Girls can wear so many different shades of lipsticks: it's almost like putting on a new personality. And the boys of Overwatch are about to discover this could be a benefit - or a curse.
Red (Soldier 76)

Chapter Summary

Red is bold, it's confidence and self-assurance.

The day you walked in the office with that new shade of lipstick was the beginning of Jack's undoing. That deep red color made your eyes and hair stand out, and he had to force himself to look away every time he caught himself staring at you. That color on your plump lips was intoxicating, to say the least. Everything about you was intoxicating, your hair, your curves, your scent, and he wanted to get drunk on you. Every time he passed you in the hall he would catch a whiff of your hair, and it would send his heart racing. And it was driving him crazy. He couldn't even concentrate with you being in the same building! He had to do something before he dove off the deep end.

You knocked gently on the door, cracking it open just enough to peer inside. Morrison was sitting behind his desk, one leg crossed over the other and his arms crossed over his chest.

"May I come in...?" You called out, gingerly breaking him from his daydream. He gave you a curt nod, and you pushed the door open. You had a piece of paper in your hand, a warning from the Boss himself. You held it up long enough for him to see it, and he offered a hand towards the empty seat in front of his desk.

"Please, take a seat." He spoke.

Jack Morrison had a surprisingly boring office. The walls were white and void of any pictures, and his desk was the basic modern glass and black plastic mix. The only bit of personality, besides the man himself, was a picture of him and several other attractive people, none of which you recognized except for a young McCree. McCree often came in for Jack, pulling him away to a nearby bar, but not before flirting with any woman that breathed, yourself included.

"I had a question about this..." You looked down at the paper. "Complaint." You groaned. A single white brow raised as he looked into your eyes. You had to force yourself not to roll your eyes as you continued, reading off of the paper you had been given.

"Please refrain from wearing lipstick of such a..." You couldn't even believe what you were reading, and it was the thirtieth time you had read it.

"Kinky color." He finished, placing both of his feet squarely on the floor and both hands on the desk.

"Yes," You repeated sarcastically. "Kinky color."

"It's too distracting." He claimed, leaning forward in his chair. Daring you to defy him. Perhaps you were too headstrong, but the temptation was too strong.

"Why?" You replied, irritation laced in your words. A smirk flickered across his lips, who knew you could get feisty with him, the big Boss?

"Because I said so." His voice sounded like he anticipated the conversation to be over. He was wrong.
"You're the only one to say so." You counter. He's almost taken by surprise, and he cleared his throat, attempting to assert his dominance of the situation.

"Well, my word goes, doesn't it?" He grumbled, staring deep into your eyes. Surely you wouldn't defy him, being the boss. And finally, he could have his peace once more, and you would blend amongst the rest of your peers, just another worker. He prayed that it would work, he couldn't handle the restless nights of heat when he thought of you. Of your soft hands, of your lips. Of that...

"So you think it's a kinky color, huh?" You purred, slowly rising from your chair. His mouth was very suddenly dry as he watched you sashay over to his side. There's that scent, he thought to himself. He had to fight to keep his eyes from fluttering close, from his body leaning forward to drown in your presence. A single finger traced over his biceps. He could barely wear that shirt, it nearly popping at the seams with how meaty his muscles were. He gulped dryly, taking in your form that stood over him, just a hair shy of too close. You couldn't help but smirk at the sight.

"What's so kinky about it?" You traced your finger back up his arm, climbing the starched white shirt to the collar, tracing your nail against his stubbly chin. He trembled beneath your touch, his hands gripping tightly to the arm rests of his office chair. His tongue felt too big for his mouth as he tried desperately to speak.

"W-Well, it's so... red..." You nodded, leaning in ever so slightly. Your hair trickled down, caressing his cheek. You were so close, he wanted to push you down and take you right there on his desk, damn who hears. And you kept moving in, closer and closer, touching without touching. His skin was ablaze at the thought that you might touch him more. You pulled your finger away, and he let out a soft whine.

"It makes me..." He began again, unconsciously leaning in towards you. You gripped his tie and yanked it forward, your lips mere centimeters away from his own. He felt your breath on his lips, and he thought he might faint right there.

"It makes you what...?" You teased, raising a mischievous brow and revealing a row of pearly white teeth hidden behind your venomous red lips. You could eat him alive, and he would enjoy every single second of it. His pants began to strain against himself as he turned his head away, his eyes clenched tight in dismay.

"I want you to kiss me!" He barked. A nearly sadistic chuckle left your lips as you lifted a leg over his lap, settling down on his knees. He caught a glimpse of your panties, and his whole body lit with arousal. You were settled just above his rising tent in his pants, and he could feel your heat from between your legs. He let out a breathy whimper. You hooked a single finger in his tie, ripping it off of him and letting it flutter to the ground, long forgotten. The buttons were easy, looping through the holes teasingly slow. He only felt the tips of your nails graze him as you took off his shirt, but it was enough to have his nipples stand to attention. You stared into his glazed eyes, your hand trailing up his fiery skin to his neck, where you gripped so softly. A dominant move. He melted in your hands.

"Just a kiss?" You teased. He bit his lower lip and swallowed another dry gulp, giving you a harsh nod. You could feel him straining beneath you, his whole body trembling, and it was delicious. You leaned down, breathing on his face before placing the most gentle and chaste of kisses on his lips. It had bothered you before just how easy the lipstick came off, but now you secretly thanked the gods. The red stained his lips, slightly smeared by his incessant trembling, and he looked so thoroughly debauched, his cheeks flushed, eyes glazed and worshiping you. You felt your lower half heat up at the sight. His eyes fluttered open and his brows scrunched together in what almost looked like a pout. You gave him a wink.

"You said a kiss. Just one." You purred, rubbing your thumb against his lower lip, the rest of your
fingers cradling the side of his face. He turned to nuzzle into your palm, his eyes pleading.

"J-Just one more..." He growled, his voice vibrating through your whole body. You chuckled and leaned in, closing your lips over his chin. Leaving another red mark, you pulled back, making a smacking noise with your lips. A shiver rocked his whole body, and his erection pressed against you, standing at full attention.

"One more..." He chanted. You obliged, leaving another kiss even lower down. With each kiss he moaned, begging for just one more, one more, one more. Your kisses trailed lower and lower down, down his chin, his jaw, his neck, his clavicle. You made it down to his nipples before you noticed your lipstick had nearly run out. He was sweating now, almost bulging out of his pants. You eyes his hands, which had torn the leather of his arm rests. Good thing that wasn't you in his hands you secretly thought to yourself. Having this much power over him was invigorating, and you wanted nothing more than to continue forever, teasing him until he burst from the seams. But your own body was impatient, you wanted to jump his joystick like a bucking bronco. You ran your fingers over his nipples, giving them a gentle twist. He let out a loud groan as his erection bounced beneath you.

"Oh, a nipple man?" You commented to yourself, watching in joy as he shuddered beneath you, his dick twitching with each twist and pull of his nipples. What a surprise, you thought to yourself. He was yummier than you had thought. You planted your feet firm on the ground and lifted yourself off his lap, holding tightly to the head of the chair, your arms on either side of his head. His eyes fluttered open again, his jaw open and a thin dribble leaking down his chin. He almost looked like he was in pain. Perhaps he was, with those tight pants. You shoved the chair back, making enough room for you to fall to your knees before him. He let out another groan, even louder than before. You wondered briefly if someone had heard him. You made quick work of his belt, tugging it off and tossing it to the floor. With a single zip, his cock burst free, slapping wet against his bare stomach.

"That looks rough, Mr. Morrison." You cooed, giving him a little pity smile. Oh god, hearing you say his name like that had him reeling. You were playing dirty. He loved it.

"You could... make it better..." He grumbled, trying desperately to sound in control. Like hell he was, he was putty in your hands. You made a pouting face, leaning your cheek against his thigh, lips dangerously close to his dick.

"Make it better...?" You mimicked, rubbing a hand up his other thigh, clearly avoiding the area. He watched on in ecstasy. "I don't know." You teased, stopping your hand. He couldn't help but give a little hump, pushing himself closer to you. You bit your lower lip, ignoring the growing wetness between your legs.

"I thought you didn't want me to wear this lipstick anymore..." You pouted. He couldn't stand it, he was about to burst, and you hadn't even touched him yet! Just the proximity, the heat, the idea of it. Your lips, wrapped around his-

"Forget what I said." He barked, his hand tangling in your hair. You gave him a look that said 'I'm in control', and his grip loosened, just barely touching your scalp.

"Yes sir." You straightened your back and took hold of his cock, hands gently cupping and kneading his balls while the other ghosted over the shaft. He let out an animalistic growl, and his gaze was so intense. You opened your mouth with an accentuated pop, and gave the top a little kiss. The lipstick, now practically gone from your lips left a ring around his tip. Your whole body tingled at the sight of a bead of precum leaking from the slit. He let out a shaky breath, and you wondered just how much more he could take. Finally, taking pity on the poor man, your warm mouth engulfed him, and he let out a sharp cry, clenching tightly to your head. Your tongue lay flat against the bottom as you started
a shatteringly slow pace. Your fingers continued to play with his jewels, and each gentle pump of your lips left him leaning further and further back, his head lolling back in ecstasy.

