

## The Good, the Bad, and the Sexy

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# **The Good, the Bad, and the Sexy**

by [BlueEyedWolf33](#)

## Summary

A Kinktober 2017 Collection for Jesse McCree and eventually Hanzo Shimada.

Excuse the late start, I'll try to catch up. Tags will be updated as the prompts progress.

## Notes

My Overwatch tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#) if you wanna follow me or come and say hi.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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This is just the list of prompts that I'm using for Kinktober 2017! A few of them are still up in the air and if you have suggestions on which you want, don't be afraid to message me!

I'm also going to be updating the list so that you guys don't have to awkwardly scroll through the entire list to find what you want.

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# Jesse McCree/Reader - Sleepy Sex

## Chapter Summary

First chapter of the challenge! Sleepy sex with the cowboy!

## Chapter Notes

My Overwatch tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#) if you wanna follow me or come and say hi. I legit have like 10 followers (lol).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

With a deep inhale, Jesse stretched leisurely in place, toes popping as he flexed his right foot that lay exposed to the cool air of the bedroom. The comforter had been pulled partially from his form leaving only the sheets to protect him.

Following the trail of fabric, he lazily turned his head and found the culprit of the crime.

You were hogging the blankets, a habit you've had since you were young. They were pulled up tight around you, leaving you a little bundle of warmth and contentment.

*'Damn it all to hell,' he thought. 'She looks too damn precious like this.'*

He could make you out in the low light of the room, the blinds automatically un-dimming slowly as per a request to Athena; a less intrusive and annoying sort of alarm as a whole.

Still, Jesse scooted closer to you, delving beneath the warmth of the comforter so that he could curl up behind you, perfectly conforming to the position of your body. He ever so slightly drew back the comforter to expose more of your face and hair. He only found more signs of your contentment as you continued to snooze peacefully. He couldn't help himself when his lips found the crown of your head, his fingers brushing your messy hair back out of your face.

He smiled ever so slightly down at you.

How he ever managed to find someone like you, he'd never know.

He shifted then, laying his head down to share your pillow, his arm draping itself over your waist as he snuggled into your warmth, the early morning chill of the room easily fought off. For awhile he was content to lay like that, curled around you, your legs and feet warm and

soft against his own. His hand soon found itself trailing up your thigh, calloused fingers tracing up their expanse, over the little divots of your cellulite and stretch marks.

When he reached the band of your panties — lacy, much to his delight — his fingertips just barely delving underneath, he found that his breathing had picked up a little and that he was developing a bit of a... *ehem*, problem in his boxers.

His hands continued upward, though, one of his old t-shirts your choice of bedtime attire. Hell, even *that* was sexy.

His palm continued its path over your belly, taking a moment to trace light circles on your skin there before proceeding up to your chest. He was gentle when he took one of your fleshy mounds into his palm, squeezing ever so softly as he brushed his thumb over your nipple.

Licking his lips, his brow furrowed slightly as he let his eyes slip closed, his lips finding the back of your neck. Laying a trail and working his way to the side, he began to suck gently, his prosthetic arm holding him propped up as his other hand slipped from beneath your shirt and the covers to push the comforter down. Pulling the neckline of the t-shirt to the side, he peppered kisses down your throat to your shoulder.

You felt yourself stir when you felt something digging lightly into the junction of your neck and shoulder. There was also the gentle rasp of what felt like a wiry beard on your exposed skin and blinking blearily awake, you let out a small noise and looked up into warm, tired brown eyes.

"Morning, darlin'."

Jesse smiled down at you and now that he had your attention, he kissed you softly on the lips, body dwarfing your own as he leaned over you to catch your mouth with his. Disregarding the morning breath the two of you had, he lowered his head back down to your neck and nibbled softly again.

"Mmm... morning."

You lay your head back on your pillow a moment, wanting to take a moment to wake up. However, you found the task extremely difficult when the cowboy's hand was skimming up and down your torso, rough callouses catching on your soft skin.

"Is this okay?" He whispered in your ear, breath hot as it ghosted over the shell. You also realized then that he was slowly grinding his hips into your rear, the bulge in his trousers prominent against your ass.

"Mmmm, yeah. That feels nice," you croaked out, voice rough with disuse. His hand, however, just continued to trace teasingly over your skin, moving ever lower.

Your back stretched wonderfully as you arched it as Jesse's fingers delved beneath the band of your panties, your hand joining his beneath the covers to grab ahold of his wrist. For a moment, he thought you wanted to stop but when you slowly ground your hips back against

his, your fingers rubbing up and down the back of his covered hand as he stroked over your folds, he knew that stopping was the last thing on your mind.

Fuck, you were always so wet when you woke up in the morning.

That same hand of yours reappeared and wound itself up into his own messy hair, bringing him down to you as you turned your head for more kisses, soft moans and gasps leaving you between pecks. However, those sweet pecks soon deepened, slow and hot exchanges unfolding as you allowed your tongues to move together languidly.

Both of you were breathing harder now, the air escaping from your noses as you locked lips. Jesse's index finger easily enough found your clit, stroking over the little nub, your hand returning to his wrist to ground yourself against the onslaught of pleasure, your sleepy body slowly waking up.

You made a small noise of disappointment when his finger left you, only for two of them to disappear into your wet hole in one easy motion. The sudden change had you gasping into Jesse's open mouth, back arching once more into the sweet intrusion. Your head fell back onto your pillow as your face scrunched up in pleasure, mouth left open in a loud moan as his rough thumb continued to stroke your clit again.

"Damn, sweet pea. If that ain't the purdiest sight..." Jesse chuckled, continuing to pump his fingers in and out of you.

However, he took a minute to adjust, fingers leaving you so that he could tilt your hip back slightly, your legs falling open further to give him better access to your wet pussy.

"Oh lord, you feel so fucking good, sweetheart. So nice n' tight around my fingers."

His mouth returned to your neck after hotly groaning those words into your ear, his lips sucking at your pulse point as he continued to grind his hard cock against you. You could already feel his pre-cum dampening the material of his boxers.

"Mmmm, Jesse," you moaned, your hand in his hair once more. "Want you."

"Yeah, darlin'?" You could feel that lazy smirk of his against your skin. "You want this hard cock to fill you? Already so needy in the morning?" You bit your lip and nodded almost frantically, grinding down against his fingers as he continued to fuck you with them, his thumb still slowly torturing your clit. He hummed quietly against you, "So perfect and sweet. Couldn't help myself when I saw how purdy you looked."

You could hear how wet you were as he finger fucked you, the wet slicking sounds prevalent despite the covers over you.

"Jesse, baby, please," you whimpered softly, mouth still open as you panted.

"Yeah, I know, darlin'. Alright." Unceremoniously, you threw the covers back off the two of you, the cool air nice on your heated flesh. "Let's get them lil lacy things off you."

Jesse's hand slipped from your slick hole, your wetness coating your skin as he used the same hand to tug your panties down your ass, your own hand assisting him with the front. When you got to your knees, you took over instead, pushing them the rest of the way down your legs so you could kick them off while Jesse handled his own boxers.

Taking hold of your inner thigh in his large palm, he spread your leg back over him, draping your thigh over his hip as your shoulder rested back against his sternum, creating the perfect angle.

The cowboy took a moment to rut against you still, his cock sliding easily between the thickness of your thighs, your skin slick with your arousal. He coated himself in it, taking his cock in hand a moment to stroke it to its absolute fullness before he pressed it against your the entrance of your pussy. Jesse's chest vibrated against your back with a moan as he felt your slit split around his head as he began to slowly press in. He would pause after each inch that he pressed into you, both of you gasping softly as he sunk further into your depths.

Adjusting his hold on you, his patient evidently had run out as he thrust that last little bit into you, bottoming out.

Both of you were left open mouthed at the pleasure and your lips were able to meet as you each took a moment to adjust to the tightness and fullness. Your tongues danced slowly together a moment, hot breaths panted into each other's mouths.

It wasn't long before Jesse began to fuck up into you, hips undulating slowly as both of your bodies continued to awaken, the muscles weak with disuse overnight.

"Fuck, darlin'. I want to wake up every morning like this," Jesse panted against your lips, his prosthetic hand tangling gently in your hair as he kept himself slightly propped up, just a bit of further leverage for him.

The quiet, lax slapping of your hips filled the silence in the room, your moans the accompaniment to the sinful chorus.

Reaching around, you took a palmful of Jesse's taught ass into your palm, squeezing the heated flesh as if to spur him on. The act seeming to work, the cowboy's teeth sunk into your shoulder as he increased his pace, a quiet groan leaving him as you involuntarily squeezed around the hardness rhythmically fucking up into you, the angle causing the thick veins on the underside of his shaft to rub on the front of your walls.

"You close, baby?"

You could only nod your head frantically and whine, almost embarrassed how easily he was able to rile you up so early in the morning. Still, judging how the cowboy himself and how he had chosen to wake you up this morning, you could only guess that he was in a similar state.

His hand was gripping your thigh like his life depended on it and yet he still managed to keep you balanced back on his hip as he reached around to rub at your clit; messy, fast little circles dancing over the sensitive nub. And all too soon, with the assault on your clit and the wonderful length filling you so perfectly, you were dribbling over the edge of ecstasy. Your

crest was long yet satisfyingly sweet as you came, soft, punched moans leaving you as Jesse continued to fuck into your hole, the man swearing as you squeezed down around him, milking him for all he was worth.

Just as you were nearing your own end, Jesse seemed to find his own, his thighs quaking and his hips slamming up into you with a finality that signaled his release, your name and a number of other expletives escaping him.

His hips dropped back to the bed, his length still buried inside of you.

"Holy... shit, darlin'," he panted, chuckling softly as he lovingly slapped your hip, still breathless. "Goddamn! If that ain't one way to wake up!"

"Mmmm, I don't wanna move," you complained, arm shifting to pull your shirt over your head one-handed.

When he saw you struggling, Jesse moved to assist you in pulling the garment over your head, tossing the old thing over his shoulder once you were free. Now both of you entirely bare, your cowboy held you close, his lips pressing lovingly little kisses into your back and shoulder as you lay there as he began to soften inside of you.

Slipping his length out of you, you turned over and instead curled into Jesse's broad chest and shoulder, his prosthetic draping over your waist, already warmed by your combined body heat.

"We don't havta for a couple more hours, darlin'. Evtually, though, yeah," he assured you, his flesh hand brushing its knuckles against your cheek, "But for now, I just wanna lay here with my sweet pea."

You felt your face warm and buried it into his chest to hide the dopey grin on your face. You playfully slapped his chest, "I never knew Jesse McCree to be such a sappy cowboy."

## Chapter End Notes

I appreciate the kudos and comments that you guys leave me! It gives me life! Thanks for celebrating our cowboy (and eventually, archer) with me!

Love,

Blue

P.S. My tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](https://www.tumblr.com/baewatchmccree).



# Jesse McCree/Reader - Dirty Talk

## Chapter Notes

My Overwatch tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#) if you wanna follow me or come and say hi.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*"How's it going, sugar?"*

You shifted in place, taking a moment to pause in your walking as you allowed your head to swivel side to side. You shielded your eyes as you glanced up at the late afternoon sun shining high above you, making you sweat beneath the collar of your jacket.

"As good as it can be going, I suppose," you grunted softly as you hopped down off the boulder you had been standing on. Your supplies rattled a little in the bag upon your back, your hands shifting to adjust the straps to keep them from sliding down your shoulders.

*"That's good to hear. Ya see anything suspicious yet?"*

"No but I've found a few good vantage points for Illia and Tibbers when the exchange happens next week. Plenty of cover but they should still be able to see everything going on. I'll make another sweep tomorrow, though."

The man on the other end of your comms hummed softly, *"Perfect."*

"I've got a bunch of charges I can plant, too, if shit goes south really fast. You never know with these guys and if we'll get our information or not. And I don't need Reyes riding my ass if things do go wrong."

*"You're one of Blackwatch's best scouts. He trusts ya to handle it. We all do. Y'ain't got nothin' to worry about, darlin'."*

You stopped walking at his utterance. You were always worried about what the other agents thought, typically only working alone on your missions to keep suspicions to a minimum. You did a good enough job, you supposed but this new reassurance from the cowboy made pride swell in your chest.

"Thanks, cowboy."

*"No problem, sugar."* You heard something squeak over the comms, Jesse probably leaning back in one of the old office chairs in the directory room. *"Where ya headed now?"*

You hummed a moment, considering your surroundings as you wondered about a haggard looking tree that stood down the way from you.

"I'm going to plant an infrared drone to keep an eye on the area and then head back for the day. I'll take inventory of my charges and our supplies to see if I can make some more if need be."

