12 - Food 🗎 "So he sent you an email, is that right?" a "Yes, that's correct." I replied, fidgeting with the necklace around my neck. A er our talk yesterday, Dean had managed to convince me to try and file a restraining order against Devon. While we didn't have a confession and the text messages weren't confirmed to be from him, Dean said that the email could potentially be enough evidence since it included a picture of me battered and bruised on our kitchen floor along with an email they could easily trace. a "Would you mind forwarding it to us at..." The operator rattled o an email I could reach her at and I proceeded to do as she says, my hands slightly shaking as I was once again, confronted with my past. Devon had connections, I had already known this much. Combining that with the amount of money he has, his power over me is terrifyingly more significant, however I wasn't just going to sit around waiting for his attack. I needed to establish a routine of reporting him to the police in case the restraining order didn't work, so they had a file in hand in case anything happened to me. Dean was out getting groceries, needing to restock his fridge and I had finally called Alex earlier a er I noticed her string of texts, letting her know I was alright. Because I had missed class all of last week, I was stuck on catching up with homework and new topics discussed, Dean telling me we had a quiz the next day for a case study we had discussed in class "Alright Mrs. Adam, are you okay with coming down to the station for a medical examination?" I paused, my breath becoming shaky and my hands gripped the edges of my skirt, fisting the material. I kept repeating the same chant in my head, praying it would process to my brain and calm myself down. He can't hurt you anymore. He can't hurt you anymore. He can't hurt you anymore. "Yeah, sure. Um...can I ask what goes down in an examination? Are you...will you be doing any specific tests?" She confirmed, telling me because I filed for physical abuse and not rape, she wasn't required to do any tests down there. Rather, she was going to take pictures of my body along with a computed tomography (CT scan) in order to examine just how bad the injuries were. If I required it, she was going to send me to the doctors in order for further testing. "Would you like to do a rape kit?" She asked, most likely wondering why I asked her about other tests and I declined, not needing one anyway. Thankfully, Devon never went that far, only resorting to physical, verbal, and emotional abuse for power. a With that information, we said our goodbyes and I hung up the phone, laying my forehead on my arm as I let out a long sigh. I heard Dean enter and didn't bother looking up at him, trying to get used to the idea of having someone other than Dean or Alex see my body in such a deformed way. "Sophia?" His voice rang around his apartment. He walked over to the kitchen, setting the groceries down, washing his hands thoroughly before applying a soothing hand on my back. "Are you alright?" "No," I muttered, li ing my head up as I turned and gave him a sad look. "They want me to come down to the station for a medical examination." Dean sat down beside me, giving me his full attention. "You don't have to do it if you're not ready." He said so ly. "I know," I frowned. Tears welled in my eyes and I sighed in frustration. "Sorry, I'm being dramatic I don't even know why I'm "Hey," Dean called out. "Don't apologize for crying. This is a hard situation for you, alright? Take as much time as you need." a "I can't wait too long or else the evidence will be gone." My voice cracked. a He paused, his mouth downturning as his fists clenched before he released them, letting out a sigh. "I hate that your body is evidence. I hate that you have to do this at all." I didn't say anything, knowing that I'd burst into tears if I talked. Instead, I stood up, walking closer to Dean needing to feel his comfort again. He opened his arms to take me in, hugging my torso as I wrapped my arms around his head. He rested his cheek against my chest, his hand rubbing up and down my back in soothing motions. Usually, I'd be a bit uncomfortable hugging this way in a skirt this short, but I felt safer with Dean than I ever did in my whole life. I didn't really understand the concept of love. The idea that when you're near someone, your heart should race and butterflies should erupt in your stomach. The resemblance of that to fear was too similar, and the way I saw it, that wasn't love. To me, loving someone was to feel safe and secure. To know that every bursting, overwhelming emotion could be shared with them without the fear of judgment. To love someone is to feel at home, or in a warm bath, surrounded by the reassurance that no matter where you are or what you do, they will always be right there encouraging you every step of the way. They are home, in a way. a We stayed hugging for a few moments longer, my need to constantly cling onto Dean not turning him o in the slightest. Rather, it seemed like he liked that I was constantly having to touch him. I finally stepped back, wiping the back of my hand over my eyes knowing I had homework to finish and not a lot of time. "What'd you get from the store?" I wondered, sitting back down in my respective seat. My law notes were spilled everywhere, my laptop open in front of it scrolled to the current topic I was studying. I was doing the practice questions given, Dean