

## Inappropriate Conduct

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# Inappropriate Conduct

by [orphan\\_account](#)

## Summary

You've been caught staring.

## Notes

i have no explanation but a cowboy kink and a voice kink all right be gentle with me

# Misconduct

“You’ve been avoidin’ me, lil’ darlin’,” a voice drawled behind you. Heat coiled at the base of your spine, and you swallowed, biting your lip.

McCree.

And...well, he wasn’t exactly *wrong*.

Two days ago there’d been trouble escorting a payload. Not that this was odd. There was always trouble. But that time?

That time, Widowmaker had popped up from a vantage point atop a nearby building, rifle blazing, and everyone had scattered to the nearest cover.

You had ended up ducked into a narrow alleyway, your guns hovering by your head, waiting for the assassin to run out of bullets and need to reload. And you weren’t alone, either. On the other side of the alley was the infamous Jesse McCree, revolver in one hand, metal palm pressed against the wall. You found yourself admiring the man, his brown eyes narrowing as he assessed the situation, his mind clearly whirring, a cigar burning between his lips.

Oh god, you’d been staring, staring at the cord of muscle in his neck, the way his growl wrinkled his nose, and fuck, that sound had been doing things to you.

And then he felt your eyes on him and turned to look at you, his brow raising.

“Eyes on the scene, lil’ missy,” he’d reprimanded with a long drawl, and you’d buried the urge to bite your lip and wished your lipstick wasn’t so red.

A moment later, Widowmaker’s gunfire had died down, and the two of you jumped out of your cover and went back to work.

Since then, you’d tried to pretend you weren’t ogling the cowboy whenever you got the chance but that ability was fast leaving you, because Jesse picked up on it again and again until apparently, he got tired of simply meeting your roving eyes.

So here you were.

“I haven’t,” you said lamely, and it sounded so pathetically unconvincing that McCree actually laughed.

“Right, right...that why you been eyefuckin’ me whenever I ain’t been looking?” he asked with a grin.

“I was not...it was not...*eyefucking*,” you protested, stammering at the word and the connotations. “That’s...inappropriate.”

A hand slapped against the wall next to you and McCree leaned down just a fraction.

“Sure as hell is,” he agreed. “Guess I gotta write you up a charge or somethin’, however the hell the scientist wants this stuff dealt with.”

“Hold on,” you managed, “a charge? For what?”

“Inappropriate conduct, sweetheart,” he chuckled, watching your throat bob as you swallowed. “Can’t go around eyein’ up your teammates like so, can you?”

“If staring is inappropriate, what the hell is this?” you muttered, gazing up at his hand. You didn’t want to admit it, but the fact that he had you cornered like this was actually getting you wet. *Dammit...*

“Agent!” a voice barked, and you both looked up to see 76 at the opposite end of the hallway. “If you’ve got time to be standing around you’ve got time to be drilling. Get your ass out of here and do something.”

“Yes sir!” you stammered, and the man levelled a look at McCree, before moving on.

“He’s got a point,” the cowboy said. “You wanna get out of here and do somethin’?”

“Like what?” you asked.

“Me?” McCree suggested with a filthy grin.

“Uh!” you managed, your face hot. “O-oh my god...”

“That a yes, darlin’?” he chuckled. His other hand pressed against the wall, close to your hip. Your eyes darted down to it as your heart began to beat swiftly. “Look, if you really ain’t interested...I just got curious as to why you been starin’ all week.”

“No, I...”

Now you were picturing McCree on top of you with his shirt off.

Fuck, that wasn’t helping things.

“Guess I just...misread, huh?” the cowboy chuckled, an embarrassed flush covering his face as he took a step back.

“Oh, no, I’d definitely like to go somewhere and do you,” you admitted, gulping. “I mean...if...that’s okay.”

McCree shot you that grin again.

“You kiddin’?” he chuckled. “I been wanting to muss that pretty red lipstick since the day I met you.”

“Really?” you squeaked, as his arm wrapped around your waist.

“Baby, you wrap yourself in black leather and long boots, wearin’ shades and movie star lipstick. You drive a man crazy,” he laughed, and picked you up. You let out a cry of surprise and felt your cheeks heat up as he carried you to his quarters.

You’d seen McCree move on the battlefield, but the journey to his was a blur. All you really knew was that the second you were through the door his shawl was coming off and falling aside with his hat, and you were lying on the bed as he shrugged off his chestplate and pulled a glove off with his teeth. You got a good image of his tongue at work and felt yourself get slick.

And then his hands were stroking your thighs over the black leather suit and he was teasing the zip of your over-the-knee boots, pulling and tugging on both shoes until they slipped over your feet. McCree leaned over you, watching your chest rise and fall, and grinned that dirty little grin as you blushed.

“Kinda hate to get those shoes off, darlin’,” he admitted, grasping your hips. “You look mighty good in them.”

“Shirt,” you managed, reaching for the item of clothing in question. “Off. Now.”

“Yes ma’am,” the outlaw chuckled, shucking his t-shirt off and tossing it aside as he leaned over you. Your lips were inches from his as you gazed into his eyes, and *fuck it*, he was too pretty to leave hanging like that. You grasped the back of his head and pulled him down, mouths meeting. He tasted of whiskey and he moaned when you touched, a deep, sexy noise that made you gasp. His fingers were at your tight leather suit and even as his lips stroked down your jaw, he began stripping you off, pulling back to marvel at your black lace underwear with a whistle.

“Goddamn,” he breathed. “Lady with expensive taste, huh?”

“I think it looks classy!” you protested, shimmying the suit down to your hips. McCree laughed.

“Oh, you’re damn right it does,” he agreed, rolling the leather over your legs and off your feet. “Shit, girlie, wish I’d done this sooner.”

You admired his lightly-scarred, muscled chest, soft patches of hair covering the tanned skin, and bit your lip as he dug his fingers into the waistband of your underwear. Yeah, you kinda did too. He tugged the lace down to your thighs and off your body, and you whimpered as his big, warm fingers stroked over your lips.

“You already got going, huh, sweetheart?” he rasped, admiring the slick on his fingers, as you sat up, grasping that ridiculous belt that was somehow stupid and endearing at the same time.

“I like hearing you talk,” you confessed, and his lips found your neck, a small laugh meeting your ears.

“All right then,” he murmured, teeth pressing into your flesh. His lips drifted down to the swell of your breast as he slid one warm hand around your back and unclipped your bra. You let him toss it aside, and then your lips were parting as his tongue slid around your nipple.

“F-fuck,” you were whimpering, swallowing, tangling your fingers in his hair as the wet tip drew circles around your nipple. “Oh, god...”

“Pretty damn close, darling,” he chuckled, “but I ain’t the Almighty.”

He sucked softly on your other breast until you were arching into the hands he’d slid around your waist, and made a contented noise. Your hips started to buck, and then his fingers returned to stroking slowly over your nub. Your eyes closed tightly, teeth digging into your lip as he gave your nipple a slow lick, his beard rasping against the flesh.

“You gettin’ all wet for me, darlin’?” he purred. You nodded weakly, moaning. “Let’s see how you taste, eh?”

And then he was pressing his lips between your legs and that beard felt *really* good against other bits of you. He sucked softly, tongue flicking and stroking across your clit, and pinned your hips down to stop your squirming with one metal hand. Heat rushed through you as his human hand pressed two long, calloused fingers inside you. It had been so long since your last encounter and McCree...oh god, he knew what he was doing, and you knew if he started to tease you’d have no shame in begging him not to stop.

But he didn’t.

Instead, your cries filled the air as McCree drew little circles around your clit with his tongue and sucked on it, fingers slicking in and out of you until you were shuddering and shivering. Fuck, oh, oh, you were getting so close, calling softly, swearing.

“McCree,” you whimpered, tensing up as his fingers stroked a swollen spot. “Oh, oh!”

“Don’t you hold out on me, sweet thing,” he chuckled, figure-eighting his tongue around your nub. “C’mom.”

You ‘came on’ all right, you came on his fingers with a loud cry of pleasure and a handful of his hair. The outlaw kept licking and sucking until he could feel you twitching. You watched him get to his feet, eyes gleaming with delight and his mouth still glossy with your slick. He stroked his tongue over his lips and cleaned you off him, one brow raised.

“You sound damn good like that,” he rasped, pulling his trousers off and kicking them away. “Shit, I’m gonna get you doing that again.”

“Oh god, please,” you breathed, grasping his wrist and leading him down to you. Your mouths met again and you kissed him hungrily, hands sliding over his strong back and gripping tightly.

His palms grasped your thighs and hauled them around his waist, pressing his cock against you and letting you work yourself against him slowly. He groaned. The sound lit fire up your

spine and widened your eyes. It was a beautiful noise. You wanted to hear more.

You would *make* him do more.

Your hands dropped to his ass and dragged him flush to you, working him inside you with little moves of the hip until he was in to the base, and a shudder rolled down his gorgeous body, another groan leaving him as you kept kissing. The heat of his skin rolled across you as he panted slowly, pulling back just a little.

“McCree, you okay?” you asked with a small grin.

“I’ll be fine, minx,” he growled, “soon as I get used to the feel of ya. Damn, ain’t nothing like it...”

He thrust against you and you whined, fingers curling into his hair. The dirty smirk was back in place.

“You’re gonna be makin’ all sorts of noises for me, sweetheart,” he promised, leaning down to press his lips against your neck.

“So will you,” you breathed, and he gave you a small chuckle and thrust again. You grunted, eyes closing.

“I like a confident woman,” he told you softly, and then rolled his hips back until only the tip of his cock was left inside you. A second later, his hips slapped against yours, and you cried out.

