

After taking her to The Last Drop, Caitlyn thought it would only be right to show Vi where she let loose. Piltover had plenty of luxe, exclusive night clubs and lounges. However, there was only one where Caitlyn could find her freedom. Scarlett's retreat was tucked in a little spot off an alleyway in Piltover's red light district. Patrons disguised themselves as to not alert people to where they were headed.

"I'm not sure if I have anything that suits your tastes, but you'll have to wear something," Caitlyn said as she rifled through her wardrobe.

Vi sat on Caitlyn's bed. She was sprawled across the covers head tilted back with her arms behind it. She observed Caitlyn from the tip of her nose. The enforcer moved with grace and a silent confidence. Vi loved to watch her when she wasn't looking. No doubt finishing school and high society events had trained her into this perfectly elegant lady. But only the trained eye could perceive the power in those movements. As she pushed and pulled items and darted around the room, her movements were precise and exact. The same level of agility and precision she used when she held her rifle, ever the talented marksman. Caitlyn Kirraman was full of surprises. In the time since they first met, Caitlyn has done nothing but surprise Vi.

"Cupcake, what's wrong with my usual outfit? It's just a bar, isn't it?" she finally asked.

Caitlyn turned around, eyebrow arched. She shifted to place a hand on her hip. Vi smirked at her reaction. "Vi, this isn't just a random bar. Scarlett's retreat is special. It's much more than just a place to get a drink, it's an experience."

"An experience, huh. And what kind of experience is this exactly?" Vi asked.

"A sensual and stimulating experience. No boys allowed, just everyone else." Caitlyn beamed as she recalled the place she'd had so many firsts, and seconds and thirds, too.

"Sensual and stimulating are certainly... words. And how did you find out about this place for just everyone but boys?" Vi thought back to that night at the brothel when she saw Caitlyn flirting with that woman. Another time Caitlyn Kirraman had surprised Vi.

Caitlyn looked back at her, flushed. "A friend introduced it to me once."

"Oh, yeah? Just a friend?" Vi pulled herself up to sit on the edge of bed. Caitlyn's sudden bashfulness amusing. The girl's usual confidence had shrunk.

"Yes, Vi. Just a friend." Caitlyn scoffed.

"And what did you and this friend get up to?" Vi left the bed, choosing to stand instead.

"Especially at a place full of 'sensual and stimulating' experiences?" She stalked closer to Caitlyn.

"What friends normally do, of course. Go out and have a good time." Caitlyn shrugged. Her back was still turned away from Vi, so she didn't see her as she got closer. Within seconds, Vi was right behind her.

"I think you two were more than just regular friends," Vi whispered into the taller girl's ear. Vi didn't miss the shiver that ran through Caitlyn. "In fact," Vi leaned even closer. Close enough to feel the heat radiating off of Caitlyn. "I think your friendship was probably quite beneficial, Cupcake." She let a small chuckle leave her lips.

Caitlyn stiffened. "I'm sure you've had your fair share of 'beneficial' friends, too, Vi."

"Never said I didn't, Cupcake. I was simply calling your bluff." Caitlyn's frustration made Vi laugh once more.

Caitlyn huffed and grabbed something off the rack. "Here," she spun around shoving the dark garment into Vi's chest, trying her hardest to ignore the closeness. "Put this on." She grabbed something she'd hung on the door next to her. "I'm going to change in the bathroom."

Vi leaned her hand on the door next to Caitlyn's shoulder. "Sure thing. Can't wait to see you in whatever that is," she said as she lifted a corner of the garment in Caitlyn's hand. Cait hugged again, exasperated. Then, she ducked under Vi's arm, mumbling something under her breath as she walked away.

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Vi trailed behind Caitlyn as she maneuvered through the streets and alleyways. Caitlyn left the bathroom in a cloak that went down past her knees. She'd pulled her hood over her head. Vi kept her head down and her hands in her pockets as she clung to the shadows.

The final street they'd turned onto was filled with the usual creatures of the nights. Painted ladies, poorly concealed Piltover elites on a quest for pleasure and enjoyment, dark figures who did not want to be seen but were noticeable by others doing the same. Vi had never seen this part of topside. She'd only been to the wealthy and middle class neighborhoods when she used to steal from them in her youth.

She looked back up to Caitlyn's covered figure. She could still make out Caitlyn's body beneath the cloak, trying her hardest not to think about what lay beneath the clothing on her cloak. While Vi had her fair share of hook-ups and flings in Stillwater, it had been months since the last one. Still, no one had even come close to Caitlyn in beauty and charm. It was only natural for her to be a bit intrigued, she'd rationalized.

