you ignored him.

“So tell me. You have a name, cowboy?” The flirting came naturally with this client, your sexual allure easily inspired by this grizzly hunk.

“Got one. But I think I'll keep it to myself. Makes things more interesting.” Offering you his arm, the man tilted his head to the side, as if accepting was a challenge you had to pass.

“So what would you like, cowboy? What gets your spurs spinning?” Leaning in closer to him, you wrapped yourself around his strong arm, making sure all the other women knew he was your client now as the two of you walked on, leaving Genji behind.

“Nothing too exciting I fear. I'm just a simple man, darling.” He said with a chuckle, reaching over to rest a hand on yours.

“Nothing you desire? No fantasy I could fulfill?” Raising an eyebrow at him, you made a point of pressing your breast against his thick arm, your eyes playful and seductive as they met his.

“'Fraid not.” As he walked with you, his eyes traced every line of your body. You felt an intense
attraction to him, admittedly.

The two of you slipped into one of the private rooms, the eyes of envious women on you as the cowboy held the door open for you. You could tell it was his first time on the Upper Floor. You were glad to be his first, already hoping he would become a regular.

“What about you?” He asked, closing the door behind the both of you.

“What do you mean?” You asked, not understanding his question.

“What would you like?” You stared at him blankly, not able to summon a response. No one had asked you that before. Sure, there were clients that went out of their way to please you, but no one had ever flat out asked you what you wanted before.

“Oh no. I'm here to please you.” Letting your hands splay out over his muscular chest, you loved the sturdiness of his build as you leaned against him. His metal hand came up to lay over yours, his other arm wrapping around your waist to pull you close.

“It would please me to please you, darlin’.” Leaning down, he kissed along you neck, lips brushing over your flesh in time with you increasing pulse. His low voice and natural musk sent a shiver down your spine as you bit your lip. “Surely there's somethin' ya want.”

You wanted him. You couldn't deny that. But you weren't sure how you wanted him. You never gave much thought to what you preferred sexually. There wasn't much of a point to it. No sense in getting your hopes up.

As you thought about it, running over the long list of things you had experienced in your career, you saw Hanzo. Bound and gagging on your strapon, squirming as you violated his virgin entrance, falling apart, surrendering himself to you as you showed him pleasure most men would never be brave enough to try. You had to admit, you enjoyed those sessions the most. When you got to be in control, when you decided when enough was enough. You longed for more of that power in your life, more opportunities to call the shots. But you couldn't bring yourself to admit that out loud.

Flustered as you remembered the blind need in Hanzo's eyes as you rammed the toy down his throat, you quickly tried to think of something different to ask for, before your body caught fire from the heat roaring inside you. In a rush, you went from one extreme to another.

“Dominate me.” Before you could register what you had said, he had you spun around, one arm wrapping around your waist while his free hand grabbed at your throat.

“Wait!” You exclaimed, realizing too late what you had started.

“Why don't you let me show you how to have a good time, sugar.” With one good yank, the clasp that held your dress up popped off, bouncing across the floor as the silky fabric fell in folds around your shoes. You shivered as you felt his eyes on you, hungry and predatory, arms moving to cover your breast as his hands slid up your curves.

“Don't be shy.” He purred in a low tone, warm tongue dragging up your neck as his hands moved yours away, exposing your heated form to the cool air. A small noise escaped you, legs shifting as you felt a tingle begin to build in you. His eyes were sharp, dangerous and alluring as they watched you, causing you to freeze where you stood.

Like a fawn caught in the sights of a wolf, you felt hunted, helpless as the man explored your curves, seeing just what you had to offer. Your underwear was ripped off quickly, your legs forced apart by his own, exposing your tingling sex. You could feel your pulse between your legs, feel the liquid that
started to drip down your thighs.

“I'm gonna treat ya real good, darlin’.” As his hand slid down your pelvis, fingers running in small circles into your skin, you believed him. “Make you feel things no other man has ever made ya feel.” You let out a moan at his words, sinking back against him as two fingers pierced you.

He wasn't lying. As his fingers rubbed your walls, coaxing you in ways you had never experienced before, you had to wonder why a man this good looking and talented was even here. With a growl, the cowboy sunk his teeth into your neck, causing your breath to hitch as a violent shudder racked your body. You were intoxicated by him, so absorbed in his every touch, desperately needing him to continue.

You heard his belt being pulled out of its loops and you grew excited, so ready to be filled. But without warning, you felt the leather being wrapped around your throat and secured in the back through the buckle. You gasped before the strap was tightened, restricting your breathing, though not enough that you couldn't still manage. Hands reaching back, you grasped at his clothes, not sure what you were trying to accomplish. But without missing a beat, the man grabbed your arms, pinning them to your lower back as he bent you over.

“Easy there, princess. Just let me do all the work.” Wrapping the loose end of his belt around your wrists, he tied it off, securing your arms behind your back so that you couldn't struggle without choking. You yelped as a harsh smack was delivered to your backside, skin stinging as a red handprint began to form. A low growl could be heard behind you, causing you to squirm as small jolts of lightning ran through your body, collecting at your dripping sex. “It's been awhile since I've had a girl as pretty as you.” He admitted, leaning over so his lips could run trails down your back. As his hips rutted small circles against you, erection tempting you with what you wanted so badly, you became blind with need. The small sounds that escaped you were embarrassing, but you didn't care at this point, not if they worked to encourage him. Pulling his hips back, you whimpered at the lack of contact, worried he had changed his mind. But with one swift thrust, he was fully sheathed inside you.

You let out a loud moan, so pleased at the sensation of fullness. Giving you no time to get settled, the man started thrusting relentlessly, nails digging into your hips as his strong arms held you in place. It didn't take him long to find your weak spot, bucking into it repeatedly as your legs began to quiver beneath you. He had you to your brink in no time, reducing you to a trembling mess as you were helpless against the overpowering need that consumed your mind.

You had pleased many man in your time, know the “love” of many, but few had ever been able to work you like this stranger was now. Between this brutal thrusts and the words he muttered under his breath as he pulled on the belt, tightening its hold on your neck, you were seeing stars. When your orgasm did at last overtake you, it was violent and all consuming. You would have liked to say that the sounds that poured from you were sensual and alluring, but admittedly, you weren't sure what it was that came out of your mouth as you were racked by one of the best climaxes you had had in your life.

As you shuttered and shook, the cowboy grabbed hold of the belt, pulling back on it as if it were a set of reins. At the sharp lack of air and dull lingering sense of panic, everything you were feeling was only heightened.

So overtaken by your own pleasure, you didn't even notice as the stranger found his own release, as he emptied himself inside your spasming walls. Recovering before you, the man separated himself from you, letting you fall to a crumpled heap on the floor as small shivers occasionally took hold of you. You wanted to thank him, wanted to ask him to come back, wanted to tell him he was one of
the best fucks you had ever had, but what won out was your desire for rest. Kneeling down to stroke your hair, the man grinned at his work, obviously pleased with your state.

“I'm afraid I'm gonna need my belt back, darlin’.”
Compromised

Chapter Notes

Daddy kink, legal drug use (aphrodisiac), use of force and sexual role-play

Much to your disappointment, the mysterious cowboy left. You had never wanted to ask a client to stay so badly before. You wanted to know what else he could do to you, what new heights he could take you to. But your reason won out, causing you to let him walk out the door.

With a heavy sigh, you slipped out the secret door, immersing yourself in the darkness of the passageway. A small yelp escaped you as you came face to face with your boss. Standing in the dim lighting, your ill adjusted eyes hadn't been able to make him out initially.

“Sounds like you were having a good time.” He said flatly, though his raised brow and the slight pull at the edges of his lips was more than enough for you to know he was amused.

“The man knew what he was doing.” You stated, not letting him get to you as you straightened your back.

“Must be a refreshing change.” He smiled. “You have another client.” Pulling something from behind his back, you grimaced at the sight of it. “You'll need to wear this.”

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Stepping into the room, the bright lights made you wince, leading you to blink rapidly in an attempt to adjust your eyes. The room was a normal romance room, nothing special, nothing too strange. The decadence and glamor of the room was lost on you as a voice reached out to you.

“I hope you treated my friend well. I’d rather like for him to return again.”

Genji. You couldn’t say you were surprised. He had already taken his faceplate off, settling into the couch with a glass of wine as he smiled at you.

“This is a good look for you.” You had to admit, this wasn’t the first time you had worn a schoolgirl uniform, not by a long shot. But something about the way he was smirking at you had you irked.

“How did I know it would be you?” Hands on your hips, you eyed the man distrustfully, remembering all the difficulty that had come with his last visit.

“Well you definitely have the mouth of a high school girl.” Grinning, he patted his lap, indicating for you to sit. “Come to Daddy.”

Biting your tongue, you walked over to him, brushing your short skirt under you as you situated yourself on his knee. Pouring him more wine, you hoped that he didn't share Hanzo’s trait of growing aggressive when intoxicated. Taking the glass in hand, Genji didn't even bother to take a sip before his lips took yours, forceful and demanding without hesitation. Working your lips till you were flushed and breathless, the cyborg finally pulled away with a devilish smirk when he thought you sufficiently worked up.
“You're a very naughty girl, not calling me back.” Nipping your lower lip, his eyes were no less impressive than his brothers. Must be a family trait of strong spirits and intense character.

“You know I can't do that.” You couldn't help but stare into his eyes, mesmerized by their light. “I'll get in trouble.” You said as he pulled the collar of your uniform down. You could hear the soft whirring of machine parts as he leaned into the crook of your neck to suck at the soft flesh.

“I told you already, princess.” The metal of his hand felt chilled as it traced slowly up your thigh. “You are allowed to have contact with me. It's not against the rules.” Pulling back, he offered you his glass of wine, but you refused. “Besides, I'm sure Hanzo has already asked for your number.” You tried your best not to give yourself away, but he hit the nail on the head.

“Can you leave him out of this? There is nothing between us. I'm not risking becoming a slave for anyone here.” Once again, Genji offered you more wine and again you pushed the glass away, not wanting to let your guard down around him.

Giving you a scrupulous glance, the cyborg raised the glass to his lip, taking a large swig. Before you could react, Genji had his hand around your jaw, lips pressed tight against yours as he parted them, pushing the liquid and his tongue into your mouth. Pushing against his chest, you were only free when Genji at last decided you had swallowed the drink and he had had enough of your warm crevice. Sputtering and coughing, you tried to force the liquid back down the right pipe, anger rising in you at the man's actions. But before you could lash out, the cyborg had his arms around you, pulling you closed as his teeth nibbled at your ear.

“Did they tell you it's against the rules to be in love? Because if so, they lied.” Tilting your jaw, he allowed himself better access to your ear, sucking at the lobe as his free hand slipped its way under your shirt and up the soft flesh of your back. “You could date a client. See them outside of here. Love them. Even kiss them. You just can't fuck them.” Leaning back, he held you in his arms almost as if you really were his lover, meeting your eyes with an honest stare. “As long as the Upper Floor isn't losing money, they don't care.”

You knew you shouldn't listen to him, but a part of you wanted to believe him. Wanted to believe that the Upper Floor wasn't so cruel, that you didn't have to be so guarded. Wanted to believe that the next seven months you had left here could be spent not having to overthink your every move with your clients.

“If you doubt what I say, just ask your friend Liz after we are done here.” Pulling you closer to him, Genji's tongue drug up the length of your windpipe, causing a blush to redden your cheeks.

“How do you know so much about the Upper Floor?” Slipping his fingers under your skirt and between your leg, the rough pads of his fingers caressed your entrance, making you bite your lip as you grew slick at his hands.

“I hear things. Women talk when you make them comfortable.” The way he looked at you, the sharpness of his eyes, the strong line of his brows, you hadn't realized until this moment just how dangerous this man was. You made it a practice never to pry, but maybe tonight it was time you did a little research on just who Genji Shimada was.

“So, are you going to be a good girl and take my number?” If there really was no rule against it, then what was the harm. You couldn't say he was your first pick for clients to communicate with, but as long as you didn't get punished, you couldn't say you would be too upset having someone else on the outside to talk to.

Hanzo's face came into your mind from the day you had first met Genji, hollow and questioning. The
betrayal in his eyes, the vulnerability. Waiting for you so pensively, he had looked so desperate for you to deny what he already knew, and so hurt when you had confirmed his fears. You still didn't know what had happened that day, but you knew whatever history these boys had, had left long lasting, deep scars on Hanzo.

“No.” Before you knew it, Genji had you bent over his knee, skirt lifted to expose your lacy pink panties.

“You just want to be punished today, don't you my little girl.” A squeal escaped you as his hand came down on your exposed cheek, causing a sharp sting. “Well if you want to be difficult, we will just continue this till you give me your number.” His palm rubbed over your sore cheek before delivering another smack.

You squirmed beneath him as eight more strikes were made to your ass. By the time of your ninth spanking, your skin was burning, tears pricking at your eyes as his metal hand threatened to break open your flesh.

“Ok. Ok. You win.”

“That's a good girl.” Stroking your hair, his soothing tone helped to calm you. “Now tell me. And don't lie.” Wriggling in his grasp, you pouted.

“Zero-” To your surprise, his hand came down just as harsh on your stinging cheek. “Ow, what the hell?”

“If you hadn't have been such a brat, you wouldn't have needed such punishment. Now continue.” You knew you were only going to be met with more spankings, but what else could you do.

“One” smack. “Seven.” smack. “Four.” smack “Two” smack. “sixteen” You cheated with the last two numbers, but Genji let it slide, bringing his hand down only once before gently massaging your glowing flesh.

Shifting under you, the cyborg reached into his pants pocket, rummaging before pulling his cellphone out. Craning your neck, you watched him over your shoulder as he punched in the numbers you had given him, adding you to his contacts. As he put the phone to his ear, the faint sound of a ringing reaching you. You tried to sit up, but his free hand held you in place. In the stillness of the room, you could just make out the sound of the dial, ringing on and on till finally it went to voicemail. You heard your own voice over the phone, informing Genji that you couldn't get to your phone, but to leave a message. Clicking his phone, the cyborg placed the device on the table before finally letting you sit up.

“That's my good girl. Now are you going to be difficult again?” You glared at him fiercely, but shook your head no, complying to his request as the man sat you up in his lap. Untying the ribbon around your collar, Genji brushed back your hair, tying it into a high ponytail with careful fingers. As his face lingered close to yours, you studied his features with distrust, looking at him more closely than you had at any point before. His nose, his stern brows, his strong jaw, his sharp cheeks, he was definitely Hanzo's brother. You were startled as Genji's fierce eyes met yours, captivating and intense.

“Here, take this.” Glancing down, you saw a small white pill in the palm of his hand, his smirk only growing as he watched your eyes widen.

“I don't do drugs.” You stated, biting your lips.
“Neither do I. At least, not anymore. This is an aphrodisiac. It is made from the root of a flower that grows wild at the monastery in Nepal. The Omnics have no use for it, but I think you will find it rather enjoyable.” Pinching the pill between his fingers he offered it to you, holding it inches away from your lips as he waited for you to take it in your mouth.

“I’d rather not.” Leaning away, you were distrustful of the mischief in the man's eyes.

“Suit yourself.” Popping the pill in his mouth, his hand was at the back of your neck before you knew it. Pulling you forward, his lips mashed against yours, tongue forcing the capsule into your mouth. He held you there, squirming with muffled protest, till you were forced to swallow. As he released you, you bolted to your feet, an abnormal anger taking hold of you.

Usually you were more composed, usually you kept your cool even with difficult clients, but something about this man just tested your last nerve. Reflecting on it, you might have realized just how comfortable you felt around him. Maybe it was his casual dress and attitude, maybe it was his familiar tone, maybe it was because he was Hanzo's little brother. But whatever it was, you knew it made him dangerous.

“What the hell?!” Glaring down at him, your anger bubbled under the surface, though there was still the part of your mind that knew your place.

“Hey now, princess. Do you need a reminder of who's in charge?” His eyes were stern on you, commanding and authoritative, before glancing subtly over at the wall.

Following his lead, you chanced a glance in the same direction, head refraining from turning. There, on the wall where Genji's eyes had fallen, was a large mirror reflecting the image of the two of you. A two-way mirror. Every room had one. Your boss used them to keep tabs on the rooms, watch trouble Ladies, and overall make sure everything was on the up and up.

Eyes widening, you looked back at Genji, his smile telling you the glance wasn't a lucky guess. Just how much did this man know about the Upper Floor? Biting your lip, you swallowed your anger, reminding yourself this was your job.

“No, Sir.”

“No need to be so formal, princess. You can just call me Daddy.” You didn’t want to, but there wasn’t much you could do about it.

“Ok, Daddy.” Reaching a hand out, he took yours, pulling you back into his lap as his hand slipped under your skirt to caress the soft flesh of your thigh.

“Good girl.” As his lips met the junction of your neck, a shiver ran down your spine, the feeling of his scarred mouth on your smooth flesh proving more arousing than it had previously been. “I promise, I’ll make this good.” You gasped as his fingers found their way to your sensitive mound. When had you gotten so wet?

The rough pads of his fingertips proved very effective as they rubbed over your panties, teasing and stimulating as his lips lay a trail of kisses up your neck and along your jaw. As his tongue dragged across your flesh, the edges of your mind grew fuzzy, thought becoming jumbled and clarity slipping. It felt as if you were three margaritas in. You could tell you were compromised, but you were helpless to fight it.

Face flushed and breath ragged, you fought the urge to push things forward, battling the desire to take charge and seek your own pleasure. You hated the lack of control, having to surrender yourself
to this man’s wishes, letting him set the pace and decide your outcome when all you wanted to do was pull out his cock and find your own end over and over again. But despite your need, despite the drug that boiled your blood, making you thirst for more, you managed to hold on to enough sanity to remember your place, remember your job.

A haggard moan was past your lips before you knew it as the man’s fingers slipped past your panties to pierce you. You tried to focus on Genji, focus on what you were doing for him, acting in such a way he would enjoy, but as his fingers spread you, pumping in and out of your dripping pussy, you were consumed by the thought of your own pleasure.

“I see the pill is working very well.” You heard his words, nodded in agreement, but it was as if he was coming to you through a fog. Taking your breast in his free hand, the almost painful squeeze he delivered to your supple flesh cause a pleading groan to pass your lips. “Tell me princess, what do you want?” You thought of how it felt to have someone under your control, how amazing it was to command someone else, to see men coming undone at your touch for a change, desperate and begging, demeaned and vulnerable as they did anything you asked in an attempt to gain the sweet release only you could bring them.

“I wanna fuck you.” He didn’t take it the way you meant it, didn’t catch the dominance in your voice, the commanding nature of your words, but in that moment you didn’t care. You needed something, anything. Something to bring you to that sweet release that your body hungered for.

Moving you in his lap, Genji pulled you up to straddle him, quickly removing his crotch plate to free his throbbing erection. As it sprung loose, brushing against the front of your skirt, you couldn’t help the small thrusts you gave in a pursuit of friction. Precum smeared against the fabric of your skirt, Genji looked at you like a cat looks at a mouse they are toying with.

Bucking his hips up into you, the cyborg enjoyed the way you moaned at his teasing, gripping your hips as you attempted to grind against him. You heard a whimper, and it took you a moment to realize it had come from you. Your skin had grown hot, a light glisten overtaking the parts of your flesh the school uniform exposed.

Pulling your panties to the side, Genji lined you up with his cock, positioning you so that the tip of his impressive length teased your slick entrance. Though he held you still, the man gave you a coy glance, as if daring you to take over. But the drug had been far more potent then he had expected, and with one good push, you were free of his hands and fully impaled by his metal cock.

You both were overtaken by a powerful tremor, groans of different pitches breaking the silence as your first real taste of pleasure was felt. Biting his lower lip, Genji opened his mouth to make a witty comment, but was cut off as you began to roll your hips against him, needling no time to adjust as feeling of his metal body against your clit sent strong shocks of electricity through you. The man was far more tolerable when silent, hands clenching at your thighs as he bit back his moans, trying to regain his composure as you worked him in quick sharp thrusts.

You could feel yourself tightening around him, so thankful for relief from his teasing. As you were consumed with the need for satisfaction, you rode the man like you had ridden no man before. Ever buck of your hips, every twist and bounce, was pure heaven to the man beneath you. Genji was a man who knew how to draw out the passion, but between your enthusiasm and the way you clenched around him, he feared he wouldn’t last long.

“Princess, if you keep up like this, I’m not sure I can last-” his words cut off as his cock was pushed only further into your warmth, bumping your cervix, pulling a delicious moan from his throat. As you continued, blinded by need, it proved too much for the man.
“Fuck fuck fuck.” Was all the warning you got before he spilled into you, fingers digging into your thighs as he closed his eyes tight against the pleasure that washed over him. Despite his twitching form, despite his almost pained grunts, despite the way he attempted to still you, you did not stop. Hips still bouncing furiously, you were desperate to achieve your own orgasm, not wanting to be left unsatisfied. Even as his seed was pushed out of you by your continuous motion, even as it dripped in his lap, you did not slow.

“You are going to kill me, princess.” Genji chuckled, though even still he had to admit, he was still half hard. Stilling you, he pulled you tight against his chest, stopping you just long enough for him to flop you over on the couch, leaning over you as his thumb found your clit.

A whole new set of sounds came pouring from your mouth as he resumed a brutal pace, the textured pad of his finger driving you mad as it rubbed rough circles against your over sensitive nub. You wanted to reach your end, wanted so badly to find your release, and as you felt his length growing inside you, the end was in sight.

If you had had your senses about you, you would have known that Genji wasn’t going to last much longer either, but in your current state, all you could think about, all that consumed you, was the thought of your own climax.

“I love the sound you make. You really want it, huh?” Pinning your legs against your chest, the wind was knocked out of you as he fucked you into the couch. You tried to plead, to beg him to let you cum, but all that came out was choked sounds and broken moans.

“You know, when you are too busy moaning to sass off, I think you’re probably the sexiest woman here.” The compliment didn’t mean much coming from him, but you didn’t care, thinking only of the release you were edging towards.

It hit you unexpectedly, no warning, no preparation, you just found yourself toppling over the edge of madness, consumed by haze and bliss as your back arched off the couch, hands madly clutching at the man that continued to pound into you. It was definitely the longest orgasm you had ever had, pleasure dragged out as Genji continued to pump into you.

“Damn, princess, almost-“ pressing into you, his thrust grew more sporadic, more desperate as he chased his second climax that seemed to dance just out of reach. As his body began to tremble, he was out of you, hand taking hold of his cock as he brought himself to his end. You could barely feel the warmth of his cum against your burning skin, chest heaving as you finally began to come down from your high.

Laying there, thoughts jumbled and mind hazy, a torrent of emotions overtook you, leaving you feeling compromised and vulnerable. Maybe it was the aphrodisiac, maybe it was just the intensity of your orgasm, but as you were swept away by feelings of need and loneliness, you wished it had been one of your kinder clients with you now. At least then maybe you could have gotten cuddles afterwards.

Biting back the emotions that smothered you, you sat up to notice that Genji had already composed himself, straightening his shirt as he rolled his shoulders back. Turning to leave, Genji waved over his shoulder.

“Give Hanzo my regards.”

You could see him so clearly, Hanzo’s hurt eyes, those deep, melancholy eyes. The vulnerability he revealed only to you, the way he surrendered himself so completely to you. If he knew you had been
with his brother again, would he still be able to trust you? You had no choice in the matter, but it still
hurt to think you might lose one of your favorites. You had come so far with him, finally gotten him
comfortable. He had opened up so much.

‘Yuki.’

Maybe it was your compromised emotional state, but that name flashed through you head, short and
sharp and punishing. You wanted to ask the cyborg what he knew about the woman who owned that
name, what history she shared with his brother. But you knew better.

“Who is Yuki.” The words tumbled out of your mouth before you could catch yourself, ushering in a
silence so thick, you could hear your heart in your ears. It was brief, if you hadn’t been watching him
so intently, you would have missed it, but for just a moment, Genji’s trim, fluid form went stiff.

When he did turn to face you, his expression was calm, collected, maybe a little too much so, his lack
of charm betraying the severity of the situation. Faltering, you almost stepped back, surprised by your
own forwardness. As Genji tilted his head, studying you intently, you were reminded that under this
good time, play boy, was a intelligent, calculating man.

“Where did you hear that name?” His voice was steady, level, giving no hint of what he was running
through his head.

“H-Hanzo. He ca- I heard it in passing.” You caught yourself, not sure how much you should reveal
to the brother Hanzo currently held so much anger towards. Really, you were crossing so many lines
by even bringing this up to Genji. If Hanzo knew, you were sure he would be angry with you again.

Studying you, Genji remained silent, searching your eyes as if he could read the whole story from
them. Without giving away his private thoughts, the cyborg turned to fully face you, lips giving a
slight purse before he spoke.

“I see.” Folding his arms across his armored chest, the man seemed so guarded as he mulled over his
words, picking them wisely. “I’m afraid that if you want that answer, you’ll have to ask my brother
himself.” You were surprised by your own disappointment, shoulders slumping, heart sinking at the
emptiness of the answer for the question you had been so hesitant to ask. “It’s not my place to tell
that story.”

“I can’t ask him.” You muttered, feeling deflated and sheepish as you looked down at your shoes.

“But you could ask me.” As your eyes snapped up to his, you were met with that all too familiar
cheeky grin, brown orbs filled with mischief and mellow delight. “I wonder what Hanzo would think
of that.”

“Don’t you dare say anything.” Puffing your chest out, you took a step towards him, distress filling
you at the idea of enraging Hanzo again. “If you tell him, I’ll- I’ll-“ Genji laughed as you fumbled,
knowing there was nothing you could do to him.

“Such a fierce kitten.” Matching your step to meet you, he put his hand on your head, treating you
like a child. “Relax. I won’t tell him.” What little comfort you found in his words were
overshadowed by your annoyance. As much as you were irritated by the sly man, you were equally
irritated by your own impulsiveness.

Of course Genji wasn’t going to tell you anything. It wasn’t your right to know. Whatever was going
on between him and Yuki, it clearly consumed a large part of Hanzo’s heart. You were just a
substitute for the woman he really wanted. Just a small reprieve from the loneliness in his heart. Just a
prostitute.

With all these men showering you with presents and kindness, you had almost forgotten that. Hanzo, Lucio, Gabe, they all were so good to you, made you feel so important, so needed. But at the end of the day, you were just one of the many women they visited. There was nothing special about you. If you passed them on the street, they probably wouldn’t even spare you a second glance. You just had to make it through what was left of your contract, then you could leave, move far away, find someone who genuinely cared, someone who wanted all of you. For once in your life, you could have someone who’d stay, even after the sex was done and the hours had passed. Someone you could wake up with the morning after. You just had to make it to that point.

“But you really should talk to him.” Genji’s voice found you in deep thought, bringing you back to him as he prepared to leave. “My brother is a very guarded man. He doesn’t really have friends or anyone he’s close to. But if it was you asking, I’m sure he would open up.”

No sooner had he stepped out the door than you were pulling open the door to the hidden passage and slapping the alarm that let the cleaners know the room was finished before you walked with brisk step down the dark hall. You managed to find the room Liz was in rather quickly, her name marked in chalk on the door signaling she still occupied it.

Propping yourself against the wall by the door, you waited patiently, Genji’s words running through your head as you waited for the one person you trusted to give you the answers without misinterpreting your reasonings. As the minutes rolled by, you parsed through the potential truths in your head.

If Genji was to be believed, you could have client’s numbers, call them, text them, stay in contact with them. You could date them, even kiss them outside of the Upper Floor, though you saw no point to it. Mixing business and pleasure would make things too messy. But still, if this proved to be true, what else was there that you had misunderstood? Had you spent all this time stressing over things that you hadn’t needed to? Maybe life on the Upper Floor didn’t need to be as difficult as you had made it out to be.

Hearing the door click beside you, you hopped off the wall, twirling to greet your friend. For the second time that day, you were startled to see the well trimmed figure of your boss in the dim light of the passageway. For just a moment, he seemed surprised, not used to people waiting on this side of the doors. But his well managed smile soon returned, greeting you warmly as he closed the door behind him.

“I see things went well for you.” Blushing, you realized what a mess you were, not having showered or cleaned yourself up after your last session. Hair askew and makeup smeared, you were still in the school girl uniform as you stood before your boss.

Folding your arms across your chest, you were embarrassed at your appearance. But your boss didn’t seem to mind, paying it no heed as his eyes remained locked on yours. Some days it was unsettling just how much he maintained eye contact.

“Were you looking for something? I have no further clients requesting you for today so if you want to work in a few more sessions, you will need to make yourself presentable and walk the Floor.” You shook your head as he spoke, trying to hurry him along. “Or am I to understand that something went wrong with Mr. Shimada?” Raising a brow, your boss didn’t come across as accusatory or aggressive, merely inquiring as to why you were standing before him.

“No. No everything went fine. He was quite pleased. I was just waiting for Liz. I thought she was in here. Her name was on the door.” Things had been good between you and your boss lately.
Everything had settled down as you had proven yourself capable and trustworthy, putting his mind at ease. But with Genji back, feelings of guilt and trouble had been dredged back up. You remembered the sternness of your boss’s gaze that fateful day you had had to deal with both the Shimada brothers. And though things were good now, at the memory of that difficult time, you felt compelled to tread lightly when around your boss. Offering you a kind smile, your boss nodded in understanding.

“She is in there, probably cleaning herself up right now. I’m sure she’ll be out in just a moment.” Pushing the buzzer on the side of the door, your boss regarded you one last time before taking his leave. “I believe you both have the day off tomorrow. You should go out and do something fun. I’m sure you could both use it.” As you watched him disappear into the shadows of the passage, you were once more struck by what an oddly curious man he was.

You hadn’t thought you had tomorrow off, not after being on bed rest the two days prior. But maybe you had been mistaken. You would have to check that. Going out with Liz would be nice. Your schedules hadn’t lined up for a while now and a girls day out would be so refreshing. But first, you had questions to be answered.

Leaning back against the wall, you watched the cleaning crew scurry in and out of the room, preparing it for fresh use as quick as they could. Most of them greeted you with welcoming smiles. Although your paths crossed very rarely, most of them were kind to you, sympathizing with the struggle of your work.

It wasn’t a long wait before Liz came popping out the door, her bright smile lighting up the darkness of the hall. That smile only widened when she saw you standing patiently, just for her.

“Waiting just for me? You sure know how to make a girl feel special.” The twinkle in her eyes put you at ease, causing some of the tension to seep from your body.

“Are you done for the day?” Following Liz’s lead, you started walking down the hall, the gentle clicking of your heels against the stone floor so familiar to the both of you.

“Yeah. I was going to try to squeeze in a fifth client, but I think I’m just going to call it a day and go out for a drink. Want to join me? We could go to the club. You come to life when you are dancing.” Bumping you with her hip, Liz shot you a teasing grin.

“I’ll have to check if I have tomorrow off. But I would really like that.” You stated, still unclear on what your schedule was.

“Well you need to get cleaned up too. Unless you’re are going out like that.” Gesturing to your cum smeared outfit, she chuckled as you sheepishly tried to straighten yourself. “Tell you what, when we get back to the room, you hop in the shower and make yourself presentable, and I’ll go check on the schedule. Then we can decide what we are doing tonight.”

“Alright.” You nodded, excited at the chance to get out of the Palace.

Walking down the stairs to the tower level of the building, you were quick to emerge from the secret passage and into the blinding lights of halls. The whole way, you tried to think of a way to start up a conversation, to bring up the questions at hand, without making Liz worry. You didn’t want your curiosity to be misconceived. You’ve always had a tendency to be blunt, a trait that had gotten you in trouble a time or two. Your room was not far from where the passage let out, so it wasn’t long before the two of you stood in front of your door, punching in the code that allowed you to enter.

Once inside, you began to shed your clothes, tossing them in a heap by the door so that you could send them to be cleaned and returned later. Liz was quick to throw on a more comfortable clothes
before making her way to the door.

“I’ll be right back.” As she made to leave, you felt yourself compelled to reach out to her.

“Wait, Liz.” Turning around, your friend waited patiently for you to continue, unfazed by nudity or abruptness. “I heard something interesting today, and was wondering if it was true.” Taking her hand off the knob, Liz moved to fully face you, concern expressed in her eyes as her lips pursed slightly. Not giving yourself a moment to doubt, you pressed on. “I heard that it’s ok for Ladies to see clients outside of the Upper Floor, to have relationships with them. As long as they don’t have sex with them.” Liz just stared at you for a moment, studying you, till her heavy sigh finally broke the stillness.

“Who did you hear that from?” Her expression was motherly, carrying, but serious.

“Genji.” Liz’s shoulders dropped, as if anticipating his name to be the one spilling from your lips.

“Big surprise.” She muttered, shifting her stance. “Be careful of what you believe from him. He’s a cunning man. Not a bad man, but he could cause you trouble. Especially with his brother being one of your regulars. I don’t know what’s between those two, but there’s bad blood there.”

“So he was lying?” A sudden dread grew in you, knowing that not only did Genji now have your number, but sitting just in the other room was your phone, which display could prove you had one missed call from him.

“No. Not about this he wasn’t.” You perked up at her words, surprised and reassured as a cool wave of relief washed over you. “It’s a very old rule, one that was carried over from the original owner. It still technically stands, but there is so much grey area to it, that most Ladies ignore it, and just operate under the idea that all relationships with clients are banned.” Folding her hands across her chest, Liz seemed almost standoffish. “Daniel is a fair man and a stickler for the rules, putting them before everything else. But with a rule like that, it’s so hard to enforce fairly. It’s difficult to prove that you have or haven’t been sleeping with a client non-legitimately. You don’t want to be falsely accused, and he doesn’t want to punish you unnecessarily. You’d do best not to put him in that position. It’s safer that way.”

“Oh! I have no intentions of having any sort of relationship with anyone here. I’m not stupid. I just thought, a few of them are so kind, maybe we could at least be friends.” You spoke up, Liz’s directness and almost accusing eyes putting you on edge.

“Friends on the outside are a luxury we can’t afford. Especially not men. Trust me, things are better this way. I have no one on the outside, and I’m doing just fine. You’ll adjust.” Then why do your eye’s always look so lonely.

Liz was strong, Liz was a survivor, but Liz was lying to herself. In many way’s Liz was the most isolated person you knew. She secluded herself from others, did her best to rotate her regulars so that no one man got too close, she put up walls to hide herself away. You didn’t want to end up like that. Liz had been in the business much longer, had struggled much more than you. And at the heart of the matter, Liz was afraid. Afraid of people, afraid of being hurt, afraid of being close. You loved her like family, but you couldn’t bear the idea of following in her footsteps. Liz was here because dealing with people in this way was easier to her then trying to function in normal society. It was the only way she knew to get by. But you wanted more. A life, a family, a real existence, a happy ending. This life wasn’t for you. You knew it would be hard, but you wanted out. And burying yourself away in these stone walls was not going to get you any closer to your goal of freedom. You needed friends on the outside, to remind you that there was life out there. You refused to seal yourself inside this trap of pleasure and fancy. Your whole life had been spend just surviving, it was
time to start living.
Failed Hack

Chapter Summary

I repeat, this chapter contains graphic dub-con. please avoid if this will upset you.

Chapter Notes

Ok, so, I just wanted to talk about a few things before I get into the chapter. I love the suggestions you all make and I absolutely love hearing about what you all think is going to happen or what you liked and didn't like about the chapter, and overall just how you feel about the story. It absolutely makes my day to read your comments. Thank you so much for them.
That being said, I do have a bit of bad news. I have been racking my brain for the last two months over how to do a Junkrat chapter. He is one of my favorite characters and one of my mains, so I really wanted to see him on the Upper Floor. But I have gone over it time and time again, and I have come to the realization that, to keep Junkrat as true to character as possible, there is no way for him to visit the Upper Floor without the establishment suffering severe damage. Junkrat is just such a chaotic, explosive person, he would not fit in the well mannered, extravagance of the Upper Floor. Nor would he ever be allowed in. There is just no way he would pass the background check and psych evaluation. But I do intend to write a story in the future starring our favorite junkers. If that is any consolation.
Also, I wanted to clarify about the observation mirrors in the private rooms; there is a panel that covers the two way mirrors that is only opened by a key that boss has. That way Ladies using the passage can't look in on all the other Ladies and there are a few (very few) clients that use the passage to get around (like Reaper). So the mirrors can't be accessible all the time, otherwise clients privacy would be compromised.
Also, just throwing it out there, I have a tumblr under the same name. I don't really post much there that I don't post here. But I do reblog some lovely pictures of overwatch men and you can send me asks or message me there if you like.

Now all that being said, this chapter does contain dubcon. So if you are not into that, please don't read.

Just a warning that this chapter contains dubcon. If that is not your thing, please skip over this chapter.

Laying light kisses along Gabe's collarbone, your fingertips traced small shapes over his pecs as you lounged against his torso. One arm supporting his head, the man was slightly propped up by the pillows as his large hand caressed your back. He smiled down at you, soft and affectionate as he enjoyed the care you gave him.

“You're so handsome. You know that?” Giving him a flirty smile, you tilted your head to gaze up to him, heart comforted by the warmth in his smile. Raising a brow at you, Gabe gave an incredulous
“Ok. What do you want?” His teeth were sharp and shiny as he grinned at you, giving away his amusement.

Sitting up on an elbow, your fingers carded through his long wavy locks as you brushed it back over his shoulders. You loved the rugged romance of his appearance. Despite the holes in his skin, monstrous eyes, and rotting flesh, you had to admire his bone structure; his strong jaw coupled with his neat goatee and wild hair. You had grown comfortable with the man and even come to care for him. You sympathized with the weary soul, sensing a kindred spirit.

“No. I mean it.” Your fingers traced over the lines of his face, the curves of his bones. “I happen to find you very attractive.”

“You'd be the only one.” He muttered, a hint of bitterness in his voice as he shifted out from underneath you.

Sitting at the edge of the bed, the man began to pick his clothes up from the floor, layering them back on as a sorrow lodged itself in your heart.

“Do you have to go?” You hated to see him go, knowing in the back of your mind that the customer after this was going to be an unpleasant one.

“I was only in the area for work. I have a mission I have to get to.” Pulling his cloak on, you were disheartened to see more and more of Gabriel disappear as Reaper emerged.

“You're going to go kill people.” You knew you shouldn't have said anything, but your heart broke at the thought of the dark deeds Gabe was involved in. He shot you a stern glance, warning you not to push it.

“This is what I do. I didn't choose this path.”

Oh how you wanted to argue with him, wanted to convince him to stay, wanted to try to heal the scars that had been left on the man's heart. But you knew you couldn't do any of those things.

You hated this part. Usually you tried to leave before Gabe could get dressed, before he reassumed the role of the killer the world knew him as. Taking the white mask in his hands, Gabe raised it to his face, sliding it into place with a click to hide the man you had come to know. A shudder ran down your spine as he turned to face you, red eyes showing through the slits in the mask.

Standing, you prepared to leave, not wanting to stick around to witness the man's dark side. But he grabbed you and pulled you close as his talons dug into your flesh. You let out a small yelp, glancing up at the man with wary eyes as dread began to build in you. You couldn't get a read on him.

“Just going to leave? No goodbye?” His voice was deep and gravelly, taunting you as it carried no trace of the warmth and familiarity you had grown to be accustomed to. Leaning up, you kissed his mask where his lips would be, hoping that would be enough to satisfy him.

“Be safe on your mission.” You tried to move away, but his firm grip on your arm kept you tethered to him.

“Ready to be rid of me already?” Gently tracing his claws along your cheek, there was a dark aura about him, suppressive and frightening. “I have a little time. So make it quick.” Pushing you back towards the bed, you were filled with an overwhelming distress. Your legs hit the bed and knocked you off balance.
As you fell back onto the tangled sheets, Reaper stopped, head snapping to the side to look off at a corner. He stared for just a moment, then dissipated. In a flash of swirling smoke, he was across the room and a loud commotion erupted.

Startled, you scooted up the bed, unsure of what to do as Reaper struggled with an unseen intruder. You let out a scream as Reaper emerged from the shadows, flinging a figure into the middle of the room. A young woman was sent sprawling across the floor, groaning in pain as she collided with the foot of the bed.

“¡Oye! No tan áspero.” She grumbled as she rubbed her head, sitting up.

“What are you doing here Sombra?” Reaper came to tower over her, grabbing a fistful of her jacket as he pulled her up off her feet. Reacting quickly, the woman raised her hand, long nails glowing as she summoned what looked like a holographic keyboard. Reaper wasted no time taking her hand in his, squeezing tightly as the girl let out a pained cry. When he released her hand, the nails were broken, no longer glowing as the girl looked at him angrily.

“What the hell, Gabe!” She shouted, not perturbed in the slightest by the man's anger.

“Why did you follow me here? And don't call me that.” “Calm down. Can't a girl be worried about her friend?” Brushing him off with a shrug, the cybernetic girl grinned, unfazed. You were awe struck by the girl's cool demeanor in the face to Reaper's rage.

“We are not friends.” He growled, slamming her against the bedpost. “And you were spying on me.”

“I prefer to think of it as keeping tabs on a colleague.” You had to commend her brash behavior.

“Give it up, Sombra. Now!” Holding out a clawed hand, Reaper clearly had no patience for the girl’s games.

“Give up what?” She smirked, exposing her palms to reveal nothing within her grasp.

“You were filming me. Thinking you could blackmail me later.” The tone of his voice send shivers down your spine. You thanked god you weren't on the receiving end of the man's wrath.

Reaching into her jacket, Reaper pulled out a small camera. Crushing it in his hand, the man didn't seem satisfied. Bearing down at the girl, the masked man kept her pinned against the bedpost.

“That's all I got.” she smiled, fearless in the face of danger. “I guess you are too smart for me. Your 'girlfriend' will just have to stay our little secret.” Glancing at you out of the corner of her eye, something in the way she looked you up and down send an icy chill down your spine, making you stop cold on the bed. It didn't take much for you to tell she was from a completely different world than you. So much stronger and better equipped for combat, her strength of spirit dwarfed your own: diminishing you under her gaze.

“You've been skulking around for too long. Working on secret projects, going behind our back. It's about time you learned you're not as clever as you think you are.”

Throwing her against the bed, Sombra let out a grunt, falling to a bent position over the foot of the bed.

“Hold her down.” Reaper growled, grabbing her hips as he situated himself behind her. You weren't sure who was more surprised, you or her. “Now!” he barked, startling you. Fearing his retribution, you scrambled to the end of the bed, grabbing her arms before she could fight back.
You weren't sure what to make of this, not wanting to be a part of it, but being too afraid to go against the man. You cursed yourself, wishing you had left before he had dressed. Why couldn't you have just left?

“Wait! What?” Sombra exclaimed, beginning to realize the severity of her situation. “Gabe, this isn’t funny!”

“It’s not supposed to be. And I told you to stop calling me that.” Lifting up her jacket, the man began to yank down her pants, ignoring her struggles. “Besides, you interrupted our fun.”

With her pants around her knees, ass bare and exposed against the man’s course pants, Sombra looked up at you, alarm in her eyes and disbelief shaping her brows. You knew all too well what she was feeling, the panic, the fear, the hesitation, as if waiting for the punchline of a bad joke, sure this wasn’t real. You had experienced this many times, but you had never seen it; never had to watch someone’s resolve crumble, their control wash away like twigs down a raging river. And that was almost harder, being a bystander.

“Gabriel! Stop this righ-” He interrupted her as his hand came down hard across her cheek, claws gouging her flesh as she was stunned into silence.

“Call me that one more time. Just try it.” You had never been this scared of a person before in your life. This level of fear, this complete, paralyzing terror, had always been reserved for the Omnis that had destroyed your life. It was evident the girl beneath you was feeling the same all-consuming dread that only the threat of death could inspire.

She stared at you for a moment, as if waiting for a confirmation of some sort. When none was given, you eyes just as questioning as hers, she began to thrash violently. But Reaper wasted no time, pulling himself free of his pants to reveal he was already half hard. Shaking off one of his gauntlets, he took himself in hand, giving a few rough jerks to his cock to stiffen himself.

“Reyes, I swear you do this and all of Overwatch will know your secret!” A dark laugh echoed from behind the mask, making your heart sink as the man lined his cock up to the girl’s entrance.

“You really think Talon would let you get away with such betrayal? I know you are not that naïve.”

“Gabe- Gabe, not like this.” For just a moment, her eyes were pleading, looking back at him, familiar, almost intimate, as tried to reason with him.

With one sharp thrust, the girl let out a painful cry, hands clutching at the sheets under your grasp as the man buried himself inside her. Memories flooded you of Reaper’s cruelty, how thick his cock felt when forced into your unprepared walls, how strong his hips were, how tight his grip was, and how monstrous his hunger could be.

A part of you was grateful that it was this girl who was receiving his attention, and for that, you hated yourself. As Reaper started a brutal, pounding pace, you lacked the courage or conviction to speak up against him, sitting there bitterly as the girl cried out beneath you.

“You are soaking. So you enjoyed watching us fuck, didn’t you?” You winced at his words, face turning red at the thought of this girl watching you work. While you cringed at his words, the cybernetic youth never lost face. As he continued to thrust into her, the girl gave only small grunts and groans as a response, showing no sign of defeat.

“Don’t just sit there.” Reaper barked, making you jump. “Give us a show.” You knew a cruel smile, hungry and mocking was hidden just under that mask. You just wanted to shrink away, to pretend
you weren’t playing any part in this. But if you were going to be here, maybe you could at least make it easier on her, even if only a little.

Pulling the girl up, you slid into a sitting position before her, lips finding the junction of her neck as you began to suck. Her hands pushed against your shoulders, but the force soon weakened as she realized how close she was to losing balance. As your hands massaged her supple mounds through her clothes, the girl leaned further against you, using you for support as Reapers pounding hips threatened to topple her over.

“What do you think you’re doing? Don’t touch me.” Her tone was sharp, hateful, but somehow, you felt her anger wasn’t pointed towards Reaper. Face dusted pink, her eyes had a distance to them, a wishfulness you couldn’t read; so alien and unfamiliar. Yet similar to the look in Hanzo’s eyes in the moments before he surrendered fully to the all consuming pleasure of orgasm.

As Reaper tilted his hips, stroking Sombra’s walls in a new way, a sudden moan rose from deep within her, surprising both of you as her face flushed a rosy red. Only encouraged by this, Reaper picked up the pace, a dark chuckle evidence enough of his approval.

“Sombra, I didn’t know you were so easy.” He sounded so cruel, tone mocking and heartless as the girl bit her lip in an attempt to contain the needy noises that grew inside her.

“Dice el tipo que tiene que ir a una prostituta.” She spat, attempting a taunting grin, though it didn’t quite come across as well. You continued to suck at her flesh, touching her in all the ways you liked to be touched as you helped her along.

“Dice la chica que estaba mirando.” Without missing a beat, Reaper countered her accusation, hips starting to show signs of his impending climax as his rhythm began to change.

The girl also seemed to be nearing her end, well sculpted hips pushing back against the man’s thrusts as her thighs showed an unmistakable tremor. Had she really been that aroused from watching you with Gabe? So consumed by lust that even being force-fucked was sufficient enough to bring her to orgasm.

Suddenly, Reaper was hunched over her, taloned gauntlets digging into her shoulders as he pulled her back against his erratic, bruising thrusts. He was almost there. A sense of urgency overtook the girl, fingers digging into your flesh as she pleaded.

“Please, Ga-“ She managed to catch herself, stifling the man’s name. Lucky for her, he was too lost in his budding ecstasy to notice. “Please. Not yet.” But her words were lost to the man.

As he spilled inside her, low grunts and groans breathed hot into her back, it was clear the man had no interest in his victim’s need. In desperation, her hand moved down to her throbbing nub, but you were there first. Slipping your hand over her folds, you were quick to vibrate your fingers over her swollen clit while Reaper bucked his hips into her in a sort of grand finalé. The girl was about to protest until you took her breast in your mouth, finally providing her with the stimulation she needed to surrender to the electricity that racked her body.

Reaper was off of her before her orgasm could even finish. Pulling away to tuck himself back into his pants, he left her to fall on the bed, shuddering and shaking. Your heart went out to this poor girl, having found yourself in her position on more than one occasion. The whole scene was all to reminiscent of your early years in this ‘career’.

