An Elevating Talk

by BronzeAgeLove

Summary

C-Sec officers Adessar and Miura find themselves in the same elevator they spent a night in. As always, it takes hours to reach its destination, so they decide to indulge in a bit of dirty talk... and proceed to put those fantasies into action once their shift is over.

Notes

Part two of Citadel Elevator Series, set around one month after part one („Don’t Hate, Elevate!“)

A very big thanks to barbex and SheKissesTurians for beta-reading and input <3 I love you guys!

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The talk

Squad meeting demo riot control at 0900, room 59-202

Quintus Adessar could barely suppress a groan after signing in for his shift and receiving today's orders. The morning had begun quite nicely, with hot spiced tea and something tasty from his favourite dextro bakery. So why, for spirits' sake, did C-Sec chiefs always hold meetings in the uppermost room? Didn't Chellick know how much Adessar, and his squadmates, despised the Citadel elevators? They were so slow, it made his plates itch, and he hated starting patrols in a bad mood…

Elevators were pure evil. The only thing, or better, the only one, who had ever managed to make a ride great in his book was Chiho Miura.

He chuckled at thinking about that feisty, ill-tempered little human nobody else in the squad seemed to like very much, except for him. Their relationship had started out with pranks, and verbal lash outs, peppered with some very tangible sexual tension that had in itself been exhilarating, but the elevator ride with her was definitely one of his favourite memories. Thanks to his hacking skills, he'd faked a power shortage and seduced her then, and he still relished those memories. The way she'd repeat over and over how she hated him, yet how compliant she had been with his caresses, the way she had moved against him... had been elevating indeed.

She'd become quite mellow after that specific ride, eyeing him not only with hate, but more often than not with pure lust. Quite a few times already she had ambushed him on the way home in order to exchange a few whispered insults that would soon turn into frantic, hungry kisses and some stealth fondling somewhere in the corner of Rapid Transit that always ended with her shoving him against the wall, threatening him not to follow when it was time for her to get off. Adessar didn't exactly mind this arrangement. Not knowing where they were at was quite thrilling, similar to a sparring match with an unknown opponent. It would have been nice to continue their little romp properly, but during the last two weeks they had only been assigned to the same squad once, and he didn't feel like calling her in private. Still, he missed the slurs she'd hurl at him all day long, that crackling electric tension that built up between them as soon as the insults flew.

After donning his support tech armour, Adessar walked on towards the elevator, morosely thinking about the lifetime he already lost on these rides. They truly were the devil.

"Hold it!" he suddenly heard a familiar voice call out when the doors crawled open, and noticed with quite some amusement it was indeed Miura who came rushing towards him, apparently heading for the same meeting room. Her short black hair was messy as always, and she was dressed in her heavy C-Sec riot gear in clear anticipation of a street battle, helmet clipped to her hip.

They nodded at each other.

"Adessar?"

"Miura. Fancy meeting you here."

He flared his mandibles at her in an approximation of a smile, while she scrunched her nose in his direction. So typical of her, still trying to convey disdain towards him despite everything that had happened between them.

"Riot Control, too?" she asked him after punching the button for the 59th floor with more irritation
than needed.

He nodded. "Mainly support I guess, staying in the back scrambling their tech. You get to have all the fun up front..."

She huffed at him, derision in her voice. "Yeah. Chief knows how to rile us up real good by having us take the elevator from hell before a fight."

Chuckling at her remark, Adessar leaned against the wall, casually observing the curve of the Presidium outside of the panoramic window while they started their absurdly slow crawl upwards. It was the same window he'd pinned her against the last time they'd spent together in an elevator. A very light, unconscious growl left his throat at remembering.

Her back leaving smears of sweat on the glass, slender legs wrapped around his waist as he rolled his hips into her, those tiny sounds of pleasure she gasped against his cowl...

Of course Miura, attentive as always, noticed. "Oh come on!" she exclaimed. "I know those slack mandibles. That's all you can think about? Don't believe I didn't notice, you perv. We're on duty!"

He gave another chuckle at her reaction. "Hey, don't call me that. Do I need to remind you the last few times we met it was you sticking your tongue down my throat? Now that's what I call pervy. But if you see me this way, I can deliver."

"Fuck you, Adessar", she snapped at him.

