

Samantha Traynor's pussy tasted *incredible*. As birthday treats went, Commander Shepard couldn't remember ever tasting anything so sweet.

At first, Shepard tried to ignore the obvious crush that the Comm Specialist on the new Normandy had on her. This wasn't like during the hunt for the Collectors, when Liara held her at arm's length. Back then, Shepard nursed the hurt of Liara's emotional and physical distance by letting Kelly Chambers throw on that stripper outfit and shake her ass in Shepard's cabin and occasionally share her bed too. But Liara wasn't distant these days, either physically or emotionally. They'd reconnected after taking down the Shadow Broker, and Liara was there on the ship. Even though she often worked late into the night on the ship, hunched over to study the intel at her fingertips now that she was the Shadow Broker, Liara still made time for her girlfriend whenever possible.

Shepard's beautiful asari lover was back in her life and bed, which meant that returning the affections of her new Comm Specialist was a terrible idea. But the more time she spent around her, the harder it became for Shepard to pretend she felt nothing but friendship for Samantha Traynor. Liara did her best to make time for Shepard, but there had been many late nights where Shepard passed the hours having light conversation over a chess board with Samantha, and they'd undeniably gotten closer over the course of those game nights. And Traynor was undeniably cute, too. Shepard loved her accent and how adorable she was when she got flustered by something, usually at Shepard's instigation. Making the nervous Comm Specialist stammer and look away should have made Shepard feel guilty, mainly since she knew *why* it was so easy for her to fluster Samantha. But it was too much fun for her to stop.

The chess board was forgotten tonight, though, because Shepard had different things in mind. Sam hadn't even been able to set the board up before Shepard took her into her arms, kissed her hard, and grabbed her ass through her uniform pants. There had been just a second or two of Samantha freezing in shock, and then the adorable Oxford graduate sighed and kissed her back. Now Shepard had Traynor spread out in her bed, and it brought her deep satisfaction to discover how responsive Samantha was to everything she did for her.

Sam gasped and shook while Shepard was stripping her clothes off and rubbing her body. Shepard kept the anticipation building constantly as she kissed her way down Traynor's smooth skin and gradually shifted position, getting down on her belly at the edge of the bed and spreading the other woman's legs. She'd kept increasing Traynor's arousal with kisses and touches along her inner thighs, and ample time had been spent licking her pussy through her underwear. Traynor's panties were utterly drenched by the time Shepard finally pulled them off of her, and now Shepard got to enjoy the fruits of her labor. She had her arms wrapped around Traynor's thighs, preventing her from shaking or squirming too hard while she went down on her. There was no hesitation in Shepard's oral work. Despite all of the reasons that things between her and Traynor should never have gotten this far, Shepard enjoyed licking the specialist's pussy far too much to feel any guilt over it. She'd felt a growing urge to devour this adorable dork for way too damn long now, and following through on it was every bit as thrilling as she'd always known it would deep down.

Shepard had a feeling that she wouldn't have felt guilty about going down on Traynor no matter what, but there was no need for guilt, considering what she could see any time she moved her eyes up to look beyond Traynor's creamy thighs and toward her head. Traynor had a pretty face, and seeing that face scrunched up in concentration as she thought about her next chess move, lighting up when she won, or looking flustered any time Shepard teased or flirted with her had a lot to do with Shepard falling for her. She couldn't see that pretty face right now, though, because there was a big blue ass blocking her view.

Despite her interest, Shepard didn't think she would ever have gone through with fucking Traynor behind Liara's back. The fling with Kelly had come while she and Liara weren't together, but there were no such excuses now. But there was no need for excuses or sneaking around because this had been Liara's idea. Liara, who had been open to hooking up with both Shepard *and* Ashley Williams back on the original Normandy, had noticed what was happening between her girlfriend and Traynor. Rather than shutting it down, she'd embraced it. She'd put the Shadow Broker stuff aside for one night so all three of them could have an experience they would never forget in celebration of Shepard's birthday.

And Shepard wouldn't forget it. Ashley had turned down the proposed threesome with her and Liara way back when, which had been an enormous disappointment for Shepard. But she was finally having her desired threesome at last because while she buried her face between Traynor's thighs and devoured her pussy, Liara rode her face. Shepard mainly focused on giving Samantha the best head she could, but she could still look up and see her girlfriend's ass rocking back and forth while she humped their partner's face. Shepard had admired that big blue butt from so many different angles, but watching it while she humped Traynor's face had to be one of her absolute favorites so far. She was glad Liara was enjoying herself, too, because this was Shepard's best birthday ever.

It got even better when Traynor began to squirt all over her face. Shepard moaned into her pussy, delighted at the birthday treat she'd earned for herself. Game nights with Traynor had been fun, but she knew that she was always going to think about the specialist cumming on her face any time she sat across the board from her from now on.

"Happy birthday, Shepard," Liara said, looking over her shoulder to smile at her. Shepard wasn't ready to pull her mouth off of Traynor's pussy just yet, so she couldn't smile back. But she had a feeling Liara could sense her happiness regardless. "When you're done down there, I'd be happy to give you the second half of your present and put my head between *your* thighs."