Vi had thought about how Caitlyn's skin would feel beneath her palms. The way her hair would glide between her fingers. How it would feel for them to lock eyes in a moment of passion. How Caitlyn would look on top of her, or beneath her. Sometimes she even let herself imagine how she'd look around her fingers but never let it go too far. She had to have some sense of self

control. They had a mission to accomplish. Anything else was secondary, tertiary even. But still sometimes when Caitlyn looked particularly alluring and Vi craved to break the tension that they shared and fall into Caitlyn. Tonight was one of those nights.

When Caitlyn had left the bathroom, Vi was in the middle of fixing up her eyeliner. Caitlyn stopped in front of the mirror by her bathroom door, adjusting her tight black dress. The dress went to mid-calf accentuating the length of Caitlyn's legs. Any modesty the length might have provided was diminished by the back of the dress that dipped extremely low, just above Caitlyn's tailbone. If Vi squinted, she could make out what looked like— is that ink?

"Vi," Vi was snapped out of her trance. "Vi, are you listening?"

"Yeah, uh yeah," Caitlyn turned around and put her hand on hip. Vi tried not to look at the cutout framing her cleavage, but couldn't help but spare a glance.

"My eyes are up here, Vi," Vi quickly met Caitlyn's eyes. "But I guess that answers my question," Caitlyn turned back into the mirror, tousling her hair and fixing her lipstick.

"What question?"

"I asked whether or not I looked good, Vi. But seeing as that I caught even your eye, this outfit must suffice." She smirked at her reflection.

It does more than suffice.

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If Vi had blinked, she would have missed the small door tucked into the side of an alleyway. The streets of Topside were winding. It never made much sense for a place that's so pretentious, but the people took advantage of it. The bouncer at the door narrowed their gaze at Caitlyn and Vi when they approached. Caitlyn pushed back her hood just slightly. The bouncer nodded, approving them for entry. Caitlyn looked back at Vi and grabbed her hand, eyes dazzling with excitement and mischief.

When they entered, Vi was a bit taken aback. The main entrance was a room with red drapery everywhere. The bar was fully occupied with the bartender putting on a show for the patrons as she poured their drinks. She wasn't wearing much, what remained on her body glittered.

"Vi," Caitlyn said. "Hand me your coat, love. They'll check it for us." Vi redirected her attention, shedding her coat to handoff to the coat-check.

"Here you go, darling," a girl not much older than them winked at Vi as she handed her their coat tickets. Vi gave a tight smile as she shoved the paper down into her pocket.

"I'm gonna get us a drink," Caitlyn turned towards the bar. Her back glowed in the low lighting of the place. Her legs, long and smooth, glided across the room to the bar. Vi could feel herself tensing at the sight of all that bare skin. Maybe a drink would help ground her, but there was a chance it could make an already precarious situation even harder to handle.

Vi decided to follow Caitlyn. Standing awkwardly near the door wasn't the vibe for this place. She slinked up next to her, leaning her back and elbows against the countertop.

"What's your poison, Vi?" Caitlyn leaned close to whisper the question in her ear. The music was audible, but not loud enough to justify the lack of distance between them. Caitlyn even had the top half of her body leaning against her, breasts just grazing her bicep.

"Whiskey sour. On the rocks." Vi gave her answer and turned a bit away, praying the distance would help.

"Hmm, I was feening more for some tequila shots. How about it?" Caitlyn asked. It was a question, sure, but she said it like a challenge. Tilting her head to one side, sizing Vi up like she was betting against her. Fine. Game on.

"Tequila's fine, Cupcake." Vi leaned in closer, "If you can handle yourself, that is."

"Oh?" Caitlyn arched a brow. "You're worried about me being able to handle myself, but you haven't been able to keep your eyes off me since before we left."

"Pfft," Vi dismissed her. "You're cute, princess. But I can handle myself around you. I've dealt with worse."

Caitlyn caught the bartender's attention at that moment. "Two double shots of tequila please," she asked before turning back to Vi. "Darling, you haven't seen anything yet."

"Oh, yeah?" Vi took the bait. "What's that supposed to mean? What have you been hiding from me?"

"You'll see." The shots arrived in front of them. Caitlyn slipped the bartender some coins. "Drink up, Vi. The night's just about to begin."

"Bottom's up," Vi volleyed her response and tapped her glass on the table. Caitlyn followed. Then, the two of them were draining their glasses. Caitlyn tried to hide her grimace. Vi barely suppressed a laugh.

After a couple more rounds, the two were well under the influence.

"I'm gonna go dance," Caitlyn said with a tap on Vi's inner wrist before she slinked off to the dance floor. It was at that moment where Vi took in her surroundings. There wasn't a man in sight. Couple were tucked off in booths and corners, tangled in one another. There were hands

gripping thighs and wrists crossed behind necks. On the dance floors bodies were flush against one another without an inch of space between them, gyrating to the vibrations of the music.

