

The right-hand woman to the Lieutenant Colonel strides through the hallway towards her boss' office. Even with her ranking she still wears her usual attire, not being one to conform to the others. A sleeveless white overcoat is closed over a brown turtleneck, which is zipped up to the top. Unlike before, she doesn't wear a pauldron to signify her rank but she does keep the red cape attached to her left shoulder. A black sleeve rests over her left arm and her Gunblade remains in the case that hangs off her belt, as well as the red pack hanging from her waist. Her knee-high leather boots reach toward her knees while her brown mini skirt, with black shorts beneath, stretches just past her thighs.

Seen between the flaps of her coat is a silver navel piercing. The only other accessory she dares to wear is a lightning bolt pendant and two black bands around her right bicep. Her bright blue eyes scan out from under pink fringe, the remainder of her long pink hair draping over her left shoulder. She moves confidently as she gets to her boss' door, hiding the unease that's just underneath the surface.

She gives two small knocks to the door, only entering once she hears the command to do so. Not that she'd be denied entrance. Walking into the room, and making sure to shut the door, she strides up to the long desk on the other side of the room. Behind the desk is an elegant woman with piercing green eyes and long, blonde hair that drapes down to her mid-thigh with bangs pushed to the right of her face. She wears the uniform given to women of such a high ranking position as well as a pair of thin glasses with her name in Cocoon script engraved on the arm. The woman smiles at her as she sets down her pen, "Yes, Lightning?"

"I need tomorrow off."

"And why is that?"

Lightning glances off to the side, avoiding those green eyes. "I'm going on a trip with my sister. We'll be leaving after I get off work today to be back tomorrow night. Is that a problem?"

The woman known for her intellect does well to read between the lines. She props her elbows up on the desk and laces her fingers together, resting her chin atop them. "And you're not excited because...?"

The pink-haired woman shrugs as she turns around. "I'm taking tomorrow off," is all she says while intending to leave.

The chains on her outfit alert Lightning to her movement, but it's still not enough time for the warrior to react. Lightning can feel the breath on the back of her neck, suddenly wishing she didn't drape her hair over her shoulder. A slender hand touches her hip, sliding up towards her breast. The pink haired warrior remains stoic and pulls away, barely able to hide the dash of red on her cheeks. "Would you quit it?"

"If you don't want me to force it out of you, you'd better get talking Farron."

Torn between wanting it or not, Lightning slowly answers her superior. "My little sister takes a vacation with me every year. This time she wants to bring her fiancé with us."

The woman merely raises an eyebrow and gives a small 'hmp' in response. Lightning immediately catches on as the blonde returns to her desk, sitting down and turning her attention back to the papers

she had been doing. The pink haired soldier is over to the desk in a second as she slams her hands down on the desk. "I won't take no for an answer Jihl."

Jihl stretches forward and grasps at the labels of Lightning's jacket, tugging the pink haired woman forward. Lightning can feel the edge of the desk dig into her hip as she leans slightly to the right so she can watch Jihl's hands. Just as forcibly, Jihl presses their lips together, nipping at her Lieutenant's lips as she pulls back after a few seconds. As Lightning straightens back up Jihl runs her tongue over her lips, leaning back in her chair as she swivels it to the side. "I won't be giving you a day off to go on vacation."

"I told you I'm not asking for permission. If Serah wants--"

"Instead, you'll be accompanying me on a weekend out. This is not debatable. Simply tell her you've been given a rather daunting assignment. I'll pick you up once they've left and you might be back before they return."

Lightning glares at her despite the relief from the weight being lifted from her shoulders. Still, she knows better than to argue with the intimidating woman and simply straightens back up. The dull ache in her hips only adds to the comfort of not having to spend 'quality time' with her sister's fiancé. Lightning turns on her heel and heads for the door. She refuses to leave a response and admit that Jihl has complete control over her – and that she likes it. She'll make up something, some sort of assignment that wouldn't technically be a lie. Serah won't be able to argue with the guise of work pulling her away; it would be nothing new after all.

