Starving (Until I Tasted You)

by HaveAGoodeDay

Summary

30 dirty, smutty drabbles about two ghost busting girls in love.

Notes

This is my way of celebrating Pride. Because I'm super gay and super proud of it. This is pretty short, but I don't care because it's cute and like the cleanliest one I'll write from this point on.
Naked Cuddles

What time is it?

Probably late, judging by the never silent but noticeably calmer city outside their bedroom. The sheer, white drapes are light and fluffy, wind from the open window lazily blowing in just enough to cool off their skin without bringing a chill to the room.

Holtzmann, snoring ever so loudly, is nearly on top of the redhead below her, their very bare chests pressed together, legs tangled in a chaotic mess, the top of the engineer's head tucked under Erin's chin. Her drool dropping down her girlfriend's neck.

_Gross._

_Not really_ though.

One hand trails up and down Holtz's spine, mapping out the vast expanse of her back. Fingertips brushing up and down, across the curve of Holtzmann's ass.

Which, by the way, _amazing._ The jumpsuit really doesn't do it justice.

Arms are wrapped tightly around and underneath her midsection and Erin wonders how Jillian's even comfortable, with her hands probably turning to that tingly, fuzzy feeling that happens when you lean on your arm too long.

The snores reach a peak before being cut off by tired mumbling and soft nuzzles into Erin's form. She could get use to this.
Dry erase markers of reds, blues and blacks clatter to the floor unceremoniously. A coffee cup tips and it's lid comes off with the impact, dripping warm brew over the side of the well worn oak desk.

Holtzmann's hands are nearly shoving her up onto the surface, mouth frantic against her own. Teeth grabbing onto her bottom lip and biting softly before pulling back with a small tug.

"You're going to be the death of me." Jillian's voice is raspy with lust, all wispy and wanting. Her work overalls are shrugged off her shoulders and allowed to hang low off the engineer's hips, white grease stained tank underneath and Erin realizes with a low moan she isn't even wearing a bra today.

She must say this out loud because Jill not so patiently grinds her hips into her girlfriend's and retaliates, "I'm not the one wearing tight pencil skirts without underwear."

So she was watching Erin get dressed this morning.

"Panties lines." The physicist offers, amused by the growl it brings from the shorter blonde who worms her hands in front of her and up, up the skirt to find…

"Unf." Erin bucks into the touch, the hard and rough circular motions as Holtz lets her pant heavily against her own lips.

"I've been waiting for them to go out for lunch for hours," Jillian speaks lowly, "Sitting there across the room thinking about this."

She leans over and actually licks Erin's jawline, an action that wouldn't be considered hot by normal standards but the warm heat of her soft tongue drags so enticingly against her skin it brings the promise of what that muscle can do. Erin pulls herself together enough to inquire, "About what?"

"Your pussy." Jillian says simply, so casually as always it makes the older of the two blush crimson at her filthy mouth. "God, I just spent three hours thinking of precisely how long I'd make you wait to come when we get home."

Erin whines,

"Which is why you," Jillian pulls back enough to give a teasing smirk, taking in the parted lips and flushed chest before backing off, withdrawing her touch completely, "Have to wait now too."

Erin actually screams.

Not loud enough to scare the pigeons outside, but enough it has Holtz running off in a dorky sprint, laughing wholeheartedly along the way.

She grabs for the edge of her desk to steady herself, trying to distract her body from the deep ache focused on her clit, radiating down her legs. Her palm lands on something soft, fabric and she curiously grabs the object and looks at it.
It's Holtz's fucking panties. Black with a cat spitting a rainbow on the back. She knows because she watched her put them on earlier before work.

Next to them a small post it note, smiling face drawn next to the single word,

'Checkmate'
Bored Sex

Chapter Summary

3. Bored Sex.

Two updates in one day? Geez, unheard of from me

Last night's blizzard nearly sends the city into a mass panic, with power lines being blown down and every grocery store running out of bottled water and beer before the worst of it hit. It's freezing in Erin's apartment, both her and a familiar blonde engineer huddled under two layers of blankets, the other given to Holtzmann's chinchillas across the room who cuddle together and doze away the day.

Because it's so boring.

Erin already knows all the books she owns cover to cover and the television requires actual power, not to mention how miserable Jillian is being snowed in, unable to get to the firehouse to work on her babies.

"I'm *bored.*"

"Complaining won't help it."

"My phone died like, ten hours ago."

"You were using it five minutes before this conversation." Erin points out.

Holtzmann burrows further into her thick wool cover and glares out at her girlfriend, "It feels like *hours.*"

They sit like that for a few minutes, Erin idly picking at the frayed edge of a patchwork pillow she can't remember buying until Holtzmann groans loudly, looking for attention.

Because, try as she might, she just can't stay still and quiet.

"Wanna fuck?" Jillian casually suggests.

"Really?" Erin says, casting an odd look toward the blonde who shifts closer to her.

