under cover of darkness

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by brightly_brightly

Summary

As Root and Shaw mature as people, their sex life becomes more and more elaborate. These are their stories.

Post-Samaritan, fairly canon.

This is a Root/Shaw kink fic. 90% smut, 5% feelings, 5% banter and puns.

Notes

I did my best to edit this so I could post asap. It's not perfect but it is filthy.

sidenote. i'm a phd student. i just wrote 60 pgs of work in the last wk. then one of my profs decided to pull back our deadline by half a week, which, RUDE, so i said fuckkit and did this instead.

ENJAWY.
my girlfriend talks to robots

In the year 4 ADS (After the Destruction of Samaritan), the numbers come in less frequently. And when they do, Shaw and Reese have the luxury of picking which ones they want to take. Because now there are noobs, hand-picked recruits of former military or secret service or whatever origins—misfits who have sworn themselves into the second generation of the acolytes of the Machine.

Root doesn't have quite the same luxury. The Machine is still demanding and possessive of her, in a way that annoys Shaw and rankles Finch with jealousy.

"I agreed to a girlfriend," Shaw grumbles, "one, loosely defined, semi-monogamous but mostly not, girlfriend. NOT a girlfriend and her clingy AI-ex."

"She's not my EX," Root corrects, "she's your sister-wife."

"Then you can go to her for your late night needs."

"I could if I wanted to. She's very receptive to fostering a deeper intimacy with me through a mutual exploration of techno sexuality."

"Nope. I forbid it."

Root cocks her eyebrow. It is the eyebrow cocking that means Shaw is dangerously close to Misbehaving,

"What? I get to forbid things, too. No hooking up with machines. Especially not Robot Overlord."

Shaw's phone buzzes with a text, then, and she knows she's been heard, "WHAT IF PRIMARY ASSET SHAW WERE INCLUDED IN THE SEXUAL CONGRESS?"

Shaw pinches the bridge of her nose.

"Please tell her to eliminate 'sexual congress' from her vocabulary," she groans.

Root smirks.

"Don't take this the wrong way, sweetie, but She has a special project for you and me. We're going undercover at Folsom: NY. That BDSM convention at the Javits."


"You hate anything with people. But she needs a particular sort of authenticity for this project."

"What's the project?"

"Jeremy Bentham, Jr. Thirty-six, lower Manhattanite, decent credit but living miles beyond his means. Possible drug smuggling through shipments of sex furniture. He runs the front as a side business but it looks like he got greedy. Now he may be in danger of an auto-erotic asphyxiation mishap of some sort. We need to go extract him, hand him over to the sort of authorities who won't let him out of the cuffs, no matter HOW much he safewords."

"I can see you're already getting into character."

Root scrunch-face-winks.
"I'm always in character."

The nice thing though, the thing Shaw knows to be true above and beyond all of Root's performances, is that Root slips out of character with her. They make a kind of space together where the pressure of the outside world is relieved, where nobody has to be anybody. Root is just Root. In the quiet of their bedroom, in the clank and clatter of their kitchen, the comfortable silence of their stake out van or the breathless, heady pouncing of the sparring mats. Shaw smiles to herself, underneath all those costumes, Root is always naked and waiting for her.

... 

The weekend of the convention is hot and sticky and everything outside smells like sweat. Fortunately, the convention itself is held inside. Root insists they wear leather, a snug corset-style top over a long sweepy skirt for her and tight leather pants and half-calf combat boots for Shaw. Shaw puts on a looser shirt (she needed some way to conceal her guns, after all). Shaw takes one look at the thick leather collar Root has laid out as part of her "costume jewelry" and gives Root a hard glare.

"I do my submitting in private," She says.

"I'll save that for a more intimate performance, then." Root acquiesces, shoving the collar into the toy drawer, where Shaw won't be able to forget it.

They spend a convincing hour milling around the main floor of the convention, making their way toward Betham's sex furniture booth as casually as possible. Overall, most of the booths and displays feature things they have already experimented with in one way or another, or toys and costumes that don't interest them enough to spend money on. The booth next to the mark's, however, a Victorian fetish custom clothes booth, grabs Root's attention. And holds it. She spends a solid twenty minutes messing about and talking the booth owner's ear off about different fabrics and necklines and hoop skirts. Shaw keeps watch, bored, wishing she had let Root talk her into the chain accessories because then at least she'd have something to fiddle with.

Sex furniture/ maybe drugs guy just sits on a spanking bench like a blinking, slurpee-drinking potato. Some threat. In her peripheral, she sees Root fishing for her wallet, clutching at some very ugly piece of very restricting bodice-wear.

"Root." The warning drawl in Shaw's tone is unmistakable.

It makes Root buzz through and through with excitement, she can feel herself getting more and more bouncy inside as ideas cascade through her brain. She fishes for her fake identity's visa. Shaw tugs at her sleeve like an impatient child.

Then she sees the brass-button breeches Root has in her other hand.

"Oh no! We are not role playing Victorian Lovers Torn Apart By Class again. The last time you made me be the stable boy, my britches had straw in them and I got allergic and itched for a week. A week!"

But it's too late. The plan is already coding itself into reality inside Root's head as she fingers the fabric of the corset. Yes, they could sneak into one of the historic mansions in upstate, Oleana maybe, good views and a lovely stable, a good excuse to bring the riding crop.... she could wear the bodice and one of those tight, confining dresses with big skirts, the kind that really accentuates the Victorian ideals of femininity- and then Shaw could drool over it and eat her out under the skirt and
then tear it all off her and there would be a loud crunching ripping noise as Sameen's strong little hands tore *mercilessly* through the whale bone braces and buttons would go flying everywhere--

"I am NOT RIPPING THROUGH WHALE BONE JUST SO YOU CAN HAVE AN ORGASM" Shaw growls.

The man in the booth totally hears them, but just smirks, this is a fairly benign conversation for a kink expo after all.

"Imitation whale bone, sweetie," Root points to the eco-friendly sticker on the tag.

"No." Shaw insists, "we're getting GI Jane and GI Joe costumes and breaking into the paintball range for a shoot out and then, when I win, I get to fuck you on one of the pretend rock formations while you protest the indignity of it and I press on your paintball bruises."

Root rolls her eyes and pouts.

"Like we did for my birthday," Shaw adds, quietly.

"You sure got a feisty one," the man remarks, and Root is about to agree when she realizes he's talking to Shaw.

"Uh, yeah, a real handful" Shaw nods, "I have to punish her almost every day. She's a full-time job, this one,"

Root leans down and breathes into Shaw's ear, "like a Digi Pet," and it's all she can do not to laugh.

Root adds, "why don't we forget the costumes and go look at that dungeon furniture booth? I'd love to see what my girl looks like strapped into a Saint Andrew's Cross."

The squeaking noise that happens then, Shaw will insist, came from the booth owner and NOT from her.

Digi Pet indeed.

.....

It's not like she's never been restrained in a Saint Andrew's Cross before. It's just. This is the first time with Root, and it's very exciting, and she's spent all afternoon thinking about it. Ever since they dealt with their stupid drug-smuggling number and stole a couple grand worth of his cool dungeon furniture in the process.

Root made her set everything up in the playroom. The Saint Andrew's cross impresses her the most: it's a large, smooth, well-made oaken X-frame, with adjustable handcuff slots. They stole an axis for it too, a solid base with a ball-bearing-like hinge that will let Root recline it a few degrees if she wants.

Setting it up had taken three hours, many fights with the electric drill, two beers, and copious swearing.

Then Root had said "put some tarps around the bottom. I don't want the floor getting wet tonight."


And that's what Shaw had been fixated on, through their evening run, through dinner, through after
dinner making out, through the part where Root had told her to strip, and then strapped her onto the frame, arms and legs spread by the shape of it, hands and ankles securely restrained.

It was what she thinks about now. "Wet." Even though her mouth is dry and Root is off in the kitchen "preparing the instruments."

"You're bouncing," Root comments, returning with a couple of small, ceramic jugs and a lighter.

She is, she realizes, bouncing from the balls of her feet up to her knees.

"I'm excited," Shaw confesses.

Root grins, feral and sweet all at once, "me too."

Root sets the jugs down on that stupidly cute little vintage medical cart she bought to trick out their sex playroom. She flicks the lighter on and Shaw realizes that the jugs are actually holding candles.

"Oh, that's clever."

"Pinterest" Root chirps, lighting both of them, "ready to be my very own writhing human canvas, Sameen?"

Shaw nods, she's ready, so ready. The wax starts pooling around the wicks. It's a dark, inky green colour.

Root stands back and watches Shaw watching the candles. She crosses her arms across her chest. Shaw restrained is always such a pretty picture, especially tonight, completely naked with her legs forced apart and her arms spread out, breasts and ribs rising and falling gently with each breath. She's wet already, Root can tell, and she hasn't even touched her.

The room is cooler than usual because that makes Shaw's skin pebble and her nipples harden on their own, doing half the work for Root.

She can't help but smile, staring at Shaw's eager little face, her hair falling across her eyes, her whole body hungry for Root's touch. For Root's control. For Root's power. She shivers.

The wax is ready.

"I think we can begin now," Root announces.

She meanders over, takes Shaw's right nipple between her fingertips and rolls, pinches until Shaw's entire range of attention is focused on that one point.

"Someday I'm going to pierce one of your nipples," Root comments, doing her best to sound bored. Bored and disinterested turn Shaw on almost as much as feral and violent.

Root takes the first jug with a nice pool of molten wax in it and dribbles it on Shaw's collar bone. Shaw hisses at the hot sting but it so quickly turns to pleasure as the wax trickles and cools down her chest. Root dribbles more wax, on the other side, then more, directly on her nipples. Shaw gasps, pants, hopes Root files it away in her rolodex of things to do again and again and again.

When the wax reserve in the first cute little jug runs out, Root simply picks up the second and Shaw notices this wax is blue. Root pours it on her sternum, lets it roll all the way down to her navel.

"You're not.... you're not gonna go all beauty salon on me, are you?" Shaw worries.
"Don't worry sweetie," Root gives her pubic hair a sharp little tug, "I'll stay above the belt."

But then she drizzles a thick, scalding trail down Shaw's inner thigh, "well.... mostly above the belt."

Root drips and paints stinging scorching wax paths all over the front of her body until she runs out of room. Then she peels all the wax off, slowly, watching Shaw squirm as each piece flecks away from her skin.

"I'm going to peel you apart like this" Root comments and Shaw moans.

Root gives Shaw a second to focus and rummages in her cabinet until she finds her screw-on nipple clamps. Shaw practically drools when she sees them. They are the worst. In the best way.

Shaw winces as the cold metal makes contact with her sensitive flesh, and Root pauses, waits for Shaw to adjust, before slowly rotating the little key on each one that tightens and tightens and tightens the vice around her nipples.

Shaw whines and lets out a string of incoherent sounds, some of which might be "fuck, yeah, more" or something equivalent in German.

"You like that?"

"Yeah," Shaw's gone hoarse, which Root knows means she's more than affected by it.

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

Shaw nods, jolts her hips and her head, urging toward Root like she's somehow the one answer to all of the questions.

Root drags her nails up a the faint wax mark on Shaw's inner thigh, scrapes hard and relishes the resulting intake of breath. She lets her fingers dawdle over Shaw's sex, toying, deliberating whether to keep going or not.

"Do you want me inside you, right here?" She presses her fingers forward; it's almost enough.

"Yesyes yes." Shaw's eyes are bright, though her vision is blurry and her body is just nerves and skin now, an instrument tuned to Root's touch.

Cuffed down and spread open, she can only lift her head and watch as Root idly half-fingers her.

"Do you want more?"

"Please, Root."

Root presses inside, roughly, leaning in to claim Shaw's mouth at the same time.

It's a classic Root trick, and it never fails. She fucks Shaw hard, her forearm tense, moving forcefully between their two bodies as she presses her mouth to Shaw's skin, tastes her sweat and desire and the faintly caramel aftertaste of the wax. Shaw's pulse is hot and heavy under her lips. Shaw's thighs tense so beautifully, her hips pulling up, away from the frame, even her biceps and forearms straining to participate.

Root adds more fingers, slips her tongue into Shaw's mouth and relishes the way Shaw opens up, cries out in unabashed pleasure at being taken.

Shaw whimpers, a helpless little cry that starts low in her throat, her belly, and slips up past her lips
before she can quash it. Root beams and kisses her neck tenderly.

"I love it when you're vocal for me, Sameen," She whispers, sucking her way to Shaw's earlobe, "it makes me... so... wet."

As gentle and soft as Root's mouth is, her free hand works dark magic, twisting the nipple clamps until Shaw's vision swims from the tension, the tight, sharp throb of her nipples creating a counterpoint to Root's fingers inside her, which feel so good and hard and demanding, and Root's kiss, which feels good too, in a softer way. Shaw can feel Root's body heat, warm and keyed up and so close to her own skin. She can see the eager pace of Root's shallow breaths, the flutter of her eyelashes. Root brushes just so against her leg, and she can't help but push her thigh forward, just a bit, nudging for fuller contact. Root is hot and sticky and still wearing her clothes as she grinds into Shaw.

"Do you want to feel how wet I am?"

Shaw breathes a sigh out her nose, "oh... please."

Root keeps sucking her earlobe, intermittently licking at her neck, and tormenting her. She keeps her fingers insider her, a steady pace, and Shaw marvels at Root can multitask when she can barely focus on one sensation at a time. Root leaves off her nipple tormenting and balances herself with one hand, still fucking Shaw with the other, and pressing herself at an angle into Shaw's leg at the same time.

"fuck," Shaw whispers, "that's so hot. fuck"

Root works herself against Shaw's thigh, pressing her palm into Shaw, making a show of using Shaw's body for her own pleasure now as Shaw goes taut and strains against her restraints for more.

"Oh, oh yeah. Please, Root. More, please."

"More of this," Root twists the clamp on her right nipple an eighth of an inch clockwise and she chokes on the pain of it, "or more of this?" and she adds a fourth finger.

"That, the fingers. I'm gonna come, oh god Root, I'm, it's so much- can I?"

"You can come sweetie, whenever you want," and Root kisses her again, chasing her breath away, pounding into her.

Shaw swears she can feel her heartbeat everywhere in that moment. Or maybe it's Root's, maybe they're riding on the same heartbeat right now, who knows. All she can feel in every part of her is a thick, expanding, steady throb of pain and pleasure, growing greater with each second, until with a final thrust, and a demanding kiss, Root flings her right off the precipice into a free-fall that has her clenching every muscle she knows and shuddering blissfully until she goes limp.

Root rubs herself hard against her as she breathes through the descent from the massive head-rush. Root pulls out and grabs at Shaw with slick fingers, pressing herself against her: Shaw's cuffed hands flutter uselessly over her head, wanting to be down there, inside Root, at the center of all the good feelings.

"Let me touch you, with my hands, please. Please."

Root pretends to think it over.

"But if I let your hands go, you won't be at my mercy anymore."
I'm always at your mercy, Shaw wants to say, you don't have to tie me up for that to be the case....but instead, she just jerks forward as much as her anchored ankles and wrists will let her, presses her mouth to Root's neck- Root stays as she is, allows it, and kisses her back.

"If I don't get to touch you, soon, I will spoil the last episode of Scandal for you." Shaw growls.

Root keeps gently thrusting against her, but clucks in disapproval. "Topping from the bottom, Sameen? And we were having such a nice time. You don't want to go there now, do you?"

Shaw knows where "there" is. "There" is Root forcing her to the edge and then denying her an orgasm for hours and hours or even entire days of torment until she learns her lesson. Shaw has been "there" several times and does not fancy a return, not when she's warm, sticky, and slap happy and Root is so close to her own orgasm....

Shaw tries her best to back down, "no ma'am," she whispers, "I'm sorry. I'll be good."

Root bites her shoulder. "I like you submissive. But I like you feisty more." and then she uncuffs one hand.

"If you can get me off with one hand, I'll fuck you against the mirror wall in Harold's Miami safehouse."

Shaw sucks in a breath, "how did you know?"

"You're really, really obvious, sweetie. Now come on," Root takes Shaw's wrist, guides her hand down to the edge of her panties, "fuck me like you mean it."
Chapter Summary

shaw remembers telling root about her oral fixation.

In a long-term relationship, a person really can't avoid accumulating a little hoard of secrets about their partner.

Shaw is brave enough to admit that the spread sheet of price comparisons for farm properties in upstate NY and VT probably means that they are, undeniably, in a relationship. The shared apartment and the cat and the little trips together for no missions at all... those are one thing, but property investment. together. That just screams relationship. And that it's of the long-term variety.

Stupid Root, selling her on the idea of a haunted farm house with a shooting range in the back and a hothouse for growing... herbs... and a barn for homing lots of dogs. Stupid Root for making it all sound so good. Not like a retirement but like a horizontal shift from one kind of badass adventure to another.

"We can build a sauna if you want. Or get a pool, or both" Root had wheedled.

And now here she was, dreaming about a basement full of guns, a barn full of dogs, and a bed full of Root.

"These places are all in the boonies. How are we gonna find hot strangers to play with?"

Root had shrugged. "We'll keep the Brooklyn apartment and the Cambridge safe house."

Ugh, Cambridge. Shaw cringes at the thought of going to Boston for a fuck. Bunch of steam punk folk music weirdos.

"Besides, I'll keep you amused. I know so many of your... obscurer proclivities."

And Shaw has many, many obscure proclivities, some not even sexual. But most of them are sexual. And they have had such a good time over the years learning each other's weakest spots, biggest turn ons, dirty little secrets. Like Root's inexplicable Princess fetish, or how she gets flustered and distracted if Shaw brings home a drizzle bottle of honey, even if she only bought it for tea...

Shaw remembers admitting, in the dark quiet of Root's presence, things she never told anyone about before. Root lets her imagine all kinds of things and then makes them Real. Because Root appreciates the trust, the honesty.

It all starts in their first year of working together, that night they get in a motorcycle chase so intense and wild that the adrenaline burst alone feels like a cocaine high. They dodge the cops easily, on a custom bike like that anything is possible.. Root dips and weaves and almost gets them killed several times as loops back and around towards Shaw's place, relishing the way Sameen holds on tight, almost too tight, almost tight enough.

Root parks her bike in a shadow spot under the bridge by Shaw's loft and they climb off, legs wobbling, breath shallow, and eyes dark. Root smirks. Shaw grabs Root and shoves her against the
concrete column of the bridge. She's pretty sure there's a homeless person on the other side of it, and everything reeks of filth, but fuck it, Root is right there and she lets out this ooooph of breath from being shoved and then Shaw's rough hands are under her leather jacket, pressing on her stomach and Shaw can't not kiss her anymore.

She braces a fist against the concrete and kisses Root, hard. Root presses back, and the kiss feels like a fight, but a good fight, a sparring match. It's messy, and good even if Shaw's calves do get stiff from tip-toeing.

When she drops down to rest for a second, Root tries to straighten her hair but gives up quickly.

"Invite me upstairs for a nightcap," she demands, her voice low and a little raw.

That's something Root does, Shaw realizes. Tells Shaw what to do, tells her what she wants (needs?) and waits to see what Shaw does. And sometimes Shaw does whatever it is, and Root is happy, and other times she doesn't and Root is ok, doesn't try to make her feel bad about it.

Fuck, Root is good at this whole two people fucking together but not being together thing.

Shaw backs her into the pillar again, then, and this time as they kiss, she presses the heel of her hand against Root's crotch and grinds in short little circles, presses her fingertips up, rough along the inside of Root's thighs. Root shivers into her, opens her eyes and stares down at Shaw. The heat and pulse between them intensifies, narrows until Root is all Shaw can feel and Shaw is all Root can feel. Locking eyes, smushing against each other and the concrete, all rough and heady--

The sound of someone pissing nearby interrupts their reverie.

"Let's go upstairs for a nightcap" she murmurs against Root's throat.

The make it inside before getting naked, and to Shaw's bed before driving fast and hard into each other. There's a lot of rolling around for the first few rounds, then Root settles on top of Shaw, fucks her hard, one hand pumping into her pussy, the other pinning her wrists above her head.

"How do you feel about ass play?" Root is frank, at least, in asking about things.

"Love it," Shaw says, gasping a little as Root drives her fingers against her g-spot.

Root gloats. "Wanna?"

She adds a third finger and Shaw's whole body arches off the bed.

"N...not tonight, next time though for sure-- oh fuck, yeaahh" Root adds a fourth finger and she comes hard, squeezing hard enough on Root's thighs that she knows there will be bruises later.

Root flips her over before she's even fully finished and fucks her into the mattress. She gasps and scrabbles at the sheets as the new position lets Root drive even deeper into her.

"Take it," Root demands, "take me as deep as you can, good girl."

Shaw's vision might lose focus because it all feels so good. Shaw might whimper and grunt over and over as Root pounds her into oblivion again, or it might be the mattress squeaking, they will never know.

The minute Shaw comes down from her headrush, Root slides her fingers out and rolls away from her- right toward the edge of the bed. She fishes around in the sheets until she locates her tank top
and pulls it on, glancing back to see if Sameen has fallen asleep. She hasn't. She's lying all
disheveled, clutching at her pillow, a tiny frown on her face.

"What are you pouting about? You just had a six pack of orgasms."

Shaw sleepily tries to rub the scowl off her mouth.

"I like getting kissed, after," she informs Root.

Root perks up, she never would have suspected. Kissing seems so intimate, not at all Shaw's style.

Shaw rolls her eyes, "I have an oral fixation, ok. I like engaging my mouth a lot- stop smirking you
dork."

Root lunges over the bed and kisses her for that, hard and wet and messy. Shaw feels all the breath
leaving her. She could probably come again with just a little touching.

"Mmm, I like that you like this," Root says against Shaw's tender lips, gently biting on the bottom
one, "I want you to put your mouth all over me, Sameen. Would you like that?"

"Yeah," Shaw licks her lips, remembering that Root only came twice, way earlier, "I would."

Root flops back onto the sticky mattress, spreads her arms wide, "so do it."

A bolt of new desire ripples through Shaw's belly into her groin. She climbs over Root and gently
pulls her tank top off again. She balls it up and drops it off the side of the bed.

"You should stop doing that," she murmurs against Root's sharp collar bone, tonguing across its long
elegant line.

"Mm, doing what?"

"Getting dressed right after we fuck."

Shaw nuzzles her way down to Root's breasts, softly exploring her warm, silky soft skin. She grazes
her lips in circles, finally settling in to nibble gently at Root's left nipple, mimicking the actions with
her fingers on the other breast.

"But Sameen, you get claustro----mmphhh," Shaw surges up and kisses Root, hard, fast, and heavy
at first, but soon slowing and gentling.

"You can stay," she says, centimeters from Root's lips.

Root smiles and wraps her arms around Shaw's back, not bothering to dissent any more.

"Put your mouth on me, Shaw," she whispers.

Shaw dips down and kisses an uneven path down her torso, her kisses trickling slow and thick into
Root's bloodstream. Root pumps her hips into Shaw's body and moans as Shaw trails her mouth, lips
and tongue and teeth, all over her tummy.

She reaches her navel, dips her tongue inside and drags it in feather light strokes. She presses one
hand into Root's ribs as she licks her. She feels herself getting warm and wet again as she basically
rims Root's stomach. Well, this is a first. Shaw thought she knew all her proclivities.

"Mmmm," Shaw nudges her nose against Root's tight, flat little bellybutton, "Imagine me doing this
to other parts of your body."

Root shudders.

"... Imagine me licking your pussy like this-" she demonstrates a series of slow, languid licks, Root whines and wriggles up into her.

"... and your ass like this-" a few teasing, firm, pokes with the tip of her tongue

Root gasps.

"... and imagine me doing it. All. Night. Long"

"Oh god, more, more of that please--"

Shaw growls into Root's skin. It's really more of a purr, but Root's not about to say that anytime soon.

She reaches Root's hip bones, still bare from their earlier sex. Her kisses and licks turn to nips and harsh sucking bites. Root whines beneath her, arching into the pain, and by the way she's squirming relentlessly, Shaw's willing to bet she just got really wet.

Shaw grins and gives Root more teeth, scraping across her freshly marked hip bones. She nips at Root's lower belly some more, biting a sharp little trail down to her hair, moving fast down to Root's labia. Root whimpers and sinks her fingers into Shaw's shoulder blades, squeezing hard.

"Yes, yes, Shaw, more" Root chants.

Shaw goes to town, lavishes Root's pussy with her mouth. It just feels so good, connecting to Root's skin and heat and wetness with her mouth like this. Root has been running around all day; she tastes strong and rich, but not unpleasant, like rare spices. Root's so wet, sopping really, and she soaks Shaw's face and chin with slick arousal. Shaw groans quietly at how good it feels. She fucks Root with her mouth, lapping at her clit. Root bucks and squirms and bangs her heel against Shaw's back.

"Fuck, fuck, more tongue..... get me off with just your mouth, Sameen, yes yessss"

Root clenches her legs around Shaw's body and comes, a sticky writhing mess pressed tight to Shaw's face, shuddering and stilling for a long moment. Shaw leaves her tongue, heavy and wet, on Root's clit until she comes down from it. Breathes out that little sigh of satisfaction. Then she rests her chin and hands on Root's lower belly.

Shaw's panting a little bit because she may have forgotten to breathe, during.

"Fuck," she muses,"I love your cunt."

Root smiles bashfully.

"Gee, Sameen. First you kiss me, then you ask me to move in with you, then you say you love... my body-"

Shaw glares and slaps at the side of Root's hip, "I did not!"

Root doesn't audibly laugh, but Shaw feels her body reverberate with it.

"God, you're annoying."
"Annoying enough that you'll make me breakfast in the morning?"

"Well I won't stop you from eating my lucky charms... no, no don't turn that into a dirty joke."
Sometimes they lie in bed at night and trade stories and try and figure out which stories are true and which are lies. Or they don't talk, happy to share a peaceful, quiet slice of darkness. Sometimes they fall asleep in distant time zones, other sides of the world. Other times they utterly exhaust one another's bodies in the best, most aggressive possible ways. And sometimes they have the kind of sex where they just *cling* to each other, diving deep and breathless into bliss for hours.

Sometimes Root gets them in situations like tonight, where they are finagling a smuggled computer parts hand off at a seedy college bar. There's some kind of theme involving toplessness as far as Shaw can tell. They both feel just a tad too old for this sort of venue. Everyone in the place seems to be licking booze off everyone else.... and the Machine advises repeatedly that one of them is going to have to do body shots off the other to keep their cover.

"I can't, I'm driving" Root sing-songs out of the corner of her mouth.

Shaw scowls, wimp.

"Well. I can't, I'm almost too drunk to shoot." This is a blatant lie, she has had two very watery beers, and complained loudly to Root about the weakness of each one,

Root sighs, "fiine," then summons the bartender "bring me some tequila and salt- i'm gonna do a shot off my girl!"

Shaw digs her nails into Root's thigh because she is no one's girl. They stagger over to a somewhat clean table as a curious crowd, alerted to the body-shots-ing, gathers.

Shaw wrestles her top over her head and swings up onto the table, laying flat while the twenty-somethings hoot and cheer. Damn right. She's not even wearing a pushup bra, just a dark navy one with a little swoop of ribbon at the top of each shell, cupping her juuuuuust right. ... her breasts have been distracting Root all night.

Shaw arches her back, tenses her abs a couple times and enjoys watching Root's jaw go slack. She licks her thumb and drags it in a slow trail from the halfway point of her abs all the way down to her navel.

"Hey Root, make sure you get me good and wet and salty before you lick me."
Root gulps. The bartender grins and hands her two shots because, at this place, if you do a body shot you get one free.

Root bends and licks a hot, wet line on top of the one Shaw made. She moves her tongue slow, presses firmly and ohhh, Shaw's breath catches in her throat- all these people around them, watching. Root's mouth though, Root grins as she sprinkles a line of rock salt crystals onto Shaw's perfect evil abs, low, finishing close to her navel. Shaw snags the lime from the bartender and, with a wink, slots it between her teeth. She lays back and stares expectantly at Root.