The outlaw wasn’t hurried so much as hard, his thrusts deep and rough. His lips swallowed your gasps and cries, his own sounds little more than soft grunts and moans that nevertheless made you shiver. You bared your neck to the cowboy and he bit, marking your skin as he pressed against you again and again, your breasts rubbing against his chest and adding a different stimulation that made you weak. Your eyes kept dropping to his metal arm, and somehow the thought that it could pin you down with ease ran through your head and made your body twitch in arousal.

“You’re so wet, sweetheart,” he rasped, kissing your neck. “So good, and tight...ain’t never wanna leave you.”

“Mmfuck, McCree,” you whimpered, squeezing him. The sound that left him made your skin tremble. Your pleasure rose. It was like hearing him had pushed you further to your orgasm and you could already feel the telltale rise and fall of its beginning.

“S’what I’m doin’, darlin’,” he chuckled breathlessly. “You sound like you’re gonna get done real soon.”

“Mhmm,” you gasped, grinding against him.

“Well let me help you, then,” he said, licking a trail down your neck. His hand slid between you a little awkwardly, and a moment later his fingers were rubbing your clit and you were crying out as your orgasm rocketed forward, just out of reach.

“F-fuck, M-McCree!” you yelled, curling into him. You could feel yourself clenching, trembling, seconds from tilting over that edge.

“Say my name,” he growled, and bit you.

“*Jesse!*”

It was like unravelling thread but with fireworks and pleasure, white light behind your eyes, fisting your hands in the cowboy’s hair and rocking with his movements. You were pretty sure after the first time you said his name, you screamed it probably once, twice more, trailed off into weak chanting as he kept thrusting, chasing his own end.

“All right, darlin’,” he grunted, kissing you. “Uh, fuck...”

The next time your lips met it was rough and filled with his shout of climax, and he twitched, body moving against yours frenetically as he emptied inside of you, pressing your name between your lips and finally breaking off to pant desperately as his pleasure tapered off. A few moments passed with him draped over you, and then he rolled off onto his back and took in a deep breath.

“Oh, *man*,” he chuckled, his face flushed with sweat and effort. You took a trembling lip between your teeth and bit down on it, admiring the glow of his skin and the lights dancing in his pretty brown eyes. “Oh, darlin’, that was somethin’ all right.”

“Same to you,” you giggled, trying to hide your blush. His arm draped over your stomach and you looked down at it.

“You uh...mind if I stay a bit?” he murmured, his shoulders still heaving. “Ain’t as young as I used to be and you...you give a man good reason to lose his breath.”

“Oh,” you breathed, feeling your cheeks go pink beneath the post-coital red. “Well, you aren’t exactly ugly yourself.”

“Mighty kind of you to say so,” he laughed, stroking down to your hipbones. “You uh...you wanna take a break and then...do round two?”

You kissed him firmly, and watched the outlaw’s brows raise before his eyes closed in contentment.

“I’d like that,” you murmured, thumbing his lower lip.

“Well shit, you really do like me, don’t ya?” he managed, his grin shy.

“Sure, long as you don’t write me up for uh...misconduct,” you replied. The grin became a smirk.

“Think we’re both guilty of that, missie,” he decided.

“Well, if we’re both guilty and already broke the rules, might as well really trash ‘em,” you decided. His brows rose.



“You figure?”

You grinned at him.

“You wanna do it in Jack’s office?”

# Rule Breaking

## Chapter Summary

You wanted to trash the rules, right?

When you'd mentioned doing it on Jack's desk, you were sort of joking.

'Sort of' because you knew if Morrison caught you, he would probably try and boot you out of Overwatch.

'Sort of' because the idea of Jesse McCree bending you over Jack's desk was way too appealing.

So when your cell flashed with a message from the former outlaw with just two words – *Morrison's office* – you were nervous, expectant, and flushed with need all in one small moment.

Unless of course, you were in trouble with Soldier:76, and then that would be different.

Still, you made your way through the base towards Morrison's office without anyone on the intercom saying your name. So maybe it was just McCree.

You rapped on the door to Jack's office and waited. There was no response, and you tried the handle. The door was unlocked. It pushed open silently as you stepped inside, looking around. Jack's office was meticulously organised, paperwork and pads neatly stacked on various shelves.

"The old man's out on a 24-hour mission," McCree's voice said, and you whirled around as he closed the door, grinning at you. "And you did ask if I wanted t' do it on Jack's desk."

"I might have been joking," you admitted weakly. The cowboy took a step forward. He was dressed casually, without his armour or even a pistol holster. Still wore the hat though.

Cowboy always had to have his hat.

"I sure as hell liked the idea," he told you calmly, backing you against the desk. Your hands slid back to stop you from falling as he moved either side of you, leaning over you, his body warm against yours. Your eyes flicked down to his lips as you took a breath. He was still grinning as you bit your lip.

"Not worried about being caught?" you asked, your hand sliding up his arm. His warm hand curved into your back.

“Do I look like a man with worries?” he chuckled, leaning down. “Besides, anyone who comes through that door’s gonna get a full view of your face mid-way through climax, and I can tell you now, darlin’, that’s gonna get anyone off the hook.”

“Oh my god,” you breathed, and the cowboy kissed you, moaning into your mouth as you leaned back against his hand and tucked your fingers around his neck, your heart skipping a beat when the metal palm stroked down to your ass, pushing your crotch against his hip. A moment later, he picked you up one-handed and deposited you on the desk among the papers and electronic pads. He nipped at your lower lip and pulled his mouth away, kissing down your jaw and resting at your neck, sucking slowly.

You grabbed his shirt and pushed it up his back, your fingertips gliding up the muscled expanse of warm, tanned flesh as he marked your skin, little moans leaving your mouth with each gentle suck. You could feel your body growing warm and you needed his touch, reaching for the hand on your back.

“Jesse,” you murmured, sliding it against your hip.

“Mm,” he replied, chasing your lips, and for a moment you were muffled by another deep kiss.

“Jesse, please,” you whispered, curling your thigh around his waist.

“You want somethin’, darlin’?” he murmured, fingers tapping against your outer thigh.

“Get this suit off me?” you requested, and he grinned, pressing a light peck against your mouth before he finally straightened up.

“All you had to do was ask, sweetheart,” he chuckled, grasping your zip and drawing it down to your navel. You sat up to pull the black leather off your body, commando under the suit as ever. McCree let out a whistle and you blushed, watching his eyes drink you in. Suit loose around your hips, you knocked his hat off and yanked his shirt over his head, unbuckling his belt and pulling him between your hips as your fingers stroked over the little scars dotting him. He bent down and grabbed his hat off the floor, sticking it unevenly atop his head as he rolled his hips along yours.

“Help me with my shoes?” you asked. The cowboy picked you up bodily, moving you around the desk so that you faced the door, his chest pressing against your back.

“I thought we could, uh...just leave ‘em on,” he murmured, fingers stroking down your hip.

“Oh,” you whispered, and rubbed your ass against him. He groaned, his hand skimming down your arm and thumbing across your pulse.

“You trust me, darlin’?” he breathed, his human hand cupping a breast. You gasped, nodding, slick heat pulsing between your legs.

“Yes!” you whimpered.

“You want me to stop anytime, you just say Talon,” he breathed, and pushed your wrists together. Cold metal closed around them with a click, securing them against your back, and hot, bone-liquefying arousal rushed through you at the sensation.

“Jesse!” you mewled, as his lips stroked over your neck.

“You doin’ good?” he asked softly.

“Uhuh,” you whined, shifting and trying to grip his trousers, your fingers stroking the tent in the cloth until the cowboy groaned and nipped your shoulder.

“I got one more thing for you,” he said, kissing your skin. “Close your eyes?”

Your lids closed to the feeling of his lips making progress across your neck and shoulders, and McCree’s hands raised. A moment later, the soft sensation of material slid over your face, covering your eyes, and you let out a whimpering ‘oh!’ of arousal as you let the cowboy blindfold you. His breath ghosted across your skin and you shivered, the feeling heightened by your lack of sight and raising the hairs on your skin.

You gripped him as best you could and jerked your hand slowly. McCree’s mouth scraped along your shoulder as he growled, and his body pressed against yours.

“Good with your hands, darlin’,” he chuckled, cupping your breasts gently. You tilted your head as he placed scratchy kisses against your already abused neck, moaning gently. “Better be careful, or you’re gonna get me over and done with before I even made you scream once.”

You leaned against him as his hand slid between your legs, fingers coating themselves in your slick and stroking slowly over your nub. You liked the idea of him making you scream, and even now the gentle touches against your clit were making you gasp, burying your head in his neck with some difficulty as his large hand cupped your sex and pushed your legs open. He pressed two fingers into you slowly, nuzzling you as you bucked into the touch, chuckling when you moaned in pleasure. He didn’t make you wait long – he was curling and thrusting his fingers hard and fast before you’d had a chance to properly adjust to their presence, digits stroking your inner walls again and again.

“Jesse!” you cried, your back arching, as your whole body rolled against the stimulation. He murmured softly into your ear, metal fingers turning your head to press your lips against his. His mouth was soft, tongue flicking against yours as he fingered you. Without your eyes to see, you found your hearing more acute, and the sound of his slick hand moving in and out of you was...

Well, it was *dirty*.

His fingers had left your nub for a moment, and when his metal hand slid across the sensitive bud you whined, legs tensing. It felt so good, metal and all, and you ground against his crotch and then into his digits hard enough to make yourself shake. He was still kissing you as his fingers rubbed against your sweet spot, and just as you felt your orgasm beginning, the metal over your nub began to vibrate.

You screamed into his lips, breathless as your climax swamped you, and you slumped against his firm body as waves of pleasure forced you down. You could barely think, the soft buzz of the metal heightening your climax until finally you became too sensitive.

“O-oh, please,” you whined, as he chuckled into your ear. His fingers pulled out, and you could hear him tasting them. A moment later, he was unzipping his trousers, pushing the clothing down around his thighs.

