



A Safe Place to Fall (The Easton Brothers #1)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Ava thought moving away would be the new start she needed. Battling chronic insecurities, anxiety so severe she can hardly hold a conversation, and a haunted past that left her screaming most the night. What else did she have to lose?

After Tyler survived cancer, he wasn't sure what else there was left for him. He hadn't really planned on making it this far, but when the most beautiful girl he's ever seen moves in next door, he finally had something to live for. But can he save the girl of his dreams from her own nightmares?

Total Pages (Source): 10

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One

Ava

My body shook in my sleep, begging to be awakened from yet another nightmare. Somewhere in my subconscious, I knew this was a dream. I knew it wasn't real, but I still couldn't wake up.

"Ava, I swear to God, you better run."

"I... I didn't mean to!" I whimpered, sliding back against the carpet until my back hit the wall.

"You didn't mean to break the TV?!?" My dad yelled, spit landing on my face.

"No... I... Please!"

"What did you think would happen running in my fucking house? You want to run so bad? Then run. If I catch you, I'm going to make it hurt. Fucking bitch."

I squeezed my eyes shut, bracing for the impact. But it never came; instead, I heard a bang. Over and over again.

My eyes flew open, my breath coming in short pants. Sweat dripped down my forehead, sticking my hair to my face.

"Ava! Open the door!"

That voice. The growly, smooth, rich voice that belonged to my neighbor, Tyler.

“Ava, please!”

I rushed out of bed on wobbly legs and walked down the hallway while the banging continued. Opening the door, I peered up into the darkest brown eyes I had ever seen, and they were much darker tonight. They scanned me from head to toe.

“Are you okay? Why were you screaming?”

My cheeks instantly flushed. “You heard that?”

“Yes, what happened?”

“It was just a silly dream. I’m fine.” I wasn’t sure whether I was reassuring him or myself at this point.

His eyes dropped to my chest before going back to my face. Only now did I realize I was wearing a cami and booty shorts. Throwing my arms over my body, I hugged myself tight.

“I’m sorry if I woke you up,” I mumbled.

“You have nothing to apologize for, Ava.” His jaw clenched.

I flinched at his tone, only to fall back into the door. He reached forward to support me, but the second his skin made contact, I let out a slight yelp. Tyler immediately let go, meeting my gaze and furrowing his face. I wanted to reach up and smooth the wrinkles, but I knew that would cause more harm than good.

“I should go back to bed.” I rushed out, slamming the door and locking it before he

could answer.

Tyler was easily one of the hottest guys I've ever seen. His brown hair fell softly onto his forehead, his five o'clock shadow that he always seemed to have, a scar right next to his nose that did nothing but add to his looks. I'd be lying if I said I didn't watch him out the window while he was doing yard work, hoping he'd take off his shirt and show me his toned muscles. His tanned skin glistened with sweat from all the hard work. But me? I was the weird girl next door who jumped every time someone touched her and couldn't have a conversation for more than five minutes without freaking out. I did not stand a fucking chance.

He was sweet, nice, and even caring. He radiated an aura of calm and collectedness. We waved at one another more than we talked, and I wasn't sure if that was due to my inability to talk to other humans or my feelings for him. The times we did talk, he was always respectful; he never pushed me for more than I was willing to give him. Normally our conversations were kept short, more about the weather and him returning my mail that somehow always ended up in his mailbox and not mine. It's probably weird to have feelings for someone I hardly knew, let alone someone I don't entirely trust, but here we were.

He knew I lived alone, even though I lied to him when we first met and said I had a boyfriend. No one comes over here, and I rarely leave the house unless it's for work. But he's never called me out on it. He's never made me feel uncomfortable. He appeared safe, and I really wanted him to be.

Most of my thoughts these days seem to be about him, the way he always went to work dressed in a suit that appeared to be tailored specifically for him. He looked just as good with or without a shirt. Just thinking about him now made me want to touch myself. I promised myself the last time was actually the last, but I was starting to become obsessed with the man next door.

Some days I had hoped that my mail went to him so he had an excuse to talk to me. I knew I could be the one to start the conversation, but my brain was broken, and he made me flustered. I even had his phone number from a couple of months back when he went on vacation. He had asked me to collect his mail and, if anything had happened at the duplex, to let him know. But I've never been brave enough to text him.

Refusing to give in to the pleasure, I decided to go to the couch and turn on the TV. It always took me a while to be able to go back to sleep after a nightmare, if I even tried. Sometimes it was easier to be tired and miserable than to have another dream like that.

There wasn't anything good on, but the noise was preferable to solitude. I wish I could be normal and be able to talk about deeper things with Tyler and actually hold a conversation with him. Tell him why it's happening and how fucking lonely I feel. But what could he do? He was just my neighbor, who probably thought I was insane, and he'd be right. There was nothing normal about me.

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Two

Tyler

Staring at the closed door, I considered knocking again. Ava was clearly struggling. But I knew that the more I pushed, the more she pushed me away. I wasn't sure what she'd been through; I only knew that it was awful. She moved in four years ago, and I hadn't talked to her about anything other than the basics before she retreated into herself and ran away.

When I heard the words 'you have cancer,' I truly thought my life was over. My long-term girlfriend and I broke up, and despite having an amazing family, I was alone. Fighting a battle I wasn't even sure I could win. Ava moved in soon after I started chemo. One look at her and I wanted to live. To beat the fuck out of my cancer and somehow convince my neighbor to give me a shot. Chemo sucked, but one day I came home, and she was there . Unloading boxes while looking like a fucking angel.

Every day since, I wanted to know her more, know who she was, and know what she was running from. Why was she screaming and couldn't sleep? It wasn't my place then, and it isn't my place now. I should have stayed home and listened through the wall we shared like I have for years. But I couldn't. I couldn't just listen anymore.

Years ago, I realized there was a reason I wanted to care for others. It took a lot of research and a couple of sex clubs to discover I was a pleasure Dom. The thought of Ava not being happy or being afraid triggered my dominant side. I'm not sure why I wanted to protect her, but I'd do anything to make sure she was. It made me want to

take care of her, pleasure her, make her forget everything for a while, and trust me to carry her burden. She was my fixation, and she wasn't going anywhere.

She confused the fuck out of me, my cock included. Seeing her in nothing but booty shorts and some type of tank top made me tent up in my shorts. Her nipples were pebbled, and the soft skin and stretch marks on her stomach were visible. It wasn't the moment to ogle her, but I couldn't stop myself. Her hair was still stuck to her face from the sweat the dream must have caused, and all I could think of was how much I could mess up her hair and be the cause of her flushed cheeks and sweat dripping down her body.

I've always been the person who wanted to save everyone and take care of them, and she seemed so alone. Who was looking out for her? There's never anyone over; no one visits her. Something about her called to me, and damn, if I didn't want to answer.

Instead, though, she was stuck in some kind of loop. I've heard the way she shouts during her dreams before. The screaming and whimpering. It happens almost every night. I don't sleep very much, so I stay awake and wait for the cries to begin. Maybe that makes me a stalker, but it kills me that whatever she's going through, she's going through it alone.

Something about tonight seemed worse, though. Her cries were louder. She seemed so fucking helpless. I wanted to break down the door, sweep her into my arms, and promise her that no one would hurt her ever again.

Sighing, I took one last glance at the door and made my way across the small patch of grass to my part of the duplex. The house was too quiet. My siblings assumed I liked it that way. No women or animals. The truth, though? I hated it. I hated coming home to a house that would never be a home. My leg throbbed in pain, reminding me of why I was alone in the first place. There was no reason why my leg was still hurting.

They caught the cancer early and thankfully took it all out. All that was left was a scar.

Rosa left me when she found out, and I didn't blame her. It was expected. It wasn't like I was planning to marry her or anything. Sure, I have needs, and I still fuck plenty of women, but none of them meet my criteria. Ava was the only person on my mind half of the time, and no matter how hard I tried to get to know her better, she closed me out every time.

Reaching for my phone, I pulled up Ava's number. I've never texted her before. We only swapped in case of an emergency when I was on vacation. She might not even answer, but I guess I can be a masochist at times.

Are you sure you're okay? I don't mind talking if you're not ready to go back to sleep.

Placing my phone down on the coffee table, I walked to the kitchen and got a glass of water. What I wasn't expecting was my phone to be lit up when I returned.

I'm okay. It happens sometimes. She replied.

Sometimes? More like every night.

What causes them? I asked.

Three dots appeared right away.

Bad past.

Who the fuck hurt her?

Who? I typed and sent it before I could regret it.

???

Who hurt you?

How do you know someone hurt me? She answered.

I took a deep breath, trying to control my anger. My muscles tensed up just thinking about someone hurting her. She was 5'2 if I had to guess. Hardly tall enough to defend herself.

Did someone hurt you?

It was a long time ago.

I want a name, Ava.

Why do you care?

Before I could think about what I was doing, I pressed the call button.

“Hello?” The soft, feminine voice answered.

“Ava, you’re killing me.”

“I’m fine. It was a long time ago.”

“You’re not fine!” I shouted a little louder than I meant to. “You have nightmares every night!”

The other end went so quiet I had assumed she hung up. Who would blame her? I was nothing to her, and yet I was asking her to hand over her past and give me all her fears.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have yelled. I’m not mad at you; I just can’t picture someone wanting to hurt you.” I spoke calmly.

“Tyler.” It was only my name, but she said it as if she were pleading with me to take away all of her pain. To make her forget everything for a while.

“Let me help you.” I whispered.

“You... could come back over?”

I was jumping from the couch before she could finish her sentence. I hurried over and knocked on her door. Still holding the phone to my ear.

“Then let me in, Precious.” I didn’t mean to call her that, and I thought I had fucked up again, but then the door slowly opened.

“Hi.” She said breathlessly.

“Hi.” I smiled.

“Um, come in.”

She backed up into the house to give me space to pass by. My arm touched hers as I went by, and I think I heard a slight gasp from her.

“I should have changed.” She mumbled, biting her lip.

I wanted to run my thumb on it and soothe the hurt. My eyes took a slow perusal of her body. She was still wearing the same thing, and fuck me if my cock didn't love it. She was all curves. I wanted to sink my teeth into her. Watch her stomach jiggle slightly by the force of my thrust into her. Watch as her heavy breasts bounced. I was so fucked. Ava was the sexiest woman I've ever seen.

She cleared her throat, indicating that she had caught me. "Oh, sorry, um, what you have on is fine." I assured her.

"Sure, if you like fat showing."

"You're not fat." I growled.

"Agree to disagree."

"You're fucking perfect."

Her cheeks flushed, right down to her breasts. I followed the path, only to remind myself to stop checking her out. I was acting like a teenager again, ready to cum in my pants at the sight of her in her tight, revealing clothes.

"I'm sorry again to have woken you up with my screaming."

"I was already awake," I admitted. "And please, stop apologizing for things you have no control over."

"Sor-"

"Ava."

"Yes?"

“Go sit down, and I’ll bring you some water.”

“I... um, okay.” She nodded.

I watched as she made her way from the entryway to the couch. The way she listened with no problem had my dick standing at attention again. What else would she listen to?

