Chapter Fifteen and Three Quarters
by musicin68

Summary

The chapter full of smut. A twosome, a threesome, and then some. ;)

This does not contain plot that affects the story. You can skip it and not alter the way The Triumvirate concludes. However, it does fit in the story, and reading it without having read the first 15 chapters may leave you with questions.

Bobbie led Chrisjen through the ship to their quarters, only letting go of her hand when she palmed the door shut. She let out a sigh, rolled her neck and reached to her left to begin unfastening the seals of the armored environmental suit.

As she suspected, Chrisjen’s eyes went straight to the deformed plate on her other side. “Do you need help?”

Bobbie smiled. “Sure. You remember where the clips are?”

“I think so.”

She couldn’t really feel Chrisjen’s touch through the armor, but she liked seeing her well-manicured hands against the stark black.

A frown appeared on Chrisjen’s face as her fingers ran over the hole Bobbie had created in the suit. Bobbie made no effort to hide the shiver than ran up her flank as Chrisjen found her way past the
rigid carapace.

“Were you shot again?”

“No. I just had to improvise a little.”

Chrisjen’s frown intensified and she pulled back. Bobbie shucked the rest of the chest piece and moved on to the greaves locked around her boots, stowing her gear as she went. Chrisjen folded her arms, watching her.

“Cotyar’s job for you is to pacify me.” She shook her head. “It’s not going to work. Everyone on board could have been killed. He let that fucking asshole Mao even think about touching Mei.”

Bobbie slipped out of her magboots, and peeled off her undersuit as Chrisjen started pacing without interrupting her rant. “If Cotyar thinks you’re going to be able to talk me into forgiving his inexcusably reckless plans, he’s a fucking moron. He’s lucky I haven’t cut off his balls and fed them to—”

“Yeah.” Bobbie cut in as she pushed off the wall, grabbing Chrisjen around the waist and bringing them both to a stop. “I don’t think talking was what he had in mind.”

“You don’t.” Chrisjen’s gaze traveled the length of Bobbie’s body, taking in her nudity for the first time.

Bobbie’s hands slid up the smooth front of the Mao-Kwik suit, ghosting over Chrisjen’s breasts. She snagged the zipper. “No, I don’t.”

Chrisjen’s eyes fell shut as Bobbie pulled the zipper down. The curse that fell from her lips was little more than a breath, “Oh fuck me.”

“That was the way I understood it.” She pulled the zipper to Chrisjen’s navel before placing a hand beneath her chin and tilting her head up to kiss her.

Chrisjen kissed her back eagerly and Bobbie hummed with pleasure. She hooked a leg around one of Chrisjen’s to steady herself and pushed the racer down the other woman’s arms.

“Fuck.” Chrisjen pulled her head back as she struggled to pull her hands free of her sleeves. “How the hell did you manage to get undressed so easily? I can’t do a goddamn thing and my feet are stuck to the floor.”

“Practice. Though, honestly, we do more of our training at Earth gravity than in null-g.” Bobbie grinned. “But you knew that.” She found the clasp of Chrisjen’s bra and pulled it apart. A slight tug and the fabric floated up, exposing the lower curve of her tits. Another and her nipples appeared, already hard with want. Bobbie ignored the temptation they presented and continued lower, pulling herself down Chrisjen’s body, taking the racing suit with her as she went.

When she reached the floor and began to unfasten Chrisjen’s magboots she felt a hand in her hair.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

“Trust me. You’ll like it.”

Chrisjen stepped out of them with a grimace. Bobbie reached up, almost as an afterthought, and slipped a finger through the band of Chrisjen’s panties. She pulled them along her legs and off, leaving the maroon colored silk drifting, before she eased herself back up. She let the fingers of one hand trail along Chrisjen’s thigh, brushing through her thin curls as she came to Avasarala’s center. Chrisjen grabbed Bobbie’s shoulders to steady herself and her breath came quicker as Bobbie rubbed
her hand in gentle circles over her clit.

‘Motherfucker,’” she hissed.

“Mmmhmm.” Bobbie pulled herself away and moved around the table, reaching out to tug Chrisjen through the air. “What do you think?”

“I…I think I’m going to either end up with broken bones or helplessly adrift, that’s what I think.”

Bobbie nodded seriously. “Both very likely.”