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Lightning heaves a heavy sigh as she shuts the door, her sister finally gone; partly wishing they had their own place and didn't live with her on top of it all. She inhales deep as she hurries back to her room down the hall; wanting to be ready the second Jihl arrives to pick her up. Dressed in the same attire from work, she moves swiftly to pack her suitcase – wanting to be prepared for anything Jihl might have planned. She packs a bathing suit, a nice dress, lingerie, and anything else she can think of. Just as she clicks it shut a knock resounds through the house. She picks up her suitcase and heads back towards the door. On the way she sits the case by the couch, taking a deep breath.

Swinging the door open she feels that very breath she had just taken snatched away. Jihl stands before her, but not in her usual uniform. She's dressed casually elegant and it leaves Lightning speechless on top of it all. Her eyes start at her feet that are clad in black high heels and run up the bare legs. That is until she meets the hem of a slender light black dress that hugs her body without appearing deathly tight. The sleeves are transparent and cover down to her elbows. The bodice is a deep gray that accents her large breasts away from the black of the dress. As always she wears her glasses that cover her bright green eyes.

Jihl raises an eyebrow as a hand comes up to rest on her hip, "Are you ready?"

The pink haired warrior nods slowly and turns around, intending to get her bag and leave. She reaches the couch and bends down to grab at her suitcase, vaguely aware that Jihl has walked in and shut the door. The woman approaches her from behind and just as Lightning stands up, Jihl thrusts the woman over the arm of the couch. The suitcase drops back to the ground as Lightning brings her hands up to

brace against the cushions. She shoots a glance over her shoulder and tries to keep the pink from her cheeks. "Jihl, the car's waiting. We should be leaving."

"Oh don't worry, this will only take a minute." She brushes the hair away from Lightning's neck and kisses the pale skin. "I'm sorry for making you leave the office when you were so close, but if I didn't go to that meeting I wouldn't be here now."

Lightning clenches her eyes shut in an attempt to ignore the memories that flood her mind; draped across Jihl's desk as said woman worked her fingers along her body. It brought back all the tension from that moment three fold. Even worse was that living with Serah and Snow made it where she couldn't do as she pleased most of the time. There was always someone home, especially this afternoon when the two had left. She hadn't gotten a chance to quench the pleasure that had been steadily building in her gut.

Lightning suppresses a moan as a knee brushes between her legs. The skilled woman behind her doesn't waste a second, ready to finish what they had started earlier. Her hand slides into the front of Lightning's shorts-skirt. Jihl's slender finger teases at the sensitive spot through the cloth of the underwear, never letting her touch linger for too long. Her other hand slides around Lightning's waist, slipping up under the shirt to discover she isn't wearing a bra. She leans forward with a seductive whisper, "Were you planning to finish this yourself?" Biting at her lip, Lightning glares over her shoulder as Jihl stops all movement. "Glare all you want..."

Tweaking Lightning's nipple, Jihl shows no mercy. She alternates between squeezing the pink haired woman's breast and tugging roughly at the nipple. Her other hand finally slips beneath Lightning's underwear and she slides her finger up and down between her folds. Lightning moans uncontrollably, arms outstretched and hands grabbing hard at the couch. The slow motion of Jihl's finger on her most pleasurable spot causes her insides to burn. The circular motion drives her to her wits in, causes her to choke past the lump of passion in her throat, "F-Faster."

Jihl only gives her a warning- the grip on her breast tightens. Those slim fingers visibly begin to move quickly, rubbing hard at the nub. She brings her hand out of Lightning's shirt and swiftly sends it down the back of Lightning's underwear. Lightning gasps against the cushion as two fingers slide easily into her entrance. Panting, she closes her eyes as Jihl works her lower body until it's on fire and she suddenly lets out a moan. Although Jihl doesn't stop even as Lightning orgasms, she plunges forward and inserts another finger – not stopping until the woman in her grasp moans again, body trembling.

Slowly she pulls her fingers away, wiping them on the inside of Lightning's underwear as she does. Leaving the woman with a mess, she smiles as she backs away and grabs at her suitcase. "Go change into a *real* skirt."

