

Less Than Pure Intentions

Horns & Halos #4

Author's Note:

Welcome to Horns & Halos, a new Patreon-exclusive series set in the Fur & Fangs universe! Short installments will be provided for my \$10+ Patrons on a regular basis. They will also be offered as short podfics/audio recordings.

Lila is a bisexual succubus, a demon who feeds on the intense emotions of others (especially sexual desire). However, she isn't all that good at interpreting which emotions other people are projecting—or getting laid.

Mikey is an angel. They are genderfluid, using a variety of pronouns. They usually wear a pin to let people know what pronouns they want that day (including one that says 'whatever'). The way they present their gender will vary from installment to installment.

“I STILL DON’T UNDERSTAND why you won’t consider coming back. Director Ambrose would let you rejoin the Third Sphere Choir if you asked. Michaela? Michaela, are you listening to me?”

I spit a mouthful of toothpaste into the sink, licking the excess foam from my lips. “Yeah, Dad,” I tell the phone on the bathroom counter. “M’listening.”

As usual, my father ignores—or doesn’t notice—the lack of enthusiasm in my voice. *“I saw him the other day at the grocery, and he reminded me how beautiful your voice is. The choir is travelling next week and...”*

My attention wavers as he drones on. It’s not that I don’t love my father. I do. He’s just set in his ways, and my mom isn’t much better. But they genuinely care, so I tolerate the weekly phone calls, even though it means listening to one or both of them beg me to stop ‘playing around’ in the city and come back to Heaven.

“... coming to visit?”

That gets my attention. I stop rinsing my toothbrush and return it to its holder. “What?”

“I said, are you still coming to visit us next month?”

Ugh. I’d forgotten about that, maybe because I not-so-subconsciously don’t want to go. But a promise is a promise. I haven’t been ‘home’ in a while, though I definitely don’t consider it my real home anymore.

“I’ll be there for the long weekend, but I have to be back here for work on Tuesday.” That isn’t entirely true, since I do some of my work remotely, but it’s a convenient excuse. Staying with my parents, or anywhere in Heaven, for more than a few days at a time is generally a bad idea.

“Only for the weekend? Don’t they give you time off at your job?”

I decide it’s not worth arguing the point. “Not paid, Dad.”

“You know, Heaven has a very generous paid vacation package. The Choir—”

“I gotta get ready for work, okay?” I say, cutting him off before he can get going. “Tell Mom I love her.”

My father sighs through the phone. *“We love you too, Michaela. Have a blessed day.”*

“You, too. Bye”

I end the call, exhaling in relief. This really isn’t how I wanted to start my morning. I glance at my reflection, frowning at the specks of toothpaste on my collared blue shirt. *Dammit. Every single time.* I unbutton the shirt as I leave the bathroom, opening my closet and tossing it into the hamper. *I need to start brushing my teeth before I get dressed.*

With the weight of responsibility hanging over me, I select a new shirt, a slightly more feminine purple blouse. I return to the mirror, buttoning it up and adjusting the sleeves. They’re full length, to cover my forearm tattoos, but sometimes I can get away with rolling them up. I’m lucky they don’t make me change my purple hair (although I told HR a teensy white lie about that, claiming that altering the color isn’t the same process as altering the length and style).

My phone buzzes again, causing my heart to sink. Reluctantly, I check the screen. To my relief, it isn’t my father texting me something he forgot to tell me. It’s Lila.

‘Morning. <3 Doing anything tonight?’

My smile returns.

'Don't know. Am I? ;D'

The flashing grey dots set my heart fluttering.

'Wanna come over?'

I lick my lips, unsure why I'm so nervous. Maybe her offer doesn't involve sex or making out. Her phrasing makes it sound kind of like a hook-up, but I don't want to make assumptions just because she's a succubus. Not that it matters—I'm eager to see her regardless—but my nerves would be a lot easier to manage if I knew what her intentions were.

It isn't hard to come up with my answer, though.

'Sure. What time?'

'8:00?'

'Awesome. Should I bring food?'

'Don't worry, I'm cooking.'

My eyes widen. That's a surprise. Now this is starting to sound like a romantic, stay-the-night type of date. I haven't done this kind of thing in years, and I'm sorely out of practice. Do I bring a backpack with, like, toothpaste and clean underwear? If I do, will Lila think I'm presumptuous? What if I end up needing that stuff even if we don't have sex?

