

JAYCEE KNIGHT

PRESENTS

18+

**NO TIME
TO CUM**



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BLOOMIN' FAERIES!

Tracer landed a good twenty meters away from Big Earl's gas station. She still had a line of sight with Pharah and Mercy, who also landed at different spots to have full coverage of the location. Her senses were on high alert. Anything could happen now. The report mentioned local activity involving Reaper, Widowmaker, and Sombra—all nefarious types who could attack from unexpected locations at any time. She checked in with her teammates.

"Looks quiet here," she said.

"Here as well," Mercy responded.

"Same," Pharah said.

Tracer approached the building carefully. "I'm going in," she told her teammates. "Stand back and cover me, 'kay?"

She entered the building and gasped loudly at the sight before her.

"Did you find something?" Mercy asked. "Does anyone need medical aid?"

Tracer couldn't believe her eyes. "You can come in," she said. "Location's secure. And you gotta see this with your own eyes."

Pharah and Mercy quickly joined her. As expected, they too gasped and their eyes grew wide with shock. Big Earl's gas station had never been clean or neat, but it had been completely thrashed. Broken counters, shattered windows, splintered chairs, smashed tables—very little was left standing or intact. And in the middle of it all lay three bodies.

Three *naked* bodies.

Reaper, Widowmaker, and Sombra, their quarries, all rested entangled with each other, covered in semen and cum as if they'd fucked each other brainlessly for hours. Whatever had gone on, it wasn't military in nature, though it looked like they'd reached their objectives multiple times. The place reeked of sex and filth, which for Big Earl's, was actually an improvement.

"Well there they are," Tracer said. "Easy peasy. We just grab 'em, bag 'em, load 'em onto the Orca, and we're back at base for lunch."

Pharah nodded in agreement. She cuffed both Reaper and Sombra, loaded their bodies onto her shoulders, and walked out with them. Mercy kneeled next to Widowmaker and quickly scanned her with her instruments.

"Extreme exhaustion and dehydration," she said, "but she's not hurt. I'm detecting abnormal hormone levels, especially oxytocin. That is off the charts, but not harmful." She lifted Widowmaker off the ground and exited after Pharah.

Tracer looked around, ready to leave, making a quick survey of the area for anything suspicious. A picture on the wall caught her attention. It was of a lovely forest grove. What was unusual about it was its pristine condition, which stood in sharp contrast to everything else in this dump. Tracer grinned, reaching for her twin-pulse pistols. It was a little-known but time-honored tradition among Overwatch agents to destroy a mundane object either at the start or at the end of a mission. That little painting would do.

She fired with lightning speed and hit the arm right in the center, pulverizing the small painting. She whirled her pistols cowboy-style before stuffing them back in their holsters.

“And THAT’s how you do that!” she quipped.

She stepped toward the exit when a female voice rose from nowhere. It was seething with anger.

“That was a painting of home,” the voice said accusingly. “Now I’ve got *nothing* left!”

Tracer froze, pulling out her pistols, and ducked behind what was left of the counter. Was there someone else from Talon here? A fourth agent that hadn’t been reported? Someone new, maybe? She scanned the room. No one.

Then her hands suddenly became tingly and numb. Tracer watched with disbelief as her pistols slipped from her inert fingers and hit the ground. Her fingers then clenched and relaxed, but Tracer knew it wasn’t her doing. Something was...controlling them. They made random gestures in the air before pausing. Without warning, her right hand slapped her across the face, then once again on the way back.

“That’s for the picture,” the disembodied voice said. There was a pause, then it continued. “And this is for FUN.”

Tracer’s eyes widened as she watched her hands, unbidden, crawl under the chroral accelerator on her chest and give her boobs a squeeze, then another. She clenched her teeth as her own hands repeatedly molested her chest, looking for the source of this assault. Nanites, perhaps? Some AI booby trap left behind by Sombra to mess with Overwatch agents, perhaps? That seemed... far-fetched.