"Oh god, you're so good at this..." He moaned, tilting his head back up. You took a deep breath, moving your hands from his shaft and balls to his thighs, and you took his entire length down your throat. He let out a piercing cry, his legs trembling beneath you before you removed your mouth completely, leaving his cock bright red and neglected, on the edge of cumming. With a lick of your lips, you looked at the base of his cock and noticed the last remnants of your lipstick. Your lips were now completely bare. You gave him a mischievous smirk and abruptly stood, combing your hair back and wiping your mouth of any precum and saliva. You spun on your heels and headed towards the door.

"Wait!" He shouted, reaching out towards you. You peeked your head over your shoulder, glancing over his body. Several lusty red kiss marks smeared across his body, from his lips, down his neck, one on each nipple, and what you couldn't see from behind the desk.

"The kinky color is gone, Mr. Morrison." Your voice was high and mocking, you just loved to tease the poor man. His face fell into one of complete shock, though the redness of his cheeks and the sweat left you nearly satisfied.

"The problem has been solved." You smirked, lifting the piece of paper back into his view. You let it fall from your hands as you left the room.

"Don't worry, I'll wear it again." You turned once more, giving him one last look. Your brow raised, your mouth wide with a smirk, pearly fangs showing.

"Maybe."
Pink is soft, adorable and friendly.

Gabriel couldn't stand watching you get along with your male co-workers. You were always so bubbly, with your bouncy hair and sweet smiles, the boys of the office adored you. They would wrap an arm around your shoulder, or leave gifts on your desk, and you were none the wiser. He wanted nothing more than to ravage you on your own desk, in front of everyone. He wanted to claim you. And most of all: he wanted to smear your pink lipstick. You always wore a soft shade of pink, like cotton candy. It was a pleasant, effeminate color that drove him crazy. You were the sweet little rabbit, and he was the wolf: mere seconds away from devouring you.

"Hey." He growled as he made his way towards your desk. The boys that flocked around you disappeared at once, filing away to their desks, hiding their eyes. You spun in your chair, eyes wide in curiosity. Mr. Reyes didn't usually speak to you besides the basic hellos. You hoped you weren't in trouble.

"Meet me in my office." He leaned down, inches away from your face. "Now." He growled. Gabriel stomped away, entering his office and leaving the door open for you. Oh dear. You were very much in trouble. You held your hands close to your chest as you stood and followed him.

"Close the door behind you." His voice was rough, and your body unconsciously obeyed. With the click of the door he was on you, hovering just behind you like a shadow. You held back a squeak as you turned, careful not to touch him. How much trouble were you in? He smelt of cinnamon, the perfect blend of sweet, warm and spicy. It was an addicting scent, to be sure. He looked over your trembling form and swallowed a guttural growl: your plump lips were so kissable, he had a hard time not pouncing on you then and there. You swallowed dryly and bravely met his burning gaze.

"Mr. Reyes, sir..." you muttered, pressing your fingers against the flesh of your neck.

"Don't tempt me." He swore under his breath.

"I'm sorry." You responded automatically. Gabriel let out a sigh, running a hand through his slicked back hair. His brown eyes swept over your small frame, plump lips, deliciously grab-able curves. You were so unconsciously sexy in your little skirts and dresses. He had to excuse himself to the bathroom the day you wore shorts to work.

"You're not doing it on purpose, are you...?" He asked rhetorically, aware of her naivety. She was surrounded by boys, flouncing and twirling about like a fairy. People gravitated towards you, you were the friendly one. And he was the shadow that watched from the wall. A real Hades and Persephone case.

"Yes, sir." You mumbled. You let out a gasp and clapped a hand against your mouth, pressing yourself further into the door. "I mean no!" This piqued his attention. Could it be his little rabbit, his sweet summer child Persephone was vying for his affection? He let out a dark chuckle and slammed his hands against the door, trapping you in his arms. You let out a little cry and wrapped a hand around his wrist, pressing your cheek against the flesh of his bare arm. He had rolled his sleeves over...
his elbows, and was glad it had gotten hot in his office. The softness of your cheek was well worth it.

"Let me make this perfectly clear." He purred low, leaning forward towards you. You felt your face darken with a blush as he neared, his breath tickling your lips. He was so close, if you leaned forward, you would meet his lips.

"Were you doing it on purpose?" You gulped dryly at the tone of his voice, so deep and husky. You wanted to faint in his arms. You nodded your head, letting your hair bounce in front of your face. You hoped it would cover your cheeks. But your hair couldn't hide his wolfish grin as a gentle finger brushed your hair to the side. His pupils had blown wide, his eyes almost black with lust. A low growl rumbled from his throat as he grabbed your hips, lifting you from the floor. You unconsiously wrapped yourself around him as you let out a whine. He rushed over to the desk, using one arm to effectively wipe everything off, even his computer. It all smashed to the ground as he set you down, your ass on the very edge. You gripped his wrists tight, keeping his warm hands close. He was so rough, but there was something about it that had you tingling. He hovered above you, stroking your knees with his calloused thumbs. His lips pressed hard against yours, chapped and rough. His tongue wrestled with yours, pressing you closer and closer into the desk below, almost laying your back down. He tasted like strawberries, perhaps candy? You placed a hand against his shoulders and managed to push him away, the both of you panting heavily.

"You taste... like strawberry." You mumbled. What were you even thinking? Your brain was so hazy, you weren't even paying attention to what you were saying. At once he was on you again, his hands groping at your hips and tongue pressing into your mouth. You let out a shocked moan, sinking onto the desk below. He was so handsy, it was wonderful, being engulfed completely. His hands roamed and squeezed, teasing and rubbed across your hips, your belly and breasts. You gripped tightly onto his shirt, afraid you'll fly away to cloud 9 if you let go. He lifted away, his tongue and yours sharing a single string of saliva. He gave you a wicked grin as his hands moved lower down, massaging and gripping your thighs, just below your dress hem. You turned your head to the side, closing your eyes. This was bliss! He leaned down one last time, gently suckling the soft exposed flesh of your neck. You cried out and wrapped your arms around his back, one hand tangling in his hair and another scratching up his back. His teeth grazed your neck, eliciting sweet moans from your lips. He looked over you as his hands trailed down to your knees once more. Your eyes were hooded and glazed, cheeks bright red, pink lipstick smeared and neck covered with a dark forming hickie. Your chest heaved with your panting, and it took all of his willpower not to rip your clothes off.

"You're always so sweet, bouncing around the office like a bunny." He teased, slowly kneeling down, eyes glazed with lust. You shyly watched him lower himself before you, prying your knees apart. He revealed your underwear and placed a single finger over the dampening part of your sex. You let out a shocked gasp and nearly fell on top of him, using his back as support. He leaned back and laughed out loud, tugging the underwear off and letting it fall to the floor.

"Hold on tight cosita!" He pulled her thighs closer, holding them down with his arms, and he practically buried is face into your sex. You let out a strangled cry before you placed your hand over your mouth to shut out the noise. As much as he wanted to hear you, he knew they could get into
trouble. His tongue traced the edges of your sex, tantalizingly close to the button that had you seeing stars. His tongue lapped against you, and each wriggle and writhe had him diamond hard. He continued to stroke your heart, teasing and blessing you with unholy pleasure. You gave him a deep scalp massage with your one hand, tugging on his hair like a leash, and he finally gave your heat a momentary break.

"Mr. Reyes..." You choked out. He leaned his cheek against your thigh and let out a deep growl.

"Sí, cosita?" He mumbled. You tried your best to look him in the eye, to beg for more. You were so unfocused, all floaty with pleasure, it was hard to form words.

"P-Please..." You whined, tugging his hair to make him stand. He got the gist and pulled your thighs closer to his hips as he stood on his feet once again. He made quick work of his zipper and withdrew himself, long and red, standing at attention. Oh my. He took hold of your hands and helped lift you up, wrapping your arms around his back. As he was so close to you, you peppered kisses on his cheeks and lips, your eyes fluttered closed and heart fluttering like a bird.

"What do you want me to do?" He teased, licking his lips. He had the sweetest thing in his grasp: he was not going to let her escape. Not now. You almost felt woozy from the sudden change, your wet heat feeling almost cold from neglect. You let out a pitiful whine as he moved forward, wrapping yourself around him once more. He let out one last chuckle before holding you close and pushing himself deep inside you.

"Oh Mr. Reyes!" You cried out, scratching his back. Your walls engulfed his length and a shaky sigh tumbled from his lips. His hands settled around your ass, and with a soft grunt he lifted you into his arms. You moaned deliciously into his ear as he began his pace, bouncing you against his cock. You felt the dam within you building up in pleasure with each hump. The two of you hit the wall, your back square against the cold. He slammed into you, whispering dirty words in your ear. You couldn't even comprehend what he was saying, too blissful, too hot.

"I-I'm going to..." You cried out, clutching him even closer to yourself. A wolfish grin spread against his face as he turned to look into her eyes.

