

Thursday, December 17th, 2013

Just over one week later

We had the house!

Did I say, we had the house? I was over the fucking moon - Dave said I was giddy with excitement, maybe I was, but for fucking good reason! The builders started work directly. They would stop over Christmas, but they hoped to be completed towards the end of the first or second week in January. We had asked for half of the basement to be walled off and kitted out as a panic room with a secure, and hidden, access door. The ceiling and walls of the room, would also be reinforced. We already had discreet internal and external CCTV throughout the property, thanks to the previous owners. The builders would install similar exercise mats to those that we had at Safehouse C, to the main area of the lower level of the house. The 'panic room' and the associated lower level training area would also get the same wall storage as the Safehouse too. We intended to use the 'panic room' as a secure armoury and as somewhere to keep our combat suits and any other illegal, vigilante related items, safe. The front, side, and back external doors to the property would also be upgraded and reinforced.

The lower level would be really cool, when it was finished. Not only would it have sufficient space for a large training mat and other training equipment, there was also a shower, a small kitchen, a steam room as well as a sauna, not to mention the main laundry room. Speedy would have a space in the garage and we had plenty of room on the main level. There was a living room and dining room, as well as a family room, and an office. The kitchen had a large counter for eating. Dave and I had never lived in such a house like this one before; it was huge and very luxurious. Luckily, the previous owners had left plenty of furniture, which was a big help.

Once the builders had finished, Dave would move all his gear from New York, along with *selected items* from Safehouse C.

I walked around the new house with Mindy, that morning.

I had to admit, the house would do us really well. We now had a *permanent* base in Chicago. We had bought the house for a lot less than it was worth and that small fact had allowed the budget to go a *lot* further. I particularly loved the enormous master bedroom; it had an enormous hot tub. Mindy said that she wanted to start doing some real cooking, once we moved in, and this worried me a bit as I knew that Mindy could not cook . . . at all. Up until then, we had been eating takeaways and whatever fitted into the microwave. I had cooked a few things, but not very much. We would just see what happened, I supposed. Mindy's insistence on cooking had mostly stemmed from a few weeks previously, when I *did* cook and we had pizza. Only it was not *quite* what Mindy had expected.

"What the *fuck* is that?" Mindy had exclaimed as she looked down at her plate. "You said we were having pizza."

"It's a *Chicago* pizza, Mindy," I replied with a smirk, expecting trouble.

Mindy was *not* a big one for change.

"It is *not* a fucking pizza; it's deeper than most swimming pools . . . and it looks like a fucking casserole!" Mindy ranted. "I'm from fucking New York - I want a proper fucking pizza, cunt!"

"You finished!" I asked and just laughed.

Mindy had *not* finished - not by a long shot; she was just getting warmed up.

"The fucking sauce is *on top*, for God's sake!" Mindy continued. "My God, I've gone to the dark side! You should be ashamed of yourself, too, Dave; you're a fuckin' New Yorker for fuck's sake!"

"You sound like Jon Stewart," I quipped.

t was safer just to let her rant, so I just ate my pizza and listened to Mindy.

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I was looking forward to Christmas morning as I had a *big* surprise, or two, in store for Mindy . . . both with the help of Marcus. The plan was to spend Christmas Eve in the new house.

The builders would finish on the twenty-third and start again on the twenty-seventh, which gave us some time... Together!

Tuesday, December 24th
Christmas Eve

West Columbia

We moved into the new house on Christmas Eve, as planned.

Mindy was all giddy! Did I say that Mindy was all giddy? It was actually a great feeling. We had left *Speedy* parked in the garage and then come into a lovely warm, cosy house. The builders were well advanced with the basement and they had almost completed the lower level, in fact, the mat was actually ready to be used and we looked forward to testing it out. For the moment, though, we had the place to ourselves. Mindy went around every room, checking into every corner and every cupboard.

That afternoon we changed and we went to try out the mat.

Dave and I faced each other, at each end of the mat.

Neither of us moved, we just looked at one another.

"Well, who's going first?" Dave asked.

"I'll let the pussy, go first," I smirked.

"Off you go then," Dave suggested and he grinned smugly.

The fucking cunt!

He was winding me up, *on purpose*. I would teach him to wind me up and, at the same time, I would remind the green asshole who the fucking boss was! I started to move towards Dave and he started coming towards me. I waited until Dave had covered most of the distance to the centre of the mat, before I flew at him, executing my carefully planned assault. I raised my leg towards his shoulder, then reached out for his arm - I *had* intended to execute a flying arm bar and bring him down *hard* . . . only Dave, apparently, had other ideas.