*"Sounds good."*

You made your way further across the low land of the valley you were scouting, approaching the sad looking tree. Luckily, it had low branches so climbing wasn't difficult and as you braced yourself and leaned back on a thick limb in the crook of a tree, you pulled your bag from your back and opened the little pod with the drone inside. Clicking it on, you also took the small control pad from the case and checked that the battery was fully charged before setting the little inconspicuous drone in a small knot hole in the wood.

*"Hey, darlin'?"*

"Yeah?"

*"I been... thinkin' an awful lot about ya lately."*

"That's nice, Jesse," you said, distracted by the drone as you manipulated the touch controls on the pad, making sure that it was responding to you instructions.

*"Bit ashamed of myself, really. Can't seem ta get ya outta my head."*

"I've been gone less than 36 hours and you already miss me?"

*"Yeah. Somethin' fierce, I reckon'."*

"Well, the exchange doesn't happen for another week and I have to be holed up watching the place until then. Even still, you aren't on the exchange team as is unless you can change Reyes' mind."

The line was silent a long moment and then, in a low voice, *"I think you're underestimin' me, sugar."*

You laughed quietly, stowing your supplies away, satisfied with your work. Climbing back down out of the tree, you jumped the last few feet to the ground, again, landing with a soft grunt.

"Speaking of underestimating you, where is Fisco?"

*"Takin' a break. Poor bud. Barely gets to leave his post when you're out in the field. So I decided ta take over for a bit. Let him get out of the basement for once."*

"And you think you're qualified to be a comms specialist?"

*"Don't go jumpin' the gun now. I got eyes on ya. Communicatin' with ya fine. And I ain't just a one trick pony, ya know? Almost upset you think ol' Jesse can't handle somethin' like this."*

You sighed, "You're right, I'm sorry. I just like having two sets of eyes on me at all times."

*"Like I said, I gotcha. Satellite trackin' like usual. Ain't no different than with Fisco. 'Sides..."* You could hear the smirk in Jesse's voice through the comm, *"You can't tell me that ya don't like me talking in ya ear like this. And I gotta admit, I kinda like spending time with my sweet pea."*

You couldn't help but laugh slightly, "Ah, so that's why Fisco is taking a break...?"

*"Listen, darlin'. We been seeing each other for... what's it been? Closin' in on two months now, I reckon'."*

"Yeah. And somehow we have still managed to keep things quiet. I don't think anyone really knows."

*"Naw, I don't think anyone suspects anythin' yet. And it'll stay like that for awhile. Make things less complicated for the both of us. Still... two months together, darlin'... Nothin' but kissin' n' holdin' hands... this long a dry spell leaves a man awfully thirsty."*

Again, you laughed, "Yes and...?"

*"We ain't never made love before, darlin'. And I... really want to."* You automatically stopped walking, your heart suddenly pounding in your chest at his admittance. *"I really... really want to. I really want ya."* His voice had dropped an octave and his tone had your breath catching in your throat.

Licking your lips, you checked the surrounding area for any other signs of life, finding that you were just as alone as before. "I-I mean, we can talk about it once I get back—"

*"Mmmm but I want you now, sugar. Wanna tell ya all about it. How I want to... bend ya over this station right here so I can spread ya open. See that purdy little pussy of yers."*

"Jesse!" You hissed at him, your eyes going wide, still standing in the same place as before. "This is a public comm link for Blackwatch! There could be other people listening in!"

*"Ain't no one here but me n' you right now. I've gotcha all to myself. Just like I want ya..."* He chuckled softly and then suddenly groaned, his voice strained when he next spoke. *"Makes me fuckin' rock hard in my pants just thinkin' about ya. All spread about before me... Goddamn I bet you're just gorgeous beneath all them clothes. I can't wait ta help ya outta them. See 'em on my bedroom floor."*

"Jesus, Jesse!" You hissed again, feeling something low beginning to burn in your chest. "Of all times to try and start making a move!"

*"I'm touchin' myself just thinkin' about it,"* he moaned softly again. *"I just wanna suck on your nipples and play with yer tits, feel how soft they are in my hands... Mmmmm."* Jesse's breathing over the comm had gone more haggard, soft gasps leaving him before he would hum out another low moan. *"God-fuck! Did ya know how often I get off at night just thinkin' about ya? These two months have been torture, sugar. Yer drivin' me crazy. I need ta have ya."*

"Jesse, please," you whined, feeling your own arousal begin to grow.

*"Do you ever get yerself off thinkin' about me? Fingers stuffed into your purdy little hole, slick running down ya legs as you rub yerself to the thought of us together? Thinkin' about how my thick cock fills you up so nice and full as I drill ya into the bed."*

He moaned once more, a strangled whimper leaving him and you felt yourself grow flustered even more, your face warming. Goddamn it, you were glad you were alone but with how things were progressing... Maybe if you played along...?

"I do touch myself while thinking about you; thinking about what it would be like to ride Jesse McCree," through the comms came a quiet 'Jesus Christ!' and you bit your lip to stifle your own soft groan of arousal. "How gorgeous your brown eyes would look as you looked up at me from between my legs where they're wrapped around your head. I did always wonder what that deep, sexy voice of yours sounded like in the throes of pleasure. How you would sound moaning out my name in the night."

You had heard his breath catch when you were speaking and smiled to yourself, still biting your lip as you felt your resolve crumbling.

*"Darlin'... fucking hell—! I bet you taste so fuckin' sweet!"* He growled low in his chest and you swore you could hear the slick sounds as he stroked his cock. *"Goddamn, sugar. Keep talking like that and I'll have to convince Reyes to come see ya... but I'm a good boy. I can-I can wait. It'll make it all the sweeter when I can have ya all to myself back in the barracks. Show ya some proper lovin' and by the time we're done, you're gonna be the one callin' my name... my cock tearing into your soft walls so hard you won't be able to fuckin' walk. I wanna-I wanna tie ya up and play with you for—ah!—for, huh, hours!"*

He was breathing so hard right now and the idea of the cowboy jerking off in the comms room was enough for you to push your own hand into the band of your pants.

*"And I wanna see yer purdy mouth wrapped around my cock, those perfect lips swollen from suckin' so long. Lookin' so... so fuckin' sexy. Such a needy slut for my cock, mmmm. Wanna... take ya from behind in the public showers, my hand over yer mouth to keep you quiet as you fuck back against me, yer hips sore from where I was gripping ya so hard—fuck it all to hell! God and I can see ya taking my cum so well... your needy pussy tryin' to milk me dry."*

You let your own moan spill from your lips as you rubbed at your sensitive nub, Jesse's strained yet beautiful sounds alone seemingly going to be enough to get you off.

You leaned against a nearby boulder, panting and closing your eyes as you listened as the cowboy continued to jerk himself, "What-What else are ya gonna do to me, cowboy?"

Jesse hissed out through his teeth, a punched gasp leaving him, *"Ohhhh fuck, darlin'. I-I can't wait to show ya. Get back in one piece and I ain't lettin' you outta my bed for a week."*

I appreciate the kudos and comments that you guys leave me! It gives me life! They really mean the world to me and keep me writing this trashy smut. Thanks for celebrating our cowboy (and eventually, archer) with me!

Love,

Blue

P.S. My tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#).

# Jesse McCree/Reader - Toys

## Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

You whimpered pitifully as you did your best to remain still, fingers curling in the sheets beneath you as you felt the toy slowly spread open your slit.

"Shh, it's okay, sugar. Hush now," Jesse cooed from behind you, rough palm on your ass steadying you as he slowly fed the bright purple double ended dildo into unprepared pussy. "Yer doin' so good, baby. That's it. Just relax for me... Just relax for Jesse..."

It was at this point that you were thankful for both natural lubrication as well as the artificial kind, the drag of the large toy inside of you pushing you close to your limit, the stretch burning a moment but it eased the further it sank inside you.

"Yer takin' it so well and we haven't even bottomed out yet. Fuckin' hell, darlin'," he continued to coo, his hand stroking soothingly over your lower back before he dug his fingers into one of your ass cheeks, kneading the meaty flesh hard. Still with a handful of your ass, he pushed your cheek further open so that he could get a better view of the dildo disappearing into your hole. "Jesus. I ain't ever seen anything as sexy."

"M'so full, Jesse... soooo big... It's so big," you babbled softly, shaking your head as you buried your face into the comforter on the bed.

This caught his attention suddenly and you could hear the concern in his voice, "Is it too big? Too much?"

"No, no..." You sighed out as you shook your head, jaw dropping open a moment as he stopped and you clenched down hard on the toy, your walls fluttering around the new intrusion. "It's good just... *big*. Not used to this new toy yet is all."

"Alright. That's good to hear, sweet pea. Had me worried there a second," Jesse chuckled slightly and his thumb reached in and brushed against your wet slit, stretching it out only to watch it snap back into place. "And just think. This has a whole *other* end. Imagine all the fun we could have with it," He hummed and you turned your head to look back at the cowboy.

Jesse was able to look away from his work for a moment, discovering that you were looking back at him already. He smiled down at you yet there was something devious in his eyes, no doubt all the sinful thoughts racing through his mind.

"Maybe fill both yer holes up real nice," the hair smattered across his hot, naked chest brushed tantalizingly against your shoulders as he leaned over you. His large hand ran up your back, rasping against your skin. And then he was murmuring so lowly in your ear, a shudder running down your spine at his tone and sheer closeness. "Or... maybe... one night? We could even *share*. Swallow it whole between the both of us. What do ya think, baby?"

With that he was gone, nails digging lightly into your back as he drug his hand back down so he could continue working the dildo further into.

A look of surprise took over the cowboy's face then, his mouth falling open to moan softly, his eyes flickering back to your face. "It just keeps disappearing, darlin'. *Fuck!* How much more can you take?" You suddenly heard him spit and watched as he slicked up his already throbbing cock, stroking it swiftly a few times.

A low groan vibrated out from deep in his chest as he continued to pump himself, further feeding the large dildo inside of you. You could only kneel there on the bed and take it, feeling the toy spread through your deepest walls until it bumped up against your cervix.

"Ah, there it is. Fuck me, that's purdy, though," the cowboy continued to jerk himself, a choked groan leaving him as he began to fuck his fist. All too soon, he had already worked himself near to completion, the torturous, vibrating cock ring secured behind his balls and shaft buzzing away. "Goddamn, I'm harder than a diamond in an ice storm right now. Who would've thought toys were goin' to be so much fun?"

"Single me already knew that before you—ah!" You cried out as Jesse withdrew the dildo slowly and plunged it back into you. You let out another quiet yelp as he playfully swatted you on the ass.

"Sassy little thing suddenly, aren't ya?" He began to pump it into you in earnest now, your hands tugging harder on the sheets as you struggled to keep yourself still. The slick sounds of him fucking your pussy with the toy joined the choked gasps and buzzing in the quiet room.

"*Ah! Ohhhh, shit.* I'm-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to sass like that," you tried, eyes screwing shut as you buried your face into the comforter. "Hnngh, it feels so good Jesse. Don't stop, please. I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." You began to babble as he continued to fuck you, his cock left unattended again as he braced himself on you so he could bare down more on the dildo.

"You can be such a brat sometimes—"

"Oh, don't act like—*hnngh, ohhhh fuuuuuck!*—like you don't l-love it, though," you gasped out as he continued on earnestly, not bothering to stop to listen to you.

Jesse chuckled quietly, "You're right, I reckon'. Having you under me like this wouldn't nearly be as fun. I know how ta make ya quiet, though." When you turned your head to look back at him again, the man fucking *winked* at you and disappeared from sight.

You couldn't help the loud and needy moan that left you when the dildo was suddenly gone, leaving you feeling entirely empty inside as you clenched down on nothingness, "Jesse...?"

When you went to sit up, raising up on your hands slightly to look back to find the cowboy, your head was suddenly forced back into the mattress, fingers tangled in your hair.

"I didn't say ya could move. Ya just gotta trust me, sugar. I'll make ya feel real good, promise. Just wanna surprise ya a bit."

You thought only a moment, knowing his words to be true, "Okay."

The room was quiet again a moment, the only sound the buzzing of the cock ring louder as the cowboy moved back closer to you, the leaking head of his cock pressing against your ass cheek.

Something was suddenly pressing into your stretched slit again, phallic in shape from what it felt like but with Jesse's cock on your ass and the new cooled material, you couldn't discern what it was just yet. It still filled you nicely—not nearly as much as the double ended monster, though. The material slipped smoothly against your skin like silicone would and as it settled inside you, you hummed, now in a more content state.

When it began to vibrate, you gasped out in pleasure as it seemingly rattled you from the inside out, the motor powerful.

"You like that, darlin'?"

"Ohhhh... *Ohh, fuck* yeah. J-Jesse—!"

"Then you'll adore this," he murmured as he rocked it a little bit back and forth in you, coating it in your juices and what was left of the lube from the other dildo.