"It'll warm us up and," Jillian looks at the bulky green watch and nods to herself, "Kill about, would you say 30 minutes?"

"Only 30?" Erin blurts out.

"True. Let's make that at least an hour."

Holtz pounces, clawing at the drawstrings of Erin's sweats under their shared blankets, leaving love bites across her neck when-

"Did the lights just turn on?" Erin wonders outloud, from her position on the bottom watching the overhead bulbs flicker on. Holtz ignores her and ducks under the fabric, licking down a trail to the
junction of her thighs. Erin's fingers thread through her loose blonde curls and tug with a moan before repeating, "Holtzmann!"

"What?" The vibrations of her speaking have chills running up Erin's spine, voice muffled under blanket and the red head and actually feel a grin form when she tells her,

"The lights came on!"

Jillian animatedly throws the blankets up, letting them fall off her shoulders as she sits up in between Erin's legs. Her mouth and chin are noticeably wet when she shouts ecstatically while jumping off the couch, scrambling toward the bedroom.

"SWEET! I'll get the vibrator!"
Trying A New Position

Chapter Summary

Trying a New Position.

I realize these aren't as filthy as I'd like but this is an exercise for me to write better smut and it'll get dirty the better I get. And scissoring is hard.

"We are women of science!" Jillian shouts, puffs her chest out proudly, dressed only in a bright green sports bra and blue drawstring bowerers. The laptop nearly falls off her lap, leaning dangerously toward the left, more movement would cause it to topple down to the floor.

But Erin grabs it, pulls it closer to her side of the bed and rests her head against Holtzmann's shoulder.

"How does that explain why we're looking at pornhub right now?"

"It's xvideos," Holtz corrects, "Which by the way, has less popups, and secondly we are doing research. Duh."

As if the pornography was so obliviously the answer to their questions.

"Can't we just..." Erin holds her hands up and makes a vaguely, awkward gesture of the position they're interested in, "Without watching people do it?"

"Erin Gilbert," Holtzmann draws out, her adorable double chin making an appearance as she angles her head down to look her girlfriend in the eye, "Where's the fun in that?"

..

"Get your foot out of my- HOLTZMANN, when is the last time you washed the bottoms of these?" Erin squeals, trying to get away from the five little toes wiggled in front of her nose.

"Do you really wanna know?"

"Not really, no."

"Then shut it and like, try to sit up."

Erin attempts it, falls back in the mattress when she just can't bend like that, "How can I sit up if you're sitting on me?"

She hears Holtzmann click a keyboard button, listens as the sound of wet, frantic grinding enters their room from the computer speakers.

"I think I got it!" Holtzmann announces, looking over to Erin with a wide grin, have blocked by their very tangled legs.

"That's what you said last time."
Holtzmann is panting, or she's out of breath. Either, both, it's still hot as she drives her hips down against Erin's in steady, slow movements.

"Just like that." Erin whines when the blonde chooses to speed up mid sentence.

"Fuck!" Jill nearly growls, "They make this seem so easy!"

Erin moans.

"Why did I have to top?"

But then, her hips stutter as her rhythm and their bodies move together in such a way it has Jillian clinging hard onto Erin's raised leg. There's a fire that ripples under her skin and she chokes out,

"Nevermind, I'm good."

Their bodies fitted together, touching in all places Erin feels her orgasm crest as she stares at Holtz moving above her. Following soon after the redhead.

When their laying in bed later, Erin confirms the unspoken,

"We're never doing that again, right?"

Holtzmann snorts loudly, "Hell no, eating out is so much more rewarding."
"Wait, what?" Erin pauses, a bit shocked.

Holtzmann lays beneath her, naked as the day she was born and her hair coming loose from a day in it's usual pinned up style. She takes a deep breath through her nose, crinkles it slightly and frowns, "I said I maybe have never been on the receiving end of one of these objects in the past."

Erin clarifies, "You never used a dildo before?"

Jillian actually blushes, turning red from the tips of her ears, down her neck and replies, "I've used plenty, just not on myself."

"So…"

"Yeah…"

The room is suddenly filled with an awkward atmosphere in replace of the lust consumed dance they'd been in a few moments ago.

"Do you want me to...?" Erin asks, cautious and ready to back off if needed. It was a silly suggestion on her part, wanting to see exactly why Holtz's eyes looked so glazed over when she worked the older woman with the toy.

Jillian thinks it over, her eyebrows knitting together and pursing her lips enough to let her dimples show. It's the sand expression she wears when drawing blueprints for new weapons. The blonde nods slowly but makes sure to remind, "Yes, but take it slow. And the lube, please."

The little bottle in Erin's nightstand is practically untouched (A fact Holtz is most proud of) and the little lid flips off with pressure from her thumb. She kisses Holtzmann once, soft and slow and reassuring, before sitting up between the engineer's legs.

