

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

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Day 74

## **Chicago**

### **Sunday**

I felt myself being shaken, violently and it hurt.

A high-pitched squeal reached my ears . . . it fucking hurt, too.

"You knew!" Mindy squealed loudly, and then she kissed me.

I looked at the clock.

"For *fuck's sake*, Mindy. Just because you are sixteen, *does not* mean you can wake me up at six o'clock in the fucking morning!" I growled.

Mindy jumped off me and ran into the living room. I decided that I was not going to get any more sleep, so I got up and walked to the kitchen for a coffee. On the way, I noticed a destroyed, purple present, on the couch. Mindy had obviously found my present - three, titanium, 6.5-inch, throwing knives.

"Hello, birthday girl!" I called.

Mindy turned and I swore that she could have been a fucking eleven-year-old. She had this enormous grin and she looked so fucking happy. Mindy ran towards me and she jumped up with her legs wrapped around me. She proceeded to kiss me.

Finally, she said, "Thank you for the knives; I love them. I really do. And thank you for knowing about my birthday."

"You know, I want nothing more than to make you happy," I mumbled back.

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Around nine, we went out and had a 'birthday' breakfast. Mindy was still feeling giddy.

We walked around Chicago, getting to know the neighbourhoods and streets. We were learning what and who were associated with the seedier side of Chicago. Mindy called them potential targets - amongst another dubious comments. After lunch, we returned to the apartment where I turned to Mindy and checked my watch.

"Oh, by the way, I have a surprise for you," I said.

"Tell me or I rip your throat out!" Mindy shot back, excitedly.

My cell rang. I tossed it at Mindy and she caught it, looking confused.

"Answer it, dumbass!" I suggested.

"Hello?" Mindy asked, hesitantly. "Marcus!"

The smile on Mindy's face was enormous, so I left Mindy as she chatted to Marcus.

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Almost an hour later, Mindy handed back my phone. There were tears in her eyes, tears of joy.

"Thank you, Dave," Mindy said, giving me a kiss.

"Everything okay?" I asked.

"Yeah. It was great to talk to Marcus; I did kinda run out on him," Mindy said. "He still has that damn swear jar, though."

"You had a swear jar?" I asked, incredulously. "What was it? A fifty-gallon drum?"

"You saying I have a *small* problem with profanity?" Mindy said, trying to keep a straight face, but she still chuckled.

"*Small!*" I exclaimed.

"You bastard," Mindy said and laughed. "Thank you for today."

"Anything, for the girl I love," Dave said.

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I was struggling.

"I want you . . . Dave . . . I want you to be . . . to be my first. . ."

I felt myself get hot as I blushed furiously and I could not continue. Luckily, Dave understood what I was getting at.

"That's a *big* decision to make, Mindy. Are you *absolutely* sure? I definitely wouldn't say no; I love you, but that is why I'm asking, because I *do* love you," Dave cautioned.

I blushed again and I felt all warm and tingly inside. That confirmed it for me - Dave *was* the right guy; he *cared*. He really cared and he really cared about *me*! Dave was the only person alive, who did not care if I was Hit Girl or Mindy Macready; he cared for me whoever I was.

"I want it now, Dave," I said, impatiently, as I looked into his hypnotic, blue eyes.

It was there. I could see the happiness, the love, the desire. The desire for *me*!

I squealed!

"Are you sure? I know you're sixteen - still not legal - but I suppose, how many of the things we have done together were legal?" Dave asked.

"Yes. It feels right," I replied as I smiled up at Dave with a very suggestive expression.

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We started on the couch, where we kissed passionately.

Dave pulled off my shirt then my bra and he gently teased my nipples with his fingers. Oh, God, the electric shocks again - they ran down my body towards my crotch. My breathing started to hitch. It felt so good, damn him! His lips caressed my neck, tickling me as they moved over my skin, towards what passed as my cleavage. The lips moved down and stopped at my breast before pouncing on my right nipple with a vengeance. The electric shocks were almost unbearable. I could feel his hand on my stomach and I shuddered at his touch.

I squealed!

I could not help it; Dave kept pressing buttons and things happened, for fuck's sake. The electric shocks were getting worse, but they felt so good.

"More! More!" I shouted, without realising it.

I bit my lip and felt a bit embarrassed.

"You want more?" Dave responded, enthusiastically.

Dave picked me up and he carried me through to the bedroom. Somewhere along the way, my pants vanished, before Dave dropped me on the bed.

"Do you want Mindy or Hit Girl, tonight?" I asked.

"They are both the same to me," Dave replied nonchalantly.

I loved this man; he saw me for what I was. He saw me as both Mindy *and* Hit Girl; he did not distinguish between the two. Dave kicked off his shoes then pulled off his shirt and trousers before jumping on top of me and he started to kiss me from my forehead, past my chest and stomach, down to my. . .