"Cum for me." He moaned. He smashed his lips against yours as you came, your whole body tingling with electricity. Your walls spasmed around him as you cried out, more deliciously lewd moans leaking from within you. He nearly dropped you, his knees shook beneath him. His grip tightened around you as he slammed home one more time before slipping out, his cum flowing in ribbons against the wall.

You felt his messy hair stick against your skin as he placed gentle kisses along your neck, both enjoying coming down from your high. At some point he sat you down in his lap, his arms wrapped protectively around you, his lips in your hair. You gently rubbed his arms, feeling the hair, sweat and scars beneath your fingertips. What a day, you thought to yourself.

"Will you continue to tease me?" He mumbled into your hair. You leaned back, wrapping his arms even tighter around you.

"I think I will." You teased, looking up into his chocolate eyes. He smiled wide and assaulted your lips once more, cradling your body in his arms. When you left his office, you walked over to your desk and grabbed your purse. He was sending you home, luckily. You could barely walk, let alone work. As you pulled the hem of your dress down, you noticed a strange lump in one of your pockets. You reached in and pulled out a small piece of pink candy, wrapped in a strawberry wrapper. It was the same as he had tasted like you thought to yourself. Gabriel came out of his office, looking just as suave as he had when he first walked in. But you noticed something that made you giggle. You
walked to the elevator and gave him a sweet little wave, conveniently 'forgetting' to mention that his lips and cheeks were now glittery pink.
Plum (Genji)

Chapter Summary

Plum is quiet control, dominance and cold assurance.

Chapter Notes

This contains a little hint of black mail, but nothing serious.

"Mr. Shimada." Genji stirred from his desk, hand nestled comfortably in his green hair. He was engulfed in paperwork, he could hardly even see over the stacks, where you stood. Your heels lifted you a few inches over, and he met your gaze. Your plum lipstick was striking, a very bold color, and Genji had difficulty finding your eyes.

"Please meet me in my office." You insisted, your tone calm and strict. You clicked back towards your office, and Genji let out a tired sigh. He had so much work to get done, you were piling it on him thick! It must be punishment for dying his hair green, he grumbled internally as he shuffled after you. The door clicked behind him, and without invitation, he slumped into the seat across from you. You watched on in silence, cradling your chin in your hands, elbows on the desk. Genji wasn't very good with the silent judging.

"Listen," He began, scratching the back of his neck. He let out another tired sigh before he continued. "I know I shouldn't dye my hair weird colors, it'll tarnish the image of the office." He moaned sarcastically. A single brow raised on your face as you pulled out a small envelope, taking out the several pieces of paper. You looked straight into his dark eyes.

"More than these would, Mr. Shimada?" You let them flop to the desk, and all of Genji's muscles flinched. They were pictures. Pictures of him. You had somehow found his Cam Boy advertising pictures. There were some of him in suggestive costumes, some tied with rope, some buck naked and lathered in oil. The color fell from his face as you spread them out, organized and precise.

"Do you make a lot of money doing..." You circled a finger over the most lewd of his pictures, him with his cock in his hand, his chest covered in cum. He flushed in shame. "This?" You hissed softly. He lowered his eyes, squirming in his seat. He gave a limp nod. She was surely going to fire him, how did she even find these things? He tangled his fingers together, focusing on the burning pressure of his knuckles. You looked over the pictures again, examining them all like a princess looks over her jewelry, aloof and -seemingly- uninterested.

"I never understood how Cam Models worked." You noted dully, eyes lingering on his lean, taut muscles revealed in the photos. He wished for nothing more than to melt away into nothing. His gorgeous Boss was ogling his nudes! He wondered if he could ever go back to being a Cam Boy.

"Show me how it's done." His eyes flicked up to yours, steely and authoritative. You were serious? His dick twitched in his pants, and he nearly punched it in embarrassment. Not now! He raised his head and gave her one of his signature grins: but now empty and hiding his nervousness.
"Sure thing, Boss!" He added excitedly. Maybe if he didn't act like it bothered him, she would let him leave! Maybe even with a warning. He reached up to his tie and tugged it off painfully slow, letting the green silk slide off his shoulders.

"When I get a client," He began, letting the tie drop to the floor. It was like teaching a class on how to be a Cam Model! He had no reason to be nervous, even if you looked at him with a hungry gaze. "I'll tease them with a peep show." He ran his hand up underneath his shirt, gently pulling it up to reveal his belly. You laughed, pushing your chair back and slinging a leg over the other. He gave you a confused look.

"Wouldn't it be easier to show me over here?" You lowered your hand, referring to the floor beside your chair. Genji gulped dryly, you... didn't really want to see it, did you? The look in your eyes was completely serious, and his legs trembled as he stood, shuffling over to the spot. He fell to his knees before you. This was dirty, he thought to himself. Surely you were teasing him! But your face was completely calm, as if you were reading an instruction manual. The uninterrupted eye contact began to affect him, his breathing became a little shallow as he continued, rubbing his belly and teasing with bits of flesh showing. You raised an unimpressed brow.

"And that's it?" You noted, boredom laced in your words. His heart skipped a beat as he rushed, pulling the shirt even higher. The tiniest hints of his tattoo had begun to show, they curled and swirled over his right shoulder, twirling down over his right pec down to his ribs. When you licked your lips, he shuddered, hot beneath your gaze. You let out a low, short hum of disappointment. You turned to look over the pictures once more, examining which picture to choose. Your eyes lingered over one where the outline of his cock showed beneath his tight boxers, his eyes hooded and filled with lust. You were impatient and grabbed the picture, letting it fall to the floor before him. You raised an unimpressed brow.

"Why don't you start there?" You suggested, giving him a mischievous smirk. If he was thinking straight, he would have said no. But the heat of the moment, the shame, your perfume that made him hazy, your dark lipstick. It was all too much, and his common sense had leapt to safety far, far away. He pulled his shirt over his head, not caring of the buttons that popped off, rolling across the hardwood floor. His sleek pants were next to go, and he at once was kneeling before you once more, a pair of tight gray boxers and his delightful dragon tattoo. His whole body was alight, all heat and delirious arousal. His nipples stood at attention as your eyes fell from his face, down his tattoo, to his lap. At this point, he was rock hard, and it couldn't be hidden by the boxers.

"And what would you do next?" You cooed, leaning over. He could see your cleavage and feel your sweet breath on his face, and it pushed him over the edge. He was no longer ashamed, he was too turned on to concentrate on anything but your voice. He fell into routine again, grabbing his boxers and pulling them down. You watched as he teased, showing just the base of his hard cock before pulling the material back up again, sliding against his erection. It was sweet friction and he continued, beads of precum leaking on his skin. The heat of your hungry eyes was too much, and he took hold of his dick through the thin material, giving it a squeeze and letting out a lewd moan. The friction had him straining, his leg muscles taut and strained as he raised himself up, tugging his boxers down to reveal his cock. He settled back down onto his heels, placing his two hands on the floor behind him, completely open and exposed for you. You leaned forward, stroking his sweaty cheek with your open palm. He shuddered and whimpered into your touch, a line of dribble leaking from his trembling lips. You gave him a sadistic little smile, a twinkle in your eyes.

"Very good, Mr. Shimada." You traced your thumb over his lips, and they opened ready for you. "May I try these out?" Without warning, you shoved his face between your legs. Genji's lips made contact with hot, wet flesh, and his mind went reeling. You weren't wearing underwear! You let out a little chuckle as he suckled, hungry for you. Your fingers tangled in his hair, giving him a massage as he eagerly licked at your folds, his nose pressed against your clit as he hungrily lapped at your
juices. You bit your lip as he dug in, massaging your thighs with his hands, delving into you with his
tongue and lips. There was a knock on the door, and you quickly brushed all of the pictures over
Genji, the lewd images floating down all around him like evidence. The door cracked open, and
sweet Mei peeped her head in.

"Excuse me." She mumbled. Genji froze in place, all actions ceased as his blood froze. He was
cought! You pushed his face even further into you, your fingers laced in his hair. You gave Mei a
sweet smile.

"Yes, Ms. Mei?" You replied calmly. Genji continued to lick, his face bright red with shame. She
was going to see, going to hear! He was over!

"Have you seen Genji? I have something to ask him about the newest memo." You let out a soft
chuckle and looked down at him, meeting his eyes. No. No!

"He's here, actually." You smirked. He let out a little cough and you lifted a leg over his shoulder,
anchoring him in place. "I so clumsily dropped some papers all over." You commented, waving your
hand lazily about. You turned to meet Mei's eyes again.

"I'll be done with him in a few minutes, Ms. Mei." You gave her a calm smile. "I hope you don't
mind." Mei shook her head and closed the door, leaving you and Genji alone once more. You slid
your leg off and he reeled back, coughing and wiping his face with his arm.

"W-What if..." He moaned, still clutching tightly to your thighs. "What if she saw?" You lifted your
foot and pressed your heel against his shoulder, giving him a good view of your wet and leaking sex.
His eyes flickered hungrily between you and your eyes, and you gave him a little smirk. You pushed
him over, letting him flail onto his back beneath you as you hovered over him, facing the opposite
direction.