The sight of her laying back, head and shoulders propped up by pillows, Holtz's thumb in between her teeth as her nervously chews on it's nail. Ab muscles jumping to some degree as Erin drags her fingers over the woman's toned thighs.

"You're already wet." She observes, glancing down at the darker curls in between her girlfriend's thighs. Always the scientist, Erin moves her hand over them, brushing over the sensitive skin to confirm her theory.

"Babe." Holtz's breath hitches, stumbles over the nickname as Erin finds her clit and draws sharp purposeful circles over it, "You're killing me."

She pitches the bunch of nerves and Holtz's back bows a little, hips raising to meet the touch.
Then she carefully grabs the simple, bullet shaped navy blue dildo off the comforter next to her.

Jillian eyes it warily, like one would a knife, or gun. Her whines die in her throat when Erin takes her working hand away to slather the object with slippery lubricant.

"I got you." Erin coos, basks in the absolute rush of power she feels positioning the toy at Holtz's opening.

There is a fast of something, fear or arousal? Both? As she pushes the toy further and it only gets half way before Jillian raises her hands out toward her and chants, "Stop! Stop!"

Erin's arms still, watch as Jillian tries to relax into the sheets, look down at the toy inside her and she thinks she could come from this sight alone.

Holtz has her eyes closed, long enough that her stomach muscles aren't taunt. She looks to have calmed, but Erin questions,

"More?"

"Touch me." it's a mix between a sob and whisper, but she isn't crying and throws up a thumbs up in the air, wincing when Erin pushes it all the way forward while flicking her other hand's ring finger over her clit.

"Don't-" Holtzmann's starts when Erin tries to pull back the toy, actually feels Holtzmann clench onto it, "Don't do the thrusting thing."

"Ok." Erin lets the thing settle, twists it and her core burns at the loud, uncalled for moan it draws out of the blonde. "Good?"

"Mhm." Is all Holtz can get out, raising her hips it rhythm with Erin's fingers, following each stroke. "Gonna come."

"Come for me."

She does, doesn't scream or cry out but spasms and her legs shake on either side of Erin and paws at Erin's sides until she leans up to kiss her through the end of it.

They break apart, lips only an inch apart and noses barely touching and Erin blurts out,

"That was so hot."
Masturbation

Chapter Summary


Aka what well all did after watching the movie.

Erin knew she dated, well, someone who is considered a bit weird. She admits that Jillian can do something's that never cease to amaze her.

Like tonight, when they're both falling into bed after a tiring bust, both settling for shedding jumpsuits and groaning as the warmth and comfort of their bed greets them in a soft embrace.

Erin feels like if she closes her eyes the darkness the sleep would hold onto her for years, but as the drift shut Holtz takes that moment to throw out,

"Wanna do it?"

She always asks so normally, like asking your partner for sex is as simple as asking if one should pick up milk and the way home from work. It's shockingly different than any of her previous boyfriends.

"Aren't you exhausted?" Erin says into her pillow, inching away from her girlfriend's side of the bed as the blonde tries to snuggle closer, though her creeping hands purpose a much dirtier agenda.

Holtz backs off with a huff, breath puffing out to blow the loose hair above her forehead. She mumbles something like fine and lays staring up at the ceiling for a few minutes.

Because, like her third grade teacher said, the amount of energy Jillian Holtzmann has is astonishing.

"Erin?" Holtz whispers, glancing over at the now obviously sleeping woman next to her, "you awake?"

She doesn't answer.

"Can you at least say no or…"

She trails off, bored and now awake as ever. The couch in the other room offers the tempting promise of X-files and at least two cans of seven up. But they're far away and even if she isn't tired, the bed is warm and Erin's legs brush against her's as the redhead shifts in her sleep.

Oh, well, nothing better to do.

She holds her breath in still lungs as her hands burrow themselves in her boxer shorts, working over the soft and warm skin that rests in between the juncture of her thighs.

It doesn't take long, taking in short and silent gasp as each touch earns her closer to a small release. The heavy scent of Erin's perfume clinging the the woman as she dozes next to her.

The blonde comes with a jerk and swallowed groan, fingers falling away to blatantly wipe across the
sheets which she reminds herself to wash tomorrow.

Holtz drifts off then.

Erin still faces away from her, eyes wide open and mouth agape, a fire lit low in her belly.

She doesn't go back to sleep until the physicist wakes her girlfriend up to get her off.
Blow Job

Chapter Summary

This was a difficult prompt

Erin's first time giving a blow job is in College, to a slightly older not boy but not man, who sat next to her all freshman year. His name, Mark or Matt? It doesn't matter, either way she had spit afterward and was given a pathetic attempt at an orgasm from him.

Throughout her adult love life, a few boyfriends and one or two drunk one night stands, she had become quite familiar with the act of giving oral sex to males.

So when Jillian bounces into the room with a large, stiff hot pink strap on attached to her hips, it didn't immediately trigger her automatic thought to treat it like a real thing.

