

**Author's Note:** *Please be aware that this chapter includes some smut!*

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Day 66

## **Chicago**

### **Saturday**

I opened my eyes and I saw Dave smiling down at me with those luscious blue eyes of his.

It took a moment to properly register in my sleep-fogged mind.

"You're back!" I squealed which surprised both Dave and myself.

I sat up and hugged Dave. I was still very sore on my right side, although it was no longer bleeding.

"Hi, gorgeous," Dave said back, giving me a kiss; a deep kiss.

Wow - my second kiss! I felt emotions that I had never felt before as they coursed through my body. I started to feel a bit like that day I called Dave; I was trembling. All that shit the other night was worth it just for this. My love for Dave was reaching out as I pulled Dave down onto the bed and I ignored the shooting pain in my side. Dave looked a little stunned that I was reciprocating.

I just assumed that that was how it was done but he did not seem to be complaining. . .

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Mindy had squealed; *never* heard that before!

However, her smile was intoxicating - she must have been glad to see me. Damn! I had only intended to give her a kiss, to say that I was back; I had not expected Mindy to respond in kind. To be honest, I had actually expected a bitch-slap for kissing her. Now, she was pulling me down onto the bed, beside her. . . I had just arrived from New York and it was almost one in the morning which was not exactly the time for that sort of thing, but hey, she seemed happy to see me which had to be good . . . right?

"Hi, gorgeous," I said, gazing down into her green eyes. God, I loved those eyes.

We kept kissing each other, until we both fell asleep.

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I woke up around eleven, later that morning.

I must have really been tired. Mindy was still asleep, beside me - so I prodded her awake.

"What?" Mindy grumbled, as she came awake.

"Time to get out of this dump, gorgeous," I said and I smiled into her green eyes as they fluttered open.

"What?" Mindy, repeated.

"I have booked us into a hotel. Then you can heal somewhere clean and a little more hygienic," I replied as I looked around the room with disgust.

"A hotel?" Mindy asked.

"Yes, a hotel. Then we can start looking for a proper place to live," I suggested.

"We?" Mindy responded.

"Am I going to get more than one or two words out of you?" I laughed. "Yes 'we'. You and me. Dave and Mindy. Kick-Ass and Hit Girl."

"Let's go!" Mindy said excitedly as she jumped out of bed and grabbed her clothes in a show of unbridled excitement!

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We cleared out Mindy's dingy room, which did not take very long, and I threw her bag into the back of the car.

"Please, tell me that isn't the 'Mist Mobile'," Mindy groaned, when she saw the car.

"It *is* the 'Mist Mobile' but now it's yours. I needed transport and this thing was available, so I bought it. We need to get it resprayed *and* renamed, though," I explained.

"Okay. Been a while since I was last in it, but then I suppose I was the last person in it," Mindy said, offhandedly.

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We checked in at the hotel and went up to our room which was enormous and *much* cleaner than the previous place = which wasn't exactly hard.

"Is my suitcase a bit lighter now?" Mindy asked, as she looked around the plushly decorated and furnished room.

"Only a little," I said, apprehensively.

"It's okay, Dave. I'm just fuckin' with ya!" Mindy giggled.

Mindy giggled - that was new, too.

"Let's get that bandage changed. Go get a shower - you really need one - and I'll put a fresh bandage on," I suggested as I threw a towel at Mindy who scowled.

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Twenty minutes later, I heard the bathroom door open, behind me.

"I'm ready, Dave," I heard Mindy say, in a rather seductive voice, which was a surprise in itself.

"Okay," I replied as I got up from the couch, turned around, and then received the shock of my life.

Holy fuck!

Before me was the most beautiful sight which I had ever seen. Mindy stood in the bathroom doorway and she leaned casually against the doorframe. She was smirking. She also looked more than a little bit shy. Above all, she was *completely* naked!

"Mindy, what the hell has gotten into you?" I exclaimed. "I'm not complaining, but wow!"

My brain was not the only thing that was saying 'wow', right at that moment.

"Like what you see, Kick-Ass!" Mindy growled, somewhat seductively and she stared, wide-eyed, at the growing bulge in my trousers.

After a few quick steps, I swept her up and dumped her on the bed. I rapidly applied a fresh dressing to her wound, which had begun to heal reasonably well and did not need a bandage anymore. After that, I could think of only one other thing to do. So, as I stared into those stunning green eyes, I pulled off my shirt and trousers, before I lay down next to Mindy and pulled her towards me for a kiss.