"J-Jihl we should-"

"The car won't be leaving until you change into a skirt."

Disgruntled, but with her body still rattling from the orgasm, she's unable to protest further and hurries for her room – knees wobbling. Lightning rushes straight to her dresser and drops her skirt with the shorts under them to the ground. She debates just grabbing a pair of small shorts to slip under a skirt but decides against it. The pink haired woman finds the one skirt she knows is in there, a gift from her

sister Serah. It's similar to the one she had been wearing and is tight around her legs – although it's just as short.

"Lightning?" calls Jihl from the living room just as Lightning shoves the dresser drawer shut and shimmies into the skirt. She leaves her room and shuts the door, hurrying back to the blonde. A smile greets her, "That's much better. But we do need to be leaving; you can return the favor in the car."

Lightning visibly pales, the blush leaving her cheeks instantly. But she can't argue with her since she's already at the door with her suitcase. It opens and she's bounding towards the large, black car with tinted windows. As she gets close, the man, in uniform, holds open the car door for Jihl to slip inside. Jihl leaves the suitcase outside the car for him to place in the trunk, smiling as Lightning moves to get in. She sits beside Jihl as the door shuts, only daring to glance over at Jihl as the woman runs a hand along her leg. Lips hover just beside her ear, "He won't see us, go ahead and get to it."

A blush crosses Lightning's cheeks, her blue eyes falling to the floor board – knowing just what Jihl has intended. Her own excitement begins to arise once more at the thought of the driver knowing what they'll be doing. The driver's door opens and shuts, followed by the car starting and him giving a small knock on the tinted window that separates them. Jihl reaches forward and slides it open, appearing as nothing is wrong. "Head straight there, take your time there's no rush."

The window slides shut once more and Lightning feels her heartbeat in her ears – pounding hard and heavy. The vehicle begins to move and butterflies fill her stomach; this strong warrior suppressing her quivering nerves. She meets Jihl's eyes only to receive that look that asks her what she's waiting for. Lightning, secretly loving the tension the situation creates, slides to the end of the seat and down onto the floorboard. The spacey backseat allows Jihl to lift her legs, angling them so she can lean back and press her feet up against the divider between front and back. In the process the end of her dress folds back and slides up around her waist, showing off rather fancy, black lace panties.

Lightning swallows hard, mouth suddenly becoming dry as she places her hands on the seat below Jihl's spread and raised thighs. She leans her head down and situates herself into the most comfortable position she can manage, which includes her rear pressing up against the divider as she bends down on her knees. The mere position causes a spark of excitement to travel down her body and to the spot Jihl had just satisfied.

She moves her head closer, beginning with kisses to Jihl's inner thighs. But just as she does the driver lurches the car forward and her face smashes right into Jihl's crotch. Lightning can barely hear Jihl's soft moan over her heart beating loudly in her ears even still. As she breathes deep she can almost taste her, it drives her senses wild and causes the area between her thighs to tingle in anticipation. The motions of the car ease out some of the tension as Lightning lifts her face away, fingers trailing along the edges of Jihl's underwear. Slowly she plucks at the cloth and begins to pull it down, Jihl moving one leg out of the hole so that they can dangle from her other leg. With the material gone, Lightning's able to see the neatly trimmed blonde curls.

Jihl, with red tinting her cheeks, stares down at Lightning. "Well, are you just going to look?"

Bright blue eyes immediately snap up to glare at her, the silent message is simple – 'don't say anything, the driver will hear'. Jihl scoffs at the look and gestures to continue. Knowing she won't stay quiet, Lightning proceeds anyway. Her tongue flicks out over Jihl's sweet spot, sucking softly on the little nub.

However, she quickly stops and pulls away as she teases a finger at her entrance, gliding the pad of her finger over the skin.

Jihl, slightly impatient already, moves her hand forward and runs it through Lightning's hair. As she goes to pull her hand away she grips a little roughly at the tresses, pushing Lightning's face back down to her crotch. In doing so, Lightning doesn't pay much attention to two of her fingers that slide right into Jihl. Lightning's protest is muffled as she opens her mouth and takes the clitoris back into her mouth. In retaliation she bites at it softly, effectively earning a small cry from Jihl.