True to his word, you were sent reeling when the vibrator started to fucking *rotate* inside you.

Making sure you bit down on the comforter, your thighs shook almost desperately as the pleasure racked through you, the soft silicone stirring around deep inside you and after a moment of adjustment on Jesse's end, it began to rub over a spot you had never felt before. Your jaw fell slack and you were pretty sure you were drooling but didn't care, your mind only focusing on the firm rubbing of the vibrator over that special spot inside of you.

Jesse chuckled behind you, again gently moving the vibrator back and forth to elicit more of a response from you, "You're awfully quiet, like I said ya would be."

You could only whimper and grab harder onto the comforter, your hips rocking back into the toy.

The cowboy wanted to see your face here at the end so he pushed on your hip, having you fall onto your side, too blissed out by the new sensation to really notice. He had you on your back soon enough and Jesse rotated the toy upwards so that the gentle curve of the toy would direct the pressure directly up onto your g-spot when it rotated around.

God, you had just this hazy look in your eye as you let out soft mewls as the rotations continued—increased in speed, in fact. Jesse himself was starting to get impatient, the sweet vibrations of the cock ring driving him to near madness despite that you looked like Heaven



on Earth right in front of him. But he knew for certain that his last gift would help things finish up really quickly.

There was a new, strange pressure building inside of you despite your orgasm and you couldn't put a name on it, having never experienced such sweet friction inside of this spot inside of you.

"F-Feels so good, Jesse, *please*," you whimpered out, your hands now tangling in your hair as you looked hazily between the cowboy and the space between your legs.

"Do you even know what yer begging for, sweetheart?" He chuckled when you shook your head, only knowing that whatever it was was coming soon and you wanted it. "Just ride it out, okay? I've heard it's overwhelming but just let it happen..." He picked up something from beneath the edge of the comforter, a wand—you'd at least seen those before—and you felt yourself clench down on the rotating toy.

If you weren't so hazed out, you would have admired the pretty turquoise color of the wand but instead, you could only focus on the buttons as Jesse pressed down the first one on the handle, the most powerful, standard setting before he lowered it between your legs.

His other hand occupied, he used the silicone head to worm its way between the folds in the hood over your clit until the vibrations were directly abusing the little bundle. You were crying out now, closing in on screaming as he ground the head up and down over your clit, his other hand curling upward slightly so that the toy inside you pressed more firmly on that spot inside of you.

When your orgasm hit you, you were bucking beneath all the pleasure, all of it wonderful and horrible at once. And then there was that new pressure releasing and you finally did scream, the assault on that spot torturous now and you could only register extra wetness on your legs that slid down your slit and over your asshole, onto the comforter.

After another few long minutes of vocalized pleasure and writhing, you began to whimper from overstimulation and were able to weakly reach up to push Jesse's hands away, the man immediately understanding your needs as he removed first the wand and then the rotating vibrator. You fell back to the bed, breathing hard, sweat rolling down your back and between your breasts.

You swore you saw stars your eyes were so tightly shut.

"Holy... fuck," you sighed out, body feeling entirely spent and shaky as you lay there. You were able to lift a hand and wipe some sweat from your brow, grimacing at the hair sticking to your forehead.

"You okay, darlin'?" Jesse's sweet southern timbre broke you from your orgasmic bliss a moment, one of his rough hands stroking your inner thigh lovingly.

You were able to lift your head, blinking at him through the haze and you smiled, "Yeah. What... What was that?"

The cowboy smirked down at you, his one hand stroking your thigh while the other was slowly stroking his leaking cock, "We're gonna have to change the bedding because you just squirted everywhere."

"Oh, God," your hands were immediately covering your face, your eyes peaking out between your fingers to watch as Jesse looked down at your slit, his hand migrating inward until he could lightly press his thumb inside you, your walls slick but still weakly fluttering around the intrusion.

"No, no, sugar. Don't be embarrassed," he said and when you looked back up at his face, the pupils of his eyes were blown so wide, there was only a small ring of brown left around the outside. "That's one of the sexiest fuckin' things I ever seen."

## Chapter End Notes

I am literally dying at your guys' comments. I'm so glad you're enjoying this set of drabbles so far. I was really nervous about writing Jesse, honestly, or just for Overwatch in general. I had only ever done another fic and that was for a Gabe/Reader insert so this was my first venture with Jesse. I was nervous about his dialogue and characterization but we'll see more of that eventually. He's not just a big horn dog/dom figure, I promise.

Again, though, I'm glad that you're enjoying it and despite my lateness, that you're being patient with me and leaving me very uplifting reviews.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Love,

Blue

P.S. My tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#).

# Jesse McCree/Reader - Begging/Grinding/Frottage

## Chapter Notes

My Overwatch tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#) if you wanna follow me or come and say hi. I legit have like 10 followers (lol).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

You looked up from your phone when the door to your room closed, your face hot with a flush of arousal as the cowboy walked further into the room. He took his black hat off and tossed it to the side on the futon in your room, his gloved hand lifting to smooth his hat hair down. He didn't even notice your hand shoved down into your yoga pants as you absentmindedly played with your clit.

"Howdy, darlin'," he said offhandedly, approaching the desk in the room so he could take a seat before it, a holopad already in his hand.

Your eyes narrowed and flickered back to the phone in your palm a moment, "Hey."

Something was very suspicious and yet you didn't want to ask and break the mood of whatever was lingering between the two of you.

The cowboy had been gone the past week for a mission, you having been dispatched a week that before to prep the field and area for his part in it. The two of you had had a few hours that overlapped where you could spend some time together and neither of you could keep your hands off each other for the entirety of it. And then, you went on your separate ways when the time to board the drop ship came, Jesse pulling you aside for half a moment to whisper in your ear, "Don't touch yourself until I get back."

At first, his words had set you on edge and you suspected that it would be a much harder task, usually having some sort of sex either with the cowboy or by yourself nearly every night of the week. However, it didn't seem to be that hard and you found yourself busying yourself elsewhere. There was no extra cleanup before bedtime and you found yourself appreciating that.

Four days had passed without hearing a word or otherwise from Jesse. Four days without masturbating or even touching yourself.

With a casual checkup with some of the comm dispatch agents, you knew that things were still running smoothly and that nothing had gone wrong so you didn't need to worry.

On the fifth day, you started receiving the pictures.

They were entirely innocent: a picture of the landscape out a porthole in the drop ship, the setting sun behind a skyline, Genji holding up a silly t-shirt that said 'Camping is Intents!' with a picture of an assembled tent on the front, a massive hamburger on a plate piled high with french fries and cheese balls. And before your bedtime, a selfie taken in the dark with a flash: a very sleepy looking Jesse snuggled into a plush looking bed, head sunk deep into a fluffy pillow, a small smile on his face and warmth in his eyes.

That picture had had your heart fluttering and a huge smile blooming on your lips, your fingertips tracing the image of the cowboy a moment before you responded with a kissy face emoji before you went to bed.

On the sixth day, things were quiet again for awhile but you did receive more selfies and pictures filled with people: Genji flipping off the camera, the cowboy with his mouth stuffed full of sauce covered pasta as they ate at a restaurant, the downward drop off the side of a building from high up.

However, there were some that seemed to be... less innocent.

Jesse standing in a private hotel bathroom, stubby cigar held in his mouth while one hand held the phone, the other cupped over his crotch through his uniform. The man looking all the world pleased with himself as he smirked at the camera while doing this. The next one was of him divested of all his armor and his cape, a view taken from above. He had his dark green jumpsuit partially unzipped, showing off his vast and hairy chest, still in the bathroom, the cigar still hanging lazily from his mouth.

It was his turn to send back the kissy face emoji.

You weren't sure how to respond or how much longer Jesse would be away on the mission so you just sent back a simple 'Miss you xoxo'.

On the seventh day, Jesse wasn't even trying to be subtle. When you woke up, there was a group of pictures sent to your phone, waiting for you to wake up.

Jesse in the hotel room bathroom again, the mirror foggy and the man in nothing but a white towel wrapped low around his hips, hair slicked back as he flexed for you. The next was the towel just... hanging off his hard dick, showing just how solid he was. The next one was a straight view of his dick, his large hand wrapped around it, the foreskin pulled down and back to show off his glistening tip.

You had just woken up and were already aroused. *Fucking cowboy.*

You responded with three water drop emojis and didn't look at your phone until much later in the day in hopes that you could cool down some after morning training, shower, and then lunch. The need was actually starting to build in you now sitting on seven days untouched and the pretty much pornographic pictures were leaving you on that edge of want.

Later on in the day when you were down in the design lab, alone, working on a new type of explosive charge, your phone pinged with a new message. Or rather, messages.

Another rather dark picture illuminated only by the flash of a camera: Jesse's jumpsuit was unzipped entirely and the band of his briefs was pulled away from his body, revealing his impressive hard-on trapped beneath the many layers of clothes. The first message was from earlier in the day when you hadn't checked your phone.

The next, newer message was a video.

With a shaky breath, you opened the file and hit play.

Again, it was dark but there was light suddenly as he stepped into what looked like a public restroom. Closing the stall door frantically and locking it, you heard his heavy breathing as he fumbled with his zipper. Once getting ahold of it, he yanked it down his jumpsuit and pushed his briefs down as far as he could in his uniform, only to pull his dick out of the tight confines, his throaty moan echoing throughout the public restroom.

You had felt yourself instantly get wet at his sounds of pleasure as you watched Jesse wrap his leather gloved hand around his thick cock, the cowboy frantically stroking himself, his breath catching as he began to viciously fuck his fist. You couldn't look away, enraptured as he began to chase his pleasure, knowing that he was suffering just as much as you, if not more, his sounds another indication of his need.

Knowing Jesse, though, he had probably already gotten off many times in the week he was gone while you were left high and dry.

It's... not like he would know? And you still weren't sure when he was going to be back so... what was the harm?

That's how you found yourself when Jesse was suddenly walking into your room, evidently back from the mission without any forewarning, your fingers sticky with your own wetness from having been playing with yourself as you grabbed hold of the comforter beneath you.

Now, he was just sitting there, seemingly busy with more work already. Leaving you hanging all over again.

It had been awhile since you'd been so sexually frustrated, even back when you were single. You never denied yourself anything ever so this new idea of abstaining... well, *sucked*.

"Jesse...?" You sighed out, biting your lip knowing that you were playing with fire. "I didn't know you were going to be back—"

"No, ya didn't," the cowboy turned around then, spinning in your desk chair to face you, the holopad forgotten on the desk behind him. "And ya don't think I saw ya with yer hand down yer pants like the naughty lil slut ya are." Jesse leaned forward so he could rest his elbows on his knees, taking his gloves off one finger at a time.

Reaching back, he set them on the desk and then regarded you coolly, deciding what he was going to do to you.

"I was gonna come home and give ya the fuckin' of a lifetime, sugar pie, but... since ya couldn't keep your hands outta yer pants for a week... I don't think ya deserve that." He leaned back in the seat then, regarding you with those dark eyes of his, "If ya wanna cum so bad, make yerself." Holding eye contact with him a long moment, you were unsure what to do so you slowly began to move your hand back towards your tights, dipping under the fabric only for the cowboy to click his tongue. "Not like that. Come 'ere."

He pointed at the space between his feet and his voice took on this new demanding quality that had more slick coating your thighs.

You stood up slowly, sliding from the bed, knowing that hesitating would only get you further into trouble. You padded over to him, your bare feet quiet on the cement of the base floor until you stood between his open thighs.

For a moment, both of you were quiet but it seemed Jesse could only resist you for so long, his large hands reaching around to cup your ass, kneading your cheeks hard.

"I missed this ass so much... fuck, darlin'," he clenched his jaw, eyeing you and down as he continued to fondle your ass. However, after a moment he realized something. "You ain't wearin' any panties. Not even yer purdy lil thongs I love so much." The cowboy was suddenly turning you around, pulling your ass back into the bulge in his jumpsuit, balancing you partially on his lap. You squeaked first and then moaned as Jesse was reaching between your legs, cupping your slit through your clothes as he ground his hard cock against your covered ass. It was Jesse's turn to moan softly and curse as his fingers danced over your covered slit, "Ohhh, baby, yer so wet already. Fuck... Show me how much you want it, sweetheart."

With his hands still on your hips, you did as he bade and began to rock and grind your ass against the prominent bulge in his jumpsuit, eliciting soft little gasps and awe-filled sighs as you teased his cock.

"Oh, yeah... just like that, sugar. Mmmm, yer so fuckin' sexy. Yer ass looks so damn delectable in these. I just can't get enough of ya when ya wear 'em." You yelped when Jesse swatted your ass hard, once. The sting only added to your pleasure and you knew that these yoga pants would definitely need washed after this. "But... ya didn't behave. So you're gonna fuck yerself on my thigh and beg me to cum. Ya understand?"