On a whim, he reached out, one finger gently tracing the line of her curled upper lip while thinking about ways to appease her surliness. Maybe there was something that could make the waiting time better...

"Hey Miura, I wasn't thinking about a quickie, though at this pace, there'd be enough time to raise a family in here. No, I got a way better suggestion..."

With these words, he moved closer to her, leaning down and gently pressed his right mandible against her cheek. She gave a little snarl but didn't fend him off. A good start.

"How about this: I'll describe what I'm going to do to you after work today, right there in the locker room. It'll be something to look forward to..."

Since he was whispering into her ear, he couldn't see her face, but he imagined how the impossibly pink tip of her tongue would dart out for a second, licking her lower lip in anticipation. She shifted a bit in his grip, gloved and armoured hands snaking around him, her cheek still flush against his mandible.

"Very intriguing", she whispered close to his ear canal.

Adessar purred.

That's my girl.

He peeled himself away so he could look at her face and, no surprise, he saw curiosity sparkle in her eyes. One of Miura's hands was still curled around the collar of his armour, but the other had snuck down to his waist, pulling his lower body closer without breaking eye contact.

"Do go on?" she prompted.
Adessar's mandibles twitched in anticipation. This was easier than he had imagined!

"I'll find you in the locker room after the debrief. Just the two of us left of the day squad, night shift not in yet."

His voice had already become more gravelly, the way it always did when he was angry, or aroused.

"You know I'm a fast dresser. I'm going to catch you while you're still taking off your armour, and pin you against the wall. Delighted by the little sounds of protest coming from you, telling me what an ass I am. But as always, I won't listen, and start popping the latches, one by one, slowly... shinguards, gauntlets, breastplate last."

He traced the outline of her torso while he spoke, his large hands circling her waist, marveling at her tiny size before coming to a rest under the curve of her ass. Not that she could feel very much through all that heavy plating she was encased in, but his move still drew a content murmur from her.

"I'll peel the pieces off your compliant body as if I was peeling a delicious fruit...."

Adessar shuddered when he felt his desire surge at the mental image of her, submissive to his actions. He wouldn't admit it to himself, but he'd fallen for her, hard. Pressing himself against her with urgency, he sandwiched her small frame between his breastplate and the elevator wall. She gave a sigh, a peculiar sound somewhere between longing and mockery.

"Comparing me to fruit is not the most romantic thing you could do, Quintus", she teased, looking up at him roguishly. She'd used his first name, he noticed. He was on the right track.

"Well, maybe not, but you do taste delicious. All of you, especially your collarbones when they're slick with sweat. And I love the way you smell after missions, like dirt and gun polish, mixed with your own scent. It's bewitching."

"Oh?" There seemed to be honest surprise in her voice. She twisted in his grip, hands ghosting around him, movements made awkward by their bulky armour. A wicked grin started curling the corners of her mouth. "Well, that was nice to hear, so now it's my turn."

From one second to the next, Adessar's world was turned upside down. While he'd been occupied with his own fantasies, Miura had managed to shift her weight, hooking one of her heavy boots behind his calf and tripping him. He fell backwards with a very undignified squawk, crashing to the cold metal floor in a sprawl. The tip of his fringe struck the surface unpleasantly, making his teeth jar and his head snap forward, right into Miura's burning gaze.

She was on top of him in a flash, straddling his hips, squeezing her thighs together, her hands holding down his wrists on either side of his head. Adessar tried breaking free, but had to realize that he just couldn't.

 Damn Riot Squad and their servo-assisted armour!!

When Miura spoke up, so incredibly close to his face he could see himself reflected in her eyes, there was a very special timbre in her voice, something Adessar had never heard before.

"You remember the heist we had to help foil last week? In transit down to district 36. Every time you shifted your weight a little, I'd get a whiff of you, all that pent-up adrenaline and your musk, full of raw, dusty turian-ness... I could have jumped you right then, on the transport, even if it meant jeopardizing the mission."

Feeling cornered, Adessar tried playing it cool. "Such words from your mouth? I'm flattered."
With a snarl, she wrenched his left arm down to his waist, bringing her leg around to resume the hold and pinning him in place more thoroughly than he'd care for. Adessar couldn't help but to be taken aback both at her agility and at her determination to keep him down.

