

Chapter 73

A Good Morning

Two weeks in Shady Oak felt like a lifetime spent anywhere else but in the best way possible. Every night, she fell asleep with the freedom of knowing that nothing was expected of her whenever she woke up. There was no danger of meeting someone she knew, or worse, some horrible person she didn't know. There was no lingering threat of having to pay off some perceived misdeed.

The very first time Ava had met Noah, she'd experienced the curious feeling of falling down the rabbit hole, as if meeting him had set into motion a chain of events that would change her life for good. For the better.

And as the sun's morning rays warmed her face, she knew that she'd been right. She felt...amazing, and with every kiss Noah trailed down her stomach, she felt even better.

Ava opened her eyes, peering down her body to where Noah laid slow kiss after slow kiss down the length of her midriff until he came to her belly button. When he reached the small divet, he paused, causing her to groan, feeling suddenly bereft.

"Good morning," Noah said. With his chin resting on her waist, his deep voice sent delicious vibrations thrumming through her skin and straight to her core, making her squirm.

"Apparently, it is a good morning," she smiled and ran a hand through his hair. "Can I help you, sir?"

Noah smiled wide, the heat burning in his eyes as he gazed up at her, turning his brilliant grin into a mischievous baring of teeth. "I'm leaving town for work in about forty-five minutes. I thought I'd leave you with something to remember me by."

Ava sighed, running a thumb back and forth across his full bottom lip, "Again? How long will you be gone this time?"

Noah nipped her thumb, causing her to hiss in an anticipatory breath, before sucking the digit into his mouth. The way he caressed her thumb with his tongue made Ava's breaths come quicker. She wanted him to do that to other parts of her body so badly.

Any other part would be fine, really. A few in particular. Ava shifted her hips as Noah's tongue stoked the growing heat between her thighs.

Noah laughed under his breath, dipping his head to swirl that tongue of his around her belly button, dipping in and out in an excruciating facsimile of what she was currently picturing him doing just a few scant inches lower.

"So needy, Ava," he said, blowing a stream of air onto her stomach, making her entire body clench as she moaned.

"Yeah," she sighed, her eyes drifting shut. "I'm beginning to learn that about myself."

"Good," Noah said. "That's the point of it all, isn't it? Learning what makes each other tick...."

Noah unexpectedly bit down on the rim of her belly button, sending a sharp, electric jolt coursing through her body. Ava gasped, sitting straight up.

"Goddess, Noah!" She panted. "Do it."

"Do what?" He smirked, "I told you, I want to hear you say what you want from me."

Ava collapsed back onto her forearms, her legs spreading to cradle Noah in between her already quivering thighs. "Lick me, Noah," she pleaded. "Please."

Like he'd promised he would, as soon as she asked, he supplied. Noah grasped her hips with his large hands and tugged, scooting her body forward until the core of her reached his mouth. He ducked his head and proceeded to take his fucking time driving her insane, with long, languid strokes of his tongue from her entrance all the way up to the delightful bundle of nerves at the top.

"Goddess, Noah," she moaned again, her head falling back.

"Yes. You are," he growled right before he shifted one of his hands down and pinched the sensitive, meatier underside of her thigh.

"Fuck," Ava cried out, her voice breaking, as the sudden pain lanced through her, stoking that wild need within her and sending her pleasure soaring just before that precipice she wanted so badly to cross. Ava's legs dropped to her sides, fully opening her up to Noah's feasting.

And feast he did. Noah set to work, making love to her with his lips and tongue, a languorous precursor to what he'd do to her when she was finally ready to receive him. Her moans grew as he added his fingers, massaging

her folds while he clamped his lips around her clit and hummed, sending targeted vibrations directly into the source of her pleasure.

She was getting so close to the edge, but just like before; she couldn't quite get there. But, unlike last time, Ava was prepared to let Noah know what she needed.

"Again, Noah," she panted, subconsciously preparing for another pinch.

But, as in tune with her body as he was, Noah knew that wouldn't be enough to get her where she needed to be. Whether Ava knew it or not, her body craved the wild, the unexpected.

When Noah turned his head to the side and bit down on her inner thigh, Ava's orgasm overtook her too suddenly for her to cry out. Her entire body clenched as her pussy began to pulse around Noah's exploring fingers.

Ava's breath finally caught up to her, leaving her in heaving pants as Noah drew out her climax, gently massaging her folds with his tongue and fingers, careful to avoid her over-sensitized bud.

He turned his head again, nuzzling the already darkening spot on her inner thigh with the tip of his nose. "See? To remember me by."