"Y-Yes," you nodded hastily, your pussy already clenching.

"Good. Now get to it."

Jesse guided you to turn around and you quickly settled over his thigh, more than pleased with the idea of finally coming after this last long week. Sighing through your nose, you began to rock your hips back and forth across his thigh, one set of your nails digging into the tough fabric of his jumpsuit while the other braced against the desk behind the cowboy. You could feel your wetness really dampening your yoga pants now.

On a perfect downward stroke, your clit brushed perfectly over the seam of your pants and it had you gasping. However, you bit your lip to stifle your sounds.

"Ah, ah! I'll have none of that. Best get to beggin', sweet pea, if you wanna cum anytime soon."

"Ah-ah! J-Jesse, *mmmhu-ah!*" You tried to swallow your whimpers as you found your rhythm, your clit passing over the seam on each stroke. However, you failed miserably at keeping quiet, the muscular thigh suddenly roughly bouncing between your legs ripping more sounds from your throat.

"I'm sorry. What was that?" The cowboy teased, stilling you entirely for a moment, his hands suddenly on your hips. You whined and writhed in his grip, your hips trying to rut against him more but Jesse held you stock still.

"Jesse-Jesse, *please!*" You begged him pitifully, biting your lip hard as you felt your pussy clench around nothing. "Please let me ride your thigh! Please let me fuck myself on you, *please!*"

"*Oh...*" He cooed, the timbre of his voice lilting softly as he smirked down at you, "Very good."

Jesse allowed you to start back up again, your back arched beautifully as you continued to work your clit against his thigh, the cowboy's roughed hands on your ass and hip, kneading you as he helped to rock you back and forth.

"Goddamn, yer makin' a wet spot on my suit. Ohhhh lord," he moaned out and when you glanced back at him over your shoulder, he had an excited spark in his eye and a dirty grin on his face. "I'll be able to smell you for days. The fabric stained with your juices because of your sweet little, needy pussy," He muttered, eye trained on the space where his thigh continued to undulate up into your heat.

You yelped suddenly when Jesse was lifting and turning you once more, your legs still straddling his thigh as he forced you down to keep riding him, facing away from him now. After resuming your work and finding the perfect angle for your clit again, you hummed low in your throat and then grit your teeth as you ground down particularly hard and then back, your ass brushing Jesse's cock through his trousers.

This time, the cowboy groaned low, hands gripping your hips tightly as he rutted against you a few times himself, trying to relieve some of the pressure in his balls, "Oh, fuck, darlin'. You get me so hard." He growled lowly, lips ghosting down the back of your neck before he was lightly biting you.

And you were suddenly approaching your peak, eyes screwed tightly shut as you began to almost frantically grind, "Hnnngh, p-please let me cum, Jesse."

He let out a low groan, thrusting against you again, hands pulling you hard down onto his thigh, "Oh... *louder!*"

"Ahhh *ah!* Please! Please let me cum, baby! I wasn't touching myself just before you got back, please! I need it... I need you... Ohhhh, Jesse, please!" You cried out, rutting hard against his thigh in desperation. His hands reached around and squeezed hard at your breasts,

kneading them in his grip. "Ahh! Oh, fu-fuck! McCree!" One of your own hands was braced against his thigh, the other tangled in his shaggy hair as you continued to fuck yourself on the now sodden cloth of your yoga pants, your pussy lips sensitive from the rasp of the rough fabric.

"Go on then, sugar bean. You've been a good girl. Cum on me. Cum like the lil needy slut you are." He commanded and, at his word, you felt yourself tipping over the edge. Throwing your head back, you let out a shrill cry as you felt your walls clenching down hard around nothing, Jesse swearing and gasping softly as he continued to bounce you up and down on his slick thigh, your sounds only further spurring him on.

Fuck, this last week was near impossible without you. Maybe you two needed to work on that.

## Chapter End Notes

Ahhh! Thank you all everyone who left lovely words of encouragement and love on this fic! I'm slowly gaining confidence writing Jesse and it's becoming easier. Seriously, though. All your encouragement and kudos keeps me writing this fic. You have no idea how much I appreciate it.

We got another glimpse into McCree's more dominating nature but again, it'll be his turn to be more needy soon.

Also, be aware that I've taken some more thought into the list and rearranged things a little bit so I don't have too similar stuff two days in a row to keep things interesting. If you have any other suggestions that I can add to the list, don't be afraid to hit me up with them. I want to be able to incorporate Hanzo into this story earlier, too, so it's not just Jesse so I've moved up the threesome chapter earlier in the fic.

Fear not, though, after the threesome chapter, there will be still be individual chapters with either of the boys (or both in a lot of cases) so you can look forward to that.

Thanks again, guys <3

Love,

Blue

P.S. My tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#).



# Jesse McCree/Reader - Body Worship

## Chapter Summary

Hey, sorry this is getting out a day late. I was super busy yesterday and couldn't write so I'm another day behind. Just bear with me please as I try to stay on track.

## Chapter Notes

Also, I told you not so dommy McCree was coming and here it is... Also sorry kinda for the angst and feels?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

You walked quietly down the hall, adjusting your heavy pack over your shoulder as you walked down the buildings of the newly reformed Overwatch base at Watchpoint Gibraltar.

Before the fall of the organization, you had visited the base a few times, mostly on business while reporting in on joint covert operations between Overwatch and Blackwatch. Reyes didn't have any problem renting you out to them so it seemed, your skills far surpassing those in your sister organization. Even despite his cowboy protege's mild protesting.

For the last few nights, you had been collectively sleeping in the public barracks on the northern end of the point while Winston was still organizing everyone and planning sleeping arrangements. Minutes ago, you were just sent your new room assignment and had packed up what few things you had taken out of your bag.

On your way up out of the barracks, you took a moment to relish in the familiarity of your surroundings, finally feeling home again after six long years. A lot of your friends and colleges were here and you were very happy to see them once more.

You had damn near held onto Genji for a solid hour without letting go when you first recognized him at the front gate.

Now, here you were, on your way down to the southern end of the watchpoint, one earbud in your ear, music playing from your phone as you strolled along at a leisurely pace. Just enjoying the peacefulness and the idea that you were safe and didn't have to keep looking over your shoulder at every turn. Despite the fact that you still kept looking. Just in case.

Regardless, the peace was heavenly and just as you were to turn the corner you heard it. The soft tinkle.

Pausing a moment, you waited, turning your head back ever so slightly to better hear. And it came again. And again. Set at the steady pace of walking and you felt your heart thunder with excitement.

Because you knew the soft tinkle of jingle bobs on spurs. Knew they were attached to boots. Knew that those boots were attached to a cowboy. And you only knew one cowboy.

You were dropping your bag before you even turned back to look, so many emotions overwhelming you at once. You yanked the earbud out of your ear and dropped it on your bag as well.

You hesitated a moment longer, listening to the sweet jingle as it echoed throughout the watchpoint buildings, so many memories of late nights and early morning woken by those soft bells. The reassurance they brought because you knew you were safe.

Tears were already forming in your eyes when you did turn around, your hands shaking and palms sweaty.

He was humming quietly to himself as he strode along, his own pack thrown lazily over his shoulder as he gazed around at the surrounding base, having just walked in through the front doors.

"J-Jesse?" You called out, your voice coming out softer than you originally intended. You were just so... overwhelmed.

It didn't seem to matter that you had spoken so quietly because the cowboy stopped, his eyes immediately finding you. The cigar in his mouth fell to the ground.

"Wh-What in tarnation...?" He took a few more steps forward, just as bewildered as you, so it seemed. "...Sugar bean?"

You were running at him before you even realized it, tears stinging your eyes and blurring your vision as you raced back across the campus dividing you two.

His own bag falling to the ground like yours had, you knocked the air from your lungs as you slammed into him, unthinking and uncaring of the armored plate covering his torso. Immediately, your arms were around his neck and Jesse's were tight around your waist and back. Both of you were clinging to each other for dear life, as if either of you let go, the universe would find another way to separate you again.

You weren't sure how long you had been standing together, entangled in each other's bodies. Both of you were physically shaking in each other's arms, too overwhelmed with emotions to do much else.

"Oh my lord," Jesse ground out, his grip on you still just as intense. His face was in your hair and neck, your own mashed almost desperately into his shoulder and the worn red sarape he was wearing. "I didn't think I'd ever see you again, baby." His rough hand was rubbing up and down your back through your new uniform shirt, your own fingers playing with his shaggy

hair in an attempt to calm yourself. You were failing miserably. "God, I've missed ya so damn much, darlin'. More 'n you'll ever know."

"I m-missed you, too," you squeaked out, holding him closer, the tears running freely down your face now and were staining his sarape. "So... so much, Jesse," you sobbed out.

Trembling lips pressed into the side of your head, kissing your hair. He didn't say anything else. And neither did you.

Both of you stood there and simply sobbed into the other's clothes and neck, all the weight the two of you carried through the world all these years suddenly gone after finding each other.

---

A few days had come to pass after Jesse's arrival to Watchpoint Gibraltar.

Winston, upon hearing the news of Jesse's return to Overwatch for the recall, had nearly automatically placed the two of you together in the same room for the sake of saving what limited space you had on the point. Neither of you had protested one bit in the slightest; you had both been about to request for those arrangements anyway before Winston issued it.

Now, you got to wake up next to the cowboy everyday, the mornings quiet due to the lack of activity for Overwatch thus far, waiting for more members to answer the call and arrive.

Never before had you felt so happy, once more getting to wake up Jesse McCree's arms, rough hand stroking your face, his brown eyes shining with just as much bliss as you felt.

*"I never thought I'd git to wake up next to ya again, sweetheart,"* he would whisper to you every morning since your reunion, teary-eyes and smiles shared between the two of you.

The days were just as slow as the mornings but you were falling back into the old habits of the way things had once been: setting up missions, training recruits, organizing the base, always checking for more responses from other Overwatch agents.

It was strange to say that you were ready to get back out into the field, to be working once more. After all, with the new threat of Talon looming over the world, you were needed once more and had to answer the public's call.

However, now, it was later at night and you had finished with your duties for the day, as one of the more senior members of Blackwatch and Overwatch that had responded, you had been loaded down with quite a few responsibilities, as had Jesse. With the influx of new activity on the base, you hardly saw each other save for in the morning, maybe at lunch, and depending on when you went to bed, at night.

There had hardly been anytime to spend together but eventually, when Jesse caught you in the dinning hall at dinner, smirking and winking at you, as he spoke to Winston and Ana, you felt an unexpected spark of pleasure coil in your stomach.

Oh... lord.

When had it been since you had last touched yourself? Let alone masturbate?

You literally couldn't remember, it had been so long. Being on the run for the better part of the last five years, let alone separated from Jesse due to safety issues and whatnot, you couldn't remember even having sex with another *human*. It had just been you and even then, it had sessions few and far between.

But now... with your sexy cowboy back and smirking at you like he had intentions... *fuck*.

You could already feel yourself getting wet.

You were going to ride that cowboy into the fucking sunset if he didn't wipe that damnable smirk off his face.

---

When Jesse got home, you were already waiting for him, sitting on the couch in nothing but a black bra and panties to match. Your arms were draped along the back of the sofa and you turned your head to eye up the unsuspecting cowboy who had since stopped dead in his tracks just inside the door.

He whistled low after he regained a bit of his senses and you felt your face warm up, admittedly a little self-conscious as you sat bared before him, aware of all the rolls, stretch marks, and cellulite now spanning your body. As you aged, you had grown softer around your middle due to the lack of extreme training and exercise you were subjected to during your time in Blackwatch. Even then, you had still been on the chubbier side but since your work was never overly taxing, you could get away with being a little thicker than most.

"Well, I'll be damned..." Jesse clucked his tongue, toeing off his boots at the door before he walked further into the room eying you up and down with suddenly hungry eyes. "If you ain't the purdiest sight I've seen in a long while."

"Such a sweet-talker, even after all this time." You twirled your loose hair around your finger, biting your lip playfully as you demurely patted the cushion next to you.

Complying readily, the couch shifted a little when Jesse dropped his tired self onto it and you couldn't help yourself. You were immediately crawling into his lap, straddling his waist and taking a seat there.

"I'm sorry I don't have any special lingerie for you. I didn't take any with me when I bolted when the UN illegalized us," your hands lifted to his chest and ran up and down his pecks, appreciating his warmth. Moving them higher, you lightly scratched your nails against his neck and the man seemingly purred beneath you, hands resting on your hips. They kneaded your sides, appreciating your bared body and the new softness they found on your sides.

