Dean heard Sophie's shout followed by since the incident at the party, and he hadn't seen Sophie since. Maybe she only saw Dean, or perhaps she saw Dean. Sophie's head hit the floor. Dean had continued his exercise, and so jumped out my backpack and started to lift it up with my things.

I was in the middle of packing my bags when Dean walked in, pausing in the door.

"Where the fuck are you going?"

"Back to the dorms," I shrugged, not stopping. I was folding a pair of jeans when he responded.

"You let his pics were ?"

"You know I paid good money for that dorm, right?" I pointed out, still not stopping my movements. Technically, it was the government's money but I still had to pay it back.

"I don't care. You're not going."

"I had to pay. I mean, I'm controlled. Dean. Besides, nothing is going to happen to me at school."

"Fuck you. I know that such in a case where you could be in danger. Unpack your bags, please. I'm making dinner."

"No." I ground out.

"No?"

"No," I repeated, turning around to face him. The look in his eyes made me want to kiss him hard, but I was annoyed at him. "This isn't your choice to make."

"The fuck is it?" he exclaimed before pausing, lowering it knowing I didn't like it when people yelled. "You are not going back when you're injured and can't defend yourself."

"I've been defending myself just fine," I ran ed.

"Sophie."

"Well, you're not telling me what to do."

"I don't want that fucker anywhere near you."

"Possessive," I smirked.

"Why are you acting so nonchalantly about this? You can barely hold yourself up, how the fuck do you expect to ward him o ?"

His ability to not see that I could handle it had me grinding my teeth, now angry that he was right.

"You talk a lot for someone who can't do shit, Dean. Looks like sitting around silent and brooding isn't doing you any good because you keep looking sulking."

"Fuck you, Sophie."

I scowled. "Fuck you back, Dean."

"I thought that's what you wanted?" He took a step forward. "To be fucked by me?"

"What? You want me to admit that I want to fuck you so I'll slap? Is that what we're doing now?"

"No, what we're doing is being dinner. Dinner that's just ready. Dinner that if we don't eat, will get cold." He took another step forward. I didn't budge, seeing him knowingly.

"Or what?" I laughed. "You're not gonna do shit if I leave."

"You really wanna test me, Sweetheart?"

My mouth got dryer on the word. Sweetheart. My name yet name for me. I'd admit, it did get me a little flustered however I tried to act unbothered. Stepping forward, I looked up at him. My hands reached his chest, running down his body until I reached his jeans. Hooking my hands around the belt loops, I tugged him towards me, leaning intuitive if he was distracted enough, I could slip out the door.

"What, Dean? What the fuck are you going on?" I mumbered, keeping eye contact.

His chest his head at me, amused. "You know," he started. "You look so pretty when you're mad."

His hands came down to hold onto my waist, not firmly but just enough to make it clear I couldn't move. I smirked to myself, seeing through his ploy to keep me from leaving. Dean's hands on my hips. Our lips would touch if one of us moved. He was a smart flying, one his mouth curled what I was doing.

"I'm not gonna do anything." He said simply.

"Why? Not man enough, Dean? Are you scared you can't fuck me right?"

That made him smile even wider. His right hand sliding up my body to cup my jaw, thumb brushing back and forth over my bottom lip before gently pushing it inside.

"No," he hummed. "I'm not ashamed of my fucking abilities. I'm being nice about this, so, for I don't want you jumping into something when you're literally just got out of a relationship."

"We were over a a the first year. It isn't my fault that I wasn't allowed to leave."

"I didn't mean it like that," he shook his head. "I want you to be a fucked person sure about this. I don't want to be some rebound, sight." Fair do this, it's real. It can go or slow as you want, but it's up to you."

"I'm a thousand percent sure, Dean. And you'll never be a rebound to me."

"I don't wanna hurt you," he frowned.

"Hurt me? You can't even kiss me." I tilted my head at him taunting. I then groaned, stepping on a knowing smile as he stared at me. "You want me to kiss you?"

"I want you to let me go back to the dorms."

"You can do it, Sweetheart." He murmured, relaxing the hair on my ponytail and pushing my back gently so I felt flat on the bed behind me. Dean knowing my to the signature smirk I had on my face and the stared down at me. I swallowed, waiting for his next move. My hair fell against the bed in waves, my heart hammering against my chest.

"Sit up."

I didn't comply on purpose which made his eyes darken.

"Sit the fuck up, Sophie."

My stomach jumped, following his orders as I slowly sat up. He bent down, sitting in his knees in front of me as his hands came to rest on my thighs. He was on the floor while I was on the bed, breath heavy with nothing but the thought of wanting to kiss him until I passed out.