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Three

Ava

I watched Tyler walk through my house and into my kitchen. He acted like he owned the place, and it made my pussy throb slightly. I'm so tired of taking care of myself. Of being alone. It would be nice to just have someone. I realized it was my fault for being alone, but tonight... I honestly couldn't do it. Tyler was lost while searching every cabinet for my cups, but I didn't mind. It allowed me to check him out in the same way he checked me out.

As he reached for a cup, his shirt lifted a little, showing more of his rich tan. He turned around, a small smile spreading across his face. "Ice or no?"

"Ice, please."

He nodded, went to the refrigerator, and filled the cup with ice and water. Walking back over, he knelt down to place the cup on the table, and I caught a whiff of his cologne. If I could bottle it and keep it forever, I would. He sat close to me, but I immediately scooted back. He lifted an eyebrow and cocked his head at me. "Do I smell?"

"God, no." I answered a little too fast, feeling my cheeks heat up.

"You blush a lot, Precious."

I bowed my head, staring at the ground until a rough finger gradually lifted my chin. I

resisted flinching away from him. Concentrating on how it felt for him to touch me. How one touch could ignite something deep in my stomach.

“Do you want to tell me about the nightmares?”

“No.”

“Can I know who did this to you?” He asked again.

“Tyler, it doesn’t matter.”

“It matters if someone touched you.”

“It’s not like I belong to you.” I mumbled.

“If you did, that piece of shit wouldn’t be able to walk. Now, Precious, tell me who hurt you.”

“Why do you keep calling me that?”

“You’re the most precious thing I’ve ever seen.”

I laughed. I completely laughed in this man’s face. The man has the face of a fucking god, and I laughed. “I’m sorry. That was just terrible .”

“Ouch.” He feigned personal injury. Playing it up by putting his hand to his heart.

“I mean, really, it’s sweet, but come on, Ty.”

“Ty?”

“Felt right.” I shrugged.

“I call you Precious because you’re the first person I saw when I came home from my first chemo treatment. One look at you, and life didn’t seem so bad. Now knowing someone hurt you? Fuck, don’t you know you shouldn’t be treated carelessly?”

“Cancer?” I stuttered.

“I’m okay. They caught it fast. I had it when you moved in. You probably noticed I stayed home a lot during that first year of you living here.”

“Oh.” I pursed my lips. “I do remember that. But I had no clue it was due to something like that .”

“Stop doing that.” He whispered like he was in pain.

“Doing what?”

“Making that pouty lip.”

“Why?” I pressed. I wasn’t sure who I was tonight, but fuck if it didn’t feel great being a little bratty instead of cowering. Maybe Tyler was safe. Maybe he won’t hurt me.

“Because it makes me want to kiss you.”

What. The. Fuck. “Kiss me?” I coughed.

“You don’t see it, do you?”

“See what?”

“Your beauty. Your worth. I’ve known you for four years now. Watching the way you smile at all the neighbors. How you wave to the kids. You’re a ray of sunshine.”

“That means I can burn you.”

“Burn me, Precious. It’d make me the happiest man in the world.”

What the hell was I supposed to say to that? It’s not that I haven’t dreamed about this happening. I’ve seen him check me out a time or two, but maybe he was just bored tonight. There’s no one else to fuck. I had to be the second choice. How fucking stupid am I?

“You can go now.” The words rushed out as I stood up and backed away from him.

“What just happened?”

“I’m not here for you to just fuck and go on your way. Find someone else.”

“Who said anything about fucking? That’s not why I’m here,” he protested.

“Then why are you?”

“Because despite how you smile and wave to all the neighbors, you’re sad.”

“So... I’m a project?”

“I don’t want to fix you, Precious.” He reached up slowly to brush my hair behind my ear. “I want to remind you why you’re living.”

“Why are you being so nice to me?”

“Because it seems like no one has before. Let me show you that not everyone is bad. Let me prove to you that you can trust me.”

“How?” I asked softly.

“Keep letting me in.”

“I can try.”

Tyler sat back down, patting the seat next to him. “First step, sitting next to me, okay?”

“Okay,” I sat down. It felt weird to be close to him, to anyone. Something screamed at me to let him in. I can’t even remember the last time anyone did something for me out of kindness, and here he was offering me water. It was small, probably stupid, but for just a minute I forgot I was a fucked-up person. The way he was able to take control of the situation. It gave my brain a break, and I wanted more of that. More of this. “Now what?”

“Nothing. I’m not here to make you uncomfortable. I’m here to prove that you can heal.”

“It was my dad,” I whispered.

“What?”

“My dad. He’s the one who hurt me.”

“How many times?” He asked slowly. Almost like he was trying to control his anger.

“Until I got out.”

“Your whole life?”

“Pretty much. He... he was always like that. My mom died when I was three. I think he resented that he had to take care of me by himself. He would always yell at me, and on the days that I was ‘bad’, he would hit me. Once I got older...”

“Ava, you don’t have to finish that sentence.” He shook his head.

“Yes, I do. Because, like you said, I need to heal, and I can heal. It’s been years; I need to admit this. If not for you, for me.”

“Okay.” He sighed.

“Once I got older, he started making comments about my body. My breasts and ass. I tried to never be home when he would be awake, but I had gotten off work early one night and he was in the living room waiting for me. I wasn’t expecting him. He got up from his chair and came over, and he... That was the first and the last time. Our neighbor heard me screaming and called the cops. I went to live with an aunt I didn’t even know I had. She was nice, but it was kind of weird, you know? We were both strangers to each other. I only lived with her for about a year before I turned eighteen, and I saved enough to move out. Then I saved even more, and I moved here to start over. Everyone was so nice, but... I still couldn’t be a normal human. I act like I have it together, but I don’t.” I took a deep breath, looking up at his expression, a mix of concern and understanding, telling me it was okay to keep talking.

“I don’t have it together at all. I’ve wanted to talk to you more. Sometimes I’d even go outside when you were out there to try, and then I’d get scared and run back in every time. Things happened so fast, and my life kept changing. I don’t have any friends. How pathetic is that? I isolated myself, and I only have myself to blame for that.”

Tyler looked at me, listening to every word I told him. He made a fist, only to release it, and gave me a sad smile.

“You do have a friend, though.” He smirked.

“I do now.” I agreed.

“I’m proud of you.”

“I want to live, Ty. Help me live.”

“It would be my pleasure, Precious.”

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Four

Tyler

“As much as I want to spend all night with you, you need sleep.” I spoke softly. I didn’t want her to think that I didn’t want to spend time with her. I would give anything to know her better, but she’s already vulnerable tonight.

“What if I have another nightmare?” She mumbled.

“Well, if I hear it, I’ll rush back over. If not, you call me.”

“It’s hard to come out of them.”

“Do you want me to stay? Not in your bed or anything. But I can sleep here and wake you up?”

“You don’t have to do that.” Ava shook her head.

“I don’t, but I want to.”

She stood up, grabbed the glass of water I had brought her, and took a short sip. She was thinking about it. If she said no, I could understand. We had known one another for years but didn’t really know each other. I couldn’t blame her for not trusting me after one night.

“You promise to stay out here unless you need to wake me up?”

“I’d never hurt you.” I promised her.

“I need actions, Ty. I can’t just believe that.”

“And I’ll prove it to you. All I’m asking is to let me help you. Let me prove it to you.”

“You can stay.” She dipped her head, embarrassed. I decided to test my luck again tonight. I pulled her to face me, pressing my fingers under her chin. Her breath caught. Unsure whether it was nerves or excitement, I circled her face with my thumb. She leaned into my contact and closed her eyes for a brief second. “What are you doing to me?”

“Making you feel safe.” I said with conviction.

“I don’t need someone to take care of me.”

“I never said you did,” I rubbed her cheek again. “But wouldn’t it be nice for one night?”

“Yes.” She admitted, closing her eyes briefly.

“Then I’m yours for tonight.”

She backed away slowly, almost folding into herself. “I... don’t want to have sex.”

“No one said anything about sex, Precious.”

“I’ll get you a blanket and pillow.” She rushed out, leaving me standing there by myself. It was a step, a little at a time. Whatever I could do to help her come out of her shell.

When she returned, she hardly looked me in the eye. Making the couch before whispering “goodnight” and hurrying down the hallway again. I kicked off my shoes and attempted to get comfortable on the couch, which was too small for a guy my height. I stared at the ceiling with my hands hidden behind my head. I could hear Ava moving around until she calmed down and went to bed. Leaving the house in peace and quiet. It was not like this in my house. The silence there was depressing. This felt more comfy. I wasn’t alone.

I must have dozed off at some point because the next thing I knew, I was being awakened by screaming. I threw the covers off and dashed down the hallway to Ava’s room. She was flailing about the bed, fighting something in her head. After turning on the lamp, I leaned over and lightly stroked her shoulder.

“Ava, wake up.”

“LET ME GO!” She screamed, trying to make herself as small as possible.

“Ava, it’s Tyler, wake up.” I tried again a little louder, shaking her in the process.

She let out a helpless whimper, breaking my heart in the process. Her eyes shot open as she gasped for air.

“Tyler?” She cried.

“I’m here, Precious.”

She flung herself on my chest, clinging to me. I instantly wrapped my arms around her. Bringing her closer to me. “Shh, you’re okay. It was just a dream. You’re safe.”

I focused on my breathing, hoping hers would sync with mine. Her tiny hand fisted my shirt. Almost like she was trying to fuse herself into me. Her sobs wracked

through her body.

“Can you look at me?” I asked softly.

She shook her head, possibly digging deeper into me. I shifted as much as I could, lying her down beside me on the bed. She placed her head on my chest while I wrapped my arm around her and rubbed little circles on her back. “You’re okay, Precious.” I repeated until her breathing returned to normal.

“I’m so-”

“Ava,” I growled. “Don’t finish that.”

“I soaked your shirt.”

“Good thing I can wash it.”

“I woke you up.”

“Stop trying to push me away again. I’m here. I don’t want to be anywhere else.”

“I just want to sleep.” She cried softly.

“Listen to my heartbeat. Focus on what is around you.”

“All I can focus on is your sm-” She stopped mid-sentence.

“What was that, Precious?” I smirked to myself, knowing what she was going to say.

“Nothing, forget it.”

“Mmm, I don’t think I can. Tell me.”

“Your smell.”

“Do you like it?”

“Yes,” she confessed. “A lot.”

“Good to know. I like the way you smell, too.”

“You don’t have to make the sad fat girl feel better about herself.”

“Do I have to spank you in order to get you to stop calling yourself fat?”

Her head shot up, focusing on me. I was afraid I crossed the line, but she had a tiny glint in her eye that hadn’t been there previously. When she blinked, her eyelashes touched her cheeks. “What did you say?”

“You heard me.”

“Spank me?”

“I’d never do anything to actually hurt you. Please know that. But if you want me to punish you in a fun and consensual way, I will.”

“I haven’t... there hasn’t been... I’m a...”

“You don’t have to tell me.” I promised her.

“I just... I’m not experienced.”

“I’ll teach you anything you want to know.”

“What are fun punishments?” She blushed.

“Well, it depends on the person. What I like in bed, you may not. We don’t have to get into that tonight.”

“What do you like?” She cocked her head at me, her doe eyes looking at me.