Confident that she could make such a sound come out of the stoic woman, Lightning treats it as a battle to force more sweet sounds out of her. She throws the idea of being gentle right out the window as she thrusts a third finger into Jihl, moving them slow and deep – curling them once they're all the way in to find her sweet spot. At the same time she sucks hard and licks circles around her clit, not even daring to let up. The hold on Lightning's hair tightens as well as the thighs to the side of her head.

The car takes a turn and they slide on the seat just a little. Jihl sliding further down and pushing herself further up against Lightning's face; who doesn't seem to take notice. She does however notice when Jihl's hips roll just a little, trying to get those fingers deeper. Lightning, hoping to please her, moves more quickly and makes the strokes of her tongue harder against the sensitive skin. Just as Lightning thinks she won't be able to make Jihl give another sound, the blonde thrusts up against Lightning's face with a cry of pleasure.

Her voice echoes around them and for a second Lightning could swear the car slowed down. She slowly pulls away and Jihl's fingers slip from her hair. Looking spent, but more than pleased, Jihl smiles sweetly at her – a rare sight. Lightning moves to sit back up on the seat as Jihl slips her panties back up her legs. It's as Jihl turns her eyes over on her that Lightning freezes.

The blonde leans forward and kisses her, immediately pushing her tongue into her mouth. Lightning moans against her lips and her mind goes hazy, the heat from her body fogging up all of her rational thinking. Jihl takes advantage of this and slides her hands down to Lightning's waist. She reaches up under the end of the skirt and begins tugging at plain cloth underwear – wishing Lightning would have worn something more seductive. As she pulls them down Lightning's legs she gets a thought and loves every bit of it. Jihl works the panties all of the way off and flings them down onto the floor board – out of Lightning's view and reach. However, just as she pulls away from Lightning's lips the car stops and Jihl pushes Lightning's skirt back down. Lightning, still in a haze, doesn't pay much attention to Jihl who tugs her towards the door. The driver opens it and sunlight spills inside. He moves quickly to go open the trunk and retrieve their bags.

Lightning sets her legs outside of the car and a breeze drifts up under her skirt just enough for her to notice her lack of underwear. Jihl stands to the side, giving her no cover or sign of help. The pink haired warrior glances over her shoulder and spots no sign of the piece of clothing. It's then that she realize she can either get out and act strong like a warrior or look like a fool as she scrambles for her lost clothing with the door wide open to her.

Taking a deep breath, she does the only thing she can. She climbs out of the car as carefully as she can – suddenly aware of every person around her. The occasional glances from other guests of the ritzy hotel cause the fire to burn within her abdomen. In an attempt to walk normal but not allow her own juices to

drip down her thighs, she's barely aware of Jihl striding ahead of her. The driver, carrying the bags, follows closely behind and makes her all the more nervous.

As Jihl heads for the front desk a bellhop hurries to the driver and collects the bags, placing them on a rolling cart. Lightning keeps her eyes on the blonde woman, aware of the way the man's eyes scan over her. She counts the seconds until Jihl returns, thankful for the woman's pull and that the staff wants nothing more than to please her – get her in, get her out, and keep her business. Jihl walks past her and doesn't look at her for too long, merely letting the hotel employee and Lightning follow suit. They stop momentarily to signal an elevator before climbing inside.

It's a tight fit thanks to the bag-carrying contraption – which Lightning sees as unneeded, he could have carried their bags after all. The ride is quiet despite Lightning's inner anxiety. She can feel the heat on her cheeks growing as the wetness between her legs threatens to work its way down her thighs, making them moist. Jihl stands beside her with the man and their bags in the back, yet doesn't even give her a glance. Lightning tenses as the elevator comes to a halt, thankful to be rid of the man's wandering gaze. The soft ding sounds and the doors part, Jihl taking the lead automatically. Lightning's glad that the room they'll be staying in isn't too far and that Jihl quickly slides the key through the card reader on the door. The blonde lets the door swing open and walks inside, Lightning quickly following behind her. The employee takes the bags into their room and sets them down before leaving, earning a small thank you from Jihl as he does.

