Summary

My minifill for this kinkmeme prompt:

"Its night at Skyhold. Most everyone is tucked into their beds dreaming sweet dreams of saving the world...

But not Sera. Sera is indulging in her favorite pass time. Sneaking into the quarters of any and all women in Skyhold, slipping under the sheets, pulling down their underwear, and licking them out with such skill and softness, that, without waking them, she brings them from whimpering like little puppies earth shattering, rapturous orgasm.

Married? Involved? Straight? Chaste?

Sera doesn't care!"

She did Adaar first (did, haha). Because, well, obviously. That was the whole point of the joining this Inquisition business. There was helping people and seeing if the Herald thing was real and bla bla bla, but mostly, she'd never seen a woman Qunari before, and if she was as big as the men, she wanted to hit that.

The Herald didn't disappoint in her bigness. Those horns made her horny. And her tits were, like, huge. And not just in like a big pillow-y sort of way, there was muscle there. Pecs or whatever. Once she'd slipped those pajamas or whatever the shite that was off, she just looked at them for a while before getting herself a mouthful or two.
Her clit was the biggest she'd ever seen, too. By, like, a lot. Almost big as her thumb once she got her going. Quani were still pink on the inside though, not gray like some people said. And they did have hair. Just white, like they had on their heads.

Pity she seemed to be going after that Warden. But as soon as she got her lips round that big clit, she made sure she wouldn't be dreaming about beardy tonight. Based on how wet she made her after getting her to come three times, she might be dreaming about lakes or something. Course she cleaned her up and put her bedclothes back on, though. She always did.

~

Josephine was next. Sera figured, as long as she was going after ladies who pined after that Warden, she might as well get her, too.

The prissy lady ambassador wore a prissy nightgown and prissy slippers to her prissy bed.

She was shaved down there, because of course she was. Types like that were all fans and fainting and getting all worked up about a hairless fanny. Not that she minded, she liked smooth. She just liked hairy, too. She liked it all.

And Josie liked her tongue inside her a lot, based on how she wriggled.

~

Might as well go through all the advisers, then, huh? The women, at least. She wanted nothing to do with the templar's prick. Bleh.

So, she went after Morrigan. The witch had a kid, but she didn't see any difference down there. Or taste one, either. Tits still perky, too. Not that that was a surprise, she'd seen most of them already, half-hanging out of that shirt thing. Not that she was going to be all like, "think of the children!" she happened to like the pointy view, but it made her feel cold, was all.

Her thighs made for great ear warmers, though.

~

Leliana's carpet matched her drapes. Well...a bit darker, but close enough.

For someone who was all cloak and dagger and secrets all the time, she sure was loud. She didn't wake up, Sera was too good at this for that to happen, but she'd had to stuff her panties in her mouth to prevent other people from waking up.

~

That meant Cassandra was next.

Cassandra had a stick up her arse, or at least tried to make it look that way. But Sera had a feeling that she'd prefer to have other things up her arse. So she tried it, once she got her rolled on her stomach and her old-lady panties out of the way. She was shaved, just like Josephine. Maybe it wasn't a posh thing as much as an Antivan thing, then? Or maybe the Seeker was more oh-I-need-a-fainting-couch than she let on.

Didn't even have to touch her clit to get her all worked up. Two in the pink, one in the stink. Worked
like a charm.

And then with her all wet and oiled and whatever, she just had to get a taste.

~

Yeah, not a posh thing. Vivvy's body had lots of thick hair down there. Which was weird, because she shaved her head.

She did smell like perfume, though. And not just like at the neck and wrists. She'd swear the woman put a spritz by her pussy, too. Was she getting laid? Or was it a force of habit from when she did get laid? Whatever it was, it was kinda weird. She liked the smell of a woman as much as the taste, that was one of the main reasons she snuck around like this at night. Oh, well. Still tasted real good.

And those tits were super bouncy. Not so iron-y after all, huh?

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