“I like it rough. I like to be in control. Truly, that means you have all the control and can stop me at any time you are uncomfortable. But I like a lot of things. It can sound scary.”

“Like BDSM?”

Well, this escalated quickly.

“I don’t think this conversation is a good idea tonight.” I pleaded.

“Ty, tell me. I won’t break.”

“I’m a Dom.” I started slowly, seeing how she reacted.

“Like from 50-”

“No, nothing like that.” I said sternly.

“I’ve read some smut books that have BDSM. Are those close to what you do?”

“I guess it depends on the book,” I shrugged. “There’s a lot of different things that go into it.”

“So, what do you like?” She cocked her head.

“Sometimes I like to use bondage. I mentioned the control thing; I like others to submit to me. I like to use pleasure with pain. That doesn’t mean I hurt anyone. I don’t. Anything I ever do is with consent, safe words, and knowing what is and isn’t okay for my partner. It’s a lot of talking. Making sure we’re both on the same page. But it also means aftercare and checking in to make sure they are enjoying it, too.”

“What... kind of kinks do you have?”

“I mentioned the bondage, dominance obviously, discipline, and sex toys. I get enjoyment out of seeing the other person have pleasure. To ring out orgasm after orgasm. It’s more than that, but that should give you an idea.”

“Oh.” She bit her lip, squeezing her legs together.

“Do you like that?”

“I don’t know. I’m curious, though.”

“What are you most curious about? With your past, a lot of these can seem scary or trigger something. I would never want to do that.”

“The discipline.” She blushed again.

“Before we get into this talk any more than we are, let me make it clear that I don’t do this with just anyone. This is about communication and being open. It takes a lot of trust. I don’t expect anyone to submit to me without any of that first. I would also never discipline you, even in a fun way, without that consent already being there.”

“I didn’t know there was so much involved.”

“It’s a lifestyle, Precious.” I tugged her hair a little. “Both parties need to know what each other is okay with, or it can make for an unsafe environment. Especially if there was breath play, blood play, or even just a riding crop.”

“Riding crop?”

“Oh, sweet girl. You have so much to learn.” I smiled at her.

“What do you do for punishments?”

“Well, I haven’t had a sub in a long time,” I tried not to think about Rosa. “While you can go to clubs and find a sub for the night, I prefer to have one sub at a time and know them beforehand.”

“So you like to be called Daddy?”

I couldn’t stop the laugh from escaping as she just looked up at me, waiting for my answer. “Some do. Some have a daddy/little kink. Nothing wrong with it, but that isn’t for me.”

“Do your subs listen to you outside of the bedroom?”

“So many questions, Precious.”

“I’m curious.”

I let out a little sigh, twisting her hair through my finger. “Some doms and subs have a relationship like that, yes. Some will tell you what to eat, what to wear, and other small day-to-day things. I really only want control in the bedroom. I don’t want to control who you are. But once we get into a scene, then you listen to me. If you’re bratty, I punish you. If you were bratty during the day, I might be a little harder on

you. It just depends on the dom. I'm a bedroom dom. The biggest thing is your pleasure."

"I wouldn't have to think?" She mumbled.

"Not in the bedroom, no. You would trust me to make you feel good and do what is right for you."

"I like that."

"I want you to do your research. Really look into this. If this is something you would still be interested in, then maybe I'll teach you."

"Why maybe?"

"I don't want to trigger you. Ever."

"I want you, Tyler." She bit her lip.

And if that didn't have my dick paying attention. "Then give us time. We have to work on your healing first."

"Okay." She nodded slightly before laying her head back on my chest.

"Get some sleep."

"I'm scared."

"I'm right here. I got you."

"Do you think you could lie with me?" She blushed.

“I think I can manage that.” I smiled softly at her.

Pulling the blanket, I laid it on top of us. Ava moved closer, took a big breath, and settled in. I didn’t understand why she trusted me and didn’t push me away. But damn if it didn’t make me feel like the luckiest guy on the planet.

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Five

Ava

For the first time in years , I fell asleep feeling safe. I don't know why I trust Tyler so much, or how I was even able to let him touch me so freely. But being wrapped up in his arms made me believe that nothing could hurt me. Even after what he told me last night, it only made me want to know him better. The sun was coming through the window, casting a shadow on Ty's sleeping face. His mouth parted slightly, a gentle snore. He seemed so peaceful when he was asleep. Happy, almost. He didn't have the gloomy cloud that usually hung over his eyes.

I would never have realized he had cancer before. All I knew about him was that he spent most of his time at home after work and had some guys who looked a lot like him swing by on occasion.

“Staring can be considered creepy.” He mumbled in a sexy-as-fuck sleepy voice.

“I wasn't staring.”

“Don't lie to me, Precious.”

“Or you'll punish me?” Maybe I shouldn't have said that. The thought of him punishing me both scared me and turned me on. Would he be like my father? That it would simply be 'fun' for him? One night with Ty, and I lost every sense of self-protection.

“Hey, look at me.” He spoke softly.

Slowly, I stared into his brown eyes. They moved across my face. Almost as if he was looking for any indication that something was wrong. “I shouldn’t have said that.” I mumbled.

“You are allowed to say whatever you want. Punishing you is not something I ever have to do. Nor do we even have to have sex. Being your friend is okay with me.” He reached for my hand, and I allowed him.

“I’m scared of getting hurt again,” I whispered.

“That’s normal. It’s good to tell me these things.”

“Why do you like hurting women?”

“I never inflict pain without pleasure. I wouldn’t actually be hurting you.”

“How?”

“Can we try something?”

I wasn’t sure what to say. Give him consent? Or run the fuck away before he chained me up somewhere and tortured me for his own sick pleasure.

“You’re not tying me up.” I winced, pushing away from him.

“No tying you up.” He repeated back.

“Ever.”

“Understood, but that wasn’t what I wanted to try.” His hands flexed.

“I’m a mess. You should just go home. Find someone else for your kinks.”

“I don’t need to tie you up.” Tyler smiled softly at me.

“You said it yourself. You love bondage.”

“ Sometimes .”

“Doesn’t matter. You’re not using me for your own game of torture.” I moved further away from him.

“Who said anything about torture, Precious?”

“You did!” I exclaimed.

“Do you want to know what I want to do to you?”

“No,” I answered quickly. “Wait, yes. Fuck, I don’t know.”

His eyes never left me as he slowly inched closer to me. He lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper and gently slid a finger down my arm, generating goosebumps. “Every time you say something negative about yourself, I want to spank your ass. I want to grab your hair and force you to look me in the eyes when I tell you that you are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. I want to finger your pussy so hard while I eat you out, wringing every single orgasm out of your body until you’re so sensitive you can’t stand another. Then I want to shove my cock so deep within you that you forget your name or what happened to you in the first place. I want my markings all over your body. I want my cum on your beautiful stretch marks. I’d like to claim you. I do not want to torture you.”

“But-”

“I’m not done,” he protested. “When your body is sated and relaxed, I’d take a warm washcloth and clean you up. I’ll pull you into my arms and whisper all the amazing things about you. Praise you for how good you were for me, and put you to sleep where you don’t have a nightmare. I’d be here in the morning when you wake up and help you take a shower and relax your sore body. And then I would make breakfast for us. But I never said I wanted to torture you. You hold all of the power.”

“Why me?” Was the only thing I could get out after a confession like that.

“If you haven’t noticed, I’ve been pining for you for years now.”

“But... why?”

“When I was going through my cancer treatments, I had no one other than my brothers. My long-term girlfriend and I broke up. I loved her, I did, but I think I realized that I wasn’t in love with her. Then you moved in. Do you remember that day?”

“Not really,” I admitted. “I was kind of going through the motions.”

“You had your hair in a ponytail. No makeup. Just wearing a shirt with holes in it and leggings. I looked out my window, and for the first time since the doctors informed me that I had cancer, I wanted to live. I came out and offered to help you, but you promised me you were okay. You even lied and said you had a boyfriend. All I could think about was what guy would let you do that work by yourself. Every time I saw you checking the mail or going to work, you always looked over, and some days I’d be out there too. You’d give me that beautiful smile, and on those days, the chemo wasn’t so bad.”

“I hardly gave you the time of day, though.”

“The chemo really fucked me up. I was up a lot at night. That’s when I started to hear your nightmares. I never knew what happened to you, but I did know it had to be bad. Even after the tumor was gone and I was able to sleep again, I stayed awake. I had to make sure you woke up. Yesterday... Fuck, you have never sounded like that before. I couldn’t just do nothing.”

“Thank you.” I choked down a sob.

“I’m going to give you homework.”

“What?”

“When I leave, I want you to research what we were talking about. I’m going to send you a test that will take you through different things. Find where your hard and soft limits are and what you think you would be okay with. Then we can discuss it later. Sound good?”

“Sounds good.” I smiled shyly.

Tyler stood from the bed. His hair was a mess, but he smiled down at me, and for once, everything felt okay. “I have to get ready for work, but think about it all.” He bent over to lightly kiss my cheek. Frozen in place, I just watched him walk away. How the hell did I go from not wanting anyone to touch me to thinking about sex?

Long after Tyler left, I eventually got out of bed and into the shower. Dressing in a pair of jean shorts and a tank top. Walking into the living room with my laptop in hand, I sat down on the couch and opened it. I began with small things, researching what BDSM stood for, before moving on to other forms of doms and subs. By lunchtime, I had learned a lot. After closing my laptop and storing it on the coffee

table, I quickly made a sandwich and returned to the couch. That's when I realized I'd missed a text from Tyler.

Here's the test. You might learn something about yourself.

Opening the link, I took a deep breath and went into it. Each question was ranked from one to five, five being the most likely. Half the shit I had to Google, but there were a couple that were hard fives. Do you like it when your partner takes control? Yes. Feeling physically overpowered is one of the most liberating sexual feelings? Up until yesterday, I would have said no. But I marked it a five. I don't like making sexual decisions; I prefer my partner to make them for me. Five. Receiving care and being spoiled are some of the main things I'm looking for in a relationship . Fuck, five.

After finishing the test, I learned that I was a Sub, or at least it seemed like it. The thought of Tyler taking complete control of me caused me to shift in my seat and clench my thighs together. Grabbing my phone, I sent Tyler a text.

Finished the test.

How did it go?

I think I'm a Sub.

Make me a list of hard limits. Things you would never want to be done to you. Also a list of soft limits. Stuff you might consider, but may not be for you.

That seemed easy enough. Gathering a paper and pen, I started writing. Hard limits: No bondage. No outsiders, not for watching or joining. No smacking of the face. No humiliation. No age play. No calling him Daddy.

Soft limits: Might be okay with calling me a slut, whore, etc., etc. Choking. Edging. Public.

Placing the papers down, I opened up our text thread again. Finished .

We'll discuss it after work. I'll bring dinner; what do you want?

You don't have to do that.

Let me take care of you.

Chinese? I answered, knowing I wouldn't win this battle.

You got it.

Despite wanting to automatically think the worst, I'm trying to let Tyler in. Let someone else take care of me for a change.