“You like that lil’ trick, darlin’?” he purred, licking a drop of sweat off your skin. The vibrations stroked you, not too hard but just enough to make you moan.

“Y-you,” you gulped, “w-when did...”

“Ain’t long ago,” he replied, and you felt his naked cock press against your ass. “Ain’t gonna tell you who installed it neither.”

“Jesse...”

“My turn?” he asked, his cock rubbing your folds. You shivered, the little vibration still buzzing around your clit.

“Y-yes, oh yes,” you stammered. “Please.”

“Attagirl, sweetheart,” he breathed, parting your legs and working himself slowly inside you. The both of you let out gasps of pleasure, and the buzzing between your thighs got stronger. You cried out in surprise and bucked against your man, who gave you a breathless chuckle, and bent you over the desk. A moment later he was fucking you nice and slow, his metal fingers still rolling over your clit and drawing soft moans out of you.

“Oh, Jesse,” you breathed, bucking into him as your cheek pressed against the wood of Jack’s desk.

“Still jokin’ about me havin’ you over this desk?” he laughed, thrusting just a little faster.

“Uh-uh,” you whimpered, as the buzzing increased again. A shudder travelled up your legs. “Oh!”

“You’re makin’ me wanna do this more often, girlie,” he moaned, his human hand grasping your hips as you arched. “Jack’s desk ain’t always gonna be available.”

“Don’t care,” you whined. “Don’t care, just find a place.”

“I will,” he promised breathlessly, “God will I ever. Ain’t never gonna get sick of the sight of you bent over like this, darlin’.”

His hips slapped against you as he bent over you, groaning into your ear. Each deep, pleasurable noise curled down your spine and seemed to stroke at your body. Fingers curled around your wrist and he used it as leverage to fuck you, kissing your neck.

“Jesse,” you panted.

“Darlin’,” he stammered, cupping your breast. “You gettin’ close?”

The intensity of the buzzing doubled and you started, arching up into his body and shuddering. You nodded, working yourself against him as your orgasm began coiling in your crotch. Shit, you were so glad he hadn’t told you who’d built that vibrator for him. There was no way in hell you could have looked them in the eye during missions if he had. His metal fingers were circling your nub now, trapping it either side of the buzzing digits until you couldn’t stop trembling, your pleasure rising up.

“Jesse! P-please, I’m so...”

His hand was *clever*, his voice in your head driving you over the edge as he called your name and groaned into your neck. Your body shook as your orgasm took you, heat and pleasure making you squirm against the cowboy as the buzzing, oh god, it got *stronger*, and his breathless chuckle made you whimper. His agile hips worked you through your climax, slowly as you began to shiver, and you made a noise of confusion.

“You...haven’t...” you panted.

“Oh, ain’t gonna stop here, darlin’,” he promised. “Gimme a moment.”

The buzzing fingers pulled away and he slid out of you to the sound of your little whimpers.

“Lookit you,” he breathed, a hand skimming down your back. “Goddamn.”

He rolled you onto your front and stepped between your legs, his slick cock pressing back inside you a moment later. You curved into him, feeling his fingers trace a line down your neck and over your nipple, stroking it softly. He didn’t start slow, body pressing hard and fast against yours as he chased whatever dregs of climax he’d lost pulling out of you. The vibrating left hand returned to you a moment later and you jerked as your over-sensitised nub was subjected to what you could have sworn was the strongest setting McCree had on that dangerous, pleasurable modification.

“Jesse!” you cried, straining against your cuffs as the man between your legs fucked you roughly, his voice a rough, delicious noise that dropped straight to your core. He couldn’t stop touching you, fingers groping you as he worked you, a growl leaving his lips.

“Keep sayin’ my name like that, darlin’, and you’re gonna make me lose control,” he rasped warningly, leaning down to kiss you. You wished you could see his face but you found yourself loving the blindfold anyway, shivering as the vibrations pulsed through you.

“Jesse, oh my god, c’mon, I can’t...I can’t much more,” you whined, and he laughed, grunting.

“Oh, fuck, sweetheart,” he groaned, hauling you up so your body pressed against his, your mouths meeting. His teeth dug into your lip as you whimpered, and with a few more strokes around your clit, he was pushing you back under, back into an orgasm that had you crying out his name until the cowboy finally relented, and with a deep, desperate shout of your name, he twitched inside of you and wrapped both arms around your body, spilling deep inside you.

You were kissing furiously even as the pleasure washed over you, his hips moving between yours until it was too much for him. He let you down and slumped heavily over the desk, panting.

“God,” he gasped. “Oh, sweetheart, that was...that was *very* nice.”

“Just nice?” you managed breathlessly.

“Baby, my head’s all spinnin’ right now. I’ll heap you with praise when I can think straight,” he replied, kissing you again.

“Right,” you chuckled. “Jesse...blindfold?”

His lips worked against yours as he undid the scrap of cloth, and you blinked, eyes roving over his pretty, flushed face when you could finally see him.

“Hey, darlin’,” he murmured.

“Hey,” you sighed happily.

“Well, we ain’t disturbed too much of the scenery,” he began, “which means I think we failed our mission. We got time to do this again, if you want?”

“Okay, but can I get uncuffed first?” you asked.

“You’re spoilin’ my view, sweetheart,” he told you, unlocking your cuffs. You looked around. The desk was pretty much all right. A few things had been shaken into different positions, but there was nothing on the floor. You were secretly relieved. The idea of Morrison returning to find his office in disarray and the ensuing witch-hunt for the culprits...yeah, not good.

“Your view needs lunch,” you replied. He laughed.

“All right, sweetheart.”

You rubbed your wrists, eyes flicking to the cuffs as the cowboy located his clothes. You quickly pushed the cuffs onto the floor, and hopped down to get your clothes, sliding the cuffs into your suit pocket.

He kissed you when the two of you were finally dressed, and a moment later, you were heading out of Jack’s office, the cuffs burning a hole in your pocket.

# Playing Dressup

## Chapter Summary

McCree gets a new costume.

## Chapter Notes

[http://vignette1.wikia.nocookie.net/overwatch/images/7/72/McCree\\_mysteryman.png/revision/latest?cb=20160730042112](http://vignette1.wikia.nocookie.net/overwatch/images/7/72/McCree_mysteryman.png/revision/latest?cb=20160730042112)

I have a kink for masks. Shoot me.

You guessed you were kind of lucky Jack had never come back to find out who messed his desk up. And when you say ‘lucky’ you meant ‘thank god D.Va helped you erase the footage’.

Well, you were pretty sure it was gone. With her, you could never be sure.

(It was either gone, or on the internet.)

Either way, you and Jesse were unscathed, free to go back to your missions, and try and keep out of reach of Talon’s two heavies. And, of course, fuck like rabbits after every mission.

At least until a day or two ago.

Searching through the loot crates post-mission, you were admiring a new gun when Jesse found something, and suddenly laughed in delight. As you looked up, he snatched a long white bag out of the box and literally took off running towards the ship, leaving you confused with a gun in your hands. He’d left some pretty sweet stuff in there when you went to check his box.

What the fuck could’ve inspired him to just leave the other stuff behind?

You helped carry the loot crates back to the ship and looked around for your boyfriend, but he was nowhere to be found. God, you loved that cowboy, but where the fuck was he?!

He was already at the base, probably, and you tried not to worry about him as you flew back to HQ. You did ask a couple of times if anyone had seen him. The clearest answer you got was from Tracer, who eventually told you he’d gone back to his room, carrying a big white bag. Rolling your eyes, you thanked her, and made your way over to McCree’s quarters.



You rapped sharply on the door, and waited.

“McCree?” you called. “Hey, Jesse!”

No answer. You tried the door. It was unlocked, swinging open, and you took a few steps inside. McCree’s room was empty, but as you closed the door behind you, you noticed his clothes in the corner, bright red serape draped across a chair. You couldn’t hear a shower going.

You took another two steps forward, clearing the little alcove his door was in, and then something gold pressed against the back of your neck.

*Oh god, fuck, not Talon, not here...*

“Wondered how long it’d take you to find me.”

That was definitely *not* a Talon agent.

You spun on your heel to find a gun pressing between your brows, staring at a pair of familiar brown eyes and...

*Wow.*

Your boyfriend cleaned up nicely.

He was wearing a mask, first and foremost, black leather that covered his eyes, lower half of his face exposed, a black hat perched on his head, a dark grey cape wrapped around his shoulders. A blue scarf hid what the mask didn’t cover, a black glove and navy brace on his right hand. Shit, he was wearing a waistcoat, and you bit your lip at the sight of just how *good* he looked in formal dress.

“Well, I found you,” you managed. “You...”

“Thought you were s’posed to catch me, but it looks like I got you first, eh?”

You made a face of confusion. Jesse winked. Your eyes widened.

*He wanted to roleplay.*

You licked your lips. All right, this wasn’t what you were expecting, but you weren’t complaining either. And...well, you still had the cuffs in your pocket. The cuffs you’d never dumped for some odd reason. They’d been there for a while, and now?

Now you had reason to use them.

“You ran into a hole to hide, McCree,” you told him, cocking a hip. “Time to take you in.”

The hammer clicked back on his gun.

“You think you can take me in?” he growled, and a shiver travelled down your spine at the sound.

“I can take you *down*,” you promised, sliding your hands behind your back, reaching into your pocket for the cuffs.

“Don’t flatter yourself, darlin’,” he rasped, taking a step forward. “I ain’t a wanted man for nothing.”

“You underestimate me.”

In one sharp blow, you knocked his gun out of his hand. McCree dived for it and you jumped at him, shoving him onto the bed and rolling him onto his back, cuffs swinging around your fingers as you grabbed his wrist and clamped the metal around it, looping it around the metal bars of the headboard before clicking the empty cuff around his metal arm.