"shots shots shots" the horde of youth chant. Their energy builds and surges around them, lifts the two of them until Shaw could swear it's only her and Root in the room.

Root dips her head down and laps the trail of salt off Shaw's belly, stands, tips the shot into her mouth and swallows. They lock eyes as she wraps her lips, still half smirking, around the fruit. Root pins Shaw to the sticky table top, hands hard on her shoulders, and sucks on the lime while Shaw holds it fast with her lips and teeth. The kids around them whoop and cheer as Root finally wrestles the lime out of Shaw's mouth.

The crowd is soon distracted by another couple doing the same, a young woman licking a stream of blue Curacao off her boyfriend's chest. Hot.

Shaw wipes off with a napkin and pulls her shirt back on. After a few minutes, a "drunk" girl stumbles and almost trips over Root's purse, surreptitiously dropping a small package inside. Root half stands to "stabilize" her, and Shaw sees her slip an envelope, probably full of cash, into the girl's side pocket.

They sit and watch the girl stumble off into the crowd.

"Think it's safe to get out of here now?"

"Yeah, we need to get our little package to Harold" Root nods, grabs her purse and heads for the bar to close their tab.

Shaw steals the free tequila shot; Root can't have all the fun.

The next weekend, Root comes home with a bottle of peach schnapps.

"I had so much fun the other night, I thought I'd repay the favor"

Shaw scrunches her nose.

"With peach schnapps?"

Root fetches a glass and stirs mostly bourbon and a good splash of the schnapps together. Shaw gags.

"Oh, that's perverse, Root. You just defiled perfectly good bourbon with sugar blast."

Root says nothing, just dribbles a little on her forearm, lets it trail down to her wrist and into her palm, leans in across the counter to offer it to Shaw,

Shaw holds her gaze as she sucks Root's soft flesh clean, tracing the flavor from Root's firm hand up her wrist to the middle of her forearm, starts sucking a hickey into the ticklish bend of her elbow. Shaw lifts an eyebrow in surprise at the taste of schnapps and bourbon and Root.
Root chuckles.
"Oh... yeah. ok, that's almost good."

Shaw smacks her lips, eyes up the amount of liquor in Root's glass. Considers the surface area of Root's skin.

"I just washed the sheets."

Root starts on her buttons, "well I'm fine with using the kitchen if you are."

"Even if we end up showering together after and having steamy bathroom sex, it doesn't mean you win."

Root laughs, stripped down to just her bra and panties now. "Oh, Sam. I always win."

Shaw grins. This is gonna be fun.

"If you let any of this reach my panties, I'm going to make you very, *very* sorry," Root slides her fingers into Shaw's hair, guides her down.

Shaw drops to her knees, right there on the kitchen floor. She's eye level with Root's panties. Root smells so good, so aroused. Shaw licks her lips. She wants....

Root massages her scalp, pulls her hair sharply, makes her mouth water. Root splashes a little of the drink on her sternum, it dribbles down her stomach.

Shaw laps eagerly at the little rivulet of liquid, trying to catch all of the sweet, spicy liquor. She's careful not to let even the tiniest trickle get close to Root's panties. As soon as the first little bit is sufficiently drunk, Root splashes more- a lot more, and Shaw has to scramble to catch it all. Root squirms under her tongue, making the lapping up work even harder. She looks up, up Root's belly at the soft curves of her breasts, her throat and the way her chin looks so much sharper from underneath. Root smiles down at her,

-then accidentally pours half the drink on her face.

Shaw curses and sputters: the alcohol gets in her eyes and burns and smart.

"oh god- oh fuck- ow-- this was the worst idea ever!"

"Oh SHIT, Sameen, I'm so sorry" Root gasps and grabs a towel to blot at her face.

Shaw angrily snuffles a wet puff of bourbon and schnapps out her nose and scowls.

"If any got on your panties, that is NOT my fault."

Root doesn't say anything and when Shaw cleans her eyes off enough to see, she realizes that Root is laughing. Silently, and pretty hard.

"This was supposed to be sexy" she giggles, "but... I ruined it... and Sam, your hair is all ... plastered."

She kind of collapses down onto the floor next to Shaw, leaning against her. They're both sticky and wet from the failed body shot. It's not raunchy anymore. Shaw can't help but smile.

"God, you're hot when you fuck up," she grabs Root by the back of the head and pulls her in for a
"Skip to the steamy shower sex?"

"Yeah. Ditch the schnapps. Bring the bourbon though."

They clamber into the shower, Root still in her underwear, Shaw in her bourbon-soaked pajamas. Shaw takes a long pull of bourbon, rests the bottle on the counter top and reaches for Root again.

Root pushes into her mouth, aggressively steals most of Shaw's sip.

"jerk," Shaw peels off her shirt and steps out of her pants. Root reaches around, helps herself to more bourbon.

"You're still bruised from last Wednesday," Root comments, stroking a nasty welt she thoroughly enjoyed putting on the back of Shaw's thigh.

"Heh, yeah. You know John saw the mark on my wrist and asked me if I needed medical attention?"

"And?"

"Told him it was medical attention that got me there in the first place"

Root presses her fingers into the tender, fading blotches at the curve of Shaw's ass, "I love seeing my marks on you'

Shaw doesn't say anything for a long minute, lets Root's firm, exploring fingers reawaken each of her bruises,

"I do too," she admits, as Root digs a thumb into the back of her thigh, just above her knee, "no, no that's not one of yours- it's from when I fell into that dumpster."

Root pushes harder, the bruise smart, Shaw breaths in hard through her nose.

"mine now" Root whispers.

Shaw grins, "enough foreplay. Wanna fuck me like the filthy, sticky, booze soaked little brat I am?"

Root grabs a whole handful of butt cheek, squeezes hard.

"Since you asked so nicely... I guess I could indulge you, you filthy booze soaked little brat"

She's trying to keep the laugh out of her voice, Shaw can tell.

"You owe me for the booze in the eyes."

"Really? And here I thought you liked a little pain with your pleasure."

"Not when you've sold me on a sordid body shots scenario but then you end up water-boarding me with bourbon."

"Well then.."

Root draws their bodies together, kissing and biting down her shoulder and neck. Shaw leans up into her, savours the feel of their warm, sticky skin rinsing clean together, Root's wet hair flowing over her shoulders, god. Just being like this with Root is a turn on... Root nuzzles down and nibbles her
ear, works her hand between Shaw's legs, fucks her slow and steady. Shaw spreads her legs a little, rests her weight on the wall so she can open more for Root.

"Lean on me," Root says into her ear, arm wrapping strong around her back, so she does, lets Root hold most of her upper body weight so she can the angle just right.

Root fucks her hard, steady deep thrusts that run a charge of pleasure up and down through her body. Shaw can feel Root's force, her movements, from the back of her head all the way down to her toes.

She comes pretty fast, but Root stays inside her, keeps going.

"You know what I want to do to you, sweetie?"

Shaw shakes her head, "but I bet you're gonna tell me."

"I want to bend you over the side of the bed and paddle that sweet, perfect ass of yours until you have brand new bruises. Until you can't sit down or walk without being reminded of me, of playing with me, of what I do to you."

Shaw groans, she wants that too.

"Then, while you're still bent over, I wanna strap on and fuck you until you squirt-"

"oh god."

"I want your come running down your thighs so I can lick it off."

Shaw doesn't squeak, just then. She definitely doesn't. She will fight anyone who says she does. Even if Root does smirk and pinch her ass as she reaches around to turn the water off.

Root grabs a towel for herself and tosses one to Shaw.

"you might wanna bring that with you, unless you want to change the sheets again."

When Shaw finally makes it to the bedroom, after a good few minutes spent inspecting all the bruises Root managed to aggravate again in the shower, she finds Root in just her silky little half robe, flitting around the bed, laying out the harness and her favorite selection of paddles, the tub of super slick, and a selection of dildos.

Root holds up a thick, fat, realistic looking red dildo and a flexible, slimmer, bumpy blue one. Her grin is pure evil and pure sex.

"Pick your poison, sweetie"

Shaw doesn't gape, but she does slip into that state where she kind of stares wide eyed and close-lipped for a minute.

"Uhhh."

Root licks up the side of the red one. "This one tastes a lot like 'oh fuck, Root, I'm so full it hurts, but it hurts so good' "

"I don't sound like that"
Shaw feels her knees going jelly and her breath getting shallower and her pussy just... clenching and demanding and wanting...

Root sucks on the very tip of the blue one, staring up at Shaw from under her eyelashes with those wide, misleadingly innocent eyes as she wraps her lips around it. She pulls away wetly after a second, far, far too soon.

"Mmm, and this one tastes like you screaming my name until you go hoarse"

Shaw swallows thickly, twice, three times, eyes dragging back and forth between her two options.

"Blue, blue is good," Shaw decides, weakly, "I wanna scream your name. A lot."

Root lifts her eyebrows in an expression that says "ohhh you will," then points at the bed.

"Fold your towel up and bend over it, elbows and arms on the bed, ass up, legs spread for me."

Shaw obeys, folds up her towel and offers her ass up for Root.

Root steps in behind her, the edges of her silk robe brushing and tickling Shaw's ass. Root gives her a firm pat.

"Red, yellow, green. You don't need to count for me," She instructs, "and Sam, I want you to be loud. Let me hear what I'm doing to you,"

That makes Shaw squirm, Root's going to make her be loud... Root's going to make her NEED to be loud....

"yes, ma'am" she whispers.

Root spanks her a few times with her hand, a little warm up to relax her muscles and get them ready for the real spanking.

Root pauses, "ready for your spanking?"

Shaw nods eagerly.

Root grabs one of the paddles off the bed and thwacks it a few times against her palm. The tap-tap-thump of it landing in her grip reverberates throughout Shaw's body. She shifts side to side on the balls of her feet.

"Who's a filthy, sticky, booze soaked little brat?" Root asks.

"That would be me." Shaw answers,

"That's right." Root whacks her, good and hard, the smack jolting her body forward a smidge.

"Say it again," Root instructs -another smack,

"I'm, uh... I'm a filthy, booze soaked little brat"

She gets three more smacks as a reward, each one spreading a new throbbing wave of pain and pleasure through her body.

"And do filthy, booze soaked little brats need to be punished?"
Root smacks her a few more times.

Root's breathing heavily and Shaw wants to know if it's from the exertion of swinging the paddle or from arousal.

"Yeah, Root. They need to be punished real bad."

So Root punishes her- real bad- spanking her hard and slow until her ass feels raw and hot and sore, and Root has spread new bruises atop the almost-faded-out old ones.

Every spank makes her get just a little bit wetter, sends the blood pounding into her ears. Shaw squirms and moans and lets out a series of "ah ah ah" pained noises as Root lets her have it.

"That's right," Root pants, slowing down the smacks, "you take your spanking."

Shaw takes it and takes it until she can't take it anymore without coming. She needs Root, wants her inside her, complementing the harsh spanking with a good fucking...

"Oh god oh oh god oh god Root god" Shaw begs. "Please fuck me now, please ... please"

Root tosses the paddle onto the bed- and damn her arm is shaking, she really needs to start working out. She reaches under Sameen, finds her pussy wonderfully wet and her legs trembling.

Root drags one fingernail along the perfect curve of Shaw's ass, leaves a white indent in the blushing skin. She slides two fingers into Shaw's pussy- feels how open she is, how ready for her, drags Shaw's arousal down her thighs a little bit.

"Ugh, you smell so good." Root says, taking a nice lick of her fingers, "taste good too..."

Shaw grunts, unable to form words anymore.

"You want to come, sweetie? Want me to pound you into oblivion?"

Shaw whines. She whines and she pushes her ass back into Root and she begs, "please fuck please, Root."

So Root steps away, takes a moment to study Shaw's glorious, red ass and her shaky legs, the shimmer of wetness slicked down her thighs.

"I'm gonna make you squirm around on my dick until you're a hot mess." Root informs her, stepping into the harness and slotting the strap-on into place.

"I'm already a hot mess."

Shaw can hear her slicking up the dildo, the wet suctiony sounds, then she feels Root slide those lubed up fingers into her again.

"You're so wet, Sameen. tsk, tsk. I don't think that spanking taught you a lesson at all."

"Did you expect it to?" Shaw asks, but the answer she gets is Root ramming the dildo into her, pressing the weight of her arms onto Shaw's back so Shaw almost collapses onto her face on the mattress.

Root gives her a second to adjust, then draws out an pumps back in- the ridges and texture on the dildo creating amazing, tingling sensations inside her, the steady warmth of Root's thighs against her ass making it hurt and feel good all at once.
Root fucks her deep, angling the dildo with one hand until Shaw gasps and flails, g-spot contact accomplished. She keeps up a brisk pace, hitting that same spot again and again until Shaw shouts out, almost like a yelp, and tightens her legs together over the dildo. It kind of locks Root into place for a moment, so she presses forward as much as she can, letting the low, keening, whining noises coming from Shaw guide her.

After a minute, Shaw relaxes, goes limp and pants into the mattress.

"Did you come?"

Shaw nods.

"Without permission?"

"You didn't *specifically* say I had to ask..." Shaw argues.

"Mm, and there's the petulant lil brat I love."

Root doesn't force the issue, just pulls back enough to ease the dildo out. Shaw moans a little, but Root manhandles her, rolls her over. Shaw's arms flop to the sides and she grins lazily up at Root.

"Well, I can see I didn't spank the brat out of you, let's see about the filthy, soaked part."

Root steps back, and yeah, Shaw's really wet everywhere. The towel was a good call, after all. Root grins. Shaw is so dazed and acquiescent. She lets Root pet her and play with her, groove her lovely, full breasts and give them all the attention they deserve until Shaw is ready to go again.

Root tugs one of Shaw's legs over to the side, spreads her open and stands between her parted thighs. Shaw smirks up at her, reaches down and gently grips her free hand as Root eases the dildo back inside.

"Gonna make you howl," she threatens, jutting her hips forward.

Shaw lays back and enjoys Root riding her, moving so powerfully inside her.

The towel she's lying on is scratchy on her sore ass and all of her bruises ache, but it feels so good, almost perfect. Almost.

"move a little to the left, 8 o clock.. no, 9, yeahhh."

Root adjusts and Shaw gasps because there it is again, the tip of the dildo right up against her g-spot... Root keeps going slow, drawing all Shaw's senses together, gathering all the feeling in her body into one place; the hot, pumping, roiling pleasure between her legs.

Shaw doesn't howl, not yet, not even a loud moan. Root furrows her eyebrows and concentrates. She has a mission, after all.

Root spreads her fingers and presses a hand down low on Shaw's belly, compressing her inner muscles a little more onto the dildo. She nudges Shaw's clit with her thumb, but really the star of the show is the dildo, rocking between their bodies, shoving Shaw closer and closer, thumping into her g-spot.

Root pulls back, almost all the way out. She presses one finger, still slick with lube and Shaw's arousal, up into Shaw's ass and then, just as she slides that finger in, she drives the dildo home, right on target. Yeah, Shaw howls and pounds a fist into the mattress- she bleats like a lamb and jerks and
tenses her whole body hard as a rock and Root can feel the pulse of her orgasm, feel the sticky gush of Shaw's come between her legs. Shaw's face though, her open, pleasured expression, her half parted lips. Root comes, then, unsure if it's from all the pressure of the strap-on against her clit, or the sight of Sameen, so completely cracked open and spent and blissed out.

Root pulls out and flops down on top of Shaw.

"Wow."

"Yeah."

"I know you wanted to lick my come off me, but I don't think I can take anymo-- oh, don't get smug. This doesn't mean you win."

Root curls into Shaw's chest, nuzzles her cheek.

"Your whole body is trembling and I can feel your pulse, your ass is red, your pussy is soaked, and I got you to do a body shot off me. Pretty sure I just won."

Shaw huffs. "You tricked me with peach schnapps. That's cheating."

Root plays with one of her nipples, twists it just a little, "Oh sweetie, you know I would -never-cheat on you."
The aquarium is mercifully empty, chill and dark in the room walled by tank habits. Root sits alone on a bench in the "deep sea atrium" as the voices of families filter down the hall from the "touch tank" room.

It's pretty boring, but she has to keep an eye on the diver cleaning the walrus habitat. He has a three hour tank of oxygen and a very, very slow moving vacuum that he's using to scrape... some kind of plaque or walrus shit off the glass. It's quiet and dull and the machine is silent, busy "grooming" her new analogue interface.

So, Root's pretty surprised to suddenly hear a voice, strong and clear in her ear:

"I want to fuck you, right now."

The voice comes low and thick over her comms, rough and breathy-- sounds like someone started the party without her.

Root sucks in a breath.

"Sameen?"

A chuckle. "Unless you were expecting a sexy private line call from someone else."

"Mm, sweetie, much as I love our little girl talk sessions, I'm in an aquarium right now. Children could be lurking anywhere."

"Don't care. You owe me one for the other night, and I wanna collect. You're going to go find a place where you can sit down--"

"I owe you one?! You came four times and I only came twice!"

"Trust me," Shaw says, low and determined, "and go sit down somewhere."

Root caves. It sounds like Shaw has a plan. She likes Shaw's plans.
"I am sitting down, pretending to sketch a shark."

"Mmm," Shaw hums a gravelly little sound of approval, then nothing.

It's a waiting game. Root, waiting for Shaw to say something, Shaw, waiting for Root to give up control, to ask for direction. Root pouts, she doesn't like giving up control. But today has been infinitely boring and the Machine has been busy with her own work. Shaw clears her throat on the other end of the line, probably getting impatient or bored or both.

"What... what do you want me to do?" Root all but whispers.

"I want you to slide your hand down your pants, nice and slow. Touch yourself. Over your panties for now."

Root rolls her eyes fondly, Shaw is so cute when she's giving orders, "hang on."

She folds one leg over the other and opens up her large sketch pad, with a half-finished outline of a shark on it, and positions it so the large leaves of paper drape over her lap. Root cautiously slides her arm down the side of her body and slips her hand under the sketch pad and into her pants. To an observer, she simply looks like she's supporting the paper with one hand and drawing with the other. Root knows the entire illusion depends on her staying still and maintaining the facade of drawing and that makes her buzz with anticipation and a naughty thrill. She's always been into illusions...

"Ok, I have my hand over my panties. I'm touching myself," she murmurs, casually dragging her finger tips over the outline of her labia, pressing the fabric down on her clit.

The diver in the manatee tank gets a brush and starts scrubbing one of the rocks. So oblivious.

"Keep doing that, don't go under your panties til I say."

"I have to admit, Sameen, I'm surprised you're into this. Girl time is usually, so visceral and nonverbal with you. NOT that I don't immensely, and intensely, enjoy it..."

"Well. You like taking orders from unseen voices in your ear. And I like talking to you while I masturbate. Win win."

Root tries to stifle a gasp at the admission that Shaw is touching herself too.

"You're masturbating?"

Shaw hums again,

"Rub circles, Root, steady and firm but not too hard. I'm thinking about spreading you out on the bed. With your head propped up on a heap of pillows so you can watch me while I suck you."

Root doesn't say anything, figures the little hitches in her breathing are talking enough for her. She can almost feel Sameen's hot, wet, mouth, gentle tongue and treacherous teeth on her skin, those dark, deep eyes peering up, watching her as she writhes...

She moans, well almost moans, she has to stifle herself at the last second because hello, public place.

"I'm thinking about sucking your clit into my mouth. I'd lick you slow and gentle while you pulled on my hair."

Root exhales sharply through her nose. Her fingers are sticky and hot, her pussy aches for more.
"Are you wet?"

"Almost. I want to-"

"Uh uh, this isn't about what you want, not yet. You keep your fingers over your panties."

Shaw is commanding but not mean. So military. So hot. Root keeps making casual circles, feeling her clit rising to the occasion, seeking more pressure, more friction. The silky fabric between her fingers and her body grows sticky, then just plain wet. Someone could walk by at any minute. She definitely doesn't whimper, nope, not at all.

"I'm thinking about licking your sweet, sexy pussy until you come in my mouth. I wanna cover you with kisses, my tongue, making you feel like a princess, then doing it over and over again--"

Root shudders. Feels an instant heat flare through her, from the soles of her feet to her shoulders and the back of her neck and coiling the most right between her legs, hot and fierce. Princess. Why does that stupid, frivolous word make her so... melty? She thinks of Shaw, of her small, strong hands that can be delicate and precise one moment and wild and rough the next. She imagines herself wearing a really fancy taffeta gown, something shimmery and fluffy... and Shaw pampering her one minute and then tearing it off her the next. God...

"Say it again," she whispers, interrupting Shaw's fantasy.

"Which part?"

"Where you'd... with your tongue, you'd make me feel-"

"Oh, where I'd make you feel like a princess? Yeah? You like that, huh? Well, I'd, um, I'd get one of those silk sashes we use when you let me tie you up, and I'd drag just the tip of it all over your body, teasing and tantalizing you, til your nipples got hard and desperate and you demanded my mouth again and my fingers. And I'd give it to you, I'd give you all of it, I'd eat you out til my jaw hurt and your pussy was numb from pleasure. You could get anything you want because princesses get spoiled."

"Fuck," Root forgets to breathe.

Shaw changes the pace then:

"I'd want you to ride me, Princess, fuck me like a common village whore. You'd be so prim and clean at the start of it, but I'd get you good and filthy by the end."

Root forgets to breathe. The image of her and Shaw tearing at each other's clothes after a round of really saccharine, sticky, indulgent sex. The salty to finish off the sweet. Shaw's hands everywhere, oh fuck,

Shaw whimpers, a quiet, wild sound she only ever makes for Root.

"Put your fingers inside your panties. Stroke your clit, circles, slow, not too hard, touch your pussy and tell me how you feel."

Root slips her fingers beneath the waistband of her panties, grazes past her small patch of hair and finds her clit. She moves past it to her lips, her opening, so slick and hot and wanting.

"I'm so wet, Sameen. My pussy is so hot and silky and desperate. Oh I want you. I want your fingers.... your mouth."
Shaw makes this feral, growly noise in the back of her throat.

"When you get home tonight, I'm gonna get on my knees for you, pull your pants down- with my teeth- and lick you til you can't stand. THEN you can have my fingers, anywhere you want."

"You really want to put your mouth on me, huh?"

"I skipped lunch. You ready to go inside?"

"Yeahhh"

"Do it. Fuck yourself for me, Root. Pretend it's me inside you."

Root easily slides two fingers into her aching pussy, does her best to keep still, not to moan or move her hips. Her cheeks are furiously hot, and a family of three walks by where she's sitting, chattering about manta rays, completely oblivious.

"Can you reach your g-spot?"

"Nooo," Root whines almost inaudibly.

"Mmm, too bad," She can hear the smirk in Shaw's voice.

The manatee in the tank to the right is definitely watching her. She wishes Shaw were there.

"If you were here right now, I could pound you up against the cold glass of the manatee tank and leave your ass prints all over.

Shaw groans. "Oh yeeaaahhh."

Root ruts her fingers into her pussy as best she can. The family looking into the manatee tank are completely oblivious. It's wrong and dirty and Root loves it.

"Sameen..."

Root drives her fingers into herself frantically, the pads of her fingers slipping against her slick, clenching walls. Her arm bumps up against the sketch pad and she tries to curl her body, make it look like she's really focused on her drawing. Her jeans waistband digs into the back of her wrist and even that feels good.

"Make yourself come," Shaw tells her, her voice thick and drawling, panting a little.

Root presses the heel of her hand down on her clit, grinding her wrist back and forth as much as she can while holding her body as still as she can be. She comes with a quiet sigh. It's not the best orgasm ever, but it certainly feels good.

In her ear, she can hear hard breathing.

"Shaw," she murmurs, and there's a beat of silence, a quiet little sigh, and yeah Shaw totally just came.

"I'm all sticky," Root pouts, "Are you going to suck my fingers clean for me when I get home?"

Shaw gives a happy little chuckle, more of a happy grunt actually.

"Sure, princess, whatever you want."
She hangs up the call. Root spends the rest of the day smiling inside.

That night, Shaw makes good on her promises. Root's pants never make it past the living room floor, and after a liquifying ride on Sameen's face, Root finds herself picked up and tossed onto the bed.

"Dirty or Nice?" Shaw asks, flicking Root's ankles to get her to spread her legs.

"Mmm, dirty. Save the nice for a special occasion."

"Rough?"

"Yes. We've had enough gentle today, I think."

Shaw grins, then pounces. Root shrieks, but it's mostly laugh.

An hour later they're both covered in bruises and Root can't feel her feet. Shaw curls up next to her like a sated, sleepy cat. Root pets her hair, and tries to remember ever feeling happier.

The closest she can come is the third time she and Shaw fucked, when their rhythm finally clicked and things were really, really good. It happens in November, months after the tasing/kidnapping/CIA safehouse incident.

They stumble back to Root's current digs, slightly drunk after a successful number and some pilfered tequila. They fall onto the bed, clawing their clothes off and sinking into each other, writhing into the sheets (sheets Root knows she'll need to replace).

Root falls back, drags Shaw up onto her.

"Tell me what to do," Shaw says, her tongue tracing little twirls down Root's chest, across her belly.

"I think you know what to do."

"Yeah, but, it's better if you tell me."

Root reaches down and brushes Shaw's messy hair out of her eyes. She studies her face for a full, warm moment as the energy shifts between them.

"I want you to go down on me. I want you rough and wild. Don't use your fingers 'til I say, and don't make eye contact with me unless you actually want to- I don't need that."

Shaw nods, shifts ever so slightly between Root's legs.

"Oh, Sameen. Don't you dare get off during this. That orgasm is mine."

Shaw shivers and presses her lips to Root, explores that soft skin with her tongue, sucks slick patterns. She finds the center of all the shivering and shuddering goodness and has at it until Root starts up and squeezes Shaw's face with her hands and her torso with her legs, clenches hard and falls back onto the bed.

Shaw pants, wiping her face on Root's thigh.

"You taste nice." She says.

Root huffs a laugh and pats Shaw's head. This is something Root likes, petting Shaw like she's a dog or a cat, stroking her shiny black hair, rubbing her scalp, her back. Root likes to be allowed to do these things. To touch her.
She nuzzles her face into Root's warm belly, "Root?"

"mm?"

"Can I...? I want to make myself come, with you touching me like that."

"That's what you want?"

Shaw nods.

"sure sweetie. touch yourself."

Root keeps petting her, occasionally indulging in little tugs at her ponytail or ears, which, fuck, yeah, good. Shaw presses her face into Root's soft, sweet body, loses herself in Root, works her own fingers hard and mechanically between her legs until she comes, exhaling a coarse sigh into Root's belly button. Root giggles and pinches her cheek.

"You like being told what to do, so much, why is that?"

Shaw licks Root's tummy, mulling it over, "same reason you like to tie people up I guess."

"Really? It makes you feel safe?"

"Yeah. Um. Especially with you it does."

"Giving up control, responsibility?"

Shaw shrugs, "taking orders makes me ... secure. I like it. Especially in certain kinds of sex."

"Certain kinds?"

"With women, ok. Men, I wanna be in charge."

"Hmmm. How convenient for me. Come up here and kiss me. That's an order"

Shaw rolls her eyes, but moves up Root's body, obediently kissing her way from abs to ribs to breasts to clavicle to throat to lips. and then giving her mouth to Root, letting Root take her, warm and heady with her tongue.

"I could fuck you all night," Root whispers, rolling them over, pinning Shaw by the wrists.

"Ok."
Shaw wakes up early on a Friday morning. Her mouth is sticky and her face and hair (and the sheets) still smell like smoke. They made smores over the new gas stove last night and things with the hot melty chocolate and marshmallows got...weird. Shaw has burnt marshmallow glued to her hair. It's going to be hell to clean. Root, Shaw notes when she drifts over to the other side of the bed to check, has a large streak of chocolate on her cheek and on the pillow by her head.