The silicone hits the back of her throat and Holtz breaks out in a deep, from the chest moan. Her breasts heaving with the sound and fingers tangling in the redhead's hair, guiding her mouth almost pornographically.

Jill keeps looking down at her, situated between the blonde's legs and sucking on the toy, the visual obviously doing very good things for her.

The engineer's hips buck up and forward, looking for friction against the vibrator somehow built into the back of the strap on.

It's nearly perfect, it is perfect, watching Jillian come apart under the ministrations. Her lips and swollen with how much she bites them, red and puffy from earlier kisses. Her stomach muscles, six pack and all, ripple like ocean waves as her orgasm rushes forth. Head tilting back to call Erin's name in a stuttered gasp toward their upstairs neighbors.

But Erin learns quickly after that, it isn't the only one of the night.
That part one meaning though.

The push of breath is hot, heavy against her ear like the hands that insistently palm her breasts through sheer black lace. Blindfolded, handcuffed to a metal post headboard with Jillian Holtzmann crawling over her.

A grown escapes, low and needy and Erin tugs on the fuzzy, kinky cuffs Jill had ordered off Amazon two days ago.

God, she's never thought that Prime membership was more worth it.

"Keep still for me, baby." Holtz requests, very gently but the implications of what could (would) happen if she wasn't as apparent in her words as the air around them drips with arousal.

It isn't the only thing.

The cold leather of the crop brushes the area of her lower stomach, right against the stressed jean waistband imprint after a long day of wearing skinny jeans too tight just so Erin can catch Jill staring at her ass.

"How many?" Asks the blonde.

Erin clears her throat, gains some sort of composure from the horny mess she'd become against the sheets.

"As many as I can take."

Whack, whack, whack.
"Can you stop shaking it and just do it."

Holtzmann pauses in her frantic jerking of the tin can, it's label store brand with a simple title of 'whipped' cream' across the front. The blonde tilts her head slightly. Quizzical.

"What do you want me to do?"

Erin sighs, awkwardly blushing under the weight of Jillian straddling her hips. They're down to their underwear, gone be bras and stripped to Erin's tasteful purple panties and Holtz's boxers printed with red kiss marks.

"God, please just be normal for once." Erin says, good natured and teasing, but she still checks and sees her girlfriend's grin hasn't dampened.

The can is shifted forward and Holtz bites her lip, pressing on the nozzle to let fluffy white cream drape itself from the base of Erin's collarbone down to the between her breasts. Without missing a beat and not dropping the can, she dips her head and licks off the whipped cream in one long motion, stopping by sitting forward to run her now sugary tongue along Erin's lower lip.

"More?" She inquires, eager.

"Always."
The trees around them are still in the night, no breeze offered to cool down the warm summer sunset. Jillian puffs out her chest and looks down at the pitched tent that took her two hours. But only because instruction manuals are for dudes.

Hands on her hips she turns to she Erin sitting on a log, working on setting up a little fire in the park provided pit, a smirk coming to her lips before calling out to the darker haired woman, "Hey babe?"

"What?"

"Ready to break in the tent?" Holtzmann grins at her girlfriend's confused expression before thrusting her hips suggestively along with a deep sound effect coming from the blonde's lips of, "Bow chicka-wow-wow."

Erin shakes her head but can't help the bark of laughter that comes from the way Jillian inches her way toward her in the dorky dance like movements. "I'm a little busy. We have to get this started before the sun sets."

"But Erryberry," Holtz whines and ungracefully plops into a seated position next to her girlfriend. "It's my birthday weekend."

The brunette (She'd dyed it back to something resembling the original color, it's still off) clicks her tongue and watches Jill tug up the bottoms of her old, washed out jeans into messy cuffs, revealing rainbow socks underneath.

Holtzmann nudges Erin's shoulder with her own, "We can keep each other warm in much more interesting ways."

It almost breaks Erin's resolve, but she takes the extra minute of self control she has to fan the spark a match offers and a little pile of logs takes, the taller of the two camper's proudly sitting back to admire her work.

"Now that that's done." Holtz scoots closer, nearly making them topple off the log when she climbs into Erin's lap, "You have some other things on your to-do list."

Erin makes a sort of quizzical hum followed by, "Yeah? Like what?"

"Me."
Dom/Sub Part Two

Chapter Summary

Tomorrow is my birthday

Holtzmann really, really likes this.

She's not a bottom, honestly. It's simply how her brain is wired to control machines and therefore girls. Most of her past lovers had praised it, but they had been submissive.

Erin is not.

The room has the heady scent of sex in the air, clinging to each deep breath she takes as Erin straddles her. Holding a very large vibrator in her hands.

It's plugged into the wall their bed is pushed up against, Erin running it's blub-like end over the muscles of Holtz's stomach. Teasingly following the line of her hips, not letting the soft vibrations reach where the blonde needs it.