"You'll have to be quiet then, won't you?" You teased, positioning yourself directly over his face
before kneeling down and taking a seat upon your throne. Your thighs clamped down around his
ears and he closed his eyes, completely surrounded by you. Your smell, your taste, the sound of the
blood rushing through your thighs, it was like a dream. The flat side of his tongue brushed against
your clit and you shuddered, leaning down over his hard cock. It felt warm beneath your fingers as
you pulled it from his chest, a line of precum connecting his belly and the tip. You gave it a kiss,
giggling as you took it in your throat. Your hands clutched around his thighs as you bobbed up and
down, taking him in progressively deeper and deeper, moaning and vibrating his dick. With each like
you gave a little hum, and he moaned loudly in your folds. He was in Heaven! Your lipstick had
finally begun to smear, a kiss mark noticeable on each testicle, the base of his cock a dark purple.
You would have to reapply it later. Genji pushed your ass forward a bit, giving him room to breath.

"I'm close..." He muttered. He humped into your mouth, each little hump pulling a loud moan from
his lips. You sat up, pushing yourself onto his face again.

"So noisy." You cooed. You took his cock in your mouth one more time, giving it a sucking he
would never forget. His moans turned into cries, muffled by your heat, and you popped off his dick
just as he came, letting the white ribbons spray across his lower body. You couldn't get it on your
clothes, you were a professional. You stood up, heels on either side of his head as you pulled open
one of the drawers, withdrawing your cell phone. You stepped away and lifted your phone, lining
the camera up to take a picture. Click! You lowered your phone, regarding the photo. His face was
flushed bright pink, his lower body covered in cum, cock colored with your plum lipstick. He was
thoroughly debauched, floating in cloud 9 on your floor. You took the tube and reapplied, kneeling
down to catch his eyes. You smacked your lips and leaned down, placing a kiss right over his nipple.
He whimpered and leaned into your kiss, bucking his hips.
"I think I get the gist of your business, Mr. Shimada." You rose again, clicking over towards the other side of the room. You peered in the mirror, tugging your clothes back into place. Genji crawled towards you, his face still flushed. You met him halfway and reached down, taking his neck in your hands. He laughed giddily, drunk on pleasure. You leaned down and placed a rough, tongue wrestling kiss on his lips. You claimed him with your plum lipstick like a collar, and the idea of being your pet sent shivers down his spine, eliciting his cock to spring to life once more. You gave a low, predatory laugh, watching idly as he bucked his hips towards you, his cock slapping his belly.

"M-More..." He moaned wantonly, clutching at your clothes. You stroked his cheek, eyes glancing at the clock. Work was over, so technically... You looked down again, meeting his eyes.

"Then be a good pet and get dressed."
"Darlin', you can't do this." Jesse bargained, his face contorted in pleasurable pain. It seemed like everyone at the office would ignore you, even your own boyfriend Jesse. Your taupe lipstick won you no favors - you were the serious girl, the organized one, the one everyone would pile their unwanted work on to and you always took it. Why? You weren't bold. You never had the heart to tell them no, and in a strange way, they depended on you. But this was the final straw.

You had been telling Jesse for what felt like months to get rid of his beard. It wasn't his usual gruff - in fact, his gruff unshaven face was one of your favorite things. But the moment it left his chin more than a few centimeters, it needed to go. And for months he told you 'I will, I will.' He would chuckle and laugh it off, patting you on the shoulder and leaving you to do even more work than before. And as punishment, you had completely denied him sex. At first he would tease you for it, saying it wasn't fair that you wouldn't give him sex only because of his growing beard. The teasing soon turned into persuasion - he would try to get you all riled up but you cut him off, leaving him to himself in the bathroom. When persuasion didn't work, he resorted to bargaining. He couldn't stand being away from you so long: it was physically paining him! He'd take you on a vacation, he'd buy you anything you wanted, anything just for a night. He would even lay off the work load he always passed onto you in the office. And just as much as his advances failed, yours did as well. He refused to shave, or even trim, saying that he wanted to grow it out like a lumberjack. And so you resorted to one of your favorite methods of torture: pet play.

Oh, no man could measure how much Jesse McCree loved pet play. The way the collar felt against his throat, the tugging of the leash, the feel of the fur pressing against his flesh, the feeling of being full. When he went into pet play, he was into it. A tail butt plug leaking lube down his thighs was one of his favorite feelings. But this new toy you had bought would be the end of him.

"I-I thought we were..." He mumbled dejectedly. You yanked on the leash, pulling him closer and his knees buckled beneath him, sending him onto the rug below. He looked to you beneath brown lashes, eyes glittering with unshed tears. His lower lip trembled as he fought to speak. You tugged on the leash once more, making him strain his neck to prevent him from feeling choked.

"We can do this the easy way," You comment, placing the remote down and taking hold of an electric razor. His eyes widened in shock. "Or the hard way." His signature smirk split his face, revealing pearly white teeth. He cocked a brow and lowered his head, giving you a mischievous glare.

"An' what's the hard way, Darlin'?" He teased coyly. You knew he would resists, taking the most difficult route. He was a brat - pure and simple. You gave him a smirk of your own as you placed the
razor down and reached behind you, taking out a small, cold object. His face paled as his eyes fell upon something he knew he couldn't live through: a chastity cage. His pride wouldn't allow him to say you were right, that he should have trimmed his beard months ago. He hadn't meant for it to get so out of hand, now that his pleasure was on the line. He let out a low groan, turning his gaze to the floor.

"Fine." He grumbled. You smiled. At last, you thought as you took hold of the electric razor. You had to admit that not sleeping with him for months was taking its toll on you as well, and watching the bits of his beard fall to the floor was almost as relieving. Shaving all of the excess away, like chiseling marble off of the slab, finally revealed the man you fell in love with. The handsomely rugged cowboy with lips that worked as fast as he spoke. You set the razor aside and took his cheeks in your hands, placing a happy, chaste kiss on his lips. He let out a soft chuckle, giving you a coy smile.

"Do I really look that good, Darlin'?" He purred. You took hold of his leash once more.

"You look better than I could ever imagine." You traced your finger along his jaw, eliciting shivers from the buff man. He looked at you with such an adoring gaze, you almost felt bad at what would happen next. You hooked your finger in the link of the collar and yanked him forward, inches away from his lips. His eyes lit up in excitement as you traced his lips with your eyes.

"But you've been bad, pet." The moment the words fell from your lips, his whole face erupted into an unwilling blush. He knew what happened when he disobeyed. And having disobeyed you for months on end? He gulped dryly, looking to you for mercy. He was in for a rough time.

You had him crawl into the room on his hands and knees, his cock hanging down and nearly grazing the floor below, his whole upper body red with shame. You sat upon a comfortable armless chair, one leg crossed over the other like the Queen. And in here, in the room you shared, you were Queen. He shuffled over to the edge of the bed, leaning back and settling upon his ankles. He kept his hands down, you had trained him well. His cock hung down, now having grown quite limp during the humiliating shaving scene. You were quick to fix that. You took a simple dildo, one that looked mostly realistic with a suction cup base and pressed it down upon the solid surface of the chair. This piqued his interest as he watched you peel off your panties, tossing them carelessly behind your shoulder. You sat down just behind the dildo, and the cold silicon brushed against your heated clit and you let out a hiss of pleasure, settling your legs apart. He moaned in want at the sight of your fingers gently caressing the fake cock. You let out a moan as the lube fell upon the tip, resembling precum. Jesse noticeably shivered before you, licking his dry lips as he watched you jerk off the phallus.

"It's so big." You reached a hand down, gently pressing your fingers into your heat, taking with them your juices. He let out an impatient whine, leaning forward on his hands, tongue out and awaiting your taste. You laughed out loud, holding up your wet hand before your eyes, examining his expression. You, instead, placed your fingers upon your nipple, watching as his hardened beneath your touch. Another hiss left your lips as you sunk down painfully slow, taking in the thick cock, feeling your walls quiver around it. Your body lit with arousal as you began a sluggish pace,
leaning slightly back so the dildo would bend, scraping against your inner walls. Your heat let out deliciously lewd squelching noises, and it brought a bright blush across Jesse's face as more drool slithered out of his mouth. He watched, mesmerized at the fake cock going in and out, your juices flowing down and mixing with the lube. You leaned your head back, indulging in the delightful pain you caused poor Jesse.

"If only I had a real cock to fuck..." You teased, bringing your hand down once more to brush against your clit as you continued to ride the dildo, taking in an extra inch or two. Jesse whined out loud, a guttural and animalistic hunger that had his whole body trembling with arousal. His cock was now rock hard, pressed against his toned belly. His head rolled to the side as he watched on completely enraptured.

"There's a real cock right here, Mistress." He groaned, giving a little hump to emphasize himself. You slowed to a stop, seemingly bored with the view of him sitting before you, as if you had never considered his cock to be there at all. You smirked and stood, letting the dildo plop out of you. He whimpered again. You took a few steps forward, not stopping as you hovered above him, your sex pressed against his chest. He had to lean uncomfortably back to look into your face, his ankles digging painfully in his ass cheeks, which still hummed with low vibrations. Your smirk was like the Devil's, full of so many naughty ideas. Jesse wanted nothing more than to taste your lips, to wear your lipstick. He was proud to be yours, and you were proud to own him. With a single finger you pushed him down, his legs splaying out behind you as you kneeled down. Your heat dripped onto his belly, his cock placed on one of your ass cheeks. You leaned back, watching his eyes trail over your face, down your breasts, resting on your nipples. Your hands grabbed onto his thighs, supporting your upper weight as you sank against his belly, rubbing your wetness over his abs. Your hands trickled down between his legs, on the tip of the furry tail that attached to his butt plug. You gave it an experimental tug and he flinched, his cock rubbing against your ass as he bucked helplessly into the air, his eyes shut tight in pleasure.

