

Pulling Roslin

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Pulling Roslin

by [AsterHowl](#)

Summary

The Viper jocks get drunk and share their sexual fantasies about the President of the Colonies.

Notes

My ode to Seelix.

The sea of faces was alight in the warm, jubilant glow of the Hanger Deck. Admiral Adama turned from them and faced Hot Dog with a glimmer of pride in his old eyes.

“Lieutenant Costanza. In recognition of your efforts in battle, including single-handedly taking down an entire fleet of more than thirty Cylon Raiders...”

“Thirty!?”

“What?”

“Thirty!” Seelix is gripped so tightly by laughter her drink sloshes over the rim of her glass and spills onto the leg of her pants. It makes the others laugh harder. Hot Dog laughs too but he’s determined to continue.

“Shut up! So anyway...”

“...Single-handedly taking down an entire fleet of more than thirty Cylon Raiders, I award you with this huge medal, and I hereby promote you to the rank of Commander.”

“Huge medal!”

“I said, shut up!”

Seelix stamps her foot and bangs her glass back on the table. She’s laughing so hard no one can see her eyes and she’s hugging herself like she has cramps. Racetrack grins broadly and shakes her head at the sight of her. She nudges Hot Dog on the arm.

“Go on, Hot Dog. Ignore her. Keep going.”

“Okay. Then...”

President Roslin stood in front of her desk, arms folded. She was all smooth and sharp, made of perfect curves and devastating gem green eyes. She set them upon Hot Dog who stood proudly in his clean, new uniform. “I never had the chance to congratulate you on your recent promotion, Commander Costanza.”

Hot Dog smirked arrogantly as Roslin sauntered. He could feel his own eyes burning as his gaze crept up her shins. He sucked in and bit his top lip, watching her thighs straining in the severe dark skirt as her hips rocked sensuously. He swallowed hungrily.

Roslin pressed herself against him, tilting back her head to look up at the taller man. Hot Dog’s gaze fell down her long, elegant neck and into the enticing darkness of her cleavage. Her glistening red lips pouted and the young Commander grinned eagerly. Roslin’s fingers crawled up his chest. Her nails scratched the etching on the big gold medal on his breast.

“Goodness. That’s a huge medal.”

“Thank you, Madame President.”

Her lips curled and a sly glint sparkled in her eyes. Her nails clawed down his chest and Hot Dog stood smugly as she dropped. Feeling the tug of his fly, he buried his hands firmly into Roslin’s exquisitely silken hair.

Seelix spits her drink across the table and it goes all over Racetrack. The woman shifts back in her chair to avoid it, the legs howling against the metal floor, but her reflexes have failed her. Rot drips down her face. Now it’s hard to tell what people are laughing at.

“Whoop, Hot Dog! The President?” Narcho slaps his knee, “In your dreams, man!” He lifts his drink to him anyway.

“Yeah, Hot Dog. You ain’t got a chance in hell tappin’ that!” Skulls chuckles.

Hot Dog glares unappreciatively at everyone. Racetrack finishes drying herself.

“Aww, leave him alone. I think it’s cute our little puppy has a crush. I think he has great taste, too.” She puts her hand on Hot Dog’s arm. He throws her a narrow but grateful smile.

“Our boy’s certainly got ambition,” Skulls agrees, laughing heartily.

Hot Dog turns on him defensively, putting a hand to his chest. “You don’t think I could get the President?”

“Are you kidding?” Seelix says, “I have a better chance of pulling Roslin than you do.”

The laughter escalates until Narcho cocks his head. “Wait, what?”

Racetrack sets her eyes on Seelix. “I’ll take that bet.”

Hot Dog looks alarmed. “Bet?”

Now Seelix looks just as bewildered. It only fuels Racetrack’s mischief.

“Ten cubits says Hot Dog scores some hot Presidential ass before you do.”

Hot Dog blinks and looks almost touched. He grins at Racetrack, swelling gratefully at her support. Narcho and Skulls watch proceedings with stupefied faces, as though they’ve reached paradise and can’t quite cope with the ecstasy.

Seelix frowns. “Why’re you backing him?”

“To rile you up,” Racetrack admits casually. Seelix narrows her eyes uncertainly and she glares at her superior, gauging her sincerity with reservation until Narcho launches a fist into the air. “Ten on Hardball!”