His hands gave my thighs a small squeeze, his eyes knowingly slow as he drew small circles on my exposed skin. I was wearing shorts and a t-shirt which had found comfortable before, but now I was regretting them because I was more exposed for Dean to take.

He stroked my thighs, looking at me teasingly. "Would you mind if I ruined you tonight, Sophie?"

"Ruined me?" I breathed out.

He moved his hands up my thighs and under my shirt, halting one point it were my hand. I got to cover myself since I remember I had on wearing a bra underneath when he stops me, moving my hand to hold onto his shoulder as he leaned forward, capturing my mouth with his. I groaned, pushing into him as our connection sent shocks rights in between my thighs.

My arms around around his neck, pulling him closer, needing to feel all of him against me. He was hard and warm, his addicting smell making me pant him with need.

"Now, I'm not ruining you," he whispered, his arms around me as he pulls me to the floor with him. I'm sitting on his lap, still feeling the desperation of wanting to be closer to him. I wanted his to be stated by Dean, wanted him wrapped around me at all times, always.

"I am, Dean." He laughs, kissing me back with equal strength, he pushing my hair back from my face as I pulled his shirt over his head, pushing his pants down. I stood up, hand a lying fingers on the waist, accuses when he stopped, setting me back on the edge of the bed.

When I try and go back to him, he stops me, and I pull away to look at him face to face with confusion.

"Grow," his reminds me, breathless and I almost cursed at him for using that word. Through I refrained, understanding where he was coming from.

Slow, Slow, slow, am I wanted nothing more than to go fast with him.

I cup his face in my hands, eyeing his random lips before whispering, "You don't to fuck me today. But does that mean everything else is the table?"

"No," he whispers back. "We can still do other things..."

He captured my lips once more, getting me drunk a of his taste. God, he was so fucking pretty it was almost impossible to ignore. With a moan, I pulled him up so he was on the bed, his body over mine, his hands on my hips. His fingers in beside my head, leaning his weight on my body while his free hand starts to stroke my hair away from my face.

Dean, Dean, Dean. That was the only thing going through my mind at this moment. Have to fall, has his brains, has much I wanted him to just fuck me.

His hands finally reached the waistband of my shorts, pausing our makeout session to look at me for consent before he continued.

With a nod, he moves back on his knees, sitting back on his ass. His hands make the notion of pulling both my shorts and underwear down. It's a excruciatingly slow that I almost whine, needing his hands back on me again.

Once he slipped them, he leaned forward, pressing a ex kiss to my abdomen before making his way down. My hands come up to play with his hair, letting out a sigh at how so in. His mouth spoke in anticipation, his lips going down and towards the inside of my thigh. He continues his kissing, making me let out a noise of impatience.

I look down at him with heavy eyes, waiting.

"Fuck you," he breathes out "Fuck me how bad you want this."

"Please," I gasp. "I want it so bad."

"This is so wrong," he whispers. "But you must be aching for me, huh, sweetheart? Needing someone to fill you up right here. I can't have you unsatisfied, can I?" His innocent tone has me squeezing my legs together in order to feel a sense of relief, but his hands kept me from doing so. "No, " he continues, a smirk on his face. "I wouldn't do that to my pretty."

One of his fingers stroke me, not to much so to bring me pleasure but just so he can feel my. My thighs shake, feeling the tease of the comforter as I keep myself open for him to play with. He's slow on purpose, I know, but I'd rather drag it out with him than anyone else in the world.

"Fucking hell," he moves so he's hovering over me again. His lips find my neck, pressure gentle kisses there as he talks against my skin. "If I can make you come in the next two minutes, you'll fuck."

"That, that isn't fair."

"That fucking hurt." He thrusts, using my wetness to rub circles over my clit. The motion has me breathing not, eyes closing as I lock into him suddenly asking for more.

"Oh God," I cry out, my hands grabbing fistfuls of his shirt.

"You like that, don't you?" He leans in, making me shake.

I can only nod, wanting more than even to kiss him until I expodes. It's been so long since I've done anything sexual, too long but I was kind of glad I waited until I met Dean, no heart so full of content at him being my first in forever.

"Ever had your pretty pussy eaten out?" Fucking you over and over again with their fingers and tongue until you're lie. begging for their cock?"

That has me gasping for air, my mind not wring up any responses as he finally gives me what I want and takes a finger inside me. At first, he starts a slow, letting me get used to the intrusion but a an a few seconds he speeds up, my head rolling back in pleasure.

"Dean," I ragged on his name, needing him to kiss me again.