You had been cheap in those days, inexperienced and naïve. The world had not hesitated to slap you in the face with its cruel reality. Those had been the hardest years of your life. So many men had
used you, so many times you had been left empty handed for your troubles.

But things were different now. You had many reliable clients. Good clients. And you were seven months away from retiring from this life all together. You just had to make it till then.

“Don’t be late for the mission, Sombra.” Reaper’s voice was hollow, no longer containing any of the spirit or nastiness that had previously embodied it. Without sparing the girl a second glance, he was gone, disappearing behind the curtains and into the darkness of the passageway.

Before you, the girl still lay, curled up and hazy as she came down from her ordeal. Her limbs still maintained a slight tremble and her appearance was disheveled. The fire that had so impressed you had disappeared from her eyes, leaving in its wake a somber sort of melancholy. Reaching out to her, you wanted to help, to comfort her somehow. You knew all too well how she felt. But as fierce eyes shot daggers at you, trim hand slapping you away, you retreated.

“I don't need your pity, whore.” You didn’t say a word, just watched in silence as the girl pulled her pants back up, attempting to wipe away the cum that had oozed from her swollen walls to stain her clothes. She never once looked at you, yet still you could feel the anger directed your way. When she left and you were finally alone, you were left to ponder over the road that had led you here, where that road was taking you, and if you really wanted to follow it.
Honesty

Chapter Notes

So, I know that the game is not really canon and that Hanzo isn’t actually a member of Overwatch. But for the sake of this story, Hanzo is a member of Overwatch.

With a solid thwack the arrow sunk into the center of the target, driving deep in what would have been a fatal shot to a living creature. The practice target was filled with holes within its bullseye, evidence of the man’s skill and proficiency. Despite this, unimpressed eyes lingered on the arrow, lips pursing and brows furrowed as he surveyed his work.

A low hum rumbled out of Hanzo’s throat, displeased as his performance. Drawing another arrow, he placed it in line with the bow, drawing the string back taunt. His muscles flexed just beneath his tattooed skin, large and powerful as they held the bow steady. Loosing another arrow, it whistled through the air and imbedded itself in the board a hair to the right of its predecessor.

Hanzo preferred to get to the practice range early in the morning, before the sun had begun to rise, when most others were either asleep or running laps around the base. He didn’t get many moments of solitude in this bustling outpost. So these still and solemn practices, when he could be alone with his thoughts and meditate on life, were a much needed reprieve.

“How did I know I would find you here.” With that, what little relaxation Hanzo was experiencing immediately evaporated as the new voice broke the silence. A hum echoed out of the back of his throat, low and irritable, the muscles of his shoulders tightening.

He gave no response, jaw clenching as he pulled the bow back again. Genji pushed off of the doorway he was leaning against and took a few steps further into the range as a heavy sigh escaped him.

“Brother, we can not go on like this forever. Do you not think after all these years, we can talk things through, like adults?” Hanzo gave no response.

There was nothing to be said, or at least, nothing he could bring himself to say. So much time had passed, so many years spent mourning the loss of his brother and clan. So many times he had wished things could have been different. But now, with his brother standing before him, Hanzo could not bring himself to make amends. Despite the years, despite the distance, despite the remorse, the wounds inflicted by his brother were still too deep.

“You have to let this anger and bitterness go. Can you not see how it consumes you? You are still hurting for what happened to me, for the clan, for Yuki-“ The cyborg was interrupted as Hanzo slammed his bow down on the bench, sudden fit of rage startling the other.

“What do you know of my suffering? You have always consumed yourself with selfish pleasures. Never devoting yourself to something greater. What could you possible know of the sacrifices I have made? Nothing.”

“I know you still see her.” Genji asserted calmly, stoic in the face of his brother’s fury. “I know you still love her. Yuki nev-“ the man was cut off as his brother’s fist landed a solid blow to his cheek.
His faceplate absorbed most of the blow, though he could feel a twinge in his neck that was sure to be sore. Despite the throbbing sting in his hand, Hanzo glared at his brother as if unfazed by the nearly bone breaking blow. But Genji could tell by the twinge in the muscles around his brother's eyes, he was in pain.

“I imagine that hurt you more than me.” He stated, refusing to meet his brother's level of emotional chaos.

“It always has.” Hanzo spat, and Genji knew he wasn't talking about the punch.

“Sorry to disagree, but I was the one that was killed.” The cyborg couldn't help the slight edge to his words. He had forgiven his brother for what had happened, but when he thought about the body, the life he had lost, he was ashamed to admit that a small part of him still felt resentment.

“I died that day too.” Tone sharp, Hanzo did not back down, eyes still fiery and accusing as he stared down the other.

Aggression radiated from the elder of the two, as if daring the other to give him a reason to swing again. But Genji gave him none. Still and silent, the cyborg waited for the other to calm, knowing nothing would reach him in his current state.

For what felt like an hour, Hanzo’s shoulders remained tense, breathing heavy and nostrils flaring as he waited for Genji’s next move. Eventually though, the rage dissipated, his muscles laxed, and Hanzo was left to recompose himself as he stepped back from the other. It was then that Genji decided it best to speak up.

“Please, let me make things right. I am still your brother.” Hanzo glared at him, yet his eyes lacked the fiery and threat of violence they had held just moments ago.

“You are not the Genji I knew. You have changed.”

“So have you, brother.” The elder brother looked indignant at the assertion, incensed by the cyborg’s words. “The Hanzo I knew would never buy a woman. Never seek comfort in the arms of a prostitute.” Genji was undeterred by the cruelty in his brother’s sharp eyes, his years of practice with the man’s emotional wall not forgotten. “So what changed?”

Hanzo said nothing in response, instead, turning back to face the targets. Stepping forward to reclaim his bow, he ignored the accusations that were leveled at him. After several long minutes of silence, Genji again spoke up. “So you are just going to ignore me, like all those years in Hanamura?” Again, no response. “Did you ever think that maybe a part of me misbehaving was simply an attempt to get some attention from you? Can’t you see, I still want to build a relationship between us? We used to be so close.” Still, nothing but the hard thwack of arrows hitting the target broke the quiet of the morning. “Are you still so blind that you refuse to acknowledge the part you played in our downfall?”

“I did what I must!” With another sudden burst of aggression, Hanzo whipped around, glaring daggers at the man that presumed to know him so intimately.

“I know. And for that I am sorry.” Hanzo faltered, caught off guard by the cyborg’s forthright response. He had expected excuses or a crafty argument to shift the blame onto himself. He, in his youth, had grown so accustomed to the tricky and persuasive Genji trying to finagle his way out of blame. He was unprepared for an apology. “I’m sorry you were put in that position. Forced to choose between duty and family. I’m sorry for the role I played in that outcome.” Hanzo just stared at his brother, words failing him as he waited for the misdirection, sure that at any moment the
deception would start again. But it never did. “We both have made mistakes in our youth, but now we have a chance to heal, and start again. Can’t you see that, brother?”

“It is not that simple.” Hanzo muttered, unsure how to approach this side of the man, so foreign and unfamiliar. Candidness was not a trait to be associated with the Genji he knew.

“It is as simple as you let it be. It was always you that made things complicated. But it doesn’t have to be like that anymore. I want to fix things between us.”

“Some things can’t be fixed.” Despite the anger and despite the walls, Genji could still make out a glimmer of remorse in his brother’s eyes. And although he would never admit it, Hanzo still carries the weight of guilt for the tragedies that befell the Shimada family.

Hanzo had always been like that, taking sole responsibility for everything, shouldering the burdens of the family no matter how heavy. Genji had no doubt that deep down, Hanzo blamed himself for everything Genji did, for everything that happened to him, all the events that worked together to destroy the clan.

“You still place so much weight on your own shoulders. When will you free yourself from these pains you burden yourself with?” When a long silence ensued, the archer clearly not knowing what to say in response, Genji opted to change the course of the conversation, hoping a different tactic might help to ease his brother accepting again. Besides, he had a few questions he wanted answers to.

“Why did you come to the Upper Floor?” Hanzo’s serious eyes flashed with surprise, the light of the morning making their color dazzling to the extreme.

“To find you.” His answer was so honest, so accidentally genuine, tumbling out of his mouth before he could think better of it. “You spend so much time there, surrounding yourself with shame and debauchery.”

“And yet, you won that woman at the auction.” Genji pointed out, curious as to his brother’s reasoning.

“When I saw you, willing to spend so much on that woman, it made me angry.” The archer muttered, averting his eyes.

“So you outbid me?” Beneath the mask, Genji was smiling, amused at his brother’s childish response. It was so like the old Hanzo he had known. A light, almost indiscernible tint of pink dusted Hanzo’s cheeks, embarrassed at his own impulsiveness.

It had seemed logical at the time. So many memories had flooded back to him when he saw his brother who was willing to drop so much money on such a used and soiled woman. As his anger overtook him, he had reacted without thinking. Lashing out like a child, taking a toy from his brother solely so that he could not have it.

“And now you see her often.” Genji asserted more then asked, his words bringing his brother’s eyes back to him. “Do you love her?”

“No.” Hanzo blurted out, without a single trace of confidence in his voice. With a heavy sigh, the cyborg regarded his brother, a pain growing in his heart as he saw the confusion in the other’s eyes. He was still lost, still unsure, still so unwilling to let himself long for something. Despite all the years and leaving the clan, Hanzo still could not bring himself to be selfish and yearn for something, regardless of how it affected others. He was still playing the role of the obedient son, wanting
nothing except what was expected of him.

“Brother, you have spent far too much of your life lying to yourself. Maybe it's time you were honest with what you want.”

“How can you presume to know me?” Yet again, Hanzo went on the defensive, hiding behind his walls as he glared at the other with distrust.

“Hanzo, I know you better than anyone, better then you know yourself. You may not see it, but the rest of the world can tell just how badly you need her. Are you really so lost that you can't even see how she is changing you? How many women have you denied? How many hearts have you left broken because they didn't meet the standards of the clan. How many have you hurt over the years because you refused to let yourself get close to anyone? Must you spend the rest of your life punishing yourself for crimes you alone have condemned yourself for?”

“What do you want from me? What would you have me say? I did what I must to help the clan - to help you. What else is expected of me?”

“I expect you to start being honest with yourself. I want you to be open about what you want. I want you to be able to admit what you feel, what you want out of life, and who you want to spend that life with. I want you to decide what it is you desire and go chase it. Take what you want, regardless of what anyone else thinks. Be selfish, Hanzo! For once in your damn life, stop being a puppet!”

For the longest time, the brothers just stared at one another, words escaping both of them. Eventually, the cyborg realized there was nothing left to say. There were no words he could muster that would break down the other’s walls in that moment, so he turned to take his leave.

“Think on what I have said brother. I speak only the truth. My only wish is to see you happy. And let our past wounds we have inflicted on each other finally heal.”

As Genji made his exit, Hanzo was once again left alone. The distant sounds of the base awakening were not enough to drown out the words that echoed in his mind.

“Figure out what you want. Chase after it. Be selfish.”

*********************************************************

“Whacha looking at?” Resting her chin on your hair, Liz leaned over you to skim the article you had pulled up on your laptop.

“I thought I’d do some research on a client. Just thought it might be best if I was a little more informed.” The tab you were on was open to an article about Genji Shimada.

“You could have asked me. I’ve had him for years.” Liz stated, arms draping over your shoulders to clasp hands in front of your breast. Her tone seemed a bit cautious, clearly concerned as to what your reasoning was for looking into the troublemaker. “So why the interest all the sudden?” You could tell she was attempting to hide her apprehension, acting nonchalant. But Liz had never been good at acting.

“I just don’t trust him. He knows way too much about the Upper Floor. And I don’t know, I just get a weird vibe from him. Like he’s more dangerous than he lets on.” You left out the part about how you were curious about him and Hanzo’s past. And there was no way you were admitting your secret hope to learn more about this Yuki that was so well known to the Shimada’s yet remained so elusive.
“Well, he has been a client here for a very long time. Heck, he was here before I was. So he’s probably learned a lot of secrets over the years from loose lipped women.” Liz still seemed wary, but you could feel her body relax against yours at your assertion of safety. “So what did you find out?”

“Well, apparently he is the son of some great crime organization in Japan. The Shimada clan. You ever heard of them?”

“A little, back when I was younger. I know they were big drug traffickers. But Overwatch took them out years ago.”

“Apparently they were also great assassins. Genji was an heir to the clan.”

“So that would mean Hanzo is too?” Liz interrupted, prodding you for an emotional response, testing to see how you reacted.

“I guess so.” You replied, nonchalantly.

Actually, according to what you read, Hanzo was THE heir. Set to inherit the whole empire, until the clan fell apart. There wasn’t much information to find on the clan or what had happened to it, mostly rumors and hearsay, stories passed along from a friend of a friend who knew a guy. But if the rumors were to be believed, Hanzo had killed his brother under the clans instruction and then fled shortly after the act.

You weren’t sure how much of that you believed. Genji obviously wasn’t dead. But some great conflict like that would explain why the brothers act as they do regarding one another, and would go a long way towards explaining why Genji was now more machine than man. There were many stories of the younger brother’s rampant party days in his youth, something you had no trouble picturing. But very little could be found about Hanzo in his time as the heir to the Shimada clan. And not a single trace of Yuki. Maybe he hadn’t known her then. Maybe she was someone who entered Hanzo’s life after he fled the clan. Maybe she was aiding him. You’re stomach tightened at the idea of Hanzo, stoic and stern, sneaking down back alleys and hiding in shadows with this woman. Him confiding in her, trusting her, putting his fate in her hands.

A bitter taste washed over your palate as you shook the thought out of your head. It wasn’t your business.

“Is there anything else you know about him Liz?” Tilting your head back, you looked up at your friend, her long dangly earrings tickling your cheeks as she looked down at you.

“I know he’s an incurable flirt and rarely sticks to one woman. He tends to take interest in the newest girls for a while before ditching them for his usual favorites. He can be nosey. Always asking questions. He’s a member of Overwatch now.-“

“What? But they took down his family?” Liz just shrugged, disinterest clear in her expression. “So we have members of Overwatch as clients?”

“Yeah, more than you’d think.” Giving a wink, Liz wandered off to the kitchen to start dinner, confident in the innocence of your research.

When she was well out of sight, you flipped back to your other tab, opening a page filled with speculations and rumors about Hanzo. There was so little to discover about him. He had almost never been seen in public and even people who claimed to be former servants didn’t seem to know much about him. A secret part of you had been hoping that while researching the Shimada brothers, you would stumble across the truth about Yuki. No matter how much you tried to suppress it, your
curiosity had one question burning inside you: who was this woman that meant so much to such a powerful man?

Your thoughts were interrupted as your phone screen lit up, a soft buzzing catching you off guard. Sliding down your notification bar, a new message stood out against all the update reminders and various media notification. But your breath stilled in your lungs as you saw the message.

Hanzo:
Can I see you?
A Whole New World

The sun was shining bright with the August heat, clouds light and billowy as they were swept across the sky by the light breeze attempting to combat the hot air. Weaving your way through the crowded sidewalk, you followed the GPS on your phone, eyes scanning your surroundings occasionally to read street names or memorize landmarks. The bus ride here hadn’t been terribly long, but not uncomfortable. It had been a nice change, sitting unnoticed in a crowd, just a regular person like everyone else. But after being stuck in that uncomfortable seat for so long, you were glad for the chance to stretch your legs.

Tall building stretched towards the sky as if to hold it up, shimmering windows reflecting the light onto the streets. Concrete and traffic extended out in every direction as the noises of the city clattered on in an uninterrupted symphony of man made mechanical music.

Your nerves twisted knots in your stomach, heart thumping in time with your steps as you neared your destination. “Can I see you” you had read and reread the message over and over again in the last week, unsure how to interpret it. At first you had thought he just wanted to request your time, maybe he had had a rough day and needed to come in for some release. But as the two of you had exchange messages, it had become clear, he wanted to meet with you outside of the Upper Floor.

Immediately you had refused, telling him it was against the rules to sleep with clients outside the Upper Floor and reminding him of the life of a slave. But much to your surprise, he had insisted that this wasn’t to be a sexual encounter. He just wanted to meet with you, somewhere public, said he just wanted to get to know you better, as a friend.

It had not been an easy decision, you knew Liz wouldn’t approve, but with great hesitation, you agreed. There would be no sex. You were sure of that. No romance of any sort. You had no interest in that anyway. But friendship? You could use a bit more of that in your life.

Hanzo was a good man, stern and a bit guarded, but he was kind to you. You feared losing him as a client if you refused his offer, but you would be lying if you said that was the sole reason for accepting his offer. Loneliness was a powerful force. If he understood that here was no chance of romance with this outing and respected that, you were willing to risk Liz’s disapproval to have a friend on the outside.

Your whole world revolved around your career, the occupation consuming every facet of your existence. It was how you defined yourself. You didn’t want to end up trapped in that life like Liz. You needed to maintain connections to the outside world, things that reminded you there was more to life than the Upper Floor. Hanzo could help with that.

Turning right, your destination was in sight. Tall and towering, the aquarium stood out as an impressive piece of architecture amongst all the rectangular buildings. You were excited. You hadn’t been to an aquarium since your parents had died. Liz wasn’t much into museums or zoos, often pushing to spend days off shopping or at the club. You heart was uplifted at the idea of having someone else to go places with.

Switching over to messenger, you selected one of the only two text chains you had; Hanzo. ‘Here’. You were a few minutes early, but you decided to shoot him a message anyway. You could wait in line for tickets till he got here. Before you could put your phone away, a response text flashed across your screen. ‘Waiting out front near the otter statue.’ It took you a moment for the text to register. Was he here already?
Sure enough, as you walked through the gates, there in the middle of the pathway was a giant statue of four otters swimming through seaweed. And there under the statue, looking around as if lost, was Hanzo.

His eyes searched the crowd, trying to spy you through the sea of people. You had to chuckle at the man, his guarded stance and awkward way he shuffled aside out of people’s way making it clear he was out of his element. As you approached him, weaving your way through the crowd, you admired his casual look, so different from anything you had seen him in. The man sported an athletic t-shirt and jogging pants, comfortable and practical. The form fitting shirt hugged the mounds of muscle that made up his chest, showing off his well sculpted torso. The sleeves seemed tight around his bulging biceps, riding up his arms to reveal the intricate tattoo that consumed his left arm. The pants hugged his thighs nicely, making no secret of how they thick and toned they were beneath the fabric. His hair was slicked back into its usual ponytail, few strands left free to frame the right side of his face. All and all, he looked like an absolute hunk. You were surprised he didn’t have several young girls swarming around him, bidding for his attention.

You were within ten feet of him when his eyes finally fell upon you. The features of his face seemed to soften, his expression less severe as his gaze washed over you. You both smiled brightly as the distance between you closed.

Stepping towards you, Hanzo’s arms began to raise as if to embrace you before faltering, retreating back to his pockets as he looked from side to side awkwardly. Truth be told, you weren’t sure how to greet him either. What was the social protocol for greeting someone who paid to sleep with you. Biting back your own embarrassment, you opted for a friendly wave, smiling at him in a wordless hello. Comforted by your response, the man did the same, a small smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

“Regular clothes look good on you.” You stated, admiring the way the fabric stretched taut over his chest.

“I had to borrow them. Most of my clothes are not suitable for a place like this.” You raised an eyebrow at his statement. You found it interesting that he didn’t have everyday clothes. But then again, you still had no idea what he did for a living now. And he didn’t strike you as the kinda guy that went out much, so maybe it made sense. “You look lovely though.” Brushing over his odd statement, Hanzo looked over your jean shorts and tank top in admiration. You didn’t get to wear regular clothes much either, so you enjoyed the chance to just throw on a regular outfit and not have to doll yourself up.

“Thanks.” You knew he was just being polite, but you appreciated his words regardless.

“We should get in line for tickets.” You suggested, eyeing how long the line had grown in just the short time you had been standing there.

“I already got them.” He stated, pulling the tickets out of his pocket to hand one to you. “I got here earlier than I thought I would, so I picked them up while I waited.” Taking the ticket, you studied it briefly, admiring the beautiful picture of sea turtles that covered most of its surface.

“Thank you. How much do I owe you?” You wanted it to be very clear to anyone who happened to see the two of you that this was not a date. Paying for yourself was just one of the many rules you had put in place as a safety measure.

“Why don’t you buy lunch, then we will be even.” Hanzo suggested as the two of you started for the entrance.
“That seems fair.” This was going better than you had thought. You had been worried you would have to reaffirm that this was just two friends hanging out, but so far, Hanzo didn’t seem at all interested in making any moves on you. That’s probably because he has Yuki.

As you walked past the entrance and into the grand entryway, one of the employees handed you a map that you eagerly took. Unfolding the pamphlet, you were surprised by just how expansive this place was.

“What would you like to see first?” Hanzo asked, eyeing the crowd.

“Well gosh. I’m not even sure. There’s so much. There’s the main aquarium, and the otter exhibit, the dolphin show, they have whales? Sea turtles. Oh my gosh! You can pet sharks?” As you read over all the exhibits and events the aquarium offered, you wondered if you would really be able to see it all in one day.

Looking over your shoulder, Hanzo studied the map, the beginnings of a smile tugging at the edges of his lips as he observed your excitement.

“It looks like this path leads in a circle. So if we go this way, we can see all these attractions and then go to the ones in the middle.” You nodded in agreement, folding the map back up to stick in your pocket as the two of you headed to the hall marked “Giants of the Sea”

“Have you ever been to the ocean?” You asked, making small talk.

“Yes. My mother used to take me and my brother when we were young. Every summer she would bring us to a beach house for a week or two. She loved the ocean. She was always happiest when the waves rolled over her feet.” A fondness took over his expression, as if revisiting memories of a happier time. “What about you?”

“I’ve never been. Work was good in the cities, so that’s where I tend to gravitate to.” You were a little sad to admit that aloud, but you were comforted by the fact that you only had a little over six months before you were free. Then you could visit the ocean any time you wanted.

As you walked under the large hanging sign, the path split to two sets of stairs, one going up, and one going down. The bulk of the crowd was climbing the stairs that led to the upper levels. Bustling and packed, you felt uncomfortable in the throng of people as you were jostled around.

“Come on.” Hanzo stated, giving the side of your shirt a slight tug as he headed towards the stairs leading to the lower level, clearly on edge by the small packed space.

Following him, you let out a large breath you didn’t know you were holding as you began to descend the stairs. The deeper you went, the quieter it got. The tapping of your shoes echoing against the stony facade of the walls. The lighting dimmed and the walls shimmered as if to mimic some deep dank cave. The atmosphere set a great mood, mystical and almost otherworldly, playing with your fancy and sparking your imagination.

As the stairs ended, you were let out into a dark room where the only light came from three giant panes of glass that looked into the aquarium. You were quick to scurry over to an open spot in front of the window that opened up as a mother with her stroller moved away. Peering into the glass, your eyes scanned over the shimmering walls of the enclosure, searching for whatever creature they held.

Suddenly, a large white mass swam into your peripheral. A beluga whale, recognisable by its long white body and bulbous forehead, gracefully floated through the water along the glass wall and past you.
“It’s huge!!” You exclaimed, hands pressing against the glass as you watched the whale swim past. You hadn’t seen a whale in person since you were a kid. You knew they were big, but you always thought you just remembered them being so big because you had been so small. Hanzo watched you with incredulous amusement. Your eyes filled with wonder and you were in awe as the creature swam around the tank. Turning and spinning, the beast seemed so innocent, so playful as it danced through the water. Every time it passed your way, you pressed yourself further into the glass. Your smile was bright when you leaned back to look at Hanzo, eyes twinkling with childlike delight.

“I’ve never seen a white whale before. Is it an albino? It’s beautiful.” Hanzo stifled a laugh at your question, the honest curiosity in your eyes almost proving too much for him.

“This is a beluga whale.” One of the aquarium workers had heard you question, and came over to espouse facts about the whale. “They live in the cold waters of the arctic and their white coloring was developed as a way of camouflaging themselves with the ice around them. The large protuberance on their forehead is used for echolocation, enabling them to maneuver and find breaks in the ice where they can catch their breath.”

“Oh, wow. That’s so cool.” You exclaimed, excitement growing as the graceful creature swam closer.

As it passed you, the large whale did a corkscrew, thrilling you as you twirled by. Turning, you looked at Hanzo with bright eyes.

He smiled back at you, enjoying your childlike excitement. You knew you were probably being silly, but you didn’t care. So much of your life was spent being a mature, seductive woman, it was nice to act a bit childish for a change. Besides, it had been so long since you had seen actual wild, exotic animals.

As the whale disappeared from view, you pressed yourself against the glass, peering around in an attempt to find it again.

“Where did he go?” You asked, turning back to look at Hanzo, who just offered a shrug. But as you turned back, you were startled to see the large beast swimming upwards directly in front of you before it breached the surface, blowing air out its blowhole. “Wow!” you and all the kids around you exclaimed.

You could hear Hanzo stifle a laugh behind you, and you suddenly grew self conscious of just how juvenile you were being. Biting your lower lip, you stepped back from the glass, turning to face him as you composed yourself.

“And just what is so funny, mister” Hanzo faltered, rubbing the back of his neck as he avoided eye contact.

“I just- I was worried that you weren’t going to enjoy yourself.” He looked a bit sheepish, as you stared up at him, surprised by his words. “I just picked here because it seemed like the kind of place girls would like to go. But you’re so different from most women I’ve known. I wasn’t sure this would be to your liking.”

You bit your lower lip again, but this time to hold back the giant grin that threatened to consume your face. It warmed your heart to think he had put so much thought into it and that he considered you unique and different. Truth be told, you didn’t think there was much that set you apart from the other women of the Upper Floor. There were many far prettier and much more alluring than you. But
maybe, out here in the real world, just maybe you were special. That was a nice thought. One you secretly hoped was true.

“Well I love it.” You stated boldly, straightening your back and putting your hands on your hips in triumph. Hanzo again chuckled at your enthusiasm, greatly enjoying this side of you. “I don’t get to go out much, and when I do, Liz always wants to go shopping or to the club or bar.” Your smile dropped for a moment, an emotional gravity washing over you as you espoused a hidden truth you kept tucked away in your heart. “I just want to be with regular people. Do things that everyone gets to do, that I never get the chance to. Just be normal for a day.” Hanzo’s expression sobered, both honored by your confession and sympathetic to your struggle.

“Well, I can’t say I know all that much about having a normal life, but maybe we can find out together.” He didn’t smile, but his eyes were kind as they regarded you, bringing a levity to your heart that was needed in that moment. With nothing more to be said, Hanzo motioned towards the exit, wordlessly asking if you were ready to see the next exhibit.

Nodding, you stepped out of the crowd, allowing several small children to take your place at the glass. The two of you moved down the hall and into a large open room. The walls were painted a beautiful shade of blue, large sculptures of sea turtles and jellyfish hanging from the ceiling.

Pictures and plaques with facts and information about sea turtles covered the lower seven feet of the walls. A large tank resided in the center of the room, connecting to one of the walls to create a ‘u’ shaped walkway around the tank. Inside the tank, swimming amongst the expansive ecosystem of coral and fish, were at least a dozen sea turtles.

“Wow, they are so cute.” Walking up to the enclosure, Hanzo skimmed over a plaque while you admired the nimble creatures gliding about like angels in water.

“It says here that these turtles are rescues. They have been injured by fishing boats and were brought here to be rehabilitated.” As you looked closer, you could see that many of the turtles were missing parts of their fins or even the whole fin entirely.

“Awww, the poor things.” You were saddened as one swam by, its stump clear and scarred.

“No need to be sad. Most of these turtles will recover and be released back to the ocean.” Yet again, another employee stepped forward to interject into your conversation.

“But won’t they have a hard time surviving in the wild?” You asked, concerned for the poor little turtles.

“Not at all. We actually release them on an island off the coast of Australia. The island has the largest turtle population in recorded history and is a safe haven for the turtles where they have no natural predators. The economy of the island is completely dependant on the turtles to bring tourists.” She explained, pointing to a small island on a map displayed on the plaque.

“Wow. I bet that would be an amazing place to visit.” Pulling out your phone, you took a picture of the map, hoping that when you were free you would remember to visit the tiny island.

The two of you continued to admire the turtles for the next half hour, wandering around the tank and admiring the gentle creatures. Eventually, you had had your fill of the turtles, choosing to move onward to the next exhibit.

You wandered your way through the seahorse and anemone displays, admiring the bright colors and reading about the different species and their various life styles. You enjoyed reading all about the specialized classes and their various survival strategies. Maybe it was because you never went to
school, or maybe it was just your personality, but you loved learning about the world around you and the creatures that inhabit it. They were so foreign, so fascinating.

A part of you worried that this was boring for Hanzo. He was so cultured, such a man of the world. Being the son of such a mighty empire, you had no doubt that he was no stranger to the amazing and mysterious wonders of the world. He probably saw things like this regularly growing up.

However, whenever you would regard him, studying to see if he was bored or disinterested, he was right there by your side, reading the descriptions and watching the creatures with great intrigue. Maybe he was just humoring you, but his interest seemed very genuine.

As you moved to the next room, you were again met with a large tank extending out from the wall. This one was only about two feet tall and surrounded by people leaning over it, reaching into the water. Was this an interactive exhibit?

Stepping up to a group of children, you peared over them, trying to see what they were touching. Starfish? Rays? Maybe even those cute turtles? Looking into the water, your heart dropped as your eyes fell on slick black body that swam through children’s fingers.

Jumping back, you latched on to Hanzo’s arm, pulling him back with you as you scooted away from the tank. The man managed to maintain his balance as you dragged him back, grabbing hold of you to still your movement.

“Those are sharks!” You exclaimed, nails digging into the thick muscles of his arms. Looking over the tank, Hanzo regarded you incredulously, as wondering if you were joking.

“They are just babies.” He stated, not a trace of concern in his voice.

“I’m not sticking my hand in there. They’ll eat me.” Alarm grew within you as you watched parents lift their kids up to reach their pudgy hands into the water.

“They wouldn’t let you pet them if they could hurt you.” He stated plainly, not understanding your fear.

Against your will, Hanzo dragged you closer to the tank until your toes knocked against the edge of the tank. As he leaned down, reaching a hand out towards the water, you pulled back violently on his arm. Hand on the lip of the enclosure, Hanzo rested his weight on his arm, turning his head to look up at you.

“Are you really that scared?” He asked, growing impatient with you.

“They’ll bite you!” You exclaimed, eyes pleading with him in desperation. Hanzo was caught off guard by just how worked up you were.

Shifted his arm in your grasp, his massive hand came to rest on your hip, thumb rubbing reassuring circles over your hipbone as he looked up at you with reassuring eyes. Your jaw remained clenched, arms tight around his as you looked into his eyes beseechingly.

“It’s perfectly safe. I promise.” Standing up straight, he towered over you, free hand coming to rub your arm encouragingly, offering a small smile.

You knew he was right. Your brain knew they wouldn’t let you just reach your hand into a tank of man eaters. You looked out over the tank, watching all the children that fearlessly reached into the water for their fingers to run the length of the beasts. No one was screaming, no one was hurt. But you just couldn’t bring yourself to release Hanzo. The image of his reaching in only to retract with a
stub was too vivid in your mind.

Letting out a heavy sigh, Hanzo knew that you wouldn’t be easily convinced. Looking out over the crowd of people, he made eye contact with a young looking boy that wore the aquarium uniform and waved him over. With a dazzling smile, the boy quickly stepped towards the two of you.

“What can I do for you, sir?” The boy asked, perky and charismatic.

“Are these babies dangerous?” Hanzo asked, turning you to face the man.

“Oh no. Not at all. These are actually fully grown dog sharks. They are actually eaten by larger sharks in the wild. They are harmless.” Stepping up to the tank, the boy reached in, running his hand along a passing shark as it swam by, unfazed by the contact.

Finally releasing Hanzo’s arm, you moved to the tanks edge, watching warily as the sharks swam past the boy’s hand, completely ignoring it. Biting your lip, you extended your hand, though you couldn’t bring yourself to dip your fingers into the water. The sharks swam under your open palm, paying you no mind as they followed their own little route.

“Just reach in and with two fingers, pet them along the length of their body.” The chipper boy explained, reaching into the water to demonstrate.

“Won’t they bite?” You asked, hand hovering just over the surface of the water cautiously.

“Not at all. They eat small crustaceans, so their teeth are actually rounded so as to better break open they hard shells. Even if they did bite you, it wouldn’t hurt.” He offered you a encouraging smile, putting you at ease. “You’re friends got the hang of it.”

You were momentarily confused and following his line of sight to look over at Hanzo. A small swarm of sharks had gathered in front of the man, bumping into each other and the wall as he calmly ran his hand through the mass of slick bodies. Your heart leapt into your throat at the sight of Hanzo’s hand surrounded by so many sharks. Yet the man seemed unperturbed, casually petting the beasts as if they were puppies.

“Make sure you are careful of their fins, they can be rather fragile.” The handler instructed.

“小さな水の龍(Chīsana mizu no ryū)” You could barely make out what Hanzo mumbled, the Japanese throwing you for a loop as you wondered what he said.

Despite it, you had to admire the gentle features of his face, the kind, ever pleasant smile that graced his lips. In that moment, he was so much softer than you had ever seen him. Your admiration was interrupted as the chatter and high-pitched energy of a group across the tank caught your attention. Looking up, you saw a cluster of six girls who also occupied themselves with watching the man at your side. You couldn’t make out what they were saying, but you could tell they were enamored with the handsome man and his magical shark taming abilities. As they pointed and stared, you were reminded of just how unnaturally handsome your companion was.

“You’ve got a fan club.” You stated, interrupting the man’s zen moment.

“Hm?” Replied Hanzo as he looked up at the group. The girls fell into a medley of giggles, some turning away out of embarrassment, one being brave enough to wave. “Did I do something funny?” Hanzo asked, confused as he looked to you for an explanation.

“They think you’re hot.” You explained, amused by his obliviousness. “They’ve been eyeing you for a while now.” He gave you an incredulous look before his gaze returned to the girls, exciting a
new chorus of giggles and laughter from the gaggle of girls.

“They are far too young. They should be looking for someone more their own age.” He stated flatly, giving the girls a stern look, as if reprimanding them.

“They look about my age.” You pointed out skeptically.

“That’s different.” He muttered, averting his gaze.

He wasn’t wrong. There was a big difference between buying a young prostitute, and actually dating a woman almost half your age. Besides, his heart belonged to Yuki. He wasn’t looking for anyone new.

“You still haven’t pet one yet.” Changing the subject, Hanzo glanced at you before returning to the swarm of sharks that swam before him.

Taking a side step closer to him, you reached out your hand close to his, fingers slipping past the water’s surface and into the mess of sharks. When you first made contact, you were startled, their skin so much colder and slick than you expected. The shark gently slid along your fingers passing by as if you were no disturbance. A childlike joy bubbled up inside you, exciting you as you sought out more contact with the slippery beasts. As you giggled and grinned, Hanzo watched you, a soft smile on his lips at your delight.

When at last you decided to leave the sharks, you were as giddy as could be. Both impressed with your own bravery and thrilled at the excitement of touching such notoriously scary animal, you were feeling pretty good about yourself, chest puffed out a bit and an extra pep in your step. Hanzo just chuckled in amusement, quiet taken with this side of you.

“So what’s next? More things to touch?” You asked, almost skipping as you walked towards the entrance of the next exhibit. Pulling the map out of your back pocket, Hanzo unfolded it.

“It looks like this is the main aquarium.” As he read the description, a knowing grin formed creases around his lips and eyes. “I think you’ll like this.” Before you could steal a look at the map, the man folded it back up, stuffing it into his own pocket as he spared you a side glance.

You gave him a questioning look, but your attention quickly returned to the path before you as it led you into a small passageway only ten feet wide. As you stepped over the threshold, you were struck by the sudden darkness of the hall you now traveled. With nothing but a soft glow emanating from around a distant corner, you slowed your steps, placing your hand on Hanzo’s shoulder to steady yourself and track where he was in the darkness. You were startled when the man’s hand came to rest on the small of your back, helping to stabilize you as the two of you made your way towards the dim light.

As you approached the light at the end of the hall, it steadily got brighter and brighter till you turned the corner and were blinded. As you blinked rapidly, eyes trying to adjust to the sudden influx of light, you stilled your steps, standing in the opening. As your eyes began to focus again, and things became clearer, you couldn’t help but gasp. Stretching out before you to spiral around, was a completely glass tunnel. You were inside the aquarium.

Looking up, you could see all manner of fish and sea creatures swimming above you, their shadows dancing over you as the lights shown down through the rippling water many feet above you. All around you were colorful fish, darting about in large schools. Looking to your right, a giant fish as big as you swam along the length of the tube, one eye staring out at you disinterested. As you rushed to the side of the glass to look down, you could see at least a hundred more feet below you, teaming
with life and color and beauty.

You couldn’t help the squeal that escaped you, suddenly consumed with an uncontrollable burst of energy and excitement as you practically vibrated in place. You’re eyes darted all around, soaking in the sights. Sharks, turtles, fish of all sizes, rays, everything was in this tank. Running twenty feet down the tube, you followed a dolphin as it swam by.

Giggling like a delighted child, you looked back at Hanzo, an infectious smile overtaking your face as you clapped your hands in front of your chest. Seeing your joy, Hanzo couldn’t help but grin, eyes squinting as your jubilee infected him.

The whole walk was like that, you laughing and smiling in excitement every time something swam by, looking back at your companion as if to confirm what you were seeing. The rays were massive as they passed over, the sharks so intimidating as they slowly glided past, in no hurry as everything scuttered out of their way. The schools of fish flashed bright colors, mesmerizing you as they swayed and flitted together, all moving as a unit. Even at the bottom, the coral was all so beautiful. So many colors and sizes, so many changing shapes and patterns. The fish swimming through them as if it was their own little bustling city. Starfish as big as dinner plates and shrimp vibrant and dazzling. You were outright giddy by the time you came to the tunnels end, looking up at all the life that swam above you.

You dragged it on as long as you could, marveling at every creature that passed you, pointing out every strange and outlandish animal you spotted. But eventually, it was time to move on. Stepping out of the tunnel, you entered into a large room full of stands and stations that contained information about the various creatures you had seen. Still on a high from the tank walk, you flitted from stand to stand reading all about the fanciful beasts and the lives they lived.

No matter how silly or enthusiastic you got, Hanzo was there by your side, smiling every step of the way. You learned as much as you could about the ocean and its ecosystem, reading all the plaques and studying all the diagrams, till you could absorb no more. When at last you had had your fill, the two of you made your way to the exit. You were discussing all the things you had learned and what each of you found fascinating.

The way out was a glass elevator that went up through the center of the tank, providing one final glimpse of the ocean world as you ascended. You practically danced your way into the elevator, Hanzo chuckling at your prolonged bliss as he stepped in to stand beside you, bodies close. Looking at each other with warm eyes, you were happy to see Hanzo seemed so at ease. As the doors began to close, he leaned in close, lips parting as he began to speak.

“Hold the elevator please!” Startled, Hanzo was quick to put his hands on the elevator door, preventing it from closing as the strangers approached. Frazzled, the man’s face had a slight dusting of pink, causing you to bite back a chuckle at his embarrassment. As the doors opened, you looked over to smile at the newcomers. Three omnis stood waiting, espousing their appreciation to Hanzo as they boarded.

Immediately you froze, heart dropping as they stepped into the enclosed space with you. You eyed them warily, smile completely vanished from your face as your form stiffened. As Hanzo stepped back into place next to you, he quickly took note of your guarded stance. Your eyes were shifty as they darted between the three robots. Your breathing was more labored and the features of your face harsh.

As the elevator began to rise, they weren’t even looking your way, watching the fish swim by as they pointed out the various creatures. But as one stepped back, following a fish that was swimming around the enclosure, you darted away, knocking into Hanzo’s arm. The man was surprised by your
response, but as the memories of your terror at your first meeting with Genji and Zenyatta came to him, it became clear.

Lifting up his arm, Hanzo wrapped it around your shoulder, pulling you close to him while simultaneously turning you so that he was between you and the omnis as you both looked out on the colorful scene of fish and corral. You didn’t protest, clutching at his shirt as you occasionally spared the robots distrustful glances behind their back. Every time you would crane your neck to observe them, the man’s hand would offer your arm a squeeze, reassuring you.

“Look.” Catching your attention, Hanzo pointed up at a large ray that was swimming towards the elevator shaft. Just as the elevator rose past, the ray glided majestically by the glass, giving you a full view of its underbelly. A smile came to your face, amazed at the size of the creature.

Despite the omnis, Hanzo managed to keep you smiling the rest of the ride. Pointing out all manner of creature, he would ask you what it was and laugh as you made up silly names and backstories till finally, you had reached the top.

As the doors to the elevator opened, the two of you waited for the omnis to leave before stepping out. As you watched them walk away, you felt Hanzo’s arm guide you off in the opposite direction.

“You don’t like Omnis, do you?” He remained facing forward, but he watched you out of the corner of his eye, studying you to gauge your response.

“No, I can’t say I do.” You replied flatly.

“Should I ask?” Leading you through the many paths, the two of you came out at the food court. The sudden smell of pizza and french-fries made you realize just how hungry you actually were.

“My parents were killed by Omnis. I wouldn’t be in this… profession if it weren’t for them.” Hanzo must have been hungry as well, cause he guided you over to a line for one of the many food stands.

“I’m sorry. That must have been difficult.” His hand gave a light squeeze, an unconscious attempt at comfort.

“I was just thirteen. At a time when I should have been just starting to learn how to be a woman, I had to learn how to please men so I wouldn’t starve.” Your hand gripped tighter at his shirt, bitter memories flooding you.

“To be so young and be exposed to such a hard life. You are very strong.” There was a hint of sadness in his voice, finally turning his head to fully regard you.

“I had no choice.” Again, your tone was flat, matter of fact. It was the only way you knew how to deal with the hardships of your past. You had seen too many girls fall into drugs and alcohol to try to cope with their pain. You weren’t going to fall victim to the same fate.

As he squeezed you tight in reassurance, you became aware of your proximity. Slipping out from under his arm, you took a step away, readjusting your shoulders as you straightened yourself. Hanzo looked at you confused for a moment, before he seemed to realize your reasoning.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to cross any boundaries.” His eyes held a trace of sadness, missing the warmth of you under his arm. It was odd, being so physically distant when all the time the two of you had only ever been physically intimate. But he didn’t want to get you into any trouble.

“It’s alright. Old habits.” You offered a weak smile before the person in front of you stepped aside, and you were next in line to order.
You ordered first, going simple with a hotdog and fries before stepping aside for Hanzo to order as you looked out over the crowd. The aquarium was busier than you had thought it would be on a weekday, mostly mom’s with their little ones too young to be in school. Despite that, it wasn’t unbearable. At least with kids you could see over their heads.

You turned back just in time to see the cashier handing Hanzo back his change and receipt.

“Hey! I was supposed to pay for lunch.” Scowling at him, he gave you an apologetic look as he shrugged, stepping out of line.

“Sorry. I forgot.” You weren’t sure you believed him. You knew he was just trying to be a gentleman, since he was the one that asked you to come here with him, but still, you just felt better about the whole thing if you paid your way. “Why don’t I wait for the food and you go find us a table.” Hands on your hips, you spared him one final admonishing glance before turning to search for a vacant table.

It wasn’t hard to find several tables although most of them dirty. Walking up to one of the condiment counters, you grabbed a handful of napkins, hoping to wipe off the table when one of the stalls caught your eye. Sushi. With a mischievous grin, you entertained the idea that formed. Walking up to the stand, you were surprised they weren’t as busy as the pizza or burger joint.

“How can I help you?” the man behind the counter asked, offering a pleasant smile.

“I was wondering if you had something.”

As you walked back to the cluster of tables, Hanzo was already sitting, looking quite displeased with the messy surface. His eyes found you as you drew closer, questioning you before noticing what you carried.

“What do you have there?” He asked, studying the glass you held among all the napkins you had grabbed.

“Well, since you paid for the tickets AND lunch,” your tone was sassy, but your eyes appreciative, “I thought I should pay for something.” Placing the bottle on his tray, you began to wipe off the table, brushing off the crumbs and mopping up the spill.

“And just what is it?” He asked, eyeing it distrustfully. Throwing away the napkins, you sat down to join him, taking your food off the tray as you grinned at him.

“Poison.” You stated plainly. He gave you an unamused stare, causing you to roll your eyes in response. “Just try it.” Giving the cup a once over again, Hanzo was hesitant to tip it back, taking a swig in his mouth. But as soon as the liquid hit his palate, his eyes lit up disbelieving.

“Sake?” He asked, looking at you doubtfully. “They serve this here?” Chuckling, you smiled at him, pointing a thumb to the sushi place as you responded.

“I guess. Kinda doubted it myself, but I thought I would ask and was pleasantly surprised.” Taking another gulp, Hanzo grinned, eyes shining as he spoke.

“Thank you.” You nodded in response.

Digging in, you enjoyed your hotdog, amused as you watched Hanzo attempt to eat an oversized hamburger with dignity, the sauces and bits of onion spilling over his fingers to drip onto his fries. The two of you enjoyed your food in silence, the nourishment helping you regain your energy. The food was greasy and the cafeteria noisy, but you didn’t mind it. You were outside the Upper Floor,
among normal people. This was fine.

When you finally felt too stuffed to take another bite, you sat back heavy in your chair, a weighty groan escaping you as you studied your companion. Hearing you, Hanzo looked up, still leaning over his plate in a hopeless attempt to contain his messy food.

You had to laugh when you saw the man, neatly trimmed goatee a mess with sauce and bits of lettuce and onion, eyes large and unguarded as he looked up at you. Slightly embarrassed, he straighten up in his seat, putting what remained of his burger down to clean his hands off with a napkin.

“Why must American’s make such messy food.” He muttered, causing a grin to pull at your lips despite your best efforts.

“You, uh, still have a little…” Pointing at your chin, you indicated that his face was a mess. It was barely visible, but a light blush dusted his cheeks as he quickly wiped his face thoroughly, gaze looking anywhere but you. When his chin was clean, and he at last looked at you, you couldn’t help the smile that overtook your face. Before you knew it, you were both laughing, eyes closed as you shared an everyday moment that felt so natural, so organic.

Your heart swelled as your laughter melded with his, creating a perfect harmony of amusement. Even as the laughter died, the smiles remained, gazing at each other like old friends with a rekindled comradery. Things felt so easy, so right.

“Who is Yuki?” The words left your lips without you realizing it.

Hanzo froze, eyes fixed on the table as your words sank in. You expected a panic to set in, a strong desire to take the words back, to try to laugh it off, but the feeling never came. You were oddly calm, waiting patiently for a response as you watched the man with honest eyes.

After a long, seemingly endless silence, when you wondered if he was ever going to answer you or if you needed to just change the subject, he finally spoke up.

“Did Genji tell you?” His eyes met yours, piercing you, although there was no anger or aggression in them.

“No. You call out her name during our... sessions. I asked Genji, but he said it wasn't his place to tell me.”

His thumb rubbed rough circles over his bottle of sake, fingers nervously drumming the table. As his eyes grew distant, you wondered if you had overstepped your bounds. Maybe seeing him today like this, acting like friends, had made you too comfortable with him. Maybe it was too forward for you to ask something so personal. His personal life really wasn’t any of your business. You should have just let it be.

“Fine.” he finally spoke, downing what was left of his drink before leaning his forearms on the table, looking very guarded. “You deserve to know. I guess.” Brushing the few wisps from his face, he was unable to meet your gaze, choosing instead to stare at your plate. In silence, you waited for the man to continue, watching as he seemed to chew over his words, not knowing where to start, or maybe how to. “She was my fiancée.” His words hit you like a train, blowing you out of the water as all the speculations, all your pondering about this mystery woman, turned out to not hold a candle to reality.

“You were engaged?” You couldn’t help the surprise in your voice, searching his eyes in an attempt
to read his thoughts, but his walls were up.

“I’m from a very… influential family. I was set to inherit my father’s empire. So it was an arranged marriage. Decided when we were both very young.”

“But you love her.” It wasn’t a question, you knew the answer, the hollow look in his eyes spoke more than words ever could. The man was surprised, finally meeting your eyes as he lifted his head. You looked at him solemnly, a great sympathy welling in your heart as you regarded this man you had spent so much time with, yet hardly knew. As he offered a silent nod, you could feel his deep sorrow.