His eyes were blown wide in surprise at the move, mouth open and panting. Your gaze dropped to his crotch and you grinned at the sight of the tent in his pants.

“So, think I’m the right person to bring you in?” you giggled, straddling him.

“Jesus, I ain’t been ambushed like that in years,” he managed, clenching his fingers.

“Where’d you learn that move?”

“It’s a secret,” you told him. “You gonna come quietly?”

“You think I’m subdued, sweetheart?” he snarled. He jerked in his bonds and you shivered again. You gripped his scarf and whipped it away from him, tossing it aside and revealing the lower half of his face, that mouth you loved so much. He’d...huh. He’d shaved a little, just a trim. Holy shit, your boyfriend had really gotten into this.

“Then I’m gonna subdue you,” you promised him, leaning back to unbutton his waistcoat. Ugh, that was so good, it was sinful.

You unclipped his cape, sliding it out from beneath him and leaving it with the scarf, his tie coming loose beneath your fingers and draping around his shoulders as you went for his shirt. You quickly had that open, baring his chest and stomach, and you trailed your palms down his skin as he gazed up at you from beneath the mask and hat, licking his lips.

“You gonna use me?” he asked, sounding amused.

“I’m gonna *break* you,” you corrected. Fuck, where’d that come from??? Jesse didn’t seem to mind, but he bucked a little harder.

“Ain’t nothin’ broken me yet, girlie,” he warned, as you rested your hands on his belt.

“Oh, I will,” you promised, slowly working the leather out of the loop.

“You best pray I don’t get outta this, baby,” he told you, as you unzipped his pants. You could imagine his retribution and your stomach just *dropped* in pleasure at the thought.

You couldn't resist the urge, and you leaned down, angling your head around the hat to kiss your cowboy, gripping the collar of his shirt as your mouths pressed together. McCree groaned, nipping your lip and sucking softly on the bite mark as you whimpered, grinding against him. A moment later you gave into the arousal and unzipped your suit, peeling it off to your waist and baring your breasts to the cowboy. He watched every movement, tongue wetting his lips as you flicked your hair away and leaned down to kiss him again.

His mouth quickly left yours to kiss along your jaw, sucking hard on your neck as you cupped him through his pants. He moaned, teething down your torso until his lips fastened around your nipple, sucking hard. Arousal flushed you, and you wrapped shaking fingers around the back of his neck, keeping him pressed to you as his tongue stroked over your breast, lips making little wet noises over the bud until you were whining, feeling your suit press against your slit. Shit, you were slick already, a warmth pooling in your crotch, and you made him pull away, watching him lick the saliva from his mouth.

His leg bounced up and nudged you forward, darting his head for your other breast and licking a trail over it. You squeezed his cock tightly, and the cowboy moaned in delight, but he was sucking on you again and you had to draw yourself back, grabbing his pants and yanking them down around his thighs, pulling his boxers down just enough to expose his cock. Jesse made a noise in the back of his throat that had you moaning, and you wrapped your hand around his shaft and jerked.

"Shit," he breathed, arching just a little, and you grinned, stroking him gently up and down. His hips followed your movements, rising and falling as you touched him. You squeezed him a little harder and his thigh tensed.

You slid back, and your head dropped to his cock, mouth closing around the tip and slowly sinking down the shaft as the cowboy trembled. You swirled your tongue around him, sucking softly, and he shuddered in delight, pulsing beneath your lips.

"You ain't playin' fair," he breathed, as you gave him one last suck and pulled your mouth off him, unzipping your boots and kicking them off. His eyes darkened with lust as you shimmied out of your suit and threw it aside, crawling back up the bed towards him. He was mesmerised by the way you swayed as you did so, and you chuckled as you moved up to his head.

"Are you surprised?" you chuckled, sliding your thighs around his head. An inch or so was left between his mouth and your groin, and the cowboy blew softly across your slit. You grunted gently, gripping the bars of the headboard.

"Nah," he managed.

You dropped your hips and felt McCree groaning in a mixture of surprise and pleasure as his tongue met your wetness, a long, broad lick going directly through your folds and up to your clit. Your body was excited, you remembered what Jesse's mouth could do and the way he was lapping at you wasn't doing anything to calm you down. A hard suck on your nub made your eyes close in bliss, hands reaching for his hair and gripping tightly.

You had a funny feeling he'd cut his hair. It felt...shorter.

Not that it was affecting his oral skills.

He swirled around your clit, moaning and shifting in frustration as you trembled, gasping, tugging at his head and bearing your hips down on him.

“Oh shit,” you breathed, panting, as he hummed. “Ohhh, McCree...”

You reached for the headboard instead of the man’s hair and bucked your hips against his tongue, your body flushing with heat, a low throb of pleasure growing in your core as you rode his mouth. You couldn’t help the gasps leaving your lips, clenching your thighs together and feeling the sensations intensify. The lithe muscle danced across your clit, stroking back and forth, again and again, as you bit your lip and shivered.

“Anyone’d think you wanted this,” you chuckled, as your pleasure slowly rolled into a tight coil. He laughed softly, sucking on you briefly.

“Your boss shoulda sent someone less pretty,” he growled, and you could feel yourself running to the edge with each lap.

You wanted to say something clever but then he hummed against your clit, and your world narrowed to the space between your legs and you shuddered in climax, crying out loudly as he kept licking. You could endure it for a few seconds, but you had to pull yourself away, watching him lick his mouth clean again. You could feel yourself twitching as the coil of heat spread through you.

You leaned back on him, gasping for breath, and he let out an appreciative groan.

“You’re gonna look good ridin’ me,” he breathed, his eyes sparkling. Your eyes darted back to his cock, and you bit your lip, moving down his body and sitting a little heavily on his thighs, his shaft pressing against your mound, the underside rubbing your clit as you sat, and you mewled at the way it stroked you.

“Oh, fuck,” you whined. You were so fucking *sensitive* still, and you braced yourself against him as you began to roll the underside of him over your little nub, slick dripping out of you.

“You fuck your targets often?” he chuckled, fixing you with slightly desperate eyes.

“Just the pretty ones.”

“I ain’t pretty,” McCree growled. “You gonna lift your hips, darlin’?”

“Uhhh...maybe,” you murmured, and he bucked against you, grinding hard against your clit. You shivered, and finally, when you felt yourself starting to ache for the penetration, you sat up on your knees, and slowly speared yourself on Jesse’s cock.

The sound he made had your skin tingling as you slowly worked yourself in to the base, hands bracing against his stomach. His body was warm and twitching beneath yours and you felt him buck into you hard as he moaned in pleasure.

“I should’ve brought you in earlier,” you gasped, “and oh god, cuffed you too.”

“Wouldn’t a complained,” he growled, thrusting upwards into you. You lost the ability to think.

“I can tell,” you ground against him, “you were too easy to catch.”

“What can I say, dangle a prize like you in front ‘a me,” he thrust again, and you scratched him gently, “I ain’t gonna mind being caught.”

Your breath left you in little gasps as he began to fuck you from below, and you could feel the tension in him as he tried to stave off the temptation to go harder, clearly wound up from your earlier teasing. Hell, even getting you off seemed to have made him more eager. And you... you were slick, and each stroke of his cock in you was just making you warmer and more breathless.

“Shit, girlie, I was right,” he managed, as you circled your hips and grinned at the needy cowboy. You couldn’t help moaning at the sight of him, his face flushed, lips parted as he sucked in air, and you squeezed him just to watch his teeth clench.

“I look good, I know,” you gasped, riding him slowly. He bared his teeth at you and his head fell back against the pillow, rolling against your slow movements with growing urgency. “You wanna come, McCree?”

“Why’d I feel like that’s a trick question?” he rasped, pushing a little harder. You arched as he brushed a sweet spot.

“Uhn... ’cause you’re a smart guy, Jesse,” you whined, and found yourself driving down onto him a little harder.

“That so?” he drawled, his chest rising and falling. You were entranced by the movement until he started to fuck you hard and slow, hiltng as he rolled upwards, and you found yourself whimpering as he stroked along your walls.

“Uh-huh,” but that was all you got out, because the cowboy got tired of waiting and began fucking you from below, his powerful hips driving hard until you felt another slow knot of pleasure building in you. Without a hint of shame you slid your fingers between your legs and began to stroke your clit, adding to the sensations as your legs began to shake again.

You could see it in his body that he was getting close, and you leaned down to kiss him again as his moans buzzed against your lips, your hands sliding beneath the black shirt and feeling his skin twitch beneath your fingers even as the pleasure found its peak. For a second, you pulled back to swallow in air, and then you unravelled and shuddered in climax, crying Jesse’s name as you squeezed down on him.

You slumped forward, your head on his chest, gripping his broad shoulders shakily as you tried to breathe again, and his cock slipped out of you. The cursing that rained down from above pulled a breathless giggle out of you, and you looked up to see frustration and pleading written on his pretty face.

“Aw, c’mon, you ain’t serious,” he panted, his cock still twitching.

“Said I’d...break you,” you panted.

“You ain’t playin’ fair,” he protested. You laughed again.

“I don’t.”

He growled, and there was something threatening about it that stopped your giggles. He wasn’t mad, was he?

A second later, his metal hand was snapping the cuff open, and he gripped you around the waist. Your eyes widened.

“Well,” he breathed, and pulled off the remains of the metal, whipping his tie off, “if you ain’t gonna be fair, darlin’, then best I not try at all.”

Your hands were behind your back before you knew it, silver tie binding your wrists together as McCree shoved you onto your back and got to his knees, both hands sliding beneath your hips and raising them, hooking them around his shoulders.

“What...ahhh,” you keened, as his tongue flicked out over your folds again, his scruff rubbing against you this time as he buried his face in you and slid that wet little muscle deep inside you. His human hand reached down to cup your breast as metal fingers rubbed over your unattended clit.

