32 - Temperamental

"So, are you and Dean willing to come to the Dawn my family is hosting?" Ayesha asked leaning the end of our call. I sit at my phone in the other side, wiping down the counter as Dean stood at the cooking area prepare. We're having a lazy weekend, rather all of us wanting to go out and so we've been stuck in our pajamas since we woke up.

"Hm, I don't know. I mean, I would love to go. It's been a while since I've seen attended any Pakistani gatherings. Cose me a ma and me and Ken." I paused my movements, calling out his name and he looked out of the kitchen, looking at me. "Ayesha's hosting a gathering together. You wanna go?"

"Huh? Sure where is it."

"Ken's asking where it is," I said to the phone, throwing the used paper towel in the trash. I leaned myself up on counter, swinging my legs as my back pressed against the cabinets, watching Dean move over. "It around the Bronx."

"This Saturday. I know school is ending for both of you and so the homework load is heavy, but I thought this would be a nice break from it. And, there's a ton of food. Food!"

I joined the phone away from my ear, contemplating Dean the same information and he shrugged. "If you wanna go, let's do it. I haven't been feeling lately for awhile and to be honest, I'm getting sick of your cooking, Soph. Do we need to revisit those lessons again?"

I frowned a stare that moved at the rack and threw it at his laughing face, pretending he's scared at him as I finished a the conversation with Ayesha.

"We would love to go. Though, you might wanna take Dean or of your invite list. It seems like he much rather have white people food."

Ayesha laughed, hearing this. "Yeah, I'll be born to do so. I'm so excited, I can't wait for you to come, Sophia! We'll have the best time."

"Is everyone else coming as well?"

"Yeah, it seems so. Ah, I gotta go now. Zayn is calling. I'll talk to you later!"

"Definitely. Bye, Ayesha."

"Bye, Sophia."

"You are such a jerk!" I exclaimed, setting my phone on the counter. Dean still had an amused expression on his face, watching unbothered.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. Your cooking is so great."

"You know, Jane because of that, you're not allowed to kiss me anymore." Crossing my arms over my chest and getting ready to pump down when Dean turned a the stove, moving towards me and stopping in between my legs as his cheek was also pressed against mine. My arms were still crossed, refusing to move down crossing across his chest.

"Come on, Soph. Don't punish yourself now."

"I'm not. I'm punishing you until you appreciate me. You know, any Grown dude would have a woman who can cook and you're taking me for granted. I am the perfect wife."

"You wanna be my wife?" Dean's hand reach, hands on my thighs. His words a secret me more than it wanted to let on, his wide spread fingers over my skin making a shudder run up my spine yet I remained in my desolate position.

I closed my eyes, not giving in. "Dean."

" Sophia" He said in the same tone, moving closer. "Come on, baby. Open those eyes and let me get down on my knees and show you just how good I am."

"Nope. You cannot persuade me. I am unpersuadable. In fact, I think I've seen the model for least person to be persuaded." I nodded at a breathless note when his lips brushed my neck, my arms slightly loosening.

"Grown those eyes, Sophia." He repeats in a whisper. His hands move up and down my thighs, resting at my hips as he starts to peel up the material. "I am so... sorry sorry for what I've said, sweetheart." Every word translates to a kiss, starting at my jaw and making his way down the side of my throat. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"No..." My arms slacks his stance, tugging him closer as I start my head to give him better access. "You need to do a better job at apologizing, pretty boy."

"You're right." He gathers me closer with one hand at the small of my back and the other threading through my hair, bringing my mouth to his. I let out a sigh, melting into him with nothing but need. He tastes like Dean's kiss, fresh, and with a hint of toothpaste. I wanna drown in him sometimes, have him so wrapped around me that there's nothing I can do or see without feeling and smelling him.

"What about mean" He asks against my lips. "Do you forgive me now, Sofia?"

I shake my head and he tilts his, deepening the kiss. We makeout for a few minutes longer, both of his hands now crediting my pre before he asks once more. "And now?"

"No." I tell him, eyes open and so his is a mere whisper.

"Well that just wrong me, with it! I have to make up with my future wife, don't I?" He sh . t both hands down to the centre of my back, pulling me to the edge of the counter. "What you forgive about, Soph."