“Yes. With everything I had.” His shoulders were tense, eyes lost in memories as his lips pursed.

You, who had never been in love, who had never held another for anything other than monetary gain, who had never even kissed a man just for the thrill and excitement of reciprocated feelings, couldn't begin to imagine the pain he had endured. Was this what it meant to love someone? To have their name forever etched into your lips, one moment of weakness away from it spilling forth. To have your heart forever bound by their memory, unable to break free, permanently bruised by the tightness of its hold. To be forever sinking into love’s abyss, swallowed by darkness and crushed by an ever growing pressure till it consumed you entirely.

How long had he been suffering like this? How long had he yearned for this woman, reaching out for her only for his hands to grasp at nothing? How deep and endless was the well of misery that sprung from this man? How many times had he taken you, dreaming of her, longing for it to be her arms that embraced him, her lips he claimed, her voice that called his name? How many nights had he stared into the dark, seeing only her face? How many times had she appeared in his dreams, there, soft, warm, his, but never able to keep her?

Staring at the bottom of his glass, the emptiness in his heart was almost palpable.

“What happened?” You asked, not wanting to cause him more pain, but desperate to know more, to get the whole story.

“About a year before we were to be married, the engagement was broken.” He stated dryly, replaying memories that time could not erase.

Was this back when he was still with the clan, before everything fell apart? That was nearly fifteen years ago. Fifteen years, and his heart still yearned for her. What kind of love could hold out for that long, what kind of man could care so all consumingly for this woman, that after all this time, it was still her he dreamed of? What kind of woman was this Yuki, who so wholly captured this man’s heart? Did he still talk to her? Did she still want him? Did he not know where she was? Did they still have a chance of making it work? So many questions filled your head, so many answers you needed to know.

“Can you find her? Maybe if you talk to her-“ Hanzo cut you off, nose wrinkling, lips forming a slight snarl as he spoke.

“She was married to another, and died in childbirth.”

Dead? Yuki was dead? After all this time, after seeing her buried, Hanzo still called her name? He had buried the woman he loved, never getting to have her as his own, having to surrender her to another man only to see her die because of that. Your heart crumbled inside your chest as the gravity of his situation settled on you.
Hanzo didn’t want to talk about it, didn’t want to relive these painful memories, but now that the door had been opened, he was powerless to shut it again as years of repressed emotions flooded out of him.

“Years later, I was told that the reason she was so abruptly traded to another, was because she had been caught in the arms of another man.” A sharp pain lodged itself in your heart, lip trembling slightly as you attempted to come to full grip of this man’s pain, his loss.

“I'm so sorry. I can't imagin-”

“It was Genji.” Those beautiful eyes, now so full of bitterness and contempt, fixed on you, and you felt the full weight of his sorrows.

It was anger now that consumed him. A rage and anguish that could scarcely be suppressed as he glared furiously at you, knuckles turning white as he clenched the bottle. “My own brother, took my Yuki in his bed. I would have gladly died for either of them.” His jaw clamped tight, body on the verge of shaking as long repressed anger boiled up inside him. “If it weren’t for him, Yuki would still be mine, she wouldn’t have had to leave, she wouldn’t be-“ He couldn’t bring himself to say that final word. Dead. Breathing labored, eyes almost crazed, you grew fearful of what you had unleashed.

“Hey.” Reaching out, you took his hands in yours, pulling his attention back to you. “Let’s get out of here.” You knew this couldn't be easy for him, and though you still wanted to know so much more, you wanted to spare him the embarrassment of airing such painful memories in such a public place.

Looking around, Hanzo became aware of just where you were, his anger abating just enough for him to regain his senses. Eyes darting around, you had never seen him more vulnerable than he was in that moment. Eyes glossy and red, he seemed like he was about to cry or start a fight, or maybe both.

Standing, you collected the two trays, quickly discarding them before returning to the man’s side. You rubbed his back, encouraging him to stand, but reassuring him that you would wait if he wasn’t ready. He stood, but he was a shell of what he formerly was. Listless and distant, the man followed you, mind miles away from you. Heart consumed with guilt, you lead him out to the back of the aquarium, where there was a small park that overlooked the river. The area was surprisingly empty, something you were grateful for as the two of you sat down on a bench overlooking the water.

For many minutes the two of you sat in silence, Hanzo looking out over the water as the midday sun shown down on you. You struggled for words, so lost in the face of this man’s tragedy. Of all the thing you had expected Yuki to be, of all the possibilities you had foreseen, you never imagined it would be like this.

“Listen, I’m sorry I asked you such a personal question. I didn’t mean to pry into such deep woun-“ you stopped as the man collapsed against your side, head leaning on your shoulder, solemn and melancholy. Instinctively, you wanted to pull, to put some distance between the two of you, but when you looked down at his vacant stare, eyes lost in past pain, you couldn’t bringing yourself to abandon him like so many had before. He needed someone right now and it had been you that dredged up all these memories.

“They never told me. My own family, never told me the reason they sent my Yuki away.” You were surprised that he had so readily continued the conversation, picking up right where he had left off. But then, if this man had really been alone as long as you thought he had, maybe he needed to tell someone. Maybe he also just needed a friend, someone to help bear his burden. “They would have kept if from my forever, until it served their purpose.” You weren’t sure what to do, wanting to comfort him, wanting to offer some kind of support, but so unsure if there was anything you could
even do to aid this broken man. He seemed so lost in a world all his own. “They wanted me to kill my brother. Said he was a threat to the clan. And I couldn’t, I just couldn’t. That’s when they told me about Yuki.” A shudder ran through his body, making a vice clamp around your heart. “The only reason they ever told me was to turn me against my own brother.” His voice broke, betraying him as tears threatened to break loose.

“Hey, hey.” You soothed, cupping his cheek as you turned to face him. “It’s ok. You’re going to be ok. You’re free of them now. Your clan can’t hurt you anymore. Things are going to be ok.” You weren’t sure you believed your own words. But what could you possibly say to a man whose wounds were still so fresh after fifteen years? How could you possibly help? He wasn’t over her, and a part of him most likely never would be.

Standing up, you moved in front of him, hiding him from any prying eyes. Taking his face in your hands, you couldn’t help the tears that slipped down your cheeks on his behalf. You didn’t know how to make things better, didn’t know the words to say to make the pain go away. He was an empty shell of a man, withered and faded. You didn’t know how to put him back together.

Your heart couldn’t bear the pain that this man lay before you. Yet you wanted more than anything to heal him. Looking into his eyes, you had never seen so much raw pain, his wounded soul mirrored only by your own memories of your parents death.

“You’re safe. I’ve got you.” It was all you could think to say. But as tears slipped free, you knew it was what the man had wanted to hear. Burying his face into your collarbone, his strong hands came to clutch at your back, desperate and needy as he hid away in your arms. You held him there, shielding him from the world as the memory of his beloved Yuki overwhelmed him.
You were pressed up against the wall, bare breast pinned against the cold surface as the man’s weight pinned you tight in place, chest rumbling as he growled against your neck. Dress hiked up, his hands dug in your panties, working you furiously with thick fingers as he sucked viciously at your skin. You were lightheaded, lost in the pleasure he worked on you as his free hand wrapped around your neck, tilting your head to the side to allow him better access to your skin. The hot air expelled from his nostrils sent goosebumps over your flesh as fingers pumped against your swollen walls in a disjointed rhythm.

“Jack.” You moaned, voice muffled as his hand tightened lightly over your windpipe. Giving your skin a nasty bite, his eyes were fierce as they stared you down.

“That’s Sir to you.” The predatory grin that spread across his lips sent a new wave of wetness to coat his fingers, your core tightening under his commanding gaze. As he rolled his hips into your backside, erection large and prominent, another stifled moan escaped you. The fabric of his slacks was rough, adding to the sensation of his hard cock being pressed against you in a tease of what was to come.

“Yes Sir.” You hummed. Your voice enticing and seductive as you looked back at him with half lidded gaze, causing another growl to exhale from his throat. Hand tightening around your throat, he pulled you back, hips pushing your pelvis into the wall as he bent your back into an arch, middle two fingers of his hand pushing as deep as they could into your sloppy sex.

“You got a lot of spirit. Let’s see how long that lasts.” He drug his tongue up the length of your neck leaving a cold wet trail chilling under his hot breath. You couldn’t suppress the shiver that wracked your spine.

Suddenly, he was off of you. The sudden lack of pressure leaving you feeling vulnerable and exposed. Jack could be a bit shy at times, self conscious about seeking out someone of your profession, but when he got into it he was one of the best fucks you have ever had.

Turning to face him, you didn’t give him time to act, falling to your knees before him to look up at him from beneath your brow as you slipped his belt off. Grinning down at you, his eyes had a shimmer of appreciation to them that you so rarely saw in your clients. You excited him in ways he hadn’t felt in years, bringing out a side to the commander that hadn’t seen the light of day since long before the fall of Overwatch.

As his belt hit the floor, you lay soft kisses over his clothed erection, never breaking eye contact as you went on to flick the tip of your tongue over the spot you knew his balls would be. A guttural sound escaped him, hungry and imposing, as his massive hand tangled in your curled hair. You let out a light breathy moan as you cupped his balls, knowing how Jack loved to hear you. Closing his eyes, Jack leaned his head back, anticipating what was to come with fervent delight.

Not even bothering with the button of his pants, you undid the zipper, pulling his erection through
the opening for your admiration. It was longer than most you were used to taking, head a pretty shade of pink to match his lips. The strong musk reached you, causing your walls to flutter with need. You looked up to find the man grinning with pride, watching the way you appreciated his manhood.

Smiling back at him, you spared him a promising glance before taking his length in your mouth, wasting no time before taking it to the back of your throat. A deep groan escaped the man’s clenched jaw, face scrunched at the sudden influx of stimulation you provided.

Twirling your tongue around the head, you suckled softly at the tip before taking it deep again. Your red lipstick smeared across his length, marking that you had only taken half of him so far. He made a fist in your hair and released, fighting the urge to force you down further on his throbbing member. Grinning around his cock, your tongue caressed the underside, already tasting precum as your cheeks hollowed around him.

As his hand moved down to your cheek, you leaned into the touch, mistaking it for tenderness. Massive hands were suddenly clamped around the underside of your jaw and the back of your head, securing your head in his vice like grasp. You had just enough time to see his devilish grin, face slightly flushed with lust, before his hips bucked into your warm cavity, forcing his cock to the back of your throat and then a little further still. You gagged, eyes wide with surprise as a delicious moan escaped him, body shuddering as he bent over you.

“God, your mouth feels so damn good. I could fuck you all day long.” He quickly recomposed himself, expression cocky as he pulled out to allow you a gulp of air before pushed back in as far as he could. Saliva pooled in you mouth, escaping out of the corners of your lips as he thrust into you relentlessly, hands pinning your head to render you helpless. Despite being ensnared, you were throbbing as he used you like a flesh light, seeking his own release with your moist, slick entrance.

Low curses mingled with his groans, steely blue eyes glaring down at you in concentration as he watched you get face fucked, cock tingling at the sight of your flushed, lewd continence. His unforgiving pace ceased without warning, leaving him imbedded deep in your throat, blocking your airway as what remained of your lipstick smeared across the front of his black trousers. You didn’t fight back, obediently looking up at him as tears streamed down your face. As blackness started to cloud the edge of your vision, mind rushing into a panic as your control became fuzzy, he pulled out, granting you a few desperate gasps of air before starting a punishing pace again.

This continued, his powerful hands locking you in place as his cock rested deep in your throat till you were on the verge of unconsciousness before ripping free at the last minute. You were growing dizzy, a little nauseous even, but you didn’t care, craving the taste of his cum and the sound of his pleasure filled groans. Strong jaw clenched, lips curled into a snarl as he focused on the ecstasy that coursed through his body from his pulsing cock. Jack was nearing his end, the sight of you so obediently falling apart in his hands proving too much for him.

“Fuck- sweetheart.” That was all the warning Jack could manage before spilling into the back of your throat, hands still locking you in place as his body shook and trembled under the throws of his pleasure. You were forced to swallow his warm salty cum to keep from choking as it filled your mouth. As you listened to his groans and jerky moans, a shudder ran the length of your body. Core growing dangerously warm as the man’s climax reminded you just how desperately you needed your own.

With heavy panting and a quivering form, the man came down from his high, hands at last loosening their grip on your head as he stiffly pulled back from you, dick sliding out of your mouth to drip cum on the floor as it hung limp against his pants. Looking at you with fuzzy eyes, you were struck by the
man’s chiseled jaw and sharp cheeks as he grinned at you, pleased with your performance.

“Let me see girl.” You knew what he meant, it was his favorite thing to ask after a blowjob. Jack loved to know that you swallowed every last drop of the load he presented to you, gave him great satisfaction to think there was a part of him that he left with you, even after he was gone.

Opening your mouth wide, your tongue slipped out over your bottom lip, eyes half lidded as you admired his gratified smirk. Grabbing your chin between his fingers, you were tilted up to give him a better view. Studying the vacancy of your mouth, your heart fluttered as the unnaturally handsome man pet your hair in praise. His approving smile causing a sense of pride to well up within you.

“You make this old dog feel young again, sweetheart.” Leaning down, he licked the corner of your mouth where some saliva trailed down to your chin. The act so oddly intimate and seductive that you couldn’t help the blush that overcame you. “To think a girl as young and beautiful as you would waste your time on an old man like me…” Taking a knee, he trailed kisses down to your neck, hand gently taking your jaw to tilted it away, allowing him better access as he kissed over the bite marks he had previously embedded in your soft flesh. “I have half a mind to steal you away and keep you all to myself.” Hand laying flush against the small of your back, Jack pressed his body against yours, pulling you into him as he lapped and sucked at your neck, leaving new bruises to mix with the old.

Sneaking your hands between the two of you, you managed to get the first few buttons of his shirt undone before you could no longer force your fingers between the two of you, bodies pressed too tightly to allow entrance. Jack growled into your shoulder, aroused as your hands ran down his back to cup his ass. Pushing forward, he lay you on the floor, situating himself over you as he stared down at you with lusty eyes.

There was something so primal in the way he looked at you. Just a man and a woman, doing the most natural thing in the world. As he hovered over you, free hand making quick work of your soaked panties as his other supported his weight, you were vividly reminded of just how much bigger he was than you. Thick with muscle, the man had clearly known a life of combat and war. His massive form dwarfing yours as he loomed over you protectively.

He pulled your underwear off and tossed it aside. You reached up to cup his face, catching him off guard as his brilliantly blue eyes stared back at you in surprise.

“You’re so good to me, Jack. Thank you.” As a light blush dusted his cheek, his eyes darted away. With a small grin, you knew it was exactly what he had needed to hear.

Leaning up, you took his lips for your own, bringing him back to you as your hands clutched at his colossal back. Closing his eyes, Jack reciprocated, sweet, carrying kisses soon turning hungry and demanding as he pinned you to the floor with his bulk. Your panties gone and there was nothing to hinder the feeling of his pulsing erection growing against your velvety entrance. Grinding against him, you relished the groan that rumbled deep in his throat. His nails dug into your exposed thigh and he lifted it to allow himself to settle between your legs.

After the last hour of play, the man’s patience was at its end. He reached between you and took hold of his wet manhood, positioning it at your entrance before plunging in. A loud moan ripped from you, startled by the sudden influx of pleasure. Jack clutched you to him, shivering at the tightness of your walls. Him biting down on your neck, moved into a bruising pace. Hips bucking into you mercilessly as his hands clenched at your hips to allow him better purchase.

His grunts and groans were drowned out by your own moans as you were blinded by desire, driven mad by his cock as it hit all the right places in violent fashion. Normally, you didn’t like brutal lovemaking, not on you anyway. But Jack just did it so well, the right mix of pain and pleasure
consuming you as he filled you, stretching your needy walls. You were already so slick, so ready for him. Your sex welcoming the much needed friction as he pounded into you.

Your core was hot, flesh cool under the sweat that dripped from you both; the contrast intoxicating as his giant form smothered you. You could feel his muscles flexing, hands digging into your hips as his thrusts sped up. Desperate to retain some control, you clutched at his back, grabbing fistfuls of his shirt to pull it down off his shoulders. As you felt yourself teetering on the brink, his hands were suddenly around your throat. All of his weight forced on you as he desperately chased his own end.

His hands clamped tight around your throat, cutting off any source of air. He pounded into you without mercy, hips bruising yours. Strained grunts and wheezing filled the room to mix with the sloppy sounds of your sex. Sharp pains driven into you like nails as you tore you apart, but you didn’t care. Eyes rolling back into your head, you were lost in the wild and savage fuck that only this man could give you.

You tried to cry out, tried to moan to release some of the pressure inside you. But nothing escaped, silenced by his vice like grip and you felt yourself topple over the edge. As waves of pleasure crashed violently into you, your eyes went black, vision faded out till all you could feel was your own orgasm.

You were vaguely aware that Jack had reached his own end, hips giving singular, powerful thrusts into you as he road out his own climax. Just as you were about to fade away for good, the pressure of his hand alleviated. You opened your mouth take a painful gasp of air. Your lungs expanding beyond their capacity as you coughed brutally. Your limbs felt heavy, ears ringing as the world around you came into focus.

Jack hovered above you, resting on shaky forearms as he huffed, eyes closed and face flushed as his weariness washed over him. He had pulled out of you, cum dripping onto your stomach as heat radiated between your bodies. Eventually, he collapsed on the floor next to you, looking at you through hazy eyes as he studied your bruised form.

“I’m sorry.” He muttered remorsefully, fingers lightly tracing the purple bruises that were already forming around your neck. You smiled at him, still a bit dizzy, but recovering quickly.

“Don’t be. I loved it.” Reaching over, you cupped his cheek, not surprised when the man closed his eyes and leaned into your touch. Savouring the tenderness that was absent in his everyday life.

Pulling you close, he nuzzled into you, content to rest here with you till he had the strength to get up. Carding your fingers through his hair, you massaged his back. Whispering soft words of appreciation to him as the two of you dozed there lazily on the floor.
You couldn’t decide if the main floor looked gaudy or decadent, all that surrounded you being ghoulish and twinkling. It was as if you found yourself in another world, the room disguise to look decayed yet glittering. Cobwebs sparkled in the dim candle light, a thin mist filled the space, leaving the figures that floated about it ethereal and strange in their distorted garb.

You wore an elegant gown of white, flowing and full. A far departure from your usual fitted cocktail dress. It was interesting to see how the various women and clients dressed, their disguises seeming more like windows to the truth of their soul.

By costume, the women could easily be divided into two groups; the ones who accepted their role, dressed in sensual, provocative costumes, and those who wanted out, wearing garb of innocence and modesty. Liz fell into the former grouping.

Red, flouncy skirt barely covering her backside, her long red cape was the only thing hindering the view of her black thong as she walked about the floor. Her breast were in danger of popping free of her ruffly blouse and the corset she was wearing was cinched maybe a little too tight. Overall, she was sure to attract the attention of several wolves, which no doubt was her intention.

Despite your friend’s insistence to follow her lead, you found yourself in the latter category for the night. You would have liked to dress as a belly dancer or ballerina, but even if just for tonight, you wanted to pretend you actually were a lady.

Your dress was pure as snow, unlike you, fitted under the bust before stretching out into a full skirt that brushed the floor. Though the dress itself has a low neckline, it was fitted with a ruffled lace overlay that left your bosom and shoulders mostly concealed. The sleeves stretched out to your forearms before billowing out in lace and sheer ruffles. Hair done up in curls and dotted with pearls, you were the picture of innocence and beauty. A white mask hid the upper features of your face, covered in lace and pearls, your eyes popped against the blank slate. In truth, you had never felt more beautiful than you did tonight.

“If I didn’t know better, I’d almost think you didn’t belong.” You were surprised as you looked up at your boss, his face bare as he smiled down at you.
Though he wore what looked like an old French officer's uniform, there was nothing to conceal his face, not that you found that surprising. Always working.

“I assume that’s a compliment.” You stated raising a brow at him playfully.

“It was meant as one.” He retorted, eyes scanning the crowd, ever vigilant. “There is someone looking for you.” He stated with a knowing smile, sparing you a side glance.

“I’ve been requested?” You asked, surprised. On holiday night, the policy was that women couldn’t be requested. You had to come in and find the woman you wanted. A lot of trouble was put into decorating and setting up these special event. If men couldn’t request the women they wanted, they often just wouldn’t show up. But if they had to come in to find a particular woman, often, even if they didn’t get the woman they were looking for, they would take another as consolation. Thus making the Upper Floor more money.

“I didn’t say that. Just that he was looking for you.” You couldn’t help but smile at your boss’s playfulness. Your boss was often hard to read, not revealing his mood to be leaning one way or another. So it was nice to see him enjoying himself. Whether it was the season or the festivities or the success of the night, something had left him in a wonderful mood. You were grateful for that.

“So how am I supposed to find him?” You asked, surveying the crowd, unable to recognize any faces beneath their respective masks.

“Oh, he’s one of a kind. Look for the raven.” There was laughter to your boss’s farce that set your heart aflutter, stunned by the joy that welled from inside him.

“And just what has you in such a good mood.” Crossing your arms, you tried to look incredulous, but were too amused to pull it off.

“It’s just a beautiful evening.” He chuckled. “By the way, would you mind telling me what Liz is wearing. I have some business to discuss with her, but can’t seem to find her.”

“Look for little red riding hood.” You grinning teasingly before wandering off into the mass of warm bodies in search of your next companion.

You maneuvered the ever changing maze of people, the mist obscuring your view of the entire venue as you searched. Several men approached you, but you tactfully turned them down, insisting you were already taken at the moment, but had just gotten separated from your client. Luckily, the men were discouraged easily, choosing not to pursue you.

“You look beautiful.” And icy fear gripped your spine as a hand lay on your shoulder, voice low and gravely behind you.

You were quick to twirl around, taking a step or two away from the man that overshadowed you. You were used to him towering over you, but now, without your four inch heels, you were overwhelmed by just how much taller he was. Though his face was concealed by a feathered mask of a raven, you knew who it was instantly. Those piercing red eyes and intoxicatingly deep voice were unmistakable.

“What are you doing out here?” Of all the people to come see you tonight, you had not been expecting Reaper.

Dressed in layers of tattered black, the man looked haunted and ethereal, like something out of Poe’s nightmares. His broad build set him apart from the lean men that surrounded you, making him an intimidating and notable presence amongst the crowd. Though his garb concealed all of his flesh,
you could catch glimpses of his pale rotting skin when he moved. Given his wanted status and life of hiding, you never thought he would risk discovery on the Upper Floor like this.

“I came to see you.” His voice was a bit condescending, as if scoffing at you for not realizing something obvious. Stepping towards you, you couldn’t help the step you took away, fear still fresh from his last visit. Reaper studied you, your hesitance not unrecognized.

“Are you scared, mi princesa?” He hummed, almost amused by the way you studied him pensively.

“Who are you this time?” You surprised yourself with your boldness, the words leaving you stunned just long enough for the man to close the distance between you.

“What?” Reaching up, his gloved fingers ran through your curls, a hunger building in him as you stiffened. Yet you didn’t pull away.

“Are you Gabe tonight, or are you Reaper.” Your voice was unwavering, but hushed, sure that no other around you would hear.

“I’m me.” He muttered irritably, leaning over you to breathe in your perfume. Your heart raced at his proximity, mind flashing with the memory of just how quickly he could switch to rage when the mask was on.

“Will you take me tonight with force, like you did that girl, or will you be sweet, whispering words of passion in my ear as you fool me into thinking you care.” A small part of you felt bad for the bitterness in your voice, but as the image of that poor girl being forcefully taken by the man before you flashed through your mind, you couldn’t help the disdain in your eyes.

“What I did, I did for us. That girl is dangerous. If people knew about you, you would be targeted. I couldn’t risk that.” His voice was low, hissed as his grip tightened on you.

“So you raped her to keep her quiet.” You were incredulous, the people around you beginning to disappear as you focused on the man that hovered intimately close.

“I did it to protect you.” His tone was sharp, words growled, but you could still hear something of Gabe in it.

“What does it matter. I am safe in here” You cringed at the irony of your retort. “Besides, you could just move on to one of your other girls.” You knew you couldn’t leave, knew you couldn’t refuse him, for risk of punishment, yet still, you couldn’t help the fight in you.

“What other girls?” Skeptical, his hand cupped your side, thumb rubbing over the side of your breast as he forsook all others, attention on you and you alone.

“The other Ladies that entertain you when you are here.” A small growl escaped him as he leaned in close, breath hot against your ear. The man took a moment to breathe in your perfume before murmuring.

“You, only.” You were struck by his words. Were they true? Were you really the only woman he visited, the only one he called upon?

You were well aware that most of, if not all of your clients visited other women. Men rarely stuck to one morsel when there were so many dishes to sample. With the exception of Hanzo, who confided only in you for fear of his perversions, you knew of no other that sought you and you alone.

Pulled from your thoughts, you became distinctly aware of all the eyes that fell on the two of you,
sensing the tension between you and waiting for some sort of show. Suddenly feeling flustered at being spectated, you took a step away, freeing yourself from Reaper’s grasp as he two became aware of the observers. Looking around at the rich and famous that crowded the hall, a growl grew in the man’s throat. He didn’t like the way they watched you, eyes hungry, predatory. Spoiled by the privilege of always having you to himself, Reaper felt a spell of possessiveness overtake him at the thought that some of these men may have taken you.

As the music swelled, he leaned forwards, mask pushed up as he captured your lips. You hadn’t expected that, letting out a small yelp in surprise as he pulled you against him. As his arms encircled your waist, fixing you in place, you couldn’t get a read on him. It was unlike Reaper to kiss you, to expose his face. What was he thinking? Despite his disdain at the idea of sharing you, Reaper still wanted to make a scene. Show these bastards what he wouldn’t let them have.

With a sudden burst of aggression, his hands began to yank up your skirt, groping at your thighs as he pushed you back. You were bumped into a few other guests before being pinned against a pillar, Reaper’s teeth putting light scratches into your neck, blood beading to the surface to wet his palate. At the taste of the metallic liquid, the man was only encouraged to continue, feeling a deep arousal swell within him.

A crowd had gathered, enjoying the free show as Reaper lifted your skirt to your stomach, pulling your panties down your thighs. With your breast in his mouth, the masked man began to rut against you, trying to pull moans out of you for all to hear.

Some of the onlookers laughed, most of them cheered, enjoying the spectacle being made of you. Yet despite your embarrassment, Reaper didn’t care. He wanted everyone to see. Wanted to make a scene. Wanted everyone to know that you were his, even if only in this moment.

Despite his affections, you managed to hold back any noises the man tried to coax out of you. This only served to frustrate him, causing him to try harder to please you. Gloved hand snaking down between you, he began to rub rough circles against your clit in the way he knew you liked, well enough experienced with you to know how to drive you crazy.

Your moans began to mix with those of the Slaves, joining the chorus of carnal pleasures as you became aware of all the eyes that fell on you. They smiled their wicked smiles. The same smile that adorned their faces as they looked upon the Slaves. With a shudder, a deep panic set in as the comparison was made.

Eyes pleading with the man, you pushed firmly against his chest, trying to snap him out of it.

“Gabe. Please. Not here. Not like this.” With a growl, the man pulled back, glaring down at you for an instant before his hands slipped from your skirt, hesitating for but a moment before securing your waist. In a flash, you were over his shoulder, left to stare at the many eyes as you were carried off to one of the private rooms.

Once behind closed doors, Reaper wasted no time getting back to business. Dropping you on the bed, he was on top of you before you could sit up, inhaling the smell of you.

“Gabe.” Trying to appeal to his human side, you called to him, pushing against his chest as his hands searched for the hem of your dress amongst all the folds of fabric. Undeterred, the man persisted, pressing his weight against you till you struggled to breath as he yanked at your clothes in frustration. “Gabe!” A shout this time, your hand pulled free to yank his mask off, tossing it aside before he could reclaim it. “Stop!” Snorting irritably, the man glared down at you, though the sheen in his eyes was unmistakable.
“Why?” His sharp tone and lingering anger surprised you, giving you pause.

“This isn’t you Gabe. You’re better than this.” You weren’t sure what to say, how to get through to him when you felt he was still just out of reach.

“You don’t know that.” There was a strain to his voice, like it was about to crack and reveal what hid behind the anger.

“Don’t put up that wall.” Your voice was soft to combat his chaos, hands cupping his cheeks as you tried to get the man to relax. Despite his desire to surrender to your touch, he pulled away. Though his eyes could not meet yours, his hand took yours, fingers interlacing with your own. “Gabe. Please…” words barely above a whisper, you gave his hand a squeeze, “I can’t go back to the way things were.”

“What do you want from me?” He muttered, chest tight as he closed his eyes. You had to think on that one.

What did you want from him. As Gabe, you loved his company. Soft and carrying and passionate, he was good to you. You found great comfort in his visits, a bond formed with him that you could not find in you other clients. Yet despite this, you could not find peace with him, always in fear that the Reaper may come out.

“No more violence!” As the words left your lips, you were struck by a moment of clarity, realizing the impossibility of your request. “At least, not around me.” You corrected as the man finally turned to look at you.

Gabriel paused, eyes heavy upon you in a quandary as he weighed his options and the potential outcomes of this agreement. It was a childish request from a childish girl. You recognized that. You were in no position to be making demands. You had no power over him, nothing to barter with. You were at his mercy, as helpless as the day you crawled out of the rubble of your demolished home. That had never changed.

“If I say yes, can things go back to the way they were?” You were surprised by his statement, his sincerity catching you off guard. But as his eyes bore into you, pensive and honest, you felt yourself nodding yes without realizing it.

Instantly, the man above you relaxed, the tension draining from his shoulders and his grip loosening on your wrists. Laying down, he captured your lips, though tenderly this time, moving himself fully between your legs to rest against your torso.

Though you still felt hesitant, a little fearful from your last encounter, you surrendered to him. The gentleness and care he took with you was not unnoticed, his touch and his kisses barely felt, a wordless apology for what you had been through at his hands.

As he moved in you, something beautiful and haunting grew inside you, building in a crescendo as he drew you towards a grand climax. Every breath you drew was praise and pleasure, his words of admiration and beauty striking by their sincerity. He enveloped you so wholly, consuming you till he was part of you and you thought only of him.

Clutching at you desperately, as if clinging to what remained of his humanity, Gabriel became lost in you. Not just the feel of your velvety walls, but your smell, your voice, the way you called to him like no other, the way you surrendered to him so willingly, laying yourself bare for his consumption.

With your name on his lips and your flesh in his grasp, Gabriel spilled into you, mind foggy and
dazed with the greatest physical pleasure he had ever experienced. You were soon to follow,
topping over into the waterfall of earthly delight as you trembled against him. As you both came
down, loving Spanish words whispered softly into your hair, a delighted smile took your lips.

“You are too perfect, mi alma.” In his exhaustion, a soft kiss was pressed against your neck. “I want
to keep you for myself.” His weight was heavy against you, but you didn’t mind. As he nuzzled into
you, seeking shelter in your arms, his words were soft, voice low as he made his confession.

“I hate the way they look at you.”

“Gabe,” you muttered, exhausted with little energy to comfort him, “sleep.” Petting his hair, you
hoped to put him at ease.

“They consume you with their eyes, like ravenous beasts. Like you’re theirs to have.” But you were.
It was the truth of your occupation. But you knew it was a truth Gabe didn’t want to hear. “Leave
with me.” You barely heard his words, your heart taking a moment before climbing into your throat
as you suddenly felt very cold in apprehension.

“What?” You had heard him, knew what he had said, but still you could think of no other response.

“Let’s leave, tonight. You can come with me. You can be free of this place.” A pensive excitement
took hold of the man, sitting up briskly, eyes searching yours for the eagerness he anticipated. But it
wasn’t there.

“I-I can’t” You stammered, waiting to the punchline of this bad joke to be delivered. Gabe was an
intelligent, crafty man. Surely he didn’t seriously think this would work.

“Yes. I can sneak you away in the night. Take you to Talon with me. No one will find you there.
You’ll be safe.” He insisted, more fervently this time.

“Gabe. No, I can’t.” Sitting up, you crossed your arms, eyes shifting away as the conversation made
you uncomfortable. “They’ll track me down. They’ll find me, and then we’ll both be punished.
Haven’t you heard of what happens to the women that try to run away? They become Slaves,
Gabe.”

“I won’t let that happen. I’ll protect you.” Grabbing your shoulders, he pulled you to face him, eyes
wild and intense as they bore into you.

“You can’t protect me. No one can. The Upper Floor is too big.” Tears welled in your eyes as the
man tempted you with the thing you desired most, daring you to consider what had never before
been a possibility. You didn’t want to think about it, couldn’t bring yourself to consider it. There was
just no way it would ever work. “Gabe, please. Just let it go.” Soft locks tickled your nose as the man
slumped over to bury his face into your shoulder. His aura was heavy, burdened as he struggled
with the immense weight he carried in his heart.

“I can’t.” He muttered, arms slowly encircling you as his shoulders grew tense. “I hate leaving you
here. Knowing what those men do to you. Knowing you’re miserable here. I want to save you. Why
won’t you let me?” Tears fell freely at his words, heart trembling within your chest as you began to
realize just how deeply this man cared for you. No one had ever cared that much, no client had ever
been willing to go that far for you. As the impossibility of his request set in, a feeling of helplessness
took hold, deep and destructive as the thin illusion of control you had built crumbled.

“If we try to leave here, they will find us, and they will punish us. My punishment will be great, but
yours will be worse.” You lay soft kisses on his neck, more for yourself than his benefit, not sure
what to do but feeling compelled to action. “What you did to that girl you did to protect me. Let me do this to protect you.”
Memorable

You hummed to yourself as you shuffled through your dress selection, hoping for something to strike your fancy for the day. Finding a beautiful green backless dress with a slit up the side, you held it up to you, twirling to stand in front of the mirror as you admired yourself. You were stunning. Simply divine.

You had slept well last night after an evening out with Hanzo. It had been wonderful. The two of you had gone to a wine tasting event where you got to paint while you tried various types of wine. It had been absolutely delightful. The woman leading the event had been an absolute delight, keeping the both of you laughing and comfortable the whole time. Hanzo had been brilliant, his painting turning out beautifully. You wished you could say the same about yours. Hanzo had insisted that it was good, but you didn’t believe him. So when he offered to trade, you took him up on it, opting to take his home with you.

Grinning, you admired the painting that now hung on your wall above your bed. It was a lovely reminder of the life that waited for you on the outside, your heart warming at the sight of it.

“You’re in a good mood this morning.” Liz grinned at you from the doorway, still in her jammy-jams as she enjoyed her day off.

“I just have a good feeling about today.” You flashed her your pearly whites, tossing your t-shirt away as you shimmied into the form fitting dress. “So what are you doing with your day off?”

“Thought I’d go shopping. I want to pick up a new outfit and some bracelets. All this money is burning a hole in my pockets.” Slippers shuffling across the carpet, Liz made her way to the living room to flop down on the couch with a squeak.

“Are you going to pick up some new earrings while you’re out?” Liz gave you a perplexed look at your question. “You’ve been wearing the same earrings for three days. I didn’t know if you got bored and sold all yours without thinking to get more.”

The earrings in question were small, studs in fact. A far cry from Liz’s signature flashy dangly earrings. These small diamonds couldn’t have been a tenth the price of her usual earrings. And besides, it was odd for her to be wearing something so plain for so long. Normal Liz couldn’t even go from one client to another without stopping by to switch up her jewelry. You had wondered if maybe a very beneficial, very frequent client had got them for her, and she wore them out to show him how much she valued his gift. But she had just woken up, and still had them in.

“You’re one to talk. You’ve been wearing that silly fish around your neck for weeks. What fool of a client would give a girl a fish for a present.” Your cheeks reddened, chest puffing out indignantly.

“It’s a shark, thank you very much.” You stated crossly, though only playfully so. “And I happen to like sharks very much.”

It was true, the little golden shark that hung around your neck hadn’t left its spot since Hanzo had given it to you about two weeks ago. He had gotten it for you at the aquarium, but had waited to give it to you till he visited you on the Upper Floor, not wanting to cross any lines or make you uncomfortable. You loved it, seeing it as a gift of friendship instead of the usual gift of favor. It was simple and delicate, only a little bigger than a grain of rice, but you liked it. You weren’t even sure it was real gold, but you didn’t care. Every time you looked at it, you were reminded of the softness in Hanzo’s eyes as he reached into the water, and the bravery you mustered to do the same. Not only
that, but the bravery it took for you to meet him that day, taking your first real step out of this night life that had consumed you for so long now.

“Since when?” Liz scoffed, though her smile betrayed her.

“Since you started wearing boring earrings.” Slipping on your shoes, you spared her a cheeky grin.

“They’re not boring. They’re classic.” She huffed, covering her ears.

“Whatever you say, love.” Giving her a wink, you slipped out the door.

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You stepped into the splendor and majesty of the decadent halls, the buzz of chatter filling the rooms as the moans of the Slaves pervaded all. Though you still avoided them, you were glad to see that not that many women were in need of punishment lately.

No sooner had you made your way into the crowd then a familiar and consuming voice reached you.

“Well hello there pumpkin.” You twirled around the moment the voice reached your ears, lips stretched into a smile.

His wide brimmed hat couldn’t hide his pearly teeth as he grinned at you, eyes devilish as they traced your curves greedily. Your heart leapt into your throat at the sight of him, giddy as worn boots carried him closer to you.

“It’s been a long time. You’re just as lovely as I remember.” You tried to suppress the massive smile that stretched your lips, feeling uncharacteristically shy, but flirtatiously so.

“I could say the same for you, stranger.” In one fluid movement, his arm was around you, his warmth enveloping you as you were guided towards one of the private rooms. “I was starting to think I might not see you again.” Unable to help yourself, you began to unbutton his shirt before the two of you were in the room.

“Ya missed me that much, huh?” Sparing you a good humored grin, the man didn’t blink as you pressed yourself against him.

“Maybe I did.” Your eyes were seductive and dangerous as they entranced him, causing something in deep in the man to clench with need as his intrigue was aroused.

“You are something else, darlin’.” The cowboy growled, squeezing you against him as he pulled you into the private room, locking the door behind him.

It didn’t take you long to get his shirt off, hat knocked off as the two of you stumbled towards the bed. With a growl, you pushed him back to fall on the bed, quick to crawl on top of him as you took charge, eager and lusty.

Taking his nipple in your mouth, you enjoyed the soft sounds he made. Low breathy moans, barely spoken as he enjoyed your attention with silent resolve. How like a man. His response grew as you ran your fingers through his forest of brown chest hair, tracing small indiscernible shapes across his pecs with your fingertips.

Already hard against your leg, the man proved impatient as he began to undress you, yanking your clothes off without bothering with any attempt at seduction. Before he could pull your panties off, you slipped down his body, laying soft kisses down his chest till your chin brushed the cold metal of
his belt buckle.

A heat washed over you as you felt his manhood pressed against your breast, offering the occasional twitch as if to make sure you were aware of its existence. As if you could forget. Massaging the mound, the man let out a groan at the contact, closing his eyes as a wave of relief washed over him, only leaving him needing more in its wake. Your senses peeked at the sound, drawn in by his lust and his pleasure.

Freeing his erection, you teased and tormented the man, enjoying the way he came undone beneath you as your tongue did devilish things to him. The man’s hands clenched and released the sheets, fighting the urge to force you down on his cock. But how you wished he would.

“Put it in your mouth, darlin’.” He murmured, low and husky.

As you enveloped him with your warmth, the cowboy couldn’t help the choked sound that escaped him, tingles of ecstasy gripping his spine as you swallowed around his impressive girth. Continuing to utilize your talents, you worked the man into a state of madness, shivering and twitching beneath you as he fought back the building need for climax, determined to keep this going as long as possible.

But as his cock found itself lodged deep in your throat, the man came to the point where he no longer wanted to fight, now desperately needing the release and ecstasy you promised. With longing and a surrender, his hands took fist fulls of your hair, hips bucking up into you a few times as your lips stretched around his base. Eye’s watering, you gagged as his seed spilled down your throat, creating a tickle in your throat and warming your insides.

Despite your urge to pull away, lungs screaming for oxygen, you remained still, letting the man ride out his pleasure as he trembled beneath you. Memorizing every detail of the man, your own womanhood clenched at the sight of him, his handsomeness undeniable in orgasm.

With time, his hands grew laxed, allowing you to ease off of him with some semblance of grace. Wiping your mouth, you looked down at the blissful man with satisfaction. A lazy grin spread his lips and a contented hum rose from his throat.

“I see why you get paid the big bucks, sweetheart.” He chuckled, adjusting himself slightly on the bed. “Those lips could drive a man mad with need.” Eyes barely open, he watched you, relaxed and satisfied.

“Just figured I should return the favor from last time.” You smirked, eyes heavy and seductive as you moved to loom over him.

“Didn’t know I had left that much of an impression.” He snorted, a cocky grin peeking out from beneath his thick beard.

Leaning down, you stole a kiss, enjoying the smell of tobacco that lingered on his beard. Hands splayed out across your back, the cowboy held you close, bodies pressed together as he deepened the kiss, tongue licking against your lips in a request of entrance.

When you obliged, he slipped in, dominating your mouth as he rolled you over to pin against the bed. Hands never leaving your body, he found his way to your wrists, grasping them tightly to pin above your head as his tongue tangled with yours, filling you with lust. Securing your arms in one massive hand, he pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket before using it to tie your hands to the headboard, effectively trapping you.
As he pulled away to admire his work, you couldn’t help the eager grin that spread your lips as you looked up at him hungrily. He was evidently feeling much the same, eyes heavy as they scanned you, eagerly tracing the curve and weight of your breast and the sumptuous curve of your hips.

With your legs bent up the cowboy pushed down on your knees till your legs splayed out like butterfly wings against the bed, leaving you open and exposed to him.

“Well, guess I better make this time just as memorable as the last.” Something coiled inside you as his eyes pierced yours, smoldering and powerful. Leaning over you, shoulders hunched, hands still gripping tight your knees, a shadow was cast over the man that made him look positively devilish. Body thick and expression cocky, you were given pause by the shine in his eyes and the predatory nature of his grin. Many men had taken you over the years, but few with the dominance and undebatable control of the man before you. Truly, he was a man who didn’t have to prove himself. Hips grinding slow circles against the wet entrance thinly veiled by lace, you made no attempt to bite back the moans he pulled from you, longing to give him the satisfaction of ruining you. His eyes conveyed a mocking satisfaction, as if belittling you for your lusty needs. And it drove you mad with want. “Making such pretty noises for me.” The cold metal of his hand took your breast, squeezing a little too rough as his growing bulge rutted against your clit, making you shudder beneath him. “I’d almost say you liked it.” He grinned, raising a brow as his looming figure shadowed you from the rest of the room, so you were consumed by him and him alone. “I do.” You muttered weakly, face red as you averted your eyes. A sharp buck of his hips pulled a sound from you not even you could have predicted, adding to your shame as your genuine pleasure was made obvious. “I bet you say that to all the guys.” He growled, kicking his boots off the edge of the bed to fall heavy on the wooden floor. You wanted to protest, wanted to try to defend your honor, but you knew there was nothing for you to defend. It was true. You did your best to make every client feel like they were your best, maybe even going as far as to convince yourself of it too. Every man you served, with the exception of the ones that wanted to break you, heard your sweet praise, your adoration and devotion. Were there really any that meant anything to you? Did sex with any of them go any further than brief moments of physical pleasure? Mechanical orgasms performed as part of the daily grind? Your brief quandary was interrupted as a large hand ran through your hair, pushing it back and out of your face before leaning down to take your lips. Pushing your jaw apart, his tongue filled your mouth, still tasting the traces of his seed as he explored your warmth. You gave a muffled moan in weak protest, but had already surrendered to whatever the man planned to do to you. His hair hung down around you, like a curtain, tickling your cheeks and ears as he mashed his lips against yours. You felt he sucked the very air from your lungs, leaving you spinning and disoriented as he continued to grind against you needily. Though your eyes remained shut, you knew that his gaze lingered on you, studying your response as if to gauge its authenticity. “Tell me what you want, darlin’.” He grunted into the kiss, words slurred as his tongue still occupied your mouth and his words echoed around it. “I want to know how to drive you crazy. Till I’m the only man you’ll ever wanna fuck.” You couldn’t help yourself, moans echoing between you as you bucked up into him. His words did things to you, things you were embarrassed to admit to. “Please.” You murmured, words lost between your lips. “Fuck me. Fuck me like I’m the only woman you’ll ever have. Like I’m yours and yours alone.” Childish and stupid, your request bore a little more honesty then you would have liked. Your desire for monogamy was something you kept close and hushed. A naive wish for someone in your profession. The cowboy gave you a look, neither judgmental or questioning, Nuzzling against your forehead, he closed his eyes for a moment, breath soft against your face as he stilled for but a moment. “Mine only.” He murmured, grinning softly as his eyes remained shut, unable to see your reddened cheeks and grateful eyes, glossy from comfort and embarrassment. He captured your lips again, though this time sweetly. In an instant, his whole attitude shifted, now intimate and familiar, his hands ghosted over your flesh, barely felt yet so sensual. As his palms glided up and down your thighs appreciating the soft muscle, he lifted them to wrap around his waist, resting heavy on his hip bones as he slid further against you. With the head of
his cock resting against your concealed entrance, you pulled at your restraints, seeking freedom to hold him. His kisses traveled down to your neck, lips warm and wet as they pressed into the sensitive flesh. It had been done to you a thousand times, but right now, you could almost convince yourself it wasn’t a job. Almost. Mechanical hand massaged your butt before moving in to slip your panties aside, giving your clit a few good rubs before pushing in. As the head slipped in, you both let out a satisfied groan, eager and content with the sensations that washed over you both. A low hum reverberated from the man’s chest, face buried into your neck as his arms encircled you. He didn’t pause for long though, soon pushing into the hilt, only to pull back out. Low grunts mixed with your airy moans, breaths humid as a cold heat built between you. His powerful arms were tense, straining to be gentle as he fought back the urge to plow into you wildly. Feeling a bit guilty, you bucked into him, encouraging him forward. With a sharp bite at your neck, he picked up the pace, the sharp sound of flesh on flesh mixing with the mewls and whines that grew from inside you. “You get me so worked up, baby.” He grunted, kissing over your neck and collar sporadically, sending shivers down your spine as he filled your twitching walls. “Don’t stop.” You encouraged, swallowing hard as he leaned back to look at you, eyes dancing with something wild and untamed. Your back arched as his pace picked up, sending sparks throughout your body in sweet delight. The sounds made between you mixed with the heat and you were sure they would consume you. As you felt your orgasm growing inside you, you found yourself longing for release, for the grand climax to overtake you and send you into the briefest moments of ecstasy as you gave yourself over to this stranger. As his hips lost their rhythm, grunts eager and warning of his imminent end, you felt yourself ready to topple over the brink, wishing you had his name to spill off your lips. But instead, a loud, wordless cry ripped from you, nails digging into the headboard as your brain ceased to work. His hands were lost, grasping at various parts of your softness as he too was overtaken by orgasm, brain trying to focus on something, anything, as it when mad with sensation. You weren’t too sure what you were doing either. A vague part of you was aware that your fake nails were chipping against the hard oak, but beyond that, you couldn’t think straight, couldn’t discern anything. You weren’t sure who came down first, taking several moment before becoming aware that he had rolled off you to sprawl across the bed, chest heaving and heart pounding as his seed leaked from between your legs. “Ya know, I never thought a woman was worth payin for.” He grinned, brushing his hair back out of his face. “Then I met you.”
Even though it was already evening, your day had just begun, mingling around the main floor in search of your first client of the evening. It was taking a bit longer than you had expected, but then again, there were an abnormal amount of new girls who were stealing the attention of your regulars. Even Lucio and Jack found themselves too preoccupied by the young women to notice you.

Suppressing the jealousy that heavied your heart, you did your best to attract some attention, swaying your hips and batting your eyelashes, but to no avail.