He was laughing, even as the metal started buzzing again, and you writhed in his grip.

*How had you forgotten about that?!*

The vibrations rolled right across your oversensitive clit and you let out a bark of desperation at the feeling, the cowboy’s tongue stroking inside you as your orgasm started building out of goddamn *nowhere*. You clenched up, bucking beneath his touch, and your toes curled each time he licked inside you.

“McCree, fuck, you...ugh, I hate...shiitt,” you babbled, struggling helplessly, “Oh god, please, fuck, fuck, I-I!”

He was pinning you to him as your orgasm rose and washed over you, and you could feel sweat dripping down your back as he switched digit and muscle, the buzzing fingers dancing at your opening as he sucked *hard* on your clit and made your vision blur. You strained against the tie but holy shit, that man knew his knots. You weren’t getting out of this any time soon.

You caught his eye beneath the rim of his hat and swallowed at the sheer enjoyment dancing around in the pretty brown, the fact that he was *loving* making you come.

He licked you clean with broad strokes that made you shiver and finally wiped his own mouth off, setting you down and sliding his buzzing fingers between your thighs. The vibrations on your sensitive walls made your hips jolt.

“McCree,” you pleaded. “Oh, god, it’s too...uuhh...”

“Oh I know,” he breathed, and leaned down to suck on a nipple. You whimpered. “I damn fuckin’ know. And I’m gonna make you come apart again, and again, girlie. This’s penance for thinkin’ you could break me.”

His fingers were thrusting hard against you even as he turned you on your side, sliding up behind you and pulling them out. They didn’t disappear, though, oh no. He wasn’t merciful like that. No, those vibrating fingers simply rested, two of them, against your clit, as his other hand wrapped around your inner thigh and tugged it away from the other one, draping your calf around his waist.

Your back pressed against his chest as his lips curved against your neck, teeth nipping at the skin as you gasped for breath, the buzzing metal stroking back and forth against your nub.

“Gonna scream for me, darlin’?” he growled, his cock stroking against your folds.

“Fuck,” you whined, as his warm, leather-clad human hand groped a breast. “J-Jesse...”

“You keep sayin’ my name,” he murmured, kissing your shoulder. “Just keep cryin’ out for me, nice an’ loud.”

His cock drove deep into you in one slick move, and your body raged with heat.

He wasn’t slow, he wasn’t soft, he was fucking you hard and rough the moment he’d hilted, teeth clenched tightly as he grunted and gasped by your ear. You could hear the tension in his voice, and the buzzing got stronger, his fingers rubbing and stroking as you trembled, rolling your nipple beneath the large digits. You were so slick you could hear it, a wet drag that echoed through the room, his body hot against yours. You could feel the smooth fabric of his waistcoat pressing into your skin, and between that was his chest, burning with warmth and bleeding hot into your frame.

“Jesse,” and his fingers buzzed again, your back arching, jolting at the doubled sensation as your climax came back, *again*, roaring into life from his touch. You knew he was getting close, he was jerking and twitching, his breathing erratic, and the *sounds*, the noises and the breaths panting into the room were not dampening your arousal in the slightest.

“Louder,” he growled, kissing your neck, scruff scratching you.

“Jesse, oh god!”

“Doin’...uhhnn...better,” he rasped, pressing himself against you. “You gotta scream it for me.”

You gave him helpless noises in response as you shuddered in his grip, held tight to his body and fast approaching another crest. The buzzing fingers pushed harder, and then you were coming, swearing and yelling for your lover as you clenched hard. He could only be moments from coming, but he was still holding out, still fucking you hard even as his noises became strained and pleading, a delicious music.

He was chanting in your ear as the buzzing made you sob in pained delight, and the moment his climax finally hit him, he buried his teeth in you and sucked roughly. He was still thrusting even as he spurted deep inside you, and he held you tight, his moaning desperate. That noise, the need in it, was just beautiful, and you shivered in delight when his hips finally slowed, the cowboy still wrapped around you.

“*Fuck, baby,*” he breathed, slumping against the sheets. “Darlin’...”

His hand slid out from between your thighs, and slowly untied your wrists. You rolled over, lying against his chest and fighting for breath, feeling him stroke a hand through your hair.

“Well, that was fun,” you panted, and he laughed breathlessly, his heart pounding beneath your head.

“Thought you’d like it.”

“How’d you know?”

He smirked against the top of your head.

“Probably ‘cus you’re like me, sweetheart,” he chuckled deeply.

“...yeah, can’t argue that,” you finally agreed. Your eyes flicked down him. “Suits you, you know.”

“The mask’s the bit I like best,” he admitted, and you felt his hand raise to his head. You looked up to watch him take it off, and your eyes widened.

“You cut your hair,” you murmured.

“Yeah.”

“You *died* it,” you giggled.

“And?”

He looked embarrassed.

“Jesse McCree, you’re a big fuckin’ nerd, and you know it.”

“Next time I’m cuffin’ you first, and you ain’t gettin’ off ‘til you apologise for that.”



## Widowmaker Special

You cracked a Talon agent over the head with your gun, kicking his unconscious body aside as McCree reloaded his pistol. Tracer blasted past you, her weapons blazing, and you watched her long enough to see Widowmaker fleeing from the bullets.

Bitch.

You still owed her for last time.

But you also weren't dumb enough to chase after her, not unless you wanted to spend more time in a web-

Okay, battlefield not good place to get horny...

Widowmaker hopped down from the roof she was on and disappeared behind the wall.

"Tracer!" you yelled, as the agent zipped after her, blue light arcing behind her bomber jacket. "Oh, shit."

"What?" McCree grunted, dropping another Talon op. A moment later, you heard something exploding.

Something from the direction Tracer had been in.

It sounded like a venom bomb.

"Oh *shit*," he breathed.

"You stay here!" you ordered, and took off, running towards the scene as you shoved on an air mask. You could see Pharah above you, her visor glowing.

"I cannot locate Tracer!" you heard her warn you, your commlink beeping to life. "The smoke is thick. We require Winston to analyse the compounds! Don't go charging in."

"Tracer could be dying!" you barked. "Go get Winston!"

The other woman blasted away, and you could see up ahead thick pink mist billowing out of a side alley. You attached a breathing mask to your face, putting your visor down and turning on heat vision. The screen blurred and rippled, like static on an ancient tv, and you frowned, its sensors settling erratically on a figure deep in the pink fog.

"Tracer!"

The figure shifted weakly, and you surged forward, your skin prickling as you found Tracer's prone form lying on the ground. You slid your arms beneath her, hauling her up, and looked around. She was alone. Where was Widowmaker?

That didn't matter.

You took a step forward, the agent sturdy but not too heavy in your arms, and made your move towards the other side of the alleyway. Your commlink beeped, and you were expecting to hear Winston.

*"Au revoir, Cherie,"* was purred into your ear, and too late, you spotted a venom mine clamped to the wall by your feet.

The blast knocked you back, shoving you against the wall, and your mask cracked against the stonework, large shard of glass dropping onto Tracer's jacket. Desperately, coughing, your mouth filling with the mist, you activated the distress pulser.

You'd felt venom before, and it had burned on its way down, but this was different. The rose smoke surged into your throat, heat blossoming in its wake, like a warm cloth stroking down. You coughed, staggering to your feet, still holding the limp agent. She was still breathing, at least, but you could feel her body temperature rising, and a soft moan left her lips. Your heart skipped in relief.

"Oh, thank god," you breathed. "We're...going to be...okay...Lena..."

*"Vraiment?"* your commlink murmured.

So the spider was still hanging around.

"Agent!"

You looked up to see two figures running towards you, one dwarfed by the other. Winston. And...thank god, McCree. The scientist was wearing a breathing mask, but McCree had just wrapped his serape around his mouth.

Your legs gave out as they reached you, the heat the mist had created now working down your body. It wasn't *poison*, you realised, as the warmth slowly *dropped*.

It was...oh...

You managed to sling Tracer onto Winston's back, and the gorilla kept her firmly in place with one hand as your boyfriend picked you up. You could hear his heart pounding, and you leaned into him, wrapping your arms around his neck as the heat became liquid, dripping slowly into your suit, and suddenly, god, you were way too sensitive. The suit needed to come off, now.

"McCree," you whined, trying to struggle out of his arms.

"Hey now-"

His voice was rough in your ear, and he pinned you tightly to him. The material rubbed your skin and you protested. You needed to be naked.

"We can't stay here."

His voice was somewhat strangled as he kept moving, taking you both away from the scene of the bombs. Above you, Pharah had some kind of cannon, and she fired down at the alleyway, a canister planting itself in the stone and holding fast. A light beeped on, and the pink mist began to get sucked in, a second canister firing down to join the first. Blasts of air rushed out from the metal cylinders as the entirety of the pink mist was absorbed.

“Mist neutralised,” Pharah told you. “Get back to base. We need to quarantine you.”

“I’m not...ahhh...sick,” you breathed, inhaling sharply. Somehow, just that movement caused your suit to shift and brush across your breasts. A wave of desire rolled down you.

“No one said you were.”

McCree’s hands moved, stroking along your thigh, and you sighed at the touch, cupping his face. You pressed your lips to his cheek, and he let out a soft murmur, tugging down his serape. A moment later, your lips met.

God, it felt like water after a hot day.

He almost dropped you in his hurry to put you down, stalking over to a wall and pinning you against it as your mouths moved together.

“What are you doing?!” Fareeha barked. “Get to the ship!”

You groaned in frustration just as Jesse’s thigh pressed between yours, and you bucked, ignoring the woman above you as you found delicious friction against the leather.

“Don’t make me come down there!” she warned, as his hands found your ass. He squeezed, pulling a moan from you, and she growled angrily. “That’s it!”