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I had *absolutely* no idea what made me pose naked for Dave.

I'd never, ever, done anything like it, before. However, what a fucking turn on. Not just for me, but apparently, I turned Dave on, too. He kissed me and I squirmed, the feelings that coursed through me were like electric shocks. They seemed to originate from between my legs before they moved up my body to my breasts. From there they headed for my brain. The sensation was totally new to me - I had not felt so alive as I did at that moment.

Dave's kissing; his tongue . . . wow! Then his hands started to explore. I was starting to feel a little nervous. How far was I going to let Dave go? How far did Dave *want* to go? Oh, well, I supposed that I was committed. . . I squealed! Dave had just touched a nipple. I squealed, again, as Dave touched the other nipple. Damn, they were *very* sensitive! I hoped that I could satisfy Dave; I knew my tits were not very big, especially when compared to his previous conquests. Mind you, he seemed to be enjoying himself at the . . . Fuck! Oh, Fuck! Those damn electric shocks; they were out of fucking control!

I could feel one of Dave's hands, as it moved down across my stomach and the nervousness was back as his fingers continued south. I felt his fingers as they moved through my pubic hair and searched, before

they found. . . Wow! Oh, Wow! I felt very damp, between my legs: was that normal? Dave didn't appear to mind! I could not help but wonder if a certain *something else* could give me more enjoyment than Dave's fingers, but that needed more thought - before I went *that far*. I could feel my muscles start to contract and I felt myself starting to shake; I was losing control of my limbs. Damn . . . the electric shocks were completely immobilising me.

Dave suddenly lay back, away from me, as I pulled my legs up to my chest to ride out the shocks that coursed through my body. I could not breathe, for what seemed like hours . . . then I screamed; I could not stop myself as I took in huge lungfuls of air.

"Fuuuuck!" I exclaimed, once I could finally breathe again.

*My first fucking orgasm!*

"You enjoyed, that, didn't you?" Dave asked as he grinned at me.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" I asked as I produced an embarrassed giggle. "That was . . . unbelievable!"

"Glad you liked it," Dave commented. "First orgasm?"

"Fuck, yeah!" I replied, with another embarrassed giggle.

Dave pulled me to him and he started to kiss me. I could feel a part of him prodding my stomach so I reached down and I pushed my hand into his shorts. . . Wow! It was both soft but very hard and it felt almost hot to the touch. I could hear the catches in Dave's breath, each time I caressed him. I felt pleased . . . I was pleased that I could pleasure him just as much as he had pleased me. I kept rubbing and touching - it fascinated me; it was my first cock! I pulled everything out and I gently ran my hands around, causing Dave to start moaning.

A thought suddenly came to me. I had done a lot of things, way out of character over the past few days; so why not something else, I thought! Without further conscious thought, I dived down the bed and grabbed Dave in my mouth, sucking and licking him.

Dave just muttered, "Oh fuck!"

I continued with my ministrations and then suddenly, I heard Dave shout out.

"Oh, shit, I. . ."

Then, seconds later, I felt a hot substance hit the back of my throat and I leapt back, but not before I received another dose, directly in my face and then onto my chest. I swallowed some and spat the rest. I felt something dribbling, very slowly, down my face. It felt . . . I had no idea . . . it felt . . . icky. My hand, which had not let go of Dave, was covered in a sticky, gooey, mess.

Dave just lay there, breathing heavily, unable to say anything. I started to giggle which turned into laughter as all the time I

stared at the stuff on my hand. I always thought that such degrading behaviour was something completely gross. Now, though, it felt . . . I did not know . . . erotic? Was that the word? Whatever, I really fucking enjoyed it. The taste was a bit weird, though . . . but I would do it again in a heartbeat! I grabbed some tissues from beside the bed and I had a go at cleaning myself off. Dave looked up and the fucker laughed.

"You look a little sticky, Mindy!" Dave commented, with a smirk as he watched me wiping the area in between my breasts which passed as cleavage.

"You could have fucking hinted about . . . this stuff," I growled, indicating the sticky stuff, currently dribbling down my body.

"Sorry!" Dave laughed with very little sincerity. "You caused it!"

"I suppose, I did!" I agreed.

"Thanks, Mindy. I really do love you," Dave said, giving me a kiss, *after* I had wiped my face.

"I love you, Dave," I replied. "But right now, I need another fucking shower!"

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