Caitlyn wasn't afraid to move to the floor alone and she wasn't alone for long. Soon, a girl in a blazer and pants set came up behind her. She whispered in Caitlyn's ear before they started moving together. Vi grit her teeth together.

The pair moved fluidly, never departing for a moment. The other woman's hands were all over Caitlyn. One hand glided from her knee her thigh and the other stayed tucked around her waist. Caitlyn's back and ass were pressed into the front of the woman. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes and she winded her hips under the woman's grip.

Vi could feel her cheeks blazing. She didn't understand her own reaction. Caitlyn wasn't hers. She belonged to one really and made sure people knew that. Yet there she was, a malleable plaything in the hands of a stranger. Best of all, she moved like it was any other day or like it was something she'd done a thousand times. It was then it occurred to Vi that Caitlyn probably had done it a thousand times. She was familiar with the bartender and the bouncer. Her presence wasn't questioned. If anything, it was welcomed.

As the pair slowly turned around, Caitlyn's eyes caught Vi. She could see the tense of her body and the hard set of her jaw. She smiled and had the audacity to actually wink at her. Vi was coiled like a snake about to strike. She almost did, until something stopped her.

"Do you wanna go out there?" Someone actually

"Fuck, Caitlyn," Vi sighed into her neck. "I'd only dreamed about this before. If I had only known reality was so much better..." Caitlyn whined pressing her hips up to Vi's. She tightened her grip on Vi's hair.

"I didn't know you'd want this as much as I had, otherwise we could've started ages ago."

"We haven't known each other that long, Cupcake." Vi spoke between the hard kisses she left on Caitlyn's neck.

"Still, I would've dropped to me knees on the floor of your cell." Vi felt herself shudder at the thought. She felt the tendons of Caitlyn's neck stretched as she broke out in a grin.

"Stop teasing me, Cupcake. I wouldn't believe that for a second."

"Oh, yeah? You don't have to believe me, then. But just know, given the opportunity I would've taken you that night at the brothel." Caitlyn slid the leg Vi straddled higher so it pressed itself into the apex of Vi's thighs.

Vi loosely suppressed a groan, "It was a brothel, Cait. I think we we had more than enough opportunity." She finished her statement with a bite to Caitlyn's shoulder, causing the her gasp and grip Vi's hair harder. Vi grounded down on her leg in response.

"The past is the past. You're here, now and I'm here. Let's make the most of the opportunity we've been given, shall we?" Caitlyn tried to sound seductive and confident, but her arousal weakened her effort.

"And how would we do that, Princess?" The new nickname sent a new wave of desire shooting through the entirety of Caitlyn's body.

"Fuck me, Vi."

"Gladly," Vi sucked one last hickey into Caitlyn's neck and sat up. She hiked Caitlyn's dress up over her hip and pulled it off, but not before leaving a kiss in the keyhole cut out framing her cleavage. Caitlyn was left in nothing but an extremely small pair of black lace underwear that sat high on her hips and low on the center.

"Flip over." Vi said, her voice just barely above a whisper. Caitlyn bit her lip and spun over. Vi straddled her hips once more. She bang placing a string of kisses down Caitlyn's spine. Some spots she caressed lightly with her lips, others she hated down harder using suction and her teeth. Soon, Caitlyn's back was littered in bruises and Caitlyn whimpered and groaned the entire time. Vi ran her nails softly down Caitlyn's sides.

Caitlyn was growing restless. She pressed her behind up into Vi's hips. "Please, Vi. Hasn't it been long enough?"

Vi chuckled. "This is nothing yet, Princess. I'm not going to do anything until you really beg for it."

Caitlyn scoffed, "Beg? You just lost some sense, Vi. I've never begged for anything in my life."

Vi brought a light smack down on Caitlyn's ass. The sound of it reverberated along the room. Caitlyn gasped, her fists tightening in the sheets. "There's a first time for everything, Cupcake." She lent down, tongue tracing the outline of Caitlyn's ear. "And I want to be the first to make you do it," she punctuated the sentence with a bite.

"Fuck," Caitlyn sighed.

"On your back again," Vi said tapping Caitlyn's hip twice. Caitlyn complied wordlessly. Their eyes met once more. Caitlyn's skin was tinted with a rose hue down to her chest. Her nipples had grown dark and taut against her breasts. Her chest heaved with the effort of maintaining her composure.

Vi smirked and descended her body once more. She stopped at her hips and sucked bruises across them. Then, she latched her teeth onto Caitlyn's thong. Caitlyn watched her as she moved to pull them down. Their eyes never broke contact as Vi pulled Caitlyn's underwear down her legs. Caitlyn's eyes grew wide at Vi's display.

