

Managing the Mirage

Shasha'ran Jakashr kicked her feet up on her desk, and rubbed her forehead as she watched the camera feeds from the casino floor. She could be doing other things. Anything, really. Genevieve gave her free reign to run the casino as she pleased, so long as things flowed smoothly. Profit didn't even have to be high – as long as Genevieve could make money using the casino for her own endeavors, Shasha'ran could do as she liked. But being in control meant also being bored half the time, unfortunately. The casino ran *too* well sometimes.

Glancing at the camera feed of the entrance, she eyed her younger sister for a moment. Paradoxically, despite being younger, Xaja towered over Shasha'ran and was one of the biggest women in Venephika. Shasha'ran squinted, adjusting her glasses. Someone familiar entered the casino: Genevieve Carhatte herself.

Genevieve walked into the office only moments later, and Shasha'ran could feel her own expression turning uncertain, almost submissive. Forget affection – Shasha'ran had it bad for Genevieve. And the noblewoman knew it. Tormented her, sometimes. And the Vazherahm woman loved it. Genevieve crossed over to Shasha'ran's desk, sitting down on it, and gave her a knowing smile.

“Hello, my dear Shasha'ran. How are you?” Genevieve crossed her legs, and no doubt saw the other woman's eyes flick to her thighs. “The casino doing well?”

“You know it is, Genevieve. What do you want?” Shasha'ran asked, looking away. She bit her lip.

“What, I can't come check on my favorite girl?”

Shasha'ran couldn't keep the blush from her cheeks. “I'm not your girl.”

This time, Genevieve made no pretense, tilting up Shasha'ran's chin and looking at her

with a coy smile. “But you could be for a little bit. Mommy's feeling very hot and bothered. Surely my baby girl could give me a *little* attention?”

Shasha'ran felt the heat rise between her thighs, rubbing them together. She put both hands upon them and turned her face away from Genevieve, as if to still her arousal. “We're both single women. Why do you keep coming to me like this?”

Genevieve leaned in, whispering in her ear. “Because you love me. And I need a release.”

“That's manipulative.”

“And you love it, don't you?”

Shasha'ran let out a low whine. “Fine..” She tugged her jacket down, her nipples already visible before she did so, letting her bare breasts spill out. Genevieve put a single finger to Shasha'ran's right nipple, eliciting a hiss from her partner. Despite the heat of Corsha, adjacent to the desert, Genevieve had cold hands today. Another finger and her nipple lay clasped between them, twisted lightly, and she couldn't help but lean forward, into Genevieve's arms. The woman kissed her, tongue delving into Shasha'ran's mouth, and she eagerly reciprocated. The two kissed, Genevieve pressing down upon her employee, the impropriety ignored. The two women knew each other too long for that to matter.

Shasha'ran let her hands wander, sliding up the suit jacket Genevieve wore. The noble's breasts lay covered only by the lapels of the suit and a belted band under her collarbone, and Shasha'ran slipped her hands inside. Groping Genevieve's breasts, she could feel the soft flesh yield to her fingers, each nipple stiff against her palms.

“You *do* want this, don't you?” Shasha'ran murmured. She nuzzled Genevieve, kissing her again.

“I love how you feel, how you taste...” came the reply as Genevieve leaned down to bite

Shasha'ran's neck. The feeling of those teeth tugging into her flesh made her moan again, and she felt one of Genevieve's hands sliding between her legs. Felt it explore between her thighs, touch her unprotected sex. Wet and ready, as it always was for her.

“I want to feel it against mine,” Genevieve whispered.

Shasha'ran could only affirmatively whimper, spreading her legs aside. Genevieve unbuttoned and unzipped her pants, slipping out of them and her thong in one motion. Her own sex lay exposed, pulsing with anxious hunger. Bracing Shasha'ran's chair against the desk, Genevieve mounted her, and their clits touched. An electric jolt shot through both, and Genevieve purred.

“Good girl,” she said, and Shasha'ran openly whined. Pushing her hips upward, she ground into Genevieve's pussy, eager and desperate, still groping the other woman's chest. Affirmations like that drove her wild. How couldn't they? She loved Genevieve. Would do anything for her. Even if the noble couldn't or wouldn't reciprocate. Their inner lips stuck together as they twined their bodies, a lewd kind of kiss. Shasha'ran could feel the wet, cloying sensation of Genevieve's juices mixing and sticking to her own. On some level, she wished her Valeborn mutations had given her a cock like it had other Venephikans, that she could push inside her lover and drive her wild. Both sets of their lips tangled as Genevieve rolled her hips, their slick pussies clinging to one another.

Genevieve breathed heavier, slipping out of her suit jacket. Throwing it aside, she pulled her arms up, baring her chest. Shasha'ran was all too eager in getting the message, burying her face in Genevieve's breasts. She bathed them with affection, lips and tongue alike exploring each mound. The noblewoman let out a noise of her own as she felt her partner's tongue roll over her nipple. Gentle suction followed, Shasha'ran supporting her with both hands

running along her back.

Genevieve pushed harder with her hips, rolling them more, and felt the pressure from Shasha'ran's tongue weaken. Close, then. She drew the draconic woman closer, a hand sliding through her hair, and tilted her up to look at Genevieve.

“Cum for me.”

Shasha'ran's eyes widened and rolled back a little as the command tipped the woman over the edge. She shuddered as Genevieve held her, whimpering; Genevieve could feel the trembling both in her body and in Shasha'ran's pussy. It practically vibrated against her own, and the noblewoman luxuriated in the sensation. Nothing like making someone else orgasm. The feeling of totality, of control – all for their benefit. She kept petting Shasha'ran's head as the woman's climax faded, breath hot against Genevieve's stomach.

The two started in surprise as a knock came at the door. “Sis? Genevieve has a call,” came the voice of the younger Jakashr sister, Xaja.

Genevieve hissed an expletive under her breath. “So much for enjoying myself...” She stroked Shasha'ran's cheek, untangling herself from her partner. Rummaging in the latter's desk drawer, she found a set of tissues, and began cleaning herself up, dressing quickly.

“Sis?”

“I'll be right there,” Genevieve snapped, wincing as she immediately regretted the harshness. A cool, calm demeanor befitted her – not that of a bitch. Shasha'ran just watched her boss, no expression on her face, only blush.

Genevieve opened the door a crack. “Yes, Xaja?”

Shasha'ran couldn't see her sister, her mind filling in the gaps – one of the biggest women in Corsha, her mutations reptilian like Shasha'ran's, but mostly with a huge tail...

“It's, um. It's Mr. Atalan.”

A twitch went through Genevieve, and Shasha'ran covered her face with one hand, closing her eyes. *So much for any hope of continuing this, then*, she thought to herself.

Snatching the phone from Xaja, Genevieve began angrily barking into it. “Luis, I thought I told you never to call me when I'm working! This better be something for Corinthia's sake or so help me God I'm going to have Rekko slap your shit so fast—” she paused while listening. The casual references to Luis and Genevieve's son Corinthia, or the praetor bodyguard for the family, Rekko, were not lost on Shasha'ran. But the family drama was something she didn't need.

Genevieve looked behind her at Shasha'ran, putting her hand over the speaker on the phone. She opened her mouth to say something. The expression on her face... wistful? Apologetic? It only lasted a moment, and she said nothing, turning back and barking some other insult at her ex-husband over the phone. Leaving the room, Shasha'ran was left alone, and somehow, despite having orgasmed, felt less satisfied than before.