Suddenly, and completely unexpectedly, my world turned upside down as Dave kept his elbows in and he grabbed my hips, then twisted *me* and put *me* down, very hard! The air was knocked out of my lungs and the next thing I knew, Dave had me pinned to the mat. He had executed an almost perfect defeat of my flying arm bar attack . . . I was shocked, stunned even!

Nobody had ever beaten me when I used that attack - that bitch Mother fucking Russia did not fucking count! I was furious, more with myself for having let myself be put down, than with Dave for beating me. How the *fuck* could he have known *what* I was going to attack him *with*? He was getting good, *too* fucking good! I had spent *months* feeling sorry for myself in a dingy shithole in Chicago while Dave had obviously spent months bettering himself.

Fuck me, I was the fucking loser now. I had just had my ass handed to *me*, just like I always did with Dave. I did not like being on the receiving end - talk about a dented ego! Then it occurred to me . . . I had noticed something in Dave's eye, just before I had attacked. The bastard wound me up and he had known that I would try a flying arm bar attack, just to get my own back on him: the cunt knew me too fucking well!

"Let me the *fuck up*!" I growled at Dave; I tried to be angry, but I just giggled instead.

Dave released me and he stood back so I could get back onto my feet. He still smiled, smugly.

"How the *fuck* did you know *how* to do that?" I asked Dave.

"I've been practicing that manoeuvre for a while; months ago, but I've had nobody to try it out on. Besides, I knew you wouldn't break!" Dave said, meekly.

"Congratulations, Dave - you beat Hit Girl! Not many people manage that. However, being reminded that I am *not* invincible, from time to time, is a good thing, I suppose," I replied.

I smiled and felt very impressed, but tried not to show it, so I just punched Dave, reasonably hard, in the upper arm.

"Do that again and I rip your fucking throat out!" I growled at Dave, but I could not stop smiling.

"Ego healing, bitch?" Dave asked, with an annoyingly knowing smile.

"Yeah, cunt!" I replied, then gave Dave a big kiss.

"I love you, too," Dave said, as he swept my feet out from under me and dumped me on my backside, none too gently!

"Fucking cunt!" I yelled out, but then I leapt up and flew at Dave.

I started small. I let Dave defeat my attacks, then I started to move faster and harder. Dave was actually holding his own, very well, but I was determined *not* to be put down again. I put Dave down several times, but he managed to put me down, too; at least three fucking times! We continued to spar for another twenty minutes, but then I called it a day and rubbed my chest where Dave had kicked me, earlier on. Dave's stamina impressed me, just as much as his strength. Dave was capable of pushing on, despite feeling tired, plus he was able to put considerable strength and weight behind his attacks. That had resulted in the rather vicious kick to my chest which had put me down and winded me for a few minutes. Dave was very apologetic, but I told him to stop being such a pussy and that I had had worse fucking bruises.

I had to admit that Dave had finally made it to the NFL!

Dave suggested that we try out the new sauna and steam room, both of which he had turned on earlier in the day.

I thought that that would be a great idea and I rather shocked Dave, again, too: I stripped off all my clothes and dove into the very steamy, steam room! Dave dumped his own clothes and he followed me into the swirling steamy mists. We cuddled up on the wooden bench; thankfully Dave had thought to put towels down as the wood was very warm.

Dave's hands started to wander which was somewhat enjoyable in my sweaty, naked state. My own hands wandered too and I started to rub things. One thing ultimately led to another and we started to kiss and stimulate one another. Eventually it got *too* fucking warm so we left the steam room and rolled around on towels that we had spread out on the mat. Dave then produced one of his green condoms from his seemingly inexhaustible supply; well, we had to thoroughly test the mat somehow. . .

Twenty minutes later, I felt very satisfied, both inside and out as I struggled to get some sort of feeling back into my overly-stimulated lower regions. My hands shook and I was still breathing heavily from the major orgasm which I had just endured. Dave was also breathing like a fish out of water and he lay flat on his back. I really did love Dave; he really knew which buttons to press, again and again. Unfortunately, the shower in the basement was only big enough for one person which was very annoying; so, we bolted upstairs - still naked - to make use of the much larger shower in our bedroom.

Forty minutes later, we both felt much cleaner and even more satisfied, if that were actually possible. Twice, in one afternoon was definitely a record for me: I did not think that I would be able to walk straight for several days, though. We had *proper* pizza, that evening, not that Chicago crap that *thinks* it is a pizza and we went to bed early.

For some reason we were both very tired!

Updated: September 2017