“Six times.” Erin reminds her with child-like delight; something that scares Holtzmann for her fear what the unusual mood of her girlfriend means.

“You said five.” Jillian squeaks out, testing the tightness of the ropes bound around her wrists.

“You said I could do anything I wanted to you tonight.” Erin rocks her lower body down, basking in the powerful feeling of the typically top Holtz squirming beneath her, “Any more back talk from you and I'll make you cum ten times. Understand?”

“Yes.” Jillian bobs her head to the point of being excessive in the motion. Blue eyes watching Erin unclasp her deep maroon bra, the nearly transparent material falling away and tossed off the bed.

“Yes what?”

The engineer gulps audibly,

“Yes, mistress.”
Erin pictured a lot of fantasies in her head when she had forced herself to toughen up and just ask if Jillian could maybe wear a pair of specific shoes in the bedroom. A pair of very tall, very hot heels that she’d ordered online a few days ago.

This was not anything like that.

“Erin stop laughing and help me.” Holtz rushes out in fear as she clutches helplessly to the bedroom door frame. Hair curled and hanging down to her shoulders, eyeliner winged and even, and the mentioned heels making her wobble dangerously.

Which would be funny in itself, but then the heels are the only thing she's wearing.

“I-I can't.” The scene has the redhead wheezing on the bed, clad in only her underwear and holding her stomach from the large belly laughs coming forth.

Jillian picks then to push herself off the frame, hands out to balance as well as possible as she takes two shaky steps to the side of the bed. Her ankle bends awkwardly on the last one though, and her wince ruins the attempted surly look the blonde had been aiming for.

They're quiet for a second and then Jillian says casually,

“This failed. Let's keep the heels for you, k?”

Erin nods,

Holtz smiles at that, a predatory grin overtaking her features as she kicks off the damn shoes, one flying dangerously close to framed photos.

“We're still doing it tonight though?” the engineer questions.
Erin bites her lip, reaching out to grasp her girlfriend's hips before eagerly confirming, "Yeah."

Chapter End Notes

Submit prompts at my tumblr.

Holtzmannsdimples.tumblr.com
When Erin opens the horribly wrapped present, endearing in the way the foil paper is ripping and held together with two feet of tape, she has no clue what it is.

Holtz sits across from her on the bed, morning breath and everything, nervously shifting as she tears always the paper.

There’s no occasion today, not even an excuse for the gift. But Jillian shoved it into her hands with such vigor and excitement Erin couldn’t just deny it.

The fabric inside is soft and lace, and when she holds it up to examine it the scrap is nearly transparent, but the shape is undeniable.

“You got me underwear?”

“Special underwear.” Holtz chin rests in her hand, elbow in her knee as she watches her girlfriend look at the clothing confused.

“Why…?”

“Just wear it today?” Holtz requests, a mischievous look in her blue eyes as she asks it innocently.

“Fine.” Erin’s lips turn up in a smirk, teasing in her tone when she adds, “They better not be radioactive.”

Jillian retorts, “Everything I touch is!”

They’ve made it to lunch, hands loosely held as they stroll to the restaurant down the block, Patty and Abby walking in front of them.

Holtz has on a simple flannel shirt with sleeves either cut or burned off, the red and black laying
against the too big white tee and baggy jeans. Her other hand is suspiciously rooted in her left pocket.

Abby starts a conversation on where exactly the best cup of black coffee is in NYC, animated in her gestures as she insists,

“The bagel shop!” The shorter woman looks up at Patty, who looks disgusted. “Across from the park.”

“Hell no.” Patty refuses, “Nobody convincing me the diner on 5th doesn’t have the best damn cup on this side of Queens.”

Erin clears her throat and tries to throw in her opinion, “Cold brew is better-“

A buzz, soft and almost non existent, stops the redhead dead in her tracks. The aftershocks of it course from the source of it below her belt into her limbs.

Patty looks at her oddly, like another head has sprouted on her neck, “You doing fine?”

She hears a giggle from behind her and Erin's voice is strained when she affirms,

“Perfectly fine.”

“**You bitch!**”

Erin shouts as soon as they hop into the car. Holtzmann behind the little compact’s wheel, night settling over the city outside.

“What ever do you mean?” Jillian is barely holding back laughter, hands at ten and two.

“What kind of panties are these?” Erin hisses, feels a bit silly pointing at her crotch while saying it.

“The *vibrating* variety.” Holtz snickers, fishes out a homemade looking remote with wires sticking out of it. “You like?”

“You kept me on edge all day.” Erin groans, feels the pressure of arousal heavy in her lower half.

Holtz raises her eyebrows, still curious.
Erin blushes, “I do.”

“You know,” Holtz cocks her head, smug when she tells her, “I could kick this baby on and make you cum right now.”

The remote is hard and the buttons click under her thumb as she presses down, a steady and obvious buzzing filling the car's cabin. Erin's moan is loud and drawn out.