She landed next to you in the alley, retrieving the two canisters with a furious glare at you.

“Dropship. Now,” she snapped. Her gun poked McCree in the shoulder, and he fixed her with an angry look before slowly putting you down.

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The heat was oppressive rampaging through your body, and you could feel just how wet you were. Everything was enhanced. Touch, smell, taste, hearing...

McCree’s eyes were on you, and your body was prickling.

Only, you were strapped into a chair, with Pharah on your left, and the ship was moving through the air.

It was like the worst ache in the world, and you were almost shivering by the time you finally made it to base.

“Get some sleep,” she ordered the two of you. “Rest. Don’t do anything strenuous.”

She disappeared around the corner, and Jesse hauled you into his arms and ran.

He didn’t stop until you were at your quarters, and you swiped the card to open the door just in time before he kicked it down. You were in and the door shut behind you a moment later. The cowboy tossed you onto the bed, pulling his clothes off hurriedly as you went to unzip your suit. His shirt was off when he gripped the fabric and tore it off you, moving you onto your front as he ground a cloth-covered erection against your ass.

His teeth nipped your shoulder as he unbuckled his pants and shoved them down, grabbing your hips and pulling you back against him. His cock thrust into you on the first try and you let out a cry, his skin warm, hot, *boiling* on yours as he rutted above you. His body pinned yours to the bed as he stroked deep and hard inside you, keeping your thighs wide open.

You felt the ache from earlier alleviating at the presence of him inside you, fingers gripping the bed covers as you arched into the man. Sweet, sweet relief followed each press against your walls, but as he withdrew you could feel a different ache growing, not the frustrating, needy sensation of arousal but the slowly growing fire of a climax.

*Already?*

What *exactly* had Widowmaker put into that pink mist?

His large hand cupped your breast and you groaned at the touch, nipple pebbled in his palm as he scraped his teeth down your neck. Sparks of pleasure followed the bites as his noises shifted, his grunts a little higher. He was getting closer too.

“Shit, sweetheart,” he breathed into your ear, and his voice made your head spin. “Oh god. Ain’t care what she put in that stuff, I gotta make you scream for me, darlin’. Please.”

His hand, his metal fingers, slid against your clit. You knew, you knew it was coming, but the intensity of the buzzing on your clit still made your body shudder in pleasure. The moment he started rubbing, his digits coated in your slick, you felt yourself writhing at the stimulation, and your orgasm washed over you, Jesse’s name leaving your lips in a stuttering cry as sweat dripped down your thighs. He bit you again, his body tensing, and you felt him twitch, groaning loudly into your hair as his fingers held you tight, fucking you hard, fast, desperate, until he was spurting deep into you, his hips finally slowing as he moaned softly into your skin.

He slid off you and onto the bed, fingers still stroking your clit as you bucked against the touches.

“Jesse, please,” you whimpered, and he looked up, glassy-eyed, pulling his hand away. His tongue slid out to taste your slick absent-mindedly. You felt your stomach drop. God, could he *get* any sexier?

“Damn,” he breathed, his chest rising and falling. You bit your lip, reaching out to trace your fingers over his arm. The cowboy dragged you over to him, and the two of you gasped for air

together, your lips against his neck.

The arousal had dampened, but it wasn't *gone*, and as Jesse exhaled, you could see him twitching back to life. Biting your lip, you slung your leg over his hip and straddled him, dropping onto him before he had a chance to say a word.

But by the way his hands immediately darted to grab handfuls of your breast, you could tell he approved.

The ache returned as you rode him, a little less hurried this time now that you'd come once already, but you were *more* sensitive this time, and so was Jesse. He let out a few gasps as you bucked your hips, and his thumbs rubbed your nipples, a pleased whimper filling the air.

"Uhn...fuck," he breathed. "You look so good up there."

You giggled, arching back just a little, and his cock brushed a sweet spot. Your body shuddered at the next wave of ecstasy as you fucked yourself on him, slick dripping down his shaft.

"Fuck, sweetheart, I was worried for ya, but look at you," he gasped. "You're so fuckin' perfect...you're so good..."

"Ahhh...Jesse," you whined, as metal skimmed down your stomach. Already the knot of climax was winding tight between your legs, ready to release. His fingertips brushed your clit, a low, pulsing buzz stroking at you and sending licks of heat rushing through you.

"You drive me wild, baby," he croaked, his hips bucking into you. "So...so mad..."

You bore down onto him, circling your hips as his touches increased, pressure building in your core. You bit your lip, whimpering, and he pulled you down for a long, passionate kiss as your orgasm hit. Your eyes squeezed shut, mouth dropping open as a cry left you, and he stopped letting you ride and started fucking you hard from below, grunting as he nipped your jaw, panting, holding you tight, and as he worked you through your climax, you gripped his hair tight and called his name. He twitched again, fingers scratching down your back, his own climax rushing through him. The two of you writhed against each other, wet with sweat, and he turned off the vibe and wrapped you in his arms, his breathing heavy.

"Wow," you breathed. "Fuck."

"Still feel like that ain't it," he told you, and you laughed breathlessly.

"Shit, Jesse, you're insatiable," you told him.

"Hey, I ain't got my head between your legs yet," he protested. "Ain't a proper fuck if I didn't get to do that."

"God, I love you," you sighed.

There was a pause, and you stilled, your heart pounding.

“Yeah, I love you too, darlin’,” he chuckled, kissing your sweaty forehead.

# Happy Halloween

“This place is creepy,” you commented, looking out over Adlersbrunn as the sun began to set in the distance. “I mean, it’s nice during the day, but now it’s getting on, I’m getting fucking *chills*.”

“You ain’t gotta be scared,” McCree chuckled, leaning over the side of the turret.

It was a long way up. You and your boyfriend had stationed yourselves up here for the evening, since the hordes of monsters had been quelled for now, and it was your turn to take lookout just in case anything was coming up towards the castle.

“What, ‘cause you’re here with me?” you asked, grinning.

“Ain’t got confidence in my abilities, sweetheart?” McCree drawled.

“Look, even having you here isn’t going to quell the chills this place is giving me,” you pointed out.

“That sounds like a challenge,” he murmured. You felt yourself flushing, and bit your lip.

The sun sunk below the horizon, and slivers of huge, full moonlight began beaming down. McCree stepped away from the edge suddenly, and you straightened up.

“Something wrong?” you asked.

“I, uh, got something to confess,” he admitted. Did he sound...breathless?

“What is it?”

He coughed.

“I, uh...got this thing, I picked it up from Hanzo a while back,” he began. “It...kinda manifests every...full moon.”

Your eyes widened.

“Wait...”

He grunted, clenching his fist, and your eyes darted to his. Were they...beginning to glow?

“Jesse...are you...”

He collapsed onto one knee with a snarl, and you took a step back, reaching for your gun.

“Ain’t gonna hurt ya!” he managed, his voice straining with tension. “Jus’...gonna get a lil’...handsy...s’all.”

“Well that’s no different from usual,” you stammered faintly. His laughter was cut off by a low growl, and he reached forward, his hands gripping your legs. “Maybe you should...take your clothes off?”

You tugged his glove off, and dropped it in surprise. His fingers were growing, the nails turning black and becoming claws, and already the hair on his arm was thickening. You could feel his strength increasing already, his hand clamping down on your leg.

“Jesse, clothes,” you tried to remind him, as his metal arm began glowing. It left you, reshaping, reconfiguring, and as he looked up at you, oh yes, those eyes were definitely glowing. It sent a thrill of fear and arousal through you, and you watched his body begin to swell beneath the clothing. A moment later he dragged his serape from his shoulders and tossed it aside, and you could see the stitches of his shirt looking woefully stretched. You wanted to pull his shirt off but as you moved to grab hold of it, his hands (paws?) found your wrists and rolled you roughly, though not cruelly, onto the floor. He knelt over you, his hat dropping off his head as he leaned down to kiss you, and the tongue that slipped across your lips was inhumanly rough and made you shiver.

“Can’t...talk,” he panted, ripping his shirt away as he undid his belt-one handed, and he was pushing his pants down his thighs when he shuddered, and dropped his head into your neck. “Ahhn...darlin’...this ain’t...gonna be...nice n’ easy...”

“It’s okay,” you whispered, biting your lip.

His left hand finished shifting as he managed to kick off his shoes, and you looked down to see it had become a clawed paw, fingers glowing blue beneath the metal. You wanted to ask when this had happened. As you looked up, he tore his shirt off, exposing the quickly-growing hair covering his torso, and you went to skim your hands down it. It wasn’t hair. It was fur. And it was soft.

You met his eyes again, and this time Jesse’s face was more animal than man, lips pulled back over fangs in an imitation of a grin as he groaned, shuddering. His arms quivered as he continued to shift, now completely naked and looking wilder every moment. You noticed a pair of ears rising above his hair, and reached up, stroking along them. He rumbled deep in his chest and you almost laughed, a low groan leaving him as you continued to drag your fingers down the length of them.

You heard a scratching sound, and looked for it. McCree’s claws were leaving raking marks in the stonework below you, and his hips lowered, close enough for his cock to press into your thigh.

“Jesse,” you breathed, as he ground slowly into your thigh with soft whuffs of pleasure. He leaned down, his tongue rasping up your neck as his claws found your suit, and then it was tearing off beneath his hands, exposing your skin to the cold October air for a few seconds before the heat rolling off the wolf’s body covered you in its place. Scraps of fabric clung around your thighs, and as he snapped off your bra and pants, you shuddered, biting your lip.

You really wanted to rationalise your sudden wetness as being caused by McCree’s presence, but, uh, you couldn’t lie. The sight of him shuddering, poised above you? Turned you on



more than you'd thought. And having your clothes ripped off was...