The second the door shuts, Jihl turns toward Lightning with a raised eyebrow, "Could you be more obvious?" But Lightning doesn't get a chance to send a snippy remark back as Jihl marches past her and to the suitcases. She plops hers on the bed and opens it. After a moment she pauses and glances over her shoulder, "Get ready, we're going down to the beach first."

Lightning crosses her arms, "The beach?"

"Yes, it's my treat so I have the day planned – just be a good girl and take the rest of your clothes off."

The pink haired warrior stomps the blush, which dares to creep up her neck and to her cheeks, out of existence as she snatches up her luggage. She moves quickly for the bathroom and ignores the curious glance her way. Once the door is shut behind her and her case is on the floor she gives a heavy sigh of relief. With her heart beating loud in her ears she opens the case and digs out her bathing suit. In a few minutes she has herself cleaned up and changed into a sleek, black one-piece suit. Clicking the case shut, she grabs the handle and opens the bathroom door. Lightning only gets three steps out of the bathroom when Jihl turns around, her long blonde hair swirling around her. The young woman's face goes red immediately at the sight before her and the handle slips from her fingers, the case dropping to the ground.

Jihl stands before her with a hand on her hip. In place of her usual glasses are sunglasses resting atop her platinum mane. All of her lightly sun-kissed skin is on display save for the little bit that her suit *does* manage to cover. The sling bikini just crosses over her large breasts, covering her nipples, as well as dipping between her legs and covering her most private parts. The back however is just as bare as the front, only her hair covering it as the material rests between her cheeks and rises toward her shoulders.

Lightning slowly moves toward her as she grabs up towels. The warrior snatches one from Jihl's hands and tries to wrap it around her, "At least cover up a little."

But Jihl will have none of it; she steps away and folds her towel over her arm. "And why should I?" She continues to move away and towards the door to the room – grabbing up a small bag that carries their key as well as other necessities. Lightning hurries over to her, her towel over her arm, and goes to grab at Jihl. However, she's thwarted once again as Jihl tosses the bag to her. "Carry that."

Frustrated that the blonde won't cover up, Lightning hurries after her and shuts the door behind them as they leave. Jihl keeps ahead of her until they're at the elevator. It dings and the door slide away so that they can enter – Lightning doing so reluctantly. Her eyes stay trained on Jihl's breasts as they bounce as she leans forward to press the button to go back to floor one before standing back up. The second she's standing straight she looks towards Lightning, her eyes narrow and deadly. She takes a step towards Lightning, who backs up instinctively. They do so until Lightning is pressed against the wall of the elevator with Jihl's breasts pressing against her own.

Jihl pulls away slightly and cups Lightning's breasts in her hands, squeezing and kneading through the taught swimsuit. In a matter of seconds the pink haired woman's nipples harden enough to push against the suit, where Jihl's fingers flick over them teasingly. She presses her body against Lightning's once more, hands falling away, as she kisses her. The kiss quickly ends and Lightning can't help but let out a muffled moan as Jihl kisses the side of her neck, biting softly at the flawless skin. Her leg crawls between Lightning's legs just as the elevator dings.

Lightning does her best to push Jihl away, succeeding as the blonde backs up just as the doors opens. Jihl calmly strides out and heads straight for a young employee handing out umbrellas. Hurrying to move past the people that are coming into the elevator as well as catch up to Jihl, Lightning quickly walks over. The young man's eyes try to take Jihl's appearance in all at once, not that it bothers her too much.

Jihl raises an eyebrow at the young man and his wandering eyes, "Can we have an umbrella?"