“And for you.” Holtzmann reaches into her other pocket, produces a second controller and offers it to Erin,

“Get some revenge.”
House Sitting

Chapter Summary

Erin and Holtzmann feed Abby's fish.

Abby's goldfish happily swim circles in their tank, orange scales under the blue light above and decorative coral acting as perfect protection for when a hand nearly smacks the glass wall and a blonde engineer shouts in greeting,

“Hi guys!”

The little creatures retreat under the coral, peeking out from under to watch a red haired woman come over and tug the blonde one away.

“You nearly gave them heart attacks.” Erin warns, picking up the fish food and sprinkling the top of the water with it in a small apologetic offering.

“I just was being nice.” Holtzmann defends herself.

“Of course you were,” Erin scoffs, a playful smile gracing her lips as she watches her girlfriend wander into the kitchen, “But Abby asked us to feed them, not kill them.”

“Eh,” Jillian shrugs as she opens the fridge and glances inside, settling on a jug of milk that she quickly chugs too much of before adding, “Goldfish all look the same, my guy at Petco could hook us up with two new ones. She wouldn't notice.”

“Abby always notices.”

Holtzmann raises her eyebrows, getting that up-to-no-good look on her face as she challenges, “Do you think she’d notice if we did it in her apartment?”

“Jillian!”

“Come on…” Holtzmann whines, ignoring the absolute look of distress on Erin's features, “It'll be so exciting…”

She steps closer, reaches down and pull the bottom of her own shirt up and over her head, letting it settle on the ground before leaning in and hooking her thumbs in the loops of Erin's jeans.
The older woman coughs, flushing deeply and obviously getting flustered by Holtzmann ready, willing and wiggling her jeans down her hips.

They end up having to clean the dining room table twice. Just so Erin can sleep at night without never ending guilt.

Abby ends up throwing out the home security camera tapes, the grainy grayscale film forever engraved into her memory.
Flogging

Chapter Summary

This was a request through tumblr, and boy I didn't know what flogging was! Hopefully it isn't that bad.

Erin’s fingers flex, wrap around the handle of the leather toy, it’s base braided with care. The leather tassles at the end hang menacingly at her side, purple and black heavy strips of material just waiting to be used.

She steps once, twice, three times over to the side of their bed, stripped of all bedding except a white fitted sheet. Holtzmann lays on the mattress, ass in the air and head in the crook of her folded arms.

“Are you sure about this?” Erin questions, running her fingertips over her girlfriend’s bare side, following the natural curve of the blonde’s hip. Even though she knows they both like this, Holtzmann the complete handover of power and herself the control, she’ll still make sure.

“Yes.” Holtz, Jillian, mumbles, obviously getting into her submissive state earlier than usual today. It was a bad day, Erin knew this would happen. The bust earlier had been ruthless, with screeching entities and flashing and bursting lightbulbs.

The flogger in Erin’s hand feels much to heavy when she lifts it up, then too light as it comes down in a hard first strike across Jillian’s upper thighs. The engineer jumps, palms flat against the bed as she takes in the radiating pain. Erin waits, and waits and waits until-

“Again.”

*Smack!* The leather cracks even louder this time across her ass, red lines blooming where the leather strips landed.

The blonde grunts, but her lover notices the way her hips buck down trying to find friction. Feeling better about the moment, she doesn’t wait for Holtz to allow another strike but hits twice in a row.

That makes her cry out, both a groan and a lustful moan escaping her lips at the same moment. Erin reaches down and between her legs, swiping through the wetness there.

“You are not allowed to cum until I tell you.” Erin commands, voice solid like ice and not betraying her own arousal.
Holtzmann nods, basking in the touch of Erin’s fingertips against her clit. Another whack from the flogger, across her lower back, and she can feel the bruises forming already.

“Don’t.” Erin warns, feeling the shudders run down Jillian’s spine, the roll of her hips down against her hand.

“I can’t wait.” She warns, obviously biting back the orgasm on the edge, close to falling into that euphoria.

“Two more.” The darker haired woman relents, runs her hands over the pale expanse of Holtzmann’s ass, admiring the dark lines. She decidedly tries to bring the whip down harder than usual this time, enjoying the curses it brings from her girlfriend’s mouth.

“Ready?” She asks, leaning over so her breath tickles over the blonde’s ear.

“Please.”

Erin’s thumb rests against Holtz’s clit, rubbing slow and hard circles, listening to the breathlessness of the woman below her. The flogger comes down on last time, across her backside, and as soon as the sound of it hitting flesh stops echoing in the room Erin orders, “Now.”

Surely, the entire neighborhood hears that one.
Make-up Sex

Chapter Summary

I really like this chapter? I wanted it to be realistic because boi, sometimes you get mad at people you love.

Erin is angry.

Her clipped fingernails dig into the soft palm of her own hand, balling them into fists as she storms through the downstairs of the firehouse in ectoplasm covered boots. The icky green slime sticking to the floor and snapping back up to her shoe with every step and a ever annoying snapping sound.