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Six

Tyler

After work, I stopped by our local Chinese restaurant before going home. The thought of seeing Ava again made the day go by faster. I had no clue what she learned from the test I sent her or whether she even wanted to try anything. For all I knew, she may tell me to fuck off and never speak with me again. Who could blame her? I was almost a stranger to her and told her everything I loved in bed. She just looked so innocent and interested.

Before pulling into my driveway, my phone started to ring. The second oldest of the Easton boys. I was the oldest of five, all of us being boys.

“Connor, to what do I owe the pleasure?” I answered sarcastically.

“Tyler, shut up.”

“You called me!”

“I’m regretting it.”

“What’s up?” I put the car in park, turned it off, and waited to see what this dickwad wanted.

“I need a favor.”

“What did you do this time?”

“Pick me up from jail.” He deadpanned.

“You’re shitting me.”

“Nope.”

“What the fuck did you do?”

“I was at the bar last night, minding my own business, when some guy came in and started fucking with this girl. Harassing her, calling her names. I walked over and punched him. I guess he’s some fucking lawyer and pressed charges. They let me out, and now I need a ride.”

“Fuck.”

“Can you come get me or not?”

“Yeah, I’ll be right there.” I rubbed my forehead, pinching my eyes closed.

Connor was the easiest of the group. He barely spoke to anyone outside of our family, all broody and shit. Never had a girlfriend as far as I knew. He mostly spent all of his time fucking and building his house. I’m not even sure he’s punched someone before now.

Hanging up the phone, I walked over to Ava’s house with the food in hand and knocked. She opened the door with a shy smile. Wearing an outfit that really made me want to take her to her room instead of bailing on her.

“Precious, I’m so sorry. My brother just called. I guess he got in some trouble, and he

needs me to pick him up from the police station.”

Her eyes widened a small gasp escaping her pouty lips. “What did he do?”

“Some girl was getting harassed; he punched the dude.”

“Good for him.”

I handed her the food, moving back to avoid doing something dumb like kissing her.

“I can come back after.”

“Can I come with you?”

“You want to?” I smirked, feeling a little surprised.

“I have nothing else to do.” She blushed, placing the bag of food on the end table.

“Let’s go.”

I placed my hand on the small of her back and guided her to my car. She didn’t flinch, but her body tightened briefly before relaxing under my touch. I opened the passenger side door for her and watched her climb in before closing it and moving around the car. As I pulled out of the driveway, I couldn’t help but notice the faint vanilla scent coming from Ava. Her hair was down today, with small curls on her shoulder.

“How many brothers do you have?” She asked, breaking the silence.

“Four.”

“Your mom must be a saint.”

“She’s the glue of the family.” I smiled.

“So, what are your brothers like?”

“Well, Connor, he’s the jailbird, he’s the second oldest. Honestly, he’s never been in trouble. He’s broody and has the whole mysterious thing going for him. He works in construction. After that, we have Sean. Total fucking goof. Despite how stupid he acts, he’s actually a doctor. He fussed over me a lot during the cancer. Then we have Nick, the bad boy. He likes to stress out our mom the most. Rides a motorcycle, a different girl every night, and a tattoo artist. The baby of the family is Ben. He’s still in college. He plays hockey and thinks he’s hot shit.”

“Wow. That’s an interesting mix. You’re the oldest?”

“Yes.”

“Excuse me for not knowing, but what do you do for work? It’s been killing me. I watch you come home in those suits.”

“I’m a hotel manager.”

“Wow,” she whistled. “Fancy.”

“Not as fancy as you’d think.” I laughed.

A couple minutes later, I pulled up in front of the small jail. My dumbass brother was sitting on the curb. He rolled his eyes at me when he saw my cocky smile, but then his eyes widened when he noticed Ava in the passenger seat. Rounding the car, he got into the seat behind me. A stupid grin on his face.

“Thanks.” He muttered.

“Yeah, yeah.”

Ava sat quietly in her seat. Honestly, I was impressed she wanted to come in the first place considering she’s pretty anti-humans. Pulling away, I went to introduce them, but Ava shifted awkwardly in her seat, so I decided to turn the music up a little so Connor wouldn’t say anything to Ava that would scare her.

After about five minutes, Ava’s body slowly relaxed, and she turned around wearing one of her famous smiles aimed at Connor. “Hi, I’m Ava.”

“Connor.” His voice boomed through the car.

Ava instantly recoiled back into her seat, looking back out the windshield.

“He thinks it’s cool to be tough with his deep voice.” I tried to cut the tension.

“Don’t see the need in pointless conversations. I’m sure she knew my name already.”

“He’s an asshole.”

“It’s fine, really,” Ava replied.

“Mom is going to have your head.” I stepped in, taking the pressure away from Ava.

“Yep.”

“You don’t care?”

“Nope.”

“Asshole.” I muttered.

“What was I supposed to do, Tyler? Let that guy keep calling her a fucking slut?”

Ava instantly tensed next to me. I placed my hand on her thigh and gave it a small squeeze, trying to ensure that she was safe. “Why was he calling her that?” She blushed.

“Didn’t ask.”

“But you hit him?” I interjected.

“Hell yeah, I did.”

“You’ve never hit someone before,” I pointed out.

“You didn’t see her. She was scared shitless.”

“So you just walked over there and punched him?” I wondered.

“Pretty much. I finished my beer, threw down some money, stood up, hit him in the face, and told him to leave her alone. I gave the girl a twenty and urged her to take a cab, then walked out. The asshole followed me outside and attempted to start another fight. The cops showed up, and here we are.”

“Thank you for looking out for her.” Ava spoke up.

“He deserved it.” He shrugged.

The car fell silent again. A couple of minutes later, I dropped Connor off. He gave me a slight nod in thanks and headed to his door.

“I think we need to stop for some fresh Chinese food now.” I laughed.

“What? We haven’t been gone long. It’d be fine.”

“It’ll be cold and soggy. You didn’t even put it in the fridge,” I pointed out.

“I eat leftovers for a week. It’s fine.”

“Okay, do I need to start cooking for you? A week ?”

“Why waste them?” She shrugged.

“You’re not going to be eating old food. Let me feed you.”

“You’re wasting your money.”

“Feeding you is hardly wasting money.”

“I could probably miss a couple feedings and be better for it.”

“Ava.” I growled.

“Yes, Sir?”

Pulling the car to the side of the road, I put it in park and then turned to face Ava. Her mouth is in the shape of an O. “What are you doing?”

“What did I say about talking bad about yourself?”

“You’d punish me,” she whispered.

“Do you want me to punish you, Precious?”

“I... maybe.”

“And calling me Sir?”

“I saw it in my research.” She pulled her bottom lip between her teeth, abusing it.

I pulled it out, brushing my thumb along the slight teeth marks. Leaning forward, I put my face right in front of hers. “You. Are. Perfect.” I husked.

“Perfect.” She stuttered.

“Stop me.”

“Stop you?”

“Unless you stop me, I’m going to kiss you.”

“I... would like to try. Please?”

My lips pressed against hers. I tried to be gentle, but it was bruising and harsh. I pressed my tongue across her lips, begging her to let me in. She moaned into my mouth, opening up to me like the good girl I knew she was. My tongue explored her mouth, and my hand moved up her throat, lightly pressing. She clawed at me, pulling me closer, and ran her hands up and down my body. Shock wave after shock wave struck my dick. “I want you to fuck me.” She gasped. Almost like she was surprised she said it.

Pulling away, I peppered little kisses along the side of her mouth, her cheek, and her neck. “We need to finish our conversation.”

“What conversation?” She mumbled.

“Your limits.”

“I finished the list. I can show you when we get back to my house.”

I headed home after giving her one more lingering kiss. We got there maybe a little faster than we should have, food forgotten. Jumping out of my seat, I rushed to open her door and grabbed her hand. I took her keys and hurried her inside the house.

“You have no idea how bad I want to shove you into that wall and have you cum on my thigh.”

She whimpered. Fucking whimpered, and my cock wept. “Show me your list,” I demanded.

She rushed over the coffee table, shoving two papers at me. I took them and scanned them. “Okay, this is good. What do you want to do?”

“I... I want you to have all the control. Like you said.”

“Are you sure?”

“You won’t hurt me?” She bit her lip.

“Not your heart, Precious. I won’t be gentle, but I will make sure you’re okay and follow anything with pleasure. This only works if you trust me.”

“I want to trust you.”

“Give me a safe word.”

“Like, to stop you?” She questioned.

“Yes. If you at any point want me to stop, you say it. I’ll listen, and the scene will be over.”

“Coconut.”

“Coconut?” I smiled.

“They said to make it a word you wouldn’t normally say.”

“Good job doing your research.” I praised, and it resulted in one of her beautiful smiles. “Did you look into the streetlight safe words?”

“Green means everything is good, yellow means to slow down, and red means the scene stops.”

“Good girl.” I stroked her hair. “I’ll be checking in with you. You have to be honest at all times.”

“I understand, Sir.”

“You’re killing me, Precious.”

She walked closer to me, taking the papers out of my hands and throwing them back onto the table. She threw her arms around my neck, surprising the hell out of me. “Show me how to live.”

“Are you sure ?” I asked again.

“Start slow?” She mumbled.

“I can do that,” I smirked, pressing a small kiss to her nose as I separated her legs

with my foot, placing my thigh between hers and pressing up. “Tell me, Precious. How wet are you?”

“Wet.” She moaned, pushing down against my thigh.

“That’s right, fuck yourself on my thigh. Soak my pants and make yourself cum. I won’t touch you.”

The noise she made went right to my already hard cock. Precum was already seeping out. She rolled her hips, pressing against me. “Can I hold your hips so you don’t fall?” I asked.

“Yes.” She nodded.

I grasped her hips and helped her move them back and forth, giving her the friction she needed. I kissed up and down her throat, feeling her pulse and biting and sucking till I heard her moan again. Her movements became faster and sloppier. Removing my hands, I placed them on the bottom of her shirt, pausing before I lifted it, making eye contact with her. When she doesn’t protest, I pull it off the rest of the way to expose the black lace bra she was wearing. Her nipples were hard, ready for me. I pulled the cup down and licked her nipple, pausing to blow a gentle puff of air on them.

“Tyler, please.”

“Tell me what you want, baby.”

“You. Inside me.”

“Oh, Precious. I need you to cum at least three times until you’ve earned my dick.”

“Three?” She whimpered.

“You can do it.”

I put her nipple in my mouth, sucking and biting. Her moans grew louder. I could feel her soaking me through her tiny ass shorts. “Oh, God.” She moaned.

I bit down harder on her nipple, causing her to squeal a little. “God isn’t here. It’s Sir, or my name. Got it?”

“Yes, Sir.”

To reward her, I licked away the sting. Giving equal attention to the other nipple. She began to tremble, throwing her head back and closing her eyes as the orgasm crashed into her. “Tyler!”

“That’s it, baby. Just like that.”

When her movements started to slow down, I flung her over my shoulder, causing her to yelp in surprise. “What are you doing?” She giggled.

“That was one; you still owe me two more.”

“I can’t.” She pouted.

I spanked her ass, causing another yelp before I rubbed the sting away. “Yes, you can.” I growled.

Throwing her down on the bed, I watched her breasts bounce. “Fuck. You’re so beautiful.”