Shaw smirks. The food play had been all her idea. Root isn't the only creative one.

She rolls over and licks- ok, sucks- the chocolate off Root's cheek. Root mumbles and yawns and scrunches her face up, nudging into Shaw's licks.

"Mmmm, do I taste good?"

"You had chocolate on your face. Didn't want it to, yknow, mess up that porcelain skin of yours."

Root snorts. She draws her arm out of the covers and blearily wipes the sleep out of her eyes, yawning again, wide and happily.

"Mmm," Root sighs, still waking up, and clumsily rolls herself into Shaw- Shaw leans in and helps Root settle properly on top of her.

"You sure you don't want me on top right now? I could wake you up good."

Root shakes her head. "I wanna top you, sweetie."

Shaw nods and leans up for a kiss. Root hums into her mouth. Root's breath tastes like smoke and that musty after sleep taste that isn't exactly a turn on, but then again, it's Root, so Shaw kisses her anyway. Root jimmies her arm down between their bodies and Shaw spreads her legs to accommodate her, knees folding out around Root's body. Root grins.

"I had so much fun eating that smore off you."

Shaw grins, "it burned my abs, look!"

She proudly pulls up her tank, revealing an impressive reddish blotch on her abs where the hot sugar scalded her.

Root smirks. Shaw is so goddamn cute when she's proud of things.

"Want me to kiss it better?"

"Psh. It doesn't hurt."

Root drags her fingernails over the burn and Shaw flinches a little but edges up into the sting.
"Not what I asked, tough guy."

"Well, I guess you could if you wanted."

So Root bends down and kisses the burn, but then she licks it and the lick turns into a scrapey-teethy—altogether painful hickey. Shaw squirms and wriggles around and it might just be a little too early in the morning for pain play.

"Root?"

"hm?"

"Can we--- stop for a sec." Root stops and looks up at her, waiting for a clarification, so Shaw reaches down to cover the now fairly aggravated burn, "Nix on that, for now, ok. Maybe later, like tonight?"

"Want me to be gentle with you?" Root half teases.

Shaw rolls her eyes and thuds the back of her head down into the pillow, "yes" she grumbles.

So Root kisses her stomach, gently this time, before scooting up Shaw's body, nudging her legs out to make room, and jimmying her hand down between her hips and Shaw's. Her hand is basically pinned between their bodies. Still, she manages to get her fingers down Shaw's sweatpants and hone in on her warm, soft, ready pussy.

"No way you're going to be able to get me off at that angle."

"Wanna bet?" The devil is in Root's eyes and Root's smirk and Root's tantalizing fingertips.

"Yeah," Shaw challenges. "Winner gets to top loser and use the new silk sashes on her. Any. Way. I. Want."

"You have yourself a bet," Root says, casually stroking Shaw's folds, "but I think you mean any way ~I~ want."

Shaw is so wet and she can HEAR the sound of Root playing with her, but she knows she can win.

"Well we'll see about that."

Shaw gasps when Root slides not the usual preliminary two, but three fingers inside.

"Yes, we will."

And then the round of innocent morning sex turns into a competition—Shaw trying not to come, Root trying her damnedest to make her.

Root uses her bodyweight as leverage which is cheating because that's totally a combat trick Shaw taught her.

Shaw tries to fight off the building arousal by imagining people loading the wrong size ammunition into expensive, classified weapons. It almost works. But Root's powers are strong. As are her fingers. and she's biting on Shaw— not hard bites, but those delicious, tingly little nips that feel like kisses but better and make Shaw's heart race and her blood sing.

"When I win, I'm going to tease you for hours," Root threatens.
"Well when I win, I'm going to tie you to the headboard and fuck you with that strap-on you bought just for us to use on you and I'm going to make you beg to come."

"Hah! You don't have it in you" Root curls her fingers, hard left, and smirks, "... well, metaphorically."

Root rocks hard into her, adding a fourth finger. Her fingers are so long and deft, Shaw almost keens and comes right then. Root finds her g spot and works it over aggressively while sliding her thumb all over her clit. It's so much. Shaw has to fist her hands into the sheets, fingers digging into her palm, just to pull some focus away from fingers.. and Root's mouth... and the solid weight of Root engulfing her.

Shaw doesn't have a witty retort because she's breathing hard through her nose and trying to think about things that aren't Root's pale, small, delicate breasts rising and falling in her eye line, things that aren't Root's unsteady breathing in her ear or teeth grazing her neck.

Root beams down at Shaw, admires her messy, sleepy face, the way her tangled hair spreads all over the pillow and how her cute little ears peak out from the dark mess. Root loves the way Shaw wrinkles her mouth up, bites on the tip of her tongue- the way she furrows her eyebrows and attempts a deep breath, trying so hard not to give in to Root's touch.

Root cranes her neck in and licks Shaw's bicep, "you're so strong, Sameen. But you're so weak for me."

"Mmmph" Shaw says, as her body just up and curls into Root of its own accord.

"I will win this," she hisses.

Root laughs. "No, you won't."

Root sucks Shaw's earlobe- also cheating, and whispers darkly, "Tonight, IF you survive the teasing, I *will* ride you until I'm spent and then fuck you with ten different cocks before I let you come."

Well. Game over. Shaw whimpered and her whole body tenses and floods with pleasure and it's too late. She can feel herself locking onto Root's fingers, bucking up into her, grabbing Root around the shoulders and tugging her as close as possible, burying her face in Root's body and just... flying.

Root eases her down from it, takes her time stroking Shaw to a second, relaxing, shuddery, more calming orgasm. Root finally withdraws her hand and brackets Shaw's torso with her forearms. She studies Shaw's face as they catch their breath. Root doesn't roll off right away. This is a new thing Shaw has noticed her doing lately, resting her head- good ear down- on Shaw's chest after sex. For long, sticky, heady moments until they both cool down before pulling away and dropping back down onto her own side of the bed.

Shaw pets Root's messy hair. Not a bad life, having a woman like that wake you up with sex and then lie on you all warm and soft for a good while.

"Let's go out for breakfast," Root offers.

"Yeah?"

Root grins.

"You'll need to get an early start on your carb loading. I'm going to work you ~ so hard ~ tonight."
While she's eating her second meatball sub of lunch, Shaw gets a text.

<<I'm touching myself right now. Through my panties. They're all wet :/ I'm going to gag you with them tonight ;) >>

Shaw puts her sandwich down and licks the sauce off her fingers (she's turned on but she's not wasteful!).

<<Can RO read these?>>

<<Yes. And she doesn't like being called Robot Overlord.>>

<<Could she see you when you were getting off?>>

Another text comes in from no number, which means the Machine.

<<NO. ANALOGUE INTERFACE WAS IN A DARK ZONE.>>

<<BUT SHE LET ME LISTEN THROUGH HER EAR PIECE>>

Shaw groans and digs into her sandwich again.

As she's on her way home, late that night, Shaw gets another text, from Root.

<< I left some toys on the bed. You know what to do.>>

Shaw shudders. She loves it when Root does this. She lets herself into the apartment and shucks her clothes off, makes her way to the bedroom and finds a vibrating egg on and a strap-on harness the bed. Root's favorite dildo, her tub of lube, and the long silk sashes sit on the bedside table. She smirks. Maybe Root's going to tie her up.

Shaw lies back, lubes up the toy and slides it inside herself, it's not that big. She can't find the remote though.

And of course, as she's awkwardly stumbling around looking for it, there's a soft click from behind her and the vibrator switches on, thrumming softly against her walls.

Shaw turns and sees Root lingering in the doorway, barefoot with a soft smile on her face. Root smirks and waves the vibrator remote at her.

"God. You're pretty," Root says.
Shaw stares at her, "yeah? You gonna do anything about that?"

Root nods and slowly unzips her jeans. She kicks them off without a word, peels off her shirt and her bra and advances on Shaw, running her hand up and down her torso, toying with the edge of her panties.

"Remember these?"

"Yes."

"I got them all wet this afternoon. Tragic accident of the masturbatory nature. Think you could help a girl out with that?"

Shaw nods. As soon as Root is close enough, she slides her hands into the back of Root's underwear, massages her ass. She leans up for a kiss at the same time. Root pulls back.

"Ah-ah, no kissing." She presses a finger to Shaw's pouting lips.

Shaw watches wide eyed as Root pulls off her panties and balls them up.

Root winks and leans in to stuff them, still warm, into her mouth.

A litany of "oh fuck oh fuck oh fuuuck" runs through Shaw's head. She's gagged with Root's panties. Gagged, with the panties, those still warm from Root's pussy, sticky and wet from where she got off panties.

Shaw sucks a little, Root's taste, her arousal flooding her mouth.

Root grins and picks up one of the silk sashes and wraps around her mouth, her head, winds it around and around until the panties are fixed in place. Shaw breathes hard ragged breaths through her nose.

"You ok, sweetie?"

Shaw nods and holds up one finger. One means good, two means stop, three means slow down.

"Do my panties taste yummy?"

Shaw glares. She refuses to dignify that with a nod, even if they do.

"Mmm. Bet tasting me makes you want to put your mouth on my pussy, doesn't it?"

Shaw glares again.

Root strokes her hand down her body and her slips two fingers into herself, "mmm, I'm still so wet!"

She pulls out and brings her fingers so, so close to Shaw's face, Shaw can smell her, wants to taste her so badly... But instead of giving her that, Root wipes her fingers off on Shaw's thigh.

"Let me see now, I'm all wet and your mouth is all... tied up, so how will I solve my problem? Hm!"

Root grabs the harness off the bed, she fits her favorite dildo to it and tosses it to Shaw, "I'm gonna ride you like a mechanical bull,"

Shaw snorts. A mechanical bull would kill Root and shatter all her fragile little bird bones. She steps into the harness and adjusts the dildo nonetheless. It presses against the front of her clit, while the
vibrating egg tickles her g spot. Root's a goddamn mastermind and Shaw hates how good she makes her feel. Ok not hates, maybe resents. Because how is that fair? How can she ever make Root feel that good back?

Root points to the bed, so Shaw obediently sits down. Root straddles her lap, slicks up the dildo with lube and pumps it up and down. Shaw jerks her head back involuntarily because she can feel it and the pressure and the motion and then Root sinks down onto it.

Root gives a little sigh, tosses her head back and gasps "oh, ohhh."

Shaw wants to lie back but more than that she wants to study every expression on Root's face. She hardly ever gets to give Root penetration, and when she does she likes to revel in it.

Root's weight isn't much on Shaw, but it's enough to compress everything, to snugly squish the base of the dildo against her clit. Root wriggles down and takes Shaw's hands, guides them back to her ass. Shaw squeezes soft handfuls of Root's ass cheeks, Root blushes, from her cheekbones down to her breasts, and Shaw wants to lean up and put her mouth on Root's nipples but she can't. Stupid gag.

Shaw squeezes good and hard and Root grabs her shoulders, bracing herself, positively writhing on Shaw's lap.

Shaw starts rolling her hips up and down and squeezing Root at the same time. Root claws at her back, nails out, sharp and brutal and god Shaw wants more. She thrusts hard at Root and Root bounces on her and it's glorious and rough and the more Root enjoys it the more she hurts Shaw and the more Shaw enjoys it like a fucking celtic knot of pleasure.

As they rock into each other, Shaw's back gets slick with sweat, and her hair at the base of her neck too. Root loves that, licks her shoulder a little bit and revels in the tang of Sameen's skin. Shaw breathes so heavily through her nose, chest rising and falling with deep unsteady breathes and Root wishes she could just... brand herself with the heat and imprint of Shaw's body.

Shaw tries to move her hands from Root's butt up to her shoulders and draw her closer but Root reaches back and slaps her wrist, pushes her hand back down. Shaw nods, ok, she's willing to play along. She gets a little frisky with her fingers, seeing just how much she can wind Root up without getting in trouble. But Root seems into it, moans and presses back against her exploring digits as she rides the dildo.

Root grins, poor Sameen, cheeks bulging with Root's panties, biting down on the gag until her lips turn white, eyebrows furrowed, glaring in that way that means she's having a damn good time and is mad at Root for making her have a damned good time, for the second timee that day too.

Sameen's muscular little body shakes under her, wriggling and squirming. That vibrating egg and inside her is probably pure torture. Root smirks.

The dildo inside Root isn't very big, not one of those monsters Shaw delights in, but it feels good, especially in the way it lets her really feel every movement Shaw makes. The small jolts of her hips, the anxious squirming as the vibration patterns change inside her. Everything just resonates inside Root, makes her feel so, so close to Shaw. So connected.

Root cranes her head down and bites the ever living fuck out of Shaw's neck. Shaw squeals into the gag and stiffens under her, rocks up as Root shoves down and maybe they both come at the same time, if not in perfectly sync then pretty damn close.
Root doesn’t climb off, she sinks down harder, presses deeper, puts her lips right to Shaw’s ear.

"No one makes me come like you do, Sameen."

Shaw snuffles into Root's neck. She wants to kiss her so badly. This stupid gag is the worst.

"You feel so good inside me, baby."

Shaw rolls her eyes and pinches Root’s butt cheek good and hard. Baby, honestly, Root should know better.

"I could ride you for hours. Would you like that?"

Shaw shakes her head.

"No?" Root feigns surprise, "Whyever not?"

Shaw stares up at her. Root knows why not.

"It wouldn't be because you want to put your mouth on me, would it?"

Shaw shrugs.

"Maybe if you're a really, really good girl... I'll think about it."

Shaw nods vigorously. Root grins down at her and slides off, wincing a little bit as the dildo pulls out. She flops over onto the mattress and shoves Shaw toward the edge until she gets it and stands up. The dildo bounces between her legs, shimmering with Root's wetness. Shaw breathes deeply through her nose, the whole room smells like it.

"Stay on your feet, soldier. I want you to pound me until I can't feel my legs, and if you do a good job, I might give you back control of that pretty, sullen little mouth."

Shaw nods, yeah, she wants that. Root leans up on her elbows and spreads her legs, knees bumping playfully against Shaw's bare thighs.

"Fuck me, Shaw."

Shaw's eyes darken and her face gets that laser-focused expression like when she's fighting or assembling a weapon. She grabs Root behind the knees and drags her forward. Root beams up at her- she likes a little manhandling in between power playy... and Shaw tolerates the power plays in between the manhandling.

Shaw can't say anything, so she lets her hands speak for her. She lifts Root's bent knees up so her calves rest against Shaw's torso and her bare ass is right at the edge of the bed. This'll be fun.

Root sees the grin, even though Shaw is gagged- sees it in the crinkle in the corners of her eyes. Shaw doesn't touch her pussy or make a move with the dildo. Instead she smugly pulls her hand back and smacks Root, hard. Root lets out an indignant "hey!" and jolts up at the smarting slap, trying to wrestle her legs away but Shaw pins them under her arms and won't let go until Root settles.

She WILL have her revenge for this gagging nonsense.

"You are on Dangerous Ground, agent Shaw." Root warns. But her voice is playful.
Shaw just tilts her head. Root never said NOT to...

She gives her couple more good hard slaps right on the tender curve of her ass, all business. Shaw might have small hands, but she damn sure knows how to use them. Root licks her lips and lifts herself up toward her.

"Brat. Stop teasing and fuck me like a woman"

They both chortle at that. Shaw shakes her head and carefully guides the dildo into Root.

Root sucks in a deep breath, "hard," she demands.

So Shaw holds up her legs and pumps into her, firm and fast. She thinks it might be called jackhammering, what they're doing, but she's not sure. Root's hair is a mess and her breasts are bouncing as she tugs at the sheets. Root moans so loudly she should be wearing the gag, Shaw thinks, touching Root's clit gently with her fingers as she fucks her. That's the thing about Root, she loves the rough stuff, but only if there are trace amounts of gentle mixed in.

"Oh yeah Sameen, God yes, snowplow me!"

Shaw chokes a laugh and shakes her head; snowplow? who even is this woman? She sets a good fast pace, matches it with attention to Root's slippery, protruding little clit, and makes her come. Root smacks her palms onto the mattress, relentlessly gripping the dildo with her inner walls and Shaw's ribs with her legs.

Root closes her eyes and sighs and slowly softens, pushing Shaw away. Shaw climbs back onto the bed and lays down beside her girl. She really wants to take the gag off but Root's strict and she definitely doesn't want a punishment, not right now, she wants a reward.

"Sameen?" Root says.

"mmpphhh?"

"You feel like one more?"

Shaw holds up three fingers, go slow. Root smiles sweetly and nuzzles Shaw's neck.

"I'll be gentle with you," Root teases.

She swings a leg over Shaw and takes Shaw's hands, pins her wrists above her head.

"Can you move your fingers, baby?"

Shaw sticks up her middle fingers and glowers at her. Root grins.

"Naughty. Someone's feeling bratty tonight."

Shaw wants to push her hands up, wants to grip Root and squeeze her and pull her tight and close, but Root won't let her. Root rests a lot of her weight on Shaw's wrists, grinding them into the mattress and Shaw bucks her hips and squirms.

"You're all sweaty, Shaw. Sweaty and sticky and wet. Doesn't that make you feel dirty?"

Shaw nods.

"Do you like being dirty, Sameen?"
She nods again and bucks again, not too hard because she doesn't want to hurt Root, but hard enough to let her know she's done with the questioning.

"I like it too," Root whispers.

Then Root changes the angle and rides her again, crushing their bodies together until Root comes again, breathless and shaky.

In the morning, Shaw's wrists and Root's ass cheeks will be sore and bruised and Shaw's back will be scraped up and her neck will have teeth marks. They'll be wearing each other's marks for days. Shaw would gloat if she could, seeing herself written all over Root's body like this.

Root slides off the toy and tugs the harness down Shaw's muscular, lean legs.

"I want to strap you into the St. Andrew's cross and fuck you a bit more."

Shaw holds up one finger (not her middle finger), it's a go.

"Do you want the gag in or out?"

Shaw rolls her eyes.

Root undoes the knot and gently unwinds the silk from around Shaw's head. She tenderly pulls the drenched panties out of her mouth and watches as Shaw stretches her jaw. Root leans in and Shaw's whole face softens, she parts her lips expecting to finally get a kiss. Root's mouth is only a breath away and Shaw stares and stares- but at the last second Root diverts and brushes her lips against Shaw's cheek.

"Not yet" she says, nipping ever so gently at Shaw's earlobe.

"Root..."

"I can still feel you inside me," Root murmurs.

Shaw reaches over and gently strokes between Root's legs. Three rounds with the strap-on. Yeah. Root's going to be sore tomorrow.

"Oh Sameen, you're so good to me," she sighs.

Shaw whines. Low in the back of her throat. She wants to kiss Root, put her mouth on her, feel her skin against her lips. Root has been biting and licking and kissing and sucking her all night. It's not fair.

Instead, once Root rallies, Shaw gets dragged into the playroom and strapped into the St. Andrew's cross. The vibrator inside her has been driving her crazy and Root finally eases it out of her. But she won't let Shaw come or kiss her and it makes Shaw mad.

Root touches her everywhere, scratches her abs, draws her fingernails up and down her thighs, bites on her neck some more until Shaw feels all frenzied inside.

"Can I please, please kiss you?" she begs.

Root steps back, her body still close enough that Shaw can feel the heat, smell her, feel her hot breath on her neck.

"Do you think you've earned it?"
Shaw rolls back on the last hour: being gagged like that, and not once had she been allowed to touch Root with her mouth.

Root knows what that does to Shaw. Root denied her that simple pleasure until she ached for it more than the most exotic sex acts, until now it's all she can think about, beyond even her orgasm.

"Yes," Shaw pleads, "I've earned it, Root, please let me kiss you."

Root smiles and leans down, her mouth so close to Shaw's that it reminds her of the white hot intimacy of a good fight. Shaw could close the distance, she wants to, but Root hasn't given her permission. Shaw swallows thickly and inches her face as far forward as she dares, eyes locked on Root's soft, pink lips, so wet, so close...

"Well. Alright then" Root relents, and kisses her softly, gently, only turning the kiss deep and wet and slidey when Shaw whimpers in pleasure and lets out a little relieved sigh. Soon, she's got her tongue in Shaw's mouth and they're both making little mewling noises and frankly, Shaw thinks, it's humiliating how easily a kiss can reduce two veteran assassins to... this.

Root nudges Shaw with her nose, lets Shaw lavish her jaw and her neck with her lips and tongue for a few minutes before taking possession of her mouth again. Shaw feels the kiss in her groin, the thick pulse and rhythm of it. Root starts fingering her in time with her tongue moving in her mouth. Shaw has to tilt her head up to accommodate her and Root takes advantage of her exposed throat, pressing a palm lightly at her windpipe as she fucks her.

Normally, Shaw is all about choking, but right now it's distracting from the kissing. She pulls back, loudly tapping her knuckles twice on the wooden beam her wrists are strapped to. Hearing the noise, Root stills, loosens her grip.

"red on the choking, green on everything else," Shaw tells her when she gets her breath.

"Ok," Root nods, and goes from choking Shaw to massaging her bicep. Shaw tilts her head up again for a kiss and Root happily resumes fucking her mouth with her tongue and fucking her pussy with her fingers. It's a slow build of tension in her body, between their bodies, and how is Root so rough and so gentle at the same time? Shaw shudders and her muscles kick involuntarily as she comes, Root's fingers deep inside her. Root doesn't stop kissing, just makes out with her until her heart rate balances and she sighs and her breathing evens out.

Root keeps going until Shaw slows it down, leans her head back, sated beyond words. They grin at each other, lips utterly ravaged, thick and tender, their bodies all marked and sore, faces sloppy and wet. Like teenagers. Shaw shivers. Fuck, Root's hot.

"So are you," Root giggles and then Shaw knows she's been voicing her thoughts again.

"Ugh, let me out of this thing."

Root gives her the look which means "don't get pushy."

She gives Shaw's thigh a sharp pinch, "I think you meant 'ugh, get me out of this thing, mistress.'"

Shaw smirks at her, impish and brassy, and Root lets her down anyway, rubbing at her ankles and wrists and helping her stand as they limp toward the bedroom.

"You're such a naughty sub," Root says gleefully.

"Mmmm, being a bratty bottom is kinda my thing."
"If I weren't so utterly spent, I think I'd spank you for your insolence."

"If *I* weren't so utterly spent, I'd beg you to."
tragic mishaps

Chapter Summary

pillow fights
spanking
aggressive sex
violence to couches
fisting
Smol the cat
revenge shopping

Chapter Notes

sorry it was so long before updates this time. we're about to go to press at the journal i work for so my whole life has been that, day and night.
someone on tumblr suggested a pillow fight, so anon, thanks for insipiring this.
it's not really kinky ok.

To be fair, the tragic mishap that renders their bed uninhabitable for the night is entirely Root's fault.

Ok, so Root didn't rescue the kitten, or bring her home, but Root did want to keep her. Even when she grew into a tetchy, possessive cat. And Root, technically, wasn't the one who had ok'd the cat sleeping in their bed (Shaw had had to explain that, in cat, there is no word for ok. Everything a cat wants, a cat takes). But Root was the one who had made Shaw the very large mug of Mexican hot cocoa. and Root was the one who had suddenly sneezed and terrified Smol, who had leapt onto Shaw and knocked her full mug of delicious, perfect beverage all over their bed.

"We can flip the mattress," Root had said, but it was a one sided mattress, with some kind of sturdy base to support all the extra foam padding.

And that is how they end up on the couch, which is not a bed, with Smol perched on the back of it, staring balefully at them.

"It's not your fault, baby," Root consoles, stretching her feet out across Shaw's tummy.

Shaw wriggles down, glad for the extra long chaise lounge end.

"I know," she grumbles.

"I was talking to Smol. She thinks you're mad at her."

Shaw twists her head to look up at Smol. Smol licks her foot without breaking eye contact with Shaw. It's creepily reminiscent of Root.
"She's gloating is what she is."

Root thumps Shaw with a decorative pillow. It's a light little thump. But Shaw is still mad about not even getting ONE SIP of that cocoa, and now being ousted to the couch.

So she grabs the pillow and whacks Root on the leg with it.

That's when Root reaches behind her head and whips out her own bedpillow.

"Oh, it's on," Shaw growls, doing the same.

And then they're off the couch and lunging at each other, swinging their pillows and it gets very aggressive very quickly. Root uses her height to her advantage, absorbing most of Shaw's pillow whacks with her abdomen and whapping her own pillow down like a flour sack onto Shaw's head.

Shaw chases Root around the couch.

Root gets Shaw in the teeth with her pillow and while Shaw is recoiling Root gains the upper hand.

Root chases Shaw around the couch.

Smol retreats to the breakfast bar to watch the battle unfold.

Shaw seizes Root's favorite decorative pillow, the one with the elephant on it,

"Mister Humps!" Root gasps, aghast.

"I will bludgeon you to death with your own beloved Mister Humps," Shaw threatens.

"They'll have to pick his beady little button eyes out of your teeth."

"Not if I smother you with two pounds of feathers,"

"I'd like to see you try,"

"Surrender Mister Humps and I promise I will not exact vengeance on you in the morning."

"As if!" Shaw stuffs Mister Humps into the waistband of her pyjamas.

It's a dumb move because Root uses the moment to launch herself onto Shaw and shove her onto the couch, flumping her face over and over and over with her pillow until they're both out of breath.

"Surrender." Root demands.

But Shaw just flips herself upright and shoves Root back and the mutual bludegeoning continues until Shaw's pillow catches on a sharp bit on the corner of the coffee table and explodes in a wooofff of feathers.

Root grins, manic and feral, and advances on her.

Shaw backs around the couch twice.

"I will not go down without a fight." she growls.

Root scoffs, "yes you will."

Somehow the pillow fight devolves into an actual wrestling match, in which Shaw tries to pin Root
to the couch and Root tries to save Mister Humps but ends up pulling Shaw's pants off, so Shaw has
to pin Root by sitting on her, and tug a couch cushion off the couch and hold it above Root's head,
trying to smother her, while Root shoves it back with an admirable amount of force.

Smol mews from the kitchen.

Root thrashes around wildly, kicking and pushing the cushion up into Shaw's chest.

The bottom of the couch cracks and splinters apart. Shaw's knees poke through, getting scraped and
speared by all kinds of springs and screws and furniture parts. Shaw drops her cushion and winces.

Root giggles.

Then she gently helps Shaw unstick herself from the couch. But as soon as Shaw is free and they
have ascertained that there are no couch fragments stuck in her legs, Root's eyes sparkle and she
pounces again. Shaw is knocked off balance and twisted around. She ends up half on, half off the
chaise lounge part of the couch, trying to grip the far edge of it and get some traction, while her
scraped knees knock against the floor and Root shoves an elbow into her shoulder and smacks her
ass.

It's not a fight-y spanking. They don't touch each other when they're mad, not violently, not ever.
It's a making up from a pretend fight now spanking. Root's still giggling sporadically.

But it sure as fuck stings. Shaw wiggles around and half heartedly tries to escape.

"Don't make me get the belt," Root warns, pressing her face into the cushion just a little bit. As if.
Shaw lets Root smack her. She fights a little bit, because it's more fun that way.

"Ow, Root, come on,"

Root giggles again.

"Ok, unf, you made your point."

"No, this is fun. You damaged Mister Humps and now you need to pay the price."

Well. Shaw reasons, she did rumple the stupid elephant pillow pretty badly. Nothing a good dry
cleaning wouldn't fix though. Root gives her a hard spanking, the kind she'll feel in the morning.
Shaw keeps still and takes her pretend punishment, but as soon as Root slows down and the fire in
her ass starts to feel kind of real, she starts really fighting again-- somehow that devolves into them
dragging the chaise lounge cushion onto the floor and rolling around on it, gripping each other's
wrists and trying to get on top.