It was the night after auction, so many of the women were still considered fresh. Normally the influx of new Ladies came in sets of five or six. But this time, there had been fifteen. With fresh faces and fresh bodies, you were ignored, left to wander the outskirts of the crowd in the hopes that all the new women would be taken so you could gain some favor.

Despite this, the women seemed to turn out men quickly, showing their youth and naivety to the Upper Floor. These girls were pretty enough, but they didn’t seem to know how to linger with a man. Money hungry and eager, the girls turned out men like they expected to get kicked out any minute. Ironically, you were grateful that you had had enough experience on the lower floors to have not made such a fool of yourself when you were first here.

“You’ve been ignoring me.” Recognizing the voice, a scowl crossed your face, hesitant to turn around as you hoped the man would lose interest. When you did not acknowledge him, Genji stepped forward to stand in front of you, unwilling to be ignored. “You haven’t responded to any of my texts or calls.”

“You’re a client. I’m not about to socialize with you outside.” Your tone was flat, frank as you stared up at him with dead pan eyes. Unfazed, the cyborg continued cheerfully.

“But you make time for Hanzo.” Nostrils flaring, you were overcome with dread and anger as you stared wide-eyed at the amused man. For several minutes, the two of you just stared at each other, neither one of you speaking as a thick tension built like fog around you.

“Why don’t you go have fun with all the new girls?” You finally quipped, fed up with the man’s games and wanted nothing more than to flee. Genji chuckled, catching you off guard which only served to irritate you more.

“Maybe later.” He teased, amused by your annoyance. “I was hoping to have a word with you.”

“Are you buying me?” You asked, frank and cold.

You had tried not to think about it, about what Genji had done to his brother, the pain he had inflicted. You had seen it that day, when Hanzo had opened his soul to you, poured out his grief in your arms. And you had seen it every day with him since then. In his reserved and mournful smile, in the desperate way he called her name during your sessions, in the way his eyes lingered on you, wishing you were his beloved you surmised.

“No, just talking.” Shoulders slack, arms open and expressive, Genji showed no sign of tension, no signs of being uncomfortable. Which only angered you further.

“Then, if you’ll excuse me, I have a client to find.” Turning, you started to walk away, much to the man’s surprise.

“What?” Following after you, the man took hold of your shoulder when you continued to ignore

“If you are not going to buy my time, then I need to get back to work. It’s a difficult enough night without sparing my time on trivialities.” Your anger was getting the best of you, mind conjuring up the image of Hanzo on the verge of tears, heartbroken in grief, every time you looked at the man before you.

“Then I’ll buy your time.” Genji assured, putting his hands up to pacify you.

“So now you get to swoop in and sleep with someone ‘else’ who’s important to him?” Though your words were bitter, spat at the man, you still maintained a hushed tone. Your anger fueled by his betrayal of his brother, but still very much aware of the consequences of going against a client. The man faltered for a moment, but soon recomposed himself.

You had known this would happen at some point. Genji visited too frequently for this conflict not to occur. You knew you couldn’t go against a client, but you couldn’t help but be cross with him.

“So you asked him.” It wasn’t a question. He could tell by your icy stare that you knew.

“Yeah.”

He let out a heavy sigh. “Maybe we should talk somewhere with a bit more privacy.” The man suggested, looking around at the crowds of people. “Would you come with me?” Feeling eyes on you from both clients and Ladies, you became distinctly aware of the attention you had gathered.

“Do I have much of a choice.” Placing his hand on your lower back, Genji led you to a corner of the main floor that seemed neglected, steering you to sit on a plush red couch.

You did your best to hold back your irritation, but as you looked at this robotic man who had so easily betrayed his brother, all you could think about was the pain and misery in Hanzo’s eyes as he relived those memories. A protective instinct welled up inside you, making you want to smack the man before you at the slightest excuse for his duplicity.

With a heavy sigh, Genji eased back into the couch, body language hard to read. Looking around, the man made sure no one was within earshot before turning to study your guarded stance.

“I will not deny, what I did was wrong.” You were taken aback by his immediate admission of guilt, expecting some sort of trickery or elaborate story to explain away his crime. “But please bear in mind, I did pay for that sin with my life.” As you scowled at him, Genji knew you would not be so easily convinced, knowing only Hanzo’s side of the events. And the cyborg couldn’t say he blamed you. “Yuki and my brother’s marriage was arranged at a very young age. She was brought to live with us when I was just ten. Growing up, I was a brat. My father gave me everything, allowed me whatever I wanted without consequence. I grew used to it, spoiled by my position as the second son while enjoying all the harvests of our dynasty without any of the responsibility. But Yuki… she was forbidden fruit. She was the one thing I was never allowed to have. So I wanted her more than anything.” You had no trouble seeing the man before you as a spoiled brat of a child. “I knew of my brother’s feelings for her, but disregarded them as a product of his duty. It wasn’t till we were caught, and she was sent away that I saw the true depths of his sorrow. And I prayed that he would never learn the truth, more to spare him the pain than to hide my own crime.” Unable to look at you, his face turned to survey the crowd. Something in you was aware that this was one of the few times he had admitted aloud to this betrayal, though the memory was relived often.

“Somehow I doubt that will bring Hanzo any consolation.” Your anger had not ebbed, not needing much of a reason to distrust the mechanical man to begin with. Genji was taken aback by your
sharpness, temporarily silenced.

“I am aware of that.” He stated, patient with you. “But right now, nothing I do seems to bring him any peace.”

“And you find that surprising? You seduced his love.” Incredulous, you crossed your arms, raising a brow at him almost condescendingly.

“Yuki came to me.” The man corrected, giving you pause. “Yuki never loved my brother.” You had no words. You had always assumed Yuki had at least some feelings for Hanzo. How could she not?

As you stared at him blankly, clearly not expecting his words. Genji continued.

“I’m not sure if Hanzo knew that, or if he even knows it now. Hanzo was sweet to her. He gave her everything she could ever want. But Yuki wanted freedom. And no matter how much he loved her, he would always be nothing but an instrument in her captivity in Yuki’s eyes. When it came to Yuki, Hanzo was always blind to what was really going on. I suppose I used this to justify my actions, convincing myself it was ok because she would never love him anyway. I was wrong though. When my brother confronted me,” He paused, form tense as he remembered those piercing eyes, wet with tears and red with anger, whole body trembling with rage as Hanzo clutched his blade with white knuckles and determined purpose. “I finally understood the consequences of my action. It wasn’t just my burden to carry, but my brothers as well.”

He fell silent, words failing him as he relived memories of that day. The sharp, deadly edge of his brothers blade diminished next to his eyes. The pure, immeasurable hatred that poured from Hanzo that day was unmatched by any experience Genji could recall. It was no mistake, no accident. Hanzo had meant to kill him that day, meant to tear apart any semblance of the man he had once called brother. Till there was nothing left of what once was Genji, just like his beloved Yuki.

You wanted to hate him, wanted to tell him that he deserved all the guilt and suffering that had befallen him because of his deed, but you couldn’t. It had been so long ago, and both men had been in great pain for so long. Looking at him now, the mere shell of the human he once was, more machine than man, you were struck by just how much the man had lost for his crime.

Your breath was held in your chest, compressed by complexion and ill understood feelings. After trying to sort through your thoughts for several minutes, you released a heavy sigh, still unsure, but unable to bear the silence anymore.

“Why couldn’t you just leave her alone.” Your words weren’t entirely directed at him, more just said allowed as you puzzled over this mess of a family relationship.

“I was young and stupid.” Genji muttered, not really wanting to talk about this further as his guilt smothered him, but knowing he had lost the right to comfort a long time ago. “If I could change what happened, I would. But I can’t. All I want now is to make things right with my brother. I have found peace with myself, but he is still drowning in his hatred and regret. It pains me to see these wounds he cares, how he never lets them heal.”

“He lost everything because of you. Because of that one act, the entire plan for his life was destroyed.” There was no cruelty in your voice, no bitterness. You also wanted to see your friend heal and move forward in life, past these demons that plagued him. But you knew this wasn’t something that could be easily forgiven

You thought back to the few times Hanzo would talk to you about his life before his brother’s betrayal. How his path had been so sure, so decided, laid out for him since birth. Only for everything
he had trained and planned for to be ruined. It was no wonder he was so lost now. His entire world had been torn apart till nothing remained of the life he had once known. You sympathized with him. Knowing all too well what that was like, to lose everything in an instant.

“I know that. But all we can do now is move forward.” Putting his hand on your shoulder, the man stood, looking down at you as he did so. “Please be good to him. Hanzo has very little trust left in him. Do not abuse that.”

“I have no intention to.” You spoke from the heart, quick and instinctive. It was the truth. You had nothing but honest intentions with Hanzo, wishing only for companionship and a link to the outside, something you had been very open with him about.

With a nod and a bow, Genji took his leave, your feelings towards him now muddled and your understanding of the situation conflicting and uncertain.
"Please." Hanzo whimpered softly as you tied his tie over his eyes, blinding him to the sight of you in your lacey lingerie.

Grinning, you ran your thumb over his lower lip, the man instinctively letting his lips part, ready to please you in any way you desired. Despite his dislike of the blindfold, you loved the way his senses were heightened by the lack of sight. His reactions were so much quicker, so much more intense as he lay helpless before you. With his hands tied to either side of the bedframe, the man sat bare before you.

His muscular chest rose and fell, absorbed in the anticipation of your touch. His stomach clenching with every shift of the bed. He was eager, had been since entering the room, clearly missing your affection over the last week. Grinning, you dusted your fingertips down his torso, stopping just short of his erection as he arched every so slightly into your touch.

"Do tell me. On the days you can’t see me, do you touch yourself?" The man blushed at your words, shifting in his binds at the intimate question. But he answered none the less.

"Yes." He muttered, though loud enough he was sure you could hear him.

Smiling, you were pleased with his honestly, enjoying the idea of the man sequestering himself in some hidden place to seek the pleasure you spoiled him with.

"Such a dirty boy. I bet you moan like a whore while you jerk your cock. Begging for someone to do it for you." Hanzo’s breath hitched at your words, a heat settling under his skin at the idea of you picturing him in his moments of weakness. Nails lightly raking his thighs, you took great satisfaction in the pleasurable hiss that escaped him. A visible tremor overtaking the man as his cock bobbed with its pulse. “I think I’d rather like to see that.”

Untying one of his hands, you took it in yours, leading it to his eager erection as you took his lips. The man obliged you, seduced by your kiss as you asserted your dominance. Taking hold of his manhood, Hanzo began to pull at it with slow, drawn out motions, groaning into your mouth at his first taste of friction.

Pulling back, you slipped off the bed, taking a few steps away so the man was unaware of where you were as he continued to pleasure himself. A whimper was offered in protest of your absence, but when you gave no reply, he accepted that this was how you wanted it.

Temptation proving too great, Hanzo pumped his length faster, breathing heavy as he felt your eyes on him. He was indescribably aroused at the idea of being watched, of you seeing him desperately trying to recreate the sensations you gave him. It was so wrong, so embarrassing, but he wanted you to see, to hear the way he moaned for your touch. He wanted you to tell him how vulgar he was, how obscene and shameful his actions were and then punish him for it.

Calling your name, your attention was peaked.
“Please, I need your touch.”

“I don’t think you’ve earned it yet.” Moving silently to the other side of the bed, the man jumped as your words were whispered in his ear, his surprise soon giving way to need as he let out a deep moan. Reaching out to give his nipple a sharp pinch, you enjoyed the way he squirmed, the pace of his hand faltering before increasing its vigor. “Clearly you get by just fine by yourself. I dare say you don’t need me at all.”

“No! Please. I need you. You make me feel so good. Nothing compares.” Turning his head, he looked to where he thought you were, brows furrowed in a pleading expression as he whimpered. He was desperate to keep this going, to keep you talking, wanting something, any part of you that could aid him in his release, even the littlest contribution making his climax so much greater.

“I don’t think I believe you.” His breath was uneven, hips jerking up into his hand as his cock was slicked by his own precum. He was nearing his end, you could tell. He must have been very in need of you this week.

“Please! Fuck me. Torment me. Tell me I’m a disgrace and punish me till I’m yours and yours alone. Please, stretch my whorish ass and put me in my place. I need it so bad.” Taken aback at his boldness, you felt your walls tremble at his admission, more than willing to oblige the man.

As his hand jerked wildly, desperate to push him over the edge, you snatched it up, securing it back to the headboard before the man could pull away. So close to orgasm, Hanzo couldn’t summon words to protest, only offering up disjointed sounds and pitiful moans as an argument.

“Now now, my love.” Leaning down, you bit at his lip, hand delivering a sharp smack to his inner thigh as you did so, eliciting a yelp from the blind man. “Boys who touch themselves without their mistress’s permission don’t get to cum.”

Easing back into the water, you let out a pained hiss as the heat hit your battered form, tormenting the rope burns and bruises as your sore muscles ached. When finally you settled back, you couldn’t bite back the pitiful whimper that echoed from within you. The warmth, the slight feeling of weightlessness, the scented bath salts and oils, none of it helped. All of your holes burned and you were sure the lashes on your ass had ripped open again, letting blood seep out to mingle with the water.

“Anything I can do, hun?” Liz asked, hovering by the door as her eyes watched you sympathetically.

“Could you please make dinner? I would really appreciate something with rice.” You muttered, voice hoarse and broken from all the screaming. Your friend nodded, heart aching at the sight of you. She two knew what it was like to be called upon by Mr. Jackson.

“Anything else?” Hovering about, Liz was never good at seeing you in pain. Though she knew it was part of the job and could more than handle herself when it was her in your position, she was useless when she felt powerless.

“Wine please.” Nodding, she left to open a bottle, eager to help in any way she could.

Biting back tears, you reached out to your phone, wincing at the pain as your stiff joints were stretched. Taking hold of your device, you brought it to you, quickly flipping through it to try to distract yourself. Flashing up at the top, you saw you had two unread messages. Pulling down the notification bar, you were unsurprised to see Genji’s name. With a sigh, you swiped the name away,
no interest in dealing with the man at the moment. But the second name had your interest. Hanzo.

“Are you free tonight? Movie? Or wine tasting?”

It wasn’t even an option. You would have liked to say you debated it, but it had taken all your strength just to get back to your room and into the bath. There was just no way you were going anywhere any time soon.

“I can’t. It was a really bad day.” You felt bad, but there was just nothing you could do. You didn’t have to wait long for a response.

“I’m sorry. Are you alright?” Though you talked to Hanzo about a lot of things, things you told to no other person, save Liz, you always spared him the details of your job. He didn’t need to know how bad it was. Didn’t need to know about the men that pushed you past your limit when it came to pain and torture. He was better off not knowing about the times you were beaten till you slipped into unconsciousness, or tormented till you broke, unable to even talk for days afterwards. No, he was better off oblivious.

“Not really. But I will be.” As Liz reentered the room, you put your phone down, gratefully taking the glass she offered you.

Greedily, you downed the glass, Liz placing the bottle by the side of the bath for your later use.

“I’ll have dinner ready in about half an hour. Is that ok?” You nodded, heart swelling with appreciation for your friend and her support.

As Liz made her exit, you returned your attention to your phone, unsurprised to see a response.

“Would you be able to get two days off towards the end of the month?” Raising an eyebrow, you were intrigued by the question Hanzo posed, wondering what the man had in mind.

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Bent over the bed, your hands fisted the sheets shakily as Hanzo’s tongue flicked mercilessly over your clit. Your legs were already trembling and your makeup smeared as you fought back your second orgasm. The man kneeling behind you ate at your pussy like a starving man, hands spreading your ass as he tormented you with his devilish skill. As he hummed against your womanhood, you couldn’t help the way your knees buckled, weak against the man as you moaned your appreciation.

A sudden sharp smack was delivered to your ass, causing you to straighten with a yelp. Looking back, Hanzo’s sharp eyes met yours, amused, but stern.

“Stay still.” His voice was heady with hunger, fingers teasing at your slick entrance as he kissed your thigh. Biting your lip, you offered a silent nod, bending back over as the man slipped two thick, calloused fingers past your lips. Pressing your face into the sheets, a shiver overtook your spine as the man’s fingers spread you, pumping in and out of your pulsing walls. “You’re so wet. Are you enjoying this?” A small mewl escaped you, embarrassed at the man’s words.

Hanzo knew damn well what he was doing to you, knew you were coming apart at his touch. Your throat bobbed as you swallowed hard, tongue stuck to the roof of your mouth as you tried to answer him.

“Mhm.” Was all you could manage, heart throbbing in your chest as you rocked your hips back on his fingers. Ghosting kisses up and down your thighs, Hanzo added a third finger with no reservation, pleased with your answer and the way you embraced his attention.
“Good.” He hummed against your soft flesh. “I have so much more I want to do to you.” Standing up, Hanzo leaned his body over yours, free hand coming to gently grasp your throat as he pulled you against his solid chest. As you were lifted off the bed, a gasp escaped you. You could feel his erection against your ass as his fingers continued to massage your walls, leaving your mind fuzzy and faded as you tried to cling to your senses.

You wanted him. Needed him in this moment more than anything. Your mind couldn’t focus on anything other than the feeling of his hard cock pressing against your flesh and his fingers stirring you up. As he whispered in your ear all the things he wanted to do to you, you felt your legs grow weak again. A whimper was all you could offer in return, consumed by lust for the man as the warmth of his body permeated your skin.

“What do you want, my little queen?” Hanzo voice was deep and predatory in your ear, his accent muddled with lust as his hips rutted against yours.

“Please,” You stuttered, hands supporting your weight on the bed as you pressed back into him, rolling your hips against the man, soliciting a low snarl from him. “Fuck me. I want your cock so bad. Fuck me till I can’t stand. Ruin me to the point I have to take the rest of the day off. I need you, Hanzo.” The man bit into your neck hard, surprised by just how much you words turned him on.

Without hesitation, his pants were off, cock plunging deep into you as he grabbed your hips to hold you steady. Your moans mixed with your surprise, his force catching you off guards as he buried himself deep inside. You felt so good wrapped around him, causing a deep groan to echo in Hanzo’s throat as he savored the feeling of first contact.

“I’m going to fuck you till your mine and mine alone.” He growled in your ear, causing a deep moan to pull from you as he wrapped his arm around your throat for leverage.

“I’m jealous of your hair.” You stated, running your fingers through Hanzo’s free locks, enjoying its silkiness. Sitting side by side on a park bench, you warmed your hands on your cup of hot chocolate, the chill in the air signaling the change in seasons.

“What?” Confused, he gave you a puzzled look. You had just convinced him to let his hair down, insisting that it looked too good to always be tied up.

“It’s so soft and shiney. I wish I could get my hair like that.” Making no secret of your jealousy, you pulled out a few strands of your hair to scowl at discontentedly. The man just shook his head, finding your comment silly.

“Your hair is just fine.” Lifting his hand, he combed your hair back to tuck behind your ear, offering you a teasingly questioning look, as if asking if you were really that insecure about your appearance.

“Hey. You don’t know how much work I put into this.” You argued, sitting up straight. As you took a sip of your warm drink, Hanzo leaned over, breath warm against your ear as he whispered.

“I’ve seen you freshly fucked. I’ve seen you angry. I’ve seen you a moaning whimpering mess. But I’ve never seen you look bad.” Cheeks flushing bright red, you sputtered for words, in awe at the man’s suddenly naughty statement.

“UH?!?” Was all you could manage, smacking his shoulder as the man chuckled at your flustered reaction. Eyes squinting, Hanzo smiled brightly, taking great amusement in your embarrassment. This only served to worsen your mortification. “That’s not funny! We don’t talk about that out here.”
Smacking his shoulder again, you tried your best to look angry, but hearing Hanzo laugh so fullheartedly and with such little care warmed your heart. Too bad it did nothing for your flesh.

As a strong breeze blew through, you shrank in on yourself, shivering violently as you whimpered. You hadn’t expected it to be this cold, or for the two of you to spend the day outside. So you had only thrown on a sweater you had bought a few days ago when getting ready this morning.

“Hey. Be a gentleman. Give me your jacket.” Still curled up, you reached an arm out, pulling on his jacket sleeve as you tried to slip it off him.

“Hey. It’s not my fault you didn’t think to bring a jacket.” Pulling the garment back up on his shoulder, Hanzo clasped it closed at the front in his fist, eyes bright and teasing as they looked over at you. “Besides, wouldn’t want people to get the wrong idea.” Sulking, you glared at the man, uncomfortably cold as the wind cut right through you.

“Fine.” You huffed, leaning in as an idea hit you. “Give me your jacket and next time you’re on the floor, I’ll stick my tongue in your ass like you like.” Your bold words combined with your sharp eyes staring directly into his had the man speechless, eyes wide and cheeks burning as he stared down at you, gob smacked. He opened and closed his mouth several times, looking like a fish as he searched for words.

Finally, unable to bear your stare any longer, he looked away, sulking as he began to shed his jacket.

“Fine.” He grumbled, handing the jacket to you, much to your delight. “If your going to play dirty.” Continuing to mumble to himself, you pulled the jacket on greedily, enjoying the warmth that lingered from the man. You were swimming in the garment, shoulders no where near as broad as your friend’s, but you were warm, and that was all that mattered.

“Oh hush.” You stated as the man continued to grumble, an odd mixture of embarrassed and horny that he was not comfortable experiencing out in public. “You started it. I merely ended it.” Smiling brightly, you sipped at your drink, now warmed on the outside and inside.

Despite his continued brooding, the man watched you out of the corner of his eye, enjoying your self-induced delight as you reveled in your victory. With a sigh, the man pushed past his embarrassment, leaning back in the park bench as he turned back to face you.

“So what would you like to do for the rest of the day?” Sparing the man a side glance, you sipped contentedly on your hot chocolate.

“Well, it’s still pretty early. How late is the zoo open?”

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You felt weightless in the warm milky water, basking in the afterglow of your many orgasms as complete bliss overtook you. Nuzzling your cheek into Hanzo’s sturdy chest, you enjoyed the small motions his hand rubbed into your back as the two of you lounged in the large bath. Both of you looked a mess, hair mussed and faces flushed, but there was a glow about you that could only be achieved through fantastic sex.

“You spoiled me today.” Cupping the water in your hand, you brought it up to drizzle down his chest, enjoying the look of the purple hickeys that lingered with his blue tattoo and spotted the rest of his flesh.

Kissing the top of your head, you could feel the hum reverberate in his chest. A wet hand took your chin in between its fingers, tilting you up so that he could lay a delicate kiss on your lips, much to
your surprise.

“You deserve to be spoiled too.” With a gleeful grin, you laid back against him, enjoying the way your body fit against his.

He too was enjoying this quiet moment, sweet and tender, yet so intimate. It was a moment that lay between your encounters on the Upper Floor and those in the outside world, and he wished there could be more of them. You felt so right in his arms, lay against him so naturally, like it was something the two of you had done for years. A vague part of him knew he needed to be careful, that this could easily go too far, but he disregarded it, wanting nothing more than to enjoy the ease he found with you and the peace you brought him.

With nothing more to say, the two of you fell into a natural silence, content in this moment as you savored each other’s company. Lazily, your fingers traced his tattoo, studying its every shape and design as Hanzo leaned his head back, closing his eyes to concentrate on the paths your fingertips traced across his skin.

There was so much he was unsure of. So many doubts and questions that still paralyzed his mind. Fear and insecurity and dread haunted him like old friends, flowing in and out of his life without warning or say. But in this moment, they couldn’t touch him. His heart felt lighter than it had in years, mind so easily still as all guards went down. It was dangerous. It should be scary. But it wasn’t. Without explanation or reason, Hanzo felt all that plagued him drop away like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Eyes peeking open, a soft smile took his lips as he looked down on you. Your eyes were closed, cheek pressed into his chest as you rested comfortably against him. Body sloped so beautifully, adorned with hickeys of his making. Hanzo hated seeing the marks of other men on you. But in this moment, you were his and his alone.

This was enough. Hanzo knew not to be selfish, not to covet you and foolishly yearn for more than you could give. So for now, while you were still bound to this hellish job, he would be content with these little moments. What he had with you was fragile, barely in bloom despite all the adversities it faced. Yet, in spite of that, it was the best part of Hanzo’s life right now.

Letting his other arm wrap around you, Hanzo settled deeper in the water, enjoying what he could before your inevitable departure.

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“I win again!” Jumping up, you smiled brightly at the player 1 victory screen. Hanzo’s expression was stern, clearly displeased with being beaten for the third time.

The lights of the arcade flashed, peppy tunes ringing out all around you as laughter and jubilation mixed with the sound of ringing and beeping. Taking your tickets in hand, you admired how much bigger your stack was than your friend’s.

“And here I thought you were good at everything you did.” Nudging the man with your elbow, the two of you moved aside for another group that was waiting for the machine.

“Arcades were always more of Genji’s thing.” He muttered, trying to look disinterested as the two of you began to walk. “He always had the time to go into town and play these games. I was always held up in the house, training or studying.” There was a solemnness to his words, slipping into the past as he sometimes did. “Yuki used to go with him. The two of them would play for hours, coming back long after dark.”
Feeling that you were losing him, you took his hand in yours, offering it a squeeze to bring him back to you. Turning his attention back to you, the man’s eyes were gloomy, so much heavier than you wanted them to be.

“Hey. You’re here now. And I’m here with you. All that stuff is in the past.” Slipping your hand from his, you again bumped him with your shoulder, offering him a reassuring smile. “Yuki never deserved you anyway.”

Both of you were surprised by the words as they rolled off your tongue. Quickly, you began to worry what you had done, insulting his beloved. “I just mean,” you stammered, trying to catch yourself, “You did so much for her. And she never really seemed to appreciate you. And then she went and hurt you the way she did. I just think that, a woman like that, doesn’t deserve a man like you.”

Hanzo just stared at you, trying to absorb what you were rambling about. Embarrassed and feeling a bit sheepish, you cursed your stupidity. Always making a fool of yourself.

“I just mean that, you’re a good man Hanzo. And you deserve a woman who appreciates all the things you can give her. And not just what your clan bestowed. You’re so much more than that. I don’t think you give yourself enough credit.” God you were terrible at this. What were you even saying. Now you really were just making a fool of yourself. He loved Yuki, a woman he had known almost all his life. And here you were putting her down. Why couldn’t you just shut up?

While you internally kicked yourself, Hanzo seemed to ponder your words for a minute or two. He had lingered on Yuki for so long, loved her so deeply, but had he really been in love with the woman, or the idea of her? This was something he had been wondering for some time now. An internal beast he had been wrestling with. And your honesty now, had him thinking even deeper on if Yuki had really been the perfect woman he had believed her to be.

“Thank you for your honesty.” He finally said, hands in his pockets as he looked over at you, eyes lacking their usual intensity, but seeming grateful nonetheless. You had pause at his response, not expecting him to take you so seriously. But you were thankful.

“Yeah.” You chuckled awkwardly, “No problem.” Hoping to dispel the tension, you moved on to the next game, a shooting one that you thought Hanzo might have a little more luck with.
Vacation Pt. 1

Waiting on the sidewalk outside of a park, you readjusted your bag on your shoulder, shivering against the chill in the air as you looked up and down the street. Hanzo was running late, but then again, so were you. You had rushed through your clients this morning to try to ensure that you were here at the agreed upon meeting time. But things had taken longer than you had expected.

Despite this, it was rude of him to keep you waiting. Especially when he was being so secretive about your plans. The only instructions the man had given you were to get two days off work and meet him here with clothes for a couple days. And to bring a swimsuit.

You knew of several tropic themed hotels around that had indoor heated pools and parks, but that hardly seemed appropriate for two people who could only be friends. Despite this, you went with things, convincing yourself you could always leave if things were getting too questionable.

As a taxi pulled up, you were surprised when the door opened to reveal Hanzo.

“Sorry for being late. Traffic delayed me.” Stepping out, the man took your bag, helping you into the back seat before throwing your bag in the trunk.

When he was again in the cab and the two of you were buckled up, the car continued rolling onto the pre-discussed destination. Feeling doubt creep into your heart, you decided it best to get to the heart of the matter.

“So what are we doing? You’ve been very mysterious about this whole trip.” Admittedly, you’d had some hesitation about this whole thing. Spending several days outside of the Upper Floor with a client, it was all very suspicious. But so far, Hanzo had been nothing but respectful, never pushing the limits, always keeping things platonic. So you had decided to trust him.

“Well, I suppose it can’t be kept a secret forever.” Pulling two slips of paper out of his pocket, he handed them over to you, an expectant smile barely suppressed as he watched you. “I would have liked for it to be a surprise, but there was no way to work that out.”

In your hand you held two plane tickets. The destination: tropical and warm.

“What!” You exclaimed loudly, immediately growing embarrassed as the cab driver looked back at you.

Hanzo chuckled, a deep manly sound as he grinned at you, obviously pleased with himself.

“You said you had never seen the ocean.” His eyes had a twinkle in them as he surveyed you, reassured by your excitement.

“You said you had never seen the ocean.” His eyes had a twinkle in them as he surveyed you, reassured by your excitement.

“Really?” You had never smiled so brightly in your life, clutching the tickets to your chest as you practically vibrated in your seat. As Hanzo nodded, you threw yourself at him, arms wrapped around his neck in an awkward hug as you thanked him over and over again. Initially surprised by your outburst, the man was soon hugging you back, though gentler and more reserved.

“I figured you needed a vacation.” He hummed, briefly nuzzling into your hair before pulling away.

“Hanzo, you are the best.” You couldn’t help the giggle that escaped you as you cupped his cheeks before hugging him again, excitement compelling you into action.
It wasn’t long before the two of you were at the airport, climbing out of the cab as you practically danced in place. You threw your bag over your shoulder, but were surprised when the weight slipped off. Looking to your left, Hanzo offered you a reassuring smile as he shouldered you bag, managing the added load with ease.

“I’ll carry the bags, if you navigate us.” You nodded, fighting back the laugh that bubbled at the back of your throat.

The airport was huge, expansive in all directions as its vast halls were filled with bustling people, hurrying to make their connecting flights. You had never been in an airport before, though you had been on a private plane a time or two. You managed to find your way through, though the security process was a pain. But with only carry-ons, the ordeal was made a little easier.

Hanzo stuck close to you the whole way, occasionally grabbing your arm or shoulder to keep from losing you in the crowd. When the two of you finally sat outside the terminal, your excitement bubbled over as you began to rattle off questions in an enthusiastic flurry.

“Have you ever flown before? I guess that’s a stupid question. With everything you’ve done in life, of course you have. Have you been to this place before? Is it nice? Are there sharks? I read somewhere most shark attacks happen in three feet of water.” As you rambled, you never gave the man a chance to interject. His laughter interrupted your tirade. “What’s so funny?”

“I’ve never see you like this on the Upper Floor. You’re like a different person. So full of life.”

“Yeah, well, that’s work.” You muttered, embarrassed as you realized how silly you must be acting.

“I’m glad I get to see you like this.” You were surprised by his words, unexpected and honest. “Feels like I’m seeing the real you.” You blushed, turning away.

“Well, gee. When you say things like that...” Though you didn’t see him, you knew the man was smiling at you, amused by your energy and openness.

It wasn’t long before the two of you boarded the plane, putting your luggage in the overhead compartments and taking your seats.

It was going to be a long flight, several hours, setting your arrival late into the night. Despite this, you couldn’t bring yourself to sleep. Too eager, as you watched the world pass by beneath you through the plane window. Hanzo however, was asleep within the first two hours, eventually resting, slumped against you with his head lulled onto your shoulder.

You decided to let him rest, laying as still as you could, as he snored softly in your ear. Eventually growing bored with the view, you put in your headphones, playing music as you looked up information about your destination, seeing what all there was to do. Since it was the middle of the week, you hoped things wouldn’t be too busy. It was late November, not early enough in the winter months for people to be fleeing to the tropics, and fall break had already passed.

As the hours whittled away, your exhilaration eventually ebbed and you slipped into a doze without even realizing it. You were awaken as Hanzo jostled against you, startling you into awareness. Briefly forgetting where you were, your eyes snapped to Hanzo, then up to the middle aged man that was shaking him.

“Excuse me, sir.” The nicely dressed man, probably traveling on business, called softly, trying not to alarm the two of you as he attempted to wake you. “The plane has landed. Everyone is exiting.”

Hanzo stirred, much more docile as he awoke. Sitting up, he stretched, blinking at the man as he
thanked him. The stranger gave a soft smile and then wandered off with the crowd that was already disembarking. Letting out an infectious yawn, the man settled back in his seat, opting to wait till the mass of shuffling people had died down a bit. Looking over at you, his expression was relaxed, calm as he regarded you.

“Did you get any sleep?” He asked, observing the disheveled state of your hair and the few wrinkles in your clothes.

“Yeah. A couple hours.” You replied, reaching your arms up into a big stretch as a small noise escaped you. “What time is it?” Pulling out his phone, Hanzo checked before standing up.

“Midnight local time.” Offering you his hand, he helped you to your feet before pulling your bags out of the overhead storage. Making your way out of the plane, you caught a whiff of the salty air and tropical breeze as you exited, renewing your excitement as you clutched at Hanzo’s arm. Turning his head, the man looked down at your hands that gripped at his sleeve, then back up at you with a questioning brow.

“I can smell the ocean! I didn’t know it smelled so briney. Do all oceans smell like this?” Your pace increased as you grew more eager to see the ocean for yourself. You anticipated watching the waves crash on the shore, hearing the roar of the tide as it lapped against the shore, and feeling the soft sand against your fair feet.

“Yes.” Hanzo chuckled, arm pulling free so he could rub your back as he guided you along.

Making your way out of the airport, you were struck by the warmth in the air, the vitality that seemed to be carried on the breeze with the smell of ocean spray and the sight of greenery surrounded you. Wrapping his jacket around his waist, Hanzo hailed a cab as you soaked up your surroundings, the palm trees and budded flowers, the sand that seemed to be sprinkled everywhere, finding its way into every crevice and crack. It all thrilled and delighted you, so foreign and liberating.

“You coming?” Offering you his hand, you could tell your companion was tired, but still enjoying your unbridled delight. Obliging him, you took his hand as he helped you into the cab. As the scenery passed by, you peered out the window, pressed against the glass as your eyes scanned over the speeding landscape. “I got us separate room. So there won’t be any discrepancy.” He stated, bringing you back to him as you blinked.

You hadn’t thought about that. Hadn’t even considered what the sleeping arrangements would be. But Hanzo had already taken care of it, making sure your reputation was protected and that there would be no doubt that you were there just as friends. A fondness bloomed in your heart as you wondered at the man’s kindness, just how much he thought of and looked out for you.

“Thank you.” You stated, voice gentle, yet conveying immeasurable gratitude. He nodded, understanding your meaning.

When you arrived at your destination it was almost one. Stepping out of the cab, the grandeur of the hotel did not excite you nearly as much as the sound of roaring waves.

“I can hear it! I can hear the ocean!” Running back and forth, you tried to distinguish what direction the sound was coming from, eager to follow it.

“Let’s check in, and put our bags in our room. Then we can go see it.” The weariness in the man’s voice did not escape you, and you felt slightly guilty, sure you were tiring him out. A small worry grew that he might be sick of you by the end of this trip, finding you too much to handle in long doses.
Following him in, spirit slightly dampened, you were quiet as Hanzo talked to the woman at the front desk. He finished the transaction quickly and, shrugging his shoulder to readjust the bags, he handed you your room key.

“We’re on the third floor.” You nodded, offering a soft response of acknowledgment as you took the card. The man eyed you questioningly, but shrugged it off as the two of you headed to the elevator. It was a quiet ride, neither one of you speaking in the short time you ascended. Stepping out of the elevator, you felt heavy as you watched Hanzo proceed down the hall, wondering if you had upset him with your childishness.

“This is your room.” The dark haired man stated, pointing to a door as he unshouldered your bag. Wordlessly taking the bag, you unlocked the room, pushing the door open into the darkness as Hanzo did the same to his room. “I’m going to go freshen up quickly.” Not waiting for a response, the man stepped into his room, the door closing heavily behind him.

Doing the same, you flicked on the lights to your room as you surveyed your sleeping arrangement. The room was beautiful. Nautically themed and spacious, it was clearly expensive. A far cry from the seedy motels and rundown hotels you had started out in. A small part of you cringed at the memory of all the men you had pleased in rooms much like this.

Throwing your bag on the large king sized bed, your nerves got the better of you, replaying all the times today you had acted foolish in your revelry. No wonder Hanzo had been eager to escape you. He was used to a woman that was poised and mature, one that didn’t make a scene of herself. Yet at every opportunity, you had shown your childish nature and lack of discipline, acting like a four-year-old at a birthday party. You began to feel worse as you further degraded yourself, stomach sinking and lips pressed tightly together.

Your self loathing was interrupted by a soft sound, rhythmic and inviting, that came from just outside the glass doors on the other side of your room. Temporarily distracted, you found yourself drawn to the sound. Moving to the doors, you unlatched them, pushing them out as your eyes adjusted to the darkness.

Stretching out before you, dark and powerful, was the sea. Its waves crashed against the shore, pounding against the resilient sand as the breeze and roaring tide filled the silence of the night, a constant lullaby that soothed the soul and filled you with awe. The starry sky and ocean stretched out into eternity, only meeting at the very edges of the horizon in the softest of kisses, like two lovers, always longing for one another, but destined never to touch. The soft majesty that laid before you stirred up feeling inside you that were indescribable and consuming. Almost bringing you to tears as the magnitude of this natural force dwarfed everything in your life.

You felt compelled to run to the shore, to jump in its water, as if washing in the lapping waves would cleanse you of all your struggles, all your scars and fears. In that moment, you saw the ocean as more than land and tide, but life, renewal. It filled you with hope you couldn’t understand.

A knock sounded at your door, pulling you from your moment of transcendence as a hiccuped sob escaped you. Suddenly flustered and overcome by reality, you rushed to the door, unable to remain still as you both feared and craved the sensations the haunting waters worked on you. Opening the door, Hanzo smiled tiredly, lids heavy but expression genuine as he waited in a large knitted sweater and loose fitting pants. But as he observed your continence, he found reason to pause.

“What’s wrong?” Stepping forward, he cupped your cheeks, thumbs brushing away the tears you didn’t realize were falling. His expression held great concern, and as the feeling of the ocean mixed with your guilt of the day, you felt yourself breaking down.
“Ocean-“ was all you managed, pointing back at the door as you bit back more tears. Confused, Hanzo looked past you to the open doors before returning his gaze to you, unable to see the connection.

“What about the ocean?” You tried to lower your head, embarrassed and overwhelmed, but he lifted your face so that he could look into your eyes. “Do you not like it?”

“Beautiful.” Your voice hitched in your throat, the word coming to you without thinking as you surrendered to the many feelings bubbling up inside you.

A laugh escaped the man as he looked at you with bewilderment. Pulling you into him, he wrapped his arms around you, embracing you in his strong arms as he held you tight against him.

“You’re such a mess.” He hummed, rocking you slightly as he pet your hair. “You’ve been strong too long. Now, it is time to relax.” At his words, hot tears spilled free again, your hands clutching at his sweater as you buried yourself into his shoulder.

“I’m sorry.” Your voice was muffled by the fabric and his form, but he could make it out nonetheless. “I’m sorry I was so annoying today. I’m sorry I’m so childish and act up all the time.”

“Is that what you are upset about?” He asked, confused. “I’m not annoyed with you. I’m just tired.” Pulling back, he looked down at you with a frank, yet comforting expression. “I got up early this morning to make sure everything was in order for today. And then Genji was being a bother. It’s just been a long day.”

As his words sunk in, your tears dried up, suddenly feeling very silly in the wake of your breakdown. Wiping your tears with the heel of your hand, your composure was still not fully regained, but you felt better after your release.

“Really?” You asked, looking up at him pensively.

“Yes,” he stated, “I find you very enjoyable. I don’t think you could ever bother me.” Leaning forward, he placed a soft kiss on your forehead before something flashed in his eyes. Taking a step back, he released you, leaving you feeling cold and vulnerable as he readjusted himself, straightening his sweater. “If you still want, we can go down and look at the ocean.” He stated, sparing you a smile, though not in the same way.

“I would like that.” You replied, sniffing as you cleared your throat.

“Alright. I’ll wait here while you change. It will make you feel better.” Nodding, you closed the door, shuffling to your bag to pull out a change of clothes as you pushed aside the feelings of turmoil and ache that lodged in your heart.
Vacation Pt.2

You had planned to sleep in till ten, allowing yourself to rest after the ordeals of yesterday. But as soon as the sun began to rise, you were up, filled with energy and eager to begin your day. For the first half hour, you just sat on the balcony, watching the sun come up in complete bliss. A slight mist pervaded the shore, the water dark against the reddening sky leaving you feeling at ease and refreshed.

But after soaking up the earthly beauty, you found yourself eager to experience it first hand, tired of just observing it. You hopped in the shower, quickly cleaning yourself and washing away the stale feeling that lingered on your skin. Once done, you threw on your swimsuit, admiring yourself in your new bikini before throwing on a pair of shorts and a comfortable white t-shirt. Putting on the minimum amount of makeup needed to feel confident, you were ready to start your day.

Despite this, you worried that Hanzo might not be up yet, still sleeping off his exhaustion from yesterday. Pacing back and forth in your room, you debated knocking on the man’s door, not wanting to wake him, but impatient to start the day. After several minutes of hemming and hawing, you decided to go get breakfast in the lobby, giving Hanzo a few minutes longer to rest.

Grabbing your phone and your room key, you left your room, making your way to the first floor. They had a good selection of food, the beautifully prepared meals made your mouth water. Filling your plate with pancakes and bacon, you were quick to find a seat, digging in as you enjoyed the rich flavors and fluffy texture. You were so used to making your own food, it was nice to eat something you hadn’t had to prepare. And the prospect of not cleaning the dishes was nice too.

Finishing off your breakfast, you wanted to get more, but decided it was best not too. Vacation or not, you still needed to watch your figure. Just then, your phone screen lit up, a soft dinging indicating you had received a message. Taking your phone in hand, you swiped up, opening the text to see it was from Hanzo.

‘Are you up?’

Smiling, you quickly typed out your response, glad that you hadn’t needed to be the one to wake him. ‘Yeah. Downstairs getting breakfast.’

You didn’t have to wait long for his response. ‘Ok. I’ll be down in a moment.’ Smiling to yourself, you put your phone down, sipping lazily at your coffee. You were surprised though when you got a second text. ‘What do you want to do today?’

‘Start out at the beach maybe? I’d really like to go swimming.’

‘Ok. We can change after breakfast.’

‘I’m already in my swimsuit.’

‘ok. I’ll just wear mine down and we can go straight there.’ You chuckled at the man, amused by the everyday conversation as you continued to nurse your coffee.

It wasn’t long before he joined you, black t-shirt and blue swim trunks so casual compared to what you were used to. He looked good, shoulders broad and legs strong. Noticing you, he waved before pointing at the food, indicating his first destination. Smiling, you nodded your understanding.

When he joined you at the table, his plate was laden with a bit of everything. You had to admire his
appetite, impressed and slightly amused. He wasted no time digging in, making quick work of his meal.

“How early did you get up?” He asked between bites, glancing up at you as he lifted another fork full to his mouth.

“Around seven.” You shrugged, trying to be nonchalant.

“Sorry to keep you waiting.” Hanzo looked a little guilty, pausing between bites.

“No, you’re fine. It’s a break for you too. I’m glad you got to sleep in.” Waving your hand, you put him at ease, finishing off your coffee.

With an appreciative smile, he resumed his eating, making quick work of his food so the two of you could start your day.

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The sand was burning and soft beneath your feet, shifting under your weight as you wriggled your toes against it. It felt so different from the night before when it had been cold. The sun was warm against your skin, feeling somehow different than even the summer sun back home.

Looking out at the small crowds of people along the beach, you were glad it was the middle of the week. With most people at work, the shore was fairly empty for the two of you to enjoy. Tossing the bag of towels and beach supplies to the ground, Hanzo laid out one of the large towels across the sand before falling heavily on it. It was a nice sight, seeing such a stern man so relaxed while out in public. Maybe he had needed this as much as you had.

Beckoned by the call of the waves and the gentle breeze, you found yourself suddenly impatient to jump into the sea that stretched out before you. Stripping off your top, you tossed it aside, quickly unbuttoning your shorts to shimmy off. As you bent over to step out of your shorts, a side glance brought Hanzo to your attention.

He was watching you, cheeks pink, eyes wandering your flesh in a silent and somewhat guilty appreciation. It wasn’t like it was the first time he had seen you this scantily clad, but then, this was the first time you had been so undressed in front of him in a non-sexual setting. You supposed it was strange for him to see you getting undressed and it not in preparation for sex.

“Is the suit a bit much?” You asked, sparing him a soft look of sympathy. Coming to realize he had been staring, the man grew flustered, quickly turning away to look at the water, face growing red.

“No. It looks good.” He muttered, trying to play it off as he slid away from you along the towel, putting some distance between the two of you. You grinned at his sheepishness, amused by his basic male instinct conflicting with his gentlemanly nature.

“Let’s go swim!” You cheered, excited by the rolling waves as the sun’s rays filled you with energy.

“You go ahead. I’ll join you in a moment.” Hanzo stated, drawing his knees up to his chest as he spared you a reassuring smile.

“Aww, come on. It’ll be no fun by myself.” Leaning over to grab at Hanzo’s hands, you missed how his eyes flicked down to your cleavage, not helping his problem as he was reminded of all the times he had seen you in your underwear.

“Really. I’m just going to let breakfast settle. I’ll join you in a bit.” As you pulled on the man’s arms,
it was clear there was no way you were going to move him. Exasperated, you huffed in protest.

“Fine, spoilsport.” You watched him for a moment or two longer, hoping he might change his mind. But when he showed no sign of moving, you at last gave in.

Walking out to the waves edge, you noted how much firmer and cooler the sand was where the waves had lapped at it. Stopping at the edge of the water, you watched as the waves rolled in, excited, but hesitant. As the water lapped at the shore, rushing towards you without delay or pause, you scooted back, suddenly wary about letting the water wash over your feet. But when the wave was pulled back towards the ocean, you found yourself following it back, intrigued and amused as it ran away from you in turn. Several times you repeated this, each time finding reason why you weren’t yet ready for the water to touch you.

After the fifth time, you looked back to your companion, surprised to find him laughing at your antics. Legs folded under him, Hanzo covered his mouth in an attempt to stifle his laugh as he found great amusement in your antics. Suddenly feeling indignant, you turned back to the ocean, determined not to be made a fool of.

This time, when the waves rushed towards you, you rooted yourself to the spot and refused to budge. As the water rushed over your feet and ankles, you stiffened, startled by the coldness. Despite your best efforts, as the waves rushed back out, burying your feet in sand while simultaneously tickling your soles as it sucked the sand from beneath you, you couldn’t help yourself. With a jump, you dashed back up the shore, the alien sensation proving too much for you.

This time you could hear the man, laughter deep and hearty as he clutched his side, unable to hold back against the sight of you. With a huff, you approached him, hands on your hips as you glared daggers at him.

“And what is so funny, mister?” Leaning over him, you did your best to seem angry, though you knew his reaction was proportional to your own silliness.

“You. Running around like a chicken.” Sparing you a sly grin, his shoulders still shook in silent amusement as he looked up at you, eyes sharp and spirit vibrant.

“Will you just come in with me already?” You huffed, unable to summon a retort as his eyes left you defenseless and flushed.

“Alright. Alright.” He chuckled, pulling himself up to stretch as he grinned at you knowingly.

Crossing your arms, you did your best to seem irked, but truth be told, you were excited by the idea of the man finally joining you. With one final chuckle, the man reached his thick arms over his back to grab fist fulls of his shirt, pulling it off over his head to toss aside.

Hanzo’s broad chest almost glowed in the early day sun, his vibrant tattoo standing out against his pale flesh, along with the thin trail of dark hairs that led from his chiseled abs down to disappear into his trunks. You felt the sudden urge to see where it led, but your instincts, granted to you by your career, won over. Shaking such thoughts off, you straightened, eagerly making your way back to the water.

You had to admit, Hanzo was a very good looking man, with a body any woman would fall for. After all your experience with the man and his strapping form, you hadn’t expected yourself to get quite so flustered at just seeing him pull his shirt off.