I sib as I told and he easily moves us into our bedroom.

"But your food..." I remember, looking over his shoulder at the Kitchen.

He shrugs, uncaring. "It can wait." But then he pauses, eyebrows drawing in concern. "Unless you're hungry right now. Are you that upset at me, Soph."

I roll my eyes, a smile bursting as I bury my face in his neck. "God, can you stop being so caring all the time? Do you wanna kill me?"

"No..."

I kiss his cheek, wrapping my limbs around him tighter. "Come on, Dean. Start apologizing to me."

I feel his smile against the top of my head as he carries me to his bedroom. With a laugh, I let dropped down on top of his comforter as he stands looming over me, a smile blossoming on his own mouth.

"How does my future wife wanna forgive me?"

I cover my face with my hands, flustring. "Stop calling me your future wife!"

"Why? While I can't see him, I can have the heavy amusement in his tone as he uses one hose on his bed, the mattress dipping. "You like it too much, Sophia?"

I can only nod, slowly removing my hands as I look up at him. "I can do anything?"

He tilts his head in question. "Within reason."

"Okay." I sit up immediately, full slightly. "Lay down on the bed." I demand before pausing and adding, "Please."

He doesn't object, grinning at my politeness and moands that he is do so but before he drops down, he turns to look at me. "You want me to undress first, sweetheart?"

It isn't just his words but the way he says it has me blushing deeply, nodding my head and I watch the edge of the bed in my lap bents to watch him strip a t his t-shirt. His back muscles ripple under his movements. He small pecks of his coarse curly hair and I feel my mouth an appearance making me lose my breath. Before giving on any further, his hands stop at his sweatpants, turning around to face me. They sat low on his waist, the top band of his underwear peeking through.

"Do you want to do the honours, Soph, or would you rather enjoy the show?"

"Lower your boxers on." I is all I say, ignoring his question and he complies with a small smile, doing as told. I cover closer to him once he's laid out comfortably on the bed, his back resting against his headboard.

My first instinct is to let him take over, not feeling confident enough to lead things but Dean has made me feel nothing but capable so I swallow those fears, giving him a yearning look before moving to the bed. I enter his closet, eyes wandering looking for something until I see it, taking it in the small grey shirt with a collar on it.

I stop, watching him on the bed. He looks so relaxed, so calm and completed and feel that I wanna give him everything he ever asks for. His eyes narrow down at what's in my hand, a smirk turning the corners of his lips.

"Baby, are you planning on tying me up?"

I go back on the bed to meet him, straddling one of his thighs. "Are you okay with it?"

He nods, eyes looking hazy. "Yeah," he confirms in a so voice. "I'm okay with it."

I take it. hand this, tying it to the headboard and he stays silent, watching me do my work. Before I move to the other one, however, Dean yanks me close to him the back of one, hand in my hair and gut detached for a moment, though I see this opportunity to hook it my lock, quickly tying his other hand to the headboard.

"Safe word?" I ask, out of breath. My hands hold his face, running my thumb over his cheekbones.

"Green."

I smile. "You want to shave a safeword?"

"You are gonna be my future wife, aren't you? We're going to have a share more everything."

I say nothing to that but my smile does widen, and finally I look down at his cock staring by his boxers. I wet my mouth as he let out a soft swallow, starting to go flatter again. He seems to enjoy my movements, his sounds of approval only giving me the confidence to keep going.

I crawl his thighs together at the sound of him moaning my name, like I'm his lover. He says it as out of breath that it sounds like he's underwater, gasping for air and I'm the one who is the reason.

"Good girl," He says once I've gagged on it, his dick hitting the back of my throat, he's so big that there's still a considerable amount to go and through gloved eyes I look at him. "You're doing so well, Sophia. All the way down... that's it".

I try and go even deeper, massaging the rest of him and I can see him exasperate from pinking his lips. Sounds pulling at the back of my angrily as I slow down to almost a stop.

"Fuck." And I'm all on cover to say, and it fully pulls a t after, basically breathing in gulfen back some oxygen in my lungs. He seems defeated when I look at him, eyes closed, mouth pulled down into a frown, his face expressing utter disappointment and frustration.