As Root tries to wrestle her down for more spansk, Shaw flips them over and tugs Root's pants off,
prudly sitting on Root's thighs and pinning her down. Justice. Shaw crawls properly on top of Root,
til their faces are right up close.

"Say I won," she growls.

Root purses her lips and shakes her head.

"Say it."

Root shakes her head again, then leans up and licks Shaw's sweaty neck.
Root grins at Shaw's little hiccup of surprise and shoves her hand between Shaw's legs, finds her hot and wet and ready, and fingers her.

Shaw quickly slides her own hand down to repay the favor, and soon they're fingers deep in each other, rutting into the unseated cushion and thoroughly traumatizing Smol.

"oh god, oh fuck, Sameeeeen," Root pants into the crook of her neck.

The hardwood floor digs into her scraped knees and her ass smart and an hour ago when she was getting ready to drink the best hot chocolate ever in bed, this was not how she envisioned the night going.

Root whimpers and cries out, curling her whole body up into Shaw's as she comes; she thrusts three fingers hard into her as she does.

All things considered, Shaw decides, this is definitely an upgrade.

"Root,"

"muhh?"

"When you, y'know, get your energy back, maybe you'd be into fisting me?"

Root makes a hissing sound which is probably a yes.

It's not like the couch cushions could get any more ruined.

They roll over and Shaw spreads her legs, bending her knees so her limbs make a little parameter around Root. Root's hands are so long and elegant, Shaw loses all coherent thought when Root slides three, then four fingers into her.

"How are you doing?" Root's face is suddenly in her space.

"M'good. m'good. It's a lot but ohhhh Jeeeeeessssus" Shaw groans, overwhelmed.

Root bends her thumb and curls her fingers into a compact fist, slides it back into her and doesn't even have to move. The pressure inside Shaw is exquisite and deep. Root caresses her clit a few times and she comes, eyes rolling back, mouth gaping. Sore everywhere. Utterly ruined.

Root leans back on her haunches and smiles benevolently at Shaw. Shaw with her messy hair and bruised up body and flushed face. All of the buttons on Root's button up pajama shirt are gone and the seam of Shaw's tee shirt sleeve is ripped and Root is positively vibrating with happy.

"NNNGHH. I can feel you gloating, Root."

Shaw manages to crack one eye open. Root takes pity on her and drags all the cushions onto the floor, and covers them up with the blankets again. Root sits beside Shaw, who rolls over on her stomach with a grumble that her ass really smart.

Root admires her handiwork, bright red handprints, warm to the touch. Very good.

"I hope you learned your lesson, young lady," she scolds playfully.

"What lesson was that?"

Root looks at her like she's stupid, but smiles fondly anyway. "In this household, whoever loses the
"fight gets a spanking."

"Really? All the fights? Because I've won a few in the past eight years, you know and I almost never get to spank you--"

"Physical fights only. Consensual ones. Sparring, Pillow fights, wrestling. Come on, Shaw"

"You always cheat with your taser."

"Mhm. and that's why you're the bottom."

"Don't make it sound like my sexual proclivities are some kind of victory on your part. It's not like you won something."

Root grabs herself a solid handful of buttcheek- Shaw sucks in a breath.

"Didn't I?"

Smol meows from atop the now destroyed couch.

"Ok ok maybe, ok yes you won the fight."

Root rewards her with a long, messy kiss, possibly with some nuzzling mixed in.

"only because I let you," Shaw whispers.

Not to mention Shaw cashed out on orgasms. And demonstrated to the usurper cat who Root's REAL bedmate is supposed to be...

The next day, when Shaw arrives to the station after hunting down a really sloppy jewel thief, she sits down at the computer desk to order a new couch.

Someone has removed the seat cushion from her usual chair, from all the chairs, actually, leaving her just the hard plastic shell to sit on. She tries not to squirm, but doesn't really succeed.

Root eventually waltzes in with a bear claw (which she shares, because that's what good girlfriends do) and smirks at Shaw's discomfort.

Shaw doesn't say anything.

She waits til Root goes to get a coffee and then orders a two thousand dollar leather couch. She charges it to Root's card.
quarantine

Chapter Summary

quarantine
Reese gets traumatized by the sex
ball gags
minor exhibitionism but not really
failed attempts to have silent sex
Finch scolds them

Chapter Notes

i know Schneebein is not an Albanian name. sadly i do not know Albanian. it means "snow leg" in German, which i speak (not excellently but enough to make up last names and words which i convince myself are legitimate).

Root gets sent on assignment to Cairo. It's just shy of two weeks and it's boring and sweaty and she gets awkward patches of sunburn.

"What's Sameen doing?" She asks the Machine. Bad idea. The Machine makes everything Shaw does sound even sexier than usual.

"PRIMARY ASSET SHAW IS BOXING WITH JOHN REESE. PRIMARY ASSET SHAW IS EATING A BURRITO... AND SPILLING ITS CONTENTS ON YOUR COUCH. PRIMARY ASSET SHAW IS BUYING CONDOMS. PRIMARY ASSET SHAW IS COMMITTING VOTER FRAUD. PRIMARY ASSET SHAW IS LOOKING FOR HER PHONE CHARGER. AGAIN. IF ANALOGUE INTERFACE WOULD LET ME HAVE ACCESS TO **ALL** THE ROOMS OF THE APARTMENT, I AM SURE I COULD ASSIST."

Shaw goes clubbing every night and sends Root tantalizing pictures. The little black dress she had to get for some number makes a... cleavage-accentuating appearance.

"I can't wait to fuck you silly," Root texts.

"thumbs up emoji" Shaw texts back (because she's less eloquent over text, and is inherently mistrustful of technology now. With good reason).

"HOW DOES ONE ACCOMPLISH 'SILLINESS' VIA INTERCOURSE?" the Machine queries Root.

The Thursday before the Sunday Root is due home, Shaw has a lot of pent up, fidgety energy, so she goes on a morning donut run.
It's less about running and more about the donuts coming out of the fryer at 5:54 and Shaw getting to the shop at 6:00 to buy a dozen of them (to share, ok, Bear can have one, and Finch and Reese can... share one).

Shaw is on her way around the corner, only a few yards from the sacred temple of donuts, when she is jerked violently into an alleyway by the back of her coat.

She spins around, breaking her attacker's grip but then-

there's that arrogant smirk, saying,

“What, no kiss hello?”

Root, toting a large purse, steps from nowhere into her personal space and puffs a hot breath onto Shaw's freezing nose.

Shaw gapes, just a little.

“Naughty assassin,” Root says, tapping said nose firmly with two leather-gloved fingers.

Shaw catches Root by the wrist easily. New leather gloves, fitted, very sexy, already a powder singe on one thumb. Careless nerdling.

Then, Shaw catches Root's eye. Root holds her gaze as she grips her wrist.

They have themselves a little stare-down. The staredown says “at this juncture in our relationship, I expect a kiss hello” and “so don’t smack my nose like that” and “if you ever want me to smack you anywhere again you’ll stop acting like you’re bummed out to see me” and “you were gone for eleven days” and “well you spent six of them kicking ass” and “but i wanted you” and “you have me now” and at some point the staring evolves into actual words and Shaw tells Root she owes her steak and scotch.

“And eleven orgasms.” Shaw adds. “I had to make my own while you were gone and now I want the good stuff.”

Root doting-smiles at her and hands her a small black box, about the size of a shoebox. It's heavy-ish but it makes no sound when Shaw shakes it.

She waltzes off, calling back, “open that somewhere less public and familiarize yourself. We’re breaking it in tonight.”

Shaw ignores her, strolls back down the alley, behind a dumpster, and wrestles open her present.

It's a double ended dildo. One of those L-shaped ones, that you can use as a strap-on, without a harness, allegedly. It's blue and is made of the kind of material that's supposed to feel like skin.

"Mmm, it'll never work," Shaw mutters to herself, doing the math in her head. For one thing, Root's too tall for them to use it standing up and for another... well, there's no way in hell it would stay in place with all their vigorous thrusting and sexual gymnastics.

Shaw shrugs, tucks the box under her arm and heads for the donuts. She's willing to try it, if only to prove her knowledge of applied physics still surpasses Root's.

Shaw leaves the donuts on the ammo table, where a hungry looking Reese descends upon the half empty box without even playing it cool. She shoves the other box into her duffel, she has a busy day
ahead of her, after all, and wouldn't want to accidentally leave it at the subway.

It's one of those days that feels like it will never end. There's a bit of industrial stalking (for which Root conveniently turns up in another one of her sultry scientist outfits and makes eyes at Shaw through a pair of sexy librarian glasses for an hour).

Shaw walks by Root's desk while their mark is in the bathroom. She leans down and whispers, "thanks for the present, can't wait to use it on you later"

Root makes a noise like a hiccup and can't respond because the number comes back. hah, Shaw grins.

Unfortunately, the day ends with a stand-off in the lab, the number threatening to expose them all to some kind of virus or other, blah blah blah, Shaw's not really taking notes, because there are donuts left in the station and the toy and she hasn't eaten all day---

and, yep, the asshole splashes some kind of liquid on them- her, Root, and Reese (who stormed in all guns ablazing when things took a turn for the psychotic).

Shaw kneecaps the guy- both knees, he earned it- and shove Root under the nearest emergency shower. There are only two in the lab. Reese ducks under the other one. She and Root frantically rinse and strip at the same time.

When Shaw pulls the shower cord, the alarm over the door immediately sounds and the door thuds shut of its own accord. Shaw swears she can hear it locking.

"fuck, fuck! shit!" She snaps because whatever that stuff was it burns like hell.

Root grits her teeth, like she always does when something hurts, afraid that the tiniest sound out of her mouth will constitute a surrender. Shaw brushes her palms up and down Root's arms, like Root does to her sometimes, to comfort without crowding. Root's makeup melts down her face and she shivers.

Poor baby, Shaw finds herself thinking, even though Root is being typically stoic and not even looking at her. Not even trying to lean into her for warmth, even though the water is icy and her lips are bluish.

Shaw jerks the shower cord again when the water starts to slow down. They shiver together and listen to John hiss at the cold in his shower. Her and Root's clothes are on the floor in a sad, saturated puddle and the number is yelling something in ... Serbian?

"Albanian." Root mutters, wincing.

"The serum hasn't caused any visible discolouration on your skin." Shaw says, "I'm guessing we probably didn't absorb too much, if any, of it."

"Well, that's a mercy."

After five more minutes of decontamination showering, the three of them awkwardly squelch around the lab looking for spare clothes.

They find some olive green scrubs. John's are too small. Root's are a little too big in the shoulders. Shaw’s ... well, she has to roll up the sleeves and the legs. A lot. And hold the waistband of the pants up with one hand.
Root bites her lip and looks half amused and half turned on at the sight of Shaw struggling to hold her scrubs up as she shuffles around. John smirks but doesn't say anything. Shaw socks him anyway.

The number, fortunately, has passed out.

Shaw groans and patches him up with the lab first aid kit. She gives his face a generous helping of duct tape, and zipties him up. Root stares at her. So she drags him under one of the showers and pulls the cord, smirking when he squeals under the blast of cold water.

"We're going to have to quarantine ourselves" Root says, kicking the now empty serum beaker into a safe and locking it.

Shaw sighs, but she knows it's true. The virus was highly transmittable. Allegedly.

"I'm guessing 72 hours," John says.

"48 should be sufficient, Mr. Reese," Finch chimes in. For the first time in an hour.

"Thank god this room has a bathroom," Root says.

Shaw scowls.

"I'm hungry. And I left my donuts at the station."

"I know, Miss Shaw, but it's only two days. Your lab is already in lock-down, it's building security protocol. I have tapped into the security mainframe so it appears Dr. Schneebein simply doused himself in the compound. I can have facilities put some supplies in the air locked dumb waiter, but only once---"

"pizza," Shaw interrupts, "and bourbon and blankets and bigger pants for Reese. I don't need to see his secret weapon any more."

"I might not be able to procure bourbon--"

"I might accidentally shoot Dr. Schneebein in the head. Or let Root at him with a scalpel."

Root perks up, her eyes suddenly brighter and face just a tad pinker. She loves a good scalpel. Really puts her in the mood for... other fun things.

Finch backs down and they ask for a few more basics, like enough food for two days, toothbrushes and toothpaste and socks.

It takes three hours, so it's around seven at night when the air lock finally hisses and John pulls the plastic bin with their supplies into the lab.

Shaw eats half a pizza, downs a quarter of a beaker of bourbon, and falls asleep on one of the surgical steel counters.

John and Root eat the other half of the pizza- and fortunately, Harold sent them three- and hang their clothes up to dry while Shaw naps.

Root wakes her up hours later. John has fallen asleep wrapped in a blanket on another counter.

The lab lights are off- there's just computer screens and the low lights in the beaker cases illuminating the room now.
Shaw blinks awake to Root poking her on the shoulder, face way too close.

She sits up, groggy but less grumpy. "Time is it?"


Shaw slides off the counter and wraps herself in her blanket. She doesn't need to ask to know what Root wants.

They wander over to the far end of the lab, where Root has a pillow, a blanket, and a yoga mat on the floor. Shaw sinks down next to the yoga mat, and soon she's spooning Root, and using half her pillow.

Root shivers a lot. So much so that Shaw can't fall asleep. The floor is cold as fuck after all- and it feels like there's an air vent piping air conditioning on them nearby.

"ok," Shaw whispers, "we need to move"

Root turns to face her, teeth locked from the cold, and simply nods.

They collect the meager excuse for a bed and make their way back to the warmer end of the lab, where they ignore the fact that John is sleeping and shove two desks together.

"sleep on top or fort underneath?" Root hovers with an armful of bedding.

"on top"

"a rare choice for you, Shaw."

"shut up or we will never use that present you got me."

Root shuts up, but Shaw still can't sleep. There's something about having to cling to each other for warmth- and, ok, maybe a little bit for comfort- that feels good, soothing, despite the shitshow of a day they've had.

Shaw reaches down the leg of Root's baggy scrubs and strokes Root's warm thigh, the smooth skin under her fingertips feels like home. She drinks in the sleepy softness of Root, the smell of her hair, the steady sureness of her breaths. Maybe her hand wanders up past Root's thigh a little bit. Maybe it gets itself into a dangerous place and she suddenly feels Root's whole body twitch.

"oh, Shawwww," Root breathes.

"Still cold?"

"Getting warmer."

"Maybe I could heat you up a little bit.

"Sweetie! You wanna light my fire?"

If Shaw hears what sounds like a snort from where John is sleeping, she promptly erases it from her mind. She can totally get Root off, as long as Root stays silent... which, knowing Root, might not actually happen.

She shoves one arm under Root's head so her hand, at an awkward and painful angle, floats in front of Root's face.
Shaw would never put her hand over Root's mouth, not without permission, not during sex. Being silenced really, really upsets Root and Shaw knows that. But still, hackers gotta keep quiet if they want an orgasm.

"I need you to be quiet if you want to come. So, can you bite on my hand?"

Root nods and wraps her mouth around the soft flesh at the juncture between Shaw's thumb and index finger.

Shaw uses her other hand to finger Root, who snuffles through her nose and bites really, really hard on Shaw. The biting is white hot, but the feel of Root, soft and wet and so desperate against her other hand more than makes up for it.

Somebody moans, somebody else hisses, somebody's pussy makes loud wet noises as it gets vigorously fingered by somebody else, somebody smacks their hand down on the desktop-bed as they come.

Somebody on Reese's side of the room clears their throat.

But it's definitely Root who giggles. And who sucks Shaw's hand clean. Loudly.

The next morning there's an awkward patching-up with the first aid kit and Shaw has yet another set of Root-teeth-marks to add to her collection.

Reese refuses to make eye contact with either of them for the duration of the quarantine.

When Schneebein is packed off to Interpol and they're all cleared to go because it turns out the contaminate was total bullshit anyway, Harold makes them come back to the subway.

Reese gets to leave with the promise of a weekend off.

Shaw and Root get a stern scolding about having sex on missions with Reese RIGHT THERE and their comms still on and a dangerous spy a mere ten feet away.

Root pretends to be repentant and it feels utterly sarcastic.

"I promise you, Harold, when we get home, Shaw will be soundly punished for breaching protocol like that--"

Shaw squawks in protest-

"No, Sameen," Root cuts her off, "you were the one who got handsy and you're the one who will be handcuffed to the headboard tonight as punishment. For hours... and hours..."

Root smiles her dirty secretive smile.

"Oh, yes, right. I'm very remorseful Finch, but we have to go now, also what kind of perv listens to me fingerbang Root over the comms without even saying anything, we were doing it for like half an hour"

Finch has nothing to say so Shaw lets Root drag her home for a good handcuffing.

The physically impossible dildo gets shoved into the drawer of an end table and forgotten because Root decides she needs to "make Shaw think about things" by using her mouth on her.

For three hours, on and off, give or take (Root gives, Shaw takes).
"I went into that lab fine, and I came out with a bad case something," Shaw gripes as Root pulls her back from the edge for what must be the ninth time that night.

"With what?" Root frets.

"You."

"That was cliche, Shaw."

Root squeezes Shaw's jaw open and pops a ball gag into her mouth, "now you'll need to earn back your talking privileges."
Shaw sinks into the brand new couch, suddenly grateful that the old one broke. This new couch is bomb. She's wearing shorts and a tank and all that cool, smooth leather feels wonderful against her shoulders, arms and thighs. Shaw lets out a little sigh, wondering if it's possible to have a couch fetish. Maybe this is a new part of her leather kink. Maybe she could sleep out here sometime, when Root's away. Or if the bed gets too hot in the summer (they are, after all, hardly one of those couples that need to fall asleep together).

The black screen of the tv in front of her acts as a mirror: she can see directly behind her: Root putters around in the open kitchen, turning taps on and off, tinkering with the dishes. Root has a bumble bee print tea towel wrapped around her waist like an apron. She's humming a disjointed little song to herself, or to the machine, hard to tell.

Shaw closes her eyes and smiles. She could fall asleep like this. Here and now with all this easy, soothing comfort around her. No work tonight. No wounds to lick. Beer in the fridge and Root in a balanced frame of mind....

"Want to play?" Root's voice floats out from kitchen, over the whoosh and rattle of the dish washer.

"Mmm. Yeahhhhh"

"Touch yourself. One hand."

Shaw smiles smugly and shoves a hand down her underwear, fingers gliding past her firm wall of abs and the scratch of hair to the softness below. She starts stroking her own smooth, warm pussy. She's not wet.... yet.

"I want you to tell me a story," Root says, in her simpering sex voice, "Tell me one of your fantasies, a good one, one we've never done."

Shaw wriggles down into the couch. This could be fun. She ponders her various fantasies, trying to find the vilest....

"mmm, I have this one, where you tie me up-"

"How?"

"You use cords, yards and yards of them, and you tie me up spread eagled and suspended like I'm in a giant spider web, so I can't move."

"Are the cords tight? Do they dig into your skin, just a little bit?"
"Yeah, they do, and every time I pull at them, you whip my exposed skin with a riding crop. And I pull a lot."

"'mm, go on," Root says, sidling over to stand directly behind the couch.

"You put a vibrator in my ass and turn it on. You watch me squirm and thrash around for a while, teasing and punishing me, and finally when I stop fighting and submit you reward me."

"How do I reward you?"

Root's voice is breathier, more distracted now. The TV screen shows Root slipping a hand down her own body, caressing her breasts, her belly and dipping down further and further. When Shaw gets distracted watching Root, Root gives her earlobe a sharp pinch,

"How do I reward you, agent Shaw?"

"You use your knife on me. Cold metal and sharp cuts. You finger me- I want it rough and hard, but you make me take it slow and sweet. Just when I'm about to come, you stop."

The thought makes Shaw even wetter, her hips jerk up into her hand as she fucks herself.

"You do that over and over, work me up, stop, don't let me come. Until it hurts- until I cry, at least, and then you leave me there- dripping and aching and wrecked for you. You walk away like you're bored. And, uh... then I'm stuck there with no satisfaction, wiggling and desperate."

"Sounds awful, almost like a punishment..."

Root grazes her fingers across Shaw's collar bone, lips close to her ear, "but keep going,"

"Root, please can I come now?"

"Not yet. Finish your story," Root strokes her exposed skin with feather-light touches.

She's right there, right on the edge, so close, her whole body is just one heavy, slow, beat, pulsing closer and closer.

"So, so I'm trapped, all messy and unsatisfied cuz you left. Mmmm, but you come back after a while, and you fuck me gentle and then hard- you know like you do- and while I'm tied up like that, you make me come until I can't stand it anymore."

"First I won't let you come, then I make you come too much? Seems terribly mean."

"I, ohhh," Shaw slows her movements, careful not to come until Root says.

"I like it when you're mean."

"Would you like me to be mean now?"

"Yes," she says, taking a chance that whatever it is will be worth it.

Root draws her hand up, gripping Shaw lightly around the neck, her thumb snug under Shaw's jaw, her fingers resting on Shaw's carotid. Shaw inhales shakily; she really needs to come.

"Don't stop touching yourself, sweetie."

So she keeps rubbing her pussy, trying not to go inside because if she does, she'll come and if she
comes without permission... that's bad. Shaw knows she's whimpering and breathing hard through her nose, she can hear it, but she doesn't really care. Root's steady presence behind her, that warm, soft hand slowly constricting around her neck-

"Shhh, you can finish your story after you come. Keep touching your pussy, sweetie, fingers inside."

If Shaw could, she would breath a sigh of relief. Instead she arches into her own hand again, pressing three fingers hard into herself and squishing her clit, too.

Shaw makes strangled "mmmph, mmph" noises as Root tenderly chokes her.

Root keeps one hand on her shoulder, holding her down, only four immaculate black-tipped fingers visible in Shaw's periphery. Her grip on Shaw's neck is firm and inescapable and so, so right.

Shaw can feel the pressure around her throat plunging down into her chest, as her breath threads. Her vision blurs and it feels like her whole body is just one turned up, throbbing pulse.

"Come for me" Root says.

She clamps down on her fingers, hard, and start to come so deeply and so silently, her lungs a vaccum and her whole body buckling in. Just as she feels herself blacking out, Root releases the pressure and Shaw gasps, cold air flooding her lungs.

She pants, comes a weak second time, maybe just from the rush of oxygen, she can't tell. Root kisses her cheek and she doesn't even fight it.

Shaw knows she has tears rolling down her face, but it's from her eyes watering during the oxygen deprivation, not from feelings. Root doesn't comment.

"Can you come again?"

Shaw shakes her head. Sometimes good sex makes her go nonverbal, just drives all language right out of her head. It makes Root intolerably smug.

Root scratches lightly at Shaw's scalp and goes back behind the counter, returning again to press a chilly glass of water into her hand. She sinks down on the couch beside Shaw, spreads her hands out and pats the cushions gleefully.

"Ooh, this is nice. We got a good upgrade."

It's such a perverse domesticity. Her girlfriend doing the dishes and then talking about their shared furniture. After making her nearly black out from a little masturbation and erotic asphyxiation. Just an ordinary Saturday night.

Shaw's hand is still trapped and sticky in her panties, but she's too spent to care. Root, however, takes an interest. Like a dog with a bone, that one. She slides over to Shaw's side and hooks one finger into the waistband of her panties. She checks with Shaw, studying her face, waiting for her to lift her hips in acquiescence, before sliding them off. Shaw kicks them toward the coffee table as Root pulls her hand to her mouth and licks between her messy fingers.

"Mmmm, I love it when you're all sticky for me, Sameen. I could just eat you up."

And then Root brings her legs up onto the couch and lies on her belly, arranging Shaw so she's sort of angled towards her, just enough for her to press her face between Shaw's legs and put her hot, wet, velvety, wonderful mouth on her. Root licks Shaw all loud and wet and messy, makes a show
of going to town on her, rolls her tongue over and under and around her clit until she's sure she'll
black out this time. Root nudges Shaw with her nose and squeezes her hip as she twitches into her
and comes, a sweet, rolling wave of an orgasm, gentle and warm and sating.

Root wipes her face on Shaw’s thigh. She bites her lightly.

"I think the couch has officially been christened."

Shaw smirks at her, "oh no. It's not christened until we both come on it."

"We should fix that," Shaw sighs and her voice still feels scratchy when she asks, "can you sit on my
lap?"

"Yes..."

Root reaches into the end table and pulls out the ridiculous strap on they never got a chance to try.

"I want to ride your dick, Sameen."

"Don't call it a dick"

"Because....?"

"Patriarchy, Root. Call it a toy or a cock or... a side arm or a weapon or a---"

"stick shift?" Root tears open a disposable sachet of lube and slicks up the toy, guiding the base end
into Shaw.

Shaw winces a little because it's actually kind of thick.

"You ok?"

"Yeah, just acclimating to the-"

"landing gear."

"no"

"fishing tackle? oh, Sameen that's perfect because FISH and you know---"

"Nope."

Root climbs onto her lap, knees pressed up against the sides of her ass. it's a position they've never
tried before. The blue dildo juts upward and Root rises up, then slowly, incrementally, slides down on
it.

Shaw has a front row seat to watch the shaft slide into Root. How is it so hot? Root's vagina is so
pink and delicate and soft, and the slick, slippery toy slides between her folds, right into her, and
Shaw can FEEL it. She can feel the pressure of Root bearing down on her, feel Root shuddering.

She wraps her arms around Root's back as Root laces her own fingers at the nape of Shaw's neck.

"I feel so full, Sameen."

"Is it too much?"

Root shakes her head and the discomfort of stretching out those seldom used muscles morphs into
something else, her eyes sharpen and she licks her lips.
"I want to bounce" she says.
"Just don't break this couch, ok?"
"Pretty sure you broke the old one," Root bickers back.

Shaw rolls her eyes and steadies Root's hips.

Root carefully moves up and down, in relatively small motions. At first it's nice, the reciprocal thrusting and everything, but then she really does start bouncing, her breasts swaying inches away from Shaw's face as lets off obscene moans and growls and wails right into Shaw's ear.

Shaw wants to cry because Root feels so good and sounds so good and smells so good-

She reaches down and rubs circles around Root's clit, then settles into an up and down motion that matches the way Root is bouncing on her lap.

After about four minutes, Root squeezes the back of her neck and gasps and stiffens in her arms: the bouncing stops and Root's breath is all ragged but Root is smiling and her cheeks are pink.

Shaw kisses her then, and that feels the best, Root's nose pressed into her cheek for endless moments. It's a sweet, gentle counterpoint to everything.

Even if Root does slide off the toy and use the base end of it to make Shaw come again.

"If you make me get come on the new couch, I'll melt your laptop," Shaw threatens.

Root smiles patronizingly at her and pats her head, "Don't get your cruller in a twist, sweetie, from now on, it's hand jobs ONLY on this couch. It cost me two grand, you know."

Shaw smirks. She knows.
sodomy: it's between god & me

Chapter Summary

graphic depictions of butt fun. skip if you're not into that. honestly, i don't know where anal falls on the kinky meter, but i wrote this and i'm just throwing it in here because it's Explicit AF... ok have fun!

Chapter Notes

Shaw does a strip tease
Root fucks Shaw's perfect glorious magical ass
There are cuddles. but only a little.
Adorable creepy staring.

Things tend to get busy in the saving lives business around Christmas. Shaw has to step back in to supervise numbers. Root finds herself globe trotting, more and more fatigue building inside her with each flight she catches to somewhere that isn't New York. Christmas flashes by with Root in Tokyo again and Shaw nursing a fractured finger from some dirty hand to hand.

Root comes home the second week in January.

"I don't want to leave New York unless it's a matter of life or death, save the pithy comments" she tells the Machine.

I UNDERSTAND. YOU HAVE MISSED PRIMARY ASSET SHAW. SHE MISSES YOU TOO.

Root doesn't know what to make of that. She knows Shaw loves her, has never doubted it for a moment, but missing her. Well. Shaw is remarkably self-sufficient. Sometimes Root comes back to their apartment to find Shaw seeming half surprised that she was gone at all. Root knows she's important to Shaw. She also knows she doesn't need to be there, in the same space as Shaw, to be important. And Shaw's not the kind of girl to pine... but She has no reason to make it up...