When you came to the waters edge again you paused, peering down at the rolling waves as you
anticipated the strange feeling of moving sand again. Without hesitation, Hanzo walked past you, wading into the water as the waves lapped harmlessly at his calves.

You were momentarily surprised. But then, Hanzo had said he spent much of his childhood at the beach. You must seem so silly to him, being cautious of something so harmless.

“Come on. Nothing will hurt you.” Expression serious, but soft, Hanzo extended his tattooed arm towards you, offering you his hand as he waited for you to follow.

Something in the way he looked at you, the weight of his gaze and the firmness of his stare, had you captivated. Without looking away, you took his hand, letting him pull you out into the water as he drew you closer.

“There you go. See? It's just water.” Eyes still locked on his, you couldn’t help but smile back as he grinned down at you warmly. Continuing to walk backwards, Hanzo led you further out into the water till you were up to your knees. “Careful here, there’s a step.” Hanzo instructed, as you watched him lower about a foot into the water.

Still holding his hand, you eased your foot forward, not stepping forward till you found the ground. Indeed, it was quite the drop, the water raising from your knees to mid thigh. Keeping a firm grip on Hanzo, you moved forward, wading into the water as a shiver overtook you.

“It's so cold. I thought it would be warm.” Squeezing your thighs together, your grip on the man’s hand tightened. Without thinking, Hanzo squeezed back, comforting you as he explained.

“Usually only the first foot is warm. The deeper you get the colder it is. Besides, it is still morning.” Giving you a moment to adjust, the man briefly thought about splashing you, just to see your reaction, but thought better of it.

“And there are no sharks, right?” you asked, eyes darting about nervously over the shimmering surface of the water.

“You’re fine.” Trying to suppress his grin, Hanzo again began to lead you out into the water, this time turning away from you as the water came up to your waist.

As the small waves lapped at your stomach, you found yourself hesitant to move deeper into the cold water. Continuing to lead you forward, the muscles of Hanzo’s back flexed with his movements as he pulled you deeper into the water.

Suddenly feeling a burst of playfulness, you pulled your hand free, a smile of childish delight overtaking you. Before the man could turn around, you had drug your hands over the ocean's surface, sending a wave of water crashing down over Hanzo’s back. With a stifled cry, the man stiffened, back flexing as his shoulders tensed and he froze in place.

Biting back your grin, the small giggle that escaped you betrayed your guilt. Turning around slowly, Hanzo’s expression conveyed a playful annoyance, or maybe mischief; you weren’t too sure. Not that he gave you time to decipher as he gave you a mocking grin.

“Oh. Is that how it is?” Before you could move away, Hanzo was submerged up to his shoulders, wrapping his strong arms around your thighs as he lifted you into the air. “Come here.” For just a terrifying moment, you lingered in the air, suspended by his tight grip as a horrible realization dawned on you. Then, in one swift movement, you were tossed.

With the crashing sound of water filling your ears, you were struck by the chill as you instinctively drew up into a ball. As you touched the bottom, you intuitively pushed up, breaking through the
surface as you gasped, filling your lungs with the warm tropic air. Hanzo’s laughter roared as you held yourself, shivering as your hair clung to your face.

“You bastard!” You spat, splashing him furiously as he continued to clutch his sides, unbothered by the water. Despite your slight annoyance, you were delighted to see Hanzo so joyous. His smile was a welcomed reprieve from his usual polite and disingenuous manners.

“What? You want to get thrown again?” Taking a step towards you, Hanzo raised his hands as if to grab you, a roguish grin accenting the twinkle in his eyes as he teased.

“Don’t you dare!” Swimming away as best you could, the two of you began to chase each other, splashing and playing as you dunked one another, Hanzo letting you push him under most the time.

You passed most of the day like this: romping around in the water, diving to find shells, or walking the beach. No matter what the two of you were doing, you found a smile plastered on your face, laughing and enjoying yourself as your friend did the same. As the day grew warmer, you found the water more and more refreshing and enjoyed swimming through the waves.

Taking a break from the water, the two of you laid out on the beach. You were basking in the sun, enjoying the warmth on your skin as Hanzo sat beneath the shade of an umbrella, reading some book written in Japanese. The warm rays felt so good against your skin, thawing you of the last few winter months that had chilled your bones.

Rolling over to lay on your stomach, you wriggled around till your breasts were comfortable supporting your weight. Hanzo briefly regarded you, eyes flicking over your form before returning to his reading. Dozing in and out of consciousness, you enjoyed the feeling of freedom and the lack of commitment your day required.

As the sun began to descend, it’s warm rays dissipating, you found yourself growing antsy. Chancing a sly glance over, you saw that Hanzo had set his book aside. Rolling over, you sat up with a large stretch, consequently drawing the man’s attention.

“You want to go for a walk?” Raising a brow, you leaned back on your palms as the man considered your proposition.

“Sounds good.” He hummed.

Standing, the two of you packed up your things. Hanzo had already gotten redressed, leaving you to pull your shorts and top back on. As you tugged your shirt down, you pulled your necklace out to lay prominently against your shirt. At this, Hanzo seemed to perk up.

“That necklace…” He started, leaning over to take the small charm between his fingers. “You still wear it?”

“Yeah.” You replied in surprise, looking up at him as his eyes flicked from the necklace to you. “Haven’t taken it off.”

“It’s nothing special though. Worthless, compared to other jewelry you’ve been gifted.” Brown eyes watched you, trying to read your expression as you took the small trinket between your fingers.

“Yeah, but I like it. You didn’t give it to me because you wanted to get in bed with me. You got it cause it reminded you of our time together. That means a lot.” You felt a bit silly, getting so sentimental over a simple necklace that he probably didn’t put much thought into. But you really did cherish it.
Hanzo remained silent, letting your words soak in as he studied the way you rubbed the charm between the pads of your fingers. You couldn’t get a read on him, but then, that was fairly normal. With the exception of sex, you found the man to be a bit of an enigma. Standing up straight again, he offered no further opinion on the necklace as the two of you continued to walk down the beach.

The beach was tinted red with the rays of the sun as it fell from the sky. You guessed it would be fully set within the hour.

“I was meaning to ask earlier, have you been here before?” Watching the waves lap at the shore, you made idle conversation.

“I almost did once.” Hanzo replied, eyes lingering on you as you watched the birds chase the tides in and out.

“Why didn’t you? Too busy with work?” Glancing up at him, you fingers played mindlessly with a shell you had picked up on your walk.

“Yuki refused to come. It was supposed to be a trip for just the two of us. To get her out of the castle.”

As he stared off sorrowfully into the distance, remembering the argument that had ensued, you felt compelled to hug him, to reassure the mournful man that stood before you. But you didn’t. It wouldn’t be appropriate.

“Well, she was a fool.” You muttered, perhaps a bit too loudly, not that you cared. When Hanzo’s gaze fell upon you, you offered him a reassuring smile. “She missed out on a lot of fun.” Bumping him with your hip, you refused to give him the chance to dwell on painful memories. “What’s that?”

Pointing ahead, you drew the man’s attention to a large group of people that gathered around a gargantuan bonfire. Drums could be heard, loud and rhythmic, as you approached. As you joined the crowd, weaving your way to the front through all the clapping people, an excited anticipation began to build in you. Emerging into the innermost circle of onlookers, you were presented with a large opening around the massive blaze, where twirling figures performed some sort of ritual looking dance for the guests.

You watched them for a minute or two as they spun around the large bonfire. There was a simple pattern to their dance, repetitive but dazzling. It wasn’t long before you had the hang of it. As others began to join the mass of dancers, you felt encouraged to jump in.

Grabbing Hanzo’s arm, you gave a few good tugs to get his attention.

“Come on! Dance with me.” Taking his hands, you tried to lead him into the ring of people, but Hanzo pulled away.

“I’ll just watch. You go have fun.” He insisted, holding his palms up to you as if to keep you at bay.

“Don’t be silly. It will be fun.” Again trying to take his hands, you were surprised when he folded his arms across his chest, guarded as he prevented you from pulling him with you.

“I don’t dance.” He stated, scowling at the mass of onlookers with his usual serious eyes.

“But we’ve dance before.” Confused, you remembered the graceful way he led you when the two of you first met.

“Aside from some formal training when I was younger, there was never really much cause to dance.”
He stated, nudging you off in the direction of the other dancers. “You’ll have more fun without me. Go on.” Hanzo’s smile was soft and reassuring as he shooed you off.

‘But, I want to dance with you.’ Keeping the thought to yourself, you joined the group, jumping right into the beat of the drums without hesitation. Though you enjoyed yourself, a small sadness lingered in your heart that your friend couldn’t join you as you danced around, kicking up sand and clapping in time to the music.

Twirling with the group, quickly picking up on the moves, you chanced a glance at your friend. His smile was warm, content as he clapped along to the rhythm with the other onlookers. Grinning at him, you let the feeling of guilt fade as you enjoyed yourself. The spirit of the group was invigorating: the thrumming of the drums, the stomping of feet against the sand, the rhythmic clapping. It all kept time with the beating of your heart as you spun around, mingling with the many dancers only to disperse again when timing called for it.

The jonty tune and jubilee had everyone in high spirits as the music picked up speed, dancers following suit. You couldn’t remember the last time you had this much fun, body spinning to and fro as if guided by the spirits of the song, limbs serging with the energy of the crowd, the smiles, the joy. You had missed it.

The music continued to beat with rapid pace, crescendoing into a grand finale as you all danced to the ever increasing rhythm as if it was more natural than walking. As the drums beat their last note, you struck a final pose, chest heaving with exertion as you smiled impossibly big at the audience of people.

Thunderous applause took the place of the drums, people cheering and shouting their approval. Your legs were racked with a slight tremor of excitement, heart racing with a delirious joy you hadn’t felt in years. Quick to rejoin your companion, you beamed up at him, not a care in the world.

“You did very good. Do you want to dance some more?” Hanzo’s eyes were soft and warm as he smiled down at you, stance open and welcoming.

“No, I’m good.” You lied. As much as you wanted to continue dancing, you’d rather spend time with your friend. “Next time, I’m making you dance with me.” You insisted, following him as the two of you walked over to a bar on the boardwalk.

“Maybe next time.” Hanzo nodded, though something in his tone left you doubtful.

Sitting down, the two of you ordered drinks, sharing light conversation as you watched the stars appear one by one in the darkening sky. As the evening carried on, the two of you shared many stories and many drinks, completely at ease as you regaled each other with anecdotes, each more outlandish than the last.

“So Genji’s passed out drunk, one of the girls is sobbing in a corner over her shoes, the other two are completely naked and none of them speak any Japanese.” You chuckled heartily at Hanzo’s soured expression as he remembered the sight of his drugged out brother.

“Oh God. How did you get them out of there?” You asked, leaning in over your drink with intrigue.

“I couldn’t get the girls to settle down. So I knocked them out.” He stated matter of factly.

“What?!” You exclaimed, shocked at his casual mention of violence.

“What else was I to do? If my father found them there on castle grounds, the punishment would have been far worse.” Shooting you a scolding look, Hanzo’s eyes shown bright, shimmering in the dim
glow of the tiki torches and light strands that illuminated the boardwalk.

One thing was for sure, you had both grown up in to very different worlds. Each with its own hardships and struggles, but had still brought you both into very different roles.

“So what did you do then?” Resting your chin in your palm, you savored the little glimpses you got into Hanzo’s youth.

“Me and the man in charge of looking after Genji piled the girls in a car and dropped them outside a hospital while Yuki looked after my brother.” Hanzo shrugged it off, giving you the impression this was a regular occurrence in the man’s early years.

“Wow. You were such a good big brother, looking after him like that. I’m not sure I could have done it.” Hanzo finished off what remained of his beer before waving down the waiter for another as he shrugged off the compliment.

“It was my duty.” So like him. Never knowing how to accept praise. You smiled at his overwhelming modesty.

“He really was a wild youth.” Sipping on your drink, you enjoyed the warmth of the night and the buzz that mellowed you.

“He was reckless.” Hanzo stated, expression stern, but a glint of fondness shown in his eyes.

“What was Yuki like?” you weren’t sure if it was just your comfort with the man, or the margaritas fuzzing your mind, but you finally felt at ease with asking the question you had long wondered.

Evidently, whatever it was that had a hold on you had also seeped its way into your companion. As he looked out at the rhythmic waves and the calm night sky, he played through so many memories, so many encounters that had for so long been defining moments in his life. When he did not answer, you did not feel compelled to fill the silence, finding no qualm with waiting for him to find his words.

“She was very serious.” He finally spoke up, sipping his beer as he tried to pin down the differences between the woman and the fantasy. “Capable. She would have been a great leader. Very articular and well educated. She always knew how to traverse a social situation, there wasn’t a man alive she couldn’t charm into her favor.” Pausing, he took a long sip of his drink, looking down at the table before continuing. “But she was impatient. And didn’t care much for people she considered less than her. She knew how to cut you in two with only a few words. She was a very unhappy woman. I don’t think I ever saw her smile for more than a moment. And it only got worse as she got older. As her beauty grew, so too did her vanity. If I’m being honest, I think Yuki wanted to enjoy all of the benefits of being a Yakuza daughter without any of the responsibility.”

“Like Genji.” You stated, forgetting yourself. Hanzo regarded you for a moment before continuing.

“Yes. Like Genji. Maybe that’s why they got along so well.” A silence fell over the two of you, comfortable and natural as the warm tropic breeze washed over you. As the two of you sipped your drinks, staring out at the darkening ocean, you noticed the way Hanzo’s thick arms flexed, causing a wave of arousal to surge through you, straight to your womanhood. “I don’t want to call Yuki’s name anymore.” His eyes were suddenly on you, sharp and intense. You were startled by just how they pierced you, filled with a resolve that burned like a fire within the man. “When I’m with you, I mean. I think it’s time...” pausing, he looked down at his hands before looking out at the vast and unwavering ocean. “I need to let go.” Biting his lip, brows furrowed, he seemed cemented in his decision. “Whether she loved me or not, that time has passed. I don’t want to live in the past.
Reaching out, you gave his hand a squeeze, proud of your friend for the monumental decision he had made. He looked at you for a moment and you offered him a comforting smile before his eyes left you.

“Does this mean you’ll make things right with Genji?” You couldn’t say you were overly fond of the man, but you knew it was very important for the two men to make amends. They had clearly cared deeply about each other once. You hoped to see them rekindle that.

“I will try.” He nodded. That was all you could ask for.

The two of you carried on with light conversations, filled with laughter and joy, late into the night. Finally, around two in the morning, the two of you walked back to your rooms, saying your goodnights before going to your separate rooms, swiftly falling to sleep to the rhythmic sounds of the ocean.

The next day was spent in much the same way. Relaxing at the beach, enjoying good food, savoring what time you had left in the tropical weather before your plane ride home. When your vacation finally came to its end, you found yourself standing outside the airport feeling refreshed and rejuvenated, more so than you had in years.

Taking in one last deep breath of tropic air, you heard the cab trunk slam behind you. Turning, you smiled softly at your companion, intrigued by his cautious yet familiar stare.

“Um… Could you do something for me?” Bashful and embarrassed, Hanzo’s eyes flicked from you to the floor then back again.

“Hm?” you hummed, intrigued by his sudden timidity. Taking the bags in hand, he took the small of your back, guiding you forward and into the airport as he leaned in to whisper.

“Next time I come to the floor, can you wear that swimsuit?”
“You have a request. Room 234.” You blinked at your boss as he suddenly appeared at your side.

“No one told me about it.” You asserted, confused by the abruptness of his statement. You had been on the floor for a couple hours already, having served your first client of the day and looking for number two. It was a bit late in the day for someone to be requesting you.

“It was last minute.” Something in his tone told you this was a unique request. Your Boss rarely seemed so serious. Sure, he was usually quite proper and down to business. But today he lacked any of his subtle playfulness.

“Can I know what I’m walking into?” Your guard was up at this point, unsure how to read the situation.

“It’s Reaper,” Your Boss informed in a more hushed tone, making sure no one that surrounded you could overhear, “so who can say. All I can reveal is that he sounded very… strained over the phone.” Your chest tightened as his meaning sunk in. If Reaper was requesting you this late into the day, you could only hope it wasn’t because he had anger that needed some relieving. Giving a nod, you prepared yourself for whatever was to come as you made your way to the room. But as a hand lay on your shoulder, you paused. “I’ll be watching. If things go too far, I’ll be there.” The look of his eyes were intense, determined as you were convinced of his conviction. Squeezing his hand, you gave a silent thanks for the man’s compassion and dedication before leaving.

Slipping into the designated room, you were surprised to see that Gabe wasn’t here yet. A weight grew in your heart at the thought of the man making his entrance as Reaper. Locking the door behind you, you made your way to the bed, plopping down to kick off your shoes.

Briefly, you wondered if it would be best to go draw a bath, that way when the man arrived he would take the time to take his mask off before you saw him. If he was coming angry, you would much rather avoid him till you knew it was Gabe you were facing. But before the plan could be put into action, the secret door opened, revealing the dark figure you had been waiting on, mask and all. Taking a deep breath, you prepared for whatever was to come, determined to charm him out of his mask as your lips spread into a sultry smile.

“There’s the big boy.” With your legs crossed, you shifted on the bed so that the slit in your dress was pulled further up, revealing more of your legs. But as the man gave only a growl in response, leaning heavily against the door as he regarded you with disinterest, a worry settled into the pit of your stomach, like lead weights pulling you down. “Gabe? What’s wrong?”

The man attempted to step further into the room, movements slow and addled. He was hunched over and shaky on his feet as he swayed to and fro. Jumping to your feet, you moved quickly to his side, forcing your way under his arm as you tried to support the massive man.

“Get off of me.” He growled, tone threatening, but the spirit wasn’t there. Dragging him to the bed, it took all your strength to keep the two of you from toppling to the floor in a heap. With an exasperated grunt, you heaved the man onto the bed, toppling onto it yourself with the force required to move him.

Reaper just lay there like a lump, chest heaving and breath rasping as he fought for air. Scrambling upright, you tried to see his eyes through the mask as you pulled at his gloves, removing them as quickly as you could, trying to discern what ailed the man.
“Are you injured? Or is it just the pain? Did you get into a fight?” Rolling him onto his side like a rag doll, you yanked at his jacket, pulling it off him as you sought to inspect his chest, wanting to make sure there were no wounds. With all the black of his garb, you couldn’t tell if he was bleeding or not, but your mind conjured up the worst possible scenario.

“FUCK OFF.” The man muttered in feeble protest, his tone dark, though he did not argue physically. He didn’t have the strength to.

“Gabe, I don’t have time for this. What’s wrong?” Pulling his armor off, you tossed it aside, yanking his shirt up to reveal a pale and scarred chest, but no blood. Jumping off the bed, you were quick to fumble with the complicated latches of his boots.

“I said leave me alone.” Summoning what strength he could, the man kicked out, foot catching you in the jaw as he tried to push you away.

At first you were just shocked, rubbing your jaw as you looked at the haggard man that couldn’t even lift his head to see you. Then the anger set in. Standing abruptly, you smacked the man’s thigh, fed up with his belligerence when he was so clearly ill.

“Gabe, I’m not fucking around!” You shouted, climbing on the man to straddle him, pinning his limp arms beneath your legs to squelch any protest he might have given. “I’m trying to help you!”

“Well no one asked you to.” He spat, struggling to breathe under your weight as his chest tightened.

“Just let me help you!” You knew you were shouting at this point, but you didn’t care, too concerned with the man’s safety to worry if someone might hear you.

“NO!” Reaper shouted back, tipping you over the edge of frustration as you reached your limit.

“For fuck’s sake!” You shouted before the man could pull away and ripped his mask off, tossing it aside as you leaned over him, hiding the man away in your shadow. “Gabe!” Furious eyes stared up at you, bitter and rebellious, but unable to distract from the thick stream of tears that rolled down either side of his face. The snarl he gave almost covered up the snivel that broke free of his throat, almost distracted you from the tremble that overtook his limbs.

“Oh, Gabe.” You whispered, heart sinking at the sight of him. One hand brushed his hair back while the other wiped away his tears.

He did not lean into your touch, did not acknowledge your sweetness as he continued to glare at you defiantly. Despite this, you moved off his chest, lifting him as best you could to rest in your lap as you began to massage his aching body. The pain was severe, leaving him a crumpled mess and helpless to your will as you did your best to soothe his throbbing muscles. Gabe’s temper still did not diminish, instead he glared at the distant corner as you did what little you could to help. But you ignored his contempt, not paying him much mind as you focused on the task at hand.

“You must be in a lot of pain. Does this help at all?” Kneading the man’s thick muscles within your hands, you tried to wring out some of the tension that kept them rigid as scraps of rotting flesh came loose in your hands. A dark hum was all you got in response, giving no indication either way as the man continued to sulk. “What if I draw a hot bath? Would that make you feel a bit better?” As one hand massaged his pecs, the other cupped his face, gently caressing the decomposing hole that was his cheek.

At first, the man just lay there, non responsive, borderline comatose. But, when you were about to suggest something else, the man gave a small nod. Slow and lackluster, but enough of an indication
that you at least had something to go off of.

“Alright. I’ll go get the water running, then be right back.” The man shut his eyes as you softly kissed his forehead. Laying him as gingerly as you could on the bed, you scurried off to the bathroom, quickly starting the water up and making sure it wasn’t running too hot.

The large tub would take a while to fill, but then, it would take you about equal time to get the man fully undressed and drag him to the bath. When you returned to the room, the man was lying exactly where you left him, not a single muscle moved. As you approached, you could see the pain etched into the lines of his face, his expression twisted, haunted even.

Brushing his hair back, you looked upon the man with the softest expression you could muster, trying to soothe the beast within him, whether it be the pain or the Reaper.

“I’ve got to get you undressed. I’ll be as gentle as I can. Ok, love?” As you cupped his cheek, the man closed his eyes. Leaning into your touch ever so slightly, his soft exhale was his only response.y, the only response you got.

You decided it would be best to bother with his shirt once he was in the bathroom, or at least sitting up. For now, you wanted to keep him laying back, unstrained, for as long as possible. You had never really noticed how massive the man’s feet were, but as you puzzled over his boots, unsure how they latched, you couldn’t help but wonder at just how large the man’s legs and feet were. When you finally had his boots, hoping that you caused him only minimal discomfort in the struggle, you moved on to his pants, an area you were all too familiar with.

Removing his belts, each one weighing much more then you had given them credit for, you were relieved at the sight of a simple button and zipper. Well practiced, you were able to slip his pants and underwear off with very little disturbance, leaving the man in only his socks and shirt. Now onto the difficult part.

“Hey, hun, do you think you can get up?” It was a silly question. One look at the man and any could discern he wasn’t going anywhere. Listlessly, Gabriel looked up at you, the emptiness of his gaze being answer enough. “I didn’t think so. Wait here.” At the other side of the room, you found the phone, an antique replica, like so many things on the Upper Floor. Putting in the number for supply, you waited impatiently for an answer, tapping your foot as you hoped Maggy wasn’t working today.

“Rob here.” Your lucky day, Robert. Eager to please and naively agreeable Robert.

“Hey Rob. I need a wheelchair in room 234, would that be possible?” twirling the phone cord around your finger, you kept your voice low.

“Sure thing.” The man perked up at the sound of your voice, recognizing you even over the phone.

“I can have it there in a jiff.” Glancing back over your shoulder, you studied the man that lay, vulnerable and exposed, on the bed before adding.

“Could you also tell Boss I’m not taking anymore clients today?”

“Sure thing. I’ll tell him right after I drop off the chair.” Cheerful and spirited, you found peace with the man’s ease.

“Thanks Rob.”

“Hey, and, ah, maybe I could take you out on that dinner some time?” You smiled softly at the man’s sweetness. A good, small town kinda soul. Weren’t many like him left in the world, at least, not in your world.
“I’m with a client, Robby.” Despite your diversion, you were warmed by his charm.

“Oh, right. Always the professional. Sorry.” You hung up the phone to go check on the bath, shutting off the water before it overflowed.

Returning to Gabe’s side, you massaged small circles in his scalp, hoping to ease the headache you were sure he was developing. It wasn’t long before Robert dropped off the wheelchair, skipping over any friendly chit chat in favor of a shy but endearing smile. Taking it graciously, you were quick to bring it to the bedside, preparing for the man’s displeasure.

“Alright tiger, time to get you to the bath.” Able to turn his head just enough to see the chair, Gabe scowled in annoyance. ‘I don’t need a fucking wheelchair.’ You could read him like a book. “Come on big boy, it was this or the walker.” Straddling his knees, you managed to pull him into a sitting position, letting him lay limply against your shoulder as he grumbled inaudibly.

“Just pretend you’re the patient and I’m your sexy nurse. Here to take care of your ‘every’ need.” Giving him a kiss on the forehead, you rubbed his back as you took a moment to prepare yourself for the effort of getting him from the bed to the chair. “Or would you prefer I be your doctor?” Your smile was soft, easing his edge.

Far from pleased, Gabriel gave no protest as you awkwardly moved him from the bed to the chair before wheeling him into the bathroom. There, you tugged off his socks before pulling his shirt over his head. The humidity of the room surrounded him, flooding his senses and combatting the pain.

“I need your help with this part.” Putting his arm around your shoulder, you prepared to lift him to his feet. It was an effort on both your parts, but you managed to get him standing. Staggering over to the tub, you helped ease him in, taking it slow as you fussed. “Hold on to the tub now. I don’t want you to slip.”

Water sloshed about, displaced by the man’s bulk as he settled. As he leaned back in the luxurious tub, head resting against the lip, you pulled his hair back to cascade over the rim, free of the water as you fussed over him. “I’ll be right back. Let me just get you a pillow for your head.” But a hand on yours brought your attention back to him.

Head canting to the side to look up at you, red eyes were weary and heavy as they lingered on you. But there was something more there, something so much deeper and more consuming that left you unable to leave his side. Without releasing his hand, you moved back to the tub, sitting on the lip as you offered him a promising smile. He didn’t have to say it aloud, you knew just by his eyes what he wanted.

“Does that water feel good?” You asked softly, running your hand over his in a familiar motion. The man nodded faintly, small wisps of black smoke joining the steam to dance across the surface of the water.

Closing his eyes, Gabriel sunk a little deeper into the water, letting it consume him. The pain was still there, intense and overwhelming, but the hot water helped ease his muscles even if only a little. Your company was really what he was after: your smile, your soft voice, and especially your gentle touches. That was what helped the most.

Closing his eyes, he tried to focus on your caress. Seeing past the pain, past the aches and the fires, he listened intently to the soft words you breathed and the feel of your fingers against his rotting flesh. Nearly two hours passed in this way. You occasionally replenishing the tub with clean, warm water as you soothed the weary man with words you weren’t even sure he heard.
At some point you had braided his hair back, letting it spill over the lip of the tub, away from the black murky water, peppered with scraps of flesh that had sluffed off. With a soft sponge, you washed down the man’s body, now in your underwear as you feared dirtying the dress you had borrowed from Liz. You weren’t sure if the washing, despite its gentleness, was really helping. As you ran the sponge over his rugged muscles, bits of flesh peeled away, like flecks of paint off a wall. You imagined it must be painful, but the man gave no protest, instead surrendering to your touch as your attention slowly eased his suffering.

“You make a great nurse, mi alma.” His voice sounded gunky from strain and lack of use over the last couple of hours.

“And you make a terrible patient.” You retorted softly, rubbing the sponge along his neck as you watched the water run in trails down his impressive pecs.

“Can’t make it easy.” Despite his feeble grin, his eyes showed great gratitude, deep and sincere. Shaking your head at him, you continued to pamper him, slowly bringing back his strength as you tended to the broken man, physically and emotionally.
Warm Waters

Chapter Summary

This chapter contains legal drug use (aphrodisiac) and orgasm denial/edging.

Hey, sorry everyone for my long absence. I've been dealing with some health issues and an overloaded school schedule that have taken up all of my free time and energy. But I am trying to get back into the swing of things so thank you for being patient with me.

While I was gone I got a few comments on my stories that concerned me, because they seemed a bit pointed towards some of my readers. I'm not sure if they were meant this way, and don't want to assume the worst of people, so I'd just like to say that part of the point of the Upper Floor series is to explore various kinks and interests that aren't always as popular or mainstream. Things like noncon and femdom and others that you don't necessarily see as much. Or at least I don't see them as much. Now I understand, that not everyone will be into everything I write about, and that is fine. But some people are into these things, so I just ask that everyone respect everyone else's interest. If it's not your thing, please, just don't read it. Everything I write is a work of fiction, no one is being harmed by this, so please, there is no need to argue or demean someone for their interest. (Again, I'm not sure if this was the intent, but in some cases, it did come across that way).

I do try to keep up with tags to warn people that there might be content that they don't like and don't want to be exposed to, but I will try to do better at tagging individual chapters so people can more easily avoid the specific chapters they don't want to read. So lets all be supportive and understanding that everyone enjoys different things and that's ok.

I'm sorry if this came across a bit like a lecture. It just bothers me because I want this to be an open and accepting place where people can be honest about their interests.

Update: (less than four hours after putting this chapter note up) Ok, y'all, I literally just said please be respectful of other peoples views and interests, because this is fiction and a place we can explore our desires in a safe environment. And already people are calling other people out for what they like or say. Please, I do not want to create an environment of negativity here. Please be understanding of others kinks because some day you may have a kink that others don't agree with, and how would you feel if you were being pick on for what you like in your private life? I want this to be a community of support and tolerance.

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Well dressed, as always, Hanzo entered through the grand set of double doors that opened into the glitz and glamor of the Upper Floor. The main floor was crowded, more so than usual. The man scowled at all the debauchery and hedonism that played out before him. Wasting no time with the power drunk fools on the floor, Hanzo took quick steps towards his destination, eager to see you after the last week of missions and frustrations. But no sooner had his hand lay upon the door, then a new set of hindrances presented themselves.

“Excuse me, Sir. But that room is actually in use.” A nervousness sunk into the servant as the man’s stern eyes fell upon him, cutting him to the core like an icy blade.

“You are mistaken. I reserved this room.” His tone was sharp and harsh, sparing the boy no mercy.
“Ah, Mr. Shimada. I was looking for you.” Appearing from nowhere, as if right on cue, the owner appeared, smiling and gracious as ever in the face of Hanzo’s annoyance. “I tried to call but I couldn’t get ahold of your phone.”

“What is the meaning of this? I reserved this room in advance.” The archer had no patience, skipping over any formalities in his irritation.

“I know, Sir. But we have taken the liberty to upgrade you to a special room for this visit. Your Lady insisted it would be to your liking.” Unfazed by the man’s blunt nature, Daniel motioned in a different direction and towards the corner of specialty rooms. “She seemed convinced this would be much more satisfying for you.”

Hanzo eyed the man warily, distrusting of his practiced smile, yet intrigued at the idea of this change being your suggestion. Pursing his lips, the man decided to let his curiosity win out, offering only a small nod before following the other to the new room.

“I assure you that if everything is not to your liking, we will make whatever arrangements necessary to see that you are accommodated.” Opening a large wooden door, the owner gave a polite bow, motioning for the man to enter into the dark room and he left him with a few final words. “So don’t hesitate to call if you don’t find everything to your liking.”

The archer gave no response as the door shut behind him, closing him off from the bright lights and constant noise of the main floor. This room was significantly smaller than the others Hanzo had previously occupied, but had a more intimate feeling to it. A few potted plants were scattered here and there, their contents tropical and well suited to the humid, warm air that filled the space. All four walls were fitted with floor to ceiling screens, displaying a beautifully captured video of an exotic beach at the time of sunset. Rolling waves and chirping birds played out over a speaker system that left the room impressively immersive.

In the center of the exquisitely tiled floor, built into the ground, was a bubbling hot tub; its churning waters inviting, with their blue color and salty smell. All in all, the room was a private slice of paradise, beautiful and exotic. But it left the man confused, still unsure why you had changed things.

“You’re still dressed?” A voice called and Hanzo’s attention was drawn to a dark fabric curtain that hung in a shadowy corner of the room, concealing your entrance. But before he could ask about the unfamiliar room, he saw you. “I was hoping to see more of that great chest of yours.” Winking at the man, his slack jawed expression did not go amiss by you. You had made a point of oiling up before entering the room, rendering your skin shimmery in the dim lights of the artificial sunset. The strings of your black bikini pinched into your skin, leaving little to the imagination as it left you exposed to the man’s wandering gaze.

Hanzo was without words, gawking as his eyes soaked up the sight of you in your swimsuit. Slack jawed and entranced, you couldn’t help but giggle at the blush that dusted his cheeks.

“I didn’t think you would actually wear it.” Looking away, the man’s eyes occupied themselves with the corner of the room, the rolling waves of the screen as he tried to hide his growing hunger, ashamed of just how quickly he was growing hard at the sight. It had only been in a moment of bravery that he had asked you to wear the article again, and even then, he had regretted it later, hoping the incident had slipped your mind.

“Why wouldn’t I? You asked me to.” Running your hands up his chest, you turned his head towards you with your index finger on his chin, making him look at you as you pressed against his well tailored suit. “How could I refuse my best client?” The man was forgetting how to breathe, forgetting how to think, but more importantly, he was forgetting how to touch you.
Taking his hands, you slid them along your stomach, letting them trail along your waist and to your back, ensnaring yourself in his grasp. His grip on you was light, fingers twitching with desire.

“So,” Breathing hot air against his neck, “you have a thing for swimsuits?” Hanzo nodded sheepishly, clearly embarrassed. You scoffed as you slid his tie from around his neck, tossing it in the hammock that sat in a corner as you continued to press your body against his. “Such a perv.”

“Don’t say such things.” His voice was a low growl, but it was the only protest he gave as you slipped his vest off his shoulders, leaning up to kiss at his neck as he tilted his head, eagerly granting you access. Sucking at his warm flesh, you savored the feel of his strong twitching muscles just below the skin.

“Don’t.” grabbing your waist, he pulled you away, expression stern, though his eyes were hungry. “You leave marks too high. People are starting to ask questions.”

“People? Or your brother?” Hands sliding down to grip his tight ass, you smirked back at him when he scowled at you. “And don’t pretend you don’t love it when I mark you. Make you mine.” Despite the disapproval in his eyes, you could sense that there was something else bothering the man, something that went beyond marks and lipstick stains. Pausing, you let down the performance, giving him a look of a concerned friend as you took his hands. “Hanzo? What’s wrong? Did I do something wrong?”

The man did not speak immediately, continuing to scowl as he waited silently, as if you would confess to something at any moment. When you did not, the archer gave a heavy sigh, eyes growing more somber as he gave your grip a soft squeeze.

“My brother, what is going on between you two?” You were surprised by his question, finding it out of the blue and unrelated to the situation as you looked at your friend questioningly.

“Nothing,” you assured, not a hint of dishonesty in your voice, “He doesn’t even request me anymore.” Hanzo’s eyes held doubt, studying you as if going over some great battle tactics in his head. “I’m not lying to you, Hanzo.” You asserted, finding no anger with the man, but not wanting him to have any reservation with you. Again, when Hanzo could find no trace of deception, he breathed heavily, reaching deep into his pocket to pull an envelope out.

“He told me to give you this.” As the small package was handed over to you, you couldn’t help but eye it with caution and distrust. If it was coming from Genji, it could spell trouble.

“What is it?” You asked, glancing up at your companion only to find the same worry and curiosity expressed on his face.

“He didn’t say. Just that you would appreciate it.”

“And you trusted him?” Feeling the envelope in your hands, you could make out a small, solid object, long and round in shape, hidden away in the paper.

“Well, I am trying to make things right. At your suggestion.” His statement was a bit pointed, folding his arms across his chest as he watched you grooping the package.

“True enough.” You couldn’t deny his point. But still, you wondered what on earth there could possibly be that Genji thought appropriate to have Hanzo give to you.

Resolving that there was only one way to find out, you tore one end of the envelope open, shaking out its contents into your hand for both of you to examine. With a clink of glass against your rings, a small vial fell into your open hand, followed by a small note. Both of you stared at the tiny jar, eyes
running over the small bundle of white pills it held within.

You couldn’t help the laugh that exploded from you, making Hanzo jump as all tension drained from you. Holding the small bottle of pills up, you smiled brightly, completely at ease as you read the note left by the man. ‘You two enjoy.’ Was all that was written, leaving no doubt in your mind that this was Genji’s idea of a gift to his brother. How speaking to his character.

You couldn’t say you were fond of the memories of your last encounter with this questionable substance, but oh how it had worked magic on you, consuming you with a hellish heat and insatiable need. But then, your satisfaction at finally finding your release had been so intoxicating, so consuming; it had almost made it worth spending your time with that man. And then the thought was planted in your mind, taking sprout and growing with your newly inspired hunger.

How would Hanzo react when under the control of this drug? Would he whimper and mewl, squirming desperately at the slightest contact, begging for whatever small bit of pleasure you granted him? Would he look at you with eyes of need and desire, lips parted to better his haggard breathing as his body was raked by immeasurable ecstasy? Would you slowly drive the man out of his mind, depriving him of even the ability to think as you set him aquiver with anticipation? You wanted to know this side of Hanzo, completely compromised, completely out of control, and not just because he surrendered it. You wanted to make him feel good, just as you had.

“Drugs?” Hanzo asked, confused by your response as memories of his brother strung out from his many parties resurfaced from the archer’s youth. Tossing the note aside before the man could read it, you took the bottle in your fist, grinning eagerly at the man’s uncertainty.

“Just a little something to help you get in the mood.” Popping the cap off, you shook out one of the pills, admiring it between your fingers as you spared the man a knowing look from beneath your brow. “Take one.” Holding the pill up between you, the man’s hesitation was unmistakable, whether inspired by the drug or its giver.

“No.” He stated, unsatisfied with your explanation, especially in comparison to your reaction.

“Please, Hanzo.” You purred coyly, thumb tracing the shape of his lips as you pierced him with your most seductive look. “I promise you’ll love it.” Holding the pill close to your bosom, you brought his attention back to the sight of you in your tight bikini, making the man swallow hard as you pressed against him. “Do it for me, my strong dragon.”

Hanzo wanted to resist, wanted to ask more about the substance that was about to be put into his body, but at the sight of your seduction, body clad in such a skimpy, revealing garment, he couldn’t bring himself to protest further. With hesitant consent, he reached up, fingers brushing yours as they attempted to retrieve the pill.

“Ah-ah.” You scolded, denying him the drug, much to his confusion.

Before he could question, your tongue protruded from between your smirking lips, fingers balancing the chalky tablet on the tip. Confused by the act, the archer’s eyes meet yours, enquiring and unsure as he failed to understand your meaning. Wrapping your arms around his neck lazily, you pull him closer, his lips mere inches from what you offered as you raise your brow suggestively. Finally understanding, the man spares you one final unsure glance, wanting to be completely confident in your intentions before taking action.

Hands taking hold of your waist, the man’s resolve was sealed, mouth dipping in to take the tip of your tongue beyond his parted lips. With his eyes closed, Hanzo sucked softly at the muscle, his own joining yours as the pill was pushed to the back of his throat. Even after he had swallowed the
present, he continued to suckle your now wriggling appendage as your lips came to meet. Taking hold of the back of your neck, the man deepened the kiss, eating hungrily at your mouth as his tongue slipped past your own.

Fingers tangling in his hair, you clung to Hanzo’s warmth, mouth stretching wide so that your tongues could twist and writhe about each other’s cavasses, stretching deep into each other’s throats in their exploration. The kiss only grew more heated as the two of you pressed together, leaving no space between your bodies, groans of approval echoing between you. He was already hungry, even without the pill’s effect, and you fed on his need, nails sinking into any part of flesh you could get ahold of.

You weren’t surprised when Hanzo’s hand found your breast, though the strength of his grip startled you into an uncharacteristic mewl. There was barely enough air breathed between you as your lips refused to part, tongues still caressing as if this was your first taste of each other. Refusing to break contact, Hanzo struggled to yank at his clothes, almost ripping his buttons off in his attempt at undressing.

You assisted him, hands clumsily pulling at his dress shirt and pants blindly as you continued to deny him breath. Somehow, the two of you managed to reduce the man to his boxers without giving an inch of intimacy. Grabbing your thigh, the archer’s fingertips sunk into your supple flesh as he pulled your leg up to hook around his waist. Now leaning more of your weight on him, you made no attempt to suppress your moan as his bulging erection pressed into your leaking entrance.

Without realizing it, his hips began to rut against yours, the temptation of your velvety walls too much as he nipped sharply at your lower lip, wanting more of you. His hands groped at you, squeezing whatever they passed over as the noises he made echoed around the room to bounce back at him, the result only serving to spur him on with more enthusiasm. A particularly sharp thrust left you gasping into his mouth as his teeth took a harsh bite into your lower lip. His body curling round yours for his hand to slip past your butt to paw at your slippery womanhood.

“H-Hanzo.” You shuddered, trying to maintain your balance as the man worked his fingers against the crotch of your swimsuit in feverish circles. But if he heard you, the archer made no attempt at acknowledging you, instead working his way down to suck at your neck in harsh determination, leaving dark bruises in his wake. As his hips grew more aggressive, almost toppling the two of you over with his vigor, an urgency took over you, knowing that at any moment the man would slip past your swimsuit bottoms and probably send the two of you tumbling to the floor in his blind hunger. “Hanzo.” You repeated, this time more firmly as you pushed him away.

To your benefit, you managed to catch the man off guard, putting just enough distance between the two of you to make out his flushed cheeks and frantic eyes, expression beseeching as he fumbled. A warm smile spread your lips, unable to help the great joy you felt as the man’s eyes darted between your own, begging you not to let the contact end as his thoughts were muddled, his only recognizable cognition being that he needed more of you, and he needed it now.

“Are you feeling it, my dragon?” Biting his lower lip till it turned white, Hanzo’s face only reddened deeper, fighting the urge to answer you for fear of what confessions might tumble off his tongue.

“I want you.” Was all he managed to let slip loose, trying to reconnect himself with your breast as he rutted against you unconsciously.

“Now now,” you taunted, not allowing him further contact as you slid out of his grasp, “Let’s not be hasty.” Hanzo breathed in questioning huffs as your warmth left him, hands clinging to your wrists as he tried to pull you back even as you turned away.
“Hasty can be good.” You loved the rush to his words, the way he wasted no time pinning himself against your back as his hands slipped your breast free eagerly.

“Hey now.” Slapping his hands away, you slipped away to put sufficient enough distance between the two of you. “I thought you wanted to see me in my swimsuit?” Pulling the fabric back over your breast, you smoothed it over in a motion that compressed your tits together; and, much to the man’s dismay, a low groan escaped him. “I wore it especially for you, after all.”

“It looks great.” He interjected hurriedly, reaching out for contact, but not fast enough. Avoiding his grasping hands, you were quick to step down into the warm, steamy waters of the hot tub, sparing a glance over your shoulder that told the man he wasn’t about to touch you any time soon. This didn’t stop him however, as in his delirium, he followed you, wading into the water with his boxers and watch still on. But as you raised your hand as a barrier between the two of you, that man was halted, brows turned up in a pleading fashion when met with your unfaltering gaze.

“Sit back. Enjoy the show.” You instructed, fingers sliding down the man’s chest lazily as you guided him backwards to the tubs edge. “And maybe if you’re good, I’ll give you an extra special reward.” Finger trailing down past the man’s marbled abdomen, you found great satisfaction in the gasp turned moan the man gave as you suddenly cupped his pulsing erection, putting just enough pressure on it that he fell back to sit on the edge of the hot tub, shivering at the small contact. “So will you be a good boy for me?” ghosting your lips over his, you denied him any further contact as the man watched you with heavy gaze.

A whimper and a nod was your only answer, but you found them sufficient enough as you gave him an approving kiss, just a peck. Stepping back into the balmy waters, you delighted in the way the man continued to shiver, eyes following your every movement with tentative longing.

“So tell me, my dragon,” Dipping down into the water, you let the rest of your body get soaked, knowing the glisten of your skin in the dim light would drive the man wild. “What is it about swimsuits that gets you so hot and bothered?” Coming back up, you rubbed the water into your skin, admiring the way Hanzo’s eyes traced the lines that dripped down your form.

Despite the tremble in his hands, fingers fighting the urge to clench into fists, Hanzo still maintained enough of himself to merely look away, not wanting to admit his lewd thoughts aloud. But you had no intentions of letting him off that easy. Leaning forward in the water, your palms rested on the seat of the tub, breast glistening and smashed together for the archers viewing pleasure, right between his legs.

“After all, you can’t deny you like them enough to get rock hard in the middle of a crowded, public beach.” Eyes snapping to you, the man’s face was impossibly red, eyes wide as the realization came to him that he had not been as slick as he had thought. His stammered attempts at excuse yielded him no protection as you grinned, mischievous eyes telling him he was caught. “Or did you want people to see?”

His cock throbbed at the sight of you, reminding him of his need as you leaned your head on his inner thigh, eyes impossibly large and tempting as you gazed up at him, mouth close enough to envelop his twitching manhood if you had wanted to. Hands sliding into his lap, Hanzo didn’t even notice as his fingers began to unconsciously stroke his length through his boxers.

“I-it’s not like that.” His lip was sure to be bruised with how much he was biting it. Eyes flickering down to observe his slow moving hands, you let the man be for the moment, enjoying the sight of him desperate to please himself.
“Then what is it?” you purred, running a finger along the wet fabric that clung to his balls. “I’m dying to know.” The soft moan that escaped the man, accompanied with the expression of relief at your touch, was both cute and endearing as he savored what little contact you would give him.

“I-uh” He stammered, not wanting, and unsure how, to vocalize his secret fetish he had carried since his teens. “Ladies- should be modest.” He panted, hand taking a firmer grip on his cock as he spoke. “They do not show themselves off. But- in a swimsuit- in public-“ His eyes couldn’t meet yours, but at the same time, he had to keep them open, because every time he closed them he pictured you on the beach, body bare and exposed for all the world to see. “I didn’t think- you would wear something so… skimpy.”

“So you like the idea of me exposing myself to a beach full of people. Wanting to see others staring in lust at my lewd, unprotected body. Consuming me with their hungry eyes.” A long, needy groan escaped the man, his hand quickening as he pictured your near naked state, and the eyes of men, like wolves, that fell upon you. What did they think when they saw you? What horrid, indecent things did they wish that they could do to your soft, sumptuous body?

Hanzo was pulled from his fantasies as you took him by the wrists, yanking his hands away to pin to the tile at his sides. His whimpered protest fell on deaf ears as you watched him buck up against your stomach, needing friction to continue his daydream.

“Touch yourself again without my permission and I’ll tie you up and you’ll have no orgasms today.” You asserted, giving him no satisfaction as you pulled your body just far enough away to deny him contact. His eyes pleaded with you, but beyond that, a whimper was all he offered up in protest, obeying your order for the promise of future satisfaction.

Slipping back into the water, you smiled up at the man, memorizing the sight of him struggling against his pleasure, so much more than you had hoped for. Indeed, you could get used to this.

“Well, it’s too bad we don’t have more of an audience here. I suppose the suit is a bit superfluous without the public setting.” Washing the warm water over your body, you gave your softer parts a few good squeezes, loving the way the bubbles popped against your skin. “Of course,” you thought aloud, though the words were spoken in a more hushed tone, “I suppose next time we are out together, I could wear something a bit more revealing.” Contrary to your expectation, the man shook his head vigorously, eyes closed tight against the idea, though the image inspired his cock to twitch.

“Don’t-“ Voice low, he pushed his hands against the tile in an attempt to keep them away from the one place they wanted to be most. “I-I don’t want to cross a line.” Smiling softly at him, you felt a warmth in your heart at the man’s honesty. He really did care about your well being, more so than maybe he should.

Leaning up, you captured the man’s lips, and to his surprise, the was kiss passionate and deep, but fleeting. Looking into the man’s eyes, you felt an odd intimacy as he stared back, not sure where the sudden affection had come from, but pleasure drunk enough to not linger on it for long.

“I guess I still haven’t thanked you properly for that little trip you took me on.” Brushing his hair back out of his face with your wet hand, you enjoyed the unhindered view of his flushed expression and naively expectant gaze. He trusted you, wholly and entirely, letting you do whatever you pleased to him without question, even if that meant leaving him unfinished. And this complete surrenderance only made you want to take better care of him, feeling a personal responsibility for his happiness.