Her cheeks flushed, a pretty pink color. Kneeling down, I placed my body between her legs, pulling her shorts off and seeing the black lace panties to match her bra. “Did you wear this for me, Precious?”

“Maybe.”

“Yes or no.” I raised my eyebrows.

“Yes.”

I stroked my hand down her leg and squeezed the curve of her hip. She wiggled below me as I kissed the inside of her thigh. I pushed her down into the bed with my hand on her stomach. Trapping her slightly, but not so much that she thinks she’s being confined. I slid her panties to the side and traced my finger along her slit, circled her clit just to tease her. “More.” She gasped.

I removed my finger, painting her lip with her own wetness.

“Who’s in charge here?”

“You.”

“I’ll give you what I decide to give you.”

Her hips lifted, seeking out the friction. Ripping off her panties, I threw them to the floor.

“Hey!” She yelled, sitting up.

“I noticed there was nothing about gags on your limits. Do I need to gag that beautiful mouth of yours?” I asked, pushing her back down.

“What... what would you use?”

Bending over, I picked up the ripped underwear, shoving it into her mouth. “That seems to work, right, baby?”

She nodded and moaned around the homemade gag.

“Tap me three times if you need me to stop.”

She nodded again, and then my mouth was on her throat, down her chest, her belly, until I was level with her wet pussy. Flattening my tongue, I licked her slowly, small circles, sucking gently.

“Fuck, you taste so good.”

She moaned something, but I couldn't make out what it was. Drool started to spill out of her mouth. Her hair spread out around her on the pillow. Sucking rougher, she grinded against my face. Rubbing two fingers through her slit, I shoved them into her. I wasn't gentle, but considering the noises she was making, she was enjoying it. “I could finger fuck you all day.”

Ava nodded, rolling her eyes back. My tongue moved quicker, and my fingers curled inside her. It didn't take long for her to tighten and squeeze the fuck out of my fingers.

“You're so tight.” I groaned.

After wringing out the last of her orgasm, I removed her gag and threw it back to the floor. Using my thumb, I wiped up the drool around her mouth and rubbed it over her clit.

“Please.” She moaned.

“Give me a color, Precious.”

“Green!”

“Good girl.”

Flipping her over, I shoved her ass in the air. “Keep your hands behind your back, and count for me.”

“Cou-”

Cutting her off, I smacked her ass, not hard, but enough to catch her off guard.

“One,” I said. “Count.”

Hitting her left ass cheek, she screamed out two. Moving to her right, I gave it a harder hit. “Three,” she mumbled.

I went back and forth a couple more times.

After she said five, I rubbed her ass, kissing it softly. When she started to melt under my touch, I smacked her pussy lightly.

“Fuck!” She whined.

“Are you okay?” I asked, making sure I wasn’t overdoing it.

“I’m okay.” She wiggled under me. “I want more.”

“You still owe me one more orgasm,” I said as I tapped her pussy again. She

clenched in reply. Rubbing her clit, she bucked back into my hand. Her ass was the perfect shade of pink, light hand prints that made me feel primal. I rubbed faster, shoving my fingers back inside her. “Come for me, Precious.”

She gripped the fuck out of my fingers, letting out the hottest mewl I’d ever heard.

“You’re fucking perfect.” I whispered before tossing her onto her back and kissing her. Without instruction, she opened her mouth for me, our tongues clashing. Pulling back slightly, I bit her lip and pulled it between my teeth.

“Can... I see you?” She asked nervously.

Lifting myself off her, I took off my shirt and pushed my pants and boxers down in one fast motion. My cock sprang to attention, slapping me in my stomach.

“You won’t fit.” She winced.

“I’ll fit. I promise.”

Grabbing a condom from my pants pocket, I ripped open the foil package and slid the condom down my length before rubbing it down her clit. Shoving only an inch in, she instantly tensed up. “You have to relax, Precious.”

“It’s so much.” She whined.

“You have a lot more to go.”

Taking a deep breath, she stopped squeezing me as much. I pushed in more, praising her along the way, until I was seated as far as I could go.

“Look.” I gritted.

She looked down at us connected, a small moan falling from her mouth.

“I’d stay here forever if I could,” I admitted.

Removing myself completely, I shoved back in with force. Her body moving with me. She squeezed so tightly I wasn’t sure I could hold off. “Greedy girl.”

“You feel so good.” She rasped.

I kept driving into her with long thrusts. Rolling my hips each time. She lifted herself up to meet each stroke I gave her.

“Harder.” She begged.

Ramming into her, her head almost hit the headboard. “Is this what you wanted? How long have you been thinking about my cock inside you?”

“Tyler!” Her nails bit into my skin.

“How often did you get yourself off thinking about me next door?”

“A lot.” She cried out.

I fling her leg over my shoulder, diving in deeper. Harder. Faster. I gripped her hips tighter. “I decide what you get and when you get it.”

“Yes!” She rasped.

“You want to be my submissive?”

“Please!”

“Then cum for me, Ava. Now.”

Pressing my thumb into her clit, I rubbed tight small circles until she fell apart under me. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.” She chanted.

I kept thrusting, chasing my own release. After pushing in as far as I could go, my cock jerked inside her, and I spilled into the condom.

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Seven

Ava

Holy fuck. Had I realized what I was missing out on all along, I would have begged Tyler to fuck me years ago. I felt him softening inside me, but he didn't try to withdraw himself. Instead, he lay down and positioned himself to stay inside me. I wasn't sure if this was usual. It's not like I have much experience.

"Are you okay?" He asked gently.

"Yes."

"Sore?"

"A little." I wasn't physically a virgin. But I felt like it. My ass was sore, and there was a slight ache in my pussy. Other than that, I was okay.

"How do you feel?"

"Good. Tired." I laughed.

"I'm proud of you." He whispered, kissing my ear gently while he wrapped his arms around me, and shifted my back to his front side. My ass flush with him, his dick was still deep inside.

"Um, are you going to stay inside me?"

“Cock warming, baby.”

“What is that?” I blushed.

“You’re warming up my cock with your tight little cunt.”

“But... why?”

“It’s intimate. A better version of spooning.” He kissed the back of my head. The act was so much more gentle than how he was just a few moments ago.

Moving slightly, I felt him jerk inside me.

“If you keep moving though, I’ll have to fuck you again,” he joked.

His hand stroked my belly, soft and gentle. I wasn’t sure which side of him I liked more, but the fact that he could be so rough with me and then hold me like I was something that could break made me want to cry. I had never felt like this before.

“Tyler?”

“Yes, Precious?”

“Now what?” I asked nervously, thinking he was going to leave and never talk to me again.

“You go to sleep with my cock deep inside you and my arm wrapped around you.”

“But-”

“Ava, you’re safe.”

I could acknowledge that for the first time, ever, I felt safe and protected. My eyes went sleepy with the gentle touches he was trailing down my body. I could admit that I liked how close we were. I let my eyes close and fell asleep.

* * *

I'm not sure how long I slept, but I do know I woke up on my own and not due to a nightmare. Smiling to myself, I let out a small yawn. My body felt weighted down, and that's when I remembered Tyler was here. With me. Inside me. He was fully hard again, and I pushed back, grinding and rolling my ass a little.

"Precious."

"Yes?"

"Stop."

"I want you again." I confessed, feeling confused about why I wanted more when I had gone so long without.

"You need to eat, take a bath, and then go back to sleep," he answered.

"How long did I sleep?"

"Only about an hour. I had to get up to change the condom since we never discussed that beforehand. It was my fault you woke up."

"I'm clean." I blurted.

"So am I, but it's more about birth control."

“Oh,” I giggled. “I have an IUD.”

“My dream girl.”

“Hardly.” I rolled my eyes, glad he couldn’t see me.

Tyler moved me over so that I was on my back with him hovering on top. His dick slipped out and rubbed across my stomach. “Touch yourself.”

“What?”

“You heard me.”

His arms flexed by my head, still keeping himself over me, I reached down and started circling my clit. His gaze was fixed solely on my face. After a few minutes, I began to wiggle around, becoming quicker. Something about the way he was lingering and solely looking at my face turned me on; I was right there.

“Stop.” He grabbed my wrist, bringing my fingers to his mouth and sucking them clean.

“I was right there!” I huffed, trying to push him off me.

“And now it’s time to eat.” He smirked, pressing a kiss to my forehead.

“What?”

“Never doubt that what I tell you is true. If I say you’re my dream girl, that means you are. No orgasm. You can be needy and wait now. Get up and put some clothes on.”

“That isn’t fair!” I crossed my arms.

“Neither is the way you talk to yourself.” He leaned in and pressed his lips to mine. A slow, lazy kiss. When he pulled away, I was a little breathless. “Here, wear this.” He handed me his shirt. It smelled like him, and it made me smile slightly. Pulling it over my head, it reached my mid-thigh.

“What do you want to eat?” He asked.

“Anything.” I shrugged, getting out of bed and following him.

Our Chinese food was long forgotten, but he was pulling up an app for some taco place. “Tacos good?”

“Fuck yes.” I cheered.

“Tacos and dick. I’m going to nail this thing.”

“Nail what thing?”

“Us.” He smiled, kissed my cheek, and drew me down next to him on the couch. After ordering the food, he wrapped me back in his arms. Since I was wearing his shirt, he was left with nothing but his jeans, and fuck, if that was not a sight. My fingers traced down his stomach. Trusting him wasn’t as hard as I thought it would be. Maybe it was from the way that I had lived next to him for the last four years, or the way he could be so fucking understanding to all my cues. It seemed like all he wanted to do was make me smile, and for a moment I wondered what it would be like if I didn’t fuck this up by pushing him away.

After a moment of quiet, he spoke up. “What was your aunt like?”

“Um, she was nice. Like, it was weird, but she wasn’t creepy. She didn’t hit me, so I guess it wasn’t so bad. I talk to her from time to time, but it’s still so weird. We both don’t really know what to say to each other.”

“No siblings?”

“No.” I sighed. “Growing up, I always wished I had a brother. Someone to protect me and put my dad in his place.”

“Where is your dad?”

“Dead.” I whispered.

“Oh.” His jaw clenched slightly before he relaxed his face.

“He died in prison. They... the inmates. Well, I guess it’s true. They heard what he had done, and he got attacked one day. I don’t know much of the details. I refused to let them tell me.”

“I can’t say that doesn’t make me feel better.”

“At first I felt so relieved. And then I felt guilty because I was happy that he was dead. That he was unable to hurt me again.”

“Don’t feel guilty. That feeling you had, it makes you human. It’s natural to want to feel safe.”

“I feel safe right now.” I whispered.

“Do you?” He raised his eyebrow.

“I do.”

He bridged the gap between us, laying his lips on mine. I could feel the ache again, my deep, raw longing for him.

“I’m still mad at you.” I mumbled.

“For what?”

“Not letting me have an orgasm.” I grumbled.

“I don’t reward bad girls.”

“Can I earn it?”

“I think you need a break; you had four orgasms already. Plus, we’re still so new. You’re still healing.”

“I didn’t think my body could do that.”

“Gives me a challenge to beat.” He smirked.

I opened my mouth but closed it. There was no way he thought he could give me more than four. Thankfully, the knock on the door saved me. Tyler jumped up, rushing to the door and opening it. A guy was standing there, holding our order. He tried to look in and take a look at my legs, a creepy smile on his face.