no doubt already having them finished days before. Standing up, he walked over to where he dropped o the brown bag and started to pull things out, cluttering the counter adjacent to me. I was already too distracted to continue on where I le o so I just put my head in my hand, watching Dean's forearms flex every time he picked something up and put it down. He was a relatively healthy shopper, I noticed. He practically had to be. with the amount of times he went to the gym, our university having an entire level free to the kids who go there. When he had the time? I had no clue. Dean was what you called an early bird, somehow having enough energy to get up at six in the morning and go to the gym before coming home, showering, and then studying. Though, he did only go when he had no classes that day so that made sense. Maybe this is why he was such a grump, having to wake up that early would make anyone mad. "I got your favourite," He said, waving a packet of food in front of my face. My smile widened, the momentary troubles of the medical examination lost as I grasped the packet, scanning it in shock. It was a south asian snack I thought was discontinued a er not seeing it in the grocery stores anymore, but I guess it wasn't since I was holding it in my hands at this moment. "How did you find this? I've looked everywhere for it!" I exclaimed, rather excited for just some food. He only tilted his head at me, a ghost of smile before returning back to his task at hand. Everything he bought was splayed out, Dean then putting each item in its respective place. "Thank you!" I exclaimed, tearing open the bag and digging in. a "You're welcome." He was amused as he shoved vegetables in the fridge before shutting the door. He placed fruit in the fruit basket on the island, making me realize just how clean he ate. His food was almost always home cooked, even though he claimed he wasn't that good of a cook, and he barely had junk food around unless it was a few packets of chips and ice cream. For a white guy he was very diverse in the food he ate. Today, he had planned to make something from south asian cuisine, insisting I helped him because I was south asian. a I munched happily, returning to the notes I was currently writing "What are you working on?" He asked, leaning over the counter to peek at what I had done so far. "Notes for the lecture I missed," I replied, my hand getting sore from all the writing. Normally, I'd type out my notes but I decided to write them today, hoping it would help me understand them more. "You finish the homework that was assigned?" "Look at you, being all teacher-y, pretty boy." I teased. "Teacher-y?" Dean asked, entertained. "How much work do you do as a pretend teachers assistant?" He shrugged. "It depends. Some days I only have to grade tests and others, I need to read and edit papers." đ "Must be lucky to be a genius," I sighed, setting down my pencil as I rested my head in my hand, my elbow pressed against the island. a "I'm not a genius," He sco ed. "And you didn't answer my question about the homework." "No," I hu ed. "But I'll get to it eventually." "I can help you if you want." He o ered. "No, I wanna try and do it myself. You won't always be here for homework help if I start relying on you now." "I'll always have time to help you." "Does that include fucking?" ď He shot me a glare. a "Yeah, okay. If I need help, I'll ask. Happy?" "Very," He grinned. "Finish your notes and we'll make dinner together. A er that you can work on your homework, deal?" đ "Deal." I picked up my pencil again, writing down the last of my notes as Dean took out ingredients. With a pause, I shook out my hand, keeping in a groan at how cramped it felt. Though, it was relatively easy work. It was just a lot and therefore I didn't want to do it. "What are we going to make?" I pondered, trying to write as fast as I đ "I was thinking rice and chicken masala?" ₫² "Sounds good," I nodded. From time to time, my eyes would wander back towards him. A er washing his hands again, Dean was chopping up some vegetables in a fine mince and adding them to a pot, next taking out some chicken and cutting them up into cubes. "You know...I don't think I've told you this before, Sophia, but I'm proud of you." a I blinked in surprise, pausing my writing. "For existing? Thanks, Dean. You know, they told me I couldn't do it yet here I am! Some may call it a miracle but I call it luck." With his glare, I smiled wider, brushing back my hair so it was away from my face. "Thank you, Dean. You should probably say it again just so I can burn it into my memory. My own verbal gold sticker from my favourite pretend teacher." đ He only shook his head, hu ing as he started to pour in other ingredients, using a spatula to mix it all together. "I don't understand how you can stay so flowery all the time. If one things a miracle, it's that." "Didn't I tell you I attract positive energy? God, it's like everytime I talk it goes in one ear and out the other! I'm devastated, Dean. Truly." I say dramatically, cowering in my seat as he shoots me an unimpressed look. "You really should smile more, pretty boy. It really brings out your eyes." "How about you bring some of that positive energy over here and help me cook." "Okay sir," I laughed under my breath, taking out a cutting board as we started to chop ingredients. There weren't many dishes I remembered, but chicken masala was one of the ones I could say o the top of