Armoured fingers traced the curve of a mandible, drawing a trail down his neck to the collar of his breastplate. Adessar shivered under her touch, eyes falling close against his will. He really wished they weren't wearing all their heavy riot gear. It was frustratingly restrictive yet exciting at the same time, being encased in a full suit of armour he wasn't allowed to get out of, even more now that Miura was so aggressively asserting her dominance. His pelvic plates had already started loosening in response to her actions, every part of him tingled with desire. He ached to flip her around and have his way with her right now, but alas, she was firmly on top- and their shift had only begun.

"Go on", she teased again, grinding down on him with apparent zeal. "What were you planning on doing to me?"

"Spirits!"

Adessar gasped for air before he continued, quite reluctantly, at the sudden change of perspective. The position he was in at the moment, with his head craned forward, both arms pinned to the ground, was definitely not the most comfortable he'd ever been in. He tried tilting his head to the side so the weight wouldn't sit solely on his fringe, but then he wouldn't be able to see what she was doing anymore, plus he wasn't entirely comfortable with the notion of exposing the soft hide on the side of his neck to her right now. A hard decision. He gave a sigh of frustration.

"I can't… Why don't you continue? You seem to have this mapped out better than I do."

A faint smile graced her lips, her dark eyes sparkling with mischief. "Very well. By the time you'll have peeled every piece of armour off me, casting them aside carelessly, I'll be dressed in nothing but my thin undersuit. It clings to me, tinged dark by sweat. You'll release me, and stand back, taking in all of me, because I know you can't resist."

Her grin broadened.

"I can hear your subvocals vibrate in your chest, the way they only do when you're really aroused. And it's a good sign, because that means I'll be able to tackle you with a surprise attack… and you won't even mind me being in control, because I'll return the favour to you, my hand squeezing down on your already unsheathed cock, and I'll delight in hearing you pant for more."

She chuckled at the mental image of herself groping him through his clothes and looked down at him with a very suggestive expression, again rocking her hips against his, in an almost lazy, leisurely way. The sound of ceramic armour plates bumping against each other may not have been very sexy in itself, but it was so explicit that Adessar had to cast his gaze to the side for a second with a needy groan. All business, she gave him a wink. Mocking his reaction was so typically her, and he drank her in, the sparkle in her dark eyes, the velvety caramel colour of her face, aglow with glee and lust, the way she held herself in the heavy riot gear, and that scent that had started creeping up around her... Spirits. .. The cabin had become unbearably warm already. With his mouth open, mandibles slightly flared, Adessar panted in an effort to cool down.

The elevator crept onwards.

Miura chuckled, again caressing the side of his face before she slipped one finger behind the prongs of a mandible, tugging on it in a gentle but insistent way.

"At this point, with my fingers dug into your thigh and the other hand squeezing your aching cock, I
hear you growl in anticipation. On a whim, I decide to tease you even more, because the great Quintus Adessar deserves to be put into place from time to time. I'll say something chaste like 'oh, maybe we should wash first', leave you standing there and walk towards the shower stalls as if nothing had happened."

Her lips curled into a sassy smile. She bent down to him as much as her armour allowed, her tongue brushing against his upper mouth plates, an action he eagerly reciprocated. Their tongues met, red to blue, and it suddenly hit him again how alien she was, all softness and warmth encasing that prickly spirit of hers, a contrast against his hard plates and lofty wit.

"So what do you think, what am I going to do then?" she whispered after pulling back, a moment that passed way too quickly for Adessar's taste. She was still looking at him with that suggestive smile, lips slightly parted, but her fingers had moved away from his mandible and found the sensitive spot underneath his fringe instead, applying just the right amount of pressure...

Adessar exhaled, willing himself to concentrate and his erection to stay sheathed. He did feel weird in this situation, completely at her mercy, but at the same time, excitement ran through his veins more hotly than he would have ever imagined. He liked her angry, and mean, and this new side of her was an incredibly welcome surprise.

"I'll follow you to the showers." He swallowed while his mind raced to make up the next sentence. "You've already stripped, and I watch you start lathering up in the steam... You're leaving me to observe you touch yourself with those dextrous little hands, gliding up and down, over your waist and hips, between your legs... your eyelids flutter close as you start rubbing your clit... teasing me with a seductive smile..."