*Ohhh...*

McCree's tongue was rough as it slid down your neck and curved over a breast, playing against your nipple. Your back arched into the sensation, a whimper leaving you, and a wave of heat followed as he continued to lick, your breath already starting to come in low moans.

"*God,*" you whined, and McCree gave you what could have passed as a laugh, idly teasing the peak of one breast until you were pulsing. Incredible. Two minutes of just *licking*, and you were already dripping wet. He pulled away from the mound, his nose burying itself in your sternum. He inhaled deeply, and then withdrew, turning his attention to the other breast. Twitching, your eyes closing, you began to gasp and writhe underneath your boyfriend.

Your body was already tensing, slick running down onto the stone, as he sat back on his haunches, cock erect and hanging in the air, a wet trail of precome already gliding down it. It looked...different. More tapered at the top, the base more swollen, and a darker shade of red than you'd ever seen it before. You felt yourself pulse in response.

Your body was waging a war with your mind, and even your mind was fucking this up. One half rationalised that this was Jesse McCree, duh, your boyfriend, of course you'd want him. The other half was screaming something about borderline bestiality. And then there was your body, which was dripping slick and craving the next part of copulation.

So, what-

Apparently, McCree made the decision for you. His head dived between your thighs, and if you'd thought his tongue felt good on your breast, the way it ground on your clit was *heaven*. You immediately grabbed hold of his hair, tangling your fingers into the soft fur and stroking across his ears as his tongue slid against your cleft, running from top to bottom once, twice, teasing your entrance briefly, and then it pressed into you and you lost the ability to breathe.

His large hands gripped your thighs, keeping you spread open for his tongue as he leisurely fucked you with it. You could feel warm lines of slick and saliva running down your body, and you didn't take long to start gasping out his name. The sound made him growl as he pressed his tongue against your flesh, and oh, shit, *fuck*, it vibrated against your skin and sent a shudder down your spine. Your back arched off the cold stone, warm sweat slicking up your fingers as you kept an iron grip on your lover's hair.

McCree's tongue pulled out of you, swirling around your clit. A hand left your thigh, and then the gentle buzzing sound you knew so well filled the air. Your eyes widened, and as you looked up, the werewolf pressed the warm fingertips to your clit and sent the vibration buzzing through you, the same moment that he plunged his tongue back into your slit.

Fuck, that last time had been a *warmup*, because god, he wasn't going gently this time. The buzzing got stronger, your fingers yanking cruelly on his fur as the wet muscle fucked you roughly, firmly, grinding up against a sweet spot with each slide against your walls. You cried out loudly, heat rushing through you, tingling your skin, and your forehead felt damp as your

thighs tensed, an urgent knot of pleasure already coiling between your legs. It was intense, waves of delight rushing across you, up your body, before receding to that...fuck, that *coil*...

You started to beg.

No, you weren't ashamed, you *wanted* this, and even as McCree's intact hand slid up your body and cupped your breast, the sensation of fur instead of skin did *nothing* to deter the fact that you were about to come *hard*.

His claws weren't sharp enough to cut you, not without force, but the feeling of them playing with your nipple gave you an insanely arousing shock of pleasure. Even as a man, Jesse McCree could kill you easily, but as a werewolf? Oh, you were *so fucked*.

With that last frisson of danger joining your rising climax, McCree growled again, and then you were gone, writhing beneath him as the tension shattered and forced your body into the air, straining against McCree's grip. That vibrating finger kept stroking you even as your thighs clamped down on his head like a vice, and he continued to lick you, unperturbed.

Any protestations died into helpless cries as he teased your oversensitive sex, both your legs thrown over his shoulders and caught between his arms and his head. The vice you'd squeezed him with was now turned on you as you found yourself unable to slide your limbs away from the touch.

So, *fuck*, you were completely at his mercy.

By the time he pulled his head away, you were gasping for air, little beads of sweat running down your legs, quickly cooling in the night air, and your hair was sticking to your face. His tongue found your thigh and you whined desperately, your skin twitching at the touch.

"Shit, Jesse...I..."

Your brain took a holiday for a moment, and you lay back, dazed, blood running hot, as McCree's metal hand ran around your knee, and you gulped, looking up. He was sitting up, licking his lips, his cock still looking painfully erect, and your eyes darted between his face and his lap, and somehow you blushed despite how red your face was already.

Were you prepped for that?

Well, you were about to find out.

You gave him a knowing look and parted your thighs, and something like a smile crossed his face, and he immediately crawled over you. Which imparted to you some new knowledge, in the realisation that he was now quite a bit taller. Over half a foot taller, actually.

"Jesse..."

Both his hands gripped your waist, and without a moment's warning he tossed you onto your front and dragged you back onto your knees. Your ass hit his hips with a muted slap, and you were putting your hands down as support when McCree's cock slid over your mound, the hot

length rubbing your clit. It garnered an immediate whimper, and you pressed back unwittingly as he ground upwards. A sob of pleasure left you, and you swallowed, shivering.

“Jesse, baby, please,” you managed. You felt his grip tighten, and then his hips were pulling back and that tapered tip was stroking against your lower lips teasingly. “Oh...fuck...please...”

He growled.

And then he yanked you back and pushed deep into you.

There was a brief pause, where both wolf and human got used to the feeling.

And then he started to fuck you.

He was right. This wasn't nice and easy. His hips slapped against your ass each time he drove into you, his cock hot and unyielding, so inhuman and so *good* because of it. You found your back bowing, leaning down on your elbows as the werewolf took you, and a trickle of sweat rolled down your neck as you rocked yourself against him.

His cock curved downwards, grinding the head against your sweet spot each time he pulled you back against him, and it didn't take long for your body to start shuddering. As you squeezed him, he leaned forward, his hips angling, and this time your breasts brushed the cold stone as he slid continuously over your sweet spot.

Metal slid down your body, and dimly you realised his hand was moving again, two digits trapping your clit between them, and when the vibrations began again you let out a tiny, helpless ‘oh, no...’

Not that you wanted this to stop. His chest pressed against your back, and he shifted his weight, intact hand grasping your breast firmly as his metal hands stroked you.

“Ohhh...ohhh,” you panted, his fur soft and warm and stroking your back. “Jesse...oh god...”

And somehow he went harder.

You went limp as a sudden climax turned your limbs to water, and oh *shit*, as the pleasure dragged you down, you sagged into his fingers, and the vibration got stronger. He squeezed your breast gently even as the metal stroking your clit moved faster and firmer. It was a devious mess, you had to admit it. The greater the pleasure, the weaker you got, the more you leaned into his touch, and the greater the pleasure.

McCree licked up your back and neck, his tongue curling around your jaw.

Suddenly, you were moving again, rolling onto your side with the wolf's chest at your back, your thigh pulled wide open and hitched over his leg. The metal fingers were still teasing you, his right hand still stroking your nipple, but now you weren't in danger of falling into the stone, and-

And at this angle, McCree could tuck his head beneath your arm, and stroke that tongue over your unattended breast until you were shuddering intensely.

He buried himself inside you once more and began to drive his hips hard against your backside, panting softly as he kept your leg pinned wide open by tucking it over his left arm and holding your thigh against his leg. And those fingers were still rubbing you, switching to the highest setting as you almost quivered out of his grip.

So obscenely presented like this, you had no other option than to concentrate on the sensation of his thick length fucking you, hitting deep again and again, and oh, you hazarded a look down and watched it disappear and reappear, whimpering at the wet noises, the *slick* sound of it. God, this was fucking *filthy*, and you loved it.

Your next climax was fuelled by that visual image, and as you came with a cry of his name, McCree began to twitch, his body rutting harder and urgently, pants becoming growls, little whuffs and snarls of need that had you gasping at the beautiful audio.

“Oh, fuck,” you managed, “h-how...close...”

He licked your nipple again and growled warningly, his teeth slowly baring as he began to shudder. You clenched down purposefully this time, and he keened, quivering behind you as you felt him start to tense.

“Jesse...”

And then he howled.

Dropped his head back, open his jaws, and howled.

The vibration pulled another tiny climax out of you as Jesse’s cock shuddered, and began to spurt thick ropes of cum into you, swelling. Wait, was it...getting bigger?

“Jesse!”

The base of his length swelled up, stretching you, and the werewolf tried to pull out of you. You cried out in surprise as you found him locked into you.

“W-wait,” you panted. “Uhn...”

His metal fingertips kept stroking, and you stopped trying to make sense of whatever it was keeping the two of you from separating. The buzzing was too good, and McCree was grinding that weird knot into your sex, and you slumped against him, your body soaked with sweat, and enjoyed the low rolls of pleasure that were washing over you.

His fingers were still playing with your breast, and it took you a moment to realise that the claws were receding, his head moving away from your chest to bury itself in your neck as a very human tongue licked up your skin, and the...knot...began to shrink. As it did so, you felt his cum beginning to drip out of you, and you shivered, leaning back into his warm body.

“...Jesse?” you whispered.

“...h’w’s’t’?” he mumbled, sounding tired.

“...what?”

“How...was it?” he panted, pulling his vibrating hand away. You watched it reconfigure into the human hand, the vibrations switching off as he tugged you into his arms.

“It...was...really good,” you confessed, biting your lip. “So...how often does...this...happen?”

There was a pause as he caught his breath.

“I c’n...go again in...bout a half hour,” he replied. You twisted around in his embrace and slid your arms around him.

“Think...I might...need longer,” you decided.

Jesse just laughed.

## Apology Tango

“What were you thinking?!”

McCree shot you a smile as he sat on the gurney in the med bay, his hand carefully pressing against his thigh to test Ziegler’s work. You swallowed.

“I was thinkin’ that your ass was needin’ cover and I was the closest one to cover it,” the cowboy replied, his hand pulling away. Satisfied with the results, he slipped off the bed and collected his hat from a nearby chair. His serape was wrapped around your shoulders, and he didn’t retrieve it.

