

Outside the door to his office, the music from the Frostbyte club beats to the pace of a racing heart. It's no doubt that half of the attendees of the dance and bar tonight will be taking their taxi's home with ringing ears. They like it that way. Though he doesn't spend time in the noise himself, Damien *also* likes it that way. It keeps conversation loud and boisterous, money continuing to go over the bar counter, and muffles the sounds of activities happening in the private rooms dotted around the club; including, thankfully, his own office.

Situated in a back corner of Frostbyte, it would be hard for a wandering drunk patron to find their way to the door, but for someone that knows the route well the only obstacle is a crowd of gyrating hips, off-key singing, and swaying party buns. This obstacle is much more of a problem for the temperament of *some* people than others.

Bzzt.

The pager on Damien's door signals that someone on the other side is waiting for the electronic lock to be released. He presses the speaker button, blasting music through the crackly phone on his desk.

"Hah--" he pauses and clears his throat. "Ahem. Hello. Who is it? I'm working."

"*I know you're working!*" a very, very disgruntled voice answers back, even over the sound of the bass behind it. Damien swears he can almost hear the peeved THUMP of a foot being slammed against the ground. "Let me *in!*"

"For what, Milk?" Damien answers back. He knows that voice far too well.

"Don't... Don't ask me a question like *that*," Milk protests back. "You know already... The same reason as always. Come ON. My ears hurt!"

"Hm. If you don't have business, I'm afraid I can't let you in," Damien responds. There's a touch of a cool aloofness to his voice. It teases under Milk's frills and fins, and he can't help the way his ears feel hot in more ways than his indignant anger. The light teasing works wonders on a bun who seems so intent on not budging even an inch.

"I'm here to see you..." Milk finally grumbles.

"I didn't hear that."

"I said I'm HERE to SEE you!" He shouts, pushing up onto the tips of his sneakers to shout it into the speaker microphone. He hears the click and beep of the door unlocking at the same time as Damien's laughter purrs in through the speaker.

"That's much more like it, darling. Good job."

Milk makes his way through the office doors in just as much of a huff as he approached them. His fists are balled at his sides, hidden under the long drape of his sweater, but the low curve of his posture and the way he makes absolutely certain his feet hit the hardwood floors with each and every step like a stomp speaks plenty about his disposition. He doesn't like the club crowd. He doesn't like the loud music. He doesn't like having to go all this way just to see *Damien*. Damien should be coming to see *him*! Damien... D-Damien?

Milk pauses a step or five away from Damien's desk, hands shifting in front of his body as he observes the impressive man before him. His hair is brushed and precise, as it always is. His suit doesn't look rumpled or unironed... But there is something about him. His face is flushed, ruddy undertones seeping through over his cheeks, across his nose, and down toward the collar of his turtleneck where Milk can see the color disappear under the black fabric. A sheen coats his skin - sweat. He'd swear the man was feverish from overworking himself... were it not for the way Damien winces one eye, sucks a breath of air in *just so*, and jerks forward in his seat.

Something **fishy** is going on here.

Milk crosses both of his arms, tucking the long sleeves under each other, and puffs air into his cheeks. "What are you doing," he demands.

"I told you. I'm doing work," Damien replies. His voice is calm. He's not lying to Milk, of course, but almost... inviting him to pry a little further. Milk does look awfully cute when he's grumpy. It's one of the things Damien can't help but like most about the brat.

"*Who* are you doing?!" Milk clarifies, taking a step forward.

Damien puts a hand up to stop him - and Milk obeys. He rolls his eyes, of course, but he doesn't move further. In response, Damien slides that same hand down under his desk. There's the sound of shuffling as his hand makes contact with something - and then a wet pop of separation, a whine of protest, and a delighted gasp. Sashimi pops up from under Damien's desk, lips and chin wet with a fresh spit-shine, and her hair and head being cradled from Damien pulling her up. She gives a few lust-addled blinks into the room before she notices who exactly is standing there.

"Milk!" she coos. Milk finds it incredibly hard to look directly at her or listen to her friendly excitement when she's so... Well. Like that! She was just! And Damien is just going to... AGH! The burning behind his ears continues for both reasons as before and now a third: envy. He squeezes his crossed arms tighter together and turns away from Damien and Sashi, nose lifted toward the ceiling.

"If you needed help with your *work* that bad it should have been *me* helping you," he pouts. "I see you don't need any more, though. I'll just go find someone else to spend my day with if you're so busy. I hope Sashi uses teeth!" Milk sticks his tongue out between his own, spins on his heel, and storms toward the office doors again.

"You'll stop right there."

Damien's voice is crisp, clear, and commanding. Milk does stop right there. His back is toward Damien and Sashi. A clear ripple travels through it, down his spine and to the tip of his tail, which swishes across the back of his thighs, betraying the pulse of excitement that hits him from the order. "Why? So you can tell me I'm a 'bad bad boy' and spank me?" He huffs over his shoulder.

"Turn around," Damien commands again.

Milk obeys. His teeth grit together as the heat behind his ears travels to his cheeks - and to his belly button worst of all. When he's fully looking at the two again, Damien has pushed his chair away so Milk has a clear view of the CEO and fish between his legs. Sashi is kneeling on the ground between Damien's thighs. His cock rests against her cheek, almost reaching her shoulder. She gives him a few lazy licks to make him throb, but her eyes are fixated on Milk above the distraction in front of her. She looks blissfully happy, no matter what. It makes Milk want to... Want. To...