"How do you know that?" She asks, tiredly struggling to drag her suitcase off the carousel and escape the hell hole that is LaGuardia.

SHE TOLD ME.

The Machine feeds Root a choppy soundbite from two weeks ago. Shaw is outside somewhere, near traffic and dogs.

"After Root finishes whatever it is she's doing, I need you to do something for me. Reroute her here for a while? I haven't seen her for more than two days in six weeks... but it seems longer."

ANALOGUE INTERFACE WILL RETURN TO NEW YORK ON THE NINTH OF
"Yeah yeah, but every time you let her come here for a minute, you summon her away again. I know you're like the salvation of humanity or whatever, and Root is important to you, you can't save the world without her, all that. but... I miss her."

The sound cuts off abruptly, leaving Root baffled in front of the car service counter.

The journey home is a silent one. When Root has finally made it into the elevator up to their floor, she says, "I don't want to go away again until March. I can do so much from here, thanks to you. And I need to train your new analogue interface anyway."

I WILL DO MY BEST.

"Thank you."

To say Shaw pounces on her when she gets in that night and finds Root unpacking in the bedroom is something of an understatement.

Shaw doesn't say a word. She shakes her head like she's annoyed and then wraps her strong, firm arms around Root, plunging them both onto the bed, upsetting all of Root's meagre supply of dirty laundry.

Root shrieks as Shaw stares down at her, covering as much of Root's body as she possibly can with her own, pressing them together, hard.

"Hey" Root says, nipping Shaw's lower lip just enough to remind her who is in charge, "guess you missed me, huh?"

Shaw rolls her eyes.

"We both know that's not my thing. But you!" Shaw growls. "Have missed me. so goddamn much. That you are going to fuck me all night. And all morning. If I have to Faraday Cage this room, I will."

"I like it when you get all forceful on me."

But then Shaw softens, rolls them again so Root's on top.

"Glad you're back" she says, looking away, quiet and serious.

Root burrows her face into Shaw's neck and enjoys the feel and smell and warmth of being there in that moment with her. Shaw loops her arms around her and Root feels the stress and annoyance of travel and dealing with people, and being around people, and just all of it, melt away.

She wakes up the next morning in just a tee shirt, carefully tucked under the covers, her glasses sitting on the table by the bed.

Shaw breathes evenly beside her, with Smol wedged up against the top of her head. Smol purrs when Root reaches out to stroke her ears. Root curls her toes. She wants this forever. She wants to retire.

"Well that's new," she murmurs.

"Mmm, what is?" Shaw groggily attempts to sit up.
The conversation is not one for this early in the morning, so Root deflects.

"Tell you later, sweetie. Want to get started on the reunion fucking?"

Shaw nods eagerly.

"I want you to fuck my ass," she says, "make me take it."

"Anything for you," Root pulls her into a kiss before she squirms away to shower,

"Get your ass ready for the rimming of a lifetime!" she calls before Shaw gets the water going.

Less than an hour later, Smol has been fed and exiled from the bedroom and Shaw is picking which toy she wants Root to use on her.

"Hurry up," Root demands from the bed, "Or I'll fall asleep again. I have terrible jet lag."

"You never used to get jet lag."

Shaw offers Root regular lube or the warming kind, Root shrugs, "dealer's choice."

Shaw goes for the regular.

"I'm aging," Root says, with a burble of surprise, like she only just realized she was capable of growing older.

"Well. You look damn good to me" Shaw fiddles with her hair.

Root preens at the compliment.

"You look pretty good yourself, soldier. You wanna let your hair down and come over here?"

Shaw tugs her pony tail down and sidles over to the bed. Root stares. Her cool confidence is so sexy, even in sweatpants and an old Mario Brothers tee shirt.

"I know what that smirk means," Shaw says.

"What?"

"It means you have an evil devious plan that I'm probably not going to enjoy."

"Oh Sameen, I promise you'll enjoy it plenty. Will you strip for me?"

Shaw rolls her eyes, "seriously?"

Root hits a button on her phone and something over the top and trashy starts bumping through the bedroom speakers.

"I promise I'll make it worth your while."

Shaw rolls her hips instead of her eyes this time, catches the beat and sways with it. It's nine am on a Saturday morning in Dumbo and she's pumping and swaying like it's midnight at a club in Williamsburg.

Shaw works her shirt up over her head and Root stares. Mesmerized. Shaw has the most glorious and beautiful body she has ever seen. Strong clean lines, compact muscle, agility and grace and even the way she dances seems to have a faint aura of gunpowder and steel about it.
Shaw sways her way out of her pants, hands in her hair, eyes half-closed and unfocused. Root feels herself throb at the sight of Shaw's toned thighs, her abs, her breasts, her elbows even. Root is stupidly in love. Shaw turns around and works that ass and Root whimpers. Loud. Shaw's just wearing simple black boy shorts but goddamn, they hug her tight, showing off the sculpted round perfection.... Root decides she should write some poems about Sameen's ass. After making love to it.

Shaw turns around again, all smug and flexing. She slides one thumb into the waistband of her panties and then they're gone and she's naked and hovering right over Root, breasts just below Root's eye line, lips by Root's cheek,

"Enjoy the show?" Shaw growls.

"Immensely" Root thinks she may have given herself a nosebleed. From the excitement.

"What are you gonna do about it?"

"Wellll. I could give you a tip..."

Shaw's breath careens down the back of Root's neck and makes Root shiver as she says, all low and rough, "Ohhh I want more than just a tip."

Shaw is definitely enjoying herself too much on this little power trip. Root slides a hand up her torso, fixes on her left nipple and pinches it until Shaw winces. Then she smirks.

"All in good time, sweetie. Lay down, let me see that ass,"

Root gathers herself up off the bed. Shaw obeys, lies on her stomach and a couple pillows, with her arms folded under her chin. Stark naked. Her butt is round and soft and so touchable: Root feels her breath leaving her a little, her palms tingling.

"Goddamn, my girl is hot" she whispers, grazing her fingertips up the backs of Shaw's thighs.

Shaw looks back at Root over her shoulder and smirks.

"I've been doing a lot of extra leg work these days. Think it's paying off?"

"mmmmm, it's paying off all right. In a big way."

Root pushes Shaw's legs apart until she can comfortably kneel between them. She traces a fingertip in lazy swirls along the curve of one cheek, right where she knows Shaw is most sensitive. Shaw wriggles a bit and sighs, eager for Root to get to the good parts. Root spreads Shaw's ass cheeks, unwraps a dental dam, and goes to town- licking, teasing, prodding, working Sameen up into a frenzy.

"Are you gonna beg for me?" Root murmurs when her jaw starts to ache and Shaw is keening and practically chewing the mattress.

"uh uh"

Root sighs.

"You're such a brat," she says, but it's admiration and affection, not annoyance, coloring her voice.

Shaw has to grin then because they both know who the real brat is. And it's not Shaw.
Root tests Shaw out with a few fingers, gentle and slow at first so Shaw can stretch and relax into it. Soon she moves on to the dildo, sheathing it in a condom and lubing it up.

"I'm going to ride you to hell and back," Root chirps.

Shaw grunts. The time for talking is not now. Not when Root fucking edges the dildo into her and she's suddenly so full and so open at the same time. Root rocks the toy gently, setting a pace that Shaw knows will soon pick up.

"Yeah, oh, fuck, yeah" She chants, at first just in her head, then under her breath, then out loud. Root lets her have it, ruts into her firm and fast, never quite letting Shaw catch up.

"It's so much... It's so..."

Shaw wriggles and whines and sob as Root pounds her. She arches herself back and Root thrusts forward, she presses her face into the mattress as Root's hands on the back of her neck guide her.

"Root, Root" she pants.

Root pauses, pulls halfway out, "how are you doing, babe?"

Shaw holds up one finger for "good," and another for "faster." Root breathes a sigh of relief.

"Take it," Root orders, even as she waits for Shaw to feel ready to take it.

Shaw shudders as she pushes back because damn, it feels GOOD.

Root pumps in and out, in and out, the thick dildo pressing deeper, making those muscles feel raw and exposed. Leaving Shaw feeling vulnerable and taken and so, so ready to collapse. Root is touching her so deep and pushing her at breakneck speed toward some unseeable collision and she wants more but breathing is hard.

"Stay the course, Sameen," Root urges, and her words and her gentle hand on Shaw's shoulder are enough.

Shaw breathes deep, breathes in the smell of the sheets, laundry detergent and Root and her, breathes in the slow burn of being fucked in the ass, breathes in the rising pleasure. When Shaw does come, with a tearful string of swears, Root lets the whole weight of her body fall onto Shaw's back. Shaw grunts, but doesn't shove Root away, letting her pull out and roll off in her own time.

Root burrows the back of her head into her fluffy pillow and beams at the ceiling. Sameen after butt stuff is so tactile. Not affectionate, per se, but definitely open to a warm cuddle.

Shaw whines from just beside her pillow, so Root rolls over, folds her tender, fucked-out girl up in her arms and sets to breathing long, soothing breaths into her hair.

Shaw's naked back is firm and strong. Her body is all muscle and focus and potent, sharp energy. But in the moments after she's let Root have her like this, after she has been taken deeply and soundly, been fucked until she's gone hoarse... in those moments she is soft and malleable and easy. She opens her mouth to Root's tongue without a fight, spreads her legs for Root's touch, twines their calves together, plays with Root's fingers, presses the length of her bare, silky skin right up close to Root.

It's enough to make Root feel like she's the one who's had the mind blowing orgasm. She bites her
lip to try and stifle herself, it feels so wonderful to be close to Shaw like this, easy and relaxed. It's just as thrilling as the tension and friction. Maybe even better.

Root pets Shaw on her back and on her head and Shaw doesn't exactly purr, but she does stretch into the contact and sigh.

"Such a good girl," Root coos, traipsing her fingers down Shaw's tummy to toy with her hair and tease below.

"Mmmmm"

Root won't urge Shaw to another orgasm, not now- not yet. She can tell Shaw still feels sore and vulnerable, given the way she has koala beared onto hed. Root wants to indulge in some fondling and Shaw seems... amenable.

So she strokes Shaw's belly, gently caresses her breasts, relishes the firm weight of each one in her hand, the whimper Shaw gives her when she pinches lightly on a nipple. She pets Shaw's thighs and shoulders and neck and strokes her hair for a long time.

Eventually, her palm finds its way down Shaw's body again, until Root is rubbing lazy circles and Shaw is pushing her pussy into them.

"Sameen," Root murmurs, "you looked so sexy with my dick in your ass. Squirming and frotting, moaning and crying into the mattress."

"I love it when you take me like that."

"I want to take you like that again, only the next time, I want to look at your face during."

Shaw nods. She wants that too, to feel Root, so deep, and be looked at by her, be seen by her, to see her.

"Feel so relaxed," she mumbles, and falls asleep before Root can make her come again.

Root smiles and pushes her face right close to Shaw's so she can watch her sleep. It's not creepy, she tells herself, because she's just made Shaw come mightily and she's entitled to stare at her face from six inches away. Just for a few minutes. Ok three inches. Does it matter? Shaw's not complaining.

Shaw only sleeps for about fifteen minutes, securely ensconced in Root's embrace. This sort of thing never would have happened before, when they first started fucking. Something about being imprisoned by Samaritan made Shaw more willing to indulge in and allow cuddling and contact and all sorts of new things Root had never dared imagine for them.

When Shaw wakes up, her ass is sore, but the pleasant kind of sore, like she can still feel Root's agile motions inside her. Root is curled up behind her, nuzzling her shoulder.

"What are you doing?"

"Smol does this. It's how cats express affection."

"Are you part AI and part cat now?"

Root licks her ear, "maybe."

Shaw shuffles onto her other side to face Root. Root's eyes are bright and her cheeks have actual color in them- she doesn't look exhausted and drawn anymore. Shaw grins.
"What?"

"You look so satisfied, and I haven't even fucked you yet."
salty and sweet

Chapter Summary

uhhhh this should be two chapters but I laaaazy

Root domming
Kinky play scenario
riding crop play
humiliation play (a small bit)
oral sex
sex games/ competition

Toppy Shaw
Rough sex
Shaw pounds the fuck out of Root who lurves it
Root gets tied up
Shaw is all gentle and loving
feelings and kink. it happens

It's been a weird day. They haven't had sex in over a week, which is highly unusual. Shaw suspects that Root is going through a dysphoric spell again. Sometimes Root does this, detaches from her body like her mind is a flashdrive she can just unplug. She falls into her own insecurities-- skips meals, forgoes sleep, works herself until she's physically and emotionally raw. She pointedly ignores all the mirrors in the apartment and, while she's quite happy to fuck Shaw, she won't let Shaw return the favor.

Shaw makes up her mind she's going to do something about this. Root is her responsibility now. She needs, just one time, to make Root KNOW how wonderful her body is-- without the Machine, without guns and quippy one liners, as a physical entity of feelings and chemical reactions, sounds and tastes and touches. Root needs to know how important she is, not just her wildly talented mind but her body too. She needs to.

But Shaw gets interrupted in her grand plan by one of Root's Creative Sexual Schemes.

It's ridiculous, but there Root is, standing in the bathroom doorway, trying to rope her into a new weirdness.

"A toothbrush."

Shaw drops the word like it's bitter in her mouth, half indignant, half incredulous.

Root just flicks her eyebrows and waggles the toothbrush as though it's a treat.

"I ask you if you feel like trying something new and you give me a toothbrush. My teeth not doing it for ya anymore?"

"Oh your teeth do it for me just fine, sweetie, and I have the marks to prove it. But that's not what this is for. You wanted to try something new, so..." Root gives her a little shove into the bathroom,
"this is it."

Shaw surveys her prospects.

"Toothbrush, bathroom. I'm still coming up with oral hygiene here, Root."

Root slowly bends down, making sure to give Shaw a good eyeful of her butt as she pulls a pair of purple rubber gloves and a bottle of organic tile scrub out from under the sink. She lays them out on the counter with a smug grin—like they're brand new sex toys.

"You're going to get on your knees and clean the shower for me. And you're going to like it."

"I am?"

"Yup."

Shaw feels like she's lost. Cleaning is not sexy. Cleaning is not fun. Cleaning is a necessary annoyance.

But Root has a plan, or so she claims.

"Ok," Shaw sighs, "I'm game."

Root smiles and pulls her in for a kiss. Shaw opens her mouth for Root's tongue as Root caresses her jaw. She half wonders if this is the turning point, the herald of the end of the good sex. Trying to spice things up with dumb games, cleaning, and toothbrushes. But then Root is making out with her so deeply, with the insistent, pressing tongue and the happy moaning. Yes. Yes.

Root unbuckles her belt and pulls at the button of her jeans.

"I want you to scrub this shower," she says, voice lowering with lust already, "and I want you to do it. Naked."

Ok. Ok. Shaw nods, she can do this. She tugs her jeans and shirt off, the taste of Root's tongue still in her mouth.

Root's soft intake of breath when Shaw gets down to just her underwear is pretty excellent.

"On second thought, keep your panties on, I'll enjoy removing those later." Root murmurs. Shaw loves the sound of that. It makes her squirmy inside.

"K,"

"Now, get cleaning."

Shaw snaps the gloves on, grabs the toothbrush and the cleaner, and gets down on her knees. She sprays some tile cleaner onto the floor of the shower. This is it.

Root has thoughtfully folded a towel on the floor so her kneecaps don't bruise. The scrubbing's not too bad, but definitely not erotic. Shaw has never been less turned on after making out with Root and getting almost naked than she is right now.

Now Root isn't even in the room. She's puttering around in the bedroom, then Shaw hears her come back. She looks back over her shoulder. Root has a riding crop. Shaw can see where this is headed.

Nevertheless, Root wants to try it, so, Shaw keeps going, relishing the burn in her forearm as she
uses all her strength and thrust on grout.

Shaw sighs again and shoots another glance back at Root. She's leaning against the counter, unbuttoning her shirt with one hand and twirling the crop with the other. She has that bright hungry look in her eyes as she stares at Shaw's ass, and thighs, and her calves, and the toned, clean lines of her back.

"Do you need some incentive to keep going, sweetie?"

"Depends on what kind of incentive. We talking carrot or we talking stick?"

Root grins, "is there a difference."

She trails the tip of her riding crop up the inside of Shaw's thigh, tickles the curve of her ass cheeks, and grazes just a whisper of sensation between Shaw's legs.

"I thought while you're working up a sweat cleaning this bathroom, I might work up a lil somethin' else."

Root tickles her pussy with the tip of the riding crop, oh that's filthy, oh it's good. It's like the teasing before a finger bang, and Root keeps teasing her, cruelly, until she pulls the whip back and finds the end sticky with Shaw's arousal. 

"Excellent," Root hisses, snapping the riding crop, not too hard, about midway up Shaw's thigh.

Shaw smiles but doesn't look back. Now *this* has some potential to be fun.

"How is me doing grunt work and you whuppin' my ass supposed to be sexy?" she pushes.

"When isn't grunting and ass whuppin' a good time?" Root delivers a few more sharp snaps, right on Shaw's ass cheeks.

"God. You have such a fine back end... I've never seen someone so delicious in all my days."

"You objectifying me now? Aren't you and Robot Overlord supposed to be, I dunno, more feminist than that?"

Root laughs and Shaw expects more whacks but they don't come. She deliberates looking back again, but nah, Root doesn't need the satisfaction.

Suddenly Root is on her knees behind Shaw her fingers gently parting her thighs.

"Do you think you can keep cleaning while I eat you out?"

"I once stitched a six inch stab wound while holding cover, so..."

Root knows this (it was her stab wound, she still has the scar on her thigh from the perfect line of stitches).

"Good, because if I hear you quit scrubbing even for a second, I'm going to stop. And whip your ass. And then start all over again from the beginning."

"And if I win?"
"You get an orgasm. And... I'll let you tie me up."

Shaw does look back then. Those are some high stakes. Root's happily squeezing her ass and licking her lips. She winks at Shaw.

"For real? Tie you up and fuck you?"

Root nods, tugs Shaw's panties down and starts toying with her with those damn fingers.

"Yeah, ok, you're on. Do your worst, nerd."

Root grabs two fistfuls of thigh and goes to town on Shaw's pussy, driving her tongue in hot and fast. Shaw barely has time to brace herself. Her knuckles are white from gripping the toothbrush.

Shaw scrubs hard. Harder. Root digs her nails into the tops of her thighs.

Don't stop scrubbing, Shaw tells herself, don't stop, don't stop, don't stop---

She's mashing the bristles of the toothbrush into the grout now and making wild, useless circles. Root hums against her, the vibrations rippling up her spine. As if that's not enough, she drags her thumb from the middle of Shaw's spine alllll the way down, starts pressing it right-

"Holy FUCK"

Shaw jerks and has to brace herself with both hands.


"Gotcha" she chimes.

"awww no fair"

"Rules are rules, Sameen. Keep going."

Shaw starts scrubbing, even as Root scoots back a few inches and picks up the riding crop again.

Shaw gets a good hard twenty whacks before she's breathing heavily and starts edging her legs closer together.

Root snaps her hard on the inside her thigh; "keep those legs apart, young lady."

Between the two of them they make a strange sort of music, a symphony of scrub scrub /whack / scrub /whack whack... yeah yeah it's definitely working for Shaw, even as her ass and thighs start feeling hot and bothered.

Root gives up punishing her and dives back in for round two of oral. This time she manages to get a finger in Shaw's ass and two inside her before Shaw stops. Just for a second. More of a pause than a stop.

Doesn't matter to Root. She grabs the riding crop again and paints a flurry of bright red blotches on Shaw's ass and thighs.

"You're really into punishing me lately. Think we should... ah! talk about that?"

"It's your ass. Ever since you started throwing in those leg days. It's irresistible, Shaw. You have only yourself to blame."
"ow ow oh fuck! twice in the same place, really? Sadist... so I'm being punished for getting hotter?"

"oh shut up, sweetie, you love it,"

Root lifts one ass cheek up so she can land some snappy whacks of the riding crop underneath. Now that's thorough, Shaw thinks as Root finds one of her most vulnerable bits of flesh and hits it, nice and stingy.

"God dammit- right there! Please! that's good"

She feels the pressure building inside her, the crescendo approaching. But before Shaw can get off, Root switches it up again, goes back to eating her out, all sloppy tongue and messy driving waves of hot licking....

Shaw decides right then and there that Root's going to be the death of her. But damned if she'll stop scrubbing.

Root adds fingers everywhere and more pressure and it's all so wet and slidey and full that Shaw can't hold off. She feels the sheer force of pleasure hitting her like a tidal wave as she comes...but she keeps scrubbing.

"Oh, well done! Good girl!" Root praises, massaging her jaw.

Shaw has now scrubbed the floor of the shower three full times. Worth it.

"You wanna whack me a little more?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm so close-"

"Anything for you."

Root pulls the riding crop out from under where she ended up sitting on it, whacks Shaw hard on her thigh.

Shaw reaches back, grabs the riding crop: "Just your hand though? I like it better... and ya gotta stop saying that."

"What?"

"'Anything for you' it's, ow! yeah, that's perfect! it's too romcom."

Root rolls her eyes.

"Brace yourself,"

She smacks Shaw hard until she's trembling and breathing heavily again, eyes closed, hands sweating into her rubber gloves.

"Wanna come?"

"MmnHmm" Shaw nods.
Root slides three fingers into her. She tugs against her g spot then thrusts in, over and over.

"oh, fuck me, Root. That's so---" Shaw's whole body pulses, trembles, her orgasm hot and overwhelming, flooding her. She drops like a rock.

Root strokes her ass gently and remains blessedly silent.

Shaw rests her head on her forearm, her body languid, gelatinous almost. She will NOT collapse in the shower. On the bathroom floor. Except the only thing keeping her upright at the moment is Root holding her hips.

"Come on baby, let's rinse off. and later, you can tie me up and screw me senseless."

"Mmmmm"

Root's hands are soft, caring. She pulls Shaw up, slowly, giving her time to settle. She slips out of her own clothes, tugs off Shaw's rubber gloves, and maneuvers them both into the shower, switches on the warm water, and delicately starts washing Shaw.

Shaw leans into Root as she submits to a chaste soapy groping. This part feels good too, feels close but not suffocating. Root takes such good care of her.

Twenty minutes later Shaw is on her tummy on the bed, scowling, and Root is fastidiously rubbing bruise cream onto her ass.

"I hate this part."

"I know, but please, humor me."

Shaw grumbles. She knows Root isn't beyond handcuffing her to the bed and making her take her aftercare. Even if it's totally superfluous.

"You know, I was pretty sure that game was gonna suck. But. It was kind of fun."

"Yeah."

"You know we don't have to--" Shaw sighs as the bruise cream kicks in, "ok that does feel better."

Root pats her butt cheek. "I like doing the weird and nasty with you. I like trying new recipes, new guns, and new sex games. Don't overthink this."

"Mm. Gonna pound you senseless tonight."

"I can't wait."

......... They go for Italian first, carb up, lubricate it all with some red wine, and walk all the way home to digest.

Root makes them espresso, "still want to play with me tonight or are you all tuckered out?"

Shaw sets her tiny espresso cup down and grins.

Root vibrates with excitement. She knows what that grin means.

Shaw sidles over and picks her up like she's a sniper rifle case. Just, grabs Root around the middle and carries her, clinging on for dear life, into the bedroom.
"I'm gonna fuck the sass outta you," Shaw growls.

"I'd love to see you try,"

Shaw tosses her onto the bed- the springs creak and everything as she bounces up. Root makes a mental note to try rough play on a trampoline some time.

Shaw tosses her boots away and grabs at the ankles of Root's jeans, leaving Root to deal with the belt and fly. She tugs them off as hard and fast as she can, revealing long, skinny, pale legs. Root loves to worship her muscles, chiseled calves and hard delts, but Root's body-- goddamn, Root's slender pale body with it's delicate lines reminds her of a bird in flight; that's the only way she can explain it.

Root draws in a shaky breath: Sameen's eyes are dark and full of a special kind of hunger. Her lips are somehow fuller, like the promise of kissing alone has drawn more blood to them. She's ferocious, like a shark about to attack.... Root can't wait to be devoured.

"fuck me up" she whispers, so small and wanting that it gives Shaw just a breath of pause.

Shaw picks up Root's left leg and kisses her the inside of her calf, turning the soft kiss into a playful nip at the last second. She climbs onto the bed, kneels over Root and seizes the hem of her shirt, pulling it up as fast as she can, while Root makes sure it actually makes it over her head.

"good" she says roughly, reaching behind Root's narrow shoulders and unclipping her bra in a microsecond of movement.

Root falls back onto her pillow as Shaw lunges forward, dragging her lips down Root's neck, making out with her, squeezing at her breasts, tweaking her nipples as soon as they harden.

"Say my name," Shaw demands.

"Shaw, Shaw, Shawwwwww" Root pleads.

"Gonna fuck you so good," her fingers play roughly at the insides of Root's thighs.

Root bends her knees, draws her body up into Shaw as much as she can.

It's only a matter of moments before Shaw's applying firm but not rough pressure to the center of Root's silky panties, pressing between her labia and higher, waking her clit up, dragging her fingers until she can feel through the fabric how wet and sticky and hot Root is. Root gasps and lifts her hips up frantically. She drives her elbows into the mattress so hard she thinks she might get fabric burns.

"Harder, Shaw, harder! Pound me like you mean it."

Shaw grips the the edge of the panties and tears at them- hard, until Root winces and they rip at the seam-- she brushes the shredded fabric off Root and slides two fingers inside.

Root kicks one leg, scrambling to take Shaw deeper.

"OH dear sweet lord above!"

She laughs into Root's neck, "such a nerd" before setting a determined pace, pumping her two fingers in and out of Root as hard as she dares without hurting her.

She abandons her roughing up of Root's breasts to reach under Root's ass. She grips one cheek firmly and pulls her closer, until she's holding most of her body above the mattress as she fucks her.
Root clings to her, wraps her arms around her shoulders, digs her nails hard into Shaw's back, marking her.

Shaw pulls her face back just a bit so they can make eye contact. Root's eyes are heavy and unfocused, but she grins loosely as her body chases Shaw's rhythm and her lips seek out Shaw's for a deeper kiss.

"mnmnpppphhhhh!"

"aw yeah, me too... Open your goddamn eyes, Root."

Root opens her eyes as best she can and drinks in Shaw's flushed, sweaty face, Shaw's unblinking gaze scanning back and forth across her own face. Shaw's fingertips are calloused and rough inside her, her pace is fast and firm, but overall she's gentle enough to not actually hurt Root. Shaw bites her own lip for a second, like she's the one getting fucked, even though Root's the one with her legs spread and her body opened up and all the sensations-- wet and deep and full, satisfied but wanting at the same time.... Root wonders. Has there ever been a moment where she has felt more human?

Shaw adjusts her angle just enough until her small fingers can hit a little bit deeper inside Root, grazing that sweet spot over and over again. She downright pounds Root and Root eats it up. Root moans loud and happy in her ear so she keeps going.

Root yells a string of incoherent noises, clamps down around Shaw's fingers, and clutches at Shaw's torso like it's a lifeline.

Root goes limp. Shaw stares down at her lazy wide smile and mostly closed eyes. goddamn beautiful she is.

"I gotcha good," Shaw gloats.

"mmhmm"

Root wakes up twenty five minutes later, Shaw is warm and solid beside her, arms wrapped loosely around Root's shoulders.

"Did... did I fall asleep or black out?"

"Dunno," Shaw says to her breasts, the tiniest, sneakiest sliver of a smile on her lips, "both?"

"Hmph. My lady parts hurt. Kiss them better?"

Shaw shakes her head like she's annoyed, but instantly shuffles halfway down Root's body.