Lifting the edge of the big brown cowboy hat from his head, you pulled it off of him and tossed it to the floor as you dipped forward and gave Jesse a soft kiss. The cowboy met you almost eagerly to deepen the careful peck a little with a few more gentle presses to your lips before pulling back to speak against your mouth.

"That don't matter. As long as I get to see ya naked, I don't care what yer wearin', baby."

Both of you smiled against the other's mouth, your hands now tangling in his hair as you began to rock and grind slowly against each other. Soft moans and gasps escaped both of you, your foreheads now pressed together as the lazy gyration continued, both of you now easy to work up, evidently.

Your hands were working on the buttons on his flannel shirt, eager to bare the cowboy and drink in his handsome body. Jesse continued to knead at you, his hand easily undoing the clasp of your bra so he could pull it from your shoulders and toss it over to the side as well, the undergarment landing skewed atop his hat.

He let out an appreciative hum and cupped your breasts, the cold shock of his prosthetic hand causing you to gasp but no doubt arch into his touch. Fuck, you forgot how much you loved it.

His lips had also begun their assault on your neck and shoulder, his beard a delightful rasp against your skin as you continued to grind against him, entirely blissed out from his sinful treatment.

Still working downward, when you reached about the fifth button, however, Jesse was taking your wrists into his hands, your breasts left unattended. You whimpered pitifully with disappointment and struggled in his grip to reach the buttons once more. The man's mouth sealed over your own when you were ready to pant and ask him to take his shirt off.

Thinking nothing of it, you relaxed a moment and just enjoyed his talented ministrations, his tongue just as skilled as it used to be as it curled and rubbed against your own.

"Mmm, I wanna see you," you pulled back and gasped out breathlessly, eyes still shut and a low moan escaping you when Jesse gave a particularly hard and slow grind up into you. "Please, I wanna see you, Jesse. Wanna see you when I ride you into the mattress."

You tried to pull out of his grip again but found that it was too strong and withdrawing out of your hazy mind a moment, you pulled back entirely and looked at the cowboy, confused.

"Naw, that's alright, darlin'. You ain't gotta see me. Just let ol' Jesse make ya feel good," he purred, his dark eyes blown wide with arousal and yet, there was something out of place there. Some flicker of worry... of doubt.

Stopping entirely now, you were frowning at the man as your eyes flickered down to his chest and back up to his face.

"Why? Did you get a new tattoo or something? Because I don't care if you did, you know that. I mean... unless it's some other woman's name or something and then I'll be pissed..." You trailed off, entirely joking as you raised your eyebrows.

However, when Jesse didn't respond to anything you said, you began to worry. You were off his lap as quickly as you had climbed on, standing before him on the couch, your arms over your chest to shield yourself.

"Oh my God... you didn't—"

"Now, darlin', just listen. It ain't what ya think."

"Then what is it? Hmm? Were you drunk when you got it? Did you even end up taking her home or—?"

"I just said it *ain't* what you think—"

"Then what *is* it, Jesse? Because if it *isn't* what I think it is, then what is it? What's got you so spooked that you can't even take your damn shirt off?"

For a moment, the cowboy was quiet, sitting before you with a tent in his trousers and a surprisingly sullen and nervous look upon his face. He reached up and scratched the back of his neck as well, his eyes low so as to not meet your gaze.

"I ain't..." He began but trailed off shortly after, huffing softly to himself as if unsure of his words. "Darlin', I ain't the man I once was. I'm older now n'... I don't have the body I used'ta. Not all slim and trim. Muscles n' all that. And I know how much you liked me like that, always sayin' how handsome and sexy I was. I know you ain't gonna like what'cha see now. Reckon' I'm just a fat old man now who ain't very purdy to look at."

"Jesse..." you said softly, your heart beginning to break.

"N' look at ya. Yer just as gorgeous as the day I met ya."

"Oh... Jesse, please," you cooed, eyes sad as you were suddenly kneeling down at his feet. You rested your head on his knee and looked up at him and the broad expanse of his chest, how deliciously hairy he still was. "Just because you've put on a little weight doesn't mean I don't still think you're the most handsome man I've ever met. That doesn't change that I still love you with all my heart."

For a moment, he considered your words, staring down at you and he was taken aback at the adoration he saw in your eyes. Reaching up, he cupped your cheek, his rough thumb brushing over your cheekbone lovingly before he brushed the backs of his fingers against it.

"My perfect lil angel..." He whispered, a small smile curling at the corner of his mouth as he admired you even now.

You reached up and took hold of his hand, bringing it to your mouth so you could kiss the palm. You then twined your fingers together and gave his a gentle squeeze of reassurance, "Come on. Let me show you how much I love you, baby. No matter what you look like."

Standing up, you tugged at the cowboy's hand and he hesitated a long moment before giving into your imploring look. Leading him by his hand over to the bed, you stopped at the foot of it and released him so you could cup his face and kiss him softly on the lips. This he was comfortable with and rested his hands back on your hips, keeping you close as you continued to kiss him, your tongue running playfully along his lower lip but before you could deep your exchange, you were moving on.

Kissing down his chin and jawline, you nuzzled against the flesh of his neck, your breath hot on the skin there. You began another trail of soft kisses down the bared expanse, you moved until you ran out of skin.

Reaching again for the buttons, you felt Jesse stiffen but he didn't try to stop you this time. A heavy breath escaped him as you continued your ministrations, each button slowly coming undone in the process. Once they were all open, you reached inside and ran your hands along his stomach where his abs once were. Just as he had said before, you were a bit disappointed to not find the same taught muscles before but that didn't dissuade you from continuing on, also enjoying this heated softness you were finding in place of the hard flesh.

"So soft and warm for me," you cooed, your hands trailing upward once more to push the flannel off his shoulders, the fabric falling to the floor with a quiet sound. You took a half step back to admire him and you felt your mouth water; despite Jesse's change, you still found him irresistible. This new, matured body was doing so many things for you and you wanted the cowboy to know that. You let out a hum of appreciation, "Such a gorgeous man you are, Jesse McCree. And I get to have you all to myself."

You reached down and undid that dumb belt buckle of his, having gotten it for him for his birthday as a gag gift a few months before the fall. Unbuttoning his worn jeans was strange to you; when was the last time you had undressed someone with pants? Jesse had to be the last but even then... he almost exclusively wore his jumpsuit or sweatpants...

"I'm all yers, darlin'," he breathed as he watched you work, his accent thicker. "Only yers." His pants and the belt buckle clanked noisily to the ground around his ankles and he kicked them away like second nature.

Once more humming, you trailed your lips down his neck and torso, between his hairy pecks and over his tummy, leaving goosebumps in your wake. Your hands had also followed your path, rubbing and squeezing at his sides and the new softness. Kneeling before him, you began to tug his briefs down his legs, stopping only a moment to kiss the head of his cock through the silk fabric. Despairingly enough, he had gone a little soft in his pants, no doubt from the humiliation he was feeling while talking about himself earlier.

However, the cowboy gasped like a man crazed at your actions and you wondered how long it had been since he'd been with someone else.

Freeing him from the confine of his clothes, you threw his underwear over your shoulder and remained where you were. Half of you just wanted to stay where you were, his heavy, half hard cock just hanging in front of your face. You wanted to feel its weight on your tongue and suck him off until he came all over your face. However, this wasn't about that.

This was about showing Jesse that he was still a beautiful man and that no matter how much he changed, you still loved him more than anything in the world.

Again, you stood and now entirely bare before you, the cowboy still looked nervous.

"Lay back on the bed, please," you said softly, your hand resting on his chest a moment.

With his gaze still lowered, Jesse moved and you couldn't it as you admired his ass as he climbed onto the bed. God, you loved it both now and then. Nothing had certain changed in that aspect. It still looked taught and bitable despite how the rest of him had aged so beautifully.

When he had laid down, his dick standing at attention between his legs, you stepped out of your underwear and joined him, the mattress shaking with your arrival.

You chose to sit yourself there a minute, between his spread thighs, just admiring the view. However, Jesse soon got squirmy and lifted his head and you could see the heat warming his cheeks when he realized you were just staring at him.

"W-What?"

"Nothin'," you shrugged, raising up onto your knees, your hands rubbing up and down his long legs a moment. Scooting closer to him, you lightly scratched your nails up his thighs and he shivered, "Just thinking about how you said I was the prettiest sight you had ever seen when you should really look in a mirror once in awhile."

The cowboy scoffed, "Stop it."

"Why?" You lightly massaged his thighs, thumbs digging lightly into the muscles you found there. Bending down, you began to kiss his thighs, your face coming dangerously close to his cock which twitched with want. "I'm just speaking my mind. And the truth. You're still so goddamn sexy and the most fuckable man to ever walk the Earth." Moving on, however, Jesse huffed in disappointment when you moved further up and straddled his stomach, instead taking your time to pepper his chest with kisses again.

He gasped and his legs twitched when you took one of his nipples into your mouth, his back arching slightly off the bed. His hand was in your hair keeping you there while his cold prosthetic rested on your back, scrambling for purchase. After sucking a long moment, you released the rosy little bud and kissed it, another pleased sigh leaving the cowboy.

"I just wanna kiss every inch of this perfect body of yours. Show you how much you mean to me," you murmured into his flesh, placing kisses along his sternum between words. "I want to worship such a big, gorgeous man."

Reaching down, you took hold of his wrists and raised them over his head, your fingers twining together. You pressed yourself fully against him now and the man hummed at the feel of your soft chest against his own, how your tummies rubbed together when you slowly kissed, your tongues mingling lazily.

"Let me take care of you," you whispered against the cowboy's mouth, his eyes having fallen shut during your kiss.

You scooted back then, Jesse's legs spasming once more in pleasure when you accidentally bumped his cock. He let out a soft groan and you couldn't help the pleased smirk on your face when you took him into your hand and gave him a few tentative pumps before you lined him up with your entrance, already slick with arousal.



You both let out what felt like near deafening moans as you sunk down onto his hard length, the sudden stretch and your unintentional celibacy nearly breaking you both right there and then. God, it felt so fucking good.

"You have such a pretty and perfect cock, baby. It feels so thick inside of me. I can't get enough of it... enough of *you*," you panted out, brow furrowing as you ground down hard on him. Jesse threw his head back, gasping out at the deliciously sinful sensation of your walls moving back and forth over his shaft, how tight they were around him. "Does that feel good?"

"Oh... Oh so damn *good*, sugar," he panted, licking his lips as he began to slowly match your grinding despite the fact that he just wanted to pin you down and fuck you until he came.

"That's good. I want you to feel good, Jesse. And I want you to know how perfect you look underneath me, filling me so perfectly with your big cock." You began to bounce on him then, your own patience beginning to wear as your need grew. "Fuck! *Ah—!*"

"Holy shit!" He panted, feet planting onto the bed so he could fuck up into you, "Darlin'!"

"Jesse... Jesse look at me," you breathed, moaning softly as you two continued to bounce. Sure enough the cowboy was able to lower his head and when he opened his eyes, they were blown wide with lust. "I l-love you. You're the best thing that e-ever happened to me."

"Huh, ohhh, fuck!" He gasped, eyes shutting a moment to thrust hard into you but he was desperately tearing them open again to look at you. To watch how your tits bounced as you fucked. "I love ya, too, sugar bean. So, so fucking much—ah!"

"I know we're both close," you panted, reaching down to rub your clit. All of it was too much and you were teetering on the edge already. Any other time you would be ashamed how horny you were but your mind was occupied elsewhere. "Cum for me, Jesse. Fill me up with your cum. Coat my walls with your load."

Jesse let out a choked breath at your words, eyes wide and brown furrowed as he rushed towards his release.

The sweet little sounds of pleasure he was making was enough to drive you to your own end, which seemingly brought on the cowboy's own. With your walls squeezing down on him, you milked his cock of all it was worth until your orgasm subsided.

Collapsing onto Jesse's chest, both of you were overheated but you didn't care; you just wanted your man to hold you close and bask in the post-orgasmic haze surrounding you. You could feel cum dribbling out your slit while you two lay there, limbs entwined together, your labored breathing still filling the quiet of the room.

Turning your head, you nuzzled into his neck, placing a single kiss there as you whispered your words, "I love you, Jesse McCree. And I don't care what time or life does to change us, you'll always be the man I fell in love with. And don't you ever forget it."

You felt his own face in your hair then, laying a kiss there, "Thank ya so much, darlin'... n' I won't. Promise with all my heart."

## Chapter End Notes

I appreciate the kudos and comments that you guys leave me! It gives me life! Thanks for celebrating our cowboy (and eventually, archer) with me!

I'm going to apologize, however, and say that school is kicking my ass right now. Just October in general is an unfortunately busy time for me so just... bear with me on these updates. They're getting out later than I want and not happening everyday but I promise I'll get them done.

Thanks again.