He ignored me, now adding a second finger and fucking me mercilessly, I expected Dean to go slow, calm and thorough but he was maddening. His silent brooding persona and his patience with me mislead the way he was in the bedroom.

I kept my eyes shut tight as I lands in the sensations, wanting nothing more than to fall deep into pleasure. Dean knows my lights before pulling away, not giving me what I want. "Open your eyes and look at me." I do as he asks, my eyes fluttering open to see him. Dean was looking down at me with a kiss. His eyes looked hungry, he looked going back to the same place before he finally, finally lets me kiss him. There was something so hot about laying here naked while Dean was fully clothed, fucking me to an. A felt proud and dirty at the same time, especially watching him work my cum into his mouth.

My lips fucked up, his right hand coming up to spike over my pelvis as he tenderly pushed down, working me further. "Dean" I cried out, feeling my orgasm coming, the pulses away from me, hard. Popping over his face as he gawks my reaction for when I come.

I can't do anything but come into his mouth, my hands shaking and desire that I whimper as he pushes another finger in. Three fingers, he was working me with three fingers now, I reach down, holding onto his wrist as I roll my hips in time with his thrusts.

"God, you look so pretty under me shaking and squirting with pleasure. Am I making you feel good, baby? Is that a for going away?" He coos his other hand to sit on my chi, my thighs falling open as my entire body shudders knowing what was about to come.

With a silent cry, my head falls back and I come. Dean pleasure wasting through my entire body as he continues to work me past my breaking point. It feels so good, almost endless, and that's how I want to be remain always.

"That's it, let all that, Sophie," he cooed, his voice was soothing while his hands were have, I was so overwhelmed, the stimulation leaving my brain fog.

When my body finally stops shaking he slowly removes his fingers, humming as he brings them over to his mouth to clean it my release. I could come again, watching that alone. Once he's done, he brings his head back down to kiss me, my eyes automatically closing as I kiss him back. I can taste myself on him, my hand coming up to tug on his hair. Rather than continue, he pauses, looking at me.

"God, you're precious," he whispers.

I could only blush up at him, so dazed with pleasure that a smile curves his lips.

He stared back down, watching me, "Don't have anything to say, huh Sophie? Where if all those words go from before?"

"I..."

"You..." He mocked, laughing down at me. His gaze travelled over my body, long like purly under his watch. His hands traced down, dipping inside my ponytail to stroke a few times before pulling out, my cum stringing from his fingers.

"So messy," he murmured. Fascinated.

"Look at you. Freshly fucked and dumped in a puddle of your own cum. You made such a mess, Sweetheart." He teased and I squeezed my legs together, forcing the way he was talking to me.

With another smile, he smoothly back my hair, keeping his hand cupping my jaw as he pressed his lips against mine again. His arms moves to wrap around my body, holding me to gently as his hands make more body, almost as if he was satisfied with just the touch of skin.

"You did such a good job," he leaned up, kissing my forehead. "I'm gonna go get something to clean you up, okay?"

I nodded, still not being able to form any words as I watched him slide o the bed.

Walking away to the bathroom, I laid there as his bed in contentment. I felt sore all over, cured and empty in a good way. Dean had come back with a washcloth in hand, wiping between my legs before helping me sit up.

"You're shivering," he whispered, rubbing his hands down my arms to warm me up.

"Cold, yes," I stuttered.

He was so gentle as he pulled a t-shirt over my head, it smelling exactly like him, letting me undressed from my shower, he helped me into bed, I was still feeling weak and a glass of water in my hand stopped me, finally laying me down against the pillows, kissing me kindly one last time.

"You rest for a bit, alright? I'm going to head up the hoot I made earlier and I'll bring it to you."

"Are we , don't you want to do sex, too?"

He shook his head, smiling up at me. "I'm alright, Sophie. Tonight is about you."

Before he could leave, I held onto his wrist, clearing my throat so by so I could talk.

"When you said you wanted us to go slow, did you mean you still wanted me as a friend?"

It was a reasonable question to ask, especially a an I know how rowdy people said anything in the hope of the moment. I focused myself for a disappointing answer, knowing I had to respect Dean whichever choice he made.

"It depends," he sat back down in front of me, taking my hand in his as he rubbed his thumb along my palm. "Do you want this to continue a or today?"

I lit up, trying to hide my glee as I nodded my head. He only smiled at my reaction, pressing a kiss to the back of my hand. "We still go slow though, okay? And if you ever want to stop, promise me you'll let me know."

I doubted that though for his piece of mind, I nodded, agreeing. With that I let him go, watching him walk over to the door before he paused, turning his head to look at me.

"By the way," He smirked, eyes falling onto my lips before moving back towards my eyes. "I win."