I yelped; a rather strange noise to make, I thought, under the circumstances. I felt my panties slide down my legs. Dave was kissing me and his tongue was doing something wonderful. The electric shocks got faster and much closer together. I started to thrash about on the bed. My fists were clenched and I could not keep my hips still. I could not fucking breathe. Suddenly, my legs came up to my chest and I hugged them tightly. I felt like I was having a fucking seizure, every part of my pelvic region burned. I screamed and I took in a breath of air. Damn those orgasms!

"Bloody Hell!" I shouted. "Again!"

Was I fucking *serious*! Those orgasms felt like they could kill!

Dave had found my only weakness!

"Again?" Dave asked with a smirk.

"Fuck me, Dave! I want you, in me!" I begged. "Please!"

"You're absolutely sure?" Dave asked, seriously.

"Fucking stick it in me, Ass-Kick!" I growled and I laughed.

Dave reached over and he opened the drawer, beside the bed. He brought out a condom; it was green!

"Sorry, I couldn't find purple," Dave said, apologetically.

"Close enough; looks like Kick-Ass!" I said and I giggled uncontrollably.

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I pulled Dave's shorts off and I helped roll the condom onto him - it was my first condom.

I was feeling apprehensive at that moment. What was this going to feel like? That was quite a big thing to stick inside me: would it fit? Would it hurt? I did not believe that I still had a hymen left, due to all the gymnastics and martial arts over the preceding decade.

Dave lay down on top of me and he gently inserted himself as I spread my legs for him. It felt . . . I was not sure . . . it felt like nothing I had ever experienced and it felt good. I felt no pain as he eased fully inside me. Good, cherry already popped! One less worry. It started to feel good, the more he moved and the faster he moved. My breathing started to hitch again. The electric shocks began again, originating at my crotch and rushing up to my breasts, as Dave massaged them with his fingers. I squealed, out of control, and then I started to squeal non-stop.

God, I must have sounded ridiculous. Nevertheless, damn it, it was worth it. The shocks started coming closer together. Dave was groaning and his eyes were tight shut. My fists were clenched and pounding his back, hard. Dave went faster and harder; the shocks became faster and sharper. I started to get short of breath and I could not focus on anything, but surviving the sheer enjoyment of what was happening to my body.

Suddenly Dave froze as I felt him pulsing inside me - then the orgasm hit. It hit full fucking strength and way stronger than any that I had experienced to that point.

"Fuck! Fuck! I can't. . ." I screamed.

Dave collapsed on top of me and he rolled off to one side. I felt a tremor inside me as he pulled out. The electric shocks were still strong. I did not know if I was going to be able to survive the

sensations but it felt so good, so fucking good. Dave, what the fuck have you done to me? I could not fucking move; my legs were numb and my crotch was on fire. My heart was pounding, pounding for Dave. I clenched my eyes shut, tight, to ride out the shocks that still coursed through me body which was used to many things but not limb shattering orgasms.

"You bastard!" It was all that I could say . . . once I was capable of speech.

"Huh?" Dave muttered as he breathed heavily.

"You fucking almost killed me! Fuck it was good! I never fucking knew!" I stammered.

Dave leaned over and he kissed me before he pulled the duvet up over us. I turned and smiled at him. I could look straight at him in bed, unlike when he was standing up. I kissed him back. Disjointed sentences started spilling from my mouth.

"Thank you for everything, Dave. I owe you my life. I don't deserve a man like you. You are too good to me. I'm sorry for treating you like shit, for so long," I said with an apologetic tone.

"Are you talking like a bitch? Because, I remember someone a few months back telling me what happens, if you talk like a bitch!" Dave said with an evil smirk.

"I can't believe you'd use that against *me!*" I groaned as I laughed hard.

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We just lay in the bed and rested.

I thought Mindy had enjoyed herself.

Mindy turned to me.

"I want you to be my partner, Dave; you are more than capable and those abs are to die for!" she said with a brief giggle.

I blushed a little but nowhere near as much as Mindy blushed. She was really hot when she blushed and I loved it when she went all shy, not to mention when she talked about my body.

"We *have* to make this work," I responded. "Yes, I want to be your partner."

"I want you to be an *equal* partner, Dave - none of this *Robin* crap. I may be NFL, but I think you aren't too far behind. I want a partner to respect me as I respect them. If I fuck up, I want you to tell me I fucked up. If you fuck up, I will tell you the same."

"Nothing new there," I quipped.

Mindy glared at me and she scowled.

"I love you, when you scowl," I needled. "So, if I tell you that you fucked up, you won't hit me?"

"I promise, I will try not to hit you," Mindy growled in reply.

"Growling does not work with me. You should know that by now," Dave continued.

"Okay, Ass-Kick," Mindy smirked back at me.

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*Updated: September 2017*