Three more ghostbusters come in the left open door, two of them keeping to their own business and hurrying out of the path of any arguments, respectfully taking off to their desks.

The last to enter, with a puff of blonde curls held back only by yellow lensed goggles and sheer will power, has the look of a scolded puppy dog. Her own combat boots scuff against the tiles as she drags them, following the footsteps of Erin up the stairs.

“You think it’s bad this time?” Patty asks, once her and Abby are alone.

Upstairs, the muffled yelling begins, and they both cringe.

“Why did you do that?” Erin shouts, with little lead up. She stands in front of the bathroom mirror, fingers running through the ooey mess of her hair and unceremoniously shaking it off her hands into the sink. The green slime runs down into her eyes, over her lips and tastes like burnt rubber smells.

Holtzmann sits on the closed toilet lid, wringing her fingers together and kicking off her shoes to dig her toes into the shag bath mat on the cold floor. Her words are mumbled when she apologizes, “I’m sorry, I didn’t-“

“Didn’t mean to?” Erin bites, wiping at her face with a clean washrag. Looking in the mirror she can see her own rage reflected back, and can’t bring herself to stop as the brunette says, “You used me as a human shield for ghost vomit.”

No answer.

“All of sudden you’re quiet?” Erin scoffs, knowing she’s trying to cut and hurt even if she loves the woman when she adds, “That’s a first.”
“I’m sorry.”

“That’s it? I’m just supposed to forgive you, like that.” Erin honestly questions, hands going to the front of her coveralls and starting to strip from the wet clothing. “Because it’s one of your triggers.”

As soon as the sentence tumbles from her lips Erin snaps them shut. Guilt floods her form and she lets the ectoplasm covered fabric hit the floor. No longer mad, she turns and regrets it immediately.

“Oh Holtz…”

The engineer stares up at her, a slight rock to her body as she holds in what very well could be a lot of tears, watery blue eyes unguarded and she chokes out, “Sorry.”

She doesn’t say it, but Erin knows why she’s saying it. Sorry I’m different.

“No, no, no.” Erin is in her underwear, which is in fact gooey, but she kneels next to her girlfriend and rushes out in one breath, “I didn’t mean that. You know I didn’t mean that.”

Jillian doesn’t respond, just rocks slightly slower.

“I love you, Holtzy.” Erin assures, knows to ask before doing it but raises her hand to rub the blonde’s back. “Can I touch you?”

She nods.

“You aren’t a burden.” Erin states, reminds her like every one of these moments, “I love you, and I didn’t mean to say that. I got mad, everyone gets mad. But that doesn’t count as an excuse. Okay?”

“Yeah.” Holtzmann replies.

“Will you let me make it up to you?” Erin says, tilting her head to the shower stall, “Maybe in there?”

Jillian bites her lip, then consents, “Okay.”

Erin’s teeth bite a trail up her inner thigh, the sensitive skin jumping at the nibbling. Holtzmann’s hands grip Erin’s now clean hair, guiding her mouth onto her center.
The blonde moans, throaty and nothing like any woman Erin’s heard. Be it that before this, the only feminine moans Erin heard was from movies and pornography, so it’s probably an inaccurate comparison. She’s all grunts and light sighs, fingers tightening in her hair and scratching against her scalp.

“Right there.” Holtzmann encourages, hips thrusting out from being pinned against the shower wall. “Oh fuck, Erin I’m so close, God.”

*Just Erin will do,* the older woman thinks. She’d say it, too, if her tongue wasn’t busy writing the alphabet over her girlfriend’s clit. Jillian’s really rubbing off on her.

The warm shower stream patters against her back, on her knees and making Holtz beg to come.

“Fuck!”

Erin latches on, giving just the right amount of suction and enjoying the obscene noises that come from the action. Jillian jerks under her, legs shaking and neck snapping back so her head bangs against the wall.

She leans back, wipes her mouth with the back of her head and looks up to ask, “Forgiven?”

Holtzmann’s out of breath, but her head nods in confirmation.
Over the Phone

Chapter Summary

17/30 of 30. Phone sex.

The chorus of *living on a prayer* plays from the living room speakers, Holtzmann sliding through the kitchen on her socks to deliver what could possibly be the best air guitar rift since ever, her own voice belting out the lyrics. A few cleaning products lay on their sides on the counter, the sink filling with soapy warm water.

She’s passionately singing to the bananas when the smart phone behind her buzzes against the countertop, moving with the vibrations until the engineer’s hand catches it to answer without looking at the caller ID, “Hell-o, Holtz speaking.”

Her head quirks, listening to the sharp intake of breath on the other end of the line. She almost looks at the number, but her questions are answered when a very horny, lustful lady voices her presence. “I miss you.”

“Er-bear!” Jillian excitedly shouts, taking a moment to turn off the water and rush to lower the music, “I miss you too. How’s the conference?”