"Your breasts are my favorite size," she says, gently once again licking around each of Root's nipples.

"Mmmmmm, do something about it. Not getting soft on me I hope?"

Shaw has to scoff a little bit; no one has ever, ever, accused her of being soft.

"You said I could tie you up tonight..."

"Still want to?"

Shaw nods. Root licks her lips, deciding:
"Then do it."

Shaw scrambles, the plan already formed in her head. This has to be perfect... Luckily she has something saved up for such an occasion.

Shaw grabs two wide, double-stitched black silk strips out of her nightstand and wraps them around Root's wrists and forearms, covering every inch of the sensitive skin that Control damaged. Shaw tries to make the restraints feel as much like a caress as she can, sometimes brushing her own lips along Root's skin, her delicate wrists especially, before even touching down with the silk.

Root whimpers and arches into her.

"I appreciate you letting me do this," Shaw says as she brings Root's wrists together and ties them to the headboard, "I know giving up control isn't easy for you."

"I know," Root mumbles, shaking her head.

Shaw kisses and licks her way down Root's arms slowly, laving a hot wet trail down to her arm pits.

"you wouldn't?" Root writhes and pants as Shaw does it, licking straight up Root's arm pit. Root squeals and gasps as Shaw does it twice more, and then again on the other arm.

It's only skin, and salt. And the underarm is a cheat code of an androgynous zone... on some people.

Shaw moves down to Root's clavicle, kissing her so tenderly Root almost can't stand it.

"Please," Root begs- and neither of them can tell if it's a 'please go on' or a 'please stop."

"You said I could tie you--"

"You're being so gentle, I need--"

Shaw bites her bicep, stinging and harsh. "You're beautiful, Root."

Root looks away.

"No, you are. I see you. Real you--"

Root squirms, wiggling her butt into the mattress.

"Sweetie, cut the self-help crap and touch me again."

Shaw slides down her body, licking her tummy, her navel, gnawing on her hip bones just a little.

She plants one kiss on Root's pubic hair, just above her clit.

"You are unpredictable and dangerous and sometimes unbalanced. And the most beautiful human being I have ever seen."

Root squeezes her eyes shut and turns her head all the way to the side, squirming some more as if to escape Shaw's words.

Shaw licks her pussy, gentle and coaxing, like maybe the sex will make Root accept this truth she's offering her.

"Your pussy is so soft and when I touch your skin-"
"Shaw just fuck me. Fuck me hard. Don't get all spousal support on me."

Shaw pulls back, "remember when I was real angry after that number and you said 'I'm not the person you angry fuck,'?"

Root nods. That had been a breakthrough moment for them.

"Well I'm not the person you ignore when she says you're goddamn beautiful, ok?"

"ok,"

Shaw dives back down, gives Root a good, full licking-- sucking at her lips, teasing her clit, rolling her tongue into Root.

Root howls and tugs the silk bonds, "JESUS FUCK SAMEEN"

Shaw keeps going, gives Root head until one orgasm rolls by and blossoms into a second and Root pulls at her arms and squeezes her legs around Shaw's ribs until Shaw knows there will be bruises (the thought is thrilling).

Afterwards, when Root's untied and as languid as liquid silk, Shaw presses sticky slow kisses all along her thighs, down to the ticklish bends of her knees.

Root usually likes a little sweet, but Sameen is.... Sameen is DOTING on her and the exposure, the vulnerability feels so intense, like it's too much.

"Shaw," Root pleads.

"You trust me, Root?"

Root nods.

"This body of yours,"

Shaw licks her stomach, draws ticklish patterns with the very tip of her tongue.

"I know physicality isn't your favourite part of existing,"

Shaw nuzzles Root's navel, one of her secret weak spots.

"But you gotta believe me"

She licks a slow path up Root's torso, skips her breasts and goes straight for kissing her neck,

"You gotta believe me when I say you're exquisite, when I say you're as pretty to me as your best line of code is to you. because I'm technically just as much a genius as you are."

Root laughs.

"You're gifted at many, many things Sameen, but...."

"Don't you 'but' me, analogue interface."

Root shakes her head and lets Shaw dominate her mouth and kiss her into submission. Toppy Shaw is so vigorous and tender at the same time, it seems almost impossible.

"Tomorrow, or next week," Shaw murmurs, "I'd be into you dominating the hell outta me. But right
here right now...

Rood smirks and nods. Shaw bumps their noses together and works her way down again.

Root's going to have five more orgasms before she falls asleep again or Shaw's name isn't Sameen.
Shaw wakes up with her wrists and knees and ankles duck taped together and duck tape over her mouth. She wakes up with an awful, throbbing burn on the back of her right deltoid. She wakes up in her trunk. Shaw knows it's HER trunk because there is a tap light stuck to the surface above her head and it has considerately been left on. Next to it, a note is duck-taped. "Don't panic! You're in good hands." It says, with an obnoxious smiley face.

Root. Root is dead meat, or she will be as soon as Shaw wriggles out of the gag and chews the tape off her hands, kicks her way out of the trunk, stops the car, hauls Root out by the collar of her stupid sexy black pea coat and whips some sense into her.

Ok, aggressively yells some sense into her. Root is .... usually the one holding the whip.

The car jolts and she flies up, smacking her head on the top part of the wheel case before thudding back down.

Root is so so getting it now.

Shaw had been walking upstairs from the laundry room because Root is hopeless at crisp folding, so she's in charge of laundry. One minute, arms full of clean, immaculately folded, sweet-smelling, warm laundry. The next minute, BZZZZT, and that's all she remembers.

A few more skeleton-rearranging bumps and she feels the car grind to a halt. They're on gravel, definitely. And they were going about 15mph with no stops for the last, oh, twenty minutes, so she knows they must be somewhere outside the city, maybe somewhere rural, given the bumpy road.

She hears a click and sees a strip of light- Root has popped open the trunk. Root's knees are visible through the gap, and what looks like a thick forest some hundred or so feet behind her.
"How was your nap?" Root says, "Now... Promise you won't kick me in the face- or, or anywhere else. I have a nice surprise for you, better than steak. Although, I have steak too, just in case...."

"--and scotch" Root mutters, fumbling with the trunk lid.

Root lifts open the lid and gazes, besottedly, down at her. Shaw glares.

"Don't be difficult, darling, this is for your own good," Root chides, tugging Shaw's beanie down, just below her eyes, and hoisting her out of the trunk.

She could totally hit Root from a bunch of different angles, but Root is undoing the tape around her feet and knees, and Root's hands feel good, all warm and gentle and taking care of her.

Ok, Shaw decides, Root can have the benefit of the doubt. For now.

Root marches her forward, into some kind of building, and pulls the hat off so she can see. She slices the tape off her wrists, too, and rubs them while Shaw looks around and tries to regain her equilibrium.

"A barn? You kidnapped me to bring me to a barn? Thought we agreed pony play was a hard no for both of us."

It's a big barn, two stories, open loft, a lot of stalls. The barn is empty, but it has been used recently, she can tell. It smells of wood shavings and hay and horses, a good, clean, natural smell. Linseed oil and leather and soil... There's a tractor covered in blankets and a few bales of hay, a forge, and some smithing tools.

"Not just a barn, sweetie, OUR barn. If we want."

"What?"

"We're in Vermont. At that property we were talking about. I thought a little test run might be fun."

Shaw steps away and considers socking Root, just once, just a little tap right on the jaw, but Root looks so excited and nervous.

Shaw still wants to hit something.

"You could have asked, you know?" She tries not to growl the words out.

Root scrunches her face at her, "asked?"

Shaw watches as Root stuffs her hands into her pockets, refusing to look at her. Shaw slips her hand up Root's soft cheek, nudges her head up, waits until their eyes meet before speaking.

"Yeah, Root. I would have been willing to come up here with you if you'd asked. You didn't need to kidnap me. I'm not someone you have to drag kicking and screaming into this. I'm your... partner. I want to be here."

"Sorry" Root whispers.

"You aren't now, but you will be," Shaw warns.

Root rolls her eyes. Shaw always threatens.

"I mean it, Root."
Root's eyes widen as she tracks her gaze across Shaw's face, time and again.

"I think you should be punished for this," Shaw says, stepping forward into Root's space, her grip on Root's arm suddenly much harder.

Root pales.

"What do you think?" Shaw says, her lips inches away from Root's, eyes unblinking.

Root shrugs, "we don't... that's not something..."

But then Shaw is manhandling her over to a hay bale and for a split second, Root truly expects things to take a turn for the worst, for Shaw to force her down and give her the beating of her life, but Shaw would never--

Shaw presses her shoulder to make her sit on the haybale.

"you're grounded," Shaw says.

Root blinks. "what?"

"Until you can work on talking to me about what you want instead of... tricking me into it or pretending not to care... until we figure that out, you're grounded"

"What does that mean?"

Shaw shrugs, "I don't know. I'm not a soccer mom. It means you have to clean the apartment for a month? And no new computer toys. And I get to sleep with the ugly bat for more than two nights a week."

"Sameen!!! We signed a custody agreement!"

"Shoulda thought of that before you tased me, sedated me, and dragged me across state lines."

Shaw dusts off her hands, satisfied that Root will be miserable for the next month. Root hates cleaning more than a lot of things.

"Now. Is there more to this property than a barn? I'm not buying anything until I assess the security situation."

They spend that night in a bed and breakfast. Shaw showers the trunk smell and the taser burns and the sedative out of her system. Root looks down in the mouth with guilt, barely touches her dinner. Shaw doesn't like that. So she has no choice but to sit them down on the little couch in their room and make out with Root until she looks bright-eyed and ok again, and then pick her up and throw her onto the bed.

"You know what we haven't done in a while?" she says, straddling Root's legs and reaching for her belt buckle.

"What?"

"Seen how many you can take without blacking out."

Shaw unthreads the belt, folds it in half and snaps it. Root beams at her and shivers her whole body. Shaw starts to pull Root's shirt off, kissing her hard as her fingers fumble with the buttons.
"Ooohhh, you're going to make me scream, aren't you?"

Shaw hands Root her own belt. "You bite on that. You scream and get us kicked out of here and I will leave you in the dark a field to hitch hike back to the city"

"The last time I hitched a ride, the driver ended up in Detroit, missing a kidney."


Root bounces happily and bites down on her belt. She gets forgiven and a reward, so much more than she expected for the night. Sameen is the best girlfriend ever.

"On your belly," Shaw orders, "we're gonna do this slow, the old fashioned way."

Root flips over and folds her arms under her chin. Shaw slaps her ass a couple times, enjoying leaving her handprint on Root's pale, soft flesh. Shaw doesn't push it though, just until Root squeals and starts scrambling away.

"ah ah ah. we're just getting started."

Shaw climbs on top of her, plants her hands by Root's ribs. She bites Root on the neck, on her shoulder, down her deltoid, not hard bites, just sharp nips, enough to make Root gasp and wiggle under her.

Shaw is a tiger and Root loves every second of it. Shaw is so hot blooded and firm, with her full, soft breasts pressed up against Root's back and her nose bumping into the back of Root's neck. Root can feel Shaw’s nipples, soft at first but peaking into firmness as their bodies move together. Shaw's teeth are sharp and her grip is hard, her knee jammed between Root's thighs, smooth shin running up and down Root's calf. She pushes Root around, grinds into her. Root's already feeling all wet and slidey, getting squished into the mattress with Sameen's hard muscular body on top of her. Root rocks down into the mattress while Sameen roughs her up- it's not hard-- the nice, playful kind of pain Root likes.

"mmpphh!!" Root clamps her teeth down on the belt.

Shaw switches gears. Supporting herself with her knees and one hand, she reaches down between Root's legs and starts rubbing her pussy.

"You're gonna come and come and come until you can't come anymore. You'll be as sore and burned out as I was when you tased me."

Root nods. Yes. Yes, this is a good punishment. Right and true and just. She can get on board with this.

Shaw teases her clit while she grinds down into the bed. Root is really wet. Shaw grins.

"Wish I had a mirror, so we could watch ourselves."

The first orgasm is rough and fast, but Shaw makes her wait for the second.

Wait and wait and wait. Root feels herself edging closer and closer. She could probably get herself off just by thinking, maybe, by willing it to happen. She bites hard on the belt: she's given the power to Shaw for right now. She's going to stay by that. But fuck she wants to come.

Shaw's fingers are slow and agile, running up and down and circling, pressing on her clit but never enough, never quite enough.
Root spits the belt out, "Sameen, please,"

Shaw chuckles, lets her settle just a beat before working her up more; "you're not getting off that easy."

Root bites the belt again- the leather's going to be wrecked now. Shaw always makes her bite on a belt instead of a gag, because then she can let go anytime she wants, she's not being silenced. That's important.

Shaw finally slips a finger inside her, just one, and Root clenches down on it.

"Feel that?"

"uh huh,"

"Being with you," Shaw grunts, "can be like being on the edge, like you are right now. Keyed up, tuned in, wanting. For days and days-"

She gives Root two fingers, that's her max, and pulls a second orgasm out of her, finally, "And sometimes I get to come and sometimes,"

Shaw pulls back and slaps her ass one more time, "sometimes not."

Shaw waits a few seconds before sliding her hands around Root's hips, pulling Root tight to her.

"God, you're so light. How did you manage to drag me to the car so many times?"

She picks Root up, so they're both kneeling, "brace your hands on the headboard."

Root does, making two fists and resting her forehead against the chintz headboard.

Shaw reaches around and holds Root around the middle, stretching her fingers across Root's smooth stomach. She enters Root with her other hand. Root shudders and Shaw picks up the pace again. Orgasm three. Barely any break orgasm four.

Root squirms, her vision blurring.

"Remember to breathe, Root."

Root draws in a shaky breath.

"Now another," Shaw coaxes, brushing Root's hair to one side and kissing her neck just behind her uninjured ear, "good."

"Do you feel like you can't take anymore?"

Root nods.

"It hurt?"

Root shakes her head.

Shaw fucks her pussy, and slides her fingers around to grip Root's ass. Root sucks in a deep breath through her nose. Shaw's hand is like a vice. Root feels giddy. She's going to have so many bruises! Shaw edges a finger between her cheeks...
Root shakes her head and spits the belt out again for a second.

"Nope. Not both at once, I can't take it tonight."

"Ok," Shaw backs off and rolls a finger over Root's clit and Root whimpers, unsure she can take anymore stimulation. She's so sensitive.

"We're not stopping til you come again."

Root has a saucy retort for that, but she's preoccupied biting the belt and coming again and collapsing.

Shaw gently pries the masticated belt out of Root's mouth. Root moans and rubs her jaw.

"I think I saw fireworks that last time."

"It was probably oxygen deprivation. You know you forget to breathe if you stay on the edge too long."

"Mmm. I can't move. But after we take a water break, I want you up here, sitting on my face."

"Water for you. I was promised scotch as a bribe."

Half an hour later Root has Shaw writhing on her face and trying desperately not to yell as she comes.

Root reaches up and massages Shaw's breasts as she eats her out, only Root has arms long enough to do that. Shaw might crane her neck down so she can suck on Root's fingers, still warm and sticky with her own arousal. She might whimper like a puppy and crumple up on top of Root after an orgasm ricochets through her body. And she might even fall asleep, warm and soft and sated, with an arm thrown over Root's tummy.

These details, Shaw forgets, because the bribery scotch was very good. And when she does think about that trip, what she remembers more than waking up bruised and irate in a trunk, more than roughing Root up in the bed-and-breakfast and getting some of the best oral of her life, more, even, than stealing a bottle of maple syrup and stopping for some roadside sugary sex play with it, is what happens when they wake up the next morning.

Because the Machine isn't tapped into Root's cochlear implant then, and the only way Shaw will be able to keep the moment is if she remembers slowly coming to her senses with her face mashed against Root's shoulder and Root snoring softly and drooling onto her pillow and Shaw squeezing her torso a little to wake her up, waiting for Root's sleepy face to turn to her, and saying:

"Let's buy that place. I want to live there with you."
To S&M (Part I)

Chapter Summary

This chapter may get edited a bit later.

Warnings: there's some blood play DO NOT READ IF A BIT OF LIGHT CUTTING GROSSES U OUT, very large dildos, 69ing (kind of), good old fashioned face sitting (like in the Bible), shaw and root try to figure out exactly what they mean by "punishment," there are like... a lot of feelings. idk.

This is the precursor to the Orgasm Denial Roadtrip chapter(s)

Plz comment on if you think i should rewrite the knife play as something else bc i'd be willing to do that (temperature play or sthing idk).

They're drinking coffee and waiting for their Machine-approved realtor to show up at a middle village coffee shop. It's the kind of place that still feels authentic without actually trying to be, each wall a different color, mismatched crookedly little tables, a perpetually hissing brass cappuccino machine. It smells musty and has lots of dark corners. Shaw likes it (because of the dark corners). Root hates it (no free wifi).

The realtor meeting is only part one of their day. First the meeting, then they have to work on bomb-proofing the new safehouse, then they have to go home so Root can punish Shaw.

It's the punishment part that keeps poking into Shaw's consciousness. It's a new thing for them. Granted, they throw around all kinds of words during sex, but nothing ever means anything. "Punishment" is just like "prize" or "treat" or "you're my bitch" or "suck me off" or any of the other titillating expressions they like to use. Just sex stuff with no bearing on, well, life outside the bedroom.

But there was a conversation... Well first there was a series of sexual encounters where Root noticed Shaw refusing to squirm or even really move at all, and got worried because "the squirming is the best part, Sameen." Then there was the conversation where Root proposed they try something new, try working through their weird phase with a new kind of trust exercise...

Shaw munches on the last perfect bite of an organic raspberry jelly donut while Root and the Robot Overlord decide her fate.

"Don't see why she has to have a say in it." Shaw laments.

"She likes to feel included," Root says, then in her special, just-for-the-Machine voice, "so what's your conclusion?"

Shaw scowls and helps herself to Root's untouched chocolate croissant.

Root hums, "no, no she would enjoy that."

"What'd she say?"
"She thinks you should have a firm spanking and a long session of predicament bondage."

"Psh. Right. I thought the problem was you don't want me keeping still."

"I want you keeping still when I tell you to, and ultimately giving in to what your body wants."

Shaw digs one tine of her fork into the table top. "Stupid reason to punish a person."

Root wisely keeps quiet.

"WHY DOES PRIMARY ASSET SHAW NEED TO BE PUNISHED FOR EXERTING MUSCULAR CONTROL? THAT IS ONE OF HER GREATEST PHYSICAL SKILLS."

"She needs to learn to let go when it's called for. That's just as important as self-discipline. Shaw taught me that sex is about listening to your body and I want her to do that, not ignore it."

Shaw shakes her head.

"Can you stop psycho-analyzing me together? It's creepy."

Root can tell that involving the Machine makes Shaw tetchy, so she murmurs a quick "talk later" and signs off.

Root reaches across and covers Shaw's hand, her small fist tightly gripping (bending) her fork, with her own.

"Do you understand where I'm coming from, sweetie?"

Shaw blinks, loosens the death grip on the fork, "I guess."

She does understand though, it's not like Root is making it up. Lately it's been really hard to just let go. So many things are changing and she's committing to this huge new step and it feels very for-keeps. It's hard to give it up in bed when she's not as in control as she likes of her life in general.

Root studies her face for a long time.

"You know when I say I want to 'punish' you, I mean I want you to give me control for a little bit, right, it's not because I think you did something wrong."

Shaw shakes her head.

"Root. You're not going to psychologically damage me. I get it." She blurts in the low quick voice that Root knows means Shaw wants to get her words out as fast as she can because they're uncomfortable for her, like pulling stitches.

"I like you dominating me. It feels real good. I like it when we go further, when you come up with scenarios, when you get a read on me. I like that uh, that we can kind of communicate with it. Like we can't always do with talking the rest of the time."

"But this S&M experiment is a little more of an involved project than you and I have ever explored before."

Shaw nods. Root tips her head to the side and brushes her foot against Shaw's ankle.

"I need to know if this is too much. Bed games are one thing, but head games are another. I would be perfectly happy for us to talk about what's going on without these arbitrary parameters of
punishment and control and power dynamics."

Shaw nods again, slower this time.

"When things change and I'm not in control, I don't like subbing."

"And right now you don't feel in control?"

Shaw shakes her head.

"Not as much. Things with us are changing fast. Buying a house, moving, not being primary asset and analogue interface anymore. Normally, I would find myself a big, built guy and fuck his ever living brains out. To balance myself."

Root pushes her plate with half a scone on it over to Shaw. She smiles and looks Shaw right in the eyes.

"Well sweetie, if you know that'll make you feel better, you should do it."

"But... we're buying a house."

"So? That doesn't change anything. Our arrangement is non-binding, well, most of the time." She winks, the fucker, "you can still have anyone you want. So can I. You know that. Right? You're not going to lose anything by investing in a little property with me."

An irate buzz from Root's phone, "sorry, with US" she corrects herself,

Shaw takes a bite of scone and proceeds to talk around it.

"I've never had what we have with anyone. I don't want.... I don't want to mess it up."

"Ok. What do you want?"

"What?"

"Well when you think about yourself five years from now, where do you want to be? What kind of space do you see yourself in?"

"I dunno. Not dead, hopefully. A good armory. Dogs. Maybe still saving people's lives. Living somewhere I can do what I want, when I want, without people bothering me. You. You and y'know, everything we have. All the stuff we already have together... and more."

The Machine blares into Root's ear.

"DOES PRIMARY ASSET SHAW INTEND TO REPRODUCE WITH THE ANALOGUE INTERFACE? IF SO, SHE WILL NEED TO CONCEIVE WITHIN THE NEXT THREE YEARS."

Root winces, "not right now," she hisses, but Shaw hears her.

"Is she listening in? Ugh, fucking incorrigible."

Root grabs Shaw's pinky between her thumb and forefinger, squeezes lightly.

"We don't have to do this, any of it. I love what we have. It's more than I ever--"
"No, I want to. I want to have a place with you. But--" Shaw doesn't quite know how to say what she wants.

"Sameen, are you... are you scared?"

Shaw scoffs. But she stares at the table top between them and wonders if maybe she is scared, in a different way than you get scared in dangerous situations. Maybe she's not so much scared as... cautious? This is no firefight, no hand to hand match, no AI apocalypse. This isn't saving the world. This is the unknown and the stakes are her and Root, some of the highest stakes she's ever known. What if I let you down? she wants to ask. What if one of us wakes up one morning and the other is gone, unable to hack the pressure of it? What if that person who leaves is you? But Shaw doesn't know how to say any of these things. So she Raises her Eyes to meet Root's.

"Punish me, or not-punish, whatever we're calling it, whatever it is you want to do," Shaw insists, resolute, "don't let me run away from you. Make me stay where you want me. I want... I want to be there too. I sometimes don't know how."

Root smiles because Shaw is opening up so much and it makes her soar. Her eyes soften around the edges.

"We'll figure it out together," she promises.

The realtor shows up, waving and chattering brightly away. Shaw grinds her teeth and steels herself for human interaction.

"You look like you could use another scone, sweetie," Root lets her off the hook with a little lift of her eyebrow.

Standing in line, determinedly ignoring the jabbering people around her, Shaw wonders what kind of 'punishment' Root has in store for her. They've only played with the idea of punishment a handful of times before. Usually it involves some form of pain and a lot of teasing and orgasm denial. Usually it ends with Root letting her come and holding her and being insufferably kind and tender.

Root is so dangerous and fickle, but around Shaw she overflows with adoration. She can drop a man in a heartbeat, or torture someone to death and then go get dinner, unphased. But when it comes to Shaw, she's all cradling her head and touching her gently and treating her like she is simultaneously the most precious and most dangerous thing in the whole world.

Shaw can't say she minds. Nobody since her parents has treated her with the kind of care that Root offers, without asking for anything in return. Shaw glances back to where Root sits, gesturing with her hands and making the realtor laugh.

I don't want to hide from you, Shaw thinks, but I don't know how not to.

She eats her scone outside, plumes of her own breath filling the air in front of her. She watches the realtor leave, waits for Root to emerge.

"How did it go?" She asks when Root comes out looking very pleased with herself, the sharp November wind pinking her cheeks and playing with her hair.

"Jenny gave us a list of additional places to look at, compare prices, if we want, if we're ready. If we decide we want to make an offer, she's here to assist."

There's a lot of "we"s in that statement, Shaw notices.
She nods, starts to head back to the van they drove down in, but Root grabs her coat and tugs her into an alleyway. It's too well-lit, too public. Anybody could walk by and see them. Root presses her up against the brick wall and kisses her until her whole body softens.

"What's this?"

"I want to make sure we're on the same page," Root says, fiddling with Shaw's belt buckle.

"Ok."

"You wanna go find a guy? Mojito Sunday is only two blocks away... She says they're having a Singles Mingles tonight."

Shaw shakes her head, "maybe later."

"You'll be too sore later, babe."

Shaw shudders. When Root says babe, it means trouble. She half expects Root to fuck her right there, in the sun and the cold air, in full view of the midmorning traffic. Root kisses her and kisses her until she can feel her own heartbeat in every part of her skin, until every point of contact with Root's body feels like a sparking live-wire.

"What are you gonna do to me?"

"Make you feel good. Make you FEEL yourself feeling good."

"You're very confident about your abilities to make a sociopath feel things."

Root grimaces, "emotion things are overrated, but sensation things? I think I might just wreck you, Sameen."

Shaw feels an inquisitive tremor run down her body.

"For a perky psychopath who's part cyber god, you're kind of ok."

But nine hours later, "kind of ok" has flown from Shaw's vocabulary. Root has her cuffed to the bed and is grinning above her like a beautiful, blessed demon.

Root tugs Shaw's tight jeans off her hips and down her legs, choking on her own breath when she sees a silky black thong. Root was planning on calling all the shots tonight. Shaw would grin if she didn't have a gag in her mouth-- that threw her for a curve. The pants land on the floor and Root rubs her knuckles against the front of Shaw's pussy. She presses on either side of her clit, nudges into her, and Shaw snorts in through her nose.

Root pulls the sticky triangle of fabric to the side, exposing Shaw's sensitive labia. Shaw looks down her body, watches with great interest as Root studies her. Nobody would ever guess, based on Root's current awe, that she had been in and on and under Shaw's body countless times.

"Oh Sameen," Root whispers reverently, "you're so pretty."

She pumps two fingers idly in and out of Shaw, drags her fingers over her lips, teasing and toying and stoking the pull of desire. Shaw wants so badly to arch up into her, to fling herself on Root's mercy and beg for an orgasm. But Root has her gagged and tied up and there's a little part of Shaw's brain that can't do it, can't give in to the squirm riling in her muscles, tickling her belly. She squinches her eyes shut and focuses on controlling her breathing.
"Eyes open, Shaw."

Root drags the tip of her switchblade up Shaw's thigh to her hip bone. It feels really cold.

"I stuck it in the freezer," she winks, slicing the thong to bits and tossing it away. Shaw glares. That thong cost thirty bucks.

"All you have to do is wriggle for me, sweetie, and I'll let you come as much as you want. Don't pout, it's a simple exchange, you give in to what your body wants and I'll give in to what you want."

Shaw sighs. As far as 'punishments' go, this is pretty tame.

Root drags the freezing metal straight across from one hip bone to the other, pressing ever so slightly with the tip. Shaw feels so alive, so vibrant and almost high from the anticipation.

"I don't want to have to cut you..."

Root digs just the point of the blade into the soft flesh of Shaw's hip and Shaw remembers being tasered and zip-tied in a hotel room, the delight on Root's face, the annoyance mixed with thrill pumping through her own veins.

"but I will," Root adds, scraping a shallow line across Shaw's lower belly.

The cut smarts, just barely stings. Shaw wants to wriggle so badly, to press her body up into the knife, feel it harder and more painful and just... more. Root smirks. She drags the blade down this time, making a perpendicular intersection, a cut so shallow it barely even bleeds.

