

Catra threw her head back, whining as she pressed her fingers into Adora's arm. The feeling of those muscles flexing and straining beneath Catra's fingers sent another wave of pleasure through her body. She moaned louder as Adora deepened her motions.

"I know, baby. I know," Adora's voice was low and gravelly, eyes never leaving Catra's face. Catra cried out, arching her back and squeezing her eyes shut. Catra could feel her body heating up and it wasn't the sex. It was Adora's labored breathing. It was the way Adora ran a hand through her messy hair before returning it to Catra's waist, squeezing tightly. It was the way those muscles continued to work beneath Catra's fingers as Adora continued to flex her fingers inside of her.

"God! Please, Adora," Catra begged. "I can't take it anymore." Her body was straining. Her nerves were shot every flex of Adora's fingers reverberated through her, making her shiver from head to toe. She wrapped her legs around Adora's waist pulling her close and throwing her arm over her face as her moans grew louder.

Adora pulled Catra's arm from her face. Catra gasped.

"I wanna see you. I want to see you when you come around my fingers," Catra whined in protest. She could barely keep up with pleasure, much less keep her eyes open. "Come on, baby. You can do it. For me?"

Catra's eyes rolled to the back of her head at that. She couldn't deny Adora, even if she wanted to. It was especially impossible when she begged like that. She wanted to give her everything and all of her. "Okay," her voice shook as she said it.