“I’m almost naked too. Going to just stare at her?” Tyler growled.

“Um, here’s your food.” He stammered, shoving it into Tyler’s arms.

“Don’t expect a tip.” Tyler said as he slammed the door in his face and locked it.
“Assholes, I tell you.”

“It’s fine.”

“No, it’s not. You’re in your own house. You don’t need anyone who isn’t me checking you out.”

“Thank you.” I felt myself flushing, again .

Tyler walked past me, heading to the kitchen and separating our food. Once it was all out, he set a plate down at the table and motioned for me to sit. He sat on the other side of me, and I couldn’t help but dig in. It probably wasn’t ladylike, but I was starving and had worked up a hell of an appetite. Plus, all I ate was that sandwich for lunch hours ago. It seemed like it had been longer than a few hours since we had to go get his brother, and that realization hit me in the face.

“What’s wrong?” Ty asked, shifting to get closer to me.

“Aren’t we moving too fast? This seems...”

“Domesticated?” He finished for me.

“Yes.”

“My house never felt like a home,” he sighed. “After the cancer, I learned that I was pretty alone in this life. I have my brothers, of course, but I always come home to an empty house. No noise, no sign of life. It was lonely. I was lonely. I think you feel the same way.”

“I do.” I admitted. I hated that he also felt that way.

“We don’t have to be alone,” he smiled. “I’m not saying we should get married tomorrow, but there’s only a small piece of grass and a wall that separates us anyway. What’s the difference if I’m here or behind that wall?”

He had a point. It wasn’t like I didn’t see him every day, anyway. Of course, I didn’t know him on that level, and I sure didn’t know what he sounded like when he came at the time, but... it would be nice to not be alone all the fucking time. Everything he said I could relate to. The hollow feeling you get when you go into a house that has never truly felt like a home.

“You’re right.” I spoke.

“Glad you finally see that.” He winked.

“Shut up.” I rolled my eyes.

“Precious.”

“Yes?”

“Do I need to remind you who’s in control?”

“You said it was only in the bedroom.” I cocked my head.

“Bratty behavior still needs to be punished.”

“I think I’m done eating.” I smirked, getting up and running to the bedroom with Tyler quickly on my heels.

“I created a monster.”

“I think you said something about a bath?” I placed my hands on my hips.

“I did.” He nodded and walked me into the bathroom.

I gathered all of the girly items and placed them on the counter, waiting for him to fill the tub. He lit the candles and threw in the bath bomb. I added the bubbles, and by the time it reached the perfect temperature, he was taking my clothing off, asking me again if it was okay. He took off his pants and dropped himself into the water, softly bringing me in and positioning me in front of him. The level of the water was more than either of us expected, and some splashed over, getting the floor wet. I couldn't find it in myself to care. I was naked with Tyler. Again. He could soak my whole house if he keeps fucking me like he had before.

“How sore are you now?” He asked.

“The water is helping.”

“Good,” He peppered my shoulder with kisses, rubbing the suds over my skin. Slowly massaging my breasts, flicking each nipple. I laid my head on his collarbone. His hand trailed my throat, slowly closing around it, before releasing it. I throbbed in need. Choking made me nervous, but the thought of him controlling if or when I breathed had me wishing he didn't release me as fast as he did. He wet the washcloth and took his time as he cleaned my body, paying close attention to my pussy.

“Tyler.” I moaned.

“You're so responsive to me.”

“It feels good.”

“Aftercare is the most important thing after a scene. Even if it's not a rough one.”

“Why?”

“Sub-drops can be bad.”

“A sub-drop?” I don’t remember seeing that in my research.

“It can happen after an intense scene. It’s like a drop when you come down from everything. Coming out of the sub mindset and into your normal mindset can make you feel disoriented.”

“Oh.” I shifted uncomfortably.

“It’s okay if that ever happens; I’d be right there.”

“I liked what we did.”

“That makes me happy.” He kissed the shell of my ear.

I could feel him getting hard, so I circled my ass, grinding slowly on him.

“We’re taking a bath. Let me care for you. Stop trying to get me to fuck you.”

“I wasn’t doing anything.” I lied.

“Up.” He commended, tapping my back.

I stood up on slightly shaky legs. He helped me over the lip of the tub and wrapped a towel around me, taking caution as he dried me. When he looked down at me, his eyes seemed to have darkened.

“Run, Precious.”

It took a second for me to process it, but somewhere in my research I saw primal play, and I wondered if this was what it was. We hadn't discussed it before, but I had a safe word, and it wasn't on my limits list. Running out of the bathroom, I heard him counting behind me. I didn't know where to go, so I ran down the hallway and into the kitchen, squatting down behind the counter.

Once Tyler got to ten, I heard his footsteps. I heard him step into the living room and pause. Thinking he was going to go into the dining room, I let out a small breath.

"Now, that wasn't smart, baby." He chuckled, and I knew he heard me. He rounded the counter, seeing me bent over, and gave me a cocky grin. "Guess I get to do whatever I want now, huh, sweet girl?"

"Yes." I stuttered. A mix of nervousness and excitement.

He gripped my wrist, not enough to hurt, but enough to be slightly restricted. He pushed me against the counter, the cold tile hitting my back. He cupped my pussy while his other hand cupped the back of my neck. I was stuck.

"Do you like misbehaving?"

"No." I shook my head. "I'm sorry."

"Then why did you?"

"I don't know." I admitted, starting to feel unsure of this scene.

His finger entered me, curling against my G-spot and forcing me onto my tippy toes. I was still sore, the pain mixing with the pleasure he was bringing me. His hand gripped my hair, grabbing it roughly. His finger still abusing me.

“I told you to run, Ava.”

And that’s when it hit me. The words. His tone. The reason why I was nervous when he told me to run. “Ava, I swear to God, you better run.”

I froze, my body tensed all at once. I squeezed my eyes, but all I could see was my father. I whimpered. “Coconut.”

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Eight

Tyler

Ava tensed in my hold before she spoke her safe word. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Instantly, I let go of her, backing up slightly. Her eyes were still closed, her body rocking back and forth.

“Precious, look at me.”

“I didn’t mean to!” She shouted, covering her face with her hands like she was expecting me to hit her. “Please don’t.”

“Baby, it’s just me. Open your eyes for me, okay?”

“I didn’t mean to.” She whimpered again.

Taking a chance, I gently touched her arm, but she flinched away from me. “Ava, can you look at me? It’s Tyler, I promise.”

Her eyes slowly open, tears filling them and spilling over onto her cheeks.

“Tyler?” She whispered.

“There she is,” I smiled at her.

“What happened?”

“I think you might have had a flashback. Can I touch you?”

She nodded, looking around frantically. I placed my hand on her cheek, and she leaned into it, taking a deep breath. “That’s good, just focus. No one else is here. Just you and me.”

“I saw him. I heard him.”

“He isn’t here, Precious.”

She reached for my hand, squeezing it hard like she was trying to ground herself. I held back, murmuring praises and telling her she was okay. Slowly, she stepped into my arms, and I held her against my body.

Placing a kiss on the top of her head, I rubbed her back. “Would you like to talk about it?”

“Can we lie down first?” She asked quietly.

“Of course.” I led her to the bedroom, placing my shirt back over her head and laying her gently on the bed. I curled in next to her, and she clung to me, wrapping her tiny arms around my body and placing her head on my chest.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be, Precious. Safe words are there for that exact reason. You being in a good headspace is the most important thing.”

“But I ruined it.”

“You didn’t ruin anything.”

“I wanted it.”

“And it’s okay that you couldn’t finish. There will always be more chances. Can you tell me what happened?”

“It... Was that... primal play?” She asked through a sob.

“Yes. Was it something I said?”

“One day I was running through the house, and I lost my balance. I fell into the TV and knocked it down. I put it back, but it was broken, and when he noticed, he started screaming at me. I told him it was an accident, but he just kept yelling. He told me to run since that’s what caused it. It didn’t click at first, but then when you said it again... I was back in that place.”

“Oh, sweet girl. I am so sorry. I didn’t know.”

“I don’t think I want to play that game again.” She shuddered.

“Never again.”

“I’m a terrible Sub.”

“Don’t say that,” I snapped gently at her. “I don’t care if we have boring, vanilla sex for the rest of our lives. You are more than just a sub to me.”

The room fell silent. Nothing but our mixed breaths and the small sighs she lets out every once in a while.

“What’s on your mind, Precious?”

“Can... we do that thing again?” She mumbled.

“What thing, baby?”

“The... cock w-”

“You want me to sink my cock in your cunt while you sleep?”

“I... don’t want to have sex right now, but I think it might help. I want to try.”

We shifted around so that we were spooning. Spreading her leg, I placed it on my thigh and slid slowly into her heat, gritting my teeth to stay still. She felt so fucking good. So tight. Always wet and ready for me. “You feel so fucking good.”

“I like this.” She shivered.

“Why?” I asked softly.

“You’re so close. I... I feel safe.”

“I would stay inside you forever if I could.” I pulled her closer if that was even possible. Rubbing small circles on her stomach that I learned she liked. “You did so good today.” I praised. I kept repeating how proud of her I was, and how brave she was until her breath evened out. Pressing a kiss on her shoulder, I followed her lead and fell asleep.

* * *

Something pushing against me woke me up, the feeling of someone moving. Opening my eyes, I saw Ava slowly rocking her hips back and forth. My cock was already hard in her wet cunt.

“Precious, what are you doing?” I moaned.

“It... was there. It was too much, so I had to move.” She whined.

Throwing the blanket off us, I was graced with the sight of her plump pussy lips wrapped tightly around me. I let her keep the pace for a few, giving her a chance to feel like she was in control and find her trust again. Snaking my arm around her, I found her bud and started teasing circles. “Please don’t stop.” She begged, picking up the pace.

“Color?”

“Green,” she nodded. “I’m okay.”

“Baby, I only get off when I know you’re completely spent. I control how many orgasms you have. Can you handle that right now?”

“Yes.” She cried.

Flipping us over, I threw her legs over my shoulder, and with one long thrust, pushed inside her. “We won’t stop until you can’t move. When you can’t even utter another word. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“You’re going to ruin me.” I rasped, stroking her cheek affectionately.

Shoving my thumb in her mouth, she sucked and licked it, moaning around it. Removing my thumb, I pressed it to her clit, pinching and pulling until she was making all those pretty little noises and squeezing my cock.

“Good girl,” I smirked. “I want another one, though.” Moving us back around, I lay flat and grasped her by the hips, lifting her to my face.

“Tyler, I’ll kill you!” She protested, refusing to sit down.

I swatted her ass, earning a small yelp followed by a moan. “Hands on the headboard. Ride my face, Precious.”

She hesitated again, so I shoved her down myself, flicking her with my tongue. After a couple of flicks, she started to relax and move against my face.

“Oh, fuck.” She whimpered, her hands gripping the headboard tighter.

I kept going, twisting my tongue inside her small hole, pinching her clit between my teeth and rolling it. She shouted out again, her thighs tightening and her body trembling with each lick. I pressed down on her hips again, her entire weight on my face, and sucked harder.

“I’m coming!” She moaned, grinding faster with me now.