Skulls looks up at him, amused. Narcho’s features are slack with delight but it has nothing to do with the ambrosia. Seelix’s eyes dart to him.

Hot Dog just grins at her. “What about it, Hardball? Race you to Roslin’s skirt.”

She looks cornered. “This is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard.” And she slouches back in her chair. “As if any of us even have the chance to get close enough to the *President* to try.” Racetrack pricks her with a wily stare. She didn’t miss the hue of disappointment that bloomed in the girl’s eyes.

“That’s half the challenge.”

“Hey, if Hardball refuses to play does that mean Narcho loses the bet?” Skulls asks.

The Viper jock looks appalled and holds up his hands. “Whoa, hey! The bet’s not official till they both agree to it!”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Seelix protests. She laughs incredulously and hits Racetrack with a look of disapproval. “Let’s be realistic here. There’s frak all chance either of us will get so much as a look from Roslin let alone a blow job.”

She glares at Hot Dog. He still looks proud of himself. “And we’ll be at this thing forever if the ultimate goal is to frak.”

The noise Hot Dog makes might not have been voluntary, but it’s clear he has no problem making a fool of himself.

“Then we’ll use a point system,” Racetrack offers.

“What, like, five points if she looks at you? Fifty if she sucks your dick?” Narcho is bouncing

his leg and tapping the table rapidly in enthusiasm and Seelix gives him a look of disgust. "Charming."

Racetrack shrugs. "I'll draw something up."

Hot Dog stretches out his legs and folds his arms behind his head. "What I wanna know is, what does the winner get?"

Racetrack picks up her glass. "That all depends on how hard you play, doesn't it?"

Hot Dog nods and closes his eyes in satisfaction, drifting away on a stream of his own indulgent thoughts.

Narcho shuffles gleefully on his seat. "Hey, Hot Dog, what's happening now? You seeing yourself winning the bet?"

Hot Dog grins and bites his tongue playfully. "Nah. Not me. Seelix."

Racetrack has to laugh because Seelix goes bright red and shoves Hot Dog hard in the chest. He and his chair go crashing to the floor. The boy coughs and moans, winded, but still manages to chuckle drunkenly.

The young Ensign stands abruptly, causing the legs of her chair to shriek in protest. "I'm outa here."

Margaret watches her storm out of the room and thinks it's the most adorable thing she's ever seen. The boys are in hysterics but probably can't even remember what they're laughing about.

Downing the rest of her drink she slips from her chair, slinking her body and stretching like a cat. Pleased to catch Skulls with his jaw dropped, she smacks him under the chin and tells everyone it's been fun. She thanks Hot Dog for the story on her way out but he's already snoring on the floor. None of them notice she's taken the bottle of ambrosia with her.

Looking for and failing to find Seelix in the obvious places, like the lockers or her rack or Joe's Bar, Margaret decides to enjoy the rest of the bottle alone in the observation deck, or share it with anyone who was there.

She hasn't walked far when she runs into Tyrol. She is about to greet him happily before noticing the look of concern on his face.

"Chief?"

He looks reluctant, holding the back of his neck as though a fierce debate has broken out in his conscience. "Okay, so, I know she used to work for me but she's clearly drunk and we really can't have her getting in the way."

"And she told you specifically not to tell me where she was, right?"

The man holds up his hands. "I don't need her dramas right now."

"On it."

Margaret steps onto the Hanger Deck just as a metal clang booms abrasively through the room and she instantly spots Seelix looking sheepishly at a barrel of tylium rolling across the floor. An angry deckhand shoves her.

Margaret frowns as Seelix falls hard to the floor.

"Hey!" She marches over to her and glares at the deckhand. "Back off." He sneers at both of

them but skulks away. Margaret looks down at Seelix who is flat on her back, groaning and clutching the bridge of her nose.

“You’re not that drunk. Get up.”

Avoiding eye contact, the rookie gets to her feet. She looks humbled and it isn’t because she’s been knocked over. She hasn’t shown the Hanger Deck the proper respect. It was far too easy for something to go wrong and she knows that. She used to get pissed off at pilots for behaving the same way.

“Let’s go.” Margaret walks her back to the corridors but instead of taking her back to her rack she unlocks one of the unused rooms instead, pulling the taller woman inside before she even has the chance to look stunned.