my head. We were almost done cooking the food, Dean was busy stirring the pot and I was busy giving him instructions on what to do next. While he already had a recipe out and printed, he wanted to make it the exact way I would. "And then you just stir in the chicken with the sauce." I dumped the chicken into the pot he was stirring, and he coated the chicken in the orange sauce we had made. I was occupying myself with cooking the white rice, mixing it around with a spoon once it was done. "Finally," I hu ed, plating two bowls with rice before handing them o to Dean. He dumped the chicken masala on both of the bowls and gave them back to me to set on the kitchen counter. Dean grabbed us glasses and we sat down to eat. I was nervous, it had been years since I made this particular dish and I honestly couldn't think of the last time I had made it. I think I tried once, years ago, but was forbidden from doing so again once Devon caught on. According to him, I could only make foods that he wanted and that's what I ended up making for the rest of my days in that house. "So?" I inquired, looking at Dean. I smoothed out my skirt. "How is it?" "Jesus Christ, can you cook for me everyday?" I laughed in relief, picking up my own spoon to dig into my food. "It isn't too spicy?" I joked. "Kinda, but I know that cultural foods are typically spicy." ₫³ "Thanks for not spitting it out." I spoke honestly. He gave me an incredulous look, "Why the fuck would I do that?" "Some people have," I shrugged. ₫⁵ "That's fucked up," He frowned. a I took another bite of food, looking down at it as my mind flashed back to when I would eat cultural foods like this everyday. My mood instantly sobered, my face turning sad. a "Are you okay, Sophia?" "Yeah," I looked back up at him. "Sorry I just haven't eaten this in a long time. It's nice," I smiled lightly. "Don't be sorry. If you want, we can start making your favourite foods." "You'd do that for me?" "I'd do a lot for you." a⁵ A blush washed up my cheeks but I covered it up with a smirk, tilting my head at him. "Even fuck me whenever I want?" đ٩ "Christ," He laughed. "We were having a sentimental moment, Sweetheart." ď "Fucking can be sentimental," I grinned. ď "Finish your food," He shook his head. "Is that a no?" "It's a maybe. If you finish your homework we'll see." "That's not fair," I whined. "I may never finish my homework!" á "That's not my problem," It was his turn to be amused. "I o ered you my help and you refused." "Dean please help me I'm desperate!" a "Eat your food, Sophia." He repeated, turning to look away to hide his smile. I caught on though, mimicking one of my own as I happily dug "Anything you want," I grumbled out, finishing my food. a Once we were both done, Dean cleaned up as I got back to my homework, sighing in frustration. Despite having a quiz tomorrow, my brain was in information overload and I was just about to be brain dead if I continued on. "I don't wanna do this anymore," I whined. a "Try and do as much as you can today. I will help you, you do know that right? I was just teasing earlier. How long have you been at this?" "Since eight in the morning. I'm almost done I'm just really tired." Dean looked at the clock, noting the time being twelve pm and told me if I should take a break, especially since I had done so much already. Though, with the upcoming test and other assignments that still needed to be done, I willed myself to keep going, promising to give myself a break in the next ten minutes. a "Alright," he sighed, swiping over the counters with some cleaner. "Just don't overwork yourself. Braindead Sophia wouldn't be as fun." "You think I'm fun?" I teased, leaning toward him. "Aw, Dean, that's so sweet. Go on, tell me more pretty words." a He ignored me, turning and walking straight out of the kitchen, my laughter following him down the hallway and to his room. Getting back to the task at hand, my fingers started typing across the keyboard as I switched back and forth between tabs. The assignment was to pick one out of the four cases given and research thoroughly. Once done, type up a two page paper on your argument and evidence to back it up. I decided I would research what I could today and hopefully by tomorrow I'd come up with an argument and facts to back it up. Dean had pulled up beside me, his laptop also open with a stack of paper in front of him. "What are you doing?" "I'm grading tests for Mr. Messmer. He still had papers to filter through so I thought I'd take this o his plate." "That's nice of you," I pointed out. "It's whatever. Helps pass the time and it's decent pay." "Are you planning on becoming a professor?" a "Maybe..." Dean trailed o . "I still don't know." "You should consider it. I wonder how you'd look with glasses on..." "You want me to become a professor so you can see me with glasses?" ď "It doesn't hurt to imagine," I rolled my eyes. "And I know you'll be a good professor if you choose that route. You already put so much e ort into being a pretend teachers assistant, imagine how you'll be when you're a full time teacher!" "I imagine I will be drained out and cranky." He muses. "Will you put glasses on for me?" "Fuck no." "Didn't you say earlier that you'd do anything for me?" "Sophia," Dean looked at me sternly. "I'd rather fuck you right now than put glasses on." ď "Okay, let's fuck!" ã⁶ "Shut up," He rolled his eyes. "We have a quiz tomorrow and you still have an abundance of assignments to