“Lonely.” Her lip bite is nearly audible, with how much the blonde can picture it so vividly, “A week is a long, long time.”

“Want me to keep you company?” Holtz laces the implication heavily through her words, feeling heat pool in her lower belly and simmer.

“Uh-huh.”

“You’re already keeping yourself company, aren’t you?” Jillian teases, listening to the hitched breaths on the other line.

“*Uh-huh.*”

“Just wanted to hear my voice?” She purposely lowers it, knows Erin loves that and adds quite purposely, “Are you picturing me touching you right now?”

A moan, then, “*Fuck, yes, of course I am.*”
“If I was there right now…” Jillian sighs wishfully, “I’d screw you so hard into the mattress, the hotel would think someone was being murdered by the sheer amount of screaming you’d do.”

“Really?” Erin questions, hopeful and getting more out of breath with each second. “Really.” Holtzmann says, “You’d be begging me to fuck you.”

“I already am.” Erin reasons, her own words shooting arousal down to Holtzmann’s lower half like lava down her spine at the next words, “I want to sit on your face.”

Jillian tries to hide her whine in a faked cough, clearing her throat but regretting the little moment it causes. The phone, held to her ear by her shoulder, goes loose and slips right down, into the sudsy sink.

“No!” She screams at the last moment, hands scrambling to find the device at the bottom. Wet up to the elbows when she finds it and frantically calls into the phone, “Erin? Erin!”

No answer, the screen staying black.

She huffs in frustration, then goes on the hunt for a bag of uncooked rice.
Short, I know.

Her jaw is sore, like someone punched in yesterday, and blonde curls are pinned painfully to the mattress. Against the sheets, her back sweats from how hot it feels in the room.

But, God, it’s so worth it.

Erin’s above her, and from this point of view Holtz can trail her gaze up her lover’s stomach, to her breasts and then to arms out and holding tightly to the metal frame headboard. The brunette’s hair is in a messy bun that gets undone a little more every time she throws her head back to stutter out a lustful breath.

Sure, she might not be able to breathe when Erin grinds down just like that,

but it’ll be a pretty good way to go.
Chapter Summary

I haven't stopped talking about that SNL kiss heard around the world and I probably never will.

Anyway, this was a Mental Image since then.

“Do we have to do this?”

Erin tugs at the cheap, costume fabric around her waist and squirms as the corset like top’s hooks scratch against her back in a very unpleasant way. The tiara keeps slipping down her forehead, blocking her vision until she pushes the plastic up and looks at her girlfriend, Jillian, sitting on the edge of their shared bed with a dazed expression.

“We all have our fantasies, Gilbert.” Holtz argues back, voice low with the arousal coursing through the engineer's blood like a drug. Not that she has experience with those… well, not a lot of experience.

“But really?” Erin questions, feeling awkward with the drapes and blinds open all of a sudden, even if they are three floors off the ground

“Please.” Holtz whines, making her signature puppy dog eyes.

Erin sighs very loudly.

And picks the golden rope off the ground and trying her best to sound tough and not at all nervous.

“I am Diana, princess of the amazons,”

She's blushing furiously, stepping over to the bed and looming over her blonde girlfriend who looks more than excited,

“and you have been a very bad girl.”
Candlelight

Chapter Summary

What? I'm alive. Also this isn't smut? Shame on me.

Erin’s not actually sure what’s going on when she steps into the firehouse, takeout from the Chinese place across town clutched in her hands. Scattered on the floor is a trail of red, fresh rose petals leading toward the metal spiral staircase, candles burning on each step and along the pathway, sitting on floor in what is certainly a danger of fire sort of way.

The brunette carefully bends down to blow out each as she passes, too distracted by the flames to notice her girlfriend step down from the second floor.

Holtzmann smiles (it’s not her usual I just made something that could kill us but it didn’t smile, it’s softer), not speaking up until the last candle before the stairs is out.

With the rest dark, Erin has no choice but be drawn to the light flickering, a halo around Jillian. Her figure is clad in what Erin can tell is a very expensive set of matching black bra and panties, the only other clothing a black tie loosely looped around her neck.

Oh, so that’s why Holtz just begged her to get orange chicken from that hole in the wall instead of the regular place.

Oh.

“Er-Bear.” The blonde, her hair down and in soft waves for once, steps forward. She looks around, like she’s observing her own work, and a smirk lifts the corners of her mouth. “You like?”

The mouth has lip gloss on it, and Erin can fucking smell the sweet, fake strawberry flavoring.

Before she can even think of greeting her back, the older woman proceeds to plant a kiss right on Holtzmann. The food falls forgotten to the floor as her hands find a more important job of tugging on Jillian’s tie.

The blonde laughs, “I was hungry.”

Erin trails her hand down until it’s resting on her girlfriend’s chest, gently massaging her through the lace garment.
“Eat me then.”

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