"Believe me, pet, I want to fuck you." You began to rub yourself, experimenting with different touches in your inner lips, your clit and inside. More of that deliciously lewd juicy noises emerged, leaving Jesse squirming and bucking beneath you, eager to meet your heat that dripped on his body.

"Then do it!" He growled, irritated and fuzzy from denial. You almost giggled, he didn't take punishments very well, always too eager, too desperate. You clicked your tongue, placing a single wet finger over one of his nipples.

"But you wouldn't have learned your lesson." You cooed playfully, voice soft and high. He was going mad beneath you, listening to the lewd noises your body made had him positively writhing. His chocolate eyes snapped open, meeting yours with tears. You pressed your heat against his belly once more, and his back strained hard, arching his back and digging his head into the hardwood below. You tugged roughly at his nipple, relishing the pained noises that escaped his throat.

"You disobeyed me for months." You noted. You knew you wouldn't last long teasing him, the heat of his body beneath you almost had you straddling him right then. Just a little more, you told yourself. Just a little bit more, and he would be completely mad with desperation.

"I-I won't do it... again!" He moaned beneath your expert fingers. You grabbed a hold of his leash, tugging him up up up until he met you face to face, your heat slicking down his cock until you sat on his knees. He shuddered hard beneath you, pressing his face into your shoulder.

"Will you always be a good pet for Mistress?" You laced your fingers in his hair, petting his head softly. He nodded fervently into you, eager to satisfy you. He was always so obedient when he got
desperate. At last, you thought to yourself, it was time to end it. You pulled away from him, careful not to lean on him too much as you turned around, presenting your ass to him. His tongue lolled from his mouth, drool dribbling down his chin and chest.

"Then mount me." He leapt onto you, chest leaning on your back as he slammed into you, balls smacking against your thighs. You both let out loud cries as he began his feverish pace, his thoughts growing fuzzier with each smack of his balls. He rutted you like a wolf in heat, his tongue slobbering against your neck as he screwed into you, your face being pushing into the floor, ass up and receiving his thick cock. Your pleasure burst and you let out a nearly ear-splitting cry, your walls quivering around his cock. It was all too much and he exploded within you, filling you deep inside with his seed. He continued to buck inside of you, balls smacking lightly as you both rode out your orgasms, mouths open and drooling. Only Jesse could have you this aroused, this satisfied and stunned, mouth open and mind blank. He managed to shuffle back a bit, letting his cock slip out of you, cum leaking out onto the floor below.

"G-Good... boy...." You barely managed to speak, voice far away as you both collapsed onto the floor. Your lips spread into a goofy, satisfied smile as he nuzzled your back affectionately. He was gearing up for round two already? You let out a tired chuckle.

Your plan had worked flawlessly. And hopefully, he would continue to disobey. Nothing was more fun than disciplining Jesse McCree.
Hey, so sorry for the HUGE space in posts! You would think it would be easy to get intro the pervy writing move, but I had the hardest time thinking of the lipstick color, the lipstick meaning, and the sub scenario. But Hanzo had been in my mind since the beginning. It's been half a year (even more), but it's in time for Halloween! Enjoy!

Black is striking, mysterious and noble.

The call of the raven warned you of your visitor as it fluttered in through the window, inky wings fluttering softly as it landed on the decorative coat rack. You quickly checked yourself on last time, rustling your hair, tugging at your black plaid school skirt, straightening your collared blouse and admiring your nice black matte lipstick. Nothing made your lips look plumper, or your breasts and hips and rolls more delicious than black. No wonder witches wore it all the time.

A knock sounded on your door.

He’d agree, too.

You waltzed over quickly, pulling the apartment door open to reveal your favorite guest.

Hanzo Shimada, one of the richest men in town. An honorable man, one whose status places him high above the rest.

And surely above a regular black loving girl like you.

“Good evening.” He spoke softly, his deep chocolate eyes staring sharply into your own. His raven black hair had been tied neatly in a top knot fade, and though his eyes looked a little tired his whole face was free of stubble and ever so handsome. And today, to your utter delight, he wore your favorite suit.

The forest green jacket hugged his sides tightly, tailor fit to every inch of him. His legs looked longer in the forest green slacks, his feet covered in hundreds of dollars worth of brown leather that shone in the fading daylight.

A little teasing couldn’t hurt, right?

You leaned on the doorframe, shooting him a little smirk as your eyes roved over his body.

“And what brings you to my door, Mr. Shimada?” You giggled softly, hiding your upturned lips behind black manicured nails. He let out a little huff, quickly crossing his arms as he tossed his head to the side, his eyes haughty and sharp.

“That’s enough!” He cried out indignantly, thick black brows clenched together on his forehead. Another cat like smile curled on your face as you leaned forward, reaching towards his tie to grab.
“Enough, what?” You purred. He stopped your hand, grasping weakly to your wrist as his eyes fell down to meet yours. A soft sigh left his lips, his lip set to quivering and his jaw clenched tightly as his cheeks, once pale and chiseled, were now dusted with a soft pink. He licked his lips and gave a tiny pout.

“M...” He took a quick breath and tried again. “Mistress...”

You gently lead him in, pulling him off the streets like a child lost in the dark.

He would be warm in the embrace of the witch.

Before you could even make it to the room he kneeled to the floor before you, his hands gently grasping his upper thighs, forest green slacks pulled taut. You pushed your foot forward, black boots laced up tightly as your heels clacked on the hardwood floor. His hand gently grasped your ankle as he leaned down, his soft, chapped lips kissing softly at the tip of your shoed toes.

“Good boy.” You whispered softly as you dug your fingers gingerly into his hair, pulling free a few strands of hair. His hair was always soft, he took meticulous care of himself. And though it wasn’t all for you, the scent of his aftershave was all yours. After all, you had given it to him.

Another whimper left his lips as you set your foot down and found the best place for it to stay, toes pressed softly under his clothed balls. His breath caught in his lungs as he pitched forward, his fingers ghosting over your calves as he placed a submissive little kiss on your knee, his sharp eyes now blurred with tears.

That’s when you noticed his bulge.

“You haven’t visited me in months,” You pretended to pout, your voice high and soft as you pulled his head up to look at you, his neck now bared.

“I was beginning to think you forgot about me.” Your lips twitched as you fought a smile, choosing instead to lift your foot and press further under his balls.

He shuddered sharply and grasped tightly to your leg like a lifeline, his hips already helplessly humping at your shin.

“Ohh Mistress...” He cooed miserably, nuzzling his cheek onto your knee. Poor thing, the spell seemed to get worse the more he kept abstinent.

His younger brother had bought the potion from you as a joke, to ‘loosen up his uppity older brother’. But he had not listened to your warning, and instead of giving him a modest dose, he instead gave him the entirety of the potion. All 12 months of it.

And now, poor rich bachelor Hanzo Shimada found himself in incurable ruts nearly every week, the effects strongest on the full moon. As much as he tried to deny himself, only you knew how to cure him.

You kneeled down and took his chin, pressing your thumb hard enough that his pink lips pursed prettily. His glazed eyes focused on you as you gave a little grin and a gentle peck on his lips.

“Shall we begin?” You asked. He whimpered, nodding sharply.
Hanzo always was delightful to tie up.

He now sat on a chair, knees spread and ankles tied to the two front legs of the chair. His wrists were tied tightly to the arm rests, eyes covered by a thick black blindfold as his mouth hung slightly open, brows furrowed and chest softly heaving. His bulge had grown and was now incredibly noticeable under the green slacks. You rose your foot to place your toes on the edge of the chair, digging into his crotch. Another shuddery moan trickled from his lips, bottom one red from where he held it between his teeth.

“You know...” You began, pressing your toes further on his dick.

“The longer you wait for me, the harder it is to cure.” As you removed your foot he let out a low keen, pointlessly humping, desperate to meet with any touch. You took a few steps closer and reached forward, your fingers tracing over his sternum. You trailed your nails over the cloth, traveling slowly and softly over to his nipple, hidden by his jacket and shirt. Your nail nicked the little hoop and a hiccup of shock left his throat as he nearly threw his head back.

To think, Hanzo had nipple piercings. Little black hoops, stark against his pale skin. But they were your favorite, like little buttons guaranteed to turn him on. You gave it a gentle pull with one hand as your other traced softly over his hand, tracing over his knuckles.

“Does this feel good?” You asked softly, pressing your knee into his lap. Another whimper left him as he keened forward, resting his head on your chest.

“Mistress... please...” He mumbled, digging his face further into your blouse. You raised your free hand to grasp his chin, pulling his eyes back to you.