Ava let out a breathless giggle. That was one bruise she was all too happy to wear.

When she finally relaxed, Noah sat up and smiled down at her heavily lidded eyes. He moved to the top of the bed, where he reclined into the headboard and ran Ava's hair through his fingers, watching how the morning sunlight made the shades of gold that streaked throughout the auburn tresses shine.

The moment was so serene, so utterly divine, that Ava's heart swelled with the need to make it last longer. People said that moments this good were made all the better because they were so fleeting.

Fuck that, Ava thought, as aftershocks still wracked her body in tiny bursts of ecstasy. If she wanted to prolong their first real goodbye, she knew just the way to do it.

All at once, Ava sat up and spun around until she was comfortably situated on Noah's lap. His eyebrows rose, enticed by her spontaneity. When he opened his mouth to speak, she leaned in, taking his lips with her own. As her tongue slipped into his mouth, the taste of herself on his tongue urged her on. When she finally pulled back, his eyes were as heavy as her own.

"What's this?" He asked as Ava moved her kissed down across his sculpted jaw and down to his neck, where she could feel his pulse thundering beneath her lips.

"Why should I be the only one to get a going-away gift when you're the one who's actually going away?" She asked with enough suggestion in her voice that she felt Noah immediately begin to respond underneath her, his erection growing harder where it pressed against her naked pussy.

Ava moved her hips, causing her wet core to slide across the ridge on his lap. Noah groaned, bringing up his hands to capture her hips, stilling her.

"Ava," he said, his voice noticeably strained. "You don't have to...."

Ava brought her head up to meet his lust-laden eyes, "Have doesn't have anything to do with it. I want to."

With that, Ava slid back, positioning herself between Noah's trunk-like thighs. Leaning forward on her knees, Ava nuzzled the thick ridge of his erection where it tented the front of his black boxer briefs. She heard Noah's breath hitch, but he kept his hands resolutely at his sides.

Gingerly, Ava pulled the band of his shorts aside, releasing him to spring up in all of his thick, veiny glory. Ava was mesmerized as she brought up a hand to wrap around Noah's stiff, throbbing rod. It was bigger than she'd thought it would be and thick enough around to make her question the mechanics of what she was about to do, much less what she wanted to do in the future.

"This is the first cock I've seen in person," she said, not taking her eyes off of the winking eye at the center of the velvety head. "At least, the first one I wanted to see."

"Ava..." Noah said, sadness creeping into his voice.

"But yours is the prettiest," she said, giving in to her craving as she leaned forward and gave the tip of Noah's cock a long slow lick as if it were a lollipop. "Ava..." He said again, this time his deep voice thick with pleasure.

Unsure of what to do, Ava followed her urges and playing with whatever interesting bit of his anatomy caught her eye. When lapped at his domed mushroom-head, Noah moaned. And whenever she ran the tip of her tongue along one of the veins running up the length of his shaft, he tensed, his cock jerking in her grip. She continued to play like that until Noah's hands clenched into fists at his sides.

"Am I doing a good job?" She asked, peering up at him through her lashes.

Noah's eyes drifted momentarily shut as he nodded, a stuttered breath escaping his lips.

"Tell me how to do a better job, baby," she said, licking the salty tang of his pre-come from her lips.

"Fuck," Noah gasped and pushed his hips forward. "Put my cock in your mouth. Swallow me down, Ava."

She did as she was told, opening her mouth and sliding him in as far as he would go. Ava closed her lips around him and began to move her head back and forth, drawing him in and out of the warm depths of her mouth, making sure that the flat of her tongue brushed against him with each passing.

"That's it, baby," Noah growled, a hand moving to her hair, pushing the errant strands from her face so that he could better see her take him for the first time. "Now, suck."

Ava's eyes flicked up to meet his as she followed his order. She saw the exact moment he lost control of the firm grip he'd been keeping on his passion for her sake. His eyes squeezed shut as his head fell back, the hand in her hair tightening. "Ava, I'm about to...." He trailed off, his breath coming in short pants.

Instead of backing away, Ava pushed down, taking his cock as far down her throat as she could. Just before he reached the point of making her gag, she moaned around his thick intrusion. She felt Noah tense around her a millisecond before hot jets shot down her throat.

When she pulled back, wiping her mouth, Noah was staring at her with eyes laden with emotion. He brought his hands up to cup her face, drawing her in until their foreheads touched. They stayed like that, wrapped up in one another, sharing feelings that neither of them was prepared to voice until it was well past the time for Noah to leave her.

This, right here, felt sacred.

And Ava was determined to drown out the roiling doubts in her mind that threatened to taint it.