I text back, trying to keep things casual. *'I'll eat it all even if it's terrible.'*

As soon as I send the text, I wince. Great going, Mikey.

'Oof, that came out wrong.'

Luckily, Lila responds with a laughing emoji. *'You might regret that. You haven't tasted my cooking yet.'*

I sag against the bathroom counter with relief. Looks like I narrowly avoided disaster. I note the time and realize I'm already running late. I text back a quick, *'I'm sure I'll love it. Headed into*

work,’ and shove my phone in my pocket. The last thing I need on top of this morning’s stress is my boss chewing me out for being late to the office on one of the days I actually have to go in.

Still, I can’t help smiling on my way out the door. My day has shifted from bad to good, all thanks to a few text messages.

“SHYR? SHYR!”

I jerk my head up from my desk, where I’d been catching a quick snooze with my forehead on my arm. It’s my lunch break, so I’m technically off the clock, but the optics of sleeping at work aren’t great. To my dismay, one of my bosses, Mr. Mrglsptz, is looming behind me, a file tucked under one beefy red arm.

“Sorry, sir. I clocked out for lunch. Do you need something? I can clock back in if—”

“It can wait until after your break. I need you to send these forms to Evans.” He withdraws the file, tapping it on the edge of my desk. “The latest crop of interns started today.”

Right. The interns. Poor, unpaid bastards. Then again, most banks *are* owned or heavily invested in by Hell. They’ve never been great about paying their employees a fair wage, let alone their interns. If my parents knew the details about where I actually worked, they’d throw a fit.

“Sure. I can do that.”

Mrglsptz nods, placing the file beside me. “Good. And no more naps.” He gives me a small, awkward grin that shows his pointed teeth. It’s kind of eerie, but I can tell he’s trying to be friendly.

“No more naps,” I confirm.

He departs, leaving me alone in my cubicle. Since dozing off again is out of the question, I dig my phone out of my purse. No recent texts from Lila. My heart sinks, even though no news is probably good news, since it means we’re still on for tonight.

On for what, though?

I turn on my monitor and clock back in so I won’t have time to brood. Then, I open the file and begin inputting information. My job is mostly data entry and scheduling for the bank’s enormous human resources department, which is why I can do some of it at home. It’s dead boring, but not too stressful. I personally enjoy having a job with minimal expectations and low risk for burnout. It’s the complete opposite of how I grew up.

Once I’ve made online profiles for the new interns, I stand up, stretching briefly before collecting the scattered employment forms and stuffing them back into the file. At least Riley’s one of my nice coworkers. Visiting their desk won’t be an issue.

When I arrive, I see that Riley’s still on lunch. They’re half-way through a ham and cheese sandwich, heavy on the ham, and our coworker Colin has pulled up a chair beside them. He’s one of Riley’s best friends, from what I’ve gathered through office chit-chat.

“Come on,” Colin says, fixing Riley with a plaintive stare and batting his big blue eyes. “You can tell me. I promise I won’t give it away.”

Riley shoots him a skeptical look. “Like you didn’t tell Elyse and Li Min about Izzy’s birthday present last month?”

“That’s different,” Colin protests. “Elyse is my girlfriend, and Li Min’s my girlfriend’s girlfriend. You know I can’t keep secrets from them.”

“Boy, you can’t keep secrets from nobody.” Riley pauses, noticing me. “Hey, Mikey.” Their eyes dart to the she/her pin on my blouse. “You need somethin’, or just swingin’ by to chat?”

“Work, unfortunately.” I edge closer, showing Riley the file. “Mrglspitz had me set up profiles for the new interns. They need supervisors and projects assigned.”

Riley extends their hand, accepting the file. “Ah. Poor bastards.”

I chuckle. “That’s what I thought.”

“I’ll do my best to pair ‘em with easygoing folks. Least I can do—Colin, don’t you dare!” Riley turns to glare at Colin, who has the half-finished ham sandwich a few inches from his mouth.

“But I’m starving,” he says, “and this is your second sandwich.”

“Right. *My* sandwich. You don’t even like ham.” Riley sighs, then relents, waving for him to finish it. “So, Mikey, any plans for the weekend?”

I lick my lips, wondering how much to reveal. Does discussing an upcoming date count as normal office chit-chat, or is it oversharing? Learning office etiquette was one of my bigger challenges after getting hired here. It took some adjustment coming from a place like Heaven, where everyone’s in your business all the time and no one sees anything wrong with infringing on other people’s privacy.