complete. If you're good, I might consider kissing you later." "Wow, my very own princess and the frog. This is basically a dream come true, you know. I've always wanted to be in a fairy tale." "Sophia." "You're such a dad." I frowned but obeyed. "You telling me you have a daddy kink?" ď "Do you?" I shot back. a "I'd much rather you scream my own name." ₫³ "Oh..." A light blush fluttered my cheeks and I looked down. "Don't tell me you're getting shy on me now," He teased, tucking a lock of hair behind my ear. a "No, I'm just trying to find a way to convince you that fucking me will benefit us both." đ "Sweetheart," Dean traced his hands from the side of my body, resting on my waist. "Are you that desperate to fuck me?" He a⁶ "I don't know...how badly do you wanna kiss me?" a We were leaning into each other now, work forgotten and discarded as I swiveled around in the bar stool to fully face him. He did the same, eyes flicking back and forth between my own and my lips. "Excruciatingly bad." He murmured. I placed my hands on his jean covered thighs, ascending my hands up his waist and to his shoulders, standing up as I fitted myself in between his legs. He spread them further for me, letting me tuck myself impossibly close. His arms wrapped around my body, hugging me to his chest as his head tilted up, waiting for my next move. "Can I kiss you, Dean?" My voice was a mere whisper, my core throbbing as I studied his face for a response. His lips finally curved into a small smile, one hand at the small of my back sliding to cup the back of my head, pushing my head down so I was millimetres away from touching him. Rather than wait for a response, I cupped his face, moving my head over to his jaw, kissing and nipping at the skin there. "Please?" I whispered. "Please, can I kiss you?" He let out a so sigh, tilting his neck when I descended down his neck, now licking and sucking at the skin. Somewhere along the way I had climbed into his lap, his fingers threading through my hair as he let me do my own work. a When he finally had enough, he used gentle force to bring me face to face with him again, pushing our lips together in a slow kiss. He tasted like the dinner we just ate and something sweet, making me shi in his lap as I tried to burrow myself into him. His hand was still in my hair, guiding us through it as my thumbs rubbed back and forth along his cheekbones. "Look at you," He had said once we pulled away for air, his lips red and bruised. "You're falling apart so pretty in my arms." á His words only made me want to kiss him again, this time deep and rough, moans escaping the both of us as we grinded into each other. Gone was the sweetness from before, now replaced with pure greed and desire. "Dean..." I whimpered slightly once he had pulled away again, catching his breath. My hips rolled against him, trying to gain from friction. "Please." "Pathetic little thing," He cooed. "Let me see if we can fix your little problem." a™ He shi ed his hands so they cupped my ass, supporting me as I wrapped my own legs around his waist so he could stand up. With ease, he li ed me into the air and sat us down on the couch, my knees digging into the cushiony material. His right hand now moved to my thigh, his le hand remaning at my waist as he slowly started moving it up and under my skirt, reaching the very top. "Sophia," Dean says in a so voice. "If I push your skirt up, am I going to find you bare?" I shuddered, "Pull it up and find out." a⁵ "Filthy girl," He murmurs. "Were you hoping I'd finger you right on the kitchen island?" "No," I gasp slightly, brain foggy. "Yes...I don't know." It was getting harder to think with him tracing circles on my skin, my hips rolling further into him as a moan le my lips. "Maybe I should always keep you like this. Skirt and no underwear so you're ready to go whenever I want." å "Whenever you want," I whimpered, his hand coming down to cup my entire pussy in his hand. a "Before we start, I think it's better if we have a safe word, don't you think?" He hummed. I nodded, agreeing to anything at this point. a⁷ "What's your favourite colour?" "Green." ď "If you ever need me to stop, you say that, alright? Never be afraid to use it. Promise me, Sophia." "I promise." I breathe out, anticipation getting the better of me. His fingers stroked me while his le hand moved against my body up to my neck. His hands came around it, giving it a gentle squeeze. "Is it okay if I do this, baby?" "Yes," I cried out, one of his fingers plunged deep into me and I shook. My knees weakened as his finger pushed out, roughly massaging my clit. "Look at you," He teased. My hands tightened around his neck, my eyes clamped close as I bent my head back. "One finger and you're broken apart. I wonder how three would make you feel..." đ٩ "Please," I moaned, moving my hips in a circular motion. "Please make me—" I was cut o with his hand squeezing my throat, my head started to rush sending pleasure in between my thighs. "What'd I tell you last time, Sweetheart?" "That you make the rules." I whined. "That I make the rules," He repeated so ly. "So you take what I give you with a 'thank you' and you don't ask for more." ď He pressed back inside of me, plunging in and out and I gasped eagerly, needing release. He worked another finger inside, my cunt tightening around it before I relaxed. å I was reaching the edge fairly quickly and Dean could tell, his small laugh rinsing through me like hot water. I felt