Her rebellious hands knew what they were doing around her boobs, gently nudging and tweaking her nipples alive using all the secret spots that Tracer liked. It didn’t make sense that she’d get sexually excited in a dangerous situation like this, but her nips didn’t seem to know that. Neither did her pussy, which was tingling and coming alive between her long thighs. She started to squirm on the spot, her legs parting almost involuntarily.

That’s when SHE appeared. Out of nowhere, a tiny creature just materialized out of thin air, sitting on the counter that Tracer was using as cover. It was a woman no taller than a Barbie but with more curves than the legendary doll. She also had a set of translucent dragonfly wings at her back that reminded Tracer of...Tinkerbell? If Tinkerbell wore a tank top and a slutty leather miniskirt.

“It’s easier if you see me,” the creature said, a malicious glint in her eye. “You can call me Nightshade. Or Mistress, if you prefer. We’re going to have a good time, you and me.”

Tracer gritted her teeth as she fought rising waves of heat from her tits and groin. What was *wrong* with her? Why was she so turned on, suddenly? Her pussy was coming alive and her hips were gently gyrating. She couldn’t stop it.

“What the bloody hell ARE you?” she asked. “And how are you doing this?”

Nightshade laughed, answering both questions at once. “I’m a faerie,” she said. She turned her head to look at Tracer’s hands, addressing them directly. “How ‘bout we turn it up a notch?”

The hands seemed to understand her meaning. They slid away from her boobs and quickly traveled South, meeting at the damp junction between Tracer’s thighs. Her yellow outfit was made of hyper-resilient but thin fabric. Her rebellious fingertips wasted no time finding and teasing her swelling clit and parted labia.

“Fuck,” Tracer thought, clenching her teeth and fighting for control. “I can’t control my hands! Whatever this is, I gotta—”

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of Pharah and Mercy landing near the entrance of the gas station. Tracer opened her mouth to shout a warning to them, but all that came out was a low, passionate moan. Her hips were bucking slowly against her fingers and there didn’t seem to be anything she could do to stop it.

“Can’t talk, huh?” Nightshade asked. “Not surprising. I gave your clit a hair trigger. Your mind should be drowning in lust by now. You ARE insanely horny, aren’t you?” She paused for an answer, but all Tracer could do was groan in response. “Blink twice if you’re rutting right now.”

Tracer blinked twice, blushing brightly at the qualifier. Only animals rutted.

“Tracer!” Pharah said, suddenly entering her line of sight. Mercy quickly appeared beside her, her expression concerned. “Tracer, what the hell are you doing?”

Nightshade undoubtedly heard them, but her gaze remained fixed on Tracer, who now masturbated frantically through her outfit. Her fingers pushed as far as they could inside her, frustratingly held back by the resilient material. Her clit felt like a rigid marble, so big and hard that it made a visible bump through the suit. The faerie grinned, raised her right hand, and snapped her fingers.

“You two are on the verge of cumming,” she announced. “You cum when Tracer does.”

Pharah and Mercy instantly dropped to the ground, overcome with mind-searing lust, their bodies tense with an incoming meteoric orgasm. Pharah found herself on all fours, helplessly pawing her crotch through her impenetrable armor. Mercy landed on her knees, back arched, straddling her caduceus staff, and grinding her crotch against it in long, lewd gyrations. Both gasped and moaned loudly, their eyes rolled back in rapture.

Tracer could hear them, but her mind was twisted with thoughts of her incoming orgasm. It was close. Almost there...

“Oh! Oooh! Yes! Yes! I’m...gonna...gonna... Ah! AAAAH! What’s--”

Without warning, her chronal accelerator activated. The world quickly rewound around her, her own hands working backward as she felt her orgasm slip away. She found herself precisely a minute earlier, her arousal exactly as it was at that moment. Time’s flow returned to normal and her head felt clearer without the sexual fog that was to come. Her hands, already positioned between her thighs, resumed their filthy work.