“I want to taste... you...” Poor Hanzo keened, pushing his clothed cock further on your knee to alleviate the pain of his erection.

“Does it help you calm down?” You asked seriously.

It wasn’t often that he explained how the potion felt. It was different for everyone, and though you yourself knew well how it worked on you, he was a completely different matter.

He nodded slowly, finding a little comfort on resting his hot cheek on your breasts.

In a very loose sense, you were acting as his doctor. It was your job to help cure him. You reached down and wrenched your shirt open, the buttons flying dramatically across the room. The lace bra you wore gingerly tickled your breasts, holding them aloft prettily. You pulled one breast out, and as if he were made to do it, his tongue reached forward and he gave your breast a single, solid lick, eyes fluttering closed in delight at your taste. Lips latched onto your nipple, and the redness of his cheeks lessened only slightly, brows furrowed as he took tender care of your breast.

You took this opportunity to bring one of your tools to your side.

A single chain with two tiny clamps on either end glittered in the candlelight. Though it was troublesome with only one hand, you used your fingers to pinch one of the clamps open and, pushing his jacket aside to room your hand, you placed the clamp over his clothed nipple, careful to avoid his piercing. His throat bobbed as he moaned, teeth clamping softly on your nipple in retaliation.

He shot his eyes up towards you, and through his bleary eyes was a spark of mischief. You clamped down on the other side, and now his jewelry was complete.
The chain hung limply between his two pert nipples, the ends hidden by his forest green jacket. Your
eyes fell to your knee as you felt a sudden wet spot, and sure enough, his cock had leaked through
his pants. But another wet feeling caught your attention and you laid your eyes on his almost pained
face. The candlelight brought to your attention the thin lines of dribble down his chin, starting from
your breast and ending just at his collar, a tiny dark mark on the otherwise clean shirt.

You let out a little giggle as your hand gently wrapped around his throat, feeling his bobbing Adams-
apple beneath your palm. He sucked so honestly, and you half wished you could produce milk.

Hey, another spell for another day.

“You’re drooling, dear.” You teased as you brought up a finger, nail scraping against his chiseled
chin. He pulled off your breast with a pop, his face red and debauched.

“Sorry...” He replied idly, his eyes still locked firmly on your breast. You pressed it back into his
mouth and he took it eagerly as your other hand took hold of his chains.

Starting a rhythm, with two nipple pulls you pressed your knee into his cock, feeling his precum stain
grow.

By now he had begun to pant and slobber, his technique growing more frantic as his cock strained in
his pants, growing ever closer to his orgasm, the pain and pleasure too sweet to stand. Your breast
was covered in saliva, your bra wet and his chin sticky and hot.

“Oh, poor thing...” You hummed in delight, giving one final tug to his nipples. Your breast popped
free from his mouth as he gave a loud moan of delight, his spine shuddering in pleasure. You took
hold of his tie and pulled him up, forcing him to stretch his neck. You leaned forward, tugging his
chain down and digging into his cock even harder as your lips hovered over his, breath mingling
together.

“Tongue.” You commanded easily, and he obeyed, sticking his pink tongue out gingerly. You
returned the gesture, easily and swiftly earning all of his sweet, lascivious submission. He clenched
his eyes tightly together as he reached forward, searching for your tongue with his own, his mind
fuddled with pain and pleasure. His cock was near weeping through his pants, his nipples ached and
tingled with heat as your wet tongues touched and tangled, slippery and soft.

But you pulled away, leaving a single string of saliva between you. Your hands dropped down,
fingertips gently scraping over the knuckles of his clenched fists as you pulled your knee away.

Your shirt fell to the floor and your bra shortly joined it. You spun on your boot heel until your ass
was facing him, hidden by your black plaid skirt. Your hands gently brushed down your bare flesh,
sweeping over your goose bumped skin, until your fingertips met cloth. You palmed your ass, lifting
the cloth of the skirt to reveal, to his shock and delight, your bare, plump, and soaking wet pussy.

“Are you ready for your reward?” You hummed, eyes cast over your shoulder to take him in.

His face was red and covered in saliva, eyes glazes and focus all at once and cheeks splattered red.
His suit was still impeccable, save for the spot on his lap where his cock sat strained, pressed
painfully behind fashionably tight green slacks. His shoes still shone, and save for his thoroughly
debauched look, he almost looked professional.

“Mistress, I beg of you!” He cried out, tongue lolling from his mouth with the desire to suck and
taste.

“Please fuck me!”
Nothing got you wetter than Hanzo Shimada letting slip his professional mask to give way to his perverted, lewd self.
Hanzo had escaped one bondage for another, sitting pretty on your bed, knees digging into the soft mattress and his thick arms tied loosely to his back. You had made good use of his tie, tying it over his eyes. His hair had come undone and now swept across his pale shoulders, glittering inky black in the dim light. Your favorite part was the bright red leather collar he had around his neck, like a beacon of his lewdness, with a thick chain attached, though it was, at the moment, not attached to anything. The weight alone was enough to keep him still.

You had folded his clothes on a nearby chair and you reminded yourself to wash them in the morning, but as for now, you had important things to attend to.

His cock stood at attention, the tip a feverish red and in desperate need for attention.

Your clothes were easy to take off, your shoes clacking loudly as they were unceremoniously dumped with your skirt. A clipboard lay nearby and you grabbed it, letting the edge rest in the bend of your arm as you read over the results.

Hanzo’s chart of progress.

Each month meant he went into a rut at least twice, but he did go into four consecutive ruts when there was that blue moon. He had visited you 25 times. But you didn’t really have to do the math to know what was happening.

The potion was fading, and this was the very last time he needed your help. He would cum the rest of it out, and he would be back to the same man he was almost a year ago.

Meaning after this, he would never come back.

Could anyone blame you for dragging it out?

After marking your notes you put the clipboard back down, shocked at your own eagerness to touch. It started off simple, chaste, even. Your hands touched his hair, gentle and sweet. You eased away the tangles, your other hand raking alongside the other side of his scalp. You admired the scent, the softness of it.

It reminded you of your favorite sessions.

Sure, you LOVED the days where he would come to you, eager to bury his face deep in your pussy and only leave once you were trembling, but you admired the calm days, too.

The days where you would help clean his seed off of his chest, wiping at his sweat and tears and saliva until he was soft and dewey. He would nestle sweetly into you, letting you play with his hair...
as he spoke of trivial things. How the weather made his hair all static-y, how his brother had just told
him of the magic of the I-pod extension chord in the car, how he had just seen a film he enjoyed.

How he had seen a dress you might have liked in a shop window.

It almost felt... normal.

“Mistress...” He keened prettily, letting his head lull back and nestle in the crook of your own neck. His sweat tickled your skin.

“Yes?” You teased, now dragging your hands down his neck, easing over his tense shoulders. He gave a shudder and bucked, his cock slapping wetly against his belly.

“Oh!” You cried out in fake surprise, brows raised as you leaned over his shoulder to look, cradling his head in the nook of your neck as you let your other hand fall to hold onto his toned arm.

“I hadn’t even noticed.” Reaching down you gave his cock a little boop, just tapping the slit with your finger. He leapt like a live wire, nearly falling off the bed before you set him right. This time you took hold of him, gently, giving it a small pump.

He almost tried to pull away, lifting his head off of your shoulder.

“No no, come back.” You grabbed his hair and tugged him to rest on your shoulder again, and instead of shying away he nuzzled in further, obscuring his loud moans in the tender flesh of your exposed neck.

With all the lube on his cock it was getting difficult to even hold on, the room now filled with the lewd squelches and moans. You pushed your free hand through his arm to grab at one of his nipples, pushing the nub beneath your fingertip. A pretty little sigh rolled from his wet lips, and a sigh left you too.

You were aching at this point. But instead, you merely grabbed the thin chain on his red collar and pulled away as a choked gasp spilled from him.

“I’m... I’m so close... ah!” He cried out, bucking harder in your hand. You slipped away for a moment and he whined, his mouth gaping open in surprise and ecstasy.

You wanted to tease him, a little, but a part of you knew full well how it could only last so long.

You gave up, admitting defeat by finishing him off. His cock sputtered heavily, spraying his chest and thighs in creamy ribbons as he twitched, moaned and quivered in your arms. All of his muscles relaxed, the chain fell from your hand and his breathing, though laborious, began to slow.

He’d sleep the night, you’d wash in the morning and he’d...

Leave.

It left a bitter taste in your mouth.

“Shall we clean up?” You offered softly, taking the edge of the tie and letting it slip from Hanzo’s eyes. You tossed it aside with the rest of his clothes and set to unbinding his restraints when your eyes roamed down... down...

He was still hard.

He turned his head, his hot breath tickling your neck. You turned and met his eyes.
They were practically black with how blown the pupils were.

The potion should have worn off by now. You’re math wasn’t impeccable but he was usually the ‘one shot’ kind of guy.

“Are you feeling ok?” You asked softly, careful not to let any worry trickle in your voice.

“I... I want...” His eyes fluttered, looking down at himself.

He wanted to be untied? A cold bath? One crisp high five?

“I want to keep going...”

Yeah.

You could do that.