She felt entranced and almost overwhelmed at the debauchery of it all. Her past situations had been pleasurable, but still held the tact and properness her Piltover sensibilities had required of her. Nothing was ever too wild or out there. Even her dalliances at the Scarlett Retreat had some level of decorum to them. Whether she paid for the encounter or had a sexual fling organically, they were still... well... normal. Light flirtation and pleasure. But what she was experiencing here with Vi was different.

The passion between them was barely contained and threatening to break free with every passing second. She never had to beg for what she wanted. Her partners could either intuit them or she would ask once only for them to immediately oblige. But like with of her interactions with Vi, her pleasure had to be earned. Deserved. And only Vi could determine when she'd be worthy of it. But Caitlyn was ready for it. Caitlyn wanted to earn every drop of pleasure Vi would grant her. She wanted to fall apart knowing that she'd done everything Vi asked of her to perfection. Caitlyn wanted to be rewarded in earnest for her efforts.

"What do I have to do for you to fuck me, Vi? Just tell me." Caitlyn said while Vi sucked on the inner part of her thigh.

"Oh, you're asking me now?" Vi mumbled in her leg.

"Yes," Caitlyn pulled the leg Vi was kissing closer, pulling Vi towards her. "If you want me to beg, that is. I'll give you want if you tell me what makes you tick first. Then, let me do it for you."

Caitlyn was asking Vi to let her pleasure Vi. Vi could feel any leverage she'd had before slipping through her hands. The desire in her stomach soared.

"You look so pretty riding my fingers, Cait." Vi met Caitlyn's blissed out gaze in the mirror. "Don't you see how pretty you look?" Vi pressed her fingers in harder. Caitlyn let out a gasp that ended in a moan.

"Come on, Cupcake." Vi kept pressing kisses into the side of Caitlyn's neck but never stop looking at their reflections. "I know you can look at me." Caitlyn whimpered out what sounded like "uh-uh." "Oh, yes you can and you will." Vi guided her free hand up to Caitlyn's jaw and gentle turned her face. "Look at me, Caitlyn."

Caitlyn opened her eyes and was overwhelmed by the image before her. Flushed from her cheeks down to her chest. Sweat dotted her temples, her collarbones, and her thighs. She was covered in bruises. Her hair was strewn about. Her lips were kiss-swollen.

She caught sight of Vi's arms. The left came around Caitlyn's left arm and up to her jaw where it still held her. She trailed her gaze down Vi's right arm. It curved around her waist and stopped right between her thighs. Only the bases of Vi's fingers could be seen. The rest were buried inside of her.

"Fuck," Caitlyn whispered. Her breath was shaky and shallow. Vi could feel her tightening around her fingers.

"Not yet, Cupcake. Hold out just a bit longer for me." Caitlyn gripped Vi's thighs, straining with the effort of holding herself back.

"I don't know if I can wait, Vi." She shuddered. "Please don't make me wait. Please, please, please."

"Yes, you can, Caitlyn. You're gonna be good and wait for my say, okay?" Vi's hand slipped down from Caitlyn's jaw to her throat, applying just a bit of pressure along the sides of her necks. Caitlyn gasped. "You want to be good, don't you Caitlyn?"

Caitlyn nodded erratically, eyes slipping shut both from the effort and the pleasure of it all. She wasn't sure how long she could hold out, but she wanted to do this for Vi. To be good for Vi.

"I can't hear you, Cupcake." Vi pressed harder into the skin of Caitlyn's neck.

"Yes!" Caitlyn's scream came out more as a whisper. "I'll be good for you, Vi. I swear I'll be good."

"You look so pretty around my fingers, Cupcake. I want to watch you like this forever."

Caitlyn moaned, gripping the sheets as she ground her hips down onto Vi's fingers.

"Just like that, Cait. Just take what you want from me." Vi leaned in closer, to whisper in her ear, "it's already yours, Cupcake. It's all yours."

Caitlyn whined, pressing her heels into the bed and squeezing her knees right around Vi's waist. The scene was terribly erotic. Vi sucking, nipping, and biting at Caitlyn's neck as she sunk her fingers into her repeatedly. Caitlyn was gasping and moaning, hardly able to contain herself at the feeling of being so satisfied.

"Wait, Cupcake. I want you to do something for me?"

"What is it?" Caitlyn managed in between pants.

Vi slid off of her and maneuvered herself into a seating position against the bed frame.

"I want you," she spoke her words slowly and carefully, "to ride my fingers until you come all over them." The last four words were annunciated perfectly with every syllable clearly spoken.

Caitlyn had to gather herself for a moment as she let the words set in, taking in the sight in front of her. Strands of Vi's hair fell messily in front of her eyes. Her legs splayed out in front of her. Chest rising and falling with each breathe. She had one eyebrow arched and smirk on her scarred lips, a challenge.

Caitlyn was very good at challenges and she aimed to please.