“What the frak?” The girl staggers a little and can’t quite hold Margaret’s gaze for longer than half a second, so her eyes search the room for something to focus on. The room only has one bed and is probably reserved for political types who need to make an extended stay on the ship. It suddenly amuses Margaret that Roslin might have stayed here.

Margaret goes over to the edge of the bed and sits down on the floor, leaning against it. Unscrewing the lid of the bottle, she takes a swig. She won’t tell Seelix to sit and isn’t too concerned that she’ll leave. If she wanted to do that she wouldn’t have followed her so obediently from the Hanger Deck.

Eventually, and after much anxious fidgeting, Seelix goes over to the wall adjacent to the bed and slides down to sit. Margaret passes her the bottle of ambrosia but she doesn’t take it for the longest time. With a puff of annoyance she finally snatches it from her hand.

Margaret just chuckles and Seelix tries even harder not to look at her. She lets the girl have some silence in which to hope that the Lieutenant never noticed the look of panic in her eyes earlier. Earlier, when they were sitting around the table in the rec room, and might have been caught listening to the end of Hot Dog’s story with too much interest.

“Roslin, huh?” Margaret smiles at the way Seelix grimaces. Her head hangs and she looks away.

“Frak you.”

“If you’re lucky.”

Seelix frowns and her face looks so red Margaret entertains the idea that the imbalance of blood might cause her to pass out. The Ensign tries a few times to say something so Margaret keeps quiet.

“Did...did you have to...”

“What?”

Seelix spits in frustration at being hassled. Margaret purses her lips and shuts up.

“Did you have to humiliate me in front of the guys?”

The snort Margaret makes earns her a scowl, but the girl still won’t look her way. “Those guys aren’t gonna remember a thing tomorrow.”

“You don’t know that.” Seelix’s voice is a quiet that tugs Margaret’s heart. She would never have guessed Hardball would be so sensitive.

“And what do you think they know about you?” When she gets no response she goes on.

“They think you were just fooling around, teasing Hot Dog.”

“You don’t.”

Margaret smirks. “My GAYDIS is more developed than theirs.”

To her relief, Seelix huffs and manages a small smile. Margaret leans forward teasingly to try and get a closer look because the smile is blooming into an irresistible grin. Seelix bashfully tries to hide it.

Fuelled by her recent success, Margaret decides to probe. “So let’s hear it.”

“Hear what?”

An eyebrow arches. “Your Roslin fantasy.”

Seelix scoffs. She lifts the bottle, sculling impressively before relenting, letting it hang in her hand.

Margaret whines. “Come on. Spill.”

Seelix jabs the bottle at her. “It never leaves this room.”

Margaret draws intersecting lines over her chest, grinning eagerly.

The rookie takes another swig of ambrosia and then lets the rim hover just below her lips. The luminescent green liquid swirls in the bottle, making stars of light dance on the metal floor. Margaret watches the most adorable grin creep up the edges of the girl’s mouth, the thrill of her heart’s yearning making her eyes sparkle.

Seelix’s head drifts back and her eyes close for a moment as though basking in the warmth of something glorious. Her eyes open again and her voice trembles in tones of joy. “I find Earth.”

The chorus of cheering hit Seelix even before she climbed out of her Viper. Helo was there to help her down and the rest of the pilots mobbed around her as her feet touched the Hanger floor. The noise was near deafening as he and Hot Dog lifted her up onto their shoulders and marched her across the Deck.

“Hey!”

The person had to call out again before there was quiet. The crowd cleared and Colonel Tigh was standing there. Seelix hopped down from the shoulders of Helo and Hot Dog. The XO stood, looking as gruff as he could manage in spite of the smile that quivered at the edges of his mouth, threatening to betray his harsh exterior. Seelix approached slowly and then folded her arms.

Tigh looked down at her, almost trembling in the effort not to look as elated as he felt. He had an image to protect. “The Old Man wants to see you.”

Seelix smirked. "I bet he does."
"Oh my Gods! Hardball is so awesome!"

"Wait, who said that?" Margaret arches an eyebrow.

"Um." Seelix shrugs. "Let's say Lee."
Margaret cackles and almost falls sideways. "Why Lee?"
"Want me to say you?"
"Hey I wouldn't mind a cameo in your fantasy." Margaret smirks at her.