Clumsily, the man hands Lightning an umbrella – practically shoving it into her hands as he's unable to remove his eyes from Jihl's body. As Jihl turns away Lightning shoots the man a glare, although he merely resumes to staring once Lightning turns her attention back to Jihl. In no time the two women stride out of the hotel lobby, with eyes following them the whole way, and out towards the beach. Their sandals kick up the sand behind them as they make their way down to the water. A good spot isn't hard to find as there's only half a dozen people out at most – but Lightning still feels uneasy. She walks as Jihl stops a good ways away from the other people and sets down their things. Lightning takes the cue and opens the umbrella.

It doesn't take them long at all to get the umbrella sturdy and the towels laid out side by side – and considering they're rather large, they overlap in the middle. Jihl takes the bag from Lightning as she sits down on one side of the towels. Opening it, she pulls out a bronze bottle of tanning oil. She doesn't so much as look towards Lightning as she lies face down. "Would you mind helping?"

Lightning sits down and takes the bottle, tipping it upside down and squirting some into her other hand. She rubs it over her palms before pressing them to Jihl's back. Avoiding the strip of bathing suit that runs down her back, Lightning begins to cover her in the oil. The pink haired warrior can only watch her own hands as she sits beside her superior, hands dipping lower down her body with every pass from side to side – rubbing in small circles. Jihl hums as Lightning reaches her lower back, "Be sure to get everywhere."

She swallows hard at that statement, knowing just what the meaning is behind it and it sends her body into a blazing fury. Her fingers run over Jihl's soft, round butt with gentle caution. She massages the oil onto her skin and resists the urge to grope at the blonde woman. Instead her hands venture even lower, doing just as Jihl had prompted to cover every spot. The soft humming of approval only continues as she works on her inner thighs before meandering down Jihl's legs. Just as she thinks she's down and she sits back on her legs, Jihl rolls over and sits up. "Won't you do the front?"

Lightning narrows her eyes in an attempt to force the blush from her cheeks, "You're not a child."

A smile pricks at the corners of Jihl's lips for just a second – a fleeting smile that was as cunning as a cat's. She plucks the bottle up from where Lightning had set it and squirts some into her own hands. Lightning retreats to her side of the towels and grabs the lotion from the bag instead, beginning to coat her arms with it. But she doesn't get much done as her eyes stay locked onto Jihl's every movement. The woman's slender fingers rub the oil over her body, hands erotically sliding over her breasts – lingering and rubbing for far too long – and down her stomach.

"Need some help, Lightning?"

Her attention is snapped back into focus as Jihl is scooting closer to her – having already been done with oiling up as Lightning had stared off into space. She takes the bottle of lotion and works a small amount into her hands. Dutifully, Jihl begins to run the lotion up Lightning's legs – kneading and massaging the whole way up. That is until she reaches Lightning's thighs to where she gropes and rubs a little harder, vaguely passing over her growing heat; knowing perfectly well that she's turning her on again. Lightning struggles to snap out of it and moves away from her, turning her back to her and the other beach dwellers so far away. But Jihl becomes a little too bold and slides her fingers to the hem of Lightning's suit, following it around the waist and legs to the crotch. Before Lightning can do a thing Jihl has her hand inside her suit, cupping at her pussy. Slick fingers meet warm wetness as Jihl pushes two fingers into her, throwing her further off her guard. And just as Lightning intends to pull away and end the contact – Jihl presses two wet fingers to her clit.

The pressure demands that she stay perfectly still as Jihl slowly moves her fingers. She leans close to Lightning, resting her lips next to her ear. "I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist – not with you wearing that." Lightning can do nothing much lean back into Jihl, who softly grinds her hips against Lightning, pleasuring herself in the process so slowly that no one would even guess. Although Lightning, at that moment, doesn't care as she rolls her hips to the rhythm of Jihl's fingers that steadily increase in speed and pressure. Having already been toyed with all day, her resistance is low as in seconds she's breathing heavy and her hips stop. Her lips remain parted as Jihl continues until she finally stops grinding against Lightning, breathing just as heavily into her ear. Jihl frees her hand from Lightning's suit, drying them off on a towel and taking a deep breath before standing on slightly wobbling legs.