The sounds he made when your lips first made contact with his neck were charming, convincing you to press your breast against his chest as you moved between his legs. But as the kisses moved down his body, over his nipples and impressive pecs, to pass his sculpted abs, the sounds that escaped him
grew only deeper and more primal.

Rubbing your cheek against his impressive length, you gauged his hopefulness as you looked up at him. Again, his lip was pinched between his teeth, flesh turning white as he memorized the image of you between his legs, a fantasy that had gotten him through many a lonely night. But as you slipped him free of his boxers, hand loosely gliding up and down his length, the man quickly found thought impossible.

Sucking here and there at the sides of his cock, but never taking it fully into your mouth, you kept the man at the edge of pleasure, enjoying the small grunts that escaped him. Pushing his legs further apart, you leaned down to suck one of his balls into your mouth, tongue rolling over it as your fingers pressed at his puckered entrance, teasing the man’s rim before pushing in. Hanzo was very vocal as you pressed against his prostate, moans and pants filling the room to echo back at him. You kept him there, on the brink of satisfaction, for fifteen or twenty minutes, stimulating all his pleasure centers, but never touching his cock, till Hanzo couldn’t take it anymore.

“Please-“ You were startled by the look he gave you, his eyes so sincere and indiscreet, completely surrendering himself to you as he admitted his own helplessness. But beyond that, there was something more there. Something so overpowering and consuming, yet so foreign and unrecognizable to you. You wondered at the man, unsure what you were reading but entranced by it just the same as his eyes found their way into your soul. “Please,” tears welling in his eyes, his voice was strained, pitiful even, “I can’t take anymore.”

“Come here.” Pulling him forward, you moved him to sit on the seat of the hot tub, unbothered as the man hissed at the warm water that enveloped his overly sensitive cock.

No sooner was he seated than you crawled into his lap, straddling him as you left just enough room between the two of you for your hand. You gave him no time to adjust, no chance to get his bearings as your hand slipped beneath the tepid waters, fingers wrapping in a tight grip around his throbbing manhood. A choked sound escaped Hanzo as you started up a quick pace, overloading his long deprived senses as you flooded him with pleasure.

Head resting on your shoulder, you could feel the heat of his flushed face, mouth hanging open as he panted for air. Under your hand, he was the very definition of helpless, clinging to you as all thoughts escaped him. For the first time in his life, Hanzo was wholly and completely aware of only his own body. Nothing else existed beyond it. Not the people laughing outside the door, not the soft sound of the artificial waves, not even the way your eyes lingered on him. All that existed in the man’s world was his own suffocating need and the swiftness of your hand.

You watched him with emotionless eyes, doing everything you could to memorize the look of this powerful man consumed by an overpowering rapture. With the relentless pace of your hand, the man was quickly consumed by madness, sounds broken and rambling, save your name that spilled from his lips over and over again in his delirium. His body twitched and spasmed, out of his control as you carried him to his long awaited end, enjoying the complete loss of control the man displayed.

“UHN! I-“ his cry was muffled as he bit into your shoulder, stifling his words beyond your hearing as only groans and incoherent sounds escaped his teeth. But you didn’t wonder for long what it was the man was trying to say, too delighted with the way he convulsed against you, clutching at your softness as if he might slip into madness at any moment without it. It was almost violent, the way his cock twitched in your hand, releasing his seed into the warm water, to mingle among your bodies.

Even as you drained him of the last drops of cum he had to offer, you did not stop your tormenting pace. Pulling at his overly sensitive cock, his pleasurable groans soon turned to desperate whimpers and pleas, hands pushings weakly against you. Teeth unimbeding themselves from your shoulder, his
mouth was filled with a familiar metallic taste as blood dripped down your shoulder from the wound.

The way he squirmed and shook, overstimulated and delirious, brought a smile to your lips, delighting in just how adorable the man was. But as the grunts and wheezes he made changed tone, growing more desperate, more vulnerable, your hand stilled. Clutching at you, the man breathed heavy, shoulders still racked with small tremors as he blinked back tears, trying to hide away between you and the wall of the tub.

With a startling realization, you remembered your own experience with the drug. The overpowering need, the thunderous climax that eclipsed everything else, and the emotional vulnerability you suffered afterwards. Wrapping your arms around the man, you were quick to comfort him, hands supporting the back of his head and rubbing over his back as you whispered soft words of affection in his ear.

“Shhh, my dragon. You were so good for me. You did so well.” Kissing at his temple, you continued to mutter sweet comforts in his ear, reassuring him as his ordeal overtook him, leaving him feeling empty and consumed. “I have you now. You are ok.” Still unable to even out his breathing, the man wrapped his shaking arms around you, nuzzling into you as he was still unable to face you.

“Promise—“ the man muttered, pausing when he heard the quiver in his own voice, “Promise me you won’t take them with anyone else.” Face pressing into your neck, lip pinched between his teeth and arms tightening around your frame, the man’s own frailty betrayed him. “The pills.” Hands continuing to rub over his body, massaging the worry and doubt out of his tense body, you laid a silent kiss by his ear.

“They were a gift for us.” You affirmed, eased by the way the man relaxed in your grasp at your words. “They would be a waste on anyone else. So only you.” You knew in this moment the man needed to feel special, needed to feel important, so you granted him that relief.

Leaning away to let his head lay back over the rim of the tub, you were granted with your first look at the man post orgasm. His face was still furiously red, tear marks trailing down his cheeks and your blood reddening his lips. Eyes completely unguarded, he studied you, as if trying to discern something he didn’t want to ask aloud. Those brown orbs were more beautiful, more compelling in this moment than you had ever known them, open and honest as they watched you. But on the whole, he seemed ok, the worst behind him as he continued to come down from the drug.

“Did I push you too far?” Seeing those beautiful eyes, so defenseless and trusting of you, you felt compelled to kiss him, to comfort him further with sweet, familiar affections. The sound of soft kisses soon filled the room, your pecks gentle and passionate as the two of you joined, like old lovers, well practiced with the other. Hanzo welcomed your attention, savoring every taste of you as your blood was smeared between both your lips.

“No. It was… exhilarating.” He assured, heart swelling at the gentle love you now displayed. He was unwilling to say it aloud, but internally, Hanzo told himself he might actually have to thank his estranged brother for his little gift.

The kisses only continued to grow between the two of you, neither one finished with the other as your bodies grew closer. You took the man’s impressive pecs in your hands, squeezing and molding them as you pleased, enjoying how well he responded to the contact.

“What do you say, my big, strong dragon?” Feeling him already half hard against you, you rolled your hips against his. “Shall we go for round two?” Grinning up at you, Hanzo’s spirit had returned, arm reached back for the bottle of pills as his free hand slipped past your swimsuit bottoms.
“Indeed. But this time, it’s my turn.” He growled, popping a pill into your mouth before you could protest, only to then close your mouth off with a lusty kiss, forcing you to swallow the tablet, knowing what was lying instore for you.
"My Turn"

Chapter Summary

Warning; this chapter contains consensual bruising

I wasn't going to add on to the last Hanzo chapter, but it was so widely requested that I desided to go ahead and add on to it. So here you go everyone.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The room was hot. Miserably, unbearably, torturously hot. Even with your bare skin pressed against the cold stonework of the floor, you were on fire. Bent over the edge of the hot tub, you huffed and panted as Hanzo lay over you, pressing you into the floor as his hips rutted against you. Refusing to penetrate you despite your squirming and pleading.

“Always so impatient.” He hummed before nipping your ear.

You mewled, hips wiggling against his erection as you tried to slip him inside you. But no matter how you angled your hips, no matter how much his tip teased your slit, no matter how tantalizingly close you got, Hanzo would just angle his hips differently and slip away.

With your hands seeking purchase on the stonework, your mind swirled, thinking only of your need for contact. The need only worsened as Hanzo yanked your bikini cover to the side, hands calloused and rough as they seized your breast. He was evidently pleased by the startled gasp that escaped you. For his mouth soon found the slope of your neck, sucking and biting bruises into your flesh with a growl. Teeth sharp and hungry, you were raked with shivers under their power, sounds stuttered and involuntary as you trembled beneath him.

“Mhh- plea- ah! Fuck! Han-“ you whimpered in response to a particularly large bite he took from your shoulder.

“So noisy.” He growled, tweaking your nipples as he did.

“Hanzo, please- Please. I wanna cum. Please, Hanzo, let me cum.” Stammering, you pushed back with your arms into his grinding hips, mind completely focused on the feeling of his stiff cock against your folds. It felt so cold in comparison to your sweltering flesh, so hard against your softness. You knew it would feel so good inside you. Refreshing, as it offered you relief from this madness.

With a smirk, Hanzo’s tongue traveled the length of your neck, lapping at the blood and purpling flesh. He took great satisfaction in the way your words hitched in your throat. When at last his mouth reached your ear, he intentionally blew softly into it as he whispered.

“No.”

You couldn’t help the whine that escaped you. Your need only growing as you snuck a hand between your legs in an attempt to slip him into you. If you could just feel him inside you, if he could just enjoy your softness, then surely he wouldn’t stop till you had climaxed. But with a harsh yank, Hanzo had your hand in his, returning it to the other to pin above your head.
“Today, we teach you patience.” You could hear his grin, feel the way his eyes lingered on your flushed and lewd expression, lusty and devilish. You wanted to turn away, to hide your face from him, embarrassed by your own covetousness, but you knew he was loving this. And you wanted to please him, even in your needy state.

Biting your lip, you did your best to silence your begging. But as his hand snaked down your body to slip between your legs, fingers brushing your sensitive nub, you found your voice again. His fingers were cruel, rubbing long, harsh strokes against you till your legs trembled, struggling to support you. Arching back into him, the sounds that escaped you were unintelligible, mind thinking only of the two thick fingers that twirled circles where you needed it most.

After what felt like an eternity of teasing, his pace changed. Now the speed was rapidly harsh as his movements intensified. You were inconsolable, body twitching and convulsing under him as you were kept at your edge. The sounds of crashing waves were not enough to drown out your voice as it echoed around the room and back at you. And as Hanzo growled in your ear, erection pressing against your ass, you again felt an orgasm coming upon you. But as your hips bucked against his hand, Hanzo would slow down his place. Denying you relief as his motions became slow and soft, only making you throb with a more desperate need.

This repeated several times, driving you to madness as your head spun and vision blurred. You weren’t thinking now, body acting on instinct as it responded to his touch. There was no control, no coy play. Not on your part at least. Your body, your voice, your eyes were all completely honest with him. You could hide nothing from him.

“Hanzo! Han- please. Hanzo, Hanzo, Han- please! Please, please, please, please,” You trailed off as pleading words spilled from your lips over and over again in a mindless babble. As if from a distance, you heard Hanzo chuckle, amused at how your pleasure was destroying you.

“Shameful.” Fingers picking up their pace again, he savored the way you twitched against him, taking great satisfaction in the mess you had become at his hands. But with your next words, he couldn’t deny the strong throbbing of his cock in response.

“Just fuck me already!”

He didn’t think you knew how loud you had shouted, and undoubtedly you didn’t care. But to him, your words were an insurmountable victory that he relished. He was finally gratified enough to gift you an orgasm. Pulling you back by your hair, he ensured you couldn’t hide from him.

“Look at me while you cum on my cock.” With his hand gone, his cock rutted against your entrance and clit, hips thrusting furiously as you fell apart. Sounds failed you, voice lost as your muscles clenched against the impossible influx of pleasure that consumed you. Your mind went white. Thought was nonexistent as your orgasm came over you like a wave, crashing into you and sweeping you away. You may have choked out the man’s name along with some other broken sounds, your legs may have given out. You couldn’t be sure, completely oblivious to everything as your brain shut down against the violent ecstasy.

“So good for me.” He purred softly, laying reassuring kisses behind your ear as you trembled. You could feel your juices dripping down your leg to mix with the churning waters, dripping off his cock as it still rested against you. The thought was enough to start you up again. Another orgasm coiling in your stomach as it began to build for its release.

With a small wiggle of your hips, you indicated your interest to your partner, too embarrassed to vocalize your own lust. To your fortune, Hanzo reached down, fingers slipping in to give you a quick stir as he admired his handiwork.
“Such a mess.” He chastised, voice low and approving. You moaned with pleasure at his praise, finding pride in the man’s validation. But the moment was fleeting, an ache building in your chest as his fingers slipped out and he moved off you, leaving you collapsed on the edge of the hot tub wall.

“Han?” You questioned. But his answer was swift. “Han!” With impressive ease, he took hold of you calf to hoist one of your legs high in the air, taking advantage of your exposure to kneel down behind you. In one long, rough motion, his tongue dragged over your sopping slit, the taste and smell of you flooding his senses.

Your face flushed furiously red, eyes wide as he continued to clean you, humming his satisfaction. You must have tasted great, cause he was eating you up as if you were the last meal he’d ever have. Your thighs twitched and your hands floundered around for purchase as you tried to maintain your senses. But his tongue was too skilled, lapping you up and again bringing you to madness.

“Hanzo! Baby. Please-” you managed, back arching as his mouth sealed around your clit.

“I’m not done with you yet.” His voice sent shivers through you, pulling a breathy moan from your throat as he resumed his work.

With a guttural growl Hanzo gathered your hips up in his arms, lifting them up with him as he sat on the edge of the hot tub. You involuntarily squealed as you were held upside down, face suddenly buried in his crotch as his mouth found your sex again, even more eager as he lapped at you impatiently. You couldn’t help but shiver all over as the blood rushed to your head, leaving your mind spinning.

With your face pressed into the cold masonry, you struggled to try to straighten yourself. Pressing against the floor with shaky arms that only gave out with every drag of his tongue. You were a mess. Makeup smeared, eyes watery, skin glistening in sweat and oil. You looked tragic. But still Hanzo worshiped you.

He was drunk off the sight of you. The wreck you were at his hands, the sounds that tumbled out of you, the way his name was always on the tip of your tongue like a prayer. He wanted to keep you here forever. Teetering between ecstasy and insanity, lost to the world as you begged for him. Just him.

The sounds of his pleasure making were lewd to the extreme, causing the redness of your face to creep down your neck as he throbbing cock pressed against your cheek. You wanted to make him feel good, wanted to know that you pleased him. His musk was so overpowering, enticing. At the thought of his length filling your mouth, your tongue lulled out, eager at the idea.

Tilting your head, it took some effort, but your lips managed to seize one of his balls. Slipping it into your mouth so you could better play with it. As you did so, you could feel his arms tighten around you, a momentary pause in his licking before he was again at it, even more enthusiastic than before. Encouraged, you continued to roll your tongue over his sack, ignoring the beads of cum and your own juices that had smeared against your cheek.

As he growled against your entrance, tongue flicking at your clit in an attempt to distract you, you were emboldened. Lips wrapping around the side of his cock, you mouthed it as best you can, trying not to bite down as shocks of pleasure over take you.

“Fuck.” He groaned, voice low as it reverberated through your sex, causing you to lose purchase on his length. You tried to reclaim it, but with every attempt, Hanzo would respond with a particularly harsh suck on your nub, leaving you a trembling mess. But with your last attempt, Hanzo squelch your rebellion once and for all taking you in his mouth, he gave a small but sharp nip at your clit, the
sensation raking through you in powerful tremors.

You cry out as your orgasm overtakes you, vision flashing white as Hanzo buries his tongue deep inside you. Tears run freely in your pleasure, lower lip losing its color as you bite into it till small beads of blood formed. A long, indescribable sound of satisfaction passed your lips. Your thighs squeezed around his head, preventing him from pulling away as he continued to torture you through your climax.

To his credit, he dragged it out as long as he could, continuing to stimulate you even as you were reduced to pained whimpers and feeble quivers. Finally, when you had been reduced to sobs, he granted you reprieve. Easing you down, he admired the state of you. Your eyes were fogged over, body limp as your chest struggled to regain much needed air. With a languid grin, he tilted your chin up so your eyes met his as he leaned over you.

“Now I think we are even.” There was a triumph to his smile His eyes shone with pleasure as they teased you with his victory. But you couldn’t say you were done. Your body still ached for relief, fire smoldering deep in your gut as it hissed for fuel.

“Was that all, dragon?” You knew the words would strike a cord in Hanzo’s heart. The man had a deep rooted need to constantly prove himself, to always meet expectations. And you played off this, sparing him a cheeky grin as he faltered.

“Fine. I was going to spare you.” Hand slipping between your legs, you gasped as three fingers pushed into you less than graciously. Leaning down with a growl and fierce eyes, his voice was almost cruel in your ear. “But now I’ll make sure you can’t fuck for at least a week.”

You shivered at his words, a vigorous smirk playing your lips, much to Hanzo’s begrudgement. Stubbornly, he began to pump in and out of you with no regard for gentleness. Taking your breast in his mouth, he nipped at your flesh, again sucking and biting with the intent of painting your chest with bruises.

You enjoyed his new found vigor. His dedication to mess you up beyond what you expected as he riled you up. His teeth were sharp as they punctured your flesh, a sensation that made your thoughts tumble and your hips buck. He cut you deeper now, leaving full bite marks on your breasts and down your sides in his determination to find your breaking point. Drops of blood speckled your form, dripping trails along your discolored flesh as he refused to relent. But the drug had you too far gone, blinded by frenzy as you revelled in every act he worked upon you.

“Do you really like being abused that much? Such a slut for pain.” He spoke against your flesh. You mewed in response, nodding energetically as you squirmed beneath him.

You couldn’t say you were normally a fan of pain. You usually hated it in fact. But there was a softness to the man even as he stained your flesh, that edged the pain with a sweetness. You hadn’t felt something like this before. An affectionate sort of abuse that still left you feeling whole as he took from you what he wanted.

As he continued to fuck your cunt with his fingers, Hanzo found himself craving a different reaction from you. He wanted more of a response, something unpredictable. Eager to try something new, he slipped his fingers out of you, only to forcefully push two of them into your asshole.

With a yelp, you arched off the floor, never expecting the man’s boldness. This was evidently the reaction he wanted. He basked in the wide eyed stare you offered the ceiling as your hands clutched at the ground above your head.
“I hope you’re ready to have your ass wrecked, whore.” You were lost in the buzz of play, unraveling in the most violent way, but his words triggered something in you. Suddenly, tears were running trails down your cheeks. A hiccup escaping you as you looked at him, eyes wide with pain.

“Is that what you think?” Hanzo might as well have been hit by a car, so completely unprepared for this sudden turn as he just stared at you. “You think I’m a whore?” Your hands covered your face as a sob broke your voice.

“No. I didn’t mean—“ He stammered, unable to find the words to take it back as a deep distress set in.

“I don’t want you to see me like that.” Your voice was a whine, breathed between snivels. Mind still a fuzzy chaos from the drugs that coursed through your veins. “Not you.”

“I don’t.” He assured, gently pulling your hands away to meet your eyes. Cupping your cheek, he tilted you up to look at him. Eyes reflecting the dim light of the artificial sunset in an impossible brilliance. You covered his hand with your own, encouraging his touch as he cradled you.

“I know everyone else does. But you…” eyes darting between his, you slid into his lap, seeking closeness and security as your chest breathed heavily. Your mind couldn’t have been further from your body, each acting independently as they sought different needs from your companion. Your friend. Your-

With a hand on his chest, you pushed him back till he lay fully against the stone floor. Your hips slid along the length of his shaft as you pulled a groan from him. You needed his touch, needed his cock, needed him to satisfy you emotionally and physically. You needed to know that you pleased him and that he wanted to please you, in turn. Your breath was labored as you watched him watch you, both of your faces flushed and eyes searching.

“I need you.” The drug coursed through your system, setting your blood on fire and releasing every thought in your brain. “Just you.” Hands splaying out over his chest, you rolled your hips to slip him inside you, both of you letting out moans of long awaited satisfaction as your voices mixed in the vast space. His head tilted back, hands tight on your thighs, he watched you from under heavy lids, eyes memorizing the sight of you as you road his length with gratitude. “Just you.”

You wanted him to see you. All of you. To think of you. To remember you like this when his hand found his cock in those small, private moment. Wanted him to long for your touch, your voice, the softness of your cunt. You wanted to be special. Be remembered. Be important to someone.

“Just you, Hanzo.” Your lust mixed with your vulnerabilities to give way to compulsion. “You, Hanzo.” Your words trailed off, mumbled between breathy moans as you served him. Lost in a trance, your hips had a life of their own. Moving with impassioned vigor as both of you surrendered to the fire shared between you. The lines between your bodies blurred, bodies melding.

Your skin glistening in sweat. You seemed to glow, shimmering and beautiful with your face contorted in pleasure. The world fell away, disappearing into silence as Hanzo saw, felt, heard only you. Back arching, you made love as if in a completely different world. You rode his cock as if only he could bring you this pleasure, only he could satisfy you. The sexual energy that seemed to surge off of you was intoxicating, leaving him breathless and spellbound.

Your voice filled the room, echoing all around as your orgasm curled and writhed in your gut, ready to be free. You did your best to choke out his name, feeling compelled to warn him, but you were overtaken too quickly. Your climax seized you, hitting you hard as you arched back, screaming in your moment of great passion. Convulsing, you shook as every muscle in your body spasmed, eyes clamped shut and mouth fell open.
At the sight of your orgasm, the sound of your violent pleasure, the feel of your clenching cunt, Hanzo found his release. His long-awaited orgasm drowned him, choking him as his hips pounded up into you. Words were lost to him, broken sounds being the only thing to pass his lips as he thrust his cock impossibly deep inside you with wet, sloppy sounds, coating your walls with his warmth.

The explosion of ecstasy shared between you lasted only moments and left you both weak and dazed afterwards. His hands maintained a feeble hold on your thighs, just enough to encourage you to keep upright as you swayed over him. At last, the drug’s effects seemed to be ebbing, leaving you feeling a void budding in your heart and an ache in your bones.

In time, when he had enough energy, Hanzo concentrated on calming his breath. He ran a hand over his face, brushing his hair back. You watched him in a daze, eyes passively studying the lines of his face, the part of his lips, the bob of his adam’s apple. When, at length, he noticed you, he offered an amused smile.

“Still not satisfied?” He asked, uncharacteristically playful. Hanzo pinched your side, expecting you to start. What he didn’t expect was for you to slump over on him, collapsing on his chest face first.

“Hey!” Propping up on one arm, he pulled you back by your shoulder, trying to get a read on you as you hung like a ragdoll in his grasp. “Are you ok?” The alarm in his voice was the only thing that registered for you.

“Yeah,” You mumbled, again attempting to lay down, “just need to rest a moment. Then I’ll be all good.” Taking you in his arms, concern was visibly etched into his features as your head lulled to and fro.

“Are you sure?” He was hesitant to just leave you like this. But then again, you probably had another client after him.

“Mhm, just a rest.” Regardless of what you said, you looked like you needed more than just a rest. A good doctor and a few days of recuperating at the bare minimum. There was no way Hanzo could, in good conscience, just leave you there.

Gathering you up in his arms, he eased to his feet. You stirred a bit, but seemed content just to laze in his hold as he carried you over to the phone. Adjusting you so that he could support you with one arm, he picked up the phone with his free hand, pressing the button for the main office. The phone was answered quickly.

“Hello, Mr. Shimada. I hope everything is to your satisfaction.” Boss’s voice was pleasant, as always.

“Very much so. I will be needing her for the rest of the day, so she will be out of commission. I trust this will not be a problem.” Hanzo was curt, leaving no room for argument. He more than understood how the business end worked.

“Of course. I will make all the necessary arrangements. Is there anything else I can do for you?” If Boss was peeved, he didn’t let it show.

“No.” Without hesitation, Hanzo hung up the phone.

You weren’t really asleep, only vaguely aware of his conversation as you dozed against his neck. But you lacked the energy, or interest, to pay him much mind. He was so warm against you, and the rhythm of his beating heart was the lullaby that enticed you to slumber. You felt him move, but only nuzzled in closer, ready to surrender to sleep. But as he held you tight, readjusting you in his arms, you stirred. He eased the two of you back into the water, causing you to wince at its heat. The balmy ripples lapped at your battered flesh to invoke a dull ache.
“Shh,” Hanzo whispered in your ear, hands gently washing away the blood and sweat that caked you. Kissing your forehead, you found an unexpected quietness in his touch, tending to your wounds dutifully. It put you at ease as fatigue overtook you. Limp in his grasp, you let the man do as he pleased, dozing in and out as he cared for you.

Even as he washed away the makeup that smeared your face, you just lay against him, too weary even to open your eyes. Once satisfied, Hanzo stilled for a few moment. On the cusp of unconsciousness, you couldn’t be bothered pay him any mind, and were more than content when he pulled you against him, resting you against his sturdy torso as you drifted off.

Bonus;

Staggering in the door, you were greeted with Liz’s feet kicked up over the couch.

“You’re back early.” She called from the other side of the furniture.

“Uh,” you muttered groggily, kicking your shoes off in the entryway. Intrigued by your response, Liz sat up to peer over the couch.

“What happened to you!?” Neither your swimsuit, nor Hanzo’s jacket that draped over your shoulders, offered much shield between your friend’s eyes and your marred flesh. Jumping to her feet, Liz was at your side in an instant. It wasn’t the worst she had seen you, but the large patches of black and blue flesh and the deep bite marks alarmed her nonetheless. “Who did this? I thought you had easy clients today!” Offering you her arm, she gingerly lead you to the couch.

“Hanzo.” You muttered, wincing as your friend continued to shout.

“What the fuck!” You appreciated her concern, but in that moment, you would have appreciated a hot bath more. “He’s a fucking animal.”

“Yeah,” you chuckle in a daze, “It was great.”

Chapter End Notes

So sorry for the long absence!! So, I know it's been a really long time since I published here, but I want to let you all know that this series is not dead and I have every intention of finishing it. So, it's hard for me to even remember what all has happened since I last posted, but just so you know why I've been away so much. Me and my husband just had our first child and it was a bit of a rough delivery but we are both doing wonderfully now and he is the best part of my life. Unfortunately, immediately afterward, my college closed. (the @&%#@$* didn't even have the decency to email or call me. I found out when I was texting my friend asking how her classes were going.) And when I only had a year left, and no other colleges in my state offer my degree so I had to deal with the loss of two years worth of working my ass off to graduate a year early. That wasn't fun. But, no school means more time for writing I guess. I'm back now and will be dropping two more chapters over the next couple days so stay tuned and thank you all so so so much for your patience and sticking with this story. It amazes me how after all this time there are still people excited to read my trash.
Jack sat at the large oak desk reading over the papers in front of him as his mind was preoccupied with the upcoming mission. With a heavy sigh, the man rubbed his brow just above the visor that obscured his face. Talon was growing stronger with every passing day. And with tensions between humans and omnics bubbling over, there was sure to be war in the future. Unless Overwatch could put a stop to this.

A knock sounded from the door and Jack was pulled from his thoughts. Straightening in his seat, the Overwatch leader cleared his voice before calling out.

“Come in.” With a click, the door opened, allowing you to step in before securing the door behind you.

Uniform crisp and hair in a tight bun, you were the picture of a perfect recruit. With quick, deliberate step, you made your way to stand in front of your commander’s desk, clicking your heels and saluting. Giving a nod, your commanding officer leaned back in his chair as he surveyed you.

“At ease, recruit.” His deep voice gave you pause to swallow hard. Leaning back in his chair, his jacket was unzipped to expose his black undershirt, revealing a peek of white wisps that were sure to stretch out over the rest of his chest. Trying to remain professional, you forced your eyes to look just over your commander’s head. When you failed to speak, Jack chose to get things started. “What is it soldier?”

“I came for a bit of a personal matter, sir.” You still stood straight, looking just over the man’s left shoulder. Though you couldn’t read your superior through his mask, you suspected he was raising a brow at you.

“And that is?” There was a question in your commander’s voice you had never heard before. You had his interest.

With a pause, you thought on your words. You weren’t sure exactly how to proceed. But as the man leaned forward, you knew you needed to say something.

“Permission to speak freely?” You had made it this far. Twisting your fingers around each other, you tried to reassure yourself that you could do this. Face tilting down, as if to look at you from under his brow, you wondered if the man was annoyed by the game you seemed to be playing. Jack was always such a straightforward man.

“Granted.” His grizzly voice made your thighs tighten as you felt a surge of electricity run through you.

“Sir, it may be none of my business, but I think you are working too hard. You spend all your days on the field or closed up in your office. You never take a day to yourself and you keep all of us at arm’s length. I worry that you will work yourself to death.” This was your interpretation of Jack Morrison, the once famed leader of Overwatch. You knew that others who knew him better probably saw him differently. But from what few interactions you have had with the man, this was what you gleaned.

The brief pause allowed doubt to creep into your mind. Just when you were about to excuse yourself for misspeaking, your superior spoke up.

“You’re right.” He hummed, causing your heart to lift, a smile growing in your eyes. “It is none of
your business.”

Shot down, your heart sunk, wounded by your commander’s coldness. “Sir!” You protested.

“That’s enough.” Again, you were silenced, Jack’s walls keeping you at a distance. But you couldn’t give up yet.

In a bold move, you walked around his desk. Gazing down at him as he turned in his chair to face you.

“Sir. You never open up to anyone. You can’t bear all these burdens on your own.”

“And I suppose you would have me rely on you?” You faltered, embarrassed and a bit taken aback at his assertion.

“I mean, or Captain Amari or Lieutenant Reinhardt.” Overcome with embarrassment by just how easily he saw through you, you couldn’t bring yourself to look him in the eyes. “I just hate seeing you try to shoulder all the burdens of the world by yourself. It’s too much for one man.”

“And what do my burdens matter to you?” He asked, not withholding the sharpness of his words.

“It matters a lot.” You were frank. Not backing down as you surprised even your commander by your directness. “You matter a lot.”

The man fell silent at your words. His body easing back in the chair, as the meaning slowly sunk in. In his younger days, he had known there had been many young recruits that had pined after him, some even bold enough to tell him. But that was back then. This was here and now. He was an old, washed up, failure. What could anyone want with him?

As the two of you just stared at each other, you felt compelled by the stillness of the room to lean forward. To be closer to the man, as if his loneliness and doubt were pulling you in. You wanted to help him, comfort him, and maybe even boost his confidence. As your hands moved towards him, the man spoke up. Startled, you hesitated, though he made no move to still you.

“You don’t want this.” He asserted. There was a slight tremble to his voice, as if trying to convince himself, as well as you. But this did nothing to deter you, sparing him only a brief protest as you pressed on, never breaking eye contact.

“Don’t tell me what I want.” Steeling yourself, you reached up to place your hands on your commander’s lapels. Fingers tracing along the edges of the man’s mask till you found the buttons that detached it.

Jack did not object; nor did he correct you. Instead, he leant into your touch ever so slightly. The motion emboldening you. It had been so long since he had been touched this gently, so many years since a woman had caressed his skin with soft affections. He couldn’t help but lose himself in the feeling for a moment as he reveled your touch.

With a click, the mask popped off. He allowed you to pull it off and set it on the desk as you studied the man that sat before you. The lines of his face were harsh with deep set scars and wrinkles that furrowed his brow. Despite this, his eyes were the most vivid shade of blue you had ever seen. Still so full of life and passion and sorrow. You were entranced by them. Drawn in by their beauty and vitality as they looked up at you expectantly, waiting for your response.

“You’ve seen so much pain.” You muttered. Cupping his jaw, you let your thumb trace over a scar that crossed his lips. Jack did not close his eyes as he leaned into your palm, though his blink was
drawn out. As if savoring the warmth of your flesh against his stubbled jaw.

You felt so much sadness at seeing this once celebrated and beloved man, now a ghost of his former self. Forced to hide in shadows and work in secret as he still fought to protect those that had come to hate him. He seemed so fragile in this moment, so vulnerable as he revealed himself to you. Eyes questioning and pensive, he waited for your next move. Surrendering to you as he let his walls down for the first time in ages.

Without thought, you leaned forward, capturing his lips in a moment that felt so right. The man seemed so willing, so ready. You were beyond startled when he pushed you away with a sturdy shove.

“Recruit! You have gone too far.” He snapped. Immediately on guard as he eyed you sharply, reprimanding you with his stare. Yet he did not reach for his mask.

You were stunned for a moment. Your confidence faltering and you wondered if you had misread the situation.

“I have never had a recruit be so forward and so blatantly inappropriate.”

Still reeling from his sudden rejection, you couldn’t help your honest response. “But you like that.”

You had never seen Jack’s eyes so wide, so surprised. As if caught in a crime he had thought he had gotten away with. “You like being seduced.” Running your fingers through his hair, you straddled the man’s strapping thighs as you stood over him. Jack could only watch you with disbelief. Like a guilty child that had been found out. “You like it when you can tell yourself you’re only doing it because she wanted you to.”

Feeling impossibly brave, you leaned down to nip at the man’s ear, his cheek warm against yours. Though he flinched, he did not deny you.

Kissing along his neck, you were very aware of the way the man stiffened beneath you, skin growing warm as a small groan was suppressed in his throat. His neck was one of his weak points.

“Please, commander. You do so much for everyone else. Let me do this for you.” Hands gently slipping off his jacket to reveal his fitted black v-neck. Your perfume overwhelmed his senses.

‘No’ is what he should have said. He should have pushed you away, refused you. But he was so weak and you were so soft. The intoxicating kisses you lay on his neck only served to muddle his mind, making his choice less clear and feeding his temptation. As your lips passed over his pulse, he couldn’t help the gravelly groan that escaped him. His hands setting themselves on your hips.

When he gave no protest, you continued. Only encouraged by the sounds that began to escape the man. As your hands roved his chest, you found him just as impressive as the legends told. His strong body thick with muscles and powerful beneath you. Snaking down, your fingers massaged against the man’s crotch, pleased to find him hard and pulsing.

As the shock seemed to wear off, Jack’s grip on your hips tightened, drawing your attention from his groin. “I hope you know what you’re starting.” He murmured, voice heavy, but stern.

“Educate me, commander.” You purred, feeling far braver and more confident as the man’s pants tightened at your ministrations.

His growl sent a chill down your spine, his dominant nature taking over as he was intoxicated by lust. “Bend over the desk.” It was an order, one you readily obeyed. Shedding your jacket, you leaned over his paperwork.
He wasted no time taking his place behind you. With one large hand splayed out across your back. He had you pressed down effectively pinning you against the desk. He was in no mood for foreplay, but feeling obligated, he shoved his hand down the front of your pants in one rough movement breaking the button off as he did so. You had no time to protest before he was rubbing vigorously at your clit. Your legs trembled and your body jerked at the sudden influx of sensation.

“C-commander!” But he did not heed your alarm, pushing three fingers into your admittedly wet cunt as he growled.

“You asked for this. Don’t start what you can’t finish.” Your cries were a mixture of discomfort and pleasure as he stirred you up. Taking satisfaction in your softness and uncertainty.

It wasn’t long before he was satisfied with his prep work. Making quick work of his pants before yours soon followed. Barely hitting the floor before the man was lining himself up at your entrance.

“W-wait. What about a condom?” You protested, reaching back in an attempt to push against his hips. Your feeble protests did not deter him. Instead, your commanding officer took your hands and pinned them to the desk.

“No.” He asserted, mouth burying into the crook of your neck as he took a deep drag of your perfume. “Now be good for your commander.” With one quick thrust, he was in you, the friction pulling a yelp from you as he continued to push deeper.

It didn’t take him long to pick up a rhythm. Hips bucking into you with more enthusiasm than you had expected. Laying over you, he pinned you against the wood as your breast bounced with every sharp thrust. You felt hot under his weight, face flushed with passion as he groped at any part of you in reach.

“Jack.” You moaned as he mouthed at your neck. But with a quick yank on your hair, you were face to face with him.

“That’s ‘commander’ to you, recruit.” His commanding tone sent a tremble through your thighs. Large hands taking fist fulls of your hips, he gained better leverage for his thrusts. He plowed into you, shaking your legs out from under you. If it weren’t for his grip and the desk beneath you, you would have been on the floor.

“Co-commander Morrison! Oh God-“ you called as you felt his hips growing more erratic. Thrusts becoming more and more frantic as he became blinded by pleasure.

“Fuck.” Wrapping his arm around your shoulders, he put all his might into his last few thrusts. Voice horse as he grunted the final throes of his pleasure.

“Hey! Pull out!” You stutter. But you were too late.

With a sharp cry, he pumped himself deep inside you. Thrusts shallow but powerful as he emptied out against your womb. His grip on you was unbreakable. You were helpless as he rode out the high of his climax. Feeling his cock pulse within you, left your walls trembling with an unnoticed orgasm.

You gave the man the time he needed. Then you reached up your hand to run your fingers lazily through his hair. After several minutes, his breathing evened out. His weight lifted off of you as he slid into the office chair. He let his head lull back and closed his eyes as his body calmed and senses returned.

“I hope that helped with your stress, commander.” There was a lilt to your voice that caught his attention. Eyes cracking open, he watched you passively as you pulled your panties back up.
“I’d say so.” He mused, raising his brows briefly in an lackadaisical confirmation. “So, uh, that’s ah, not going to be a problem. Right?” He inquired awkwardly, pointing at the seed that dripped from your loins.

“Not at all.” You chuckled, sparing him a wink. “Don’t worry. Not even your super swimmers could get past my protection.”

Grinning sheepishly, Jack was quick to redress, gathering his things without much more to say.

“Don’t be a stranger, ‘commander’.” You teased, sparing him a cheeky look as he worked his way towards the door.

“Yeah, I’ll try.” He muttered before slipping through the door and back onto the main floor, leaving you to clean yourself up for your next client.
You could feel the music in your heart, pounding along with your pulse. A rush filled you like electricity. Bodies writhing, sweat dripping, this was the closest to feeling alive you got these days. The lights of the club flashed to briefly illuminate the faces of the packed floor before they faded back into anonymity. You liked it that way. Didn’t need to know who they were. Didn’t need to pretend to like them. Didn’t need to know how they fucked. They meant nothing to you and no one could tell you otherwise.

Hips swinging and movements fluid, your lips twisted into a rare smile. One that was genuine and real. Your heart and body warmed by both your joy and the alcohol respectively. Squeezed in, bodies close and tight, Liz and you danced the night away. Feeding off each other’s energy. It had been a rough week on the Floor. Both of you had been visited by Mr. Jackson. Any other visit, he would have left you out of commission for the next two days. But with luck, he had taken you and Liz at once, and with his attention divided between you, you got out easier this visit.

Even with the heavy makeup the two of you had caked on, bruises and swelling were still noticeable under in daylight. But under the wandering spotlights of the dance floor, the two of you were blending in with the crowd while enjoying yourself.

Liz turned her nose up at a pair of boys that eyed her, making you chuckle at her dismissal of them. Liz was a great whore, but she didn’t do anything for free.

“Lets get some more drinks!” Liz shouted, attempting to be heard over the tail-end of an electric song that drowned out everything else.

“Sure!” You shouted back, nodding your head enthusiastically. But before the two of you could make it very far, the song changed. The few beats ringing out before all the women in the crowd collectively cheered.

‘All the single ladies. All the single ladies.’

A childish grin overtook you, hurting you swollen cheek and threatening to rip open the cut on your lip. Grabbing Liz’s arm, you pulled her back to you. Getting in the proper stance as you joined all the other women.

“Wait! Let’s dance!” As Beyonce’s voice rang out over the mass of shrieking women, you swung your hips about, mimicking the music video to the best of your recollection.

“Huh? But this song is so cheese.” Liz protested, eyes judging you playfully as you bounced around energetically.

“It’s practically our song. Besides, it’s a classic.” You smiled, knocking her with your hip teasingly.

“It’s old.” Laughing, your friend couldn’t hide her amusement. “My grandma danced to this when she was my age.” Despite her protest, Liz’s hips were already moving in time with yours, mirroring you, though admittedly with less skill.

“Shut up and dance,” you said.

Letting out a hearty laugh, Liz put her hands up, joining you as you flipped your hand back and forth with the song. Despite her initial refusal, you could tell she was enjoying herself. Her smile bright and heart light as she watched you, following your lead.
Despite the bruises, the black eye that peaked out through the bright eyeshadow, and the slight limp in her step, you couldn’t deny Liz was gorgeous. A woman made to be adored, a form worthy of worship. As was evident by the many onlookers that devoured her with their gaze.

Despite this, you never felt threatened by her. Especially on the dance floor. You had your own tricks after all.

Even as the song ended, you never faltered in your movements, hips drawing the men in with every pop and swing. Their hunger for you grew with every twirl and pose. You were good and you knew it, relishing in their lusty stares and hesitance to approach you. Here, you were unobtainable, a prize no one could win. Here, men would count their blessings to have a night with you, instead of discarding you as quickly as their used rubbers. They all wanted you, minds desperate to find the perfect line to steal your attention, and you wouldn’t go home with any of them. That sort of power was rare for you, and you were drunk on it.

“You’re pretty good.” You couldn’t help the small hiccup in your step as Genji appeared at your side, movements keeping time with you.

“Genji?” You almost stopped dancing all together as you were met with a brilliantly disarming smile. You never thought of him going maskless out in public, but here he was, eyes shining in the flashing lights as he watched you.

Despite the scars and augmentations, you had to admit, he was incredibly handsome. You could see why he was a club king in his youth. All the boys and girls must have been desperate to share his bed.

Black slacks and a white t-shirt worn under a glossy navy sports jacket, he was the picture of style. A true icon. And as expected, the man could dance. Nearby women whispering amongst each other as they took note of him.

Not willing to be shown up, you grinned back at the cyborg, eyes lively and challenging. Showing off a few moves, you made your intent clear, hips slow and sensual while your arms told a story all their own.

“Stalking me now are we?” Popping his jacket, the man squared up, chuckling at your efforts before showing off some moves of his own.

“Don’t indulge yourself. I happen to frequent this place,” he replied as he continued to dance. He was good, arms and legs well coordinated as they moved seamlessly to the thumping beat.

“You’re not bad. A little old school though, don’t you think?” Sliding past him, you paid no mind to the crowd that circled the two of you, cheering at the spontaneous dance off.

Feeding off their energy, Genji grabbed your hand, pulling you close. As the two of you began to dance together, movements sensual and rhythmic, Liz watched from the crowd. Unaware of her stern expression, you kept time with the cyborg’s movement, predicting his moves showing him up every step of the way.

“I’ve always been a good dancer,” he assured, “unlike my brother.” Your ears perked up at his last statement.

“Really?” The momentary glint in your eyes did not go unnoticed by the cyborg.

“Yes, Hanzo was never a good dancer. The man has no rhythm. Unless it has rigid structure, he has never been good at it. On the rare occasions he went to the club with me, he would just stand against
the wall, sipping on his drink.” You recalled the way he stood off to the side as you danced on the beach, his reluctance to join you.

“Yeah, that sounds like him.” A soft smile pulled at your lips, finding a great familiarity in Genji’s words. You couldn’t read the man’s expression as he studied you, the corners of his lips upturned in his usual, social smile.

“Makes me wonder why,” Suddenly inappropriately close, you shivered at the man’s warm breath on you ear. “Now I’m catching him practicing dance moves in his room.”

The man couldn’t help but chuckle when he saw the blush that dusted your cheeks, barely visible in the dark lighting. His implication was clear, leaving you flustered and a bit speechless. Thoughts rushed through your head, images of the dignified man awkwardly attempting different moves in the privacy of his own room. You could so easily picture him getting frustrated with himself, lips pursed and brows furrowed in irritation.

“Hey buddy. Back it up. You’re getting too chummy here.” Your imaginings were interrupted as Liz stepped between you, pushing Genji away. Eyes pointed and threatening, you had only seen her this protective of you one other time; when a man had tried to slip something into your drink.

“It’s ok, Liz. He’s fine.” You protested, pulling on her arm as you shouted over the music.

“What?” Your friend’s expression was dramatically skeptical, “Hun, you can’t trust this guy. He’ll cause you nothing but trouble.” Leaning in close, Liz attempted to keep her voice hushed, her words barely audible over the booming chorus of the club music.

“No, Liz. I just couldn’t hear him. He’s not making any moves.” She didn’t believe you, that much was clear. Offering up a reassuring smile, you gave your friend’s hand a squeeze. “Don’t worry, Liz. I’m not about to get in trouble for this womanizer.” Still she seemed skeptical. “Oh come on. I’m smarter than that. At least give me that much credit.”

Despite her obvious concern, she relented, shoulders laxing as she caved to your assurance. With a soft expression of gratitude, you spared her a nod before turning back to the cyborg.

“It’s too loud here. Let’s go somewhere I can hear you better.” Making sure to shout loud enough that Liz could hear, you nodded towards the bar. You wanted to make sure your friend knew you were going somewhere crowded, not wanting her to worry. Though a part of you knew she would anyway.

“Let’s.” He agreed, gesturing with his hand for you to proceed.

Weaving your way through the crowd, you failed to notice the tight grip Liz took on Genji’s arm before he could follow you.

“Try anything, and I’ll make sure that that girl of yours knows all about your business on the Upper Floor.”

“She’s not my girl.” The man’s expression was icy, almost threatening as he glared at Liz. Neither seemed fazed by the other. Both too well versed in this game to be so easily swayed. “And I have nothing to hide. I’m at peace with my choices.” With that, the man left Liz alone on the dance floor, ignoring the holes she burned into the back of his head.

The two of you managed to find a table amongst the crowded bar. The other occupancy eyeing up Genji’s augmentations before leaving, quietly muttering cruel words under their breath. Though not quietly enough to go unnoticed. The cyborg paid it no mind, pulling out a seat for you before
As the man took his seat, you wanted to ask him more about his previous statement. The few details he gave weren’t enough. What exactly had Genji seen? What had Hanzo’s reaction been? It was easy to see him getting flustered, using his curt manners to try to brush the man off. But as you debated delving further into the brother’s statement, Genji steered the conversation in a different direction.

“How are things with my brother? You two have been getting awfully close.” You were slightly off put by his redirection, feeling somewhat defensive. Guard suddenly up, your spine straightened, eyes narrowing as you eyed him up.

“He told you?” Your voice low and untrusting. You studied his laxed expression, trying to read the wily man.

“He didn’t need too.” Sipping on his drink, the man nodded his head at you, movements so casual you could believe them to be sincere. “My brother was never good at keeping secrets from me.”

“So you’ve been spying on him.” You stated, eyes distrusting, yet you felt unthreatened. Whether it was the warmth of the alcohol or recent understanding that Genji really was looking out for his brother, you couldn’t be sure. But you found yourself more inclined to believe the man.

“Not spying. Just observant.” Leaning back in his chair, eyes disarming and smile endearing, you could really see why women fell for him. Even with your experience with men like him, Genji was able to disarm. With your guard down, you were more receptive to his words, more eager to hold a conversation. “Slinking off base, gone for hours only to slip back in with high spirits.” As the man raised an eyebrow, you slumped in your seat, like a child caught with their hand in the cookie jar. “I must say, it’s been a long time since I’ve seen Hanzo this light hearted. You really seem to work wonders for his troubled soul.”

You yourself were surprised at just how happy his statement made you. It felt good to matter to someone. So wondrous to mean more to someone than a quick orgasm and paid bill.

“Really?” The words were barely breathed, more to yourself as you reminisce on the good times the two of you had had. Wondering if Genji’s words were true.

Your thoughts were interrupted as the man chuckled. His eyes were filled with a soft light as they regarded you warmly. Flustered, you straightened, glaring at the man in an attempt to draw attention away from your reddening cheeks.

“What’s so funny?” Crossing your arms, your attitude saturated every aspect of your demeanor. Unbothered by your annoyance, the cyborg continued to enjoy your childlike reactions.

“For a woman of the Floor, you’re very naive.” His brown eyes never seemed so warm, shimmering as they watched you.

“Excuse me?” Indignant, you leaned back in your seat as if to put distance between the two of you, not caring how loud your voice got.

“Have you ever had a boyfriend?” Floored by the change in subject, you just blinked at him.

“I don’t see how that’s any of your business.”

“So that’s a no.” He was quick to respond. Pleased, it seemed, with your reaction.
“Hey!” You retaliated.

“If you had, you wouldn’t hesitate to confirm it.” He countered, pointing a finger at you. The both of you knew he was right, but you didn’t want to give him the satisfaction.

“Well excuse me. Not all of us give ourselves to just anyone that gives us a second glance.” A raised eyebrow and a suggestive glance was all Genji needed to point out the irony of your statement. “You know what I mean,” you continued, flustered.