"I don't actually enjoy making you bleed," Root says, digging the pad of her thumb into the first cut, humming happily as Shaw gasps and does jerk just a smidge, "but love is all about compromise."

She cuts Shaw again, a sharp little trail halfway up to her belly button, presses her finger to it, drags a tiny smear of blood straight up Shaw's torso. She lacerates Shaw, bit by bit, lecturing her as she goes.

"I could lose myself in you, Shaw, and I'd be happy to. But I'm a zealot. I've lost myself to a lot of things; anger, revenge, chaos, knowledge, power, God. You're not like me. You have more of a self to lose. Your shape is more defined than mine. I'm malleable; you're solid as a rock. You know who and what you are, who and what you want, and you know when outside forces are pushing too hard against that self. I was never good at drawing a line between me and my causes," Root sighs and spends a while nipping and licking Shaw's breasts.

"I don't want you to lose yourself or lose out by being with me- not on experiences, or travel, or food, or pleasure, or power. I want you to have everything, be everything, you want."

Root swipes another sharp line across her abs, "If you can't give in to your desire because of me, I will do whatever I can to help, even if it means we don't move just yet, or I have to slice you up like a rasher of bacon."

Shaw's whole body feels foggy and dense, orbiting the burning points of contact, the fine lines of bright, flaring stings. It doesn't Hurt, but it does make her feel wonderfully in touch with her skin, her blood, her muscles, her own breath even. It's not a magic cure, but it is a nice temporary distraction from her concerns. She feels herself flowing with Root's movements- Root is an architect of pain and pleasure and anticipation and Shaw... Shaw feels pliable and taut at the same time, panting and her whole body wants to leap and follow Root's touches.

Root wipes her hands down and swipes an alcohol swab over the cuts; Shaw rides the endorphin
rush of that sweet sting, but they've already stopped bleeding.

"Let's see how we're doing."

Root tosses the knife and disinfectant wipes to the night stand and slides two fingers into Shaw, pulls them out glistening and sticky and licks them off, "mm, looks like someone is enjoying her punishment just a bit too much."

Shaw tries to hiss or grunt or make some kind of noise but the gag is in the way.

"Now," Root says in that tone that means she's already about fifteen steps ahead in her mind, "I'm going to fuck you. And you're going to enjoy it."

That's it? That's the punishment? That's not even sadistic... Shaw sees Root smirk at the surprise on her own face.

But then Root holds up the dildo. The red one they've nicknamed "the challenger" - and Root wrangles a condom onto it and then she grabs the lube and starts spreading it around and Shaw knows. KNOWS.

That toy leaves her sore for days, half way turned on for days, aching for more for days.

Root's a goddamn sadist. Who slides three fingers into Shaw and stretches her out.

"Spread your legs for me, baby," she coaxes and Shaw obeys, unable to look away from the toy that's about to be inside her.

Root keeps stretching her with three, then four fingers, moving those long, preternaturally strong digits inside of her, touching her everywhere and so much...

"Breathe," Root says, and Shaw does, a slow steady inhale, exhale, with Root's warm palm resting gently on her diaphragm, making sure she really is breathing enough.

Root holds the tip of the toy at her entrance, waits for Shaw to raise her head and make eye contact, waits for her to hold up her fingers and nod assent. Then she slowly, carefully pushes inside. Shaw remembers why she loves this dildo, the way it fills her so completely, the delicious, agonizing ribbed texture. She throws her head back and revels in it.

Honestly, even with the gag, Root decides, the noises Shaw makes are simply otherworldly. There's so much low, throaty moaning, and Shaw trying to spit out swears around her gag and making loud, muffled grunts.

"I'm so glad we invested in soundproofed walls," Root remarks, waiting for Shaw to adjust to the girth of the toy before giving it an experimental little thrust.

Shaw yells, but Root knows her well enough to decipher that it's a pleasure yell (Shaw has about nine different yells, varying from angry to hungry to blissed out. Root can distinguish each one).

"I forgot to tell you something"

The smug glee on Root's face is maniacal and terrifying and Shaw wishes she could lick it off.

"I upgraded the challenger, well, The Machine and I did."

Root clicks something on the base and it starts to pulse, "it vibrates now."
Shaw kicks her little legs, or tries to but can't because Root grabs her calves and holds tight with a stern "ah ah ah, no kicks to the face! I'll get the spreader bar if I have to."

Shaw thrashes around, forgets about muscle control, forgets about everything except her body and Root's body, Root's devilish lil smile, and the impossible fullness, thrumming and pumping inside her .... and maybe she even forgets her own name, trying to ride the pulsations for all she's worth, but Root won't let her, keeps pinning her down and restraining her, keeping her just inches away from her orgasm. It makes Shaw seethe, which makes her more turned on. And then Root starts to set a pace, thrusting gently in time with the rhythm of the toy. It's like getting fucked by the ocean-wave after wave after wave. Shaw bucks and, fuck it, writhes for all she's goddamn worth, chasing that feeling like it's a perp.

"You're just adorable like this. I love it when you get so riled up you start kicking. Might just be my favorite thing..."

Root is so smug, Shaw decides she's going to shoot her again soon. But then Root bends down and starts moaning obscenely and licking her clit and Shaw decides no not shooting, strangling.

"I think before you get your orgasm, I should get a little something. What do you say we swap that gag out for a different kind of oral exercise?"

Shaw nods vigorously, so Root unfastens her gag with shaky fingers tosses it away. She climbs up over Shaw's face and turns around, dropping down so she's supported by her knees and palms. It's almost like sixty-nining, except they're not in college and Shaw is still being penetrated deeply by a vibrating dildo.

Shaw can't grab Root's legs because she's handcuffed and it's a tough angle, craning up to eat Root out while trying not to pass out from the Things Root is doing down between her legs. Still, Shaw has inhuman self-discipline and manages to lick and suck an orgasm out of Root.

Root moans and claws the inside of Shaw's thighs. Shaw goes rigid when Root presses her fingertips down on her clit. She locks up and feels like she's surging into a multitude of tiny pieces. Her insides feel like liquid. So wet and hot and so good, seizing around the toy as she twists in pretty much every direction, her need for control over her body completely forgotten. Maybe she won't kill Root just yet.

Root waits til she finishes and settles before she climbs off her, uncuffs her, and unabashedly dotes. That's the only word for it. Her eyes soften and she licks her lips as she brushes Sameen's messy hair off her forehead. Root's hair falls across Shaw's legs when she carefully pulls the toy out, and her lips are warm and soft when she presses a soft kiss to Shaw's labia. Shaw whimpers some, involuntarily.

"Oh, Shaw," Root sighs, wetly kissing her way up her body, "you're so beautiful. My darlin' girl."

Shaw doesn't have words yet. They have all been fucked away. She settles for pressing a weak kiss to the top of Root's head. Root looks up at her with that warm, steady gaze, like she can see all the layers of her all at once. For once it doesn't make her feel anxious and like keeping very still and claiming some control back, it makes her feel safe.

Root finally settles on the bed. Shaw wiggles her toes and stares at the ceiling while her heart rate slows to normal again.

"The way you get me to give up control ends up making me feel strong, after." Shaw murmurs, almost unwilling to admit that Root is actually good for her.
Root kisses her some more, she gets lost in it, as usual. Root breaks away with a smirk.

"I think I know how to help, with your thing. I'd like to try a little experiment, a self-imposed dry spell. For the length of our road trip next week. How do you feel about that?"

Shaw takes a moment. Root stares at her, drinks in her messy hair and the way her eyebrows furrow when she's reasoning something out.

Both of them have gone much, much longer than a few weeks before. But that was before. Now they have each other. Shaw's gotten used to orgasms daily, at least, and sex every few days. At least every week. And the sex is. Well, it's goddamn prime, according to her calculations.

"Sounds boring."

Root says nothing for a while, letting a comfortable silence settle on them as her suggestion simmers in Shaw's head. Shaw carefully massages herself, still sore from that really big dildo, as she contemplates. A couple weeks is a long time for Root. Root never asks her to forego orgasms. Root is all about the orgasms, in abundance. She calls Thanksgiving "cumucopia," even. But this is different. Shaw thinks about their conversation from earlier. Root is offering her control back. No sex, but she could walk away from it anytime. No sex, but it's a form of self-control, something that will maybe rebalance her. Shaw can do a couple weeks, sure. She's gone days and days without food, water, or seep before. Sex should be no problem.

"Does your plan include giving up self-service?" Shaw finally asks.

"Of course, sweetie, otherwise what's the challenge?"

"Why would we do that? We already lose a couple days a month to biology, I don't wanna lose more."

Root smiles indulgently, "well, you like competition and I like long cons. Just think, if I win, you get a cruel and creative forfeit, and if you win, you get a cruel and creative reward. It could be... downright explosive."

"We already have explosive sex, Root. One time I fucked you by that building that was about to detonate, remember?"

"Mmmmm, we got so singed in the blast. It was delicious."

Shaw thinks a few moments more. "What about kissing?"

"Anything we want... except orgasms."

The temptation of a week of torturous foreplay, and maybe getting a bit of revenge on Root for winding her up all the time, is too much to resist. The sex at the end is going to be a rollercoaster, Shaw knows as much.

"If I do this I'm counting it as a birthday present."

Root shakes her head, "didn't know I could expect a PRESENT, Shaw."

"You think that time I let you tape us last year was an accident?"

Root reaches out and takes her hand. It is a gesture shared between them instead of an exchange of
words, because somehow, sometimes they're beyond words. Shaw nods.

"You know I used to torture people for a living. I'm going to make this impossible for you."

Root tries to wink.

"This experiment could be real hard for us, baby, but I promise it'll be worth it."

Shaw just sighs and lets Root cover them up and wrap a protective hand over her shoulder.

Yeah. Worth it. It's always worth it, with Root.

The next day Root walks around the house in her panties, packing for the road trip, also baiting Shaw. Somehow, ignoring Root evokes that thrill Shaw used to get back when they first met, when she would let Root's advances and come-ons fall flat and it would make Root work that much harder for her attention.

Three days later, the night before they have to leave, Root shows her what the house could look like after a remodel. Shaw studies the computer model and blinks.

"I have my own room."

"Of course. We both need our space."

"It has a bed in it."

"Sure."

"So I have a bed and you have a bed and we have a bed together. That's a lot of beds."

Root shrugs, "Wanna do it different?"

But Shaw thinks of the nights she sometimes sleeps on the couch because of the dreams. Or waking up in a too-big bed when Root is off on Machine Business. Or sometimes wishing she had a place she could bring a hookup back to without awkwardly ousting Root.

"I like it. But I'm still into sharing with you most the time."

Root nods. "Me too, but isn't it nice to have the option?"

That's the key really, isn't it? She stares at Root, sitting cross-legged on the floor and happily picking out backsplash tiles with the Machine. Shaw doesn't have to give up her options, Root never asked her to, wouldn't want her to. Shaw's freedom is an Important Part of this relationship to Root.

Shaw rests her hand on Root's head, "I like it."
The roadtrip is no vacation. It's been in the works for months, Root and Shaw being the natural candidates to go since they can tolerate each other for long periods of time. They're hooking up a transportation surveillance intraweb... and possibly forming an alliance with the West Coast machine acolytes. This is a big step for the Machine in terms of bringing her disparate families together into one community, a sort of federalizing, as Shaw understands it.

It may mean holding hands and building bridges with clusters of people in the abstract, but for Shaw and Root it means a lot of work and a lot eating and sleeping on the road.

"Why can't we fly?" Shaw asks, in the planning phase.

"We need to do a little covert geocaching along the way,"

Root winks, like 'geocaching' is in some way an acceptable innuendo.

"You gonna get carsick on me?"

"Have I ever?"

"First time for everything."

"I promise you'll have a good time... not wiggling around in the back of transport truck while we wait to cross the border and carjack the drivers good, but you'll enjoy it,"

Root and her promises. The worst part is that she always delivers. That is Shaw's one comfort for the entire weekend spent organizing and packing and double checking fifteen large black duffle bags.

"Where'd you get this van? Did you rob a UHaul?"

Root shrugs, "UHaul's been robbing decent Americans for years..."
"So your job as an indecent American was to what, nab one of their trucks?

"Come on Sameen, be the lesbian cliche you want to see in the world."

Shaw shakes her head. Root's the one wearing plaid panties at this very moment. And making Shaw load all the duffle bags into the nine-foot van while she arranges a picnic basket or something like that in the cab. Shaw tosses her own suitcase onto the neatly stacked supply bags and is puzzled by a sound.

She investigates. Her neatly inventoried personals have been tampered with in a most obscene fashion. Root wisely makes herself absent, but when she slides into the front seat and clicks her belt into place, Shaw drops the offending object into her lap.

Root laughs.

“You packed my vibrator in my bag when I was loading up the car? Not cool, Root. That’s cheating.”

Root smirks, “there’s still time for me to pack it somewhere else if you feel up to a Real Challenge.”

“I feel up to tying you up and locking you in the back for the first 300 miles.”

“You and your sweet romantic gestures, make a girl swoon.”

“I swear to god I will roofie your coffee.”

Root smugfaces, “Do you want me to sleep while you drive?”

Shaw sees her eyes crinkle with that wicked glimmer as she tilts her head to one side and murmurs something to the Machine.

“Root, no–”

The radio bursts on:

COME ON BABY, LET’S GET OUT OF THIS TOWN*
I GOT A FULL TANK OF GAS AND THE TOP ROLL—* 

Shaw smashes all the buttons until the radio is silenced.

“Only people with opposable thumbs are allowed to touch the radio” She says, "at least during my driving shift."

Root reaches for the radio. Shaw bats her hand away.

“People named Sameen, with opposable thumbs. Got that, Melissa Ethernet-cable?”

"Melissa Ethernet-cable? Clever. Someone's been reading up on her pop culture."

Root looks proud as she hands Shaw a homemade breakfast sandwich. She begins to hum the rest of the song, loudly. Off key. For the next eight minutes. Shaw does not join in. Not even silently in her head.

And she DEFINITELY doesn’t tap her finger on the wheel in time with the humming. Root tucks the vibrator into her purse.

"Better not lose that or I might break up with you."
Root smirks, "Oh don't worry. I have big plans for this lil guy, when you forfeit."

"I'm not going to forfeit."

"Mm, we'll see."

Shaw rolls her eyes and takes a bite of her breakfast sandwich. Goddamn, Root knows what she likes so well. Even down to cutting it on the diagonal because it is the Most Aesthetic way to slice a sandwich. Root wins at food.

But Root will NOT win this little tease fest.

The trip isn't supposed to take that long, but they keep making stops along the way. One or two nights here, three nights in a cabin where they have to steal a boat to dive into a shallow part of Lake Eerie and attach some kind of pods to the side of a wreck submerged about forty feet down. It has something to do with the Hudson River canal and The Machine wanting to keep tabs on smuggling. The murky silence of the depths scares the shit out of Root, but she refuses to admit it. Shaw hasn't been diving since active duty, and she relishes the quiet, and how Root looks in a wetsuit. Like a selkie with a knife.

"Ever feel the urge to play with latex?" Root asks when they've surfaced and motor-boat back to their little dock.

She peels off her neoprene suit and casually drops it on the bobbing plastic dock. She shakes out her hair and stands casually in just her underwear, poking around in her bag for their clothes.

"What?"

"Gimp suits? Masks? Rubber? The hardcore stuff, did you ever get a little tingle below deck just thinking about it?"

Shaw shoulders both their oxygen tanks and pops her ears clear, watching Root closely because she surfaced a little too fast for Shaw's liking.

"Sounds kinda boring. Fussy too."

Root shrugs, fingers the cold material of her diving suit.

"Why? Do you....?"

"Not particularly. I like my girls in black jeans and combat boots and anything I can peel them out of as fast as possible-- faces and eye contact."

"That go for all your girls?"

"Mmm, just the ones with dark soulful eyes,"

"How's your head?" Shaw deflects as Root slides the tiny pressure regulating tube out of her machine ear and tries to take one of the tanks.

"It's fine."

"Alright... Root, let me carry it, ok."

Root is silent the whole hike back, not even a comment about getting wet or a dirty joke about diving. It's a contemplative silence, not a listening to the Machine silence (Shaw has learned, over the
years, how to decrypt each of Root's silences).

Their path is woefully overgrown and they end up wading through entirely too much underbrush and thicket, getting any exposed skin snared by thorns. It'll be a bitch to disinfect. The intermittent scratch and sting of the wild branches reminds Shaw of something, awakens an old desire forgotten and left to simmer in the parts of her subconscious that only seem to unlock for Root.

"I'm not into latex or gimp play, but there is one thing we haven't tried."

"Mmm?"

Root pauses to clear her ears again. Shaw takes the opportunity to snap a thin, pencil-thick branch off one of the bushes nearby. It's pretty much clear of leaves, so she swishes it back and forth a few times expectantly.

"Whu-- really? A stick? How unexpectedly paleolithic."

"Could be fun. I hear they really sting."

Root's gaze dances off to the side and back again.

"They do," she mutters, then, more brightly, adds, "Should I put on a tiger skin and drag you into a cave to beat you with it?"

"witches aren't THAT barbaric, Root. They still use them in places. The south, Texas."

Root simply hikes up her eyebrow, point proven.

"If you want me to whip you with that, you're going to have to be on your best behavior for the rest of our trip."

Shaw grins, tosses the stick away and tugs Root forward so they start their trek again. "I'm game."

The "game" starts off fairly slow.

That night in the cabin each of them takes a little longer to change in front of the other. The next morning, Shaw licks honey off her fingers extra, extra slowly and loudly at breakfast.

When they get to Michigan, Root dawdles around their hotel room, snapping her folded-up belt like an invitation.

Shaw glares and presses Root up against the mirrored wall of the hotel closet. Root's breath hitches and she lowers her gaze to Shaw's lips and drops the belt.

"Don't push it," Shaw growls.

Shaw spends the next two days finding every excuse she can to wrap her hard fingers around Root's throat or wrist, relishing the way Root's pupils widen and heart rate skyrockets at each violent touch.

Root runs her foot up and down Shaw's calf in the middle of the night.

"Not gonna work."

Then there's the incident with the desk chair, just before their North Dakota stop. Where Shaw is sitting in the chair, building a pipe bomb Root needs for something, and Root hovers, a hand on Shaw's shoulder. Her fingers glide down and circle Shaw's breast, feather light, all Shaw wants is...
more. Root's fragrance is so close to her, and her voice right in her ear as she says,

"Can you attach it, here?"

"Mmhmm"

Root's hands migrate down her torso, touching, teasing, until her fingers rest on Shaw's thighs, warm and pressing down unfairly, and she's leaning well over Shaw. The immediacy of Root's grazing touches and her warm breath and the quantity of explosive just inches away makes Shaw breathe a little shallower. She bites the tip of her tongue to clear her head.

Root nuzzles the top of her ear.

"I'm not going to break," Shaw murmurs.

Root pulls back enough to place a warm kiss on her cheek, she does the Thing With the Tongue and Her Ear for a few evil moments,

"Not even for a minute?" she whispers.

Shaw shakes her head, her heart pounding and her pussy throbbing. She fixes the last piece of casing into place.

"Careful with that, it's live. Don't want you blasting a hole in yourself before I collect my winnings."

"Your winnings are going to be a sore bottom and an even sorer pussy, young lady."

Oh god.

Shaw's an ex-Marine. She's an ISA-trained operative... and she regularly uses public transit. So she knows can endure any amount of torment. Root has tortured her before, lots of times, fun and games. No problem.

But everything begins to accelerate, just a little, when Root sits on a hotel bed in North Dakota and paints her nails (black as usual). Shaw cleans her comfort gun (for the second time that day). She rubs methodically up and down the barrel, up and down, up and down, up and down. She's not surreptitiously staring at the thin tee shirt Root is wearing, or Root's obvious lack of a bra, or the fact that she's just wearing underpants, not jeans. Pink underpants, when did Root get--- Root starts idly rubbing her thumbs along the crease of her thighs as she waits for the paint to dry, sucking in soft breaths every time she comes close to stroking herself somewhere really good.

Fuck.

Shaw tosses her pistol onto the bed, stands up abruptly, pulls her shirt over her head and drops to the floor. She starts doing pushups, adding a little grunt in every now and then.

Shaw Grunts make Root hot.

Pretty soon her triceps are looking cut and she has a decent sheen of sweat on her back. Root is weak for her back, and her sweat. Shaw chances a glance over her shoulder. Root's not even looking! The brat.

Shaw switches plans. She wants that reward. Whatever it is. She wants to beat Root at her own game. She starts doing lunges, really working her thighs and glutes. Shaw moans softly and makes tiny stretching noises. Root takes the bait.
"You must be awfully sore after that workout. Would you like a rubdown?"

"Sure," Shaw grins to herself as she wrestles her sports bra off and steps out of her sweats, sprawls down on her stomach on the bed.

Root straddles the back of her legs (it's a very familiar position, and Shaw's body starts Expecting Things).

"What firm arms you have," Root comments, half to herself, as she works Shaw's delts and triceps.

Root works her arms and shoulders and back, down to her glutes,

"mmm, solid," She squeezes Shaw's ass way more than she needs to.

Shaw thrusts into the mattress, a little. Root knows her body too well, the places that turn her on and the places that make her gasp and want to beg.

"My strong, hard, fit soldier," Root adds, rubbing down Shaw's quads, and calves even, until she's a soft, gooey puddle of human.

"Feels good," Shaw admits, when Root does the pressure points on her feet.

"mmm" Root gives her traps just a little more attention, grinds down on the back of her thigh. That's when Shaw notices it.

"You're wet."

"I know."

"Fuck,"

"Is that you conceding victory?"

"No. But, if you feel like surrendering, I won't stop you."

Shaw can practically feel Root pouting, so she twists around until she's facing up.

"You're pretty,"

Root narrows her eyes, "are you trying to manipulate me with compliments?"

"Yeah," Shaw grins wide and rakish, "ya wanna punish me for it?"

Root drops down and bites her neck, hard, whispering, "you wish."

But Shaw would trade the teasing rubdown any day for the post fight antics that almost cost her the victory.

They run into a little trouble the very next morning, catching up with the Machine's two North Dakota operatives. Their number pissed off the wrong union and is about to get himself axed in an abandoned meat processing plant when they burst in.

There's a gun fight and when the ammo runs out, a hand to hand fight. Shaw shoots knees and kicks ass and it's glorious.

Right up until the North Dakota team ushers their number out as sirens flare in the distance. That's
when Root plays dirty, waits for Shaw to dust herself off from her fight, and slams her hard into the wall.

Root attacks her neck, brutal with teeth and sucking and her hands wandering. Shaw can hardly breathe.

Root doesn’t mean to fight dirty. Shaw’s hair is in disarray and her eyes are so bright in that post-fight bloodthirsty way that makes Root ache for her touch. And Sameen is sweaty and breathing a little heavy. Sameen sweating is Root catnip. It’s too much. Something in her snaps and she has no choice but to pounce, pressing her whole body against Shaw and claiming her mouth, her body rushing with pleasure when instead of softening into the kiss, Shaw gives back just as fiercely, makes Root *work* for it, half a struggle of wills, half a game of pleasure (and haven’t the last two weeks been exactly that?). Root groans and bites Shaw; Shaw hisses and jams her hands into Root’s back pockets.

They make out until they can hear the footsteps of the cops at the doors over the groaning of the kneecapped would-be assassins. Root shoves Shaw hard, every time she tries to squirm away, and Shaw shoves back. It’s still half a fight, half a make out. Shaw decides this is better than steak.

She gives up shoving and resorts to grabbing Root's butt and almost lifting her up. Almost.

But then the doors are swinging open and they have to run run run for their hidden getaway car.

"Twelve more seconds," Root pants.

"What?"

"She says twelve more seconds and I would have come."

"SHE's tracking your proximity to orgasm?" Shaw pulls out her iphone and glares at the camera, "What the hell, dude? She's MY girlfriend."

Root practically melts at the g-word.

"Oh, shut up, you know what I mean," Shaw grumbles as they drive away.

Root ogles her. She knows what Sameen means. But Sameen’s lips are flush and maybe a little bruised and she has a bruise on her neck, with teeth marks. She’s still all sweaty and she looks turned on and annoyed at the same time, which is absolute kryptonite for Root.

Root wonders if she could clench her thighs over and over and come on the sly, but the Machine would call her out on it. She’s starting to understand what Shaw means by "nosy robot girlfriend."

It goes on like that, the teasing to almost too much, snowballing, until they lay in bed every night, twitchy and wanting each other, but stubborn, right until the last leg of their trip. When even the way Root casually sips gross hotel coffee seems like an intricately choreographed act of seduction, and Shaw in a towel after her shower makes Root’s circuit boards short out spectacularly.

They hit a beach somewhere in California. Shaw’s not exactly sure what Root is doing, some sort of final piece of technology being set up. Shaw is not in the dark. She just doesn’t feel the need to know every last css or html detail or whatever. Root trusts her, would tell her, but Shaw’s kind of content to let Root be in charge of the geekspeak, for now.

"For now" involves a shoot out with some gang that tries to swindle them on a last minute deal, and an adrenaline-pumping run to an old life guard hut on the beach. It's winter and bitingly cold, so the
whole beach is empty. Root is supposed to leave a laptop and some weird odds and ends there (the procuration of the odds and ends is what led to the gang shoot-out and Shaw getting split knuckles. That kind of lowkey violence makes Shaw's blood soar, and Root knows it).

Root bends over for a long time, wrapping the laptop in plastic and hooking it up to things, fixing it under the bench.

"So what's the point of all this?" Shaw asks, mostly to distract Root from the fact that she's had her eyes locked on Root's ass for a solid two minutes. No blinking (she's a professional, professionals don't blink).

"I'm finalizing the exoskeleton!" Root explains, thrilled at a chance to share, "We've created a path of backups from New York to here, each one equipped with a satellite chip. If the Machine is ever attacked, like She was by Samaritan, certain emergency protocols will be enacted and she'll send a copy of herself to the exoskeleton. These are back up plan number... seventeen, I think."

"Huh," Shaw doesn't really get it. But when Root gets excited, her eyes shine and her cheeks get a little pinker....

"I think..." She starts, but Root advances on her, backs her into the wall of the lifeguard station.

"Were you checking me out, agent Shaw?"

Shaw swallows.

"Were you looking at my ass, thinking about touching me, kissing me, tasting me?"

Shaw stubbornly juts her chin up.

"So what if I was?"

Root trails her index finger from Shaw's collar bone down to her navel. Shaw grabs her wrist, her grip firm. She takes a deep breath. A cruel and creative punishment seems kind of worth it right about now (and honestly, Root's "punishments" always end with Shaw coming more times than she can count.... Root clearly skipped the section on classical and operant conditioning when she taught that Psych 101 seminar).

Root nudges her nose against Shaw's cheek, "what do you want, Sameen?"

Ohhhh Shaw feels like her whole body is swooping towards Root. Drawn by the magnetism of Root's warm body and her wide, unnerving stare and the way she touches Shaw like she wants to cherish her and tear her apart at the same time. She takes Root's wrist, still trapped in her grip, and guides it down to her crotch.

"This doesn't mean you win."

"No? What does it mean?"

"Means I have chosen to lose. It's different."

Root laughs. And kisses her. Then she unbucks Shaw's belt and drags her zipper down, giving Shaw plenty of time to change her mind.

"You want me on my knees for you?" Root offers, "want me to lick you like an ice cream? Make you melt?"
There are really no words for that, so Shaw nods and pulls her hair tie off and hands it to Root.

Shaw stares while Root smirks and pulls her own hair back.

Root unthreads her belt and pulls her pants down until Shaw is bare-assed, pressed into the cold boards of the lifeguard hut, facing the doorway, the desolate beach, and the gray foam of the ocean.

Shaw’s whole body seems concentrated into one steadily growing ache of desire as Root drops down and smiles up at her, her face sweet and scary at once.