She gave a soft laugh at his words, leaning down closer to him. "That sounds like me, doesn’t it?"

"Don't think I don't know you", he answered in a low rumble, carefully catching her lower lip between his mouth plates and giving it a light nip, drawing another tiny yet needy sigh from her that reverberated inside him.

"The best is yet to come", he continued after releasing her. "You've had your time putting me in my place. Now, it's my turn. I'll scramble out of my clothes eagerly and wrestle you down to the floor, just like the animal some of you humans make us turians out to be. I'll fuck you right there, on all fours on the tiles, rough and deep, while we're both covered in suds, the hot water pouring down on us muffling your lustful moans, my growls."

He bucked his hips up against hers with a snarl, zinging with unsatisfied need. Her breath had quickened and she gave a small curse while she sat back on him, letting go of his wrists. Her hands were scrabbling for hold on the smooth surface on his armour. Miura was clearly as frustrated at her own gear as he was, and the idea of her being aroused yet testy spurred him on even more.

Finally freed, Adessar propped himself up on one elbow, the other hand snaking into her hair. He ran his rough tongue up the side of her neck, tasting the sweat that had started building up on her skin, the thrill of conquest rushing through him before he dragged her down for another heated kiss, nipping at her lower lip with more vigour than needed. Then he yanked her head back, careful not to hurt her, but with determination. Miura panted, fury in her eyes, while she tried getting out of his grip.

Holding her gaze, Adessar gave a light growl.

"I'll bury my cock inside of you to the hilt, holding you down with one hand tangled in your hair just like it is now, each of my thrusts hard and urgent, making you cry out for more, until-"
The elevator ambled to a halt on floor 59, putting Adessar's fantasies to a stop in a very unceremonious fashion. He groaned. The ride had passed way quicker than he would have imagined, and for the first time in his life, he gave a silent curse at a Citadel elevator going too fast.

He and Miura shot up and to attention like the good C-Sec officers they were, back to their professional stance even before the doors had started opening. Nodding to the rest of their coworkers, they walked side by side to the assembly room, not touching. Miura turned towards the riot squad, Adessar mingled with the other techs.

As always, the briefings were way too long and tedious. Their eyes met over the heads of the other squadmates while chief Chellick droned on about today's worklist.

She raised one eyebrow, lightly chewing on her lower lip as if in thought. *Locker room, later?* she seemed to say.

He flicked a mandible at her. *You bet on it.*
In the end, it didn't exactly go as planned, although the day-long wait had amped them both up to a level where they barely made it to the lockers before pawing at each other's armour in an attempt to disrobe as quickly as possible. Just as Adessar had anticipated, night shift wasn't in yet. While Chellick was a brilliant detective and station chief, his inability to write solid shift schedules was a blessing right now. The sound of cussing and ceramic armour plates clattering to the floor echoed through the empty hallways.

"Have some restraint goddammit!" Miura hissed while trying to keep Adessar's roaming hands off. Her undersuit was already hanging in shreds from her body. "You owe me a new onesie, Adessar, just so you know, these things ain't cheap!"

"Totally worth it", he said with a shrug, looking down at her flushed face while he held her pinned to the wall by the shoulders.

Her eyes blazed with well-known fury. "You're such an asshole!"

"But you love it."

"Fuck you!"

With a growl, she shoved him away, the fraction of a second she needed to duck out from under his arms and dart towards the showers. The chase had begun, Adessar's hunter instinct switching on instantly. Giving her a head start, he stalked after her, his naked talons clicking on the corridor's smooth floor. A hum of excitement had formed in his subvocals, in harmony with the light growls escaping his throat at each exhale. He listened to every sound, the rustle of clothes being discarded, a squeal at what he presumed was Miura surprised by the first cold gush before the hot water ran. Adessar's breath came in short bursts while he struggled to get out of his own undersuit, his erection fully unsheathed.

The second he turned the corner to the communal showers, his breath hitched at seeing her the way he'd imagined all day, alone in that big room, short hair plastered to her forehead, soaping herself up without hurry. When she noticed him standing there, her lips curled into a sassy grin. He didn't waste any time and launched himself at her, dragging her to the floor with him.