The bed creaked, hitting the wall with each movement from us, but her hands never left the headboard, prompting a faint smile of pride. She listened so well. I sucked her clit back into my mouth after she had stopped shivering and the shock waves had subsided.

“Too much!” She gasped.

She was soaking my face, trying to pull away, but I held her down by her hips in a punishing grip. I pushed her past her limits, making her ride her orgasm until I finally let up. Trying to show her that I’d never do anything to her that didn’t feel good. Looking up at her, her head was thrown back, eyes shut, and her chest heaving.

Laying her back down, I knocked her knees apart and gently brushed my thumb over her. She let out a low whimper mixed with a moan. “Sensitive, Precious?”

“I can’t take any more.” She wiggled away from me.

“That was only two, baby girl. You have more in you.” I gave her a cocky smile.

She mumbled a reply, something between a mix of begging to be fucked and protesting she couldn’t take anymore.

Bending down, I blew on her pussy. She instantly closed her legs and fisted the sheets.

“Don’t you want my cock?” I asked with a knowing smirk.

“Yes. Please, fuck me.”

Bringing my fingers back down to her pussy, I gathered up the wetness. “You’re so wet and needy for me.” Using the same hand, I brought it to my cock, giving it a couple of pumps using her arousal to lube myself.

“I need you inside me, now.”

“Color?”

“Green, I promise. Just fuck me.”

“Did you forget who’s in charge?”

“Please.”

“Well, when you ask so nicely.”

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Nine

Ava

Tyler was kneeling in front of me, his knees between my thighs as he stroked his hard cock. He shifted his hips forward slightly, and my mouth dropped open in a silent moan as he pushed inside me. There isn't as much pressure as there was last time and not nearly as much of a burn, but it was still there a little bit. I locked my ankles around his waist. A silent beg for him to move, to go deeper. He lifted his hand to pinch my nipple; I shifted my hips, trying to create the friction I needed, but still, he gave me nothing.

"Tyler, please."

"What do you need?"

"For you to move. Anything."

"I thought you liked cock warming?" He gave me a goofy grin.

"Just fuck me." I whined.

Tyler pushed all the way inside me, the force pushing me up the bed more. "Your cunt feels so good wrapped around my cock. Fuck, baby, you're perfect."

I clawed at him, dragging my nails down his back. He didn't protest, but I think one might have broken the skin. "Claim me, Precious. I'm all yours."

And that does it; that has me arching my back and crying out. I never thought I would be able to be with another man, let alone someone like this. I never thought I would like sex like this, but the way he's relentlessly driving into me and bruising my hips with his hold had me shivering.

"You've been dying for my dick again, haven't you? Greedy girl."

"Yes," I pant. "Don't stop."

"What do you need from me?" He asked.

"You. This. To live ." I repeated his words from the other night.

"You want me to be your Dom?"

"God, yes."

He pulled out so fast, that I cried. Flipping me over, he shoved my ass in the air and pushed back into me in one long thrust. "No more talking bad about yourself." He growled, shoving in. "No more calling yourself fat or using it in a bad manner to talk down to yourself. I don't want to hear it." He rolled his hips, hitting my G-spot. "You are fucking perfect." He smacked my clit, followed by another rough push inside me. "If you want to be my Sub, then you need to remember those things."

I wasn't about to speak. All that came out was a mix of pants and heavy gasps. A sting erupted on my ass cheek.

"Answer me, Ava."

"Yes. I understand." I whimpered.

I'm almost crying now, fisting the sheets as he drives into me with so much force while he repeats how perfect I am. His hand comes down on my ass so hard it throws me into another orgasm. I instantly tightened on his cock, plunging him deeper into me.

"You're strangling me, baby."

"No more," I rasped, but he was still driving into me.

"Give me a color, sweet girl."

"Green." I moan. Despite being so fucking sensitive and unsure if I can have another orgasm, I don't want this to stop. This is the most free that I've ever felt before. My brain was mush, and all those thoughts that I was normally stuck thinking about floated away.

"That's my good girl." His thrusts slowed down, not nearly as punishing as they were. His rough fingers rubbed over my ass, squeezing lightly. Moving me back around, he hovered on top of me before slamming inside me. Gone were the slow thrusts; he was back to long, hard ones. I swear I felt him in my throat.

"How badly do you want my cum?"

I'm unable to talk, think, or even move. I melted onto the bed.

"Can't speak, baby?"

I jumbled out a groan, and his cock thickened inside of me. He had me stretched out so wide.

"I'm going to come." He let out a low growl as hot spikes of cum shot into me.

“Fuck.” I murmured.

I closed my eyes as the weight of him dipped the bed as he lay down next to me. He pushed the hair off my sweaty forehead before pressing a gentle kiss to it. I sighed contentedly, smiling, and feeling like I could go back to sleep again. I’d never felt so relaxed in my life. Before I could process everything that had happened, Tyler was standing up and making his way to the bathroom. Before I could ask what he was doing, he returned with a warm washcloth and cleaned me up.

“You look so pretty with my cum seeping out of you.”

I blushed, looking away from him. I don’t think I’d ever get used to his dirty mouth, but fuck, I loved it. Once he’s finished, he pulls me up on shaky legs and leads me to the bathroom.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“You need to pee.”

“Uh, I don’t... what?” I looked around confused.

“It’s healthy to pee after sex. Take care of that, and I’ll go get you some water and a snack.”

I was unsure what to even say to that. I know I looked into aftercare, but I guess I didn’t expect him to care this much. Times like this reminded me how much I missed out by not having a mom. This is probably something she would have taught me.

By the time I was done peeing and cleaning myself up a bit, he was placing a bowl of something and a water bottle on the nightstand.

“Come cuddle.” He patted the bed, lying down.

I climbed in next to him, and he cracked open the bottle and handed it to me. After a couple of swallows, I gave it back, and he switched it out with the bowl of chips.

“Mmm, my hips won’t lik-”

“Finish that sentence, and I’m going to edge you so bad next time, you’ll be begging me to let you cum.”

“Sorry,” I mumbled, grabbing a chip and taking a small bite.

“How do you feel?”

“Okay.” I shrugged.

“Just okay?”

“I’m waiting for the other shoe to drop. It’s not like guys like you really want a girl like me.”

“Ava.”

“It’s true though. I’m fucked up, and you could have anyone.”

“This can be a bit of a sub-drop, Precious. You feel really vulnerable.”

“Oh.”

“It’ll pass, but for now, just remind yourself I’m here, and I don’t want to go anywhere. Was there anything we did that you didn’t like?” He asked, looking into

my eyes like he could tell if I was lying, and he probably could.

“Not really,” I shrugged, taking a small bite of the chip. “I didn’t like the primal... But everything else? I really liked it. Sometimes I get in my head, and I get a little scared, but then you do something, and it makes me so flustered I can’t even remember what I was thinking about. I like it when you’re rough, but then you stroke my cheek or look at me with so much care. I like it when you’re gentle just as much as the rest. I think that’s what has been helping me. It feels...healing.”

“It’s supposed to. A lot of subs and women in general find power in situations like this. I’m giving you a safe place to heal and showing you that things like this, despite your past, are okay.” He tugged me closer.

“Can... you tell me more about your cancer?” I asked. He said it so casually, almost like it wasn’t that big of a deal to him that he had almost died.

“Are you sure?” He raised his eyebrow.

“Yes. I want to know more about you.” I nodded.

“Well, I was having some leg pain. Never really thought anything about it, you know? Maybe I worked it too much at the gym or something. But it kept getting worse, and I started feeling like shit. My brother convinced me to go get it checked out. After a lot of tests, they told me I had a tumor in the tissues of my leg. They started chemo to reduce the size, and once they determined it was good enough for surgery, they removed it.

“Healing time was a bitch, and it took me a while to actually feel good again and be able to use it like normal. But so far everything has been okay. It hasn’t grown back, and the pain isn’t there anymore. Sometimes I swear I feel it, but they tell me it’s just psychological and it isn’t real.”

“And you had a girlfriend at the time? Did she help?” I told myself not to be jealous, but I couldn’t help it.

“She left when she found out I had cancer. Just dipped. I think it was for the best, though. I didn’t love her as much as I should have.”

“Why are you single now?”

“No one ever caught my eye more than you did.”

He said it so seriously like he was just waiting for the day that I would give him a chance.

“Are your brothers single?” I wiggled my eyebrows.

“Oh, yes. Most of them are fuckboys,” he laughed. “They’re great, but they aren’t the settle-down type.”

“Are you the settle-down type?” I wondered, hoping he’d say what I wanted him to.

“If it was with you, then I would have settled down a long time ago.”

“Don’t say things like that; you hardly knew me.”

“I knew everything I needed to.”

Three months later.

It's been three months since Ava let me into her house, but more importantly, her heart. Every day she makes progress, and fuck if it doesn't make me proud. While she still sometimes flinches, we have found what works best for us. Including going through her soft limit list. We found out that while she hates to be edged because she's greedy, she also loves it. Choking, we tried slowly, and over time, and she responded with an orgasm, so it got the green light in the end. She ended up loving being called names, as long as they weren't too humiliating. The only thing we haven't tried yet is doing anything in public, which is something I'm surprising her with tonight.

We haven't done primal play since that night, and that's okay with me since I was still able to find a lot of other things she loves. I meant it when I told her we could have boring sex for the rest of our lives, and I would be okay with it. The riding crop was one thing that was added pretty early on. After she got braver, we tried a whip, and she also responded well to it. Bondage is still a no, and after she finally told me that her dad had tied her up for days without food once, I understood and never brought it back up. She will, however, hold her hands behind her back when I ask her, but she knows she can move them if or when she needs to.

What surprised me about my little Sub was how much she loved to be blindfolded. It was one of her favorite punishments, which really wasn't much of one anyway since she always loved them. I think she finally understands that they can be fun and, for the most part, are for her pleasure. She's improved a lot with calling herself names, and she's actually really nice to herself now. Her confidence is one of the sexiest things about her. Doesn't mean she doesn't love to be praised still, though. That was

the quickest way to get her to cum all over my cock.

Ava was in the room getting ready for what, she had no idea. But the remote control panties I had in my pocket were surely going to get a lot of use tonight. I'm not sure if this is really what she's pictured for public play, but it was a start. The thought of her having an orgasm where she couldn't react had my dick growing in my boxers and pushing against my zipper.

I surprised her with a tight little black dress tonight that I hope she doesn't think makes her look fat. I know that it will show off all her curves and her breasts that I'm still so obsessed with. After another hour, she finally walked down the hallway in the hottest black heels I'd ever seen. I couldn't wait to fuck her with them on later. After she hopefully has multiple orgasms in the restaurant, that is.

"Do I look okay?" She blushed.

"Precious, if we didn't have somewhere to be, you'd already be naked with my dick so deep inside you, you wouldn't be able to ask that silly question."

"Thank you." She shifted nervously on her feet. She was also getting better at accepting my compliments.

"But you're wearing the wrong underwear."

"What are you talking about? You haven't even seen them." She rolled her eyes. Ava was getting brattier and brattier. I liked to think it's because she felt safe and enjoyed what came out of it.