“Widowmaker shot you in the leg!” you protested, watching him jauntily tuck his hands into his pockets and lean against a nearby wall.

“And we got us out of there quick and patched me up,” McCree replied. “An’ here I am, good as new. No harm done.”

“I beg to differ,” you scoffed. Those big brown eyes turned on you, wide with concern.

“Hey, you ain’t hurt, are you?” he asked, reaching for you. His hands grasped yours and squeezed gently. “I thought Ange got you all cleared?”

“I was *worried*, you dumbass!” you huffed, gliding your fingertips up his forearm. You gripped the crook of his elbow, taking a few steps closer. McCree shot you a crooked grin.

“Now girlie, you know I ain’t fragile,” he pulled you close, your body pressing against the warm bulk of him, “it’ll take more than a shot to the leg for me to drop out of the fight.”

“I’m allowed to worry,” you muttered as his head dipped to your neck. His lips pressed against the flesh, the beard scratching you, and you gasped, a sudden bolt of *searing* arousal racing down your spine. A moan escaped you and you gripped his shoulders as his hand grabbed your waist. Metal fingers drew up your back and carefully gathered your hair to one side, exposing your neck to his mouth.

“Mighty pleased to know you care,” he chuckled. The velvet warmth of his voice made your breath hitch, and you slid a hand behind his neck, your nails digging in to his tanned skin when he nipped you.

“Excuse me.”

Both of you shot apart, your face burning, and turned to see Angela Ziegler standing in the doorway, looking placid if a little amused.

“I believe your own quarters are sufficient for whatever you two want to get out of your system,” she suggested. “Unfortunately, I happen to need this space.”

Jesse flashed her a smile and tipped his hat. “Understood, ma’am.”

“Sorry,” you whispered.

“My apologies, Ange,” and with that, he hoisted you into his arms, grinning at the way you gasped. The heat of him bled through his shirt, your body pressing into firm muscle instead of metal. “Guess I should apologise to you too for worryin’ your pretty head.”

“I can’t believe Mercy walked in on us,” you mumbled, your cheeks still hot. McCree laughed as he carried you to his quarters.

“I’m just glad she weren’t a minute or two later, ‘cause I would’ve had you naked,” he said, his voice low. “Got lots of apologies to make an’ all.”

The door to his quarters slid open and you moved to slip out of his arms as he carried you inside. The door closed and the cowboy gripped you tighter and brought you to his bed, laying you on your back. His mouth found yours, his hand gliding up your side. You knocked his hat off, fingers tangling into his hair as heat surged through you. He laughed between kisses.

“We barely started an’ you’re already leavin’ a gentleman in disarray?” he teased, nudging your jaw up. You wanted to retort but he sucked on your neck and your voice cracked around the words, your thighs sliding around his waist. Jesse pressed himself against you and let you grind into his lap, little bites covering the side of your neck.

“You’re not a gentleman,” you protested, and his hand slipped between you to unzip your suit. He laughed and kissed your jaw.

“No, I ain’t.”

Both hands grabbed the fabric and dragged it down your body, stroking the bare skin beneath and his lips tracing the exposed flesh. He kissed your breast, tugging down the straps of your bra. His tongue lapped at your nipple. You jerked his head a little closer and he moaned, pulling back.

“I’m tryin’ to apologise here and you’re makin’ it *real* hard to concentrate,” Jesse complained, mock-irritation covering his face. “Put your hands above your head like a good girl and let me say sorry.”

The suit slipped down to your hips as you did what you were told, your stomach flipping expectantly. Metal fingers traced your breast as Jesse’s tongue teased your nipple into a stiff peak. Your thighs parted and you could feel his erection pressing against you. Your hips rocked into it, rubbing your clit along the underside. Jesse *shook* above you and pulled back once more. His eyes were hooded, his pupils wide, and he was panting softly.

“You keep testin’ me like this an’ I’m just gonna skip straight to *fuckin’* you,” he warned, the threat lost in his breathlessness.

“That a promise?” you asked. He bared his teeth at you.

“I’ll say sorry when I’m good and ready. If you can’t stop tryin’ to make me apologise too early, I’m gonna tie you up.”

You felt yourself throb, twitching as his lips lowered to kiss your stomach. “That a promise?”

“Well, damn well is now.”

You kept your hands above your head as his lips and tongue marked their way down your belly to your thighs, and you shook as his beard scratched your flesh, little twinges pleasure rushing to your core. His mouth covered your clit and you bucked, your thighs clamping around his head as he began to suck on you. Your hands fisted the bedclothes. The room rang with the sound of your gasps and you fought the urge to grab handfuls of the handsome bastard’s hair.

He planted wet kisses on your thigh, his fingers parting the damp curls. Tongue flicking out over the nub, he had your body shaking in moments.

“Tease!” you gasped accusingly. Jesse chuckled and sucked a bruise into your thigh, two metal fingers slipping inside you. You wondered what he would do if you grabbed his hair and pulled his head down.

“Never said I wasn’t,” the fingers fucked you slowly, a wet noise joining your whimpers, “and I ain’t got a limit on how long I gotta say sorry for.”

“T-this is a terrible apology,” you tried to chastise him, and he laughed again. His mouth found your clit again and you *squeaked*, arching up each time he licked you. A warm hand cupped your ass, squeezing gently.

“I said I ain’t a gentleman.”

His fingers suddenly thrust roughly, and he sucked on your nub, a tremor rushing through you. Your head tossed from side to side. Hopefully he’d apologise now. Still, not that you were exactly *protesting* the way he was treating you, not when a tight coil of pleasure was growing between your thighs. But you wanted to touch him. You couldn’t help it. Your hands reached down and grabbed hold of his hair, scratching his scalp. Jesse *purred*, his eyes finding yours, and he immediately drew back to place taunting kitten licks around your lips and nub.

“You really couldn’t keep your hands in place, huh?” he growled. “Roll over.”

You did so, and you could hear Jesse stripping off behind you. His lips pressed against your shoulder, the head of his cock pushing at your slit, and he grabbed your waist. You were pulled onto your knees, and then McCree was burying himself in you, a hand sliding up your back to firmly grip your hair without pulling.

“I forget how *soft* you are,” he moaned, bucking a little. You whimpered at the friction against your walls, your hands gripping the sheets once more. He nipped at your neck. “You gotta stop *worryin’* so much about me sweetheart,” he added, his hips rocking into your



backside. He filled you perfectly but you needed more than just him inside you. You needed him to *move*.

“More,” you breathed, and felt him smile against your skin.

“You really want my apology, huh?” he asked.

“*Jesse*,” you whimpered. He nipped you again and you bucked against him. You heard him inhale sharply.

“All right, baby,” he murmured, his metal hand gripping your hip. “All right.”

Jesse held you in place as he started fucking you roughly. Your eyes squeezed shut when the cowboy’s cock dragged against your walls, your thighs parting widely to take him. You could hear him groaning behind you each time his hips hit your ass, and you tried to turn, to see his face, and his grip tightened in your hair. You whimpered in protest.

“What is it you want?” he asked, his breathing laboured.

“To see you.”

“Can’t do as you’re told, this is your punishment,” he grunted, his hand relaxing again. You gripped the headboard in front of you and bucked your hips against him. The replying moan made you shiver, and you smiled briefly before his thrusts drove the expression from your lips.

“T-thought this was an apology,” you managed, and Jesse reached down and squeezed your ass with a shaky laugh.

“Smart-mouthed girly,” he chided playfully, using his hold on your backside to thrust a little deeper. You whimpered and rolled into him. The cowboy grunted. “How’s it feel, sweetheart? ‘Cause I feel good as new. Ain’t no trouble to guard your ass.”

“Still *worry*,” you panted. Jesse’s hand left your hair and skimmed down your back, squeezing your butt. He laughed, and then leaned down, slowing as he kissed your back and shoulder. You moaned at the contrast of soft lips and scratchy beard.

“You gotta stop worryin’ about me, sweetheart,” he murmured. His teeth scraped at you and you wriggled your hips into him. He paused to moan. “I’m always ok. Promise.”

You managed to turn to look at him. His face was flushed, those dark eyes still lidded, pupils blown out. Rolling onto your side, you reached up and dragged him down to kiss you. McCree let out a winded grunt but he cupped your face and returned the kiss with eager roughness.

“You damn well better be,” you finally said, pulling back. Jesse grinned.

“Sure as hell am,” he pushed you onto your front again, “so why don’t you just let me finish sayin’ sorry.”

You gasped, feeling his metal hand slide up to cup your breast as his hips smacked against your ass again. A new wave of pleasure rushed over you and you cried out. Jesse's fingers slipped between your thighs and stroked your clit in fast circles. Your body bucked into his, whimpers turning high and desperate as your thighs shook.

Metal fingers teased your nipple as Jesse fucked you, burying his face in the back of your neck. You could feel him starting to tremble as you tensed, that coil of pleasure growing. His teeth dug into you and you yelped, rolling against him. His tongue soothed the marks as your toes curled, and you felt him groan as he held you against him.

Your panting turned into sharp little gasps, and then heat was rushing through you, your skin prickling, relief uncoiling between your thighs. Jesse whispered "*that's it*" at your back and his cock twitched as he kept fucking you, the friction prolonging the waves of relief. You buried your head in his pillow, your fingers twitching. The drag of his cock against your walls was quickly becoming *too much* but you savoured it, squeezing him tightly until he let out a sharp cry. Slick heat coated you and soon Jesse's thrusts became reflexive squirms, punctuated by the cowboy's gasps. When he stopped, you could feel slick and seed running down your thighs.

Jesse rolled onto his side, holding you close.

"So, am I forgiven?" he asked breathlessly. You hummed, trying to catch your own breath.

"Not yet."

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