It is freezing cold and the drafts sneaking in through the thin boards keep blowing Shaw's hair up and into her face, but Root's mouth is warm and merciless. She sucks at Shaw's inner thighs, draws her teeth along the hard planes of muscle and leaves hickies that are going to be dark bruises in the morning.

Shaw bucks her hips and rocks on the balls of her feet as Root eats her out. Root won't give her any fingers and that's downright mean, sadistic.

Shaw says, "come on, if you're gonna punish me for it, you might as well fuck me good."

Root makes her come once with her mouth, a hot, pulsing, rush of orgasm.

"I'm going to fuck you like it's the apocalypse," Root says cheerfully, wiping her mouth off and climbing up Shaw's body.

Root hikes one of Shaw's legs up her own thigh and shoves her back with a rough thrust. She fingers Shaw hard, rocks her whole forearm, shoves Shaw into the wall. Shaw arches up on her one foot and squeezes her other leg around Root. Root fucks her with two then three fingers, adding pressure to her clit and making her entire body feel like it is roaring in time with the ocean, fast and rushing and overwhelming and deep.

Shaw cries out wordless sounds and comes faster and harder than she has in months. Root lets her leg go and kisses her softly until she feels properly conscious again.

She's still soft, slack and breathing heavily, a thick, wet, ease infusing her limbs. Root slides her fingers out, licks them off with a little smirk and some devious eyebrow game, and steps back, all brisk and business.

"Pull your pants up," she scolds, "and get in the car. You've been a very naughty girl and lost the game and now I'm going to have to punish you."

Shaw's knees feel all gelatinous because Root's scolding her, all authoritative and stern. Goddamn. She knows Root only does the acidic reprimanding thing because she likes it. Root would be sticky sweet with just a scorching kiss of violence all the time if she had it her way. But she's verbally sharp, cruel even, for Shaw. Because it makes Shaw quiver and quake and melt even more.

This is where the real game begins, not the holding out, but the forfeit sex that isn't really a loss to either of them. It's a special kind of kink, rarer than their usual fare. They slip into that space where Root has the plan and Shaw has the pleasure (and she wonders, is there anyone else she could trust with this?).
Shaw fumbles with her pants, sloppily fastens her belt buckle, hastens toward the truck, but Root stops her with a hard jerk to her collar before she can unlock the door.

"Get in the back," Root says, giving her butt a gentle pat, "you're not done yet."

Shaw clambers into the back of the van, where the army of duffle bags has been reduced to half a dozen now, neatly stacked and lining the walls.

Root stands at the back door, watching Sameen look over her shoulder, waiting for her next order.

"I want you on your knees for me, palms on the floor."

As Shaw complies, she hears the click of the door closing and she can feel Root's presence in the back with her. She feels Root's steady, firm hands at her waist, roughly taking down the pants and panties she just fixed in place. Root tugs at her thighs, spreading her legs apart. Cold air hits her hot, wet, pussy and makes her shudder. Her bare ass is exposed to the back of the truck, thank god there are no windows behind her and the ones in front are tinted. There's not a lot of room, definitely not enough for Root to really punish her. She wonders what Root has planned.

"You want to come again, even though you're sticky and soaking with your own come, don't you?"

"Yes, Root"

Root slaps her ass.

"Good girl," Root rubs the sting out of where she struck her. Shaw hopes there will be a handprint.

She feels Root sink her teeth into the flesh of her butt cheek, suck and bite and pull all at once. Those sharp incisors pinch like a motherfucker and Shaw draws in a sharp breath through her nose.

"I'm going to hurt you, sweetie, because you like that don't you? You love every bruise and scrape and cut I leave on you. You love the humiliation and agony of having your ass spanked like a naughty little girl..."

Shaw nods, fuck yes she loves it, she loves it all, she wants it.

"Do you feel dirty, Sameen?"

"So dirty, Root. Filthy. You should probably wash my mouth out when we get to the hotel."

"And you admit that you deserve to be punished?"

Shaw sees her chance to wind Root up and takes it:

"It was just one orgasm..."

Root laughs and bites her again, on her shoulder this time, a fast, hard stinging bite.

"How about now?"

"Yes." she pants, already feeling a little strung out, "I changed my mind, I lost. I quit the game. I do deserve to forfeit something. I deserve all of it."

"And?"

"Please, Root. Fuck me up. Make it hurt, please."
"Well, I think we're on the same page."

Root pulls her hand back, spanks Shaw hard, again and again, until Shaw can feel the heat staying and not fading from her ass. Root's hand and wrist must be killing her. Even with the interspersed biting. Shaw knows Root isn't as much into spanking as Shaw is into getting spanked, but she's always willing to oblige. Without warning, Root switches to something hard and flat and weighty. Maybe a paddle? Did she have that packed the whole time? The first smack is loud and brutal. Shaw makes a choked "mmphh" noise at the impact.

Root smacks her again and again, going from cheek to cheek, lifting to access the tender curve under her ass, the backs of her thighs. She whacks Shaw long and hard, until her ass feels raw, and each smack just adds to the momentum of building throbs of want and need. Shaw knows her pussy must be soaking, she can feel the slickness just at the inside of her thighs. She clenches her fists, so hard her knuckles turn white. She feels her concentration breaking, feels ready to surrender to it, to beg Root to let her come.

Root watches her in the rearview mirror, the montage of micro-expressions, suffering and pleasure all blended together in Shaw's furrowed brows, the way she locks her jaw in concentration, swallows down her desire... A final smack and a little tiny bite on the nape of her neck and Shaw gasps, surging forward.

Root cups her pussy, plays with her labia, rolls a fingertip over her clit... until Shaw wants to scream she needs to come so bad.

"You're wet," Root observes, "and we have a forty-five minute drive to the hotel, longer if there's traffic."

Root presses two fingers into her, drags her g spot, teases her right to the brink of orgasm and then pulls away entirely.

"And She assures me there's going to be traffic."

She wipes her sticky fingers on Shaw's sore ass- Shaw whimpers.

"You're going to stay like this for the entire ride back. And if you move, or touch yourself, or come, I'll stop this car, come back here and punish you again, and this time you won't enjoy it."

Root opens her purse and pulls out Shaw's vibrator. She smiles to herself, this really was an evil and ingenious plan. She hopes Sameen can appreciate that.

Root slides the vibrator into Shaw. She turns it to its lowest setting. The vibrations rock Shaw to her core, she is on a razor's edge and an overpowering orgasm lies on either side.

"I want you to hold onto this for me, and remember, if you come, or drop it, you're going to get a real punishment."

Shaw whines.

"Mmm, I love it when you cry like a whipped lil puppy."

Root kisses Shaw's shoulder, then climbs over her and into the drivers' seat.

The ride back is torture. She has to clench to hold the vibrator inside her, but clenching drives her closer to orgasm. It's a constant battle between letting the vibrator fall out (and get punished more) or squeezing too hard and coming (and get punished more). Every jolt and jerk of the van unsettles her,
makes her gasp.

Shaw feels truly, deeply on the edge by the end of it, a couple tears threatening to stream down her face, her pussy fraught and desperate, ass hot and sore.

Root finally parks in the hotel garage and comes back to her.

"Alright, you can let go now,"

She clicks off the vibrator. Shaw whimpers as she gently pulls it out.

"There, there. you took your punishment so well. Good girl."

Root soothes her, kisses her shoulder, her ear, kindly massages the nape of her neck, drawing some of her attention away from her pussy.

"I hope you learned your lesson, Sameen. God, you're a mess"

"Please," she groans, "let me come?"

"Wouldn't be a punishment if you got a reward so soon" Root says lightly, scraping her nails up and down Shaw's raw ass cheeks. "Now, I'll give you a minute to get yourself together, and then I want you inside. We have a lot of pipe bombs to build."

Root hops out, but pauses before heading inside, "and Shaw? If you get yourself off, She WILL tell me- and trust me, it won't be worth it."

It's a long night, meticulously assembling the explosives. Shaw squirms in her seat, her sticky panties bothering her, her ass burning and stinging, her senses cranked up to max. She wonders if Root will keep her on edge like this all night. Will she even get to come? Root hums so unaffectedly, happily measuring and sticking things and occasionally nattering with the Machine.

Finally at about one am, Root looks up at her. Her eyes are warm and her smile is soft, all fondness and none of the bright seductive cruelty Shaw was hoping for. Shaw doesn't dare let herself hope that she might get some relief.

"When you finish assembling that, go wait for me in the bedroom."

Shaw swallows and nods. The time between Root's order and the moment when she actually gets up to follow it is just a blur. Shaw enters the bedroom of their hotel suite and drops to her knees because she's kind of still acting out her "forfeit" from caving first and she wants to please Root so she can finally get to come.

Root finally makes her way in, stands behind her and strokes her hair. "You were very naughty today. Quitting the game like that, when I had your reward all planned out and everything."

"I'm sorry, Root," Shaw says even though she's really only sorry that she's been turned on for six hours with no relief.

"I'm not sure I really punished you enough," Root comments, "stand up,"

Shaw stands and Root, still behind her, reaches around and undoes her belt and her jeans and drags them down her legs, all the way to her ankles. Root steps back and grips one stinging butt cheek.

"Mmmm, somebody's ass is a lovely red. I guess I've tortured you enough after all. And you did take it like a true champion."
Shaw waits, silently begging for relief.

Finally Root decides: "strip and lay down on your back."

Shaw peels her remaining clothes away and spreads herself out on the bed. Root climbs up, pushing on her legs until she draws her knees up a little, leaving her pussy and ass exposed, open. Root is quick to slide her palm between Shaw's legs and touch her, half protective and half teasing.

"Do you want to come, Sameen?"

"Yes."

Root wastes no time sliding inside and fucking her roughly. Shaw slides back on the bed with the momentum of it, pushing back against Root's thrusts, trying to take her deeper, feel her more.

The room fills with the wet slapping and involuntary grunts of damn good time. Root takes her right to the edge, to one thrust, one breath, one pulse away from pleasure, and pulls away.

"Fuck!" Shaw squeezes Root's hips hard, maybe enough to bruise.

Root giggles, "come on, baby, I'm a sexual sadist. Did you think this was going to be easy?"

But then Root's fingers are back, stretching her out, deep inside her

And when Root finally lets her come, it's depleting and exhausting and she shudders like a leaf for long twirling moments.

Root grinds down on her knee, shaky and breathing heavily, until Shaw gathers the energy to reach for her.

"Can I touch you?"

Root shakes her head, pulls back. Slides off Shaw entirely and takes deep breaths to force herself to cool down.

"We're waiting til we get back. I have a plan. A very exciting and elaborate plan for your reward. And you're going to follow it this time. Aren't you?"

Shaw nods but the naughty spark in her eyes and the quirk of her mouth says she won't obey willingly. Root grins. She wouldn't want it any other way.
The road trip ends a few days later; they leave the van with the Seattle branch of Machine acolytes and fly back to New York.

"Do we want to book a direct flight, or have a one night layover in Chicago?" Root asks, stuffing a crumpled shirt into her suitcase as they pack.

"Chicago?"

"City of meats, pizza, and gang violence. We might be able to partake of all three in one day. She says something of interest will be happening there tomorrow night."

Shaw rolls up her socks and neatly tucks them into her bag. She knows Root and the Machine will keep her in great food and maybe even spot her some action of the ass-kicking variety.

"I wouldn't hate seeing Navy Pier again."

"Chicago is full of Catholics. I could steal us a Priest and we could get married right there on the water."

Shaw rolls her eyes.

Root keeps saying things like that in the hopes that she will make Shaw blanche or freak out. It's not going to work, but it halfway amuses Shaw to watch her knock herself out trying.

"Or I could push you into the lake and see how long it takes you to sink."

"You'd jump in and save me," Root says confidently.

Shaw tosses a pair of rolled-up socks at Root, smirking to herself when they bounce off her nose and onto the bed. Her nerd might be dangerously close to annoying her with all the marriage jokes, but she gets it, what Root is trying to do. Desensitize her through humor. Show her that yeah, maybe they're going to live in a house together but that doesn't make them... like an item or anything. Nothing so big and scary and committed that Shaw can't handle it. In fact, Shaw knows that conventional commitment styles freak Root out. Maybe she's trying to desensitize herself as much as
Hence the deluge of dumb jokes. Shaw's going to make Root buy her so much pizza in Chicago.

Chicago does indeed provide much in the way of feeding and fighting. So much excellent pizza. A long late night walk on the pier, for reconnaissance, obviously (if Root ends up grabbing Shaw's hand in her coat pocket, it's only for practical warmth-sharing purposes. Please. What are they? Amateurs? Gross). Of course, then there's some intervening in a kidnapping and a lot of tasing (Root) and kicks to people's heads (Shaw), then some vigorous fighting, capped off with a long foot chase. Unfortunately, Shaw ends up jumping off a steep wall and spraining her ankle, badly, in the process.

Root has to shoot their perp. In the knee/thigh/torso region. He might not make a full recovery. Root doesn't much care. Sameen is hurt, the breath knocked out of her as she sits on the cold ground, wrapping her small hands around her very swollen ankle. That's all that matters.

The whole time this is happening, Root is very, very careful not to look too concerned, not too dawdle too long over Shaw's poor, hurt ankle with her bandages. Not to make a fuss. She mustn't baby Shaw, not even a little. There are few things Shaw actively dislikes more than being babied (even if Root secretly suspects that Shaw would enjoy it, if she'd just let Root take care of her, just for a minute....).

Root drives them back to the hotel and fetches ice for Shaw and helps her gently pull off her boots.

"I can do it myself," Shaw grumbles, bending awkwardly to examine the puffy red and purple mess that is her ankle.

"Yes, but you don't have to." Root reminds her, carefully tucking a plastic bag of ice against Shaw's ankle.

Shaw sighs because the ice does feel good, so Root smiles to herself a little, and pets Shaw on the head.

"What? You had some lint in your hair." She says lightly when Shaw turns to look at her with those dark, I'm-not-your-pet-stop-petting-me eyes.

Shaw sighs and Root smirks.

Wordlessly, Root and the Machine acquire a pair of crutches so Root can help Shaw crutch through the airport the next morning. Shaw settles into her narrow airplane seat, sore and uncomfortable-- and not in the pleasant, just-had-marathon-sex way. Root hands her a plastic bag of carry-on toiletries.

"What's this?"

Root smiles coyly as she tentatively unscrews the plastic bottle marked "shampoo." It looks suspiciously like a sample size of...

Shaw takes an experimental sniff.

"You smuggled bourbon onto the plane?"

"One hundred and fifty milliliters, thought it might help lubricate you through the turbulence."

"Lubricate me. You're the worst," Shaw assesses, helping herself to a generous sip.
"I know," Root smugs.

"You know you don't have to smuggle booze. You can bring in those plastic sample size bottles,"

"But Sameen, this is more fun."

When Shaw has consumed roughly three shots, Root persuades her to take an ibuprofen, for the swelling. Shaw, mellowed out on bourbon, rolls her head toward Root and watches her. For once, she's the one doing the staring and Root is the one being stared at. Root is reading, an actual, slightly-worn paper book, something about cavemen. Root likes cavemen a lot.

Shaw likes the way Root nods her head and goes "mhmm" under her breath whenever she reads something she particularly appreciates. It's like Root is having a conversation with the book. Shaw likes the way Root's slender fingers unconsciously push tresses of her shiny, dark hair behind her ear, and how she casually rolls her lower lip under her front teeth while she reads.

Usually on airplanes, Shaw drinks a couple cocktails and is putty in Root's hands. But Shaw feels bold tonight, like she wants to take charge and prove that even a leg injury can't check her sexual prowess. Root is so pretty, with her single-minded focus on her book, and her absent-minded fidgeting with her hair. Shaw wants to pick her up and carry her to bed and touch her all over. Except there is no bed. But there is an airplane blanket in the pocket of the seat in front of Root.

Yes, Shaw nods to herself, this time she will be the one with the hands and Root will be the putty... They have two hours left on their flight, too.

She casually slides her hand onto Root's thigh. Root stiffens so subtly. Her ear tips start to turn pink. She squints hard at her book.

Shaw drags her fingertips up and down, lengthening their stride until she's stroking from the top of Root's knee to way, way up her thigh, close to her hip. Root sits still as a statue, her unsteady breathing the only tell that Shaw is getting to her.

Root clears her throat with a delicate cough.

"What are you doing, Sameen?"

Shaw ignores her and keeps casually running her fingertips up and down.

Root finally looks up from her book and meet's Shaw's heavy gaze.

"Sameen."

Shaw leans over until she's a breath away from the shell of Root's good ear, her lips brushing Root's hair,

"Do you want me to finger you?" She whispers.

Root draws in a shaky breath, looks at Shaw sharply. "Really?"

Shaw nods.

"Is this because you forgot to bring a book?"

"No. I'm not bored. I just want you."

Root smiles like a dope.
"So, am I going to get to touch you or....?"

"Sweetie, I thought you'd never ask."

"And how about no more enforcing a dry spell?" Shaw wheedles.

"I guess that wouldn't be so bad..."

"Game over?"

Root tips her head and looks Shaw up and down in a slightly condescending way, like she usually does before saying no, but Shaw pouts, pouts hard, pouts for the win. Root sighs.

"Fine."

"But I still get my prize."

"Sameen-"

"I want that prize, Root."

Shaw presses her fingers more firmly, more insistently. Root doesn't quite squirm, but she does squeeze the spine of her book awfully hard.

"Fine."

Shaw smirks at her victory. Root primly folds a blanket over her lap and Shaw slides a hand underneath, at first resting it on Root's warm thigh, then sliding up to caress the soft skin under Root's shirt, just above her belt.

"I like this belt." Shaw taps the stiff leather with her fingernail, "I'd like it even more if you were tied to a headboard with it."

"I wouldn't be much use to you all tied up,"

"No, but I could see how long it would take me to make you scream, using only my mouth."

Root fights the urge to shudder in pleasure at the thought. She loses that fight when Shaw scrapes her nails down the lower part of her belly. She knows if she pulled her shirt up, there would be thin red lines, dragged down her skin.

Shaw gets more determined with her light scraping, and ohhhhhh it works Root up something awful.

"I didn't realize that.. oh, that.. at our age, you would still be interested in sexual experimentation"

"I'm the better part of a scientist, Root."

"-and I'm the worst part."

Root grins at the eye roll, but winces when Shaw gives her a tiny sharp pinch for being a dork.

"Shaw leans over and presses her lips to Root's ear, "Just for that, I'm going to put my fingers inside you and fuck you for this entire flight."

"mmmmm"

"Maybe you'll get to come at some point, but I wouldn't bank on it."
"I love it when you're evil. But Sameen, you forget that all of your wicked plans will have to take one key factor into consideration. I'm MORE wicked."

"We'll see about that when I make you beg." Shaw threatens, preparing to unbuckle Root's belt.

Except, of course, at that exact moment the passenger in front of Shaw ratchets his chair back all the way, so that he's practically lying in her lap.

Root bats her hands away before she can use a rolled up in flight magazine to garrote him.

"Too many witnesses" Root whispers.

"Ugh."

"I love it when you speak troglodyte. Did you learn that from John?"

Shaw doesn't want to smile at that. Root awkwardly starts climbing over her, toward the aisle.

"I'm going to the bathroom. Come provide me with some assistance in three minutes."

Shaw shakes her head. Sure, she and Root have had plenty of fun on chartered planes, private flights, even a helicopter ride or two, but they have never been so cliché as to join the mile high club on a public plane.

It would be like having carefully disguised public sex on the E train. And that was only good until the novelty wore off... and the hand sanitizer ran out.

Still, right around three minutes and four seconds, Shaw finds herself slowly standing up and hobbling toward the bathroom. Most of the other passengers are asleep, heads tipped back, neck pillows fluffed and eye masks on, mouths slightly open. Even the emotional support dog in the middle aisle looks drowsy.

Saw cracks her neck in preparation, wishing she had a way to stretch. If she's going to attempt tiny, cramped airplane toilet sex, and with only one working foot, Root better have a damned good reward in store for her. Something with an illegal capacity magazine. Or a grenade launcher.

Shaw raps twice on the little folding door; Root slides it open, grabs her by the collar of her shirt, and tugs her into the tiny space, fast.

There's about as much space in there as they would have if they were sharing a coffin, ok, maybe an extra-wide coffin, but still. Shaw can smell Root's perfume and her own breath in the close air of the little bathroom, and luckily, it's early enough into the flight that that is all she can smell.

Root wraps her hands around Shaw's middle and pulls her close, taking shameless advantage of the fact that Shaw literally can't pull away. There's nowhere to go. She leans down and kisses Shaw, first her cheek, then her mouth. The kisses are not Root's typically assertive kisses, instead, she seems to be cool with letting Shaw run the show.

Shaw revels in the moment until Root gets impatient, her hands wandering and groping. Shaw grumbles.

"Thought you were going to let me run this operation."

"I did, but I want you inside me, Sameen, now."

Oh god when she makes demands-
Shaw clears her throat and rotates until she can wash her hands in the tiny sink. Root paws at her, hands traveling from her breasts to her thighs, the back to her breasts again. So single minded.

When Shaw turns around and leans back against the tiny sink, she catches Root by the wrists, restrains her long enough to get a final good firm kiss in, then releases her.

"Unzip your jeans," she orders, feeling a ripple run through her body at the authority in her own voice.

Root smirks and slowly unzips her pants.

"The slower you go," Shaw warns, "the slower I'm gonna go."

"Sammm-"

"Pull them down, to your thighs," Shaw interrupts, not breaking her gaze at Root's face while Root obeys.

"mmmm, good, now your panties."

But Root takes too long trying to inch her panties down in a teasing way, so Shaw has to lean forward and roughly tug them down for her. She drags her fingers and the fabric roughly along the silky skin of Root's thighs and relishes it when Root gasps.

Shaw kisses her annoying, teasing face. She presses until Root allows her tongue to take ownership of her hot, eager mouth. And at the same time, Shaw gets to work with her fingers. She strokes up and down and then in circles, playing with Root until she gets really antsy and squirmy.

"Stop teasing and fuck me already," Root gasps,

Shaw drags her fingers to the side and chuckles when Root smacks her shoulder, hard, in frustration.

"You can't always get what you want," she taunts, knowing full well that Root will probably exact some cruel sexual revenge later.

Root bites her and pushes against her hands, rolling her hips in a way that gives Shaw some kind of tunnel vision, like all she can concentrate on is the way Root is rubbing against her and demanding gratification.

When her forearm starts to burn from all the teasing, and Root is the perfect combination of turned on and mad about it, Shaw relents, and presses her fingers into Root,

"goddamn finally" Root growls, digging her fingernails into Shaw's biceps- a gesture that is half a thank you and half a fuck you.

Shaw grins. The desperate, needy sounds Root makes, the way she squeezes down hard on her fingers-- it floods Shaw's body with heat and desire.

Some time, not too much later, Shaw is three fingers deep in Root, pressing rhythmically into her tight, wet heat, with a thumb rolling over her clit. Shaw balances on her one good leg, trying to lean against the sink while Root attempts to wrap her own legs around Shaw's hips. Root's jeans are... somewhere. And she keeps biting on Shaw's neck like some kind of determined but useless vampire.

"If you... give me a visible.... a visible hicky..." Shaw pants in between thrusts, "I will never ... ever... fuck you .... again."
Root just laughs and bites on Shaw's earlobe, hard enough to make her hiss and almost collapse both of them onto the seat of the toilet. This is something Shaw would very much like to avoid, since she's hardly the exhibitionist Root is, and the sound of two adult bodies crashing down would definitely alert the other passengers.

"Don't" She warns, squeezing Root's right ass cheek hard.

But she can feel Root's chest vibrating with silent giggles and she knows Root would love nothing more than to rile her up by getting them almost caught... or actually caught... Trust her damn exhibitionist streak to rear its head at the worst possible time.

"Behave," Shaw growls against Root's neck, "or I'll handcuff your left hand to the sink and your right to the handrail and you won't get off- or get out of this stall- 'til we land"

"You'd leave me in here, pantsless?" Root, breathless from exertion, sounds downright impressed at this proposed cruelty.

"I'd gag you with your own panties, too. No one would suspect me. I'm nursing an injury, after all."

The thought of such exposure sends a new rush of wetness and heat to meet Shaw's fingers, as Root clenches hard onto them.

"oh fuck oh fuck, Sameen," Root whispers, bouncing against her, "Fuck, I'm going to come!"

She does, not long after, which is a good thing because Shaw's calves and quads and arms are all shaking from the strain of holding this weird, one-legged position. The alcohol definitely did not help her achieve peak performance today, but whatever, Root doesn't seem to mind that they've ended up in a slumping, sort of gelatinous heap against the tiny sink. In fact, judging by the way Root breathes raggedly against her ear, Shaw would say Root probably isn't thinking about much of anything right now.

"No, don't pull out," Root begs, when she starts to move her fingers.

"But-"

Root sighs, and takes Shaw's hand in her own, gently easing her fingers out. Root arranges their bodies so that Shaw is sitting on the closed lid of the toilet. Shaw shakes her arm to get the circulation going again while Root tries to get her pants all the way off.

"I don't think you're going to be able to-" but Root's hand slips and somehow her elbow ends up in Shaw's face and it's all very uncomfortable and uncoordinated.

"Fuck it, just, hang on--" Shaw grabs at her hips and tugs and they end up with Shaw seated and Root standing in front of her, bracing her self against the shelf over the seat, her pants mostly shoved down.

"I can probably eat you out like this, but you have to stand on tiptoe so I can reach"

"please"

So Root leans up and forward, and Shaw reaches out and grabs Root again, this time by her ass cheeks, pulling her in close enough to get her mouth on her. It's Root's turn to suffer through some predicament bondage, without the bondage.

Her pussy is wet and slick and messy from her first orgasm, and soon so is Shaw's face. She licks and sucks and laps at Root's clit, all while delivering punishing squeezes to her ass cheeks.
"fuck, that hurts," Root winces approvingly, thrusting her ass into Shaw's grip, "ahh harder, harder"

"Don't lean back," Shaw orders, "I'm not going to strain my lower back going down on you again."

Root whines and leans forward again, but it's really hard because Sameen keeps squeezing her ass and she wants to lean back into it, but then she'll be leaning away from Sameen's mouth and her hot, velvety tongue licking and sliding and circling. It's a vicious and precarious predicament and Root finds herself split between the two equally enticing sensations, and frustrated and annoyed by this, but also deeply turned on and desperate to come again. It's a lot to feel all at once.

After what seems like an eternity of being tormented by Shaw punishing her with her hands and pleasuring her with her mouth, Root feels Shaw grip even harder, and tug her forward so hard she nearly loses her balance. Shaw thrusts with her tongue, Root drops one hand down to add some pressure to her clit, and then it feels like thunder in her bloodstream, and she comes hard, harder than the first time.

Shaw feels her go still, feels her body pulsing, counts the seconds until Root goes from orgasm tautness to the slack of afterglow.

Now it's Root whose legs and arms are shaking as she rests most of her body weight on Shaw's shoulders.

Shaw wipes her mouth off on the back of her hand and gently pulls Root's panties back up and into place, then her jeans.

Root hovers over her, attempting to breathe. After a minute, she clears her throat,

"Can I sit on you for a minute?"

"You want to go again!?"

"No, I want to sit on you. For recovery purposes."

"Fine," Shaw opens up and lets Root sit on her lap, "it's not like you ran a marathon."

Root buries her face in Shaw's neck. She breathes in her scent, one hand playing with her hair.

"Can we be done now?" Shaw asks when she feels her leg starting to fall asleep.

Root just laughs and peels herself off of her sweaty girlfriend.

"Thank you," she says, freshening up at the sink, "I think that's some of the best airplane sex I've ever had."

"Some of?" Shaw is indignant. "Get your ass back here. When I top, I top to win."

Works inspired by this one
[Ben in Chinese] under cover of darkness by Traaaaaa

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