“Well...”

My hesitation must be pretty transparent, because Colin laughs. “Hot date, huh?”

“Something like that.” I shift from foot to foot. “But I don’t know what kind of date, exactly.”

“Ohhh.” Colin smirks in understanding. “I see. Do you like them?”

“I like her a lot. I just don’t wanna make assumptions.”

“Y’all need to stop overthinkin’,” Riley says. “Just be honest.”

I shrug. “Probably. But anxiety’s anxiety. It doesn’t always listen.”

“If she likes you as much as you like her, she’ll understand.” Riley gives me a soft smile. “The first time I met my girlfriend, I was so nervous my knees were castanets. And the first time I went home with her? My heart coulda powered a steam engine. Lucky for me, she thought it was cute.”

They make a good point. So far, Lila hasn’t minded my nerves or my awkwardness. We’ve had several dates, and they’ve all gone great. There’s no reason this one has to be any different just because it’s at her apartment, and sex might or might not happen.

“Here’s hoping. That’s your girlfriend, right?” I gesture at a picture on the desk beside Riley’s monitor. A curvy Black woman with puffy hair and a pair of hot pink sunglasses is laughing at something, perhaps the person who took the picture. Her pointed fangs are visible behind her bright, bubblegum pink lipstick.

The look on Riley’s face is positively lovestruck. “Yep, that’s Izzy, but hopefully she won’t be my girlfriend for much longer.”

“Wow, you’re proposing?”

They nod. “Planning to.”

“But Riley *refuses* to tell me how they’re planning to do it,” Colin says, “which counts as cruel and unusual punishment.”

“Because it ain’t a public proposal,” Riley grumbles. “I’m sure she’ll tell you all about it afterwards.”

Colin sighs, tossing up his hands. “You’re impossible.”

I laugh. “You two are way more fun than work. I should swing by your desk more often.”

“Hell yeah.” Riley shoots me a wink. “Now, get on outta here. I can’t strangle Colin in front of a witness.”

“No, stay,” Colin says. “They just said they can’t strangle me in front of a witness. You’re the only thing standing between me and a tragic death.”

“Sorry, dude. You’re on your own.” I give them a wave goodbye. “And thanks for the encouragement.”

“Hope your date goes well,” Riley says.

“Yeah, get some!”

“Colin...”

I return to my cubicle as they continue bickering, smiling on my way.

Later that evening, I hesitate outside Lila’s door, wiping my feet too thoroughly on the welcome mat. I’ve already texted her asking to be buzzed in, so she knows I’m here. Knocking shouldn’t feel like such a scary ordeal, but for some reason, I’m sweating bullets. I’m grateful I wore a dark navy button-up for that reason alone. If I end up with any stains, they won’t show.

I tug nervously at my collar, trying to muster my courage, but before I can collect myself, the door opens. Lila peeks out, smiling widely. “I thought I heard someone shuffling around out here.”

“Hey.” I run a nervous hand through my hair. I’ve styled it in a purple pixie cut tonight, and filled out the button-up with breasts for a slightly more feminine look. “I brought myself and my appetite, as requested.”

“Good, ‘cause I made way too many pancakes.” Lila steps aside, motioning me into the apartment, but it takes me a moment to register that I’ve been invited inside. I’m too busy staring at her as the door opens the rest of the way.

Lila isn’t too dressed up—just some grey leggings and a purple shirt—but even in casual clothes, she’s a total knockout. The leggings cling close to her hips, and the shirt’s low-cut enough to show off the upper part of her cleavage.

My jaw drops, and I completely fail to keep my eyes on Lila’s face. When I catch myself staring at her breasts, I yank my gaze back up, but it’s too late. She’s clearly noticed my slip-up, and she doesn’t seem too upset about it, judging from her blush.

“So, pancakes?” I stammer, trying to gloss over any awkwardness.

“Yeah, with eggs however you like ‘em, and bacon for me, since I know you don’t eat meat. I thought we’d have breakfast for dinner, if that’s okay.”

“More than okay. Sounds great.”

I take a moment to study Lila’s apartment. It’s a tidy studio, with minimal décor. Posters hang on the walls, and the furniture is simple but serviceable. Table, couch, TV, bed. I live in constant clutter, so I’m slightly in awe of how clean her place is, and I’m

grateful I'm visiting her first. I'll have to clean if she ever comes over to my place, or she'll think I'm a total slob.