Chrisjen rolled her eyes. “Go ahead and laugh. You…you’re trained to deal with this shit. I can’t even—”

Bobbie kissed her again. “You just need to think about what things you can use to your advantage. You’re usually very good at that.”

“I use people to my advantage.”

“Then use me.”

Chrisjen tilted her head and gave Bobbie a long look. “I already am.”

Bobbie nodded and took the Earther’s hip in one hand and the edge of the bunk in the other to guide them both to the floor. She pushed Chrisjen’s shoulders back so she could feel the deck behind her, giving her something to push back against if she wanted to move.

“Better?”

“Somewhat.”

“Good.” Their encounter in the galley had certainly suggested that Avasarala would be receptive to more, but she barely had to touch the other woman to have her gasping in her arms. It was wholly intoxicating and she could feel the tension Chrisjen had been carrying for days slowly loosening under her touch.

“What’s your record?” Bobbie asked between kisses.

“My record?”

“How many times have you orgasmed in a row?”

“I..I have no fucking idea,” she said as if the idea of keeping track were utterly foreign to her. “I’ve been sexually active since before you were born. I don’t remember every one.”

“Clearly not enough then,” she announced working her way down Chrisjen’s body.

“Uuungh…don’t let me discourage you, but at a certain point we will have to stop, if only so I can get back to work.”

Bobbie paused and grinned up at her. “You’re stuck on this ship with me for at least another day, maybe more. You don’t need to be able to walk.” Bobbie buried her head between Chrisjen’s thighs, her fingers fanned across her hips, holding firmly as Chrisjen bucked underneath her. “I’m going to make you come. And come. And come, and come again until you are a quivering, wet puddle.”

Avasarala gasped, as the younger woman ran the tip of her tongue along a fold of flesh. “I’m
flattered that you think it will take that much work on your part, but you have an overly generous…
huhhhh…opinion of my stamina. You’re…Fucking Christ, Bobbie!” The marine had added her teeth to
the work her tongue was doing and she nibbled at Chrisjen’s clit carefully, “…you’re going to
arrive at your end result sooner than you think.”

“Mmm. We can’t have that,” she said, pulling away slightly. “Cotyar isn’t even back yet.”

“You’re going to punish me for his inability to arrive in a timely fashion?” she asked incredulously.

“Contrary to what your overinflated ego may believe, not everything is about you.”

Chrisjen raised her head to look Bobbie in the eye. “Bullshit.”

Bobbie grinned and then lapped at Chrisjen’s glistening sex again.

Chrisjen’s head drifted back in response and she arched off the floor with a moan. Bobbie rolled her
tongue lazily along Chrisjen’s labia before dipping it into the center of her wet heat. She swallowed a
moan of her own at Chrisjen’s fevered exclamation. The woman shivered in Bobbie’s grasp and
Bobbie trailed her tongue lightly along her stomach as she stalked slowly back up Avasarala’s body.

“Damn it, Bobbie. Don’t you dare stop.”

A thoughtful look crossed Bobbie’s face. “Everyone ends up giving into your demands, don’t they? I
might have some demands of my own. Now seems like the time to make them, don’t you think?”

“I’m never teaching you anything about politics ever again,” Chrisjen groaned.

Bobbie stopped her advance as her head came even with Chrisjen’s chest. She couldn’t keep the
smile from her face as she took a taut, brown nipple into her mouth, swirling her tongue about it and
scraping her teeth gently along it. She steadied herself with one arm and took Chrisjen’s other soft
breast in hand, pinching and rolling its turgid peak between her fingers.

“Fu-uu-uck,” Chrisjen panted. She bucked her hips again, desperate for more contact, and Bobbie
had to resist the urge to grab Chrisjen’s ass and grind against her. Instead she shifted her body higher,
denying the woman beneath her satisfaction.”You’re a sadistic motherfucker,” Chrisjen growled.
“What are your fucking demands then?”

“How about…the unconditional surrender of Earth?”

Chrisjen buried her hands in Bobbie’s hair and pulled steadily until they were face to face. “To Mars
or to you?” she asked before kissing Bobbie forcefully, Chrisjen’s tongue insistent, her teeth
capturing Bobbie’s lower lip firmly.