Seelix narrows her eyes and Margaret nudges her foot playfully with her own.
"Go on, then."
Seelix glares at her suspiciously before beginning her story again. "So I go to the CIC. Adama and Roslin are there."
"Of course."
"And Adama lets me initiate the jump to Earth."
Margaret frowns curiously. "What does Roslin do?"
Seelix cocks her head impatiently. "The South Picon Jig. Will you let me tell the story?"
Giggling, Margaret hugs her knees. "Right. Sorry. Go on."

"So we jump to Earth. The Thirteenth Colony welcomes us and for ages it's just a huge party. Finally everyone's settled in and months later I get an invitation from Roslin..."

Soft blue and full of clouds glowing in front of the brilliant sun, Seelix had never seen more beautiful a sky. Beneath it, the pale stone building seemed to shimmer like the sands that swept the gorgeous coasts of the continent they called North America. Long pools of water, still as glass, caressed the edge of the path to the front doors.

Fountains and gardens created a magical atmosphere where the harsh black suits of her escort seemed out of place. The building was just as spectacular inside as well. The escort led her through the building and out into the courtyard.

Laura Roslin reclined in a lavish deck chair by a table under stylish sail shaped tarps as Tory read to her from a pile of reports. The tips of Seelix's fingers pressed involuntarily against her own thighs.

The woman had gratefully taken the opportunity to explore the local clothing salons, and the pilot could appreciate an image of her President she had never seen before. Maintaining a

professional look, the coral dress suit was complimented with a stunning blouse in warm dyes.

Noticing their arrival, Tory stopped talking and the escort introduced the Viper pilot. Even as Roslin looked up at her, Seelix relished in a languid exploration of her body, her eyes grazing slowly up silken legs, crossed over each other as though displayed just for her approval.

Laura thanked the escort, telling them that they could return to the building, and sent Tory with them. Satisfied they were alone, she reached for her glasses on the table. Seelix watched her hands as she unfolded them, shuddering pleasurably at the thought of those hands running down her back or cupped against her breasts.

Putting on her glasses, Laura smiled. "I'd like to thank you for coming, Ensign Seelix."

"My pleasure, Madame President. Please, call me Diana."

Laura's lips thinned into a smirk as she regarded the woman standing before her.

Laura was not quite oblivious, but then, Diana was so unabashedly examining her body, and it was a long time since she'd felt desired in such a raw, unadulterated way. Something devious in her awakened, and she lifted a leg, running it over the other just innocently enough and watched Diana swallow.

To pretend the movement really was without guile, she stood from the chair in the same motion. She made sure she stepped close to Diana as she started to walk across the courtyard. The pilot turned with her, momentarily enthralled by the way she moved, and then hurried to fall in step beside her.

"I'm sorry I haven't had the opportunity sooner, but I invited you here today to thank you. You've given us all a home."

Diana shrugged. "You don't have to do that. It was an accident, really."

"Yes, but you made it." Laura turned to smile at her, and Seelix noticed mischief about her eyes.

She shone like the sun worshipped her and Diana could not look anywhere else. She didn't even know for how long or how far they had walked as they came to the edge of the estate where the landscaped gardens met the untamed woodlands and there wasn't another soul around.

Diana clucked her tongue. "So. How's..."

Laura turned to her abruptly. "Would you frak me?"

"...things..." Diana glanced sideways.

Laura edged a little closer to her, reaching with tentative fingers for the woman's hands but slipping them away apprehensively in the same beat.

"The way you're looking at me." Laura's eyes were deep. "You want to frak me."

She was so close Diana could smell beyond the perfume she wore. Her fragrance was rich and rare and it struck hard against the inside of her skull. She stammered. "I..."

If Diana had more words coming, she wasn't to find out. Soft, warm lips pressed gently to hers, lingering sweetly across moments. Hundreds of little lights bloomed and sparked behind

closed eyes. Nothing would ever feel as good as this. When Diana felt them part from her she hummed and ran her tongue between her lips. “Hmm. That was...”

She felt Laura’s hands slip around her hips and she giggled nervously.

“Okay. Uhh. Okay, whoa!” Her whole hand snapped over Laura’s mouth as she was about to lean in once more. There, Diana froze. She had her hand over the President’s mouth. The President. Whose hands were holding her hips and was now looking at her with eyebrows arched.

“First of all,” Diana’s eyes rolled back in her head recalling the sensations of Laura’s kiss.

“My Gods. Second of all, what happened to you and the Admiral?”