She reaches down and tugs Lightning to her feet, who – still in a state of delirium – blindly follows her down to the water. A large smile flashes back at her, breaking her from her trance, as she smiles back at Jihl – unable to help herself. The prestigious blonde tugs her into the water until it's up to their thighs and finally lets her go. She bends down and dips her hands into the water, flinging it upward right at Lightning. As the cool water slams into her, Lightning steps back before smirking at her lover – accepting the challenge of war. She begins to splash back at Jihl, both of them getting soaked in only minutes of

starting. As Jihl steps closer to Lightning, her laughter ringing around them, Lightning happens to look to the left to see the other vacation goers staring their way – staring at Jihl.

She's bashful about the looks and maybe even a little overzealous, but as a small gathering of three begin their way – eyes set on Jihl – she knows they plan to speak with her.

And that she won't be having.

Lightning flashes a hard glare their way as Jihl wipes water from her eyes before pushing the woman back into the water – submerging her. Of course Lightning quickly follows, her hands linking around Jihl's waist as the waves wash over their heads – surrounded in the growing darkness of being underwater later in the day. As they slowly rise from the water Lightning blinks the droplets from her eyes and scans the area. With no one around she smiles just as Jihl pecks her lips, the peck quickly evolving into a full fledged kiss of tongues. Just as if they were still underwater, the need for air drives them apart and a gust of wind over the water rushes around them. Jihl moves past her and links one hand with Lightning, who lets her go. The two move back up to their towels now that they're practically the only ones on the beach. There Jihl lies down followed by Lightning, the two cuddling together as the bright rays of the waning sun warm them.

For a moment they stay just like that, wrapped up in each other as they watch the sunset. Hues of orange and pink gather in the sky as she sits up, smiling over at Lightning, "It's getting late, let's get something to eat."

Following suit, Lightning stands up and stretches before starting to pack their things away. She wraps her towel high around her while grabbing up the bag of their stuff. Jihl waves her off after trying to get the umbrella, muttering something about someone comes along to collect them later. As Jihl prepares to walk off, towel over her arm, Lightning grabs at her wrist, "Jihl, you're going to make things awkward – wear the towel."

For a moment Jihl ponders over the urgent statement, "Only if you keep yours around your waist." She replies with ease as Lightning slowly begins to give, lowering her towel to her waist. She knows how the other woman is and she loves to see her squirm. Keeping her end of the bargain, Jihl wraps her towel around her body – concealing it – and tucking it underneath her arms.

Happy that at least Jihl's body will be away from prying eyes, Lightning does as she's told and lowers hers to her waist. In seconds they're moving again, Lightning following behind Jihl. The blonde takes her straight back into the hotel but instead of leading her to the elevator she's led to a small café inside of the establishment itself. The dimly lit, fine dining café is vacant save for a few other couples spaced far apart. A young woman meets them at the door and then leads them to a booth. The table itself has flowers to the side and a white cloth that drapes almost to the floor. They sit and slip their legs beneath it as Jihl turns to the woman, informing her that they'll need a few moments but that she'd like a strawberry milkshake to start. The waitress hurries off and returns with the drink as well as two menus for them.

As she leaves Jihl takes a sip of her milkshake before turning it around. The straw, now facing Lightning, springs back up after Jihl taps it. "Take a sip, it's good."

The pink-haired woman gives her a look, "That's childish."

But the blonde won't take no for an answer, "Lightning – don't force me to order you around on a vacation."

Lightning, biting back a witty remark about Jihl already doing just that, she reaches forward and grabs at the glass. She lifts it and closes her lips around the straw. Jihl watches her the whole time, eyes never leaving Lightning's lips; imagining the tongue that presses against the plastic. Lightning slowly pulls away and pushes the drink back to Jihl, who coos at her, "You really are adorable Lightning. That was undeniably cute."

Unable to retort, Lightning turns her attention to the waitress that approaches them. She barely pays attention as she begins to order her meal. Just as she's about to say what she wants to drink something touches her ankle. Cool toes begin to brush up her leg as she mumbles what she'd like to drink. The waitress turns to Jihl, who doesn't even bat an eye, and orders the same thing Lightning did. All the while her toes climb higher, brushing and rubbing up to Lightning's knee. As the woman leaves once more, Lightning sends a glare Jihl's way.