You slid around him, a finger tracing down his dragon tattoo as you settled yourself onto your knees, ass facing him. You spotted the chain to his collar just beside you, the chain cool and strong. You took hold, casting a look over your shoulder before kicking his leg, forcing him closer to the edge of the bed. He shuffled for a moment, his legs tingling from being in one position so long. Hanzo settled, tensing his arms, trying desperately to break the bonds to touch you, grab all he could and taste your wicked sweetness.

Shuffled yourself, you positioned yourself just to the edge, your sex lining right along with his. Chain in hand, you tugged harshly, letting out a pleased cry as the bare skin of his thighs smacked against your ass, his length warm against your wetness.

“This is a special treat for you, isn’t it, Hanzo?” You peered back, catching his wandering eye. His tongue flicked over his lip as a breath caught in his chest.

“Yes... Mistress...” The voice that came from him surprised you, the sheer lust and need a real treat. You could feel yourself leaking down your leg.

“Well...” You tugged the chain again.

“Make it count.”

He slid in, a loud moan echoing with yours as he began his pace, careful not to slip out of you. His thighs smacked against yours, his cock hot and thick, the friction hot and fast as the room began to fill with the lewd, squelching noises. You were on edge, your heat blossoming through you. Another tug on the chain had him leaning over you, his chest flush with your back, his lips just on your neck.

Each thrust earned you a kiss and a rush of heat, little mumbled words of nonsensical lust dribbling from him, a line of drool shockingly cool against your feverish skin.

“Do better, pet.” Your growl spurred him faster, the skin slapping now replaced with even louder squelching, deliciously lewd, as you both made the climb to orgasm.

Closer and closer, each long, dragging thrust drove you crazier and crazier.

SNAP!

Suddenly, two thick, calloused hands grasped the sheets next to your head.

“Mistress!”
Your hips angled deliciously as he leaned even closer, his nose nestled in your hair.

You quickly kissed his wrist, leaving a thick, black smear on the tender flesh.

“More, more more!” The sheets became riddled with sweat, drool and your own juices as he wrestled you even closer.

His left hand merely brushed, clumsily, against your clit, and all of the build up exploded as you came as unexpected as lightning.

Everything was white as the surge of electricity rushed through you. Your legs trembled along with your drawn out moan, the sheets now soaked with your cum. Your nails ripped through the sheets, your toes curled and the blinding heat forced you to convulse.

Hanzo bit down on your shoulder, claiming you as he sputtered and came, filling you with his white hot seed. Another cry left you, a loud smack resounding in the room as Hanzo laid one final mark on you, smacking your ass roughly.

He pulled away, his cock slipping from you with a wet plop. You shuddered and collapsed, feeling his cum ooze out. You peered up through your hair, breathing heavy, and met his dark, serious eyes.

Hanzo Shimada had returned.

He swiftly removed the collar from his neck with a growl, a dominant, official sound. His eyes were sharp as a wolf’s and just as threatening, as if to say

‘You thought you could tame me.’

He leaned over once more and, much to your utter shock, he claimed a kiss.

A serious, formal kiss, a practiced kiss with a little teasing tongue and a sharp nipping bite. He pulled away, proud as a conquerer, with the black smeared on his lips, his chin and jaws and neck.

The Witch was now the prey.

Sleep overtook you, and you slept through the whole night.

When you awoke, before the sun had fully risen over the hills, you found you were alone.

But, alone on the chair in the corner, was Hanzo’s suit. You washed yourself and put on a simple sundress, your favorite color, and set to washing.

His suit was the only washing that needed to be done, as the sheets you normally would have washed had been ripped.

You’d have to get sewing, too. But for now you enjoyed the quiet morning, seeing the breeze gently toy with the expensive green cloth. You let out a satisfied sigh and cocked a hip, holding the empty laundry basket beside you.

“I see you’re awake.”

The voice surprised you, enough to drop your basket. There he stood, dressed in clothing he had left the last time, all clean and proper.
It was almost too easy to forget he had rutted into her feverishly mere hours before.

“I’m surprised you’re still here.” It was the truth. He had no obligation, save for the suit.

Hanzo joined you in the yard, tugging on the cuff’s of his shirt as he stopped just before you. He was at least a head taller than you, and his eyes were, for lack of a better word, daggers. But you wouldn’t back down.

His Adam’s apple bobbed and it felt like a victory. His eyes flickered away.

“I realize now that our…” He looked around for a moment, clearly shy.

“Sessions, are done.” You merely nodded, just a little too afraid to speak, lest your voice betray you.

“I would like to pay you back.”

You raised your hand to refuse. There was no need, it almost felt like you had been taking advantage of the whole situation. Fucking one of the hottest bachelor’s in town? What a deal indeed.

“Let me finish.” He growled. Teeth bared. What a role reversal. Was he normally the type to submit, or was it the sex potion talking?

“I never have one night stands. They are below me.”

Definitely the potion.

“That is why, if you are interested, I would like to…” He looked down at his hand before, gingerly, offering it to you.

“I would like to take you to lunch.”

Tears began to well in your eyes at the thought of it. You were so good at the hit it and quit it, you never thought of the long term.

Not unless you were alone, tired, under sexed and overworked at three in the morning.

“Is it a date?” You asked softly, holding out your own hand to take.

And he took it, gently rubbing your knuckles with his thumb.

“Absolutely.”

“Then I get to give you a hand job under the table?”

“That’s…” He looked you in the eye, bending his neck to lower his head. A bright scarlet blush dusted his cheeks and ears. In the light, his eyes looked like dark honey, brown and warm and endlessly deep.

“That’s not… completely out of the question.”

One thing that you never did figure out, due to him keeping his mouth shut, was the fact that the potion wore off halfway through the year.

He couldn’t just admit how much of a slut he was for you.
Your black lipstick was just too intoxicating to give up.

And whatever Hanzo Shimada wants, he gets.

Chapter End Notes

Ha ha! A secret gift for you all!

I'm not going to say that this is the last chapter, but it may be a while before I add a new one. I might just start adding several sequels as I am, for the most part, out of lipsticks and their coinciding boys. You can't just pair any color and any boy, after all.

Enjoy!
Lipgloss (McCree) pt. 1

Chapter Summary

Lipgloss is sassy, flirty, and cheeky.

Chapter Notes

Thanks to LegendaryLemon for reminding me that Lipgloss exists. I hope this makes up for the huge lapse in writing! ;)

“McCree!” Jack’s boisterous voice echoed across the cold walls, ringing in McCree’s ears.

“What?!” He called back. As it just so happened, McCree’s whole upper body was covered by, roughly, 2000+ pounds of powder blue 1965 Dodge Dart. And it was, by far, the nicest car he had ever seen. Sleek, smooth, untouched by time! Whoever owned it clearly took good care of it.

“Should I leave you alone with her, or are we leaving?” Jack teased, his hip cocked on the wall across McCree, shop keys in hand. McCree poked his head out, watching as Gabe locked up his tool box and stuffed the keys into his back pocket, readjusting his black leather jacket.

“Where are you two off to?” McCree grumbled, absorbed in his work. Gabe merely huffed, tossing Jack’s coat his way before popping the collar of his coat against the wind. He quietly excused himself, stalking out to start the car he and Jack shared.

“Where do you think, kid.” He tugged on his coat and tugged on the beaded chain of the LED sign saying open, watching as it flashed, sputtered, and refused to go off.

“Oh god damnit...” The poor light flickered mercilessly as Jack tugged on the chain over and over, clicking and smacking against the glass of the window.

“I... I didn’t!” Jack huffed bitterly, tossing the chain aside in defeat. He popped the door open and stopped it with his foot, tossing a look back at the man.

“So we waiting up for you?” McCree shook his head.

“Nah, I gotta close anyhow.”

“Alright, g’night McCree.”

The door shut behind Jack, and McCree listened idly as their car revved and rode away, leaving him to himself.

After shutting off the lights and locking his toolbox, he waltzed over to the window with the LED
light, slipping on his jacket as he tugged on the chord, letting out a weary sigh as the red light grew
dim and dark. He locked the door behind him and hopped into his car, flicking on the lights and
driving into town.

He passed by the bar Jack and Gabe were surely drinking in, the need to eat and sleep overriding his
need for booze.

The parking spot he had quietly dubbed as his own was empty, as always, and he slid in from muscle
memory, his other hand already busy grasping for his apartment keys. The night was cool but
refreshing, a good way to end the hot summer day. He couldn’t wait to take off his coveralls, he
wished idly he hadn’t worn his sleeveless tank underneath as it was surely soaked with sweat. The
echo of the concrete stairs rang in his ears as he ascended, stuffing his car keys easily in his pocket,
his eyes cast to the ground.

“Hey, Jesse.”

A silky smooth voice called, low and soothing against the echo of his footsteps. He shot his head up,
his mind back in reality, as he took in the scene.

His neighbor, the nicest and prettiest of the ones he had met, sat comfortably on the concrete stairs,
her purse tucked between herself and the wall. She wore a short sleeved striped shirt, trimmed with a
pretty crimson that matched her knee length skirt that, at this angle, he could nearly see up. Her knees
touched gingerly and her red converse-d feet were spread apart so her elbows could rest stable on her
knees, her glittery cellphone in hand.