"Your place is really nice," I tell her.

Lila twists the ends of her hair with her fingers. "It isn't much, but at least I don't have roommates, right?"

My face heats up. *Does that mean what I think it means? No, Mikey. You're just being a horny pervert.*

"So, pancakes and Netflix sounds good? You can pick what we watch."

I laugh. "No pressure, then."

"Don't worry, I'm easy." Lila's eyes widen, and she adds, "About TV, I mean. I don't care what we watch."

I take a deep breath. From where I'm standing, Lila seems as nervous as I am. Maybe we'll both benefit from getting everything out in the open.

"Look, you've mentioned it makes you uncomfortable when people expect you to, um... act certain ways, because you're a succubus. I just want you to know that I came here tonight to hang out with you. Because I like you. Not because I thought I'd, uh, *get* something out of it."

Lila licks her lips, more of an uncertain gesture than a seductive one. "Since we're being honest, what if I was hoping *I'd* get something out of inviting you over?"

My eyes widen, and my heartbeat pounds extra loud in my ears. Is she serious? Did she invite me for dinner with the explicit intention of seducing me? Because if that's the case, I'm more than willing to let her. I've been thinking about it a lot, if I'm being honest. Probably an embarrassing amount.

My voice borders on a squeak as I ask, “Really?” *Damn it, Mikey. Not sexy at all.*

“Only if that’s what you want, too.” She gives me a hopeful look, adjusting her glasses on the bridge of her nose. “I’m just glad you came over.”

All the heat on my face suddenly drops between my legs. It seems like Lila’s in the exact same place I am, which is a huge relief—and a huge turn-on. Has she really been thinking about me as much as I’ve been thinking about her?

“It’s definitely crossed my mind, yeah. Wanna eat those pancakes and see how it goes?”

Lila beams. “Sounds perfect.”

Feeling much calmer, I let Lila lead me to the corner of her studio that contains the kitchen. It already smells sweet, like pancake batter, and she’s got eggs and milk out on the counter. “Not to sound like a bad pickup line,” she says, “but how do you like your eggs?”

The pancakes are great. Dinner is delicious. Most of all, Lila’s company is amazing.

Time passes quickly, and before I know it, we’ve been hanging out for several hours, watching a nature documentary on the couch. Apparently, Lila’s a cuddler, which I have exactly zero complaints about. It’s so good sharing a blanket together, with her thigh pressed against mine and her cheek resting on my shoulder, and it feels completely natural to wrap my arm around her and pull her close.

“It isn’t fair of these documentaries to get you emotionally invested in a tiny crab only to immediately put it in danger,” Lila protests as we watch our third episode, featuring life in the sea. “It’s like, ‘Look at this adorable baby crab. Don’t you love it and want to protect it? Oh no, here’s a hungry seagull!’ Dick move, director.”

I laugh. “I’m sure it’s for the suspense factor, but honestly, I’d be happy just watching baby crabs crawl around, doing their thing.”

“Exactly,” Lila says. “And I mean, this is Netflix. It’s not like they have to keep the suspense going through commercial breaks.” It’s pretty cute how worked up she is about the crab (which luckily buries itself in the sand before becoming a seagull snack).

“I dunno. There are some advantages to commercial breaks.” Lila looks up at me. “Like what?”

“Haven’t you ever made out with a date during the commercials?” I ask before I lose my nerve. “I thought everyone did that. It’s been a few years, but I remember what college was like, even in Heaven.”

Lila snuggles closer, her eyes brightening with what I can only hope is anticipation. “Yeah, but streaming is still better, because you can pause.”

I suddenly feel warm and tingly, like I’ve downed several shots even though I’m stone cold sober. “... are we? Gonna pause?”

Lila grabs the controller and stops the documentary, shifting against my side. Her face draws closer, but then she pauses, waiting. That moment, with her mouth hovering inches away from

mine, close enough for me to see the way her breath passes between her lips, completely steals the air from my own lungs.

Despite that, I bridge the gap and kiss her.

Lila's lips are everything I want and more. They meet mine in a slow, sweet kiss, which gradually grows more coaxing. She tilts her head and opens, inviting me in. Soon my tongue is in her mouth, savoring her taste. She sucks my lower lip, squeezing my knee as if she needs a source of stability.