“Believe it or not, I do have standards.”

The sly smile still had yet to leave his lips, lazily eyeing his drink as he took a swig of the colorful concoction. You found yourself frustrated with his ever cool demeanor, feeling at all times that he somehow had the upper hand. Despite this, there was no urge to run. You didn’t feel the need to escape his inquisition.

“Really? How many women in this club alone have you taken to bed?” You knew you had him there. A man as charming and handsome as Genji was sure to have his choice of any one in this establishment.

“Other than you and Liz? None.” He replied. Spoken so nonchalantly, the words just rolled off his tongue as if they didn’t go against everything you knew about the man.

“I don’t believe you.” Briefly, you took notice that you had already finished off all your drink, sucking on the straw as it made an unpleasant slurping sound. You hadn’t realized you had been so eager. Though it did go a ways to explain why you were feeling so dizzy and your body so hot.

“You don’t have to.” He shrugged, unbothered as he looked out over the dance floor. As he spoke, you found yourself mesmerized by the movements of his lips, barely hearing what he was saying as you watched the soft flesh form its many shapes. They were so pink, so beautiful.

As you focused on his words, Genji’s eyes caught sight of a hateful glare directed at him. At a table right next to the dancing floor sat Liz. Some guys chatting her up as they remained blissfully unaware that they had never had her attention. Instead, she faced your table, eyes focused entirely on Genji as she poured every ounce of loathing she had into her stare. Offering a soft smile, the cyborg gave you no indication of what was going on just a few yards away.

“There’s someone I’m waiting for.” His voice was soft, as if gifting you something fragile.

“Liar.” Again, the words tumbled from your lips before you even knew what they were. But that seemed to be the new norm in this odd relationship.

“Why would I lie about that?” With his undivided attention, Genji gave you a confused look. His head tilted in what felt like the most sincere moment the two of you had shared.

Maybe it was the alcohol talking, but your answer was honest and unplanned. “If you had someone, you wouldn’t need us.”

Sober, you would have realized how cruel your words sounded. Sober, you probably also would have noticed the mournful look in the cyborg’s eyes. But this drink was hitting you harder than it should have. And you, again, were too distracted by his lips, focusing on his words as your eyes traced their shape in confused appreciation.

“She’s not really mine.” Brown orbs lingering on his drink, Genji’s lips pressed thin. His mind lingering on things you couldn’t know. “But maybe one day. If I’m lucky.”
“You really are brothers.” Your observation snapped the man out of his trance, leaving him confused and a bit startled. “You’re both so depressed.” The cyborg blinked at your directness, not expecting you to be so blunt. But as your eyes lingered on his lips, the man sat up straighter, sensing that you weren’t done. “And you have the same lips.” Tracing your own lipstick covered flesh with the pad of your pinky, you tilted your head. Eyes entirely entranced with him as the haze of your brain left you dazed. “You even kiss the same.”

“Don’t ever say that to Hanzo.” Abruptly sitting up, you were startled by the darkness in his eyes, trance broken as his energy suddenly grew much darker than you had ever known it. “My brother has been hurt enough.” Genji’s words failed to register as a thought took hold, causing you to lean into the table.

“What was he like?” Unsure if he should reiterate his concerns, the cyborg debated a moment or too long enough for you to feel the need to elaborate. “Young Hanzo.” Your eyes were so questioning, so naive as they stared directly into his, as if you would find the answers there. “Before the pain.”

“Why don’t you ask him?” Out of the corner of his eye, Genji could see Liz leaning in, more attentive as the two of you grew closer in proximity.

Your excitement suddenly disappeared. Discouraged, you slumped in your chair as you swirled your straw around your empty glass.

“He always gets so sad. I don’t want to make him sad.” You muttered, lip jutted out like a pouting child. “‘Sides,” you continued, overcome by a moment of honesty, “I don’t like him talking about her.”

Genji did ask who. Didn’t need to. Regarding you blankly, the two of you sat in silence for a bit, him watching you watch your drink. You seemed so disheartened. Apparently resolved to linger in your melancholy as the club music tried to invade your senses.

“Well, if you’re looking for embarrassing stories, when he was ten he tried to show me up by climbing the tree in the garden higher than I could. But he got stuck and cried until our dad climbed up and got him.” You perked up immediately. It was almost as if you became a different person, almost hopping out of your seat as you leaned forward to listen attentively. Eyes bright and eager, Genji had to chuckle at your turnaround. “He was scared to make phone calls for the longest time. Would always try to delegate it to me to get out of it. OH! You can NOT tell him I told you this. If you want a really embarrassing story: back when we were trying to learn how to summon our spirit dragons, Hanzo was having great trouble mastering his. Then, one night, he was masturbating. And apparently he came so hard, it caused him to summon his dragons. So they are flying all over the castle, and my dad gets so excited, he rushes to Hanzo’s room and burst in on him. That’s probably the most embarrassing moment of his life. But it was great! The two wouldn’t make eye contact for weeks.” Genji cackled, greatly amused by the old memories he hadn’t visited in years. You, however, just stared in confusion.

“What’s a ‘spirit dragon’?” the cyborg faltered for a moment, taken aback.

“You don’t know?” shaking your head, you waited patiently for the man to elaborate. “Well then. Looks like I have a lot to catch you up on.”

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“You’re pretty handy with that bow.” The silence of the practice range was interrupted by the jangle of spurs and the smell of tobacco. Laxing his arms, the archer lowered his bow, knowing it would be a while till he was left in peace.
Glaring over his shoulder, Hanzo made no attempt to hide the small curl in his lip and the twitch in his cheek. He had been on several missions with the strange cowboy. A competent agent, but overly familiar.

Hanzo had picked his side in this war, but he wasn’t interested in forming any friendships. In the long run, Overwatch would be his enemy again once he reclaimed his clan. And at the end of the day, many of these were the same agents that had worked to bring his clan to ruin.

“Do you need something?” Voice sharp and cold, Hanzo hoped the cowboy would pick up the obvious hint that the archer had no interest in whatever he was doing here.

“Just thought I’d say hello. We’ve been on several missions now and I haven’t so much as introduced myself.” Extending a hand, the seasoned agent waited to see if the smaller man would oblige.

“Let’s keep it that way.” Turning back to his archery, Hanzo listened to see if the man got the hint. But he made no move to leave.

“Now that’s pretty cold. Won’t make any friends like that.” Thumbs slipping into his belt, the cowboy leaned against the wall, making it clear he wasn’t leaving just yet.

“I’m not here to ‘make friends’.” Letting loose another arrow, the archer’s growl was only met with a chuckle.

“Yeah, Genji warned me you’d be like this.” Turning, the agent was unfazed by the disdain in the archer’s eyes as he stared him down. Hanzo grew more agitated as he recognized the amusement in the man’s eyes.

“Genji talks too much.” The archer snipped.

“Oh.” The agent chuckled, eyes glinting from beneath the brim of his hat. “Can’t argue with that. Didn’t used to be like that though. Back when I first met him, he was a very different man. From the sounds of it, so were you.”

“What could you possibly know.” Hanzo failed to see what the cowboy’s goal was in this conversation, finding the man nothing but an invasive annoyance.

“I know ya got a lot of anger and hurt bottled up in that little body of yours. I know you are lost and living in the past. I know you’re afraid to move forward and let go of the only life you’ve ever known. Been there myself once. And trust me, that’s when you need friends the most.” Hanzo was surprised as the cowboy mirrored his own directness, not backing down from the other’s ridged temperament. “There’s more to life than power and responsibility. I’m sure in yer mind you’re still running yer clan. But you’ll be real lonely, living like that.”

“The life of a leader is always a lonely one.” Despite his standoffish demeanor, the cowboy could hear honesty in his words.

“Doesn’t have to be.” Flicking aside the butt of his cigar, the agent reached in his pocket to pull out a small tin that held several different flavored cigars. “You have your brother. That’s more than some of us have.”

“Genji would never lead the clan with me.” Hanzo admitted, so many memories flashing through his head. Most of them painful.

“Can you blame him?” Though the archer’s eyes were threatening, he was unable to hide his true
feelings behind his indignant attitude. “But my point is, everyone needs companionship. If not friends, find it somewhere else.”

“I do not follow.” Hanzo didn’t know why he was humoring the man, but continued to do so regardless.

“Well you know what they say: hands of gold are always cold, but a woman’s hands are warm.”

“And just what is that supposed to mean.” The archer snipped, begrudging the man’s nonsensical ramblings.

“Well, I guess the long and the short of it is I think it’d do you some good to get laid.” Jesse had never seen the archer falter, but the surprise in his eyes and the way he leaned back brought the cowboy some comfort. Maybe under all that formality, there was still a normal man.

“Crude, as always.” Hanzo spat.

“I’m serious. All work and no play and all that. A man needs a good woman in his life. Or do you prefer men? Either way, I can introduce you to someone if you like. Some company would do you some good. Ya spend too much of your time alone.”

“No, thank you.” Hanzo asserted, turning away. But as he drew another arrow, he thought on it for a moment or two, debating his response before some impulse got the better of him. “I already have someone.”

“Really?” Jesse was genuine surprised, to Hanzo’s annoyance. “I hope you smile more around them then.” The archer was taken about, both by his own words and the cowboy’s casual response. As if his verbal admittance hadn’t been such an unhindered moment of honesty. “Ya might scare them off.”

Hanzo just stared at the other man. Unable to get a read on him, he was left confused and questioned his motives. But as the cowboy pushed off the wall, lighting his new cigar, Hanzo could see why his brother spoke so highly of the agent.

“Well, if you want to grab a beer and leave this stuffy base, you’re more than welcome to join me and Genji at a bar just in town.” Extending a hand, the man again waited for the smaller man to shake. “Name’s Jesse McCree, by the way.” There was only a momentary hesitation before the archer took the other’s hand, offering a firm squeeze and a nod.

“Maybe some other time.”
Another crack of the whip pulled a sob from deep inside you, choked among your tears as you jerked away.

“Be still. Or I’ll make it worse.” You knew it was a lie. He would make it worse regardless. That was his pleasure.

Another crack of the whip. Another trail of blood trickling down your back to mingle with the sweat. Your wrists were turning black already, a dull ache in comparison to the blistering pain of the jagged sores of split flesh that marred your back. Arms raised high and lashed tight to the wooden post in the middle of the room, you were allowed no freedoms, no control of movement as your legs remained bound apart.

Per Mr. Jackson’s orders, the seven balls that filled your ass were relatively easy to keep in. The vibrator on the other hand, was a struggle. Its thrum was powerful against your walls, but its size was not nearly enough to accommodate the extensive stretching Mr. Jackson had subjected you to during your sessions over the last few months.

So try as you might, you felt the toy slip loose again, clattering to the floor where its drumming motor could still be heard. You bit back a sob, tears painting your face with what had once been your perfectly applied makeup as you anticipated what was to come.

“That will be ten more.” You could hear his smile, feel the wickedness in his heart as he delighted in your failure.

Another crack of the whip, another marker in Mr. Jackson’s twisted game of love. Two more blows were felled, and you no longer attempted to control your sobs, voice trembling as you shook with the effort of breathing.

“Please!” You cried out, back arching against the searing pain.

“No!” He shouted back. Another three blows. You fought to maintain your grip on consciousness, knowing it would only be worse for you if you did not satisfy him. “You are still just as useless as the day I found you.” Again the whip came down, hard.

“Please! Please, no more!” Your voice broke as you yelled, praying that would give him some measure of satisfaction. At least enough to grant you some reprieve. But if it instilled in him any measure mercy, those feelings were soon squelched as the balls you had previously held tightly slipped loose to spill across the floor, the heavy metal producing a loud, resonating sound with every fall.

In a few steps, he was at your back, large hand coming down hard on the gashes that carved your flesh. You shrieked at the pain, but soon found your mouth stuffed full of his fingers.
“What do you think I’m here for?” This was his joy. This was his pleasure. Whatever his life was, whatever he filled his time with, whatever empty purpose he served in society, it was all a mere inconvenience that afforded him these moments. This was where he lived. “I’m not here for your comfort.” Removing his hand from your mouth, the remaining strikes were delivered in rapid succession. The pain was immense, but blurred together between strikes to create one, long, agonizing burn that had you screaming out.

“I HATE YOU!” Mr. Jackson took great satisfaction in this, laughing as he responded.

“Good! Yell! Scream! I love it when you struggle!” Bringing his knee up into your stomach, your senses were flooded with the familiar smell of bile as the contents of your stomach emptied onto the floor. As you coughed and wheezed, the man let his eyes wander your form, indulging in the sight of you.

The nature of the stand that secured you, left your front completely exposed to the man. In truth, all of you was exposed to his serpentine eyes, leaving you nowhere to hide away. But as he surveyed the dark bruises that patched your skin, and the many spots of blood in various stages of clotting, one detail caught his eye.

“And what’s this?” He asked, taking the small shark necklace between two fingers. You visibly paled.

“It’s nothing.” You did your best to sound convincing, but there was a slight strain of desperation to your voice the man didn’t miss.

“Quite the cheap trinket, isn’t it. A boyfriend maybe? Or a childhood gift from parents?” His smirk was cruel, devilish even, taking such delight in the tension in your expression, the wild, pleading look of your eyes.

“It’s nothing!” You snapped quickly, willing with every fiber of your being that his attention would go elsewhere. Anywhere else.

“I don’t believe you.” His voice was low, delighted as he leaned over you.

With one swift yank, the chain broke off your neck, small metal pieces glinting in the dim lighting before falling to cascade across the floor.

“No!” You screeched. A new, never before experienced terror taking hold as you watched the man throw your treasure to the ground before stomping it beneath his boot. “NO! STOP IT!”

“Remember your place, whore.” He barked, the back of his hand hitting you square across the cheek so hard your vision went white. “Cock sleeves like you don’t deserve nice things. You’re nothing but a sex toy. Good for nothing else.”

Your head throbbed, his words distorted as your brains struggled to process them. He might have moved away, might have picked up another whip or toy to continue his pleasures. You couldn’t be sure. All you knew was that there was more to come. That even if you made it through this secession, there would be others. So many more. And if not from him, then from any of the other men and women that rented you out for their sick hungers.

“Fuck you.” The words were feeble, vision blurred by tears as they remained fixed on the small glint that was once your treasure.

“Why don’t you say that louder?” Tilting your chin up with the butt of a riding crop, a horrid wrath bubbled just behind the man’s eyes as your gaze never left its fixation.
“I SAID FUCK YOU, YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE. FUCK YOU. FUCK YOUR SHRIVELED UP COCK. FUCK YOUR MOMMY ISSUES, AND FUCK YOUR INABILITY TO GET IT UP YOU CUNT OF A MAN!” You screamed, louder than you had ever screamed. Throat burning and lungs gasping as you screamed and hollered, taking what you little you could from the man in the smallest act of revenge you would ever be able to savor.

“You fucking whore!” Your lip was split with the blow he gifted your face, eye flashing with static as something in your head popped.

The loud crash of splintering wood made you flinch, sure that another blow would rain down on you. As Mr. Jackson was startled, you were granted a brief reprieve from his intimacies. The man was too floored by the door that hung broken from its hinges and the figure that now filled its vacancy.

In a cloud of black smoke that moved with frightening precision, Reaper was on the man, claws ripping screams from the man that sounded more animal than anything. Breaths shallow and desperate, you watched as blood splattered the floor. Blood that wasn’t yours, wasn’t pulled from your body, wasn’t little pieces of you taken in violence.

The screaming echoes off the stone walls of the room, amplified in their horror as they surrounded you with the man’s agony and terror. He shrieked and howled and wailed and never stopped, even as his face was repeatedly bashed into the masonry.

You wanted to look away. Wanted more than anything not to see the destruction of the man that had held such power over you. But you had no control of yourself, helpless as your good eye memorized every gash, every tear of flesh, every exposed muscle that was torn into the man.

This went beyond violence, beyond anything even you had experienced. So much anger, so much rage went into every slash, every blow, every breaking of bone. Never before had Gabe looked so monstrous. Eyes and teeth were beyond count, his body more a black writhing mass than anything resembling a person. There was nothing left of the man that was human.

“What the Hell!!” Flying through the door, Daniel was on the scene, hesitating only briefly before attempting to pull the men apart. Expression pale, your boss’s attempts were weak, unsure and intimidated by the pure rage that went into every vicious strike. But when he at last managed to get a strong grip on the man’s shoulder, the unnatural violence was turned on him.

The wounds that were slashed into his thigh weren’t fatal, but Reaper’s hand around his throat surely would be. As Daniel choked out, horrid sounds that brought you back to many visits with clients that had pulled that same sound from you, you heard your own voice call out, pulled from somewhere deep inside you.

“Gabe, NO!” You sobbed, earning the man’s wild stare. All of his eyes feral and unreachable as Daniel’s face faded to a distorted color. “You promised!” Vision blurred through hot tears, you saw nothing of the man you knew. Not the soft and vulnerable Gabe, or even the harsh and brooding Reaper. This was far beyond even that.

At first, his eyes didn’t seem to see you. Or maybe they didn’t recognize you. Staring blankly at your trembling form, he appeared to be expecting something. Though what, you couldn’t say.

“Please,” you sobbed meekly, body giving out as you hung, lifeless and spent.

At this, he seemed to regain some of himself. Enough at least to remove his hands from around your boss’s throat. Coughing haggardly, Daniel seized his throat, wriggling his way out from under
Reaper as his form began to solidify, slowly morphing into something more recognizable.

He seemed in shock, nothing registering to him as your boss hurried to your side, lifting you up as he supported your weight. He had one wrist freed by the time the security was there. Eight men quickly surrounded the still dazed Reaper, his eyes no longer visible to you from beneath the white mask. He didn’t seem to care about the guns that stared him down, nor the cuffs that were slapped on his wrists.

As more men ran into the room, Daniel managed to free your other arm, now bearing the bulk of your weight as you hung limp in his arms, eyes glassy as you watched the scene unfold.

“Get Mr. Jackson to the hospital! Now!” Daniel barked to the newest men before turning to the ones that guarded Reaper. “Get him to my office. I’ll deal with him shortly.” As Mr. Jackson, or what remained of him, was hauled away, Reaper was pulled to his feet by one of the men. But as they began to lead him away, a new wave of rage began to resonate from the man. Planting his feet, he would not be moved, shoulders squaring as if preparing for a fight. Seeing this, Daniel was quick to intervene. “Reyes. Don’t you think she’s been through enough? What will fighting us now accomplish beyond upsetting her further?”

You shrunk away as those red eyes planted on you, taking root inside you as they burrowed into every crevice. You couldn’t look at him, couldn’t see those eyes. Those claws. All that blood. The sight of him made you whimper, unable to see the man that had once been so tender with you.

Seeing this, a black pit grew in his heart. Those burning eyes never left you till he was led out the secret door and out of sight. Face taut and expression strained, you fought back tears, lips pressed tightly together as you trembled in your restraints.

“Can you stand?” Boss asked as he freed you, taking you in his arms to support your weight as your stiff legs gave out. “Steady there. I’ve got you.” His voice was gentle, reassuring as he held you tight. Pressed up against his chest, you could hear his heart beating within, pounding furiously as he whispered calming words in your ear. “I’ve got you now. He won’t hurt you.” Even as you shook, even as you felt yourself grow cold, even as a numbness washed over you, you were vaguely aware of the way his hands shook as they held you.

“Nikki!” Boss called out to one of the many girls that now stood in the doorway to the secret passages, whispering in horror and disgust. “Can you please take her to the infirmary?” Stepping forward, Nikki was quickly at your side, taking you from Boss’s arms with a nod. Briefly, he regarded the state of you with an intimate closeness. The blood and the bruising, the tears and the swelling, the distorted shape that had once been your face. You couldn’t meet his eyes, unable to face what you saw in them. “We’ll get you fixed up.”

‘To sell off again.’ You thought bitterly, eyes darkening as they lingered on the floor. Hearing his footsteps dashing off, fading down the hall, your eyes lingered on a dull shine that mingled from amongst the blood splatter.

“Come on, hun. Let’s get you taken care of.” Shouldering your weight, Nikki began to lead you towards the door, not expecting you to push away.

Stumbling along, you weren’t on your feet for long, dropping to the hard floor as fatigue overtook you. Without protest, Nikki watched as you scooted your way to your trinket, blood smearing over your knees as they scraped against the rough tailing.

With great effort, you managed to sit up. Arms trembling as your back felt like it was on fire. Hands unsteady, you took the bent and trampled remains of your treasure between your finger as it was
lifted out of the blood splatter that painted the floor. Inspecting it with empty eyes, the chain crumbled in your hand, links falling to scatter across the floor, lost in shadows. The tail of the small shark had snapped off, its body bent and warped and its engraving indistinguishable.

Nothing remained of what it once was. Carelessly crushed and broken beyond repair, the irreplaceable treasure had been reduced to cheap trash. Just like you.

“Where is she?” Shoving through the other Ladies, the worry and fear in Liz’s voice was unmistakable. Though it went amiss by you as you continued to stare down at the contents of your hand.

Nikki’s eyes met Liz’s momentarily, giving her a nod before stepping away from you, letting your friend fill the space around you. You paid her no mind, oblivious to her fussing as you lingered in your own world, lost deep inside the hollow chambers within yourself.

“How can you even ask me that??” Grabbing your face, she turned you towards her, attempting to steal your attention, but your eyes would not be moved.

“My necklace.” Your words were barely audible, so meek that even Liz struggled to make them out as she hovered over you.

“We’ve got to get you fixed up. You’re bleeding so much.” You couldn’t say it was all your blood, couldn’t tell the state of your own body. Winding herself around your arm, her attempts to haul you to your feet were fruitless as best. But she would not be dissuaded. “Please. You have to stand up!”

“I want to leave.” Liz enveloped you, smothered you till the very air you breathed felt like poison.

“Come on hun. We can go out tonight. I’ll buy you a new necklace and we can forget all this.” Shoving her arm away, you clenched your treasure in your fist, holding it close to your heart, hiding it away from the world.

“I don’t want a new necklace! I don’t want just a night out! I want out! I want to leave all this! I’m so sick of this. I can’t do this anymore.” Tears streamed down your reddened cheeks to mix with the blood, some yours, some Mr. Jackson’s. Your head hurt and your body felt weak, weaker than ever before. You were stretched so thin, so little of you left from the wholesome person you had once been so, so long ago.

“Hunny, you’re just upset. We’ll get you patched up and then we can go home and you can wash up.” Rubbing your back, Liz hung over you, suffocating you and leaving you feeling confined.

“This isn’t home! This is a prison. I’m not like you, Liz. You were made for this life. I was normal, I had a family and a life and was happy. This isn’t normal Liz! Selling ourselves. Offering pieces of ourselves to men that take them like cheap trinkets. Maybe you’re ok with this emptiness, maybe you weren’t a person to start with. But I was whole once. And now I feel so fucking empty.”

This life wasn’t fair, taking everything from you, forcing you to the lowest state in desperation. People passing you by each day, knowing love, safety, and happiness as you broke little by little, selling false comforts at night and mending yourself in the morning. This wasn’t who you were supposed to be. This wasn’t what had been meant for you. Surely, somewhere out there, you could have been saved, could have been loved and secure and safe. Not here. Threatened and beaten and ravaged, every patron taking away a piece of you that you could never get back, hollowing you out and leaving you a little less human.

“How can you even ask me that??” Visibly hurt, Liz squeezed your shoulders, looking back at the crowd of girls that occupied
the doorway, as if hoping to find the words to heal you in their eyes.

“Don’t touch me!” You were sure you hurt her with the force you used to smack her hands away, but you didn’t care. You were sick of her constant defense of this way of life, her lack of understanding to how you felt, leaving you only more isolated, more empty. “I’m so sick of people touching me!”

From somewhere deep inside you found the strength to stand, the strength to move as you made a dash for the door.

“Wait!” Grabbing your arm, Liz tried to stop you, but you pulled away. “You shouldn’t be alone right now. Let’s talk about this.” You couldn’t hide the malice in your eyes as you stared her down, daring her to try to stop you again.

“Then buy my time. Like everyone else.” Shocked silent, Liz’s mouth hung open, as if waiting for words that wouldn’t come. You could see the deep wound you had inflicted, but you didn’t care. So tired of caring. Of pretending you were fine while you worried about everyone else’s comfort.

When Liz had nothing to offer, you took your leave, running on shaky legs as you pushed past the other Ladies, smearing blood across their sparkling dresses.

“Hun!” Regaining herself, Liz made a move to give chase.

“Let her go.” Grabbing Liz’s shoulder, Nikki stopped her, eyes sympathetic as they reasoned with Liz.

“She’s a mess. We can’t just let her leave like this.” Liz protested.

“Maybe she needs to be alone right now. And besides, if anyone, I doubt it’s you she wants comforting her right now.” Nikki’s voice was level, lacking any trace of cruelty or ill will.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Defensively, Liz straightened, eyes sharp as they studied the other.

“Liz, we all know you are more suited for this life than most. The glamor, the expensive jewelry and cheap visits. It all suits you just fine. And I guess that’s good, for you. But most of us aren’t like that. We’re not here because we want to be. We’re here because we have no other choice. And it takes its toll.” Nikki’s eyes were soft as they reasoned with the other, her manner so empathetic that it planted a sickness in the pit of Liz’s stomach.

“So what? I couldn’t possibly understand how she feels just because I make the most of my situation?”

“We’ve known love, Liz. Real love. You never have. So how can you possibly understand how it feels to be reduced to this knockoff brand love.”

“That’s enough!” Some of the girls jumped at the sound of their boss’ booming voice, louder than they had ever heard it before. “I won’t have fighting amongst my girls.” Stepping into the room, his usual smile was nowhere to be found, expression weary. “You all need to support each other. I’m sure you can agree, this life is lonely enough without isolating yourself further.”

Liz grew visibly distressed at the sight of Daniel. His usual immaculate appearance now disheveled and blood covered. His straight posture was hunched, heavy with responsibility and guilt as he surveyed the women in his care.

“Where is she.” He was quick to the point, as always, getting straight to the matter at hand.
“She left.” Nikki answered when it became clear that Liz wouldn’t.

It was as if one could see the weight grow as Daniel’s form slumped further, eyes pinching shut as he groaned. The burden was shared well with Liz. A small bulb of guilt budded in her chest, growing as thoughts of what she could have done to stop you grew rampant and powerful in her mind.

“Everyone back to your business. Liz, you know her better than anyone. I want to see you in my office.” Turning to leave, neither Boss nor Liz missed the soft murmur that pervaded the Ladies at the two of them as they made their way out.

“Figures.” Nikki muttered as Liz followed behind Boss.

The walk through the corridors was conducted in silence, no words spoken between the two till at last they were behind the closed doors of Daniel’s office.

“What a fuck mess.” Daniel muttered, brooding over the argument that had taken place in that very room just minutes prior.

“Should I go after her?” Liz wished her voice had been more sure, that she could have been more confident in the face of this calamity.

“No.” Though used to the man’s curtness, she still felt a small pinch at just how quickly he snapped back. “Maybe some time alone will do her some good. Let her work out her feelings.”

“Is it true what they said? About Reaper?” Liz couldn’t help her curiosity, fearing the rumors to be true.

“That he almost killed Mr. Jackson? Yes.” Easing back into his plush seat, Daniel rubbed his temple as he poured himself a generous helping of scotch.

“Oh god.” Clapping her hands together, Liz attempted to will them still, so afraid Daniel would notice how they shook. “I knew he was obsessed with her, but I never thought-” Daniel threw back the glass, downing it in one quick gulp before pouring more and offering it to her. But Liz declined, shaking her head as she sought to keep her wits about her.

“You sure?” Raising a brow, Daniel’s eyes darted down, surveying the way she clutched herself, and she knew that he had noticed her trembling. Nodding, Liz refused to linger on the acknowledgment of her weakness.

“What about him?”

“There’s not much I could do.” Daniel admitted, this time sipping on the drink as he leaned back in his chair. “Talon is too big a part of this for me to outright punish him. Besides, he’s done nothing to the business itself. I don’t know. This has only every happened once before. Back when the old man was in charge. Even then, the client deserved what he got. More even.” Eyes lingering on the seat Reaper had occupied, he couldn’t shake the image of those eyes. So strong and self righteous, so assured that what he was doing was right. “He’s been banned. If he really cares about her this much. I think that will be punishment enough. If Mr. Jackson wants further action taken, he can do it himself. But Talon is not a group you want to piss off.”

“I warned her.” Liz muttered, a bitterness to her tone that caught Daniel’s attention. “I told her ‘don’t let them get too attached. It will cause nothing but trouble’.”

Sitting up at his desk, something in the way Daniel leaned forward caught Liz’s eye, keeping her attention as he spoke softly.
“Are you ok?” Eyes holding a genuine concern that crippled her, Daniel studied the way her lip pinched between her teeth, the muscles around her eyes growing tense as she held back her tears.

“They all hate me.” She did her best to remain strong, but her voice betrayed her.

“Oh, Lizzy” Standing, Daniel was quickly at her side, arms wrapping around the woman’s smaller frame as it shook. “They don’t hate you. It’s just hard for them to understand you. You keep these walls up. Not letting anyone in. They just can’t see how much you’re hurting.”

“I can’t help that I was born into this life.” She sobbed, clutching at his shirt as tears ran free. “I didn’t choose to be like this. What am I supposed to do? Wallow in self pity every day and complain about my mother’s addiction and how she forced me into this? What would that accomplish?”

“When someone’s hurting, it can be very hard for them to see other’s pain. And you always make yourself so strong, so brave every day. It’s hard for them to understand where you find that strength. So they look for easy answers. You just need to be honest with them.”

“Why? So everyone can know my shame? So they can weaponize my past and use it against me?” The bitterness in her voice had a bite to it. One that Daniel felt deep in his soul.

“Liz. Not everyone is out to get you. You can put trust in the girls here. Put trust in me.” Petting her hair, Daniel enveloped her, shielding her as she sobbed in his arms.

To this, Liz had no answer, shaking softly in his arms as she relived memories no bottle nor drug could ever erase. When at length, she offered up no reply, Daniel held her tight, leaning over to pull his scheduling book across his desk. Half buried in his shirt, puffy eyes watched as the man jotted something down on the page with today’s date.

“What’s that?” Liz sniffed, sounding more like a child than she ever would have liked.

“You just got a client.”

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Through the shadowy corridors and brightly lit halls you fled, running as if for your life. Bursting through the door to your room, you wasted no time. No bra nor underwear, you only threw on jeans and a t-shirt. Grabbing one of your satin dresses you had laid out for the next day, you sloppily wiped at your face in an attempt to clean it, mostly just smearing your makeup and blood around before throwing on a coat. With a scarf wrapped haphazardly around your face and boots pulled on, you grabbed your phone before rushing out the door, not wanting to give anyone time to stop you.

You didn’t even know where you were going, pulling your coat tight against you as you continued to clutch at the remains of your treasure. People shuffled past you, some sparing you odd glances. But most remained completely oblivious of you and to the turmoil and hurt that welled up inside you. Snow surrounded you like clients, lingering in your company briefly before wafting away in the wind to share their time with all the civilians on the street. You avoided their eyes, their smiles and laughter echoing in the hollow pit in your chest.

Pulling out your phone, you quickly punched at the screen with your thumb. When you could hear the dial, you raised the phone to your ear, walking quicker as you sought to escape the crowd of people whose presence only encouraged your tears to fall. But with a click, the call was answered.

“Hey. I thought you worked tonight.”
“Hanzo?” You couldn’t help the tremble in your voice, tears welling backup as you broke at the sound of the man’s voice.

“What’s wrong? Are you ok?” You could hear the worry in his voice. You could imagine him so perfectly, sitting up straight, giving you his undivided attention.

“Can we go out tonight? I-“ Biting back the sob that grew in your throat, you closed your eyes tight, arms clutching your side as you curled in on yourself. “I really need you tonight. Please.”
A Cold Winters Night

“I’ll be right there.” The sternness of his voice did little to quell your trembling. But it did instill a sense of security in your heart, albeit small. “Where are you?”

“I’m at that diner we got coffee at last week.” You lied. You weren’t there yet, but you knew you would be by the time he arrived.

“Are you safe?” You could hear the slamming of a door and sound of chatter in the background.

“I think so.” You muttered, looking around to see if you were being followed. Liz hadn’t come after you, much to your surprise. And you didn’t think Boss would send anyone after you. You hadn’t done anything wrong after all. At least, you didn’t think you did.

Paranoia gripped you as the thought of armed men marching down the street to grab you became all too vivid. Eyes darting around, you studied the faces of passers by, studying them to see if you were being followed.

“I’m borrowing this.” You heard him talking to someone you couldn’t make out before the roar of a motorcycle started up. “Stay put. I’ll be there as quick as I can.” He reassured. “I have to hang up now, but call me if there’s any trouble.”

You didn’t want to hang up. You wanted him to keep talking, finding a strength in his voice that eluded you otherwise. But you obliged, stuffing your phone back in your pocket as you lowered your face from the many wondering eyes. It didn’t take you long to get to the coffee shop, nesting in to one of the benches outside as you waited. You could feel the looks passersby gave you, sizing you up in curiosity as they passed, but you did not meet their gaze. Did not give them the satisfaction of seeing what had become of you.

The minutes passed by as the cold seeped into your bones, eating at your flesh as it numbed you. A small reprieve from the ache of your back and the throbbing in your bones. After twenty minutes that seemed content to stretch out their life, you hear the approaching sound of a motorcycle. Its engine stressed with an urgency that grabbed your attention. Your neck stung as you lifted your head, eyes finding the red beast just before it pulled into a parking spot up the street.

Hesitant, you waited, unsure if it was your companion or not, nor even how to greet him if it was. But as he came running down the street, there was no room for doubt. The worry that carved the lines of his face were what you noticed first, hollowing out his eyes and deep setting his cheeks as his eyes locked onto you. You had never seen him this distressed. The alarm on his face seeding a deep guilt in you.

“Are you alright? What happened?” Reaching you, he knelt down to your eye level as you lowered your head, hiding from those intense eyes. You couldn’t face him, couldn’t bare the thought of him seeing you like this. “Why won’t you look at me?” Hands gripping your shoulders, he was close enough for you to feel the warmth of his breath.

His worry only grew as he felt you tremble beneath his touch. Quivering where you sat, a small sob broke loose, gripping Hanzo’s heart and stilling his thoughts.

“I’m sorry.” Your voice was shaky as you offered up your fisted hand, fearing his response, but unable to stop yourself from showing him. Your fingers were stiff from clutching at the trinket so tightly for so long, causing your hand to ache as it unfolded, revealing to the other what had become
of his gift. “He broke it.” Tears welled up in your eyes, waiting for your friend to grow angry, resentful that you had been so foolish with his present. And he had every right to be. You knew how Mr. Jackson was. You had served him weekly now. You should have known better than to bring such an important treasure to his session.

“That doesn’t matter. I’ll get you a new one. Are YOU ok?” Closing his hand over yours, he moved it away. Once more trying to get a look at your face, hoping to get a read on you.

“Huh?” Raising your head to meet his gaze, you were confused by the concern in his words, expecting anger or disappointment.

But he had genuinely shown no interest in the trinket. His eyes widened as they finally studied the state of your visage. Even with your hood pulled down and your scarf wrapped tight around you, he could make out the discoloration and swelling. It was clear you had been beaten, and the sight put a hole in his gut as his heart ceased to beat.

“What happened to you? Who did this?” His tone was even and serious, eyes stern as they studied you. An immeasurable shame washed over you, disgusted with yourself in this lowly state. You couldn’t stop the tears that streamed down your cheeks, couldn’t help the way you clutched at his hand as if it was a lifeline.

“He wouldn’t stop. I told him to stop. He’s crazy.” You croaked, breaking down as the rest of the world, the people that passed you, the Upper Floor, all melted away. “He just wouldn’t stop.”

“Shhh, I’m here.” He said, pulling you to him. You were like a ship in a harbor, sheltered from the storm as his deep voice echoed through you. “I won’t let him hurt you. I won’t let anyone hurt you.”

His grip was tight. Maybe too tight. Teeth clenched as he bit back his rage. So many questions he wanted to ask, so much he needed to know. Who had done this to you? Was this the Floor’s doing? Did they allow this kind of treatment of their girls? He wanted answers. Wanted justice. He wanted to take whoever thought they could treat you like this under the knife, and show them the real meaning of pain. But now wasn’t the time for that. Getting angry would only upset you further. You needed him now.

“Come with me. We’ll get you cleaned up.” Pulling you to your feet, Hanzo led you along, eyes scanning the crowd as his arm kept you pinned to his side, head pillowed by his pec.

Mounting the motorcycle, he motioned for you to follow. You obliged, straddling the seat behind him as the engine roared to life, machine vibrating beneath you.

“Hold on tight.” Grabbing your hands, he wrapped your arms around him. Making sure you were secure before pulling out.

You hugged him tight, burying your face into his jacket as the wind whipped around you. Hanzo skillfully weaved in and out of traffic. The lights of the city flying by in the dark of night. Before you knew it, you were stopped at a convenience store. Hanzo said he needed to pick up some things. So while he went through the aisles, you followed behind like his shadow. Another short ride after that, found you in a small park in one of the quieter parts of the city.

Tucked away in a secluded part of the park, the two of you hid from prying eyes as only the soft light of a walkway lamp illuminated you. Sitting on a park bench, Hanzo faced you, bag opened up in his lap as he took out some wipes.

“May I?” Gesturing towards your scarf, you were hesitant, but nodded permission anyway.
Lifting your hood back, Hanzo unraveled your scarf from around your face, revealing the extent of the damages done to your usually exquisite visage. You could see the shock in his eyes, making you lower your head as you reflected on what an ugly sight you must be. But with a gentle hand, Hanzo lifted your chin, taking a cloth to wordlessly wipe at the makeup and blood that smeared your face. It stung a little, but the man was exceedingly soft in his touch, leaving you feeling more comforted than anything as he focused on his work meticulously.

Your right eye was bloodshot, the socket horribly red and swollen. Your cheek fairing much of the same, though it had already begun to purple. After cleaning up all the makeup and crusted blood, Hanzo taped it up with some butterfly bandages, apologizing when you winced at the pain. Somewhere along the way, tears began to stream down your cheeks. And he let them, saying nothing as you cried silently under his care.

Your lip was split and swollen, a multitude of colors, even once your purple lipstick was cleaned away. You could taste the blood as Hanzo wiped away the makeup, the wound breaking open again as the dark liquid dribbled down your chin. Hanzo could feel his heart throb as he surveyed the full extent of your wounds.

Was this what happened to you on the days you refused to see him? Was this how others thought they could treat you? How many men on the Upper Floor had done this to you? How many had Hanzo passed in his time on the Upper Floor? How many had just walked freely by him as he remained oblivious to their crime? If he had just known, if he had just been a bit more aware, he could have prevented this. Could have protected you.

As he finished up, a shiver ran through you, traveling the course of your body as you rubbed your palms together. Your hands were freezing, gloves left behind in your hurry. Taking both of your hands in his massive palms, Hanzo rubbed them, warming them with the friction and the occasional breath of hot air. His actions were so tender, so caring as he tended to you, massaging the rope burns on your wrists, laying the occasional kiss on the red flesh, as you had done so many times for him.

“Can I stay with you tonight?” Hanzo’s hands paused, holding yours as he looked up at you from under his brow, eyes studying you to make sure he had heard you right. Flustered, you realized how that may have come across, backtracking as your cheeks flushed. “I-I don’t want to go back there. It would just be tonight. I can sleep on the floor if-“

“I don’t think that would be wise.” Hanzo interjected, eyes looking off in the distance as he turned his head away, resolve weak against your disappointed expression. “It could be misperceived. And after today... I don’t want to get you into any trouble.” Truth be told, he wanted nothing more than to take you home where he could protect you, keep you safe and comfort you till all your tears dried up. But he couldn’t, and he wasn’t about to risk your safety for his own selfishness.

“Oh. I guess you’re right.” You mumbled, disappointment obvious as your eyes lingered on the hands that held yours. “I’m sorry.” You murmured, not really sure what else to say, as tears threatened to spill again at his rejection.

“We can get you a hotel room if you want. I just don’t want there to be any confusions that might cause you trouble.” Hanzo was caught off guard as your head dipped down, forehead resting against his hands as you surrendered to your weariness.

“I just want you with me tonight. I don’t want to be alone.” He was struck by your words, and just how easily you voiced them. With your eyes lowered, you missed the blush that dusted his cheeks as he studied the way you slumped over his lap. It was harder now more than ever, in the face of your honesty, to refuse you.
“I’ll stay with you.” Pulling you close, you were nestled between his legs, head resting against his chest as consciousness escaped you. “Always.” As you slipped away, he could feel you sink into him, body growing limp as he supported your weight.

He was struck by how you leaned against him, how perfect you felt in his arms, despite having held you like this many, many times before. Tucked away in his arms like a lover, surely anyone passing by would think of you as a couple.

A sense of guilt overcame him at the thought, recognizing his own self-indulgence. Straightening up, Hanzo tried to ease you off of him, putting distance between the two of you as you slumped against the bench.

“Sorry.” He muttered, more to himself than you, trying to find the words to explain himself. As you slid against the bench till you were slumped against him, he was pulled from his thoughts. You were out of it, more so than Hanzo thought you would be. Pulling you up in his arms, he tried to gain your attention. “Hey. If you’re tired we can get you a hotel room. But a park is not the ideal place to be taking a rest.” Limp in his arms, you laid cradled against his chest as your face pressed into him. Like he always wished he could hold you when in public. So soft and warm and- wet?

Puzzled, Hanzo pulled his hand away, observing the vividly deep crimson that painted his palm, seeping into the creases and scars as he had seen so many times before. A panic set in, consuming him wholly and leaving him breathless. With quick hands he had your jacket off, bending you over his thigh in his haste to confirm his fears. To his horror, your back was soaked, shirt drenched in warm blood.

There was so much that it dripped down your sides, staining his pants in its horrid color. Disregarding the cold, he yanked your shirt up, wincing as it took pieces of clotted blood and flesh with it. The sight left him sick to his stomach. He had seen so many mutilated bodies in his time, taken so many lives, spilled so much blood. But nothing hit him like the sight of your back ripped open, discolored and grotesque.

Without a second thought, he scooped you up in his arms, barely thinking to snatch up your jacket before making quick strides towards the motorcycle. He had to get you help, had to stop the bleeding. This was bad, so much worse than even his worst fears. He couldn’t let this happen. But if he took you to the hospital, there would be questions. They would hold you up, the police would be involved. It would only cause you more trouble and stress. And you already had too much on your shoulders.

Gritting his teeth, he saw no way around it. Yanking out his phone, he was less than pleased as he hit the call button. It wasn’t long before the call was answered.

“Yo. What’s up? McCree said you snatched up his bike and disappeared. Late for a hot date?” His brother’s teasing was more than he needed in this moment, causing a growl to grow in his throat as he snarled.

“I have no time for your foolishness!” The cyborg was more than accustomed to his brother’s stern lectures, but something in his tone, the rush to his words, told him this was serious.

“What did you do?” Genji’s voice was flat, a stark contrast to his usual playful manner.

“Get Dr. Zeigler. I need her.” Hanzo instructed as he reached the borrowed motorcycle.

“Are you hurt? What happened?” Genji interrupted, trying to get any bit of information form his brother he could.
“Just do as I say. I’ll explain later.” Again, Hanzo wouldn’t give an inch. With great difficulty, he managed to prop you on the motorcycle, zipping you up in his jacket so you were secured to his chest.

“Stop being so stubborn. If you’re asking for my help, the least you could do is tell me what I’m walking into.” Genji argued. Hanzo could hear a female voice in the background, though he couldn’t discern who it was. Not that it mattered to him at the moment.

“Genji! For once, just do as I say.” Hanzo shouted, sounding so much like he had all those years ago in their youth. But before Genji could comment on this, his brother offered an utterance Genji had never heard before. “Please.” His voice was softer this time, though still loud, imploring in a way his brother had never heard.

There was something humbling about the one word, humanizing the man to an extent he had never allowed himself. Genji, for once, was struck silent, taken aback at what he had heard. After several moments of silence that left Hanzo inpatient, Genji offered an answer.

“What do you need?”

The long drag he took on the cigarette wasn’t enough to calm his nerves, but there was a comfort in it. Like an old, familiar friend. The winter’s air was crisp, with a bite to it that stung his exposed flesh. Despite this, he remained outside the motel door, vigilant and guarded as his mind buzzed.

You were resting inside. Safe and warm, at least for the moment. This was all he could give you for now, a long night’s sleep behind a guarded door. It wasn’t enough. It would never be enough to make up for what you had gone through tonight.

But then from the sound of it, this wasn’t too far from the norm for you. The thought twisted in his gut, causing him to take another drag. He fought the urge to vomit as his mind lingered on the image of your tattered back. Everything was wet and damp with blood, a sickeningly familiar smell.

He had cared for you as best he could. Bandaging up what he could and cleaning the wounds. Even still, he knew you needed immediate medical attention. The bleeding had stemmed into a trickle here and there. But after being exposed for so long, it was sure to get infected if not properly treated.

He had rushed you to this motel, thinking it best as it was half way between Overwatch and the city, making Dr. Ziegler’s trip there shorter. A nervousness fluttered about inside him, anxiously waiting for the doctor’s arrival as every passing car raised a sense of urgency in him.

It wasn’t like he had been there long, but his worries grew exponentially in the dark of night, so many thoughts and fears running rampant in his mind. Like a raging river, the images of you on the floor, tortured and beaten, drowned him, pulling him under and suffocating him as he experienced a helplessness he had never known.

“Hanzo!” A sweet voice pulled him from his thoughts as a car pulled into a parking space. Stepping out of the taxi, still in her white lab coat with large case in tow, Angela had never looked more like an angel to him than in that moment. Waving frantically, a look of relief washed over her at seeing the man unharmed. While Genji paid the fair, Angela wasted no time ascending the stairs, offering up a huff as she dropped the heavy bag beside the archer.

“Here I thought you were on death’s door by the way Genji put it. And then I come to find you, not
a single scratch.” Looking him up and down, there was a slight annoyance in the way her brows furrowed, but she hid it well. “So why did you call me here so late at night if you’re in perfect health?” Hanzo opened his mouth to speak. “And stop that. Smoking’s bad for your health.” Snatching the cigarette out of his mouth, she tossed it over the railing and out of sight. Hanzo paused, only for a moment to regard her with a raised brow and stern eyes, as if to remind her that he was an adult capable of making his own decisions. But since she was doing him an immeasurable favor, he didn’t press it.

“My friend. She needs a doctor.” Again, as he remembered the state of you, he visibly tensed. “She can’t go to a hospital. But if she doesn’t get help…” He let the sentence trail off, unable to vocalize his fears.

“You’re shaking.” Taking his hands, the doctor seemed deeply concerned, eyes inquisitive as they studied him. The blood on his sleeves and jacket did not go amiss by her, nor the pallor of his face as she regarded them. “Hanzo?” The question didn’t need utterance. It was as obvious as the answer as his eyes avoided hers. “Where is she?” Deciding not to press him, Angela thought it best to attend to the matter at hand.

“She’s in there.” Nodding towards the door, Hanzo couldn’t say he was surprised as the doctor wasted no time getting to her patient. “Angela.” He called after her before she could slip in, only to lower his voice as her attention turned to him. “Please. Don’t pry. She’s been through enough tonight.” A nod was all she offered before disappearing into the room.

A part of Hanzo wanted to follow after her, to oversee your care and ensure that everything was done to heal you. But he knew he couldn’t. Being in a cheap motel room late at night with you was not something the Upper Floor would forgive, if word ever got back to them. And besides, he would be of no help to Dr. Zeigler. He’d only get in her way.

Turning back to the rail, he tried to distract himself with another cigarette, though his mind seemed to always find its way back to you and those horrible wounds. Without a sound, Genji was mere inches from his brother, leaning against the rail as he watched the other light up his cigarette.

“I thought you quit?” As his brother eyed the pack, Hanzo was grateful there was no judgment.

“Tonight’s different.” Offering the pack to the other, he was a bit surprised when he refused.