"Quit it."

"Quit what?"

"What you're doing."

"If you can't tell me what I'm doing wrong, how will I know to stop it?"

Lightning's right eye twitches, steeling herself for the onslaught of teasing. Jihl can only smile at her as she sips at her milkshake, sending her toes to Lightning's thighs. She sends her foot forward, resting on the edge of the seat – and thanking that Lightning had sat down so close to the edge. The coverage of the towel only makes the chill of her toes stand out against Lightning's pussy. Just as her toes press hard against Lightning, the waitress is hurrying back to their table with their food. The second she's at their table Jihl removes her foot and smiles at Lightning – allowing them both to make small chat as they eat their dinner.

With their bellies satisfied, Jihl and Lightning make their way back to the elevator. Many of the guests staying are going the opposite way as them, preferring to dining in the hotel or leaving. The lack of people allows them to walk alone up to the elevator and wait. No one approaches them and they're even left alone as they climb into the elevator. The doors barely have a chance to close and the button to be hit before Jihl pins Lightning to the wall, immediately sliding down to her knees. Lightning doesn't have a chance to protest as the towel around her waist is ripped away. She barely has enough time to part her legs before Jihl grips at her thighs. The fingers on her skin are cold and she shivers from the touch that lingers and caresses her.

Jihl's nails graze her inner thigh as she begins to tug the crotch of the bikini bottoms to the side – exposing Lightning's rose-colored curls. The blonde wastes no time in finishing what she started earlier. Lowering her mouth close to the warrior's entrance, her mouth encompasses the area. Her tongue slowly rakes from her entrance between her lower lips to her clitoris. She teases the hardened nub with quick, furious swipes – knowing it won't take her long to drive the woman over the edge. Her lips lock around Lightning's clit and she sucks softly on it while running her tongue around and over it. Lightning

can't do much other than reach down and place her hands atop Jihl's head, fingers beginning to grip onto her hair ever so slightly.

Her climax comes sooner than expected, as does the elevator reaching their floor. Jihl idles a moment longer in front of Lightning, her tongue delving down between her folds, before she pulls back. Her tongue runs over her lips as she lets Lightning's bottoms snap back into place with a small smack of fabric on skin. Picking up the towel from where she had flung it, Jihl stands and carefully wraps it around, a still rather stunned, Lightning's waist. She laces her fingers with the pink haired woman's and begins to tug her forward as the doors open. The halls are empty around them as they head straight for their room, the bag thumping against Lightning's leg as she ambles along, knees quivering.

Once inside Jihl drops her towel and flings it over a chair. She moves straight for her bag still sitting by the single bed in the room and bends down over it. Lightning can't help but gaze at the pale golden hair that slides away to reveal her butt. The bag she had been holding plunks to the ground as she slowly moves to her own case, watching Jihl from the corner of her eye. Not sure what Jihl has planned next and far too distracted to bother to ask, Lightning changes into a pair of black lingerie – fancy ruffles all around the edges of the bra and panties. As she turns back around she realizes how long she took to get dressed even that much.

Jihl stands before her with a veil of golden hair draping about her shoulders. White lingerie of the same style adorns her sun-kissed body along with a garter belt and stockings. She moves over to her, unable to stop herself, and kisses her – something soft and full of hidden love. And it's at that moment that the plans Jihl had made fall to the side. The higher ranking woman tugs her subordinate towards the bed, lying down on it and allowing Lightning to curl up beside her. On their sides they share several more kisses until Jihl realizes that her lover isn't kissing her back. Lashes are still against her cheeks and her lips remain parted just so. Jihl smiles softly, pecking Lightning's lips one last time before the woman rolls over. She moves close to Lightning, who snuggles into the sheets, and spoons up against her – wrapping an arm around her waist.

It wasn't the ending to the night she had planned so meticulously, but it was an ending she could live with.