

Sweat (by Commander)

Source: http://archiveofourown.org/works/112183?view_adult=true

Gosalyn felt her mind reel, as beads of sweat trickled down her hot body, only to be cooled by the strange liquid that was pinning her to the bed, which ironically made her sweat even more. She let out a gasp of pleasure before she could stop herself. Dammit, Gos, she mentally berated herself, stop enjoying this so much. She had never thought she'd fall under someone's charms so quickly... especially when that someone was a sleazy salesman who reeked of lies... especially when said sleazy salesman was comprised completely out of liquid.

And that liquid was inside of her now—inside of her and holding her and doing everything in the world to her.

"I knew... you couldn't refuse my offer." As usual, the Liquidator's dialogue was smooth and precise, like something from a carefully planned commercial, but even he couldn't stop himself from panting and gasping with pleasure as well. He finally had her, that little whelp, who had followed Darkwing around for years now—he had always found her to be shrewd and feisty and everything else in a woman that he couldn't resist. As she grew older, so did his desire.

He thrust himself into her, and her hips rocked against his own as she groaned in pleasure that she was unable to contain.

"If my d..." Gosalyn caught herself before the entire word was out. Yeah, wouldn't that score big points with Dad—"Sorry, Dad, but I accidentally gave away your secret identity to one of your biggest enemies while he was fucking me." She bit her lip from crying out again as the Liquidator, with all the smoothness that a man made out of liquid can achieve, pulled out of her and thrust in again, before continuing, breathless, "If Darkwing Duck found out what you were doing to me..."

"Ah, but wait! This was an offer you simply couldn't refuse!" He stopped speaking for a moment, pausing his thrusting movements in and out of the girl. "Besides," he said, in a hoarse voice that sounded unlike him, "I could tell that you've wanted this for a long time."

"That's beside the point," said Gosalyn, her fingers tightly clutching the sheets underneath her. "Darkwing still wouldn't..." Her sentence was cut short by a gasp as the Liquidator pumped himself into her with even more force, pinning her even tighter to the mattress.

She had been at the softball field, late into the afternoon as she so often was, practicing her swing and cursing and letting out all of her pent-up emotions there, all alone, where no one could hear her scream.

Except the Liquidator had. "Have you been feeling upset, that no one appreciates your talents, that you've been feeling ignored? Then don't miss this once in a lifetime opportunity!"

He had popped out of a tiny puddle on the ground so quickly that Gosalyn had had no time to react before he made his offer. An offer that he hadn't even spelled out, but she could tell, just by looking into his watery eyes, exactly what he was talking about. Still, though, she kept on her guard, fearing that she might be misinterpreting what he was asking of her. "I'm not going to join forces with you," she snapped, wielding her bat defensively... although, in retrospect, how exactly could she harm a talking puddle of water?

He had paused for a moment, apparently at a loss for words, which made Gosalyn's stomach churn. If the Liquidator could be counted on for anything, it was always having a line of advertisement jargon handy.

When he finally spoke, it was with words that Gosalyn had never heard in any ad. "What about joining our bodies?"

It was affirming what Gosalyn had suspected, not revealing something that she hadn't dreamed. Still, though, she stared at him in shock, unable to believe that he had actually even gone as far to ask her. She grimaced, knowing she was going to refuse.

How on earth does someone have sex with someone who is made completely out of water, anyway?

She suddenly felt something tingle between her thighs.

"And if you accept in the next five minutes, you'll also receive a promise that, should you want it again, I will be more than happy to oblige you... and if you don't want it again, I'll leave you in peace!"

"What if I don't accept?" hissed Gosalyn, clenching her fists in an attempt to strap down her growing libido.

The Liquidator pulled on his left index finger with his right hand, gazing at Gosalyn intently. Her insides flip flopped.

"Then I cannot be responsible for my actions," he said coldly and smoothly.

"So, in other words, I either say yes, or you'll rape me?" snapped Gosalyn. "It sounds like a win-win situation for you, you prick."

"This is a limited time offer," he said, still tugging at his finger.

"I'll do it," she said, surprising herself. The Liquidator's eyes grew large with shock for only a split second, before he smiled in grim satisfaction.