humiliated, but I liked it. I liked the way Dean put me in my place. I pressed my lips back against his, bucking hard against his hand as I felt my release coming. Before my orgasm could grip me, Dean pulled out, making me whimper in frustration. Tears formed in my eyes as I looked at Dean, a devastated look on my face as I questioned why he didn't let me come. "You think I was going to let you come so easily?" He laughed. "Baby, we're just getting started." My hands fell to his shoulders, holding on as he repositioned me so my legs were around one thigh. I shuddered at the contact, my clit pressing against the hardness of my thigh and I realized what he had wanted me to do. "If you want your orgasm, you're gonna have to work for it, Sweetheart." a I took in a shaky breath, my hips working themselves on his thigh as I rode it. My release had died down so it would take some times to build it up again, but I was desperate and needed release. I eagerly ground my hips, moving them in a circular motion as the fabric of his jeans rubbed the best friction over my bare cunt. "Fuck," I moaned out. "What a dirty girl, Sophia. You need release that badly? Look at you grinding against me like a puppy." The hand on my thigh moved back up towards my waist again, pressing me down hard on his thigh. The roughness of his jeans against my sensitive flesh made me gasp for air. a "I'm...so close." I managed to say, my words felt deaf to my ears as black dots started to spot my vision. ₫¹ It was all gone when Dean had li ed me up and o his thigh, ruining another orgasm making me want to scream in frustration. I had a hate love relationship with being edged. "No! Please, Dean. Please don't...don't..." It was hard to form sentences, so what had come out was a string of incoherent, disjointed words that fell from my lips in a desperate attempt for him to give me release. "I can't—please" He still held me above his thigh and I squirmed, trying to seek any kind of friction. His laughter vibrated through my body, my hands shaking as they held onto his shoulder for any kind of support as he humiliated me with his words. "Aw, baby." He watched me struggle, bucking my hips. "What's wrong, hmm? Do you need something?" I whined loudly, taking my right hand o of his shoulder to reach down when he grabbed it, holding it behind my back. I was resting over his thigh again, my bare pussy pressed against his jeans and I could feel the dampness my arousal was leaving on the fabric. "Oh, no. We can't have you doing that," Dean said, his eyes drinking in my state. He proceeded to take my le hand o his shoulder too, holding them both securely. His free hand came up to rest against my throat, not squeezing but holding. Like he was silently telling me it was still him in control. đ Without rest, he pushed two fingers inside my cunt. Moving in and out a couple of times before pulling out, my release prominent on his skin. He slips those fingers into my mouth, sliding in and out mimicking fucking. Dean clamps his remaining fingers around my chin, pushing them deep enough to almost gag me. He leans down, his lips pressed against my neck as he kisses up and down a few times, murmuring against the skin. "You want to come, dirty girl?" ä "Yes," I mumble against his fingers. "Yes, that's what I want." "I can't hear you, baby. Speak up." He mused. "Yes," I tried again, struggling against his hand that was still holding my wrists back. "Look at the mess you made all over me, my pretty girl. Your cum is everywhere and you're still trying to orgasm?" "Please," I begged. "You wanna ride my dick so bad?" He tilted his head at me in an antagonizing way. ď I nodded and he slipped his fingers out of my mouth, finally pushing them back into my cunt. I cried out, bucking my hips as he pushed two inside, knuckle deep. "None of that. You knew this would happen the second you were bare under that skirt. Now ride my fingers so I can see if you're good enough to ride my dick." a™ I shudder under his words, using my body to li up and down his fingers like I was riding his thigh just seconds ago. "You like that, don't you baby? Using me to cum. You look so pretty like this, I ought to deny your orgasms more o en if I get to see you like this." I was a moaning mess, shamelessly chasing a er my orgasm a er I've been refused it so many times. a⁵ I writhe against his touch as his fingers stayed still, making me do all the work. It was more di icult with my hands behind my back, but I made it work. Dean used his hold on my wrists to arch me further, creating more The beginning of an orgasm makes me heave, and with a few more pumps I shriek, cuming so hard that I collapse against Dean's chest. He lets go of my wrists, hugging me close to him. His le hand goes around my body while his right hand work their way into my exhausted pussy. My eyes remained closed as Dean expunged out my orgasm, making Pulling away, I let my hooded eyes watch him bring his fingers to his lips, sucking them clean. a "You cum so prettily, I almost want to pin you down and make you do ₫ Rather than protest, I simple curve myself back into him and claim his mouth as mine. He has no problem reciprocating the action, holding me tightly against him however this time, he lets me take the lead. "Your turn," I breathe heavy, threading my fingers through his hair. "You must be in so much pain." I say in between kisses. "Nothing I can't handle." Is all he says back, stopping my hand when