As always, Miura fought with fury in her eyes, as if her life depended on it. They wrestled for upper hand naked as they were, cussing at each other and at the way the hot water stung on their bodies like tiny needles. They'd even managed to tear down the basket of shower gel from its original place on the wall, shampoo leaking from an opened bottle, but in the end he got her right where he planned: On all fours, soaking wet, and panting. One large hand gripping her waist, he took hold of her hair with the other, pulling back until her neck and back were fully arched.

"Any last words before I fuck you into oblivion?" he asked cockily, the calm smoothness of his voice contradicting the thrill rushing through him right now, that peculiar tingling he only got when he was alone with Miura, so feral, lust and hatred flowing into each other. She fought back spewing obscenities, hands slipping on tiles made smooth by water and liquid soap.

"Choke on your own dick", she growled between clenched teeth, trying to get him to dislodge the hand firmly entangled in her hair. "Or even better, you-" the threat in her voice was replaced by the infinitely more sensual gasp she gave the moment she felt the tip of his erection push against her entrance.
It wasn't often that something could make Chiho Miura lose her repartee, and Adessar delighted in the realization that right now, he was the one who could make her fall quiet.

"Or what?"

"Shut it, Adessar."

"Aye aye ma'am."

His impatience finally gaining the upper hand, Adessar gripped her hips and pulled her onto his cock, with a chuckle that turned into a delirious growl at feeling her heat envelop him so completely, his body shivering at the sensation. Stars danced behind his closed eyelids, making his world spin, while her throaty moan echoed from the ceiling as she adjusted to his size. Adessar stopped when she tensed up underneath him, but her answer came swiftly, and typical Miura; "Get moving, boy!"

And that, he did.

Steam billowed out of the shower stalls into the corridor leading to the lockers, accompanied by the enthusiastic sounds of interspecies lovemaking; a mixture of snarls and groans, shot through with colourful swear words. The noise increased in intensity before being replaced by a yelp and a muffled thud.

"Spirits!" Adessar cursed, pushing himself up on his forearms, by all means not an easy feat given there was still hot water pattering down on them, getting into his eyes and blurring his view. Shaking his head, he gave a tetchy growl. "You all right?"

"I'm alive, but thanks for squashing me", Miura said while she struggled to get up from underneath him, slipping off his cock in the process. At least the sass was still there, Adessar noted, which meant she was okay.

The slick floor posed way more challenges than he had anticipated. The shower part in itself, he liked. Sex with Miura, he liked a lot. The slipping, not so much.

"New idea, how about we take this slow instead?"

She glanced back up at him with her familiar look of dissatisfaction. "Where did 'I'll fuck you into oblivion' go?"

Adessar scowled at her, his mandibles giving an irritated twitch. "Well I don't want to break my neck. Why can't you appreciate me being thoughtful for once?"

She didn't look too convinced at first, but he managed to make her lie back down onto her stomach, which she did with her arms crossed to rest her head on them and one leg bent for stability. After making sure his keel wasn't going to dig into her back, Adessar positioned himself over her by bracing himself on one forearm, then wedged the other hand under the crook of her hip, pulling her flush against his groin. If he assumed right, the only thing that could happen now was chafing from the tiles, but being yelled at by a pissed-off Miura still beat a concussion any time.

Adessar gave his cock a few quick strokes before guiding himself back into her. There was something oddly satisfying about this situation, he noticed, down on the floor with hot water pouring over them while he gently rocked her. Slowing down meant he could focus much better. He moved in a deliberate, almost lazy way now, less intent on his own urges, all while her delightful moans echoed all around them. Adessar had seduced a lot of people in a lot of locations until now, even a few times in clubs, where any sound was muffled by loud music. He'd gotten used to it, to the rhythm combined with his heartbeat, inciting him. He'd needed it. But right now, he couldn't imagine
a better ambient noise than the hiss of water, soap bubbling down the drain, and Miura's soft sighs in harmony with his own growls. The view in front of him was just as good; how the droplets bounced off her in a halo, enhancing the colour of her skin, the way her hand looked so incredibly small as he reached out to intertwine their fingers, her brow twitching every time he withdrew.

