

Chapter 61

Pleasure and Pain

She didn't think, once again letting her instincts take over as she leaned forward, taking Noah's lips with her own. He responded in kind, peppering her lips with sweet, soft kisses that quickly deepened into deep, penetrating caresses when Ava slid her hand down Noah's chest.

"Noah," Ava pulled back, the apprehension and need warring within her making her voice small. She cleared her throat and tried again. "Noah, I've never...."

His eyebrows rose, prompting her to continue. "I know that's probably surprising considering I, uh, live and work in a brothel, but it's just never...."

Noah closed the distance between them with another one of those sweet, hungry kisses. When he pulled back, he ran a hand down her cheek, "There's no rush, Ava. There's never any rush with me."

She nodded for him to continue, and he did, pressing small kisses down her jaw until he came to a small scar she'd gotten years ago. He flicked it playfully with his tongue, causing her to giggle and moan at the same time. "How'd you get this?" He asked.

"How else? Skateboarding." She said.

Noah smiled, "I take it you can't skateboard?"

Ava laughed, "No, I cannot."

He pressed an open-mouthed kiss to the mark, "Still sexy."

Ava scoffed, "Scars aren't sexy."

Noah pulled back, one eyebrow arched, "Says who?"

With one hand, he pulled up his shirt, revealing his hard midriff, his defined abs standing out in stark relief. But her eyes were on the jagged two-inch-long that sliced across his ribcage.

"What happened there?" She asked.

"My first bar fight. The guy pulled a switchblade on me out of nowhere," he said, making Ava gasp. Noah only smirked, "You think this is bad? You should've seen him." He stopped to think before ruefully shaking his head, "I'm bullshitting. The motherfucker stabbed me. I was pretty much done after that, so he walked away fine."

Ava laughed, emboldened by his playfulness in the face of something that had been one of her greatest insecurities for such a long time. Leaning forward, she returned the favor giving the scar a long lick. She felt Noah's muscles shudder beneath her fingertips, urging her on.

"Damn," he muttered under his breath as she sat up on her knees.

"I still got you beat," she said, biting her lip.

"Doubtful," he scoffed. "Where?"

Ava toyed with the hem of her skirt, debating whether or not she actually had the balls to follow through. After all, the last time someone had seen her scar had gone... poorly, and that was as far as Ava was willing to delve into that memory, especially right now.

"I promise, I'll still respect you afterward," Noah said with a wink.

Ava rolled her eyes and pulled her skirt down and off, causing Noah's eyes to widen at the sudden disrobing. His obsidian eyes latched onto her lacy blue underwear first and her scar second. He narrowed his eyes and shook his head, "That puny thing? I can barely see it!"

She hooked her thumb under the waistband of the briefs and pulled one leg down until a lot more than her scar was on display. Smoldering heat filled Noah's eyes as he continued his silly charade.

"Still not seeing it," He leaned back until he was lying flat on his back. "You'll have to come closer."

Ava did, crawling on her knees until she was straddling Noah's broad chest. He brought his hands up, running a thumb down the length of the scar on her hip.

"There it is," he breathed. "Where'd you get it?"

Ava tried to ignore the sensations coursing through her as his thumb so achingly slowly back and forth. "In the prison," his thumb stopped moving until she put her hand on his own, silently asking him to keep going. "It's not so bad. A couple of other inmates got into a fight in the mess hall, and one of them broke a chair over the other one's back. I just happened to be in ricochet range of a poorly placed piece of shrapnel." Noah let out a low whistle, "Yeah, A. You got me beat."

She laughed as he pulled her closer until the apex of her legs hovered dangerously close to his hungry gaze. "Can I kiss you?" He asked. Ava knew exactly what he was suggesting and only hesitated for a moment before nodding. With her most sensitive area still covered by the thin lace of her underwear, Noah lowered Ava until his lips met hers. She gasped and stiffened at the new sensation, Noah pausing his ministrations until she relaxed before he began again. She moaned, the fluttering in her belly too much to resist.

"Does that feel good, Ava?" Noah asked. She nodded, and he stopped, causing her to groan again, this time in frustration. "Use your words, Ava. I want to hear exactly what I'm doing to you."

She swallowed hard, "I-it feels good."

"What feels good, Ava?" He pushed, his voice going stern, sending electricity of its own buzzing through her blood. "You know I love that smartassed mouth of yours. Don't get shy now. What feels good?" Ava gasped, "My pussy. My pussy feels good when you kiss it, Noah."

"Good," he said and pressed more open-mouthed kisses against her, saturating the fabric of her panties until it was hardly a barrier. Bringing up a finger, he moved the fabric aside and laid into Ava with his tongue; the sensations magnified as his heated flesh finally made contact with her own.

Pleasure drowned out the last of Ava's inhibitions until she became a wanton thing, perched as she was on Noah's face grinding herself back and forth against his lashing tongue. She gasped, moaned, and cried out in unabashed abandon, uttering sounds she'd never heard herself make before, all the while Noah moaning into her as he clutched her body closer to him, eager for unfettered access to the deepest reaches of Ava's body.

This was wholly new ground for her, and her body responded, climbing quickly to teeter at the edge of something she knew would be magical...if only she could get there. The longer she reached for her release, the farther away it felt. Frustrated tears fell from Ava's eyes, even as she squeezed them tightly shut. She knew, **she knew** what she wanted, what would get her there, but that was one hurdle she was afraid to ask Noah to jump. She sniffled, and Noah pulled back. Suddenly, he was cupping her face between his hands. "What's wrong?" He asked.

Ava shuddered, wishing that they'd never started if this was how it would end, "I can't...."

Noah wiped her tears away, "You can't what, A?"

She sniffed back the rest of her tears and sighed, "I can't get there. I don't know why, but it's like I need something...more. Harder?"

Noah's brow furrowed as Ava's voice dropped off. "I told you to use your words, Ava," he snapped at her, rekindling the heat between her legs. "Now tell me what you want."

She held gaze and licked her suddenly dry lips, "Hit me."

He didn't question her, just urged her forward, "Get on your knees."

She did as she was told, leaning forward until her hands hit the bed above his head. Noah picked up right where they'd left off, his tongue working her back up into a frenzy. Soon enough, she was nearing her event horizon, teetering on the brink but unable to topple across to the other side.

Without warning, Noah's hand came down on her ass with a loud smack, jolting her forward and sending reverberations straight through to her clit. She moaned, the stinging pain left by Noah's hand edging her closer to the edge. "Harder," she begged, her voice becoming reedy with need. "Hit me harder, Noah. Please."

He did, targeting the same spot as before. This time the sharp bite of his palm was enough to make her yelp. Those 20 slaps were enough to make her ass begin to go numb in the spot where he'd hit her, but the feeling of pins and needles spreading across the area only added a new field of depth to the sensations overtaking her.

Suddenly, he pulled back and smacked her again, this time directly on her clit, causing her body to seize up as her orgasm tore through her. Ava buried her head into her sheets as her body quaked uncontrollably. She'd never come this hard before, not during her flirtatious rendezvous in high school, not when she was alone, never.

The force of her convulsions took her breath away and didn't let up as Noah languidly stoked her, whispering filthy things to her as she shook and keened above him.

"Fuck, Ava. You're so fucking pretty when you come. I could listen to you moan my name all goddamn day."

After what felt like ages, she finally settled. Noah pressed a final kiss to her core before sliding out from under her. He gathered her in his arms where they stayed. "What about you?" She asked, her eyelids already beginning to shut of their own accord.

Noah kissed her hair, "Don't worry about me. I've got what I need. Go to sleep."

And there, lying in the arms of a male she'd known for less than a month, Ava did.