Love,

Blue

P.S. My tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#).

# Jesse McCree/Reader - Double Penetration

## Chapter Notes

My Overwatch tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#) if you wanna follow me or come and say hi. I legit have like 10 followers (lol).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Jesus, darlin'," Jesse murmured behind you, eyes focused in on your puckered ring as he watched the toy slowly disappear inside you. He glanced up at you where you sat kneeling on the couch, your forearms resting on the fluffy arm rest. Your back was arched prettily, lifting your ass into the air as you breathed deeply, trying to relax.

Your old purple silicone vibrator was slowly being eased into the tightness of your ass, lube collecting around the rim as the cowboy continued to press slowly. Having experimented a few times with anal penetration, you knew how to handle the whole procedure; lots of lube, breathing, and relaxing. The toy was only about two of your fingers wide, if even that and with some deep breathing and relaxing your muscles, there had been very little pain or even uncomfortableness in the beginning.

Reaching the widest point of the toy, however, had you arching your back more, brow furrowing as you held fast to the arm rest. A soft moan escaped you as the sheer feeling of your ass being spread open further stirred something in your gut. Biting your lip, you looked back at Jesse over your shoulder.

Sensing your gaze, he looked up and away from his work, licking his lips in want as the sheer need was suddenly so evident in his dark eyes.

"How does it feel?" He asked, his accent thicker as he continued to push it inside you. "It's not too much?"

"Oh, fuck no," you shook your head. "I've had this inside me before back before we started dating. This is fine... I already feel so full." Sighing out blissfully, you rolled your hips back, swallowing more of the vibrator, eyes flickering back up to look at the cowboy.

The hand not manning the toy reached up from where it had been resting in his lap as he knelt behind you as he worked. He rubbed your ass appreciatively a moment, kneading it before he took a handful of it and pushed it to the side so he could get a better view of your hole.

"I'll be damned..." He breathed, his thumb rubbing your ass. "God, yer making me so hard, sugar. Takin' it so easily." He hissed out, pushing it further inside of you until your ring pressed up against the little rippled bumps at the base. Closing your eyes, you tried to relax further, sighing as you let your head fall forward to hang between your shoulders.

There was the click of a cap however before fresh, cold lube was dribbling down over your ass and the toy, making you seize and clench up a moment. However, despite the chill, it caused you to clamp down on the toy inside of you, the rigid feel of the silicone spreading your walls making you moan again.

"Just... a little... more," Jesse hummed, spreading the lube and then twisting the toy slightly, his free hand rubbing your lower back in an effort to soothe you. There was some resistance, as there always was when you experimented but with some careful manipulation and change of angle, you felt the toy finally slip fully inside of you, leaving only the end with the vibration controls out. "Ah, there it is. That's my good girl."

At that little bit of praise, you felt your pussy clench, a nerve struck inside of you.

"Spread open and so perfect for me. I can't wait to fill ya right up, darlin'. Fill both yer purdy holes up." He cooed, giving you a short moment to adjust before he was slowly pulling the toy out of you away before pushing it back in, slicking your hole up further.

He took his time loosening you up as your insides relaxed around the intrusion, fucking the toy slowly in and out of you as he continued to rub your back. Eventually, however, he reached around and underneath of you, pressing his chest against your back as his fingers sought out your clit. His cock was hard against your ass cheek and when he began to roughly rub your sensitive bundle, you cursed softly and rolled back against the toy and into his teasing fingers.

Jesse was breathing hard against the side of your neck as he minutely rutted against you, more focused on fucking your ass and rubbing your clit. His lips lazily trailed across your shoulder, breathing curses into your skin as he listened to the slick sounds of his rubbing, felt the resistance in your ass as you clenched down on the vibrator.

God, it was so sexy how you moved so sinfully beneath him, desperate for his attention. You were also making the sweetest little noises, your mouth hanging open as you openly moaned and cooed in bliss.

Stopping his rubbing, he leaned back slightly and instead pressed his fingers to your pussy lips, tracing over them, swearing.

"Yer so fucking wet, baby. Such a needy whore," he growled out, two of his fingers pressing easily into your pussy. "Such a sloppy little cunt, too. Just beggin' for my cock." Bending forward, he kissed at your lower back, his fingers now fucking into you as well. "Ya just can't get enough of just one cock. Ya need both yer slutty holes filled at once. That's what ya want, ain't it?"

Biting your lip, you nodded your head, a low whine leaving your throat when he twisted his fingers and started rubbing at your front walls.

"I wanna hear ya say it, sugar," he growled. "Tell Jesse what ya want."

Another whine escaped you as he continued to abuse your front walls, a moan leaving your lips the instant you opened your mouth to answer.

"Ah—! P-Please fuck me," you whispered.

"Gotta be more specific. What do ya want me to do?"

"Hmmmnngh... I-I want you to — ah! — f-fuck my pussy with your cock... and... and k-keep fucking my ass with the toy." The grip your hands had on the arm rest was discoloring your knuckles as you tried to rock back against his ministrations, both holes dripping with slick now. "P-Please, Jesse. I want you so, so bad. Please."

"If ya keep beggin' like that like the little cock slut ya are, yer gonna finish things before we even get started," Jesse chuckled, groaning though when he rutted against you in his own desperation. "Goddamn, sugar. I can't wait no more. I need to be inside ya."

You could only whimper and nod frantically, another needy squeak leaving you when the cowboy pulled his fingers from you. The blunt head of his hot cock pressed against your pussy lips and when his girth between to split them, twin sounds of ecstasy erupted from the both of you.

Throwing your head back, Jesse's hardness slipped easily inside of you, the way eased by your slick until he was fully seated inside you. A choked gasp left the man behind you, one hand on your ass holding the vibrator inside you while his other gripped the back of the couch.

"Ahhh... darlin'... *Jesus*," he breathed, giving a few experimental short thrusts to see if he could fit more of his cock inside of you. He knew he would fit, your pussy walls just needed to relax inside and allow him in deeper. "Yer so goddamn full... Fuck... Think if this were a real cock in ya?" He finally paid attention to the toy, sawing it in and out of you once more.

When he paused a moment, it was just to click on the vibrations and both of you swore loudly when they started. Against your will, you were bucking back against the sweet buzzing length inside of you, both sets of walls clenching down on the intrusions inside you.

Hissing through his teeth, Jesse clicked on the second button and the vibration pattern changed from a solid buzz to stronger, more intermittent patterns. He found one that would buzz up and down the length of the toy before settling back at the base a moment and he moaned *himself*.

"Oh, fuck me, I can feel 'em, too," he breathed out as he began to slowly pump himself in and out of you. "It's ticklin' my balls... Oh... *baby* —Ah! This-This was the best idea ya have had yet, darlin'. Ooooh, *Lord*."

With both hard lengths inside of you, you were already on the verge of orgasming. Just the thought of how full you were... how deeply both cocks were in you. When you clamped down hard on them both and felt their hardness inside, it caused you to tumble over the edge with a soft cry.

But with how much prep you had done to get to where you were, you knew you were far from stopping.

Jesse swore behind you but regardless, he kept fucking you through your orgasm, the vibrator stationary in your ass feeling as though it was moving in and out of you because of the rumbling vibrations. You collapsed forward, your face resting against the arm rest as you panted into the fabric.

"I can-I can feel it inside you, against my cock," he panted, stilling inside you a moment to grind deeply into you instead. His other hand now rested on your hip, holding you steady as he continued to thrust, mindful of the controls of the vibrator. After all, the last thing he wanted was for you to get hurt.

"How does it f-feel knowin' you got two cocks fillin' both your purdy holes?" He started chuckling slightly but ended on a hissed out swear as you spasmed around him again in the aftershocks of your climax. "Or is that not even enough for ya? Huh? I bet my little cock slut wants another purdy dick in her mouth. That would be a shame, though. I couldn't hear on them noises yer makin'."

"Ohhh, oh, fuck... Jesse—" You whined, weakly thrusting back against him, working yourself up towards another orgasm. "You feel extra b-big like this. Like you shouldn't be able to even fit, hmmmmn."

"Ahhhh, yeah, darlin'. Keep doin' that. Keep singin' for me. That's it... Yer doin' so well for me. So well for Jesse." He stroked your hip affectionately before picking up his pace, the sound of his hips slapping against yours joining the quiet buzzing in the room. "Fuuuck. I'm gettin' close. How you doin', baby?"

You could only whimper and nod your answer, your back beginning to ache because of the cowboy holding your ass up to him for better access. And yet you were too blissed out to truly complain.

"Ya gonna be a good girl and cum for me?" He panted, gritting his teeth as he started a savage pace.

You nodded again.

"Answer me."

"Y-Yes!" You whispered as loudly as possible, eyes closed tight as he pounded into you.

"Touch yerself," he commanded as he felt his balls tighten up, knowing that he was bordering on his finish. "We're gonna cum together. I wanna give you all my cum, baby."

Doing as he asked, you weakly reached between your legs and found your clit, your pussy lips absolutely dripping with your release and the artificial lube. When applying pressure to the sensitive nub, another low, throaty string of moans left you and you felt yourself starting to slip.

"Ahhh, ahh! Come on!" Jesse hissed, swatting your ass once, making you clench down harder. And then he was bearing down on you, his hot, sweaty chest against your back as he spoke into your ear. "I'm-I'm cuming! Cum with me, baby! C-Cum for me —Ah! Ah!"

When you felt his molten cum hit your walls, it tipped you entirely over the edge and a long string of loud moans left the body of you as Jesse fucked you through both your orgasms, your ass clenching down impossibly tight around the toy inside of you.

Collapsing onto you, Jesse was breathing heavily, his hair sticking to his sweaty face and your back. His lips were lazily moving in barely there kisses against your shoulder and neck as he caught his breath, both of you too blissed out to move.

For a long time, the only sound in the room was your panting and the buzzing of the vibrator still in your ass until both of you recovered enough to comprehend separating and the mess dripping onto the couch.

## Chapter End Notes

I appreciate the kudos and comments that you guys leave me! It gives me life! Thanks for celebrating our cowboy (and eventually, archer) with me!

Love,

Blue

P.S. My tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#).

# Jesse McCree/Reader - Sybian

## Chapter Notes

My Overwatch tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#) if you wanna follow me or come and say hi. I legit have like 10 followers (lol).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

You weren't exactly sure what you expected when you walked into the seedy looking building. Thinking it to be any other mission, you strode in behind Jesse, brow set in a hard line of concern, your hand on your concealed pistol on your hip.

Walking up to the reception desk, you only shot Jesse a look of confusion when he gave them the name "Joel Morricone" for a reservation he had evidently made. While the receptionist was looking up the information, the cowboy looked back at you after he gave the name, shrugging and smirking softly over at you. You rolled your eyes at the ridiculous name but nonetheless waited patiently.

Evidently finding your information, the receptionist walked around the counter and led you back further into the building.

You were a bit confused, however, when Jesse stopped after taking a step in front of you, his flesh and blood hand reaching out to take hold of your own. You again frowned at him but didn't protest, complying easily when Jesse intertwined your fingers together before pulling you along behind the receptionist.

Typically, when you were out on a mission, you didn't participate in PDA, too afraid that if someone were watching you, Jesse and yourself would become weak spots in each other's records.

"What are we here for?" You asked him, eye flickering to the receptionist a moment as he continued leading you down a long hallway with a number of doors lining either side.

"Don't worry about it," Jesse murmured, squeezing your hand gently. "Just trust me, darlin'."

After passing a few more doors, the receptionist stopped at a door and pulled a master key from his belt to unlock a door, gesturing for the two of you to enter, "Have fun for the next hour you two."

"Thank ya kindly," the cowboy tipped his hat to the man and entered the room, pulling you along behind him until you were both inside. The receptionist shut the door behind you shortly after, leaving you alone with your partner.

For a moment, you took in your surroundings.



In the center of the room was a large wide table, a red silk table cloth tossed over the top of something on the sturdy table. There was a couch and chair on one half of the small room, red silk pillows placed tastefully in them. A number of candles were also flickering silently and lined the room on a few end tables by the other furniture.

Again, you turned back and gave Jesse an inquisitive look, one of your brows raising in a silent question before you actually spoke, "What's this all about?"

Pulling you in closer by the hand, the cowboy kissed your knuckles and drew you in close, hand leaving your own so that he could rest both of his on your hips.

"I thought it would be nice to just get away for a bit. Steal ya away from base for a lil bit. Keep things excitin'. Try some new things," he shrugged nonchalantly. "Just wanted ya to myself for once with no one around..." He leaned in suddenly, kissing your cheek before he nuzzled at your jaw, his mouth moving lower so that he could press some slow, wet kisses to your throat. "We can be as loud as we want and no one can hear."