It's been a long time since I've kissed someone like this. Since I've wanted someone so fucking badly. It isn't just sexual, either. I want to be close to Lila, to feel the heat of her body against mine, to stay wrapped in the floral scent of her lotion. Those things feel comforting as well as exhilarating, and they make me want to stay as close to her as possible.

Lila shudders and I realize I'm pushing my breasts into her arm. I don't pull back, though. That's obviously the right choice, because she threads her fingers through my hair and takes a gentle fistful to make sure I keep on kissing her.

"This is okay, right?" she asks, barely breaking away enough to whisper the words against my lips.

I groan something that sounds sort of like 'yes'. There's an ache inside me, a hollowness deep within my belly, and being this close to Lila makes it better and worse at the same time. We've only been making out for a minute, and she's already driving me crazy.

We kiss some more, until my lungs burn and my head spins. It's the best thing I've felt in a long time, but it also isn't enough. I need more. I need to feel her. To be closer to her, somehow.

Lila seems to have the same idea, because she slides her hand further up my leg. There's a brief pause in the movement of her lips against mine, as if she's silently asking for permission again. I take her hand, guiding it to my hip. I want her to touch me so badly it hurts.

Before I know it, Lila's lying back on the couch with me on top of her. I don't remember getting into that position, but it feels amazing. One of her legs is wrapped around my hip, with her heel on the back of my thigh. Her hands are in my hair, while mine search for the hem of her shirt.

"Is this—?"

She cuts me off with another kiss.

"Yes. *Please.*"

The fervency of that *please* is all the reassurance I need. I forget about how out of practice I am and carefully lift her shirt, revealing the curve of her belly. Her bare skin is so warm and soft that I can barely stand it. I slide my hands higher, up along her stomach and past her ribs. I'm inches away from her breasts, and I throb at the thought of cupping them in my palms.

Lila arches, encouraging me. "Would you—if you're going to do that... um, my neck?"

In my haze, it takes me a moment to realize what she's asking. When she lifts her chin, I get the message. I latch onto the crook of her throat, not sucking hard enough to leave a bruise, but making sure she feels the heat of my tongue on her skin.

Lila's skin tastes as amazing as it smells. I don't know how to describe it, other than warm and sweet, but I can't get enough. I want to kiss, lick, and suck every inch of her, and take my time

doing it. I tell her so, mumbling my praise into her shoulder. “You taste so good, Lila. I love kissing you. Anywhere.”

She gasps, bucking beneath my stomach. Her pelvis grinds against mine, and I’m suddenly frustrated by the layers of clothing between us. I move my hands higher, cupping her breasts at last. They’re soft and heavy in my palms. Absolutely perfect. “Tell me if you want me to stop, or if I do anything you don’t want—”

“I want,” Lila moans. “Trust me.”

“Okay. I do.” I slide my hands around her torso, searching for the clasp of her bra. Luckily for me, I unhook it without too much fumbling. Once it’s unfastened, Lila raises her arms, and I stop sucking her neck long enough to strip it off along with her shirt.

After draping Lila’s shirt and bra on the back of the couch, all I can do is stare. Her breasts are absolutely beautiful. They’re large and full, with long, thick nipples surrounded by dark emerald areolas, a vivid contrast to her paler green skin. Instantly, I’m consumed with the desire to take them in my mouth and suck. To discover the noises Lila will make when I do.

“Um, Mikey?”

It takes me a moment to realize I’m still gaping. “Sorry,” I rasp, mildly embarrassed by my own voice and how needy it sounds. I might’ve come here without expecting sex, but now I’m dying to touch her. “You’re just stunningly beautiful, is all.”

Lila’s cheeks flush. “Really? Stunning?” She laughs as if she doesn’t quite believe it.

“Absolutely really.” I cup her breasts in my hands, running my thumbs over the stiffened tips. “You have the most gorgeous

boobs I've ever seen. Not that I've seen many, but the compliment stands."

Lila laughs again, playing with the hair behind my neck. "I'm not sure why you haven't seen many, if you sweet talk all the girls like this."

"Only girls I think are really special. Like you."

After I say that, Lila pulls me in and kisses me, devouring my mouth until I forget how words work. I knead her breasts, tugging gently at the tips, shivering as she moans into my mouth. It's just like I thought. Her sounds of pleasure are adorable. Sexy.

Addictive, even. I can't get enough of them.