"You won't regret it."

Gosalyn gasped as he moved with—pardon the pun—liquid grace in and out of her, a grace that no, well, solid being could ever possess. How she had cried out with surprise when he had first entered her—how someone made of liquid could have an erection so hard—and she had had to stop herself from squealing with pleasure. She might have said yes to him, but she wasn't about to give him the satisfaction of becoming some panting, overcome by emotion sexual toy. She fought him, even while giving in to him.

But that was what the Liquidator liked best. She was tough, tougher than Darkwing even, from what he had observed. And while he wasn't entirely sure just what her relationship to Darkwing was—she had been with him since she was a child, so certainly she couldn't be his sexual plaything—it was obvious, from her declarations about Darkwing's reaction should he ever find out, that this would be something that Darkwing wouldn't be expecting to find out. The Liquidator laughed aloud as he imagined Darkwing's reaction when he revealed his sexual affair with his pretty little sidekick.

"Can't you..." Gosalyn moaned aloud, but stopped herself.

The Liquidator stopped his movements again. "Can't... can't I what?" he said, sounding too out of breath for his voice to still be smooth and cunning, and yet it still was.

"Don't stop!" cried Gosalyn in anguish. "Keep going, and can't you make it harder?"

The Liquidator grinned. "Harder?" he asked, in a teasing tone of voice.

"Your dick!" cried Gosalyn.

"I'm made of water, you whelp."

"But you can still get inside of me and hold me down, don't play dumb with me," hissed Gosalyn. "Can't you make it hard—ooohhhhh..."

The Liquidator was unable to fully bask in his glory of finally subduing the little firecracker into speechlessness, for as he had obliged her request, she had closed around him and enveloped his member entirely in the heat of her femininity, and his own breaths finally became quavery as well. With animal instinct, he continued his thrusts in and out of her, but they grew faster and more urgent, and Gosalyn was unable to fight down her moans and gasps.

With every noise she made, the Liquidator felt she was succumbing more and more to him, and he moved faster against her, relishing in his growing power. Drawing most people under his charms was laughingly easy and irritatingly dull, but this girl had always shown the potential to be a true challenge.

But now he had her... and that meant that now, he could have anyone.

They were now driven by such urgency, such ferocity, such intensity, that Gosalyn, still moaning so frequently that she didn't even notice that the Liquidator was too, knew that it had to all come to a climax at any moment, and oh my God, how does a guy made out of liquid ejaculate, anyway?

She shuddered, knowing the moment was soon, and the Liquidator, with one last groan, suddenly filled Gosalyn with warm, wet...

Wait, was that ejaculation or something else... or both?

And suddenly Gosalyn was soaking wet, drenched head to toe in what was unmistakably water. The Liquidator was nowhere to be seen.

"Shit," she muttered, wiping water out of her eyes.

The water on her body—including her trails of sweat—rose up and formed the Liquidator, who looked a little ashamed of himself. "Sorry about that," he said.

"Quite the finish—your whole body ejaculated," sighed Gosalyn, taking advantage of finally being free of the Liquidator's grasp to roll off the bed and gather her clothes.

The Liquidator sat on the bed, watching the tomboy get dressed.

"I just realized," he suddenly blurted out, as Gosalyn was pulling on her last article of clothing, her shoes, "that I don't know your name."

"Gosalyn," she said, before common sense could butt in and tell her to not tell her real name to a villain. Angry at herself for not thinking, she snapped, "What's yours? Or have you always just been 'Licky'?"

The Liquidator watched her for a moment or two. The silence was jarring.

"Bud," he finally said quietly.

"Oh..." Gosalyn blinked. She had never really asked her dad if the Liquidator had ever been anything rather than, well, liquid. But now, her heart felt a pang with realization that there was just more to water and ad jargon with Licky.

"So, Gosalyn," the Liquidator said, his dark eyes flashing, "I offered you a promise, and I stand by it. What will it be? Door number one, I promise to service you whenever you desire, or door number two, I promise to never pursue you again?"

Gosalyn pushed open the door to the Liquidator's lair forcefully. "That's—I'll—I'll have to think about it," she finally spat out.

The Liquidator smiled. "Operators are standing by."