Laura’s brows came down into an impatient frown. It took a while for Diana to realize that the only reason she was not receiving an answer was because of where her hand remained.

Sheepishly, she released her mouth. There was the faintest flare of disappointment in Laura’s eyes, and a sting to her voice as she said,

“Nothing. Nothing ever happened.”

Diana could see she was hurt, and even doubting that anyone had ever looked at her with desire at all.

She felt the woman’s hands slip from her but Diana grabbed them. She was surprised at the way Laura hissed and her eyes drifted shut. Diana spoke firmly.

“The man’s a fool.”

As they stood there, Laura’s hands shifted in hers, holding her back, returning her gesture. She pulled hesitantly on her arms. Diana smirked.

She leaned in, pressing her hips into Laura’s. Her lips parted and a hot breath rolled over her chin. Diana took her hands from hers, and slid her fingers along her jaw, cupping her head. Laura whined and her voice squeaked. “Oh Gods.”

Diana let her hands travel down her neck, letting her fingers sprinkle light sensations on Laura’s skin over her collarbone and into the low cut of her blouse, resting at her cleavage to make her sigh again. Laura’s words sizzled in her throat. “You have no idea how long it’s been since I’ve been touched like that.”

The pilot’s breath caught. Before Laura could regret being so honest, revealing that layer of vulnerability normally guarded with steel walls, Diana kissed her softly, impressing as much love and assurance as she could into a tender touch. After a moment, as she felt this, Laura whined gratefully.

Diana pushed her a little, easing her back against the broad trunk of a tree, and then stretched the neckline of her blouse to lick between her breasts. Laura’s hands clutched behind Diana’s hips and her nails sliced right up her back.

Diana cupped under her jaw with fingertips and waited for her to look at her.

“Sure you want this?”

Laura rubbed moistened lips together. “Do you?”

The concern in her eyes was moving. She didn’t just want someone to frak her. She wanted someone to want to frak her.

“I really, really want this. I really, really...” Diana kissed her bottom lip and carefully removed her glasses as she pulled away, “Really want you.”
Laura moaned and dug her nails deeper into the back of the young thing pressed against her. It didn’t seem to matter that someone might find them, might see them. Laura was already pulling apart the buttons of her uniform, and Diana made sure to touch her as much as possible as she removed her suit.

“.....And?” Margaret’s hands are gripped over her knees.

Seelix smirks wickedly. “She moans like a porn star.”
Margaret grunts in frustration. “Come on. You can’t hold out on me now.”
Seelix licks the rim of the bottle with a devilish glint to her eyes. “I make her cum for hours.”
She takes a swig while Margaret wails.

“It can’t end there.”
Seelix chuckles and sways a little, wiping her mouth.
“Okay, okay. So, after all the frakking...”
“After?” Margaret pouts.
“I’m sitting back against the trunk of the tree, and she’s lying in my arms.”

The body stretched along hers, cradled in her arms, was so hot and felt so good that her hands still roamed, tenderly caressing, lightly squeezing and making the woman sigh blissfully.

Diana combed her fingers adoringly through Laura’s hair. “You are a goddess.” She whispered it, making Laura strain to hear it. But she did, and the older woman hummed softly in appreciation. Her eyes drifted shut and Diana thought she must be so exhausted. She let her rest.

“Don’t stop,” Laura breathed.
“Hm?”
Her eyes were still closed and her voice was distant. “Don’t stop. Don’t stop...touching me.”
Diana smiled sympathetically and smoothed her hands over her breasts, groping gently. Watching the woman drifting to sleep she smirked. Her hand travelled down her body. The moan Laura released was mostly breath.

Diana kept constant, feather-light pressure, a perfectly slow tempo, and Laura breathed in hisses. Her arm fell from over her body and her hand dropped onto Diana’s thigh, clenching absently at her flesh.

Diana could see Laura's toes curling, her calf muscles tensing and relaxing, as the building heat gave her body the renewed strength to squirm. Suddenly Laura grabbed Diana's wrist. She tried to make her move faster, harder, but it didn't take much to resist the feeble tugging, and the woman whimpered when Diana stopped moving altogether.

Diana reached for her hand and whispered sternly. "Let go, Laura."

After a whimper she obeyed and Diana took her hand away, holding it across her body so she really had no control.

"Please. Gods." Her words were toneless, barely gasps but full of urgency.