I tweak Lila's nipples harder, and she rewards me with a delighted whimper, grinding against my abdominal muscles. She's warm even through her leggings, and I can't help but wonder if she's wet, too. Wet for me. I desperately want to find out, but worry that might be too much, too fast.

"Mikey, please." Lila tugs my hair, guiding my mouth back down to her neck. "Will you...?" She bites her bottom lip, looking at me with wide, pleading eyes. Her gaze flicks down toward her own nipples, plump, stiff, and straining against the air.

Thank fuck Lila's making this easy for me. It doesn't take a genius to read her or figure out what she wants, even when her words are a little vague. I slide an arm underneath her for extra support and scatter kisses along her chest, pausing to inhale every once in a while. I still can't get enough of how *good* she smells.

When I finally reach one of her nipples, I blow a stream of air across it. Her eyes roll back, and she tugs my hair harder, though not hard enough to hurt. "*Mikey*."

I pull her nipple between my lips, swirling my tongue around it. She gasps, tensing up beneath me, then melts, pressing her heel even more firmly into the back of my thigh. She starts a steady grind, and I encourage it by moving my hips with hers. Even with our clothes in the way, it feels fantastic.

“Your mouth. It’s—it’s so *good*,” she pants, raking her nails along my scalp. The sensation sends a shiver down my spine, and heat pools between my legs. If I’d had my cock tonight, it’d be bursting out of my pants. As it is, my underwear is absolutely soaked.

If she touches me, which will she want? My dick, or my pussy? Since I can provide either one, I feel more curiosity than worry, although I hope if things continue heading in this direction, Lila will be interested in both. They’re equal parts of who I am, and I’d be disappointed if she only wanted one or the other.

“Oh, *oh!*”

Lila’s cries get louder, more plaintive. I pause, looking up at her with concern, but there isn’t any fear or reluctance on her face, just an open-mouthed smile. Her lashes flutter against her flushed cheeks.

I check in anyway. “You okay?”

“Y-yes. Just. Don’t stop. *Please* don’t stop.” She pulls me to her other breast, rubbing even faster against my belly. To my surprise, I feel dampness in the fabric between her legs. Apparently, her leggings are pretty thin. My clit twitches as I imagine sliding my hand into her panties. Feeling how slick and smooth she is. How hot and tight.

“If you want me to touch you,” I mutter, pausing to tug her nipple with my teeth, “just say the word. I wanna help.”

Lila practically shoves my hand into her leggings, beneath the waistband of her panties. All of a sudden, I’m feeling everything I only imagined before. She’s warm and silky and absolutely soaked, and my fingers slide everywhere as I search for her clit.

Once I find it, Lila goes rigid. Her leg tightens around my hip, and her head lolls back onto the arm of the couch as she lets out the loveliest noise I’ve ever heard. Part moan, part cry, it fills the room as I rub circles over her clit. It’s firm, slippery, and large enough that I feel the shaft twitch as she comes.

To help her through it, I latch back onto her nipple, sucking harder than I’ve dared so far. Lila’s hand leaves my wrist and clutches my shirt instead, fisting it as her hips jerk. More wetness spills over my fingers, and her clit jumps in time with her short, uneven thrusts.

Her motions make me wonder if maybe she needs penetration to finish out her peak. Carefully, I slide my fingers down, circling her entrance slowly so she has a chance to stop me if she wants. She does, closing her legs around my hand and giving an uncertain whimper, the first conflicted signal I’ve seen from her all night.

“Wait...wait...”

I cup my hand over Lila’s pussy instead, applying pressure everywhere. She seems relieved at that, and gives a powerful shudder before relaxing onto the couch. I flick her nipple a few more times with my tongue, enjoying the little slips of wetness that run between my fingers with each aftershock.

“It’s okay,” I say, kissing my way over to her sternum. “I won’t do anything you don’t want.”

Lila takes a loud, shaky breath. “I know. Thank you. For... that was amazing. Just, amazing.” She gives a helpless little laugh, as if she can’t think of anything else to say.

I shift back up along her body to place a close-mouthed kiss on her lips. “Yeah, it was.”

I cuddle her for a minute, just enjoying the way her body feels beneath mine. Occasionally, I allow my hand that isn’t holding her pussy to wander along her side, or even cup one of her breasts. Lila seems to appreciate it, because she sighs happily whenever I do.

“So. Can I, um, reciprocate?” She pulls a face at the word, as if it isn’t what she meant to say.