All of a sudden, Adessar realized how much he craved her. From the sparkle in her dark eyes to the way she'd scream at him, so full of spite. From those sparse moments she dared show her softer side to the way she moved against him now, her heat and wetness all around his cock, creating delightful friction. Adessar was smitten. For the first time in his life. And to his surprise, he didn't even mind. He was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't notice her squinting up at him over her shoulder.

"Getting soft, asshole?" she said, a sneer on her lips, blinking water out of her eyes.

"You wish!" He snapped his hips once with more vigour, making her yelp as he hit a particularly sensitive spot. "I'll give it to you real good next time, when we won't be in constant peril of breaking something."

"Is that a date offer, Mr. Adessar?"

She tried sounding indifferent, but her breath came in more irregular bursts now, and when she adjusted her position, moving her pelvis a little, Adessar took the chance to slip one hand down and start applying gentle pressure to her clit.

His voice velvety-sweet, he crooned, "Maybe so, Ms. Miura. Wanna go out with me?"

He watched her self-control unravel piece by piece at his caresses, different emotions fighting for supremacy on her features with each stroke of his finger, each tilt of his hips.

"Fuck you", was the first thing she managed to utter as her body bucked against her will. Adessar chuckled, and his mandibles gave an amused twitch. "Well that I'm doing right now. But will you go out with me?"

He delighted in seeing her so flustered, that delicate balance between lust and testiness reflected in the way her upper lip curled. "Come on, say it", he teased her before giving the exposed side of her neck a sharp nip with his mouth plates, trying to get her to answer. She cried out at the sensation, the loudest he'd heard her yet, a sound full of craving with a hint of rebellion, a perfect glimpse into her soul.

Experiencing her so amped up really did things to him. Adessar watched her face scrunch up in defiance with each of his steady thrusts carrying her closer to the edge, until her composure shattered after one last, deep stroke. Her lips parted in a silent cry as she came, her whole body seizing up in ecstasy, eyelids fluttering. It was the most beautiful sight Adessar had ever seen. Yet she still wouldn't say a word, not even when he followed suit shortly after, his breath heavy, with a shudder running through his body and a growl he tried to suppress but that echoed from the ceiling far louder than anticipated.

"I take this as a yes?" he finally said after they caught their breath. He sure as hell wasn't going to let her off the hook now.

"Hm." She slipped out from under him and strolled over to the control panel to turn the water off. Adessar knew how much Miura hated her own body for being so thin, but seeing her now, droplets cascading off her skin and gathering in that strange patch of fur between her legs, she was definitely the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Her expression was that of disapproval, yet the left corner of her mouth kept twisting upwards as she crouched down to his level. Adessar held her gaze, intent
on not letting his mandibles twitch and show too much excitement.

After a few minutes of staring at each other without talking, Miura looked down at herself before giving an irritated huff.

"What's with turians and their ridiculous amount of jizz?", she said, a sarcastic tinge to her voice. "You'll pay for dinner."

Then she pointedly wiped down her leg before turning around and walking off towards the lockers, trailing her sticky hand along the wall. Her lithe form was outlined against the neon lights overhead.

Adessar sighed, gazing after her until he heard her steps fade away in the hallway. This did go a lot better than he'd expected in the morning. Banter in the elevator, the riot mission passing without any incidents, and now this. She'd even agreed to a date. Kinda.

After quite some time, scratching his itchy plates, he circumnavigated the congealed puddle of cum and headed home.

It took the poor salarian twenty minutes to gather enough courage before he dared peek out from the private shower stall at the far end of the room. All he'd wanted was to take a good long shower after a tiring shift. He usually preferred bathing at home where nobody would interrupt him. C-Sec didn't have rationed water though, and the prospect of a long shower session had been too tempting. He hadn't planned on those two waltzing in while he was preparing himself, taking their weird courtship rituals to a public space. He'd never imagined people could feel so passionate about something as trivial as mating, and be so loud! It had been a traumatic experience, all those cries and growls and weird squishy sounds…

As he sneaked out, he contemplated the mess in the communal showers. The broken basket of liquid soap and its contents strewn all over the floor, something that looked like a damp, torn undersuit discarded in a corner. At one point while crossing the room, he slipped on a gelatinous patch and hit the back of his skull on the tiles. What a shitty day, he thought, and shaking his head in disgust, stalked off towards the lockers.

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