You snorted softly, hands on Jesse's broad chest now and you lightly pushed back from his sweet ministrations, "There is nothing wrong with our sex life, babe." You rubbed your hands up and down his chest, the man dressed in a black jacket and a flannel; the top few buttons left open allowing you to touch the hair sprouting at his collarbone. "And besides... we can't. We're on a mission."

He snorted softly, the smirk returning to his face, "Actually, we ain't."

"What?"

"I lied..." he murmured and in a moment of faux bashfulness, the cowboy was biting his lip, looking up at you through his eyelashes. "I really hope ya ain't mad... I knew it was the only way I could get ya from base without askin' questions. I just wanted to surprise my sugar bean is all."

Jesse was now pouting his lips slightly while attempting to sway you with his pleading and oh so convincing "puppy eyes". Those beautiful yet damnable brown eyes of his. So hopefully and full of love.

"Well..." you sighed, "Since you planned this all out and are so sweet for doing so just to surprise me, I'll let this slide for now."

The cowboy smiled and leaned in to kiss you softly, his lips still curled upwards in relief at your words. Pressing a few more quick pecks onto your mouth, he then drew back and approached the door, clicking off the lights to cast both of you in the ambiance set by the candles.

If possible, Jesse looked even more handsome in this shifting lighting as he approached you once more as he removed his hat to toss it aside on the couch.

"What's on the table?" You asked, turning back to the covered object. Your mouth fell open in a silent gasp as Jesse came up behind you, pressing his body into yours, his arms around your

waist.

His lips were on your neck and his beard rasped deliciously against your skin as he began to suck and nibble on the sensitive flesh he found there.

"Why don't you pull off the cover..." he murmured into your skin, kissing your flesh between every few words. "...and find out, angel?"

His hands began to wander from your waist, his flesh and blood hand dipping down to slip into your pants while his prosthetic raised to grope your breast gently through your skirt. You swore you could already feel his hard-on in his pants and if he had known you were coming to a place just to do this... you couldn't help but wonder how long he had been in this state of arousal.

Knowing Jesse, it had been awhile.

Swallowing thickly, you reached out and pulled the table cloth off, allowing it to slip quietly to the floor at your feet, revealing the mystery object.

It was essentially a black hump on the table, covered in what you assumed was leather. It was seemingly wireless, a little touch pad controller laid off to the side... right next to a whole series of different attachments. They all ranged in different sizes, colors, and shapes. So many options laid out before you, you didn't know where to start.

"Pick yer poison, baby," Jesse hummed behind you, grinding minutely against your ass as he popped open the button of your pants before pulling them down your legs. Your underwear soon joined them around your ankles and while the cowboy was down there, he helped to remove your boots so that you could discard all your lower body clothing.

For a moment, he remained down there, squatting between your legs. His hands were running appreciatively up and down your shins, his lips soon starting a dangerous trail upwards up one of your legs.

"God, I can't wait to see ya sitting up there, ridin' like a pro." He hummed, now pulling your jacket off your shoulders, your gun holsters following shortly after. "I hear these'll give ya the best orgasm of yer life. And I hate to say I'm jealous of a machine." Chuckling, he pulled off the turtleneck you had been wearing while under the assumption you were trying to be discreet for this mission.

"Why would you be jealous when as a man you already give me the best orgasms I've ever had?" You gasped out as Jesse unlatched your bra and discarded it with the rest of your clothes, his hands cupping your breasts now to roll his thumbs over your nipples. As per usual, his metal hand made you gasp at the initial shock of the cool metal, your back arching with want towards the sweet pleasure.

"Listen to ya bein' such a sweet thing," he chuckled, still gently playing with your nipples as he kissed at your neck, his hot tongue tracing over your skin. "Which one ya gonna pick, darlin'?"

You moaned softly, eyes falling shut a moment, "I-I don't care. Any of them will do... *fuck*. I'm-I'm already wet."

Jesse hummed quietly behind you, still rutting his covered cock against your ass. You could feel the chill of his BAMF belt buckle on your lower back as he moved against you. "Well, since yer already used to taking a big cock..." One of his hands suddenly disappeared from your chest and when you opened your eyes, you found that he had reached around you and picked up a relatively big attachment — yet, it was not the largest offered, thank goodness. "Think you can handle this one?"

You viciously nodded your head, your want growing intensely, having heard about the mind numbingly delicious and sinful orgasms sybian machines had pulled from people before. And now one was here before you and your cowboy was going to help you ride it.

Jesse reached forward and placed the attachment into the machine, clicking it into place. Grabbing a nearby bottle of lube, he pressed down the pump over the shaft of the realistic looking cock to drizzle the clear gel over the head. He then swatted you once on the ass, still pressed to your back.

"Saddle up, sugar," he whispered into your ear, releasing you so you could comply.

The cowboy admired the roundness of your ass as you climbed onto the table, his flesh palm rubbing at your cheek as you paused there to smother the lube over the attachment.

"That's right, get it nice n' wet, baby," he cooed, undoing his belt buckle with one hand so that he could yank open his pants. "God, yer gonna love it. It's gonna make ya feel so damn good."

"I can't wait to feel it inside me," you admitted, still stroking the lube over the attachment.

"Go ahead and get comfortable. Don't stall on my part."

Biting your lip, you glanced back at him a moment over your shoulder. The cowboy just nodded his head, further giving you permission as he shoved his pants down his legs as he toed off his boots.

Swinging your leg over the hump, you situated yourself on top of the sybian, your index finger tracing over the textured front of the attachment as you eased yourself down onto the toy, feeling it fill you up nicely. Of course, it wasn't as nice as if it would have been Jesse's own cock, thick and hot in your needy pussy.

At the thought, you sighed and began to touch yourself, lightly rubbing at your clit, "Oh... Oh, mmmm."

You heard the soft squelch of leather and looked up to watch as Jesse took a seat in the chair in the corner of the room, dressed now only in a pair of tight black briefs and his unbuttoned flannel, his broad chest and dusky nipples exposed as he reclined back. His eyes were already heavily lidded as he looked over at you, his metal hand lightly squeezing his hard cock

through his underwear while his flesh hand thumbed on the controls, starting the machine up with a soft whirl and shudder.

Sinking down further onto the toy, you hummed softly as the textured pad vibrated against your clit, sending wonderful ripples of pleasure through your core.

"How's that feel, darlin'?"

"It feels nice," you sighed out, rocking your hips lightly. "Can you give me more?"

"Ohhhh, sweetheart. We are just gettin' started."

The motor between your legs started to hum louder and the vibrations increased. A low moan escaped you as you allowed your head to fall back as you continued to rock back and forth.

Jesse loved watching you get off just as much as he loved being in control. So, this situation was a win-win for him, the controls held loosely in his hand while he palmed his cock, groaning softly in the back of his throat.

The two of you only had an hour and he didn't want to waste a second of it. So with that, he turned on the rotation up to the first notch.

"Ohhh, fuck!" You keened, arching your back as you felt something beginning to move inside of you. Leaning forward, you braced your hands on the front of the machine and felt the pressure on your clit increase. You felt yourself start to sweat as you clenched down already on the toy, how it swirled along your insides slowly. "Shit... Jesse."

"That's it, baby. Just ride it."

He turned the rotation up another two notches and the vibration only a single notch, gauging your reaction.

Your eyes squeezed shut tightly and another long string of swears tumbled from your lips as you really began to rock back and forth, the large toy rubbing deliciously along your insides, right up against your g-spot. God, if this kept up, you were going to squirt.

Following the rhythm of the toy, your ass rocked back and forth over the saddle as you sought the sweet friction, trying to fuck yourself harder on it.

Jesse didn't know how you just kept getting sexier and sexier but you still amazed him everyday. The way you tossed your hair back and how you spread your lips to settle further over the textured pad made his cock twitch in his underwear.

"F-Faster, please... please..." You moaned out, brow furrowing hard as you braced yourself on the saddle and bared down, trying to get more of the sweet friction.

To your surprise, the cowboy complied and upped the settings, both higher rotation and vibration, before setting the remote down now so he could shove his boxers down. His hard, leaking cock sprung free and you moaned at the mere sight of Jesse playing with himself as he watched you ride.

You began to feel yourself up then, your hands running first over your pussy lips and then up your belly. Stroking over your sides, you rocked your hips as you sensually stroked yourself, finally reaching your own breasts. As you rolled your nipples between your thumbs, you let out a soft whimper, grinding down hard on the toy wiring inside you.

And then you suddenly realized that your orgasm was rushing rapidly towards you out of nowhere.

"Oh... Ohhhh, shit," you cried out. "Jesse! I'm gonna-gonna cum! I want you here with me, please. I want you up here."

The cowboy really needed no further prodding and he practically threw his boxers across the room before he was vaulting up onto the table so that he could sit behind you. His hard cock pressed into your lower back and he set the controls on the table beside your knee, his arms immediately circling around you.

"Yer already so close?" He asked, a bit breathless from his sudden move.

You nodded and Jesse just swore softly, reaching around to palm your breast with his flesh hand, his other tangling in your hair.

He pressed himself more firmly against you, his belly hot on your back as well, his chest hair tickling your shoulders as he lowered his mouth to your neck and began to suck. You moaned loudly and bucked in his grip when he bit down as well, no doubt planning to leave a bunch of little dark marks on the flesh he was abusing.

His hand leaving your breast a moment, both settings spiked higher between your legs and you were whining with need in his grip, your orgasms racing towards the finish. You rocked your hips as much as you could, the toy brushing all the right spots inside of you.

"That's it, sugar. Go ahead and cum. Ya won't be in trouble. Go on," Jesse encouraged you, his fingers spreading your lower lips to fully expose your throbbing clit to the vibrations.

One of your hands reached around behind you and grabbed a fistful of the cowboy's ass to steady yourself, your other hand braced on the front of the machine as it continued to fuck you.

"Be a good girl and cum for Jesse... Scream for me," he murmured right into your ear, his drawl suddenly so thick.

His voice and his robotic hand puling hard on your hair is what sent you rocketing over the edge, your back arching sharply as you clamped down on the toy still rotating inside of you. And sure enough, you were screaming, hot tears induced by pleasure running down your cheeks as you bucked against the leather saddle, your entire core tingling euphorically.

However, all too soon, you were feeling overstimulated, the constant vibrations assaulting your nub causing you to whimper and struggle to get away from them.

"Ahh, it's too much... too much," you panted, eyes squeezing shut painfully a moment.

Quick as he was on the draw, Jesse was already thumbing down the controls, shutting the rotation off entirely and leaving the vibrations on the lowest possible setting as you came down from your high.

"Well done, sugar. Such a good girl," the cowboy breathed, holding you back against him now, his arms back around your waist.

You rested your head back on his shoulder — he was still wearing his flannel but the rest of him was naked — and he brushed your sweaty hair back from your face, his lips finding your cheek as he just held you close. You were still breathing heavily, your thighs trembling as you rested your own hand over Jesse's prosthetic around your waist as you felt your body returning to a more normal state.

"And to think... that was just the first one of the night, angel," he looked over at the clock on the wall and saw that about five minutes had passed. "We've got a whole hour to play with it... should we see how many orgasms ya can have before our times up?" He purred, smiling against your neck when he felt your weak nods against his shoulder. "That's my girl. I wanna be carryin' ya out of here after our hour is up, legs shakin' so bad ya can't even walk by yerself. Are ya ready to start again?"

## Chapter End Notes

I appreciate the kudos and comments that you guys leave me! It gives me life! Thanks for celebrating our cowboy (and eventually, archer) with me!

Love,

Blue

P.S. My tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#).

# Jesse McCree/Reader - Pegging

## Chapter Notes

My Overwatch tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#) if you wanna follow me or come and say hi. I legit have like 10 followers (lol).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jesse sighed softly through his nose as you gently traced a finger around his puckered hole. You watched as it spasmed once around your light ministrations, a soft smirk curling at your lips as you continued to gently circle it.

"Shh, it's alright," you soothed him from your place behind him, his ass raised up on a pillow beneath his tummy while he lay facedown on the bed, his legs splayed behind him to rest and fold around your thighs and hips. His quads flexed around you as he lay there, a hand rubbing soothingly along his lower back as you continued to toy with his hole. "Just relax. It'll be okay."

"I've done this before, pumpkin," Jesse reminded you before laughing softly, turning to glance back at you over his shoulder. "I told ya, I had been with lots of people before I met you in Blackwatch. Most of 'em were male, darlin'. I did lots of givin' *and* receivin' so takin' a cock in the ass ain't no big deal."

"Still... it's the first time we've done it," you said, spreading Jesse's cheeks with both hands as you lightly rubbed your thumb over his pucker. "I just want to make you feel good. I don't want to hurt you so we're going to take things slow."