Mercifully, Diana resumed her affections, as agonizingly slow as before. At the edge of the woods, at the bottom of the lavish gardens, long moments whispered by. A guttural moan cracked the air as Laura arched, slight in her exhaustion, but feeling fires blaze everywhere inside her. In the next breath Diana heard her own name, desperate, fervid, and wrought with hunger.

When they finally made it back to the building, Tory was in the lobby waiting for them, regarding their approach through the glass walls with suspicion. Just before making their way inside, Laura stopped. She turned to Diana, finding her hands again. Her smile was telling of how sated she felt. She looked dreamy.

"I want to thank you again."

Diana just smiled at her.

Laura rocked bashfully on her hips and sucked her lip nervously, considering the girl for a moment. "Would you...?"

Seelix smirked because this woman was adorable. She slipped her thumbs inside Laura's palms, rubbing in firm circles. Responding to the possessive gesture, Laura took in a deep, involuntary breath that trembled from her lungs.

Seelix leaned in closer. "Anytime."

The President gleamed.

"Sweet frakking Zeus." Margaret's jaw has dropped in awe, and later in her rack she'll discover all the red claw marks on her knees.

Seelix beams smugly. Then they both jump as the door clanks and opens. Both girls look up in alarm as the Admiral stands there with Tory and the President.

The noise Seelix makes is far from what the suave alter ego of her fantasies would make, and Adama looks at his pilots with an unreadable expression. Laura swivels on her hips and leans in to Tory. "Looks like we've interrupted something."

When Margaret sees Seelix's jaw dropped in bewilderment, she snorts with laughter. Adama steps into the room, and leers down at them, one, then the other.

That's when they both scramble to their feet, snapping to attention.

"Sorry, Sir. We were just leaving," Margaret says, because Seelix's face hasn't changed and she looks incapable of coherent speech.

"It's fine, really," Tory interjects. "You two stay. I'll find another room."

Margaret grabs Seelix's arm. "I'm on duty in a few hours anyway."

When they try to leave, Laura steps in front of them and Margaret feels Seelix reel in alarm. The President eyes the girl with a sly quirk to her lips. "Are you going to finish that?"

Seelix just blinks. Margaret has to yank her arm.

"Uhh. No..." Seelix responds as though she's asking a question. Laura smiles at her as Tory leans over her shoulder.

"Madame President, you really shouldn't be..."

Laura Roslin hushes her with a dignified hand.

Margaret wonders if she could possibly know the true extent of the affect she's having on Seelix. She can imagine the woman has been gaped at plenty in her day to recognize when she's setting hearts aflutter. So when Margaret observes the rapacious sheen to the President's eyes as this fact dawns on her, she has to fight hard the urge to grin.

Laura dips a shoulder at Seelix. "Just a sip then."

Seelix obediently lifts the bottle. Margaret hears her inhale sharply as Laura's fingers graze hers curling gracefully around the neck.

Margaret can see the entire room is held captivated as the President teases her bottom lip with the rim, knowing whose mouth has been over it and wanting her to know she knows. She winks at Seelix and then knocks the bottle back.

If she is only taking a sip she is savouring it. That's how it appears to Adama and Tory and Seelix anyway. The way she keeps the bottle upturned, the way her head is dipped way back in a way that exposes her neck and sets her hips and shoulders at alluring angles, the performance is so perfect Margaret feels she should applaud.

After a sigh of satisfaction, Roslin slowly and deliberately licks her lips before returning the bottle. "Thank you."

She has to clear her throat but Seelix manages to find her voice, even if it shakes a little.

"...Anytime."

Graciously, Seelix's designated room is empty when they get there and Margaret joins her at the table. The bottle sits before them.

"Go on," Margaret urges.

Seelix is just staring like it's a holy relic.

"Quick, before it wears off."

This makes her sit up. Cautiously, as if it might scamper away if she makes any sudden movements, Seelix grasps the neck of the bottle.

She brings it toward her, letting it hang just in front of her mouth. Margaret watches with a grin that is starting to make her mouth ache.

Finally Seelix drinks. She holds the bottle and the liquid in her mouth, savouring the moment, and moans quietly.

“How was it?”

Seelix sighs, drooping contentedly in her seat, holding the bottle in deep satisfaction. She never finds words to describe her feelings. She takes another drink instead and Margaret wonders how many points Seelix would have earned if she'd decided to play the game.

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