This time, I’m the one who laughs. I know that awkward feeling all too well, especially lately. “I’d really like that, but only if you want to.”

Lila gazes up at me with half-lidded eyes, running her forked tongue along her teeth. It’s a surprisingly seductive look from someone who was acting so sweet and shy a minute ago, and it sends a lance of pleasure straight through my core. “Ah, about the shape shifting thing. What do you... not that I *care*...”

I lift my eyebrows, grinning down at her. “You wanna know what equipment I’m working with?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Lila insists.

“It’s okay. You can pick, if you want.”

Her eyes widen. “I get to choose?”

“Why not? I like having sex with my pussy and my cock, so...”

“Pussy, please,” Lila says, with audible excitement in her voice. “For this time, anyway. So I’m more familiar with what I’m doing. Because, you know, I have one too—”

“It’s okay,” I tell her. “You don’t have to explain.” I take her hand in mine, guiding it to my fly.

Lila doesn’t waste time. She unbuttons me and peels down my zipper, skimming my lower belly with her fingertips. Her touch is electric, and I hiss as her hand slides into my underwear.

“Wow...” Her eyes widen in what looks to me like wonder. “Mikey, you’re so wet.”

I am. I’m *ridiculously* wet. I can’t remember being wetter. I’m twitching before Lila even touches my clit, and when she does... “Oh, fuck.” My inner walls clench, and it’s all I can do not to come early. Getting her off has worked me up in ways I’m not prepared for. I rock forward into her hand, chewing my bottom lip.

“This is easier than I thought,” Lila muses, still toying with my clit. She milks the shaft between her second and fourth finger, occasionally using the middle one to flick the tip. “Your reactions are really strong.”

At first I think she’s talking about my physical reactions, how wet I am and how hard my clit is, but then I realize what she actually means. “I’m, uh...” It’s difficult to form words while she’s touching me. “Hmm... broadcasting...?” She must mean she can sense my desire, like she did that day in the coffee shop.

“Yes.” Lila cups the back of my neck with her other hand, drawing my mouth back down to hers. “A *lot*.”

We kiss again, and I go to another world. A world where everything is pleasure, and Lila’s the only person there. The only

person that matters. I jerk against her fingers, shuddering with each stroke. My inner muscles throb as I wonder how they would feel inside me. Penetration isn't always my favorite, but tonight, I'm especially ready for it.

"Inside please," I mumble into our heated string of kisses. "Just one?"

Lila obliges immediately. There's no burning stretch, since it's only one finger, but the way she curls it against my front wall adds the perfect amount of pressure. A shockwave courses through me, and I squeeze around her, already pulsing on the edge of my peak.

"You're delicious," Lila says, kissing along my jawline to whisper in my ear. "I can taste how much you like it."

Maybe it's weird, but the thought that she can actually taste my need is surprisingly arousing. Intimate. Like she has access to part of me I've never shared with anyone before. It's sweet as well as sexy, and it makes me want her even more.

"Lila." I clench even tighter, grinding my clit into the heel of her hand. "Need to come."

"Then come," she says, sucking a sensitive patch of skin behind my ear. Her finger curls, applying steady pressure to the perfect spot. "Come all over my hand."

My peak hits before she even finishes her sentence. Every muscle in my body tenses, then relaxes, trembling as I give myself over to pleasure. To her. I squeeze and ripple around her finger, spilling everything I have into her palm.

Lila guides me through it with shallow thrusts, making sure the heel of her hand is at the right angle for me to rub my clit against. I grind and buck until I'm utterly spent, sighing with

relief. I'd never needed to come so badly before in my life, and coming down from it leaves me shaky, but incredibly satisfied.

"You still have all your clothes on," Lila says, sounding more amused than disappointed.

I collapse on top of her, grinning into her neck. It smells faintly of sweat, in the best kind of way. "Sorry. I needed you really bad, I guess."

"Don't apologize. I have my pants on, too. Although..." She nuzzles my cheek with her nose, placing a kiss on the corner of my mouth. "I wouldn't mind getting naked and moving this to my bed. It's probably more comfortable than the couch. Is that okay?"

I grin. "More than okay. But, uh. You're kind of still inside me."

"Oh. Right." Lila pulls out, and I find that I miss the subtle fullness. But that isn't really a problem. When we get to her bedroom, I'm sure she'll make it up to me.