The cowboy laughed softly again and shook his head, "Then yer more considerate than a few of my partners." He flexed once more, arching his back slightly as he stretched out his arms from where they had been resting, just like a house cat bathing in warm sunlight. "Though, I kinda like it rough, darlin'. Learned to like it that way."

"Well, I've never fucked someone in the ass before, regardless. Maybe next time I'll just pin you down and give you the rough treatment, hmm? How's that sound?" you asked, lightly slapping one of his cheeks like he always does to you. You were in charge this round, though.

"Sounds like a deal, darlin'," he cooed, arching his back once more to push back a little against your ministrations. "Didn't know you ever wanted to do this or I would'a asked sooner. Fuck, I didn't realize how much I would miss a thick cock buried in my ass so much. I can't wait to feel you inside me."

"Already such an impatient slut for my cock," you mused as you reached across the bedspread and picked up the bottle of lube left there. Snapping open the cap, you held it over

Jesse's ass and squeezed the sides, entranced as you watched the gel dribble down the cleft and over his hole.

A bark of laughter left you as you watched the cowboy's cheeks clench and his thighs tremble at the sudden chill.

"Fuck... we might have to invest in like a lube warmer or somethin'. I almost just threw my back out right there."

You snickered, "Now you know how I feel whenever you want to skip the foreplay." Reaching in, you began to smear it around and over his ass, coating your fingers as you watched a thick rivulet run down his perineum and over his ballsack.

For awhile, you simply traced around his little pucker, teasing him as if to relax him further. Your free hand was spreading his ass open, lightly kneading the taught cheek in your grip.

You had to bite your own lip to stifle a moan as you began to press your index finger against his hole, the tip of your finger just breaching him. You held it inside him a moment, gauging his reaction. The cowboy seemed unperturbed by the breach so you pulled it out slowly, only to smear more lube on your finger before you were pressing it back into him, up to the first knuckles this time.

"How's that feel?"

He hummed softly, wiggling his ass a bit, "Fine... like it normally would. Go ahead n' add another."

You pressed your finger in deeper into his warm, a soft groan leaving you again when you realized how impossibly tight Jesse was with just one stretching him. Curling your finger to rub along the front of his walls, your brow was furrowed softly as you searched for that delicate spot inside his ass. Pressing in, however, you knew you had found what you were looking for when Jesse's hands curled into the sheets and his breath caught in his throat.

"Does that feel good?" You crooned, the thumb on your opposing hand rubbing lightly on his perineum as you stroked over that spot again.

"Ohhh, fuck yes. You-You found it, darlin'," he breathed out, his hips shifting minutely into your touch.

Smirking, you just hummed and teased him gently for awhile, stretching him open further. After awhile of gently prodding at his prostate and twisting your finger around inside him, you were pulling your digit free and adding more lube to your middle finger so you could slowly push two into him this time.

The stretch this time burned a little more and you felt Jesse tense a little. Soothing him with a couple rubs against his lower back, you reached down began to fondle his balls, hoping to coax some pleasure out of him to ease his tension. Your wonderful ministrations drew a moan out of the cowboy as you eased your fingers further into his hole. And the strangest and softest little choked yet needy mewl escaped him as he suddenly clamped down hard on your



fingers, his fingers turning white as he grabbed at the sheets when you stroked along his prostate again.

"Oh... Oh, shit, darlin'," he ground out. "Right there."

You smirked down at the cowboy as he tried to grind back into your touch, his head turning to look back at you as he did so. Your fingers easily slid all the way in now, stretching his hole taught. It was entrancing to watch as it spasmed around your fingers, the way his walls fluttered around you.

After a short while, Jesse really bore down and started to rock back on your fingers, the slide easy now that he had relaxed and was enjoying himself. You took this as a sign for you to add a third finger, more lube added so you could slide back into his slick opening.

"Hmmm, baby, that feels so damn good. The way ya stretchin' me like that."

"You're doing so well, Jesse. You're gorgeous like this... I can't get enough of you," you cooed as you stroked over his prostate once more, the man keening before you, his thighs shaking now as he continued to slowly work himself back onto the intrusion. "I can't wait to be inside of you, fucking your ass raw. Letting me own you like the good boy you are."

He clenched around your fingers at your words, his wide hips grinding back before they rolled into the pillow beneath him, seeking the sweet friction on both ends of his body.

With your free hand, you pulled back on his hips in the hopes that he would lift onto his hands and knees. He complied easily with you and helped you pull him up, the man still rather large compared to your smaller self.

"You're opening up so perfectly for me, baby. Your little hole just seems like it's begging me for my hard cock."

Reaching between his legs, you took his cock in hand and began firm strokes up and down the shaft. Jesse released what almost sounded like a sob, his hot flesh jumping in your palm as you smeared his pre-cum up and down his length.

"Ah—! Ohhhh *fuck*. Darl-Darlin'... *please*. Put it in me *please*, I'm ready."

You felt your eyebrows raise in surprise at his sudden neediness. You hadn't seen him like this in a long time; mostly it only showed up when he used to wear a cock ring during a night full of fun before you left for missions.

Normally being pretty submissive, you did kind of like holding the power for once and hearing him beg so prettily.

"I'm sorry, what was that?"

You stopped stroking his cock and Jesse looked back at you over his shoulder, his eyes squeezed shut a moment as he bit his lip. He tried fucking himself on your fingers but you kept pulling them back when he would grind against them in hopes of forcing them deeper inside.

When he failed to answer, you swatted him hard on the ass.

"I want you to look at me and tell me what you want, cowboy," you growled yet nonetheless, you were reaching for the discarded bottle of lube. You squeezed some out onto the fake cock affixed to the harness between your legs, slathering up the surface, stroking it a few times as if it were real. "What do you want?"

It was then that Jesse looked at you, his brown eyes nearly black, his shaggy hair sticking to his forehead as he knelt before you.

"P-Please," he nearly whispered, his voice cracking slightly and it sounded beautiful in his deep timbre. "I want ya to fuck me with yer cock. Take what's yers, angel. Want ya to f-fill me up so nice n' deep. I... I wanna be a good boy for ya."

*Ohhh... fuck.*

The way he said that so innocently as he looked up at you through his lashes and the darkening of his face as he blushed was going to drive you crazy if he kept that up.

"Good boys get what they ask for, Jesse. You've been nothing but good today," you cooed, soothing your hand over his lower back once more as you scooted closer to him, the rigid head of your fake cock pressing into cleft.

The cowboy whimpered softly as you pulled your fingers out, your free hand guiding your cock towards his hole as your slick fingers rubbed soothing over his back once more as you began to press forward.

Your watched Jesse's face slowly as you pushed in, the man balking as you worked the head of your cock into him. He moaned softly as you pressed further into him, watching as more and more of the hard length disappeared into the tight pucker. He spasmed around the toy, adjusting to the intrusion and still being fearful of hurting the cowboy, you were ever so patient to wait for his body to relax a little more.

"You're doing so well, baby. Your hole just keeps on swallowing me down," you breathed in amazement, drawing back a little to lightly thrust back inside, just watching with fascination as the ring of muscle contracted around the length breaching it. "Oh... Holy... fuck, Jesse. I want keep you stretched all day like this. Plug your slutty little hole, keep you gaping for me so I can just come home from training and rail you." You wished you could feel what the inside of his ass felt like because the way the cowboy moaned unabashedly as you sank further into him was one of the hottest sounds you had ever heard. "How's it feel, baby?"

Jesse was sweating now, his body shaking as he minutely rocked himself back against you as if testing everything. However, the further you stretched him, the more his cock leaked between his legs, you noticed. "*Hngh!* So-So full, Y/N. Stuffed full of your thick cock... it feels so damn good, baby. Like I can feel ya in my stomach. J-Jesus." He was breathing hard as well.

"You ready, then?" You asked gently, your hands kneading his tight ass, as you leaned over him, your body laying out across his own so that you could pepper sweet kisses along his

deliciously sinful back and shoulders.

"Yeah... Yeah, f-fuck me hard, please."

"I'm going to make you feel so good, baby," you cooed as you began to slowly undulate your hips in and out of the cowboy, the friction offering a little resistance. When you stopped and sat up to squeeze more lube onto your fake shaft before pressing it back deep into Jesse, bottoming out entirely now. You draped yourself over his back once more, humming when your breasts pressed against the warm, hard plane of his back. "Fucking hell... Mmmm, You look so beautiful like this, so sexy with your ass stretched wide open for me. Taking the whole toy inside of you... Think about how deep it is, Jesse. How deep I am inside of you. How *filthy* that is."

True to your word, you started moving slowly, the motion awkward at first as you tried to figure out a rhythm and pattern to fuck to. However, you knew you were evidently doing well when you changed your angle a certain time and Jesse was keening, ass thrusting back to be flush with your hips and the harness as you stroked over his prostate deep inside him. You felt yourself growing wet as the sweetest little sinful noises left the cowboy, your pace increasing with your want to get him to make more of those dirty noises.

"Oh! Ohhh *ahh*—! Fuck, darlin', *please*... Oh... lord," Jesse panted, arching his back as he lowered himself back onto his forearms, his hands gripping the sheets tightly. "Fuck me harder, p-please."

"Listen to you crying so prettily for me. Such a good boy," you praised, kissing along Jesse's shoulders as you reached around him and took his cock into your hand. Your other hand grasped at his hip, your skin slapping noisily together as you began to fuck into the cowboy in earnest spearing deep inside him on each pass, the choked gasps and whines increasing in volume as he buried his face into the sheets.

However, you were having none of that, the sounds of his pleasure really the only thing making you wet at this point from the lack of attention you were giving your own body.

Reaching forward, you lightly fisted a hand in his sweaty hair and pulled, your stomach coiling sinfully against Jesse's back as you stuffed the toy inside of the cowboy with short, hard thrusts.

"I'll be having none of that. Let me hear you cry and beg so prettily," you felt his cock jump in your hand when you tugged once more on his hair, his eyes screwed shut as you continued to snap your hips into his. "Are you getting close, baby?"

"Mmmm, ah—! Y-Yes. Ohhh *God*, *yes*."

"Cum on my cock then like the slutty boy you are, ruin our sheets with your seed, baby," you were slamming into him at this point, enraptured by how his body felt jerking beneath you, how his cock throbbed in your hand. The fucking needy little keens and growls that were coming from his mouth as you fucked him as hard as you could.

You bit down on his shoulder hard, frantically jerking his hard length now, "Cum for me, Jesse."

The cowboy was writhing in your grip beneath you, fucking himself back on your cock, hissed out little pants escaping between his teeth before his body was shaking and drawing taught, his ass a vice on the stap-on buried inside him. His flesh and blood hand was suddenly on your ass, digging into your cheek as he forced you even further inside of him with a choked gasp. "Oh! I'm gonna-Ohhh! *OH FUCK—AH!*" You felt warmth on your palm then as his cum exploded across your hand and onto the sheets as he was nearly howling from the pleasure of you both fucking his ass and milking his cock. "Ahh, fucking-Ohh... Oh my God, *baby*, feel-feels sa'good... *Hnnmgh*."

Eventually, you stilled inside your lover, the man having collapsed forward onto the bed. You left your cock inside him for the moment as you instead rubbed his back and kissed his shoulders, your other hand pushing his sweaty hair from his face.

"You okay?" You asked, your voice innocent and soft now that he had cum.

"I'm... just... fuckin' dandy, sugar bean," he panted, eyes still hazy as he came down from his euphoric high. "I wish ya could cum inside me. The perfect end to all this, mmmm." You kissed at his neck, rubbing his shoulders as you felt all the tension ease from them. "But this is mighty fine, too."

You slowly pulled out after a short while, your hand still carding through Jesse's messy hair so that you could undo the straps on the harness. You found that Jesse was watching you while he lay now on his side, dark eyes cloudy with the want to sleep.

"Come 'ere so I can kiss ya, baby," he purred, lifting his flesh and blood arm in an offer of embrace.

Kicking the now free harness onto the floor, you crawled back up the bed and lay down in the warm of his arms, embracing your sweaty cowboy. You would have complained about the sweat but didn't care as he held you close, both your soft bodies pressing together, uncaring of the cooling cum on the sheets.

"You didn't cum, though, sugar bean. And I can't leave my pretty lady unsatisfied. Now... what can I do for my good girl after she just fucked me so thoroughly?"

## Chapter End Notes

I appreciate the kudos and comments that you guys leave me! It gives me life! Thanks for celebrating our cowboy (and eventually, archer) with me!

This chapter was also low-key the precursor that will lead us into all the polyamory stuff that I have scheduled! I thought Jesse better have some practice before we introduce a new male partner to the party \*winky face\*

Love,

Blue

## End Notes

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Love,

Blue

P.S. My tumblr is [BaewatchMcCree](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!