“A—” Bobbie couldn’t stop the whimper that escaped her. She could feel the dynamic between
them shifting as Chrisjen began usurping her control despite the fact that Bobbie held her against the
floor. Bobbie wondered if she had actually had any control to begin with.

Chrisjen’s fingers slid along Bobbie’s scalp, her thumbs coming to rest against her temples. Bobbie’s
eyelids fluttered shut. She slipped an arm around Chrisjen before she lost the ability to think entirely
and hauled her upright, her other hand gripping the edge of the bunk to keep them from drifting
across the room. Bobbie ended up more or less in a kneeling position with Chrisjen splayed across
her lap. Chrisjen broke the kiss in surprise, but recovered quickly, wrapping her legs around
Bobbie’s waist in order to gain the friction she desired.

Bobbie’s hands settled on Chrisjen’s hips, fingers finding purchase in the split of her buttocks as she
tried to still the other woman. “You can... God it feels good to hold you... you can surrender to me if that makes your defeat sting a little less.”

Chrisjen smiled and rocked against her. “What makes you think that I would ever betray Earth?” She tilted Bobbie’s head back and placed a series of heated kisses along the exposed line of her throat. “Who’s resolve are you really testing with your demands?”

“I can be... huh... just as stubborn as you.”

Chrisjen gave her an appraising look before a sly smile broke over her face. “I’m sure you can. Now, lick my cunt.” She leaned in and bit lightly at the Martian’s earlobe before murmuring, her voice even lower than usual, “Surely you’ve heard me say it before. Earth must come first.”

Bobbie choked. She had the sudden realization that she would never be able to see Avasarala give another political announcement, dripping in finery, without picturing her like this, wanton, naked, and hers to pleasure.

Chrisjen took the opportunity to push away from her gently and she leaned back in the air, letting her legs unfurl from around the statuesque marine.

Bobbie took one more greedy look at the woman laid out before her and raised Chrisjen to her lips to begin eating her out again. “Entitled Earther...” she muttered happily.

“Don’t think for... ahhh... ah... second that I take you for granted. I promise... Fuck!” Bobbie pressed a thumb against Chrisjen’s asshole. “If I survive, that is... I promise I’ll make it worth your while.”

The door slid open and Chrisjen turned in her lust-filled haze to Cotyar who stood frozen in place. “Get the fuck in here and shut the door.” He did as instructed but came no closer than that single step.

Bobbie lifted her head. “Your timing is shit.”

“Oh?” he managed in a strangled voice. “How so?”

“Pretty sure I was about to get her to reveal state secrets to a representative of the Martian government.”

“Like hell I was.”

Cotyar managed something that resembled a laugh. “If I had to put money on which one of you was going to end up charged with treason, I’m afraid you’re the one I’d bet on, Marine.”

“You have to say that. She’s your boss. If she goes to prison, so do you.”

*Was* my boss. I assume I’m still fired.”

“Yes. You’re still fucking fired.” Chrisjen bit out.

He nodded. “That’s probably best. I’ve been around long enough to know the rules.”

Chrisjen sighed in irritation. “Wonderful. Cotyar is finally here and we’ve established that this is a bad idea all around. Now can we get back to fucking?”

Cotyar stared at them hungrily. “I... uh... you should know that Holden and Amos have finished their sweep. We ought to be underway again soon.”
“Thank god for small favors.”

“I thought you were actually enjoying zero-g.”

“I was enjoying you.” Chrisjen reached for Bobbie’s head, urging her back to her previous task. Bobbie smiled and bit down on the inside of Chrisjen’s thigh in retaliation. “Ah—fuck!”

Cotyar walked to the lockers and slipped his jacket off while Bobbie kissed Chrisjen’s tender skin contritely. She felt his eyes on her as she slipped a finger, then a second inside Chrisjen, curling them to find her center. Chrisjen whimpered and shuddered in the air, unable to find any point of friction aside from Bobbie’s hands. Bobbie was so turned on she didn’t think she was going to be able to stand it. The tightness in her loins was a rising inferno that was fed by the soft flesh at her fingertips and the evidence of Chrisjen’s arousal on her hands and her mouth. She knew she was tormenting Chrisjen in the best way, but her own building ache was left unsatisfied.

Cotyar gingerly pulled his shirt over his head and she eyed him as greedily as she had Chrisjen. His gunshot wound was crisscrossed with bonding strips. They urged caution, but did nothing to hide the outlines of his well-muscled torso. She rolled her fingers against Chrisjen’s inner walls and put her tongue back to work.