She turned around to walk away from me, but I grabbed her hair and yanked her back. Turning her around to face me. "Who said you could walk away from me?" I growled.

Before she could answer, my lips found hers, and our tongues tangled. I pulled back to pepper kisses along her jaw, earning me a shiver from Ava. I kissed her neck, her collarbone, and the spot underneath her ear. She hummed with satisfaction. My cock was so hard in my pants it hurt.

My fingertips lightly trailed up her thigh, inching closer to her panties that I knew would be wet already. Pushing them to the side, I placed a feather-like touch on her clit, biting her neck, and earning a low moan. Grabbing the material in my hand, I pulled hard and ripped the fabric. Throwing it to the ground and stepping back.

“Hey!” She pouted.

“Bad girls don’t get rewards, Precious. I’ve told you this.” Removing the panties from my pocket, I kneeled down and tapped her shin so she’d lift her leg. When she complied, and I slid them up her legs and over her ass, I placed a soft kiss on her thigh before standing back up. “Keep those on until I tell you to take them off.”

“Why do I have to wear these?”

“So many questions, yet you’re not the one in control here.” I grabbed her throat, pressing down lightly, and kissed her nose before letting go.

Looking down at my watch, I grabbed her jacket and helped her in it. “Be a good girl for me tonight, and maybe I’ll reward you when we get home.”

“This is unfair.” She whined but followed me out of the house.

As soon as we were in the car, my hand found her thigh and squeezed, rubbing up and down as she asked again where we were going. Ava wasn’t used to people being nice to her, or even going out to nice places, so sometimes things like this felt like a trap to her. Refusing to tell her, I grabbed her hand and kissed each knuckle, promising her that she was going to love it.

After twenty minutes we were pulling into a parking lot for a restaurant that looked like the fanciest on my Google search.

The building was glass, with tinted windows and a smooth dark exterior. Walking in, someone offered to take our coats. Looking around, the place was in low lighting, candles on each table. A chandelier in the middle of the room. Probably not the place to bring a girl to have countless orgasms, but when did I ever play by the rules?

A hostess took us to our table; it was in the back, away from people, and overlooked the river down below.

“Wow,” Ava smiled. “This place is beautiful.”

“Haven’t noticed.” I shrugged, looking into her eyes. She blushed in response.

A waiter came back to take our drink orders, and despite being in a fancy place, neither of us were wine drinkers, so getting a bottle seemed stupid. I know that’s what you’re supposed to do, but this place was a little out of both of our styles. We were more the taco truck-on-the-side-of-the-road people than this.

“I don’t know what half of this food even means.” Ava laughed.

“I was thinking of going with the chicken breast. Seemed like the safest bet.”

“Agreed.” She smiled at me, placing her menu on the table. I grabbed her hand and rubbed small circles with my thumb.

Since the distraction worked, I slowly pulled my phone out of my pocket and placed it on my thigh, loading up the app that connected to her panties.

I tapped on the lowest setting. Hardly a vibration. But she instantly jumped in her seat, flushing all the way down to the swell of her chest.

“Tyler.” She whispered.

“Yes, Precious?”

“Please tell me you didn’t make me wear vibrating underwear.”

“Then I would be lying to you.” I smirked.

“What are you trying to do?”

“Public was on your soft limit list. Let’s see which way you lean.”

She opened her mouth to reply, but the waiter came back over and asked for our dinner orders. Ava cleared her throat, and I hit the second setting. She squirmed in her seat again, giving me a dirty look.

“What do you want, Precious?”

“The... the chicken breast.” She mumbled, biting her lip.

I ordered the same, and as the waiter walked away, I turned the setting up again.

“Fuck.” She mumbled into her hand, rocking back and forth.

“Now, baby, I wouldn’t want anyone else to know what we were doing. Can you be a good girl and control yourself?”

“I... I can try.” She moaned softly.

There were ten different vibration settings, and I was planning on using them all. When her breathing picked up, I turned it off completely. “Tell me every time you’re about to cum.”

“Don’t edge me,” she begged.

“We both know you won’t listen and end up having an orgasm anyway. Then I’ll get to punish you for it.” I knew that would challenge her bratty side, and she was going to end up edging herself just to prove me wrong.

When her breathing returned to normal, I turned it up to the fifth setting. Not even giving her a warning. I’ll admit she held her yelp in better than I expected, but the way she was squirming told me she wouldn’t be quiet for long.

“You’re mine,” I growled. “Mine to please. Mine to use. You’re my little slut. No one else. Don’t let anyone know that you’re on the verge of cumming. That is for me only.”

“Yes, Sir.” She whimpered.

“Stop squirming, baby.”

“I... can’t. It’s so much.”

Turning it up to another one, she clenched her jaw and gripped the edge of the table.

“I’m going to-”

Turning it off completely, I took a sip of my water. Waiting for the bratty comment.

“Tyler!” She whisper shouted.

“I already told you, you aren’t coming right now.”

“Then I’ll do it myself.” She challenged, getting up from her chair.

“Oh no, you don’t,” I pointed for her to sit back down. “You want to do it yourself? Do it. But you’re doing it right here.”

“What? No, I can’t.”

“You or me. You decide who makes you cum. But it’s going to be in that chair.”

“Do I really get to decide?”

“Of course. Choose the wrong one, though, and your night will go differently.” I smirked.

“You.” She nodded.

“Good girl.” I turned it back on, this time just on the first setting to make her greedy.

When our food arrived, I turned it off and gave her a couple of minutes to focus on eating. She’d need the energy for later. After she had finished about half of her meal, I turned it on to the highest setting. Startling her, she dropped her fork with a clink, her knuckle going straight to her mouth to stop herself from screaming.

“Something wrong?” I raised my eyebrow.

“This isn’t fair.” She stuttered.

“Is your greedy little cunt clenching on nothing?”

“Yes.”

“Want me to fuck you?”

“Please.” She whimpered, pushing down into the fabric chair and placing the

vibration right on her clit.

“I think I deserve to fuck your little asshole, don’t you think?”

“Oh, God.”

“Would you like that? Would you like me to fuck your slutty little ass while I finger your pussy?”

“I can’t hold it.” She panted.

Turning it off, she groaned, wearing a pouty face.

“Finish your meal, Precious.”

“Take me home.”

“You’re not done eating.” I cocked my head.

“I need you inside me. Now. Please, Sir, can we go home?”

“I guess when you put it that way.” I smirked.

Flagging down the waiter, I asked for two boxes, packed up our food, paid the check, and led my girl to the car. It was still insane to be able to call Ava my girl. But she was. She was mine .

I drove home probably faster than I should have, but what Ava wanted, she got. I like to say I have all the control, but we both know she holds my heart. She can bring me to my knees with one smile. When we got back to the house, I threw the leftovers in the fridge and grabbed Ava’s hand, walking us to the bedroom.

“Strip.” I jerked my chin at her.

She lowered the strap of her dress, followed by the other. The dress pooled at her ankles. She stepped out, reaching behind her to unclip the strapless bra, and then dragged the panties down her legs.

“Leave the heels on. Bend over the bed. Hands above your head.”

Without a word, she did exactly what I asked. Removing the tie from my neck, I walked up behind her, her heels putting her at the perfect height. I skimmed the tie over her body, causing a shiver. Placing the tie over her eyes, I wrapped it around and tied it.

“Tyler.”

“No talking.”

Her body shivered at my tone. Reaching under the bed, I grabbed the tub of toys we had collected. Picking up the riding crop, I lightly rubbed it against her ass before smacking her with it. Not hard enough to hurt, just enough to prepare her. Smacking her harder, I was rewarded with a moan. Her cunt was already dripping, leaving a mess on the inside of her thighs. Gathering it on the crop, I smeared her wetness over her ass and then hit her harder with it. After a couple more hits, I put it down. Running my fingers over her bare skin, squeezing her ass, and opening her up. Trailing my fingers down to her opening, I insert one finger. Ava arched her back, shoving her ass back onto my finger.

I added a second finger, moving faster. She was whimpering and already a needy mess. After removing my fingers, she shivered and pushed back into me, hoping for something. Using the finger that was already wet with her , I circled her small asshole, covering it with her own wetness and lubricating it as best I could. Spitting on it, I rubbed that in too, and then I slowly shoved my finger in. She mewled,

clawing at the bed.

“Does my little slut like it when I play with her tight little hole?”

“Yes, Sir.” She panted.

I stretched her the best I could with one finger, adding spit as needed, her cunt trying and failing to grip onto something. When I thought she was ready, I grabbed the lube and squirted a generous amount into her hole and some more in my hand. Stroking my cock, I lathered it up and placed the head of my cock at her hole.

“Ready, baby?”

“Ready.” She repeated.

Giving her an inch, I pushed in slowly. It wasn't our first time doing anal, but I always tried to start slowly to give her time to adjust to me.

“Fuuucckkk,” I groaned. “Your sweet little hole is choking my cock.”

I was using all of my restraint to not thrust in with everything I had. She needed to adjust. Inch by inch, I pushed in until I was completely seated, our bodies flushed.

“You're taking me so well, Precious.”

Taking my time, I did a small, slow thrust until her moans told me she was enjoying herself. Picking up the pace, I drove into her a little harder. She winced slightly.

“Breathe for me,” I talked her through it, finding her clit and rubbing with my movements. “You can take me.”

“More.”

Now that surprised me. I inserted one finger in her pussy, moving at the same time as my cock. She pushed against me again, meeting me with every thrust. Pulling my finger out, I shoved three in.

“So full.” She murmured.

“Do you like being full of me?”

“Mhm.”

“Take every fucking inch I give you.”

“Yes, yes, yes.” She chanted.

Smacking her ass, I threw her into an intense orgasm. It slammed through her so fast she was left a mumbling mess.

“Such a good cum slut. Do you feel how you’re milking me right now?”

She nodded fast, coming down from her high. Taking my free hand, I wrapped her hair in it and jerked her head back. Folding over her body, my cock so far in her ass I couldn’t get deeper if I tried.

Yanking on her hair, she made a sexy little noise. Scattering kisses down her throat, shoulder, and her back. Ava gasped for air, the pressure becoming too much. Standing back up, I continue to fuck her ass while I finger fuck her pink cunt.

“Cum for me, Precious. One more.”

That’s all it took for her to release, soaking my fingers and gripping me in a vise like she’d never let me out.

“Where do you want my cum?” I groaned.

“Paint me.”

That had become a favorite for her. Removing myself from her, I flipped her to her back, her legs shaky. Her chest heaving with each breath. “Remove the blindfold, baby.”

Within seconds her beautiful eyes were on mine, so much love and trust in them. I took my cock in my hand, feeling the tell-tale sign that I was about to cum. I pumped my hand, fucking it faster. I spilled over her, on her nipples, her stomach, her pussy, and her thighs. Ropes of cum jerked out of me. Covering her perfect body. When I was done, she ran her fingers through it, smearing it into her skin and licking some of it off with a sweet moan and a smile.

We both lay back on the bed, trying to catch our breaths.

“Ava?”

“Yes, Ty?”

“I love you.” I stroked her cheek.

“You do?” Tears swelled in her eyes.

“How couldn’t I?”

“I love you, too.”

“Let’s go take a shower, and let me worship you all over again.”