"I don't need to say anything, do I, Milk? Sashi seems to know her place quite well. I can't imagine you were planning a trip to come see me during the middle of matentines for a friendly chat and coffee. If that were the case, we could take time to meet elsewhere. *Something* brought you to me so urgently today, didn't it?"

Milk isn't sure what gets under his skin more. Is it Sashi, seated obediently and prettily between the legs of the man that *he* wants all to himself? Or, perhaps... is it the way Damien can talk so proudly, like he isn't exposed for all eyes in the room to view, like he knows he's better than the two buns wanting so badly to please him, like he wants to flaunt just how much he knows it. Or... really. Is it the fact that looking down at Damien's cock, hard and waiting for an extra mouth to service it, makes Milk's own mouth fill up with saliva and his thighs clench together just to avoid the way he wants to hit the ground himself. "Maybe..." he finally manages to say, all too short and without betraying any of his internal thoughts. He hopes.

"Is that so..." Damien responds. He brings the same hand that pulled Sashi up by the hair down her back, tracing her spine through her clothes until he reaches the place where her tail meets her body. He lifts it, pulling Sashi's own fins up with the motion. Milk gasps. Sashi's not wearing underwear... or she took it off before he arrived. Whatever the occasion, Milk watches as Damien drags his hand over her behind, pulls her folds apart enough to show Milk the dripping wetness just from servicing him, and plunges two fingers into her waiting body. Sashi jerks forward, pressing her mouth against Damien's cock as she whines a shrill *Thank yooouuu!* for her reward.

"Good girl..." Damien hums, pleasure thick in his own voice. "You know that buns that behave get exactly what they want. Don't you? And brats get to wait and drool until they kneel down and ask nicely." He pulls his fingers out. Much like her body, they shine in the light, slick with her

excitement. Milk feels the lightning of frustration meeting him cleanly between his own legs now and he pushes them tighter together to combat it.

That's not fair. MILK wants Damien. He wants to be the one on the ground. He shouldn't be sharing with anyone else when Milk's mouth can handle him better... AND he's a better *good boy* than Sashi ever will be. He wants to present himself and have Damien's collar wrapped tight around his throat and for the man to look at him and only him and to spit in his mouth while he's showering him in praise and... Milk is hardly even paying attention. One moment, Sashi is moaning into Damien's lap and shivering, pushing back into the fingers that are toying with her just for the purpose of brat-baiting; and the next he's taking several wobbly steps across the room until his own thin, pale knees are brushing against Damien.

Sashi looks up at Milk, mouth open, eyes back to their clouded and needy distance. Matentines hits everyone hard where their body desires it most, Sashi is no exception. And neither is Milk. "Pleaaaaassee..." Sashi whines up at their fish companion. "Pleasepleaseplease, Milk. I wanna play. You wanna. I know you - mh! - I know you wanna..."

Milk smacks Damien's hand out of Sashi.

Sashi gasps from the sudden thrust out of their body and loss of full warmth. Damien's hand hovers in the air in shock that Milk would be so bold. Milk's hands are pushing down his apron, hiding the bump of arousal growing underneath. His head is down - and Damien can almost see the red glow coming off of his face. Aha. He did it because he *wants* the punishment.

"*Brat,*" Damien snaps. "Down. Now."

Milk falls to his knees on the ground right beside Sashi, who shifts over to press against his side, absolutely unbothered by his antics.

"Look at me," Damien demands again. Milk resists, turning his head away from Sashi's lusty gaze and Damien's commanding stare. The next thing he feels is a strong hand in his hair pulling his gaze forward and up. Milk moans - and bites down on his tongue right after. "Open."

Milk opens his mouth and extends his just-bitten tongue. Damien wraps the hand not fisted in Milk's hair around the base of his cock, lifts it, and hovers it just barely over Milk's tongue. Milk can feel the heat radiating off of him and see his impressive girth right between two crossed eyes. But he won't... Give it to him!! Sashi leans in -

"Sashi, stay. If Milk doesn't want to behave, I'll let you take over for him."

Milk twitches. The jealousy bubbles up again. He lifts himself up higher on his knees so his tongue presses right against the underside of Damien's cockhead entirely voluntarily. The taste of salt and skin on his tongue makes him moan a second time, right into the man he's been aching for since he arrived at the club.

“Kiss it, Milk.”

Milk brings his mouth closed so his lips pucker, soft, pressing into that same sensitive spot. He kisses his glans. He kisses his head. He draws his tongue hungrily along the slit at the top of Damien’s cock to lap up the crystal bead that’s formed there. Sashi squirms beside him, ready for her own turn again.

“Do you want more, Milk? All you have to do is say it. Poor Sashi is about to lose her mind waiting to help you.” When Milk is too distracted kissing on Damien’s body again, the CEO tightens his grip on the buns hair to pull his attention back. Milk’s eyes flutter, and he’s reminded again of why he came here in the first place by a strong throbbing between his own legs in reaction to Damien’s treatment. Milk nods.

“I ... I want more. I want more. *Sir.*”

“That’s my good devishes...” Damien finally breathes. “Come here, darlings. Let me give you what you need...”