Chrisjen’s panting became keening sobs and Bobbie glanced up to see Cotyar standing opposite her. He had retained his boots, but eschewed the rest of his attire. She could follow the bold line of his sartorius from hip to knee, but Avasarala’s position precluded her seeing what she suspected was a very hard cock. Cotyar raised Avasarala’s torso slightly and set his hands to work on the muscles of her shoulders. He braced her against his chest as he worked his hands along her arms down to her breasts, massaging and puckering her flesh. He bent his head as he went, his mouth traveling down her neck, sucking at her collarbone.

He captured her nipples between his fingers and tugged them firmly. Chrisjen came with a shaking cry and Bobbie moaned at the sudden wetness between her own thighs, trying to stay focused on Chrisjen, wanting to draw her orgasm out as long as possible, but her fingers slid free as Cotyar pulled Chrisjen away from her.

Bobbie watched jealously as he gripped Chrisjen’s hips from behind and with a groan, buried himself to the hilt in her swollen pussy. Chrisjen’s exclamation skipped her ears entirely, going straight to the nerve endings of her throbbing heat. She grabbed Chrisjen’s ankle to pull herself closer, and not knowing what else to do began licking Chrisjen again, her hands gripping the back of Cotyar’s thighs to hold herself in place.

Cotyar settled on slow, long strokes. Whether to make sure he wouldn’t come prematurely or to make it easier for Bobbie to continue pushing Chrisjen to another climax she couldn’t say. Chrisjen’s breathless cries echoed in the small room and Bobbie heard Cotyar murmuring “You two are going to kill me.”

“Auh…I…told…you…I…would.” Each word was punctuated by the sound of Cotyar’s hips slapping against Chrisjen’s ass. “Faster,” she moaned.

Cotyar’s face twisted, and he pulled out with a hiss. “I’m not going to last.”

“Like I fucking care. Faster.”

Cotyar’s grip on Chrisjen’s hips became bruising. Bobbie could see the red streaks left behind as he released her. He placed one hand behind Bobbie’s head ensuring her devotions would continue uninterrupted and brought his other up to toy with Chrisjen’s nipples once more. His hand tightened
in Bobbie’s hair and then he thrust back into Chrisjen with a grunt. He fucked her, fucked them both really, fast and hard.

Chrisjen came again, a wet gush against Bobbie’s mouth. This time Bobbie stopped immediately, throwing off Cotyar’s hold and kicking off the floor. She pulled Chrisjen upwards with her, Cotyar slipping out unceremoniously before he could finish, left behind, anchored to the floor.

Bobbie kissed an unresisting Chrisjen, sharing the taste of her climax, wrapping herself around the sated woman in midair. She mewled with need, rocking her pelvis against the smaller woman, moaning as a hand found her breast and another her clit. Then there was a third at her knee, a fourth kneading her ass, driving deep into the muscle before moving to the other cheek and repeating the action.

Cotyar gently pulled them down, his still erect penis brushing against Bobbie’s thigh as he did so. His arm wrapped around her and his fingers joined Avasarala’s at her clit. “Guunh…please.” Two fingers, three, more? She couldn’t tell, she only knew that suddenly her pussy was filled, stretched by long, coiling digits, twisting inside her. Bobbie threw her head back and howled. “Please. Please!” One hand withdrew and Chrisjen’s mouth, she thought it was Chrisjen’s, finally closed over the point of her pulsating need. Stars exploded behind Bobbie’s eyes. Dimly she heard Cotyar curse and felt his ejaculate splash against her backside as she rode the waves of her spasming clit. She gulped for air as her heart rate slowed.

Chrisjen pulled herself level with Bobbie and when Bobbie turned in her direction Chrisjen ran a hand along her jaw before kissing her gently on the corner of her mouth. “Thank you.”

The ship wide comm clicked on and Alex’s voice came over the loud speaker. “Alright boys and girls, we are all set up here, so get ready to weigh something.”

Chrisjen’s hand tensed on Bobbie’s bicep. “Shit.”

“We’ve got you,” Bobbie said soothingly as Cotyar pulled them down to the deck.

The Roci’s drive lit and they were accelerating sunward once more.

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