it reaches his waist. I pull away, confused, not understanding why he

"Do you not want me to get you o?" I ask, chest rising and falling

"This..." He whispers, gesturing between us. "This is more to me than

"Are you telling me you're denying yourself orgasms in order to keep me around? Wow that's...strangely fucking sweet. But you don't have

Watching you fall apart in my lap is pleasure enough in itself. And who says I don't orgasm? I do just very...very quietly." He says in between kisses, and the thought of Dean one room away, stroking himself to release in the middle of the night or doing it while in the shower has

"Will you invite me next time?" I smile sweetly at him. "I would very

He only laughs, the sound vibratoring through his entire body as he smoothes back my hair away from my face, finally gracing me with a

u come home late from handing out with your friends that are boys

Harry: where have u been, y/n?

Y/n: out

Harry then slams u up against the wall knockig U out

Harry: now ur really out

a

a

a

"Believe me, Sweetheart, when I say pleasing you pleases me.

wouldn't want me to blow him.

some quick semester fling, Sophia."

me squirming in his lap for more.

"Sure, Sweetheart. Anything you want."

much like a front row seat."

small smile.

"It is for me too."

fast. "You didn't let me do it last time, either."

"Good, which is why I'm not fucking it up in any way."

to do all that, Dean. Let me make you feel good."