

Tuesday, December 31st, 2013
New Year's Eve

Christmas was over.

Not a bad thing, really, as Mindy had actually calmed down, quite a bit. It was New Year's Eve. We had considered going out, but had decided to stay in and enjoy ourselves, instead, in every possible way. The builders had been back in between Christmas and New year and they had finished most of their work. They would be back on the second of January and they expected to be finished by the Friday.

I had arranged for both of us to hire a U-Haul truck, at the weekend, and we would go get what was needed from the New York Safehouses.

West Columbia

The day was fun.

Now the lower level was finished, we were able to use *all* the exercise equipment which included the punch bag and two treadmills. Dave managed to sabotage my treadmill which kept accelerating, slowly, but surely. Therefore, I was completely exhausted after we had spent time on the mat, time pounding the bag, and time spent on the treadmills. Dave though, was *not* exhausted and he wanted to play. Honestly, I *did not* have the energy to stop him, so he practically stripped me naked and started doing the most wonderful things to me by exhausted body. I was not complaining or anything, but I was getting even more exhausted, what with the orgasms. Yes *orgasms*, plural; Dave was very good to me. It was a shame that I was physically incapable of easily returning the favour, but I needed to at least get some feeling back into my arms before I could do that.

Anyway, by ten minutes to midnight, we were lying in bed, having had a very passionate hour or so. I really was incapable of moving and Dave's supply of green condoms was reduced by one. Dave himself was flagging a bit now too as I had remembered that my mouth could help where my hands could not.

We sat on the end of the bed and casually watched the countdown on the TV.

Once the countdown got to 'one', a naked Mindy dived on top of me and yelled 'Happy New Year' at the top her voice, followed by a very deep and passionate kiss.

When we separated, I responded with a 'Happy New Year' of my own, before I flipped her over and returned the kiss, plus something else wrapped in green which caused Mindy's eyes to bulge out.

Wednesday, January 1st, 2014
New Year's Day

Now, that was a damn good way to start the New Year.

It had just occurred to me that at that time, the previous year, I was still very much a virgin and I had never even kissed a boy. I had not even wanted to kiss a boy; not until I saw that stupid 'Union J' thing with those evil bitches. My life had *really* changed over the past twelve months. Okay, I went through a *lot* of shit, including that fight at the warehouse alongside Justice Forever. Then, my escape from New York to Chicago, my weeks of sinking into a feral lifestyle, before yet again, I was saved.

I owed my life to one person and one person only, at that point.

I owed my life to Dave Lizewski.

The one person in my life who got me. The guy who had fucked me, both sides of midnight. The guy who had pressed all my buttons, a few short hours before - last year. The guy who was lying beside me, snoring.

"Ass-Kick!" I yelled as I prodded Dave awake.

Dave awoke and he instantly wrapped his arms around me, in a bear hug, and he held me tight. I could not fucking move. Then I felt a finger, moving slowly up my side; it tickled. I started to giggle, the giggle gave way to laughter, and I could not stop. I tried to swear at him, but I could not produce any coherent sounds. It did not help that Dave was whispering wonderful things into my ear which just made things happen down below and those feelings then clashed with the other feelings that were moving throughout my body from the tickling and the whispering.

When I could not take anymore, I forced my way out of Dave's arms and just lay there panting. Dave stared down at me with an insane grin. He was staring into my eyes and I was sinking into his fathomless blue eyes. I could see his desire and his deep love for me. I could never be separated from Dave, not ever. I really could not believe that I was ever able to live without Dave, both around me, as well as inside me. My God, what was going on with my mind?

I know, I have a not-so-clean vocabulary, but my mind was generally, well. . . out of the gutter. I never used to have thoughts like those, never. Again, I supposed, it had all started that night of the sleepover. I was not complaining, far from it, as I did enjoy those thoughts - I was a dirty bitch, after all.

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Oh, crap!

Dave's hands were wandering again! This *had* to stop; my body *could not* take any more of it. I was so wound up; I thought that my next fucking orgasm could go off like a nuclear bomb and fucking rip me

apart. I rolled over onto my front and Dave looked a bit unhappy with that.

"I can't take anymore! Hit Girl is completely wiped the fuck out!" I groaned.

"Is it a happy Hit Girl?" Dave asked, grinning.

"Fuck yeah!" I exclaimed with another giggle as I reached over and pulled him into a deep kiss.

We lay there for another hour and exchanged strange, disjointed sentences that did not really make any sense.

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"I'm hungry!" I said finally and sat up.

"Oh, yes! Ready to go again?" Dave responded and he also sat up.

"For food . . . food!" I exclaimed.

"Okay! I could do with some, too," Dave acknowledged.

I could barely move; my joints were still sore and as for my crotch, well. . . I made it downstairs after getting dressed with Dave's help. It was almost noon, so while Dave put the coffee on, I called Marcus.

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"Happy New Year, Marcus!" I yelled down the phone.

"Happy New Year, to you, Mindy!" Marcus replied with a chuckle. "Did you and Dave have a good evening?"

"Oh, yes! We. . .," I started, then I felt a bit embarrassed as I remembered what we had been doing. "You don't wanna know."

"Oh, a bit of that. I see. No, I *don't* want to know!" Marcus said, sternly.

He sounded a little embarrassed, too.

I watched Mindy on the phone to Marcus.

I saw her blush, badly.

I think Marcus must have asked her what we had done that previous night. Oh, that was so good, last night . . . and this morning. I thought that I got Mindy really, really, wound up. I had a lot fun and I think Mindy did, too. I shoved a cup of coffee in front of her and I started to cook a very late breakfast. The rest of the day was spent resting and recuperating, as we needed to be fit for moving kit out of New York at the weekend.

Plus, we needed to start the year off kicking some real criminal butt.

Updated: September 2017