“Evenin’,” He nodded politely, forcing his eyes onto her own and ignoring the burning of his ears.
She smiled prettily, her eyes relaxed and kind. Her lips were plump, slathered in a glittery, strawberry
red lipgloss that he could practically smell from there, saccharine sweet and just as tasty. He gulped
subtly, pushing both trembling hands into his coverall pockets.

McCree had had a crush on her since before he could even remember, idly thinking back to when
she first passed him on the stairs, her peachy perfume that awoke the spark of puppy love within him.
The flash of her hand distracted him, watching her hand rest on her upper arm, gently brushing the
skin for warmth, long and manicured, but unpainted, fingernails scratching softly.

“What’re you doin’ out here? S’awful cold.” He pretended to shiver as he jerked his shoulders back
to adjust his suddenly hot coat. She laughed, glittering eyes looking down at her phone.

“My key broke, so I’m out of a room for the night.” Though she chuckled, he could catch the tone of
weariness from it.

“I’m seeing if any of my friends can let me borrow their couch.” His eyes were drawn, inexplicably,
to the bandaid on her knee. It was Hello Kitty.

“Your hair’s gotten long.” She commented, tugging on a piece of her own hair with a smile. He
peered up again, only now noticing the curtain of brown hair that blocked his eyes. He brushed them
back with the comb of his fingers, tugging on the roots as if to force them to stay.

“I, uh, been meanin’ to get it cut.” She tucked her phone into her pocket.

“I could do it.” Again, his eyes rested on her full, pouty lips. So glittery, like the stars.

A pause rested between them before she leaned back, resting her elbows on the stair behind her.

“I’ve cut hair before, if that’s what you’re wondering.”
“I wouldn’t want to impose.” He mumbled.

Another laugh, and this time she tossed her head back, her hair tumbling across her shoulders. He gulped again to soothe his dry throat. He rubbed his two fingers in his pocket before pulling them out, unsure of where they should lay. He unconsciously licked his lips, looking at hers, and brushed the pad of his thumb across his bottom lip.

“And I could lend you my couch, if you’re still wantin’ one.”

“I wouldn’t want to impose.” She purred. Only now did he notices that her eyeliner gave her feline traits. He could only nod, his mop of hair bobbing across his forehead as he rose a foot, planting it on the same step her foot rested on.

His calves burned from working all day, but he wouldn’t dare say anything. He took a few steps forward, passing her on the stairs before stopping and dropping a hand, letting his fingers hand down, a subtle offer, if she would take it.

“I really appreciate it, Jesse.” She slung her purse across her shoulder and turned her head to face him, her cold fingers gently taking a hold on his warm hand, calloused with scant traces of grease, and she tugged to lift herself to his feet.

He led the way, his mind buzzing with the feeling of her hand still in his, only to slip the moment his door had opened.

She tossed her purse to the wall, letting it slump as if she owned the place.

“You’ve got good scissors, right?”

Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea after all. McCree wasn’t one known for his expert rash decisions.

He had downed his third shot of tequila as she sat him in his dining room chair she had placed in the bathroom, facing the little mirror cabinet. Lucky he was tall enough, as it was the only mirror he had in the house. His husky gray blue coveralls had been unbutton to his hips, the sleeves tied so it hung limply around his waist, his white sleeveless tank softly spotted with sweat stains he prayed she wouldn’t notice. She stood just behind him, her elbows resting on the back of the chair as she peered in the mirror, a pair of scissors in her hand. He wasn’t about to say he used those scissors for pizza, but they had just been sharpened, so he hoped they would be good enough.

She took the shot glass from his hand and placed it on the counter, giving a chuckle and meeting his eyes in the mirror.

“Really, I’ve cut hair before!” She smiled sweetly, her fingernails brushing against his back as she took hold of the back of the chair.

“There’s no reason to be nervous.”

Her skills? Surely undeniable. But had hands still trembled as they rested nervously on his lap.

She moved her hands to his shoulders, placing firmly on either side. Her free hand rose up and took a gentle hold of his chin, stubbled and gruff, as she moved his head to and fro, mimicking it with her own head, lips pursed and brows furrowed in concentration.
She was lovely, he thought to himself, even in the harsh lighting of his dull teal bathroom.

The snipping began, and he watched in anticipation as little strands fluttered to the ground and some settled in his lap, tickling his hands. One of the windows of his apartment was cracked, letting in a soft, barely noticeable breeze meant to vent out the summer day’s heat that had remained inside. As it caressed his face, tingling the skin of his cheek, carried with it was the scent of her lotion, a strawberry cream of sorts. She stepped before him, bending her knees as she crouched before him, biting her bottom lip. The scissors drew close to face, his own brows furrowed in concentration. Her eyes, shining in the light, met with his, and she paused. A gasp stilled her breath as she gazed at his dark eyes.

His handsomeness nearly melted her.

Her fingers, of their own accord, or, perhaps, her deepest desire driving her, swept his bangs to the side, nails skimming over his cheek, a ghost of contact. Her lips fell open, enough to show pearly white teeth, and his eyes flickered between them, unknowingly begging.

“You smell nice.” He commented briskly. She blinked, a puff of laughter leaving her though he could sense the disappointment. She rose to her full height again, stepping around to go back to his hair. Her hand took hold of his shoulder again as she pondered. Maybe it was the buzz he was on, or the scent of her lotion, or the fact that she had him crushing harder than a school girl in her first co-ed school that had him act on his desires.

He lifted his hand to his shoulder and gingerly took her wrist in his hand, his warm fingers wrapping tightly as he pulled it closer, her bare wrist begging to be kissed. His chapped lips brushed against the skin there, his eyes fluttering closed in delight, a spark of lust and adoration zipping through his body like a power line.

“Jesse...” She whispered. The scissors were resting on the counter when he opened his eyes. He searched the mirror for her eyes but, finding them planted on his head, he slowly lolled his head back, surprised and comforted by the hand that took hold of his head, cradling him in her grasp. His Adam’s apple bobbed as her other hand reaching forward, brushing and cupping his neck.

She had all the power, and he’d have it no other way.

“Please kiss me.” He blurted, his voice trembling as the grasp of hers tightened only slightly; a reactionary choice.

She blinked in thought, pretty eyes searching his, roaming across his chapped, pursed lips, over the touch of pink on his cheeks and the bright red of his ears, hot as they brushed against her arm. At last she moved, her hair tumbling over and brushing against his cheeks. He closed his eyes as, at last, her warm, sticky, glittery lips made contact.

First, with his forehead. A moan trickled from his throat, his ingrained purpose thrusting his hips in shock at the fulfillment of many a wet dream. Another kiss, placed on the bridge of his nose.

Lower, lower still. She missed his lips, instead going for each cheek before he noticed his hands digging into his legs, his knuckles white. She pulled back and he whimpered, pursed lips trembling, searching for her lips.

“You’re going to tip the chair over.” She whispered in his ear. The screech of the chair startled him as she pushed him back forward, the front legs clicking back down onto the tile floor. He lowered his head, eyes searching for an answer to his position when she wrenched it back with his hair, choking off his gasp with the harsh, sudden, delicious meeting of their lips.
The room filled instantly with the soft smacking sounds of their kisses. His hands rose, trembling in their ascent, as he took hold of her arms, urging her hold on him, his own lips trying desperately to find some sort of purchase, a solid ground, something to keep his blurry mind tethered. She pushed him away, forcing the front legs of the chair onto the floor again, snapping against the tile.

“Stand up.” She ordered. He stumbled, knocking over the scissors and the shot glass as he lifted himself onto his sore legs, turning so his mid back pressed flush against the thin edge of the counter. Her hands pushed against his shoulders, forcing him back far enough he had to balance himself on his bent arms, elbows digging into the cold counter.

Their lips met again, this time with a ferocity he could barely fathom. Her hands were on him, roaming and touching curiously at his chest, both hands squeezing, defining his pecs. One of her fingers brushed against his rock hard nipple and he whimpered, his knees buckling and lips breaking away with a loud pop. His eyes were blurred and his cock rock hard as they met eyes.

She brought a hand to wipe against her lips, dragging any trace of the glittery lipgloss onto her cheek, though now the color had blended away to leave nothing but scattered stars across her red cheeks, puffy lips now dry. She smiled, deceptively sweet.

“You look good in my lipgloss.”

Dappled across his face, smeared and sticky, several pretty kiss marks peppered his face, the most concentrated of it on his lips.

Well, they weren’t chapped anymore.

She laughed again, licking her lips as she made a come hither motion with her hand. Her skirt swayed as she turned and strode out of the bathroom, intent on finding the bed.

“Oh god...” He muttered.

There was no way this was happening. Was this happening? Were they... did he have condoms? Oh god, he could only think of her pretty lipgloss smeared on his co-

“Are you just going to stand there?” She asked, a hint of confusion and worry in her voice.

He moaned a little, trailing off into a nervous, embarrassed laugh.

“My back...”

The position was killing him, his back aching and his legs burning. He wasn’t that old!

But her soft touch was enough to cure him of any pains, and her cold fingers once again took his, though now she lead him.

His bed was in sight, and his cock was harder than diamonds.

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