“Oh, how unfortunate!” Nightshade commented, her tone dripping with acid. “Your thingie got turned on JUST as you were about to come. How ever did THAT happen?”

“F-fuck,” Tracer grumbled, feeling her arousal return quickly. “Why are you doing that to me?”

“Like I said, for fun, mostly,” the faerie said. “Plus, you destroyed my home.”

“You...lived in the picture?” Tracer asked.

Nightshade paused before answering. Tracer thought she saw fleeting sadness in her eyes before she spoke. She wasn’t sure. It was getting hard to pay attention to anything with her clit flaring up and sending shockingly powerful jolts of pleasure through her.

“I used to live in the real place,” she said, “but it was destroyed by humans. The picture was all I had left.”

Time was passing all too fast and raging lust once again overcame Tracer’s fading reason. As before, Pharah and Mercy showed up, quickly ending up on their knees, groaning and whimpering as near-orgasmic pleasure crushed their minds. And once more, right before she came, Tracer’s chronal accelerator brought her back to the past.

“Stop it!” Tracer shouted at the faerie. “Ah! Aaah... M-make it stop!”

The faerie shrugged. “I can’t. Once a spell is cast, it lasts until it’s done. Or in your case, until you cum before your time’s up.”

“Until I ah...what before what?” Tracer said through gritted teeth. So hard to think. “Oooh, f-fuuuck...”

Tracer tried to work it out in her mind, but she was drowning in too much pleasure. Her hips were bucking against her hands. Her companions showed up and became overwhelmed by lust magic like before. Tracer’s eyes lingered over Mercy first, somewhat fascinated by the way the medic ground her hips enthusiastically against her hard staff. The sight made her hornier, but then the minute was up and time flew back once more.

“She’s not the one,” Nightshade said enigmatically. “Keep trying.”

“W-what?” Tracer said. “The one what? Ah, GODDAMMIT, stupid fingers!”

Her hands were doing the exact same thing as before, caressing her pussy and clit in exactly the same sequence, with the same pressure, from the same angle, and so on. Everything was happening the same way. She couldn’t change her behavior, Tracer realized, only her thoughts. Her teammates hadn’t arrived yet, but she knew they wouldn’t be able to help her. Her mind was her only tool, but the surges from her rebellious pussy and clit made it hard to concentrate, so hard... Pharah and Mercy were there again, on their knees. Pharah. So beautiful, so sexy...

Rewind.

“It’s Pharah!” Tracer thought, her eyes growing wide. She felt her filthy fingers work their magic as before.

“There you go,” Nightshade commented. She leaned forward, an almost gentle smile on her lips. “This will be fun.”

Suddenly Tracer knew what to do. What to *think*. She imagined Pharah down on her knees as she was before, but suddenly her armor was gone and she could see her whole body, dark and naked, with one hand finally reaching her pussy. She watched as the imaginary Pharah finger-fucked her own cunt, her own slutty slit, her big tits swaying freely as she moaned.

Tracer felt her excitement grow almost exponentially. She imagined herself on the ground with Pharah, their legs scissored, their drenched pussies grinding sloppily against each other. FUCK that was hot! So hot! Ooooh, fuuuuck... Yes! Yes! It was happening!!!

And at last, Tracer’s body tensed up and she came like a thunderbolt had struck her. Near her, Pharah and Mercy cried as a crushing orgasm tore through them, their pussies squirting and spasming like never before.

The minute was up, but this time, the choral accelerator did not activate. The three Overwatch agents quivered and convulsed on the ground, the orgasm lasting for an abnormally long time. Finally, when it was over, they just lay there, spent and satisfied.

Nightshade got off her perch and landed near Tracer.

“So you’ve got a thing for the tall brown chick, huh?” The faerie smiled, cracking her fingers.
“Want to do something about it?”