“Angela would kill me if I started that up again.” Stuffing the cigarettes back in his pocket, Hanzo leaned against the railing as he watched the snow fall, his mind was miles away.

“How did it happen?” Genji asked, sensing the way his brother’s thoughts lingered on the room behind them.

“I don’t know.” The archer’s heart clenched at the thought, all the worst possibilities running through his head. Torture techniques the clan had used to obtain information, slow painful agony that left the strongest men begging for death. “She didn’t say.”

“Makes sense.” Nodding, his brother understood exactly where he was coming from. Despite all the years, all the pain and the distance, there was still no one in the world that could read him like his brother. “It’s best not to ask. She doesn’t need to relive it. And there’s nothing you could do about it anyway.”

“So I’m just supposed to leave it? Let that fucker get away with this? What if he does it again?” Hanzo’s fist shook with how tightly he clenched them, eyes murderous as they stared out into the stillness of the night.
“It’s her job.” Genji reminded him with an even tone, putting a hand on his brother’s shoulder. “I know it’s hard, but you need to pick your battles. You can’t beat the Floor. They are more powerful than any nation. It will only get the both of you in trouble. If you want to protect her, you need to keep yourself safe.” Logically, the archer knew the words to be true, but he didn’t want to hear them. All he wanted was justice for what was done.

“Is this normal?” Again lifting the cigarette to his mouth, he held the smoke in longer, let it burn his lungs and warm him from the inside. “Is this how others think they can treat her?”

“On the Floor?” Studying the archer, Genji wasn’t sure he was ready for the truth. “Do you really want to know?” That was answer enough. A dark cloud seemed to grow over Hanzo, eyes lost in another world as images of horror and pain played through his head. Genji knew he couldn’t let him linger there. “Do you have a room for the night?” Pulled from his thoughts, Hanzo offered up a confused look. “I assume you’re not standing out here all night.”

“I-I hadn’t really thought that far ahead.” The archer admitted, suddenly realizing the obvious.

“And you used to lecture me about being rash.” Despite his scowl, a slight pink dusted the archer’s cheeks.

With a hand on his back, Genji led his brother towards the front desk, ignoring his protest. “Come on. We’ll get the room next to theirs while Angela looks after her. We won’t do any good just standing out there freezing our asses off.” Too weary to fight, Hanzo let his brother lead him to the front office, knowing Genji wouldn’t take no for an answer.

As luck would have it, the adjoining room was available. Which the cyborg willingly paid for before being handed key. Personable as always, Genji’s charm disarmed the young woman who sat behind the desk so that she forgot to ask about the woman Hanzo had carried in. The archer, so unlike his brother, stood off at a distance, unapproachable as he brooded. The cyborg didn’t pay the other’s mood much mind, all too familiar with how his brother reacted under stress.

“There we go.” Handing the other his key, Genji offered up a smile, softer and more sympathetic than usual. “Relax, brother. She couldn’t be in better hands.” This seemed to give Hanzo little comfort, chest still tight and mind heavy with worry.

Returning to the rooms, the men were surprised to see the Swiss doctor waiting outside for them. A worry grew in both the men, though only one let on. They hadn’t been gone that long, and your wounds had been very severe. Hanzo felt a vice tighten around his heart. He knew there was no way the doctor, despite her skill, could have patched you up in the short amount of time.

Noticing the men approaching, Angela turned to regard them with professional composure. Before the archer could even begin asking the dozen of questions that swirled in his mind, she addressed them.

“She’s lost a lot of blood. I’d like to take her back to base to better treat her. But I’m guessing that’s not an option.” The look of pain on Hanzo’s face is answer enough. Sighing, Angela bit back her frustration in the face of her limited resources.

“Will she be ok?” There was hesitance in the man’s voice that Genji hadn’t heard since they were boys. Looking at his brother now, he could find nothing of the strong, hard headed yakuza heir. Shoulders slumped, head lowered and eyes pensive, there was a human quality to him that Hanzo had lost somewhere along the way, long ago. And where Genji felt a sense of relief at seeing his brother regaining himself, it pained him to know it came at such a price.
“She’ll be mostly healed by the morning, once I’m done. My main worry is if she’s returning to this abuse.” Crossing her arms, Angela looked the archer up and down. She found it hard to believe that he had done this to the poor girl, but then, she didn’t know him well enough to be sure. He had murdered his own brother with those hands years ago. A fact she was all too intimate with. “Whoever’s been treating her knows what their doing. But there is a lot of cell damage.”

“What does that mean?” Genji asked, seeing the subtle distress in the lines of his brother’s face in the way his brows pulled together.

“This isn’t the first time. Her body’s seen a lot of damage. I’ve seen agents who have had less wound history than her.” The doctor spared Genji a sympathetic glance, impressing on him the severity of your situation. “Modern medicine can do wonders. But the body can only heal this rapidly so many times before the cells start to deteriorate. If I could get her back to the base, I could do a couple months of cell therapy that would do her more good than I can express.” Angela was hopeful as she studied the other brother, trying to read the situation as best she could from his subtle reactions.

Hanzo’s hesitance was apparent, lips twitching as if on the verge of forming words, only to take it back at the last second. His fingers fiddled aimlessly with whatever was within reach, mind racing as he deliberated what to do. If Dr. Zeigler was suggesting this, there was no doubt you needed it. And then he could better watch over you and you clearly didn’t want to go back to the Floor. At the base, you could be safe. With so many agents, surely all the resources of Overwatch could protect you.

Running it through his head over and over, his hopeful mind could almost convince himself it would work. That he could save you from this life.

“That’s not really an option right now.” Genji was quick to interject, seeing the wheels turning in his brother’s head. “She would be missed.”

Angela noted the way the archer’s fists clenched at the statement, the way his eyes narrowed and darkened. A frighteningly dark energy seemed to emanate from him. Jaw tight, breaths intentionally deep, he turned away, gripping the railing as he fell into silence.

“Could you stay with her tonight, Angela?” Genji asked, eyes lingering on his brother. “We’ll be in the room next door.” Blue eyes studied the brothers. She was used to the strained dynamic between the men, but the introduction of this woman left her with a multitude of questions. And she knew she wasn’t about to get answers any time soon.

As much as she liked the comfort of her own bed, Angela had been determined to stay with you through the night regardless of if she was asked to or not. She had confidence you would heal well in that time, but with so little information about your situation, medical history, or even who had done this to you, there was no way she was leaving your side.

Nodding, her edge wasn’t softened by the grateful smile the Genji spared her. With nothing left to say, the Swiss doctor returned to the room you occupied, leaving the men to retreat from the cold into the warmth of their own room.

A funky odor pervaded the room, the dim lights barely illuminating the space. The room was crowded by the two beds that occupied most of it, forcing the men to skirt around it as Genji shed his jacket to toss on the furthest mattress. With a weary sigh, the cyborg eased onto the bed, gaze lingering on his brother from the corner of his eye as the archer made no move to relax.

“You should rest, brother. I’m sure you need it.” His brother’s words seemed to evade him as Hanzo stood in the center of the room like a lost child. He gave no response, eyes locked on the floor as his mind lingered in the room next door. “Hanzo.” Suddenly realizing he was being addressed, the
archer’s eyes snapped to his brother, confused and inquisitive.

“Hm?”

“Rest, brother.” Genji repeated, more insistent this time.

“Now is not the time for rest.” Hanzo snapped, shooting his brother a glare that the cyborg ignored. Genji was more than acquainted with the archer’s defensive anger and cold walls.

“There’s nothing you can do for her now. And being sleep deprived will help no one.” Hanzo ponders on this for a moment, still staring down his brother disdainfully. Genji didn’t pay him much mind, knowing he needed to let his brother process his own feeling.

Anger, guilt, fear, confusion. All consumed the archer as he struggled to make sense of the day’s sudden turn. As the weight of his situation suddenly fell upon him, he collapsed heavy on the bed, sitting with his hands in his lap as he stared off into the void.

“When you were with her… Did you ever…” Hanzo started, unable to bring utterance to his fears. The cyborg didn’t need the other to finish, knowing where his mind was already.

“No. No. Of course not.” He assured his brother, though it brought him little comfort. “I dabble in many things, but I can’t say I find much desire in beating someone till they’re unconscious.”

There was a hollow look to Hanzo’s eyes as he regarded his brother, a look the cyborg had only seen once before. The day Yuki had left to marry another, Hanzo had struggled with himself, much like he did now. He had been so much more secure in himself then, so strong and steady. Despite that, he had fallen to pieces that night, seeking comfort in his brother’s arms as they had only done as children. But Genji had been too young and too filled with guilt at his betrayal to reassure his brother the way he needed. But now was different.

With light steps, Genji slid to the other’s bed, taking his place at his brother’s side as he wrapped his arm around him. Hanzo did not push him away, did not refuse his sympathy, but he did not lean into him either. Just as he had done all those years ago, the archer internalized it all, doubtlessly putting the burden solely on himself.

“Hanzo, don’t do this to yourself.” Squeezing his shoulder, Genji attempted to pull his brother from his thoughts, knowing them to be a bottomless pit the man fell into too easily.

“I should have known. I could have stopped this.” He snorted derisively, fist tight in his lap as he kept his focus on the tacky carpeting.

“There’s nothing you could have done.” He assured, “And you worrying would only have spoiled your time together. She needs you as an escape.”

“One day outside does nothing for a life of misery.” He spat, body tense to the point of quivering in the other’s grasp. “I’ve failed her. Even now, I can’t be with her. I can’t be in there protecting her.” Draping his arm around Hanzo’s shoulder, his brother pulled him close, letting him lean into him. And Hanzo welcomed it. The metal was cold, leaving the elder pining so desperately for the warmth of his brother’s company he had taken for granted in their youth. But with his ear pressed against the other’s chest, he could still hear the beating of his heart, the pulsing of blood, the rhythm of a living soul. “I love her.” Hanzo finally broke, clutching at his brother as he surrendered to the other’s reassuring hands. Rubbing the elder’s large back, Genji pulled his brother close, feeling a bond bud between them that he had thought was lost to time.

“I know you do.”
You left the next morning without saying a word, slipping out of the motel just before dawn, too ashamed to face any of your rescuers. Especially Hanzo. There was nothing you could think to say anyway, beyond apologizing for being a complete inconvenience. This was your problem. You should have been able to handle it yourself. Or at least that’s what you told yourself.

You didn’t know what they thought of you now. This had probably reminded them just how cheap you were. That at the end of the day you were just a walking, talking toy and would be nothing but trouble. And Hanzo, he had been so sweet, so attentive. You had thrown your problems on his shoulders, and burdened him with all the dark dealings of your life. If he had ever seen you as a normal woman before, that was long gone now. A side you never wanted him to see. He was probably disgusted by you now. And you couldn’t say you blamed him. You were nothing but a used up cunt these days. Nothing left to offer.

With a weight like steel balls in your stomach, you stepped through the back doors of the Pompeii Palace, head low as you avoided making eye contact with anyone you passed. You wanted nothing more than to shrink away. To just disappear into the air and never be seen again.

You were grateful that there were few coming and going through the worker’s passage today. And even more grateful that no one took the elevator with you. Your chest suffocated your heart as you dreaded the inescapable looks of the Ladies of the Floor. The judgement, the pity, the accusing looks that confirmed they knew your shame. You had one job, and you couldn’t even do that right.

You were a joke. You wouldn’t be surprised if the others just laughed at you.

The Ladies you passed paused in their step to regard you, but you refused to meet their gaze, staring fixedly at the floor as you shuffled past. The walk to your room felt like years, leaving you old and weary when at last you reached your door. With a scan of your thumb and a click of the lock, you were in, disappearing into the facade of security that was your room.

The click of the lock behind you offered a temporary reprieve from the eyes of your peers, though it did nothing for the feeling of captivity that had rekindled upon your return to the Floor. But at the sound of your name, you had little time to dwell on it.

From around the corner, Liz came sprinting, eyes wide and expression pensive. At the sight of you, a great relief washed over her, body slumping as she stumbled for something to say.

“You’re home.” Was what she finally settled on, rushing you into her arms, her embrace painful. Despite your healing, you were incredibly sore, and Liz’s bone crushing grip did little to help. Too weary to protest, you let her have her moment, unsure how to respond after the terrible things you had said yesterday.

“Liz… I―” You started, words failing you as you tried to sort through your mix of emotions. But your friend wasn’t having it, shaking her head against your neck as she gave you one last squeeze.

“Oh, let’s just leave this whole ugly business behind us.” Pulling away to provide you with a smile so big there was a slight disingenuousness to it. “After work we can go out and buy some new dresses and go to the club just like you like.” Leading you back to your room, she was quick to help you undress, visibly paling at the sight of your blood stained jacket. “We’ll have to get you a new coat.” Her voice was shaky, but she did her best to hide it as she pulled out dresses for you to pick from. “Green or blue?” You opened your mouth, but no words came out, not even sure what to say
as she glossed over everything, like it never happened at all. “Let’s go with blue. You always look so good in blue.” Laying the dress on your bed, she was quick to usher you towards the shower. “Go clean up. You are booked for the day. I’ll help you do your hair and makeup once you’re ready.”

“Liz, at least tell me what happened to Gabe.” You stopped her before she could shut the door on you, refusing to budge till your question was answered. Liz hesitated, eyes avoiding yours as her cheeks reddened. She looked like she wanted to run away. “What did they do to him?” You struggled to breathe as your chest tightened, her inability to answer you only deepening your fear.

Finally, after an uncomfortable silence, Liz managed to squeak out an answer.

“He won’t be a problem anymore.” She muttered, lower lip pouting out as she turned her head away. You felt sick to your stomach at her words. So many ways to interpret them, each worse than the last as you recalled the image of the man being led away in handcuffs.

“What does that mean?” You asked, voice more insistent this time.

“He won’t be coming back.” The slight attitude to her tone did not go amiss as she crossed her arms. “He’s just a client. I don’t see why it matters so much.”

“Liz! Stop being cryptic. What did Boss do to him?” You were shouting now, and you didn’t care who heard. Fed up with the coy games, a part of you scared Liz in that moment. Something you would have greatly regretted if you were in your right mind.

“He got banned, ok? What was Danny supposed to? He almost killed a client.” Liz shouted back defensively, disguising her hurt with anger. “Hon, you’re better off with him gone. He was getting way too attached. He’s dangerous.” Though her tone had softened to a warning, you were having none of it. As she reached her arms out to you, you shoved her away.

“Just leave me alone.” Shutting the door on your friend, you squelched any retort she might have had.

Though you managed to suppress the sobs that bubbled in your throat, you couldn’t hold back the tears. With shaky legs, you stumbled to the sink, leaning on it for support as your mind rehashed all that had happened in the last twenty four hours.

Gabe was gone. Mr. Jackson very nearly dead. Two of your more frequent clients. Gone. More than that. Gabe was one of the few kind clients you had left. He had his rough moments, but he was sweet and needy and caring. His visits were more than just a fuck. He needed you emotionally, needed someone to be soft with him. With him you could be more than just a loose cunt. You could be a woman. Gentle and affectionate and healing.

But now he was gone. You’d never see him again. Bent over the sink, your tears fell freely to dot the porcelain. Your body ached as you trembled, hands clenching the lip with a vice like grip. You knew all too well how alone he must feel. How hopeless and beat down. Who would comfort him now? Who would soothe his pains? Who would make sure he felt loved and appreciated?

“Where is she?” You could hear Boss’s voice from the distance of your living room, and you didn’t know whether to be enraged or break down.

A few seconds passed and there was a knock at your door, soft and unintrusive. You waited for a moment or two, still unsure of your feelings. You didn’t want to answer questions. Didn’t want to have to explain yourself. But in all fairness, you probably owed Boss that much after storming out the day before.
Timid as you were, you opened the door. Paying no mind to your tears or your naked state as your eyes flicked up to your Boss then back to the ground. At the sight of you, there was a slight falter seen only in the lines of his eyes and the small bow of his brow.

“You’re safe.” His eyes softened as he surveyed you, finding no signs of the trauma you had suffered the day before. “Do you need to visit the infirmary? I can cancel some of your clients if you need to rest.”

You were hesitant to answer, not sure how to feel about his concern. Boss had always done right by you, but at the end of the day, he was still your pimp.

“Please.” You answered meekly, unable to summon your earlier anger when faced with his relief at your safety. Nodding, a softness pulled at the edges of his lips.

“Get dressed then. I’ll escort you myself.” Unable to find the word the voice the questions that filled you, you simply nodded before shuffling away to throw on your jammy-jams. As you pulled on your shirt, you could hear Liz and Boss talking outside, their voices a strained whisper. But you were too weary and your mind too burdened to listen in.

As you stepped out, arms crossed in a guarded stance, you were greeted by Boss, with Liz nowhere in sight. Boss gave you a once over, but said nothing about your attire, simply sparing you a comforting look.

“All ready?” A nod was the only answer you offered, unable to find your voice. And besides that, you had nothing to say. But as the two of you reached the door, your boss paused, a look of hesitation lingering on his face. “My dear, if I may ask. Where were you throughout the night? We were worried about you.”

“I saw a doctor and got a hotel.” You stumbled over your words, face flushed as you thought over your night. The beautiful woman that had treated you, the numbing cold of the night, the soft warmth of Hanzo’s touch. “I- I needed a break.” You weren’t lying. From what little you could remember of the blonde you shared a room with last night, she had been some kind of medical professional. And she had assured you that Hanzo and his brother were in the room next door. So technically you hadn’t done anything wrong. Despite how many times you told yourself that, you couldn’t explain the guilt that lingered in the back of your mind.

“Do you still want to see Dr. Moorman? Have her give you a once over?” Boss inquired, paying no mind to your suddenly flustered expression. You nodded, startled when his arm wrapped around your shoulder. “Alright. We’ll make sure you’re taken care of.”

The two of you started down the hall, taking the much familiar walk to the infirmary. You were grateful that the Floor was open, meaning most of the girls were either working, or out for the night. Leaving the halls devoid of curious eyes. As the two of you walked in silence, you found a guilty curiosity creeping into your thoughts.

“Boss…” Your voice was soft as a lamb, but he heard it all the same.

“Yes?” He inquired, head tilting to acknowledge you.

“Did you have to ban him?” There was a pause in his step, as if halted by a thought before, to your surprise, he hugs you. It was brief, leaving you confused as he pulled away to offer you sympathetic eyes.

“It’s for the best.” He assured, hands clamped on your shoulders as he leaned over to your level.
“He’s a dangerous man. It was only a matter of time before he took things too far.” You offered up a nod, though you didn’t believe him. But you didn’t know how else to respond. With a reassuring pat, he resumed walking down the corridor, leaving you to follow behind. Yet despite his reassurances, you couldn’t help thinking that this was the exact opposite of what Gabe needed.

You hummed lazily, arms folded under your head as you relaxed into the bed. The room was so quiet, you could hear the faint chatter of the main floor, mere feet from where you lay on the bed. The painkillers gave you a nice buzz, alleviating you of your pain and putting you in a docile state for your only client of the day.

Face down in the sheets, ass presented, you enjoyed the casual way the glass dildo was pumped in and out of your ass. It was large, beehive shaped with ridges, pressing against your walls as it teased you. The sense of fullness was only enhanced by the impressively large cock that eased in and out of you.

It had been a while since Akande had called upon your services. When you had seen his massive form wandering the main floor, you had excitedly rushed to his side, wrapping your arms around his colossal forearm. Not that you had to worry about competition. Akande was impossibly large compared to any of the other men of the Upper Floor, and his thick build and casually stern face could easily scare any. But you knew him better than that.

Doomfist. The Successor. A man that destroyed cities and lead armies, was one of the most relaxed men you had ever had the pleasure to serve. You had no doubt that when it came down to business, he was completely serious. Deadly so. But when it came to pleasure, the man was laid back and good humored.

You shared a long and pleasant history with the man. He had been one of your first big clients when you were on the streets. And even after you had joined the Pompeii Palace, he had continued to come to see you. And now, on the Upper Floor, you were able to serve him in the high class setting you had always thought the man deserved.

You knew that if you asked some, they would tell you that Doomfist was the closest thing to a real life villain the world had. But you knew the man, not the legend. And Akande had been nothing but charming and agreeable with you. In a time in your life where beatings and cheap services were the regular for you, he had been good to you. Paying more than you ever would have asked for and taking you to classy establishments, dressing you up.

That’s how the game was to Akande. He wanted to see what he could make you into. Wanted to mold you into his perfect woman for the time he was with you. No woman ever measured up to his ideal standards. But you didn’t mind. He could make you into anything he wanted for the amount he would pay. Though admittedly, it was easier now that you came well presented with fancy dresses.

You needed him now. Things had been getting harder. Your more difficult clients becoming your regulars. You were working less days. Needing longer to recover from your sessions. In truth, you could barely feel the toy that Akande pumped in and out of your ass, your limits pushed so far, you doubted you would ever be normal again.

But Akande was gentle, familiar. Someone you could trust and be at ease with. Never fearing punishment or pain.

Providing a sharp thrust that brought you both a spike of pleasure, you moaned as a massive hand
traveled over your ass in admiration. Changing the way his hips rolled into yours, the man enjoyed the change of angle, trading out the glass toy for a new one.

“I’m glad to see you are well cared for. When I first met you, you were much too thin. But now,” Grabbing your ass for emphasis, he bucked into you, savoring the way you mewed for his length, “You have the body of a woman.”

“Yeah, well, I was only a teenager then.” You reminded him, wiggling your hips against him as he bottomed out in you.

Moving to curl over you, Akande’s massive hand took hold of your head, pressing you into the mattress as he adjusted you to the way he liked. Purring in anticipation, you were eager to feel his power. Once he was comfortable, leaning over you to allow him better leverage, it started. It was only a few thrusts at first. Sharp and deep. Making sure the angle was to his liking, before leaning down to whisper.

“Brace yourself.” As your head was pressed further into the mattress, you let out a heady moan, pushing back into the man in response.

Having had his fill of foreplay, Akande was more than ready for the main course. In an instant, the man changed pace. Smacking into you vigorously, the power he had behind him had your eyes rolling back. Mouth hanging open, you couldn’t help the sounds that escaped you, the sheer power of the man enough to leave you helpless beneath him.

It was easier to take him now than it had been all those years ago. Akande never went easy on anyone. Not even when it was your first time taking his massive cock. This wasn’t to say that he was cruel or brutal. He was just quick to see if people lived up to his standard. But if you measured up, enduring and satisfying him, he would be more than good to you.

“You look so beautiful stuffed full of my cock, little weed.” You took the compliment as you did his thrusts, gratefully. Appreciating everything he gave you with both verbal and physical gratitude.

With the power behind his hips, you could feel the bed shaking wildly, hear the creaking of the wooden joints. But the painkillers numbed you enough that you felt only the pleasure of his thrusts and none of the pain. His hand slid over your back, fingers admiring the small divots that remained of your wounds.

You had noticed him delighting in them, hence why he was taking you doggy style instead of you riding him as was his usual preference. Despite his lust at the sight of your fading wounds, you felt self conscious about them, occasionally trying to switch positions only for his strong arm to secure you in place.

Silent with the exception of a few grunts, Akande spilled into you with a few more powerful thrusts. He didn’t kiss you. Never did. Something about the man left you with the impression that was the one thing he saved for women he had true intention with. And you respected that. Having nothing of your own to give to a man who had won your affections.

There was no orgasm for you, not this time. But you didn’t mind. Deep down, all you wanted was to curl up in bed and sleep till the last twenty-four hours were just a memory you buried away. You offered up a moan as Akande pulled out, admiring the way his cum dripped from your sloppy hole.

With a few words of approval, he eased off the bed, redressing himself as you lay back on the bed.

“Are they being good to you, my little weed?” It was a nickname he meant lovingly. To Akande,
strength was valued above all else. He cared not for delicate flowers whose beauty was tended to and pampered. To him, a street flower, grown through the cracks in the concrete, thriving, despite being trampled on, day in and day out. That was the most beautiful flower of all.

“I can’t complain.” You responded out of habit, not thinking about your words as they rolled off your tongue.

“Do not lie. You were never good at it.” He spared you a look that struck you to your core.

“I’m tired, Akande. Tired of this loveless life. Worn thin by all this fake intimacy. I feel like I’m going to break any day now. And these men, they take pieces of me I fear I can never get back.

Chipping away at me till there’s nothing left.” Taking your chin with his finger, he tilted your face up to him. “I know. I must be strong. It’s the only way to make it through this world. But nothing in my life has tested me like this place. And I’m afraid it’s winning, Akande.” Leaning in, a kiss was laid on your forehead affectionately.

“You are resilient. A strong spirit. It is what first attracted me to you. And kept me coming back.” Smiling brightly, the man fixed you with convincing eyes. And you found comfort in his words, knowing them to be his own personal truth. For Akande knew nothing else, sticking firmly to his beliefs, trusting them to be fact. “You have survived much, my child. This place will not best you.”

Liz wasn’t back yet. You couldn’t say you were surprised. You had taken one client today. She had taken many. Slipping your dress off, you flopped down on your bed, ignoring the fluids that slicked your thighs. Letting out a groan, you reached over to grab the bottle of pills off your end stand, being careful not to mistake them for the special gift Genji had given you and Hanzo.

Popping a couple pills in your mouth, you were grateful that Dr. Moorman was generous with painkillers. The bottle would assure you didn’t need to go back for some time for simple aches and pains. Placing the bottle back on your bedside table, your eyes were drawn to the small flashing light on your phone. Intrigued, you picked it up, turning the screen on to be met with a long line of missed calls. Almost all from Hanzo.

Your heart dropped into your stomach as you scrolled through the list of calls: 10:04, 11:42, 1:27, 2:33, 2:35, 3:51. He had called you eleven times throughout the day. Just a bit over an hour ago he had finally resorted to texting, his message short but clear. ‘Call me’.

To say you were scared was an understatement. Your mind spun with all the possible reasons for all his calls. He might just want to make sure you got back safe, considering you had left before he could talk to you. But then, you didn’t think he would call this much if he was just worried. He must be angry with you for dragging him out into the cold night to take care of you and then leaving without so much as a thank you. He must think you so rude, you reasoned. You had been such a bother. And now that he knew how cheap you were, he was furious that you had wasted his time.

You couldn’t face him now. Couldn’t bring yourself to confront the shame of your existence.

Just as your dread was reaching its peak, your phone screen light up, the sound of your ringtone filling the room. You practically threw your phone across the room as Genji’s name was displayed. Grabbing your pillow, you hid behind it like a child. Afraid, as if the man could see you through the screen.

You didn’t know what to say to him, didn’t know how to answer. You knew he had been there last
night. Had he seen you as well? Did he know what had happened? Genji was far more knowledgeable about the Upper Floor. He knew how things worked. What could he possibly say to you?

You hid as the phone continued to ring, just wanting silence. But even as the call timed out, your reprieve didn’t last long. Another call immediately started up, and then another, and another. By the fifth call, you were going mad. Just wanting it to end, you saw no way out.

Grabbing the phone you jammed the answer button, just wanting the noise to end. But as the ring was silenced and the pressure to say something became oppressive, you struggled to breathe. It was several moments before you spoke, stuttering for something to say.

“Hello?” You finally managed, voice as shaky as your hands.

“Hey. Are you back at the Floor?” Genji asked, a slight edge to his voice.

“Y-yeah.” You answered, fearing the fury you were sure you’d be receiving shortly. “I’m sorry about last night. I shouldn’t have bothered you all. And it was rude of me to just leave. I know you’re mad and I’m sorry I wasted your time-“

“Nobody cares about that.” Genji interrupted, sounding frustrated as you heard slamming in the background. There was a pause that let doubt creep into your mind before the man let out an aggravated sigh. “Look. You did nothing wrong. So don’t let yourself get worked up. I know this life isn’t your choice.” You couldn’t help the sob that ripped from your throat at his words, body shaking as he said all the things you had needed to hear for so long. Hearing you cry, the cyborg felt himself soften. In that moment, you were more human to him than ever before. “We all came last night because we wanted to help you. If we didn’t want to, we wouldn’t have come. No one thinks less of you. Especially my brother.”

You were left sniffling at his words, wiping at your tears with the back of your hand. Words escaped you as the man waited patiently, letting you cry. After a minute or two he spoke up again.

“Hanzo thinks nothing but the world of you.” He assured, squelching your fear. “Please just talk to him. He’s going out of his mind worrying about you.” Sniffing back your tears, you nodded, feeling braver.

“O-ok.” You managed. No sooner had you agreed then Genji took action.

“Talk to her.” You could hear the cyborg’s. command from a distance as the phone was passed off, a nervousness taking seed in your stomach. There was some muffled grumbling back and forth between the brothers that you couldn’t make out before a nervous voice spoke up.

“Hello?” His voice was as questioning as you felt.

“Hey.” You muttered in response. The pauses the two of you took were pregnant with doubt and worry.

“You left without saying anything. I thought that they- that you had gotten in trouble.” When he finally spoke, his voice was heavy with concern.

“No. I just- I thought I was bothering you.” You admitted sheepishly, hugging your pillow to you chest.

“Never.” He asserted, tone stern and certain.
“So, you’re not mad?” You let your honest slip, finding a surprising comfort in his answer.

“No.” His voice was softer, but the sincerity was there. “I just wanted you safe.” Sinking back into the bed, your spirit lightened.

“Thank you.” Smiling with gratitude, your eyes trained on the painting he had done that hung on your wall. “I’m sorry.” You started before Hanzo’s powerful voice interjected.

“Don’t.”

“Huh?” You started, confused by his sudden assertion.

“Stop apologizing.” If you didn’t know him so well, you would have thought him cross. “I want to be there for you. So stop apologizing.”

You were silent, his words sinking in to settle in your heart. You were surprised at just how warm you felt at his words, a comfortable smile pulling your lips.

“Ok, Han.” Your voice was soft, but warm, feeling the comfort you friend instilled in you. There was a slight hesitation before he spoke up again, as if at the conclusion of a debate.

“When can I see you next?” You faltered, surprised by his askance.

“On the Floor? I have an opening on Thursday I think—“

“No. Outside the Floor. I want to take you out. You deserve to have some fun.” You suppressed a giggle, biting your lip at the idea of going on another outing with him.

“I’m pretty busy the next couple days.” You teased, playing coy as your spirits lifted.

“New Year’s Eve. I’m taking you out.” He asserted, leaving no room for argument. “I won’t have you in that place for the holiday.” Hugging your pillow tight, you smiled to yourself.

“If you insist.”
Thank you all for all the wonderful comments and words of encouragement! It has been so wonderful that I just feel like I'm on cloud nine. I can't tell you how amazing it's been hearing how much you all like my story. I don't know how to express the depths of my gratitude beyond saying thank you over and over again! You all are amazing!

“Are you not working tonight?” Liz was already dolled up, flashy and glittering in all the glam you would expect from the show stopper.

“No, I already told you I’m going out tonight. I have no desire to work my way into the new year.” You stated, trying to pick between knitted scarves as you debated changing your pants again.

“Who are you even going out with? Nikki and the girls are all working tonight. Are you really going to spend New Year’s Eve alone?” Despite her chastising, Liz seemed genuinely concerned. Moving in next to you, she picked at your hair, pulling it back from your face as she inspected your makeup.

“I’m a big girl. I’ll be just fine on my own.” Deciding on a blue scarf, you wrapped it around your head before Liz could fuss more with your hair. Gloves were quickly stuffed into your pocket as you prepared to leave. Despite you brushing her off, Liz looked anxious.

“You aren’t going to meet someone. Are you?” Following you to the door, Liz hovered over you as you pulled on your boots.

“Liz. Who would I even meet?” You really did appreciate Liz. She did so much for you, offered so much support over the months, she was the closest thing to a best friend you had ever had. But in this moment, her prying was getting irksome.

“I just worry about the way Genji’s been with you. He’s too familiar with you out in public. It could get you in some deep trouble if people interpret it wrongly.” Despite her persistence, your temper softened at the worry in her eyes. “Please, just promise me you’re not seeing him.”

“I promise, I’m not seeing him.” You felt a bit guilty with your deception, even if you thought it was none of her business. You weren’t lying. It wasn’t Genji you were seeing. His brother on the other hand, she hadn’t asked about him. “I’m just going to enjoy the real world for a while. Remind myself there’s life out there to be celebrated.” Offering up a reassuring smile, you did your best to put her at ease.

Despite her worries, she nodded, opting to trust you. With an unexpected hug, the guilt in your heart grew as Liz squeezed you tight.

“I’m sorry. I know I must sound like a mother. I’ve just seen too many girls get punished here. I don’t want to see that happen to you because someone misreads the situation. I know you’re smarter than that. It’s just, you have to be careful with how people see things.” You knew she was right, but frankly, you were exhausted from constantly being on guard. And even if for just this one night, you wanted to not care what people thought. Hadn’t you earned that much? “Well, before you go, I got you something.” Slipping from your grasp, she sauntered over to a small desk, pulling something
from one of its drawers. “Here.” Handing it over, you were surprised to find a small pink box cupped in your palm. It wasn’t very large, wrapped in sparkling silver ribbon.

“Liz! I thought we agreed we weren’t getting each other anything?” You were slightly annoyed at this unfair trick, leaving you feeling guilty as you honestly hadn’t gotten her anything.

“It’s nothing. Really.” Your friend insisted, doing her best to brush off the gesture.

You spared her a lecturing stare only briefly before busying yourself with opening the gift. Liz leaned in eagerly to study your reaction as you opened the box. Inside was a necklace made of white gold. You knew by sight that the metal was of high quality. And knowing Liz, she spared no expense. The chain was beautifully woven, links swirling and sparkling in the light as if dusted in magic. At the bottom was an intricate charm. A small fish. Its scales were small flecks of diamond and its eye was your birthstone. It curled as if jumping out of some stream.

“Liz…” you started, not knowing what to say as the thoughtfulness of her gift struck you deeper than you expected.

“You should have seen the look my jeweler gave me when I told him what I wanted. The man must have thought I lost my taste as well as my senses.” Waving her hand, Liz tried to brush the gesture off, acting casual as she leaned on her hip. Tears welled in your eyes as you rubbed your thumb over the small trinket. At this, Liz paused, brows furrowing as she studied you intently. “I’m sorry. I know it’s not the original. But I didn’t know how to describe it to him well enough to get a perfect replica.”

“I love it.” You asserted, hugging her tight. Reassured that she had done well, Liz laxed into your hold, welcoming your embrace. “Now help me put this on before I leave.”

Hands buried deep into his pockets, Hanzo leaned back into his stance, looking unapproachable as he glowered out at the passers by. Despite his brooding look, you saw the way women glanced at him, the way their eyes lingered on his thick form and narrow hips, the grin on their lips and the way their eyes flicked down as they passed him. You had to wonder if he was oblivious to them, or just so disinterested that he didn’t even bother with them. It really must take a special kind of girl to catch his eye.

You smiled softly to no one in particular as you traced the harsh lines of his features, a fondness growing inside you at seeing the man in such a casual setting. You took a moment longer to admire the man before making your way to him, weaving through the crowd till you were at his side.

“You know, it’s a celebration. You don’t have to look so grumpy.” Coming to stand at his side, facing the same direction, you looked out over the crowd before the two of you, a mischievous grin tugging at your lips.

“I’ve never felt at home in crowds.” He muttered, sliding closer to you as a group of rowdy men squeezed past the two of you. Despite his discomfort at the tight quarters, his features softened, eyes warm as they inspected you. “You look nice. Planning something special?”

“This is the beginning of the year I earn my freedom.” You beamed, head tilting towards him as you radiated undeniable joy.

It had been two weeks since you had last seen Hanzo outside of the Floor. Since that night you had called him crying, the night he had learned the truth of your work, the night Mr. Jackson had almost died. Hanzo hadn’t made a single mention of what had happened between you. You were grateful
for that. Too ashamed to explain yourself, and unable to dredge up that part of your life to be studied and scrutinized. Maybe one day you would be able to talk about it, but for now, you appreciated his false ignorance.

“How much longer do you have?” Hanzo asked with a chuckle, pulling you closer till your shoulders pressed together as a particularly large man attempted to squeeze by you.

“Four months. Four months and then I can go anywhere I want, do whatever I please. And only be with people I choose to be with.” Your heart felt lighter at the thought, despite the small twinge of fear that pricked at the back of your mind.

“You talk like you’re just going to run off and disappear on me.” Though his tone was teasing, there was an air of worry to the man that bordered on uncertainty.

“Maybe I will.” You grind, leaning into him as you teased, eyes intent as they met his. “What do you think about that?”

“I would be sad.” You faltered at his honesty, a twinge of guilt budding in you for the words you had thrown so casually. “Lonely, I’d imagine.”

“Well, you know, I don’t have to leave right away.” Taking his arm, you pushed off the wall, pulling him along with you as the two of you disappeared into the crowd. Walking along through the bustling people, you answered him with an honesty of your own. “It would be nice to see you freely. No guilt. No hiding.”

“That would be nice.” His smile was soft, matching your stride as he thought on your words. There was an ease to him that you found so comforting, entrancing you as the rest of the world slipped away with his words. “Though, if I’m being honest, I will miss our little encounters.” You almost faltered in your step, thoughts leaving you as you studied his expression in an attempt to get a read on him. Though he kept facing forward, eyes unwilling to meet your own, you could make out by his peripheral a slight flush to his cheeks. Smiling brightly, you hugged his arm tight. You couldn’t say you were surprised he felt that way, but you never thought your stoic friend would admit it aloud.

“I mean,” you start, not really sure where your sentence is going to go, or what you wanted to say. All you knew was that you felt a bit of apprehension in the chambers of your heart that, once you left, Hanzo would have no one to trust with his kinks. “Maybe we could arrange something. Once or twice. For old times’ sake.” It was his turn to be surprised, though he gave no hint. But as a warmth sunk into his heart, he smiled at no one in particular, eyes looking out at nothing.

“I’d like that.” Squeezing your hand, he pulled you just a little bit closer.

A comfortable silence over took the two of you as you wandered through the crowd. He was warm at your side, and the way his hand held yours left you feeling at ease. Chancing a glance up at him, you appreciated his handsome features in the artificial lighting of the city.

Finally deciding on a spot, the two of you settled in. It was at least an hour before the count down would start, and your night had just begun. Off to your right somewhere, a band played some of the hits of the year, drawing you in as their music played as if to the pulse of the city.

A rift stretched between the standing crowd and the mass of dancers that surrounded the stage. Many were drunk, but most were just festive, dressed up in silly hats and sparkly doodads as they shook about in their merry making. You eyed them with intrigue, foot tapping to the beat. Laughter pervaded the air, smiles bright and abundant as people cheered. There wasn’t a single care amongst
all the revelers, spirits high and inhabitation low.

Biting your lip, you stifled a laugh at a couple on the outskirts of the dancers, making out with no regard for the wondering eyes around them. At your soft giggling, Hanzo followed your line of sight, eyes falling on the couple before a scowl overtook him.

“Shameful.” He muttered, a bite to his tone that made you blink in confusion.

“Huh?” He raised a brow at your confused and inquisitive expression.

“It is in poor taste to so blatantly disregard others and slobber over each other like that.” He asserted, as if there was no questioning this stance.

“Wait. You’re against PDA?” You couldn’t help scrutinize the strange standards of a man that visited a prostitute regularly

“PDA?” He asked, confused as you turned to face him.

“Public displays of affection. Like kissing and flirting and stuff.” Shaking his head, he spared the couple one more distainfull glance.

“Some things should be kept private. If you have to make a show of your affections, then maybe they aren’t genuine.” Glancing back at the couple, you couldn’t see what he saw. They looked so lost in each other, forgetting the world as they enjoyed only each other. You envied them, never having known that kind of love.

“So you never kissed Yuki in front of others?” You resented that hers was the only relationship experience you could pull from, but you couldn’t deny your curiosity.

“No.” He stated matter of factly. Despite his certancy on his stance, you felt pity for him. Never allowing himself to openly express his affections towards the woman he loved. He put so many rules and regulations on himself, confining himself to this life of high standards.

“I’m sorry.” You stated, turning back to the stage as your eyes scanned over the throng of flashing lights and bright colors.

You missed the way Hanzo’s eyes trained on you, confused by your sympathy, not sure how to decipher its meaning. Words failed him as he observed you, wanting to speak further on the matter, but unable to formulate his thoughts.

You, comparatively, had moved past it, enjoying the high energy of the night as you wiggled your hips to the beat of the music. A soft smile lingered on your lips, enjoying the song that boomed out from the speakers. There was a calmness to you that pervaded the archer, chasing away the questions that lingered. He found a calm settling in his soul, content with the moment as he watched you enjoy the music.

“Why don’t you go dance.” Hanzo suggested, raising a brow encouragingly as he nodded towards the crowd.

For whatever reason, you hadn’t thought of that as an option till this point, thinking you needed to stay and talk with your friend. You seemed to glow as you responded with a brilliant smile that made your eyes squint. You began to dart towards the crowd, but suddenly halted before making more than a few steps. Turning back to him, you were quick to take his hand, eyes capturing his.

“Come dance with me.” Hanzo hadn’t expected you to request his company. If anything, he had
been looking forward to watching you dance. You never seemed happier than when you were moving your body to the rhythm.

“Oh no. I couldn’t.” He insisted, trying to pull his hand free to usher you off. But you were persistent.

“But I don’t want to dance if I’m not dancing with you.” Your eyes were so honest, shining brilliantly in the glow of the city lights. Head tilted, hands warm, there was a sincerity to you that suddenly caught your friend off guard. He hid his surprise well, but the bright flush to his cheeks exposed him. Eyes flicking off to the side, he occupied himself with anything but your expectant gaze.

It was best if he didn’t, he told himself. He would only make a fool of himself. But as his eyes again met yours, he couldn’t bring himself to let you down.

“If it means that much to you.” Resigning himself to this embarrassment, his apprehension was lessened by the smile on your lips and the way your hand squeezed his.

“Thank you!” Pulling him along, the two of you pushed through the crowd till you were closer to the stage.

Settling in amongst the jostling horde, you were quick to slip into a groove, hands in the air as your hips swung back and forth in time to the beat. Hanzo, on the other hand, was hesitant to join in, eyes glancing at the revelers that surrounded him with uneasiness.

“Come on.” You cheered encouragingly. Taking both his hands in yours, you led him along, capturing his eyes with your own so he saw no one but you. Under your gaze, he laxed, even if only slightly, surrendering to your wishes as he joined in.

His movements were awkward. Stiff and uncertain as he worried too much about how he appeared. Despite this, you enjoyed his attempt, finding great delight in his embarrassment as you giggled at him.

“I told you I’m not a good dancer.” He asserted, face red as he felt the need to defend himself.

“You’re perfect.” Expression bright, your smile infected the man, causing a grin to pull at the corners of his mouth as you continued to move your body skillfully to the rhythm. “Oh! I love this song.” As ‘Chances’ by the Backstreet Boys played out, you moved in closer, squeezed in by the surrounding partiers.

Hanzo found comfort in this, bodies close and tight as he willfully danced with you, regardless of his embarrassment. Your spirit was higher than it had been in years. Nothing mattered, nothing could touch you. Your freedom felt closer than ever before, and in that moment, your life seemed more normal than it had in years. You could almost convince yourself you were just a normal girl, out for a celebration with one of your dearest friends. Who couldn’t think of tomorrow. There was only now, this moment, this overflowing joy.

Before you knew it, it was time for countdown. The band played their last song, all the screens flashed vibrant colored numbers as the swarm of people counted along.

“10 9 8 7...” Facing the stage, Hanzo took your hand in his, offering a soft squeeze without meeting your gaze. “6 5 4...” Closing your eyes tightly, you made your wish, mind miles away as the prospect of your freedom was so real it felt imminent. “3 2 1! Happy New Year!” The city roared in one, collective cheer that rang out through the night. And when your eyes opened, you were greeted
with a jubilation unlike any you had seen before.

Fireworks exploded in the night sky, confetti raining down to obscure your view as all around you couples embraced in their passionate New Year’s kiss. You couldn’t help but smile brightly at all the triumph that surrounded you. But as you turned to make a remark to your companion, there was something in the way his eyes lingered on you, something in the shape of his lips, barely parted, and you just knew.

It was no surprise when his hand found your cheek and his lips on yours, kissing you with more warmth and more passion than you had ever felt in a kiss before. And you kissed him back. Arms wrapping around his neck, you kissed him not because you had to, not because you were paid to, but because you wanted to. And that made it the most thrilling moment you had ever experienced in your short but eventful life.

You could feel the small tremor of excitement, though you couldn’t tell if it was him or you. Slowly drawing closer, you couldn’t deny the warmth that blossomed in your heart, the way your pulse quickened, the need to convey all these confusing and consuming feelings in this one kiss, laying yourself bare to your doubts, your fears and your courage.

Was this what it felt like to have someone special? Was this what normal people felt when they kissed someone so dear? Whatever it was, love or need or freedom, you cherished it. Memorizing the way his lips met yours, the gentle way his hands cupped your shoulder, your cheek, the warmth of his breath exhaled against your own.

Your hands trembled as they clutched at his coat, your breath shaky and your heart pounding. As Hanzo felt the quiver in your frame, he pulled back, surveying you with fearful eyes. You had begun to cry, you weren’t sure when, you just knew the winter air chilled the trails as the man’s eyes bore into you with so much remorse and regret.

“I’m so sorry.” It felt unreal just how quickly Hanzo stepped away, putting distance between you as he regained control. You were left feeling cold, empty, and panicked.

“No.” Grabbing at his sleeves, you sought to pull him closer, to regain the intimacy and warmth you had just shared. “Please, don’t.” The way he kissed you, the way he held you, so tender and soft, like you were a fragile thing he feared breaking, you couldn’t explain it, but you wanted more. You coveted it, needing to indulge in more of the affections he gave you, finding them so different than anything you had experienced with a man.

Those eyes, those beautiful, expressive eyes stared you down in surprise and awe, disbelieving what he heard as the crowd continued to cheer around you, confetti raining down through the crisp night air. Waiting for a moment or two, breath bated, as if expecting you to turn on him at any moment. The man searched your eyes, your expression and body language, not sure he believed your response.

In his hesitance, you found your bravery, stepping closer into his arms as you looked up at him. Those penetrating, brown eyes remained fixed on you, never flinching, filled with so much raw passion. As the world moved around you, you were left in suspense, waiting for his next move, next word, some form of response to answer all the questions swirling in the back of your head.

With a sudden and sharp breath, Hanzo stood taller, head nodding a bit as his eyes flickered between yours, suddenly filled with a sharp distinction. Those same eyes briefly left yours to dart across the swarming mass of people that remained oblivious to the two of you. He took your hand in his. The look in his eyes in the brief moment they met yours was startling. Your heart seized and you couldn’t help but clutch at his large hand as he turned to pull you away.
Weaving through the crowd, you couldn’t help the childish laugh that bubbled up inside you, giddy and delighted as you followed the man, dashing past unmemorable faces. Out of the crowd and down the street you ran, pushing through the swarms of people till he pulled you around the corner, tugging you into a backstreet.

In the shadows of the alley, out of sight of the many merrymakers, you were pressed between the wall and the man’s sturdy chest as his ragged breath rumbled deep within. You were also breathless, exhilarated and dizzy as you stared into each other’s eyes, searching one another for the thrilling joy you found in yourselves. It was there, clear as day. All the nervous anticipation and overwhelming magnetism, and neither of you could help the stuttered laugh that broke free. Leaning your head against his chest, your heart swelled as he rested his arms on the wall to either side of your head, burying his nose into your hair and enveloping you.

His breath was so warm in your hair, your hands so light on his sides, the sounds of celebration so distant and foreign. You could feel his heart pounding in his chest, betraying his nerves and his sincerity. As you pulled back to look at him, there was an unmistakable and familiar warmth to his eyes. When had he started looking at you like that? Why hadn’t you noticed sooner?

Dipping down, he picked up where you had left off, warming your chilled lips as he shifted in closer, knees moving between your own as he savored a taste of you he had never been free to indulge in before. There was more satisfaction in this one kiss than there was in any of your encounters before. This was your choice, right or wrong, and you chose to continue this. You didn’t want to stop this, with all your heart you wanted to see where this was going, what you were feeling and how deep those feelings went.

Tucked away and forgotten in the city of noise, the two of you took your first steps together, lost in each other as the new year began.

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