"Sophia..." He murmurs, desperately.

"What is it, Dean?" I feign innocence. "What do you want?"

" Please"

I shake my head, sighing at his lack of response. "That doesn't tell me anything, pretty boy."

"Make me come... please, make me come, baby. I can't - fuck" Dean seems like he's lost for words, unable to conjure up a coherent sentence in his pretty mind.

I go back to using my hand, not quite ready to swallow his cum yet and he whimpers louder, his time it seizes.

"Aw, Dean, are you trying to tell me something?"

He nods adamantly, mouth slightly open and head tilted back to rest against his headboard as his grey eyes stare at me, I'm a lot lower seen than this was, fully submissive, naked, so capable of handing over his power.

It makes my chest warm up of the fact that he's being this way, in front of me. He's allowing himself to get fully comfortable because he knows I'm capable of taking care of him. Pat that, I reward him, no longer wanting to drag out the inevitable.

"Does that feel good, pretty boy?"

"Yes," he replies, so so that I almost didn't hear him.

I allow it a moment, seeing him fleeting against the tight of his oblique one of them, his hand automatically coming to rest at my waist, giving me a squeeze as I work him.

I sits closer, wanting to be near him as his face morphs into pure pleasure.

"Are you gonna come, baby?" I mutter down over him, my lips pressing into his neck. He clamits his head, allowing me more access and I nip, lick, and suck at the skin, marking it as mine. He's down to only sounds and movements, erratic under me and as I lean over his face, Dean and I copping his lips so I can press moan all over it.

His moans disaper in my mouth, my hand working him from bottom to top, hand squeezing just enough to finally bring him the release he needs. I pant away, still hovering over him as I have him let out a string of curses, groans and whimpers shamelessly present as his hips buck into my hand.

"Oh fuck... oh fuck Sophia -" He bucks his face in my neck as he climaxes, body shuddering with release and I wrap one arm around him to comfort as the other continues, working him through his orgasm. It seems everything as he melts into me entirely, my hand slowing to a stop as I whisper small praises to him, untying his other hand and copping his face so I can press kisses all over it.

I climb into his lap as he slumps down, gathering me to his chest with heavy breaths.

"You did so well, Dean." I make sure to tell him because he has. We've worked hard on this point in the game, a point where he feels comfortable enough to become entirely vulnerable and lets me take care of his needs. It's something he prefered to do to me, and I was glad I could reciprocate those very actions to show how much I cherished him.

I continue on those kisses, wanting him to feel every ounce of tafeness and how he has given me, knowing he has had all this face as I pause to look down on him. His eyes are droopy yet he smiles when he sees me, lifting his t-bro, a notice that he wants me to kiss him.

I do so indeed, making sure it's every bit sweet and perfect.

"How are you feeling?" I ask him, wanting to feel some reassurance that he's feeling good. I - sit back, towels, massaging his wrists and also placing kisses them as apologies seeing his skin slightly red from rugging at the ties.

"Like I can sleep peacefully for hours." He murmurs.

"You can't sleep now, silly. You still need to eat."

He frowns at that, pouting his pink mouth my way. "I can't wanna sleep with you."

"Soph, pretty boy? I gotn at him, playing with his hair. "You are insatiable today. Where did my desiatate lover boy go?"

"He wants you by his down beside him and take a nap, sweetheart. Your mattress is so soft." Dean lazily logs and his lowers once I move a t his lap, fully laying down on the bed now and trying to tug me with him.

I refuse though, swaying his hair out of his eyes as I kiss his forehead.

"Let me take care of you." I say lay, my mouth on his ear. He watches me for a few moments before nodding, and I press a chaste kiss to his lips before slipping o the bed and heading to the kitchen to get him some water. His food was already made and knowing Dean, he would sleep first before wanting to eat.

I quickly head back, climbing over the bed to hand him the glass and he slightly 'k - ups as he drinks it down, only taking half before giving the rest to me. I almost cry while finishing the water, cuddling back up with Dean as he sets the cup on the side table.

"Sophia..." I hear him call out a an a beat.

I trace circles on his chest, his abs flexing under my finger as he lights breaths, just through him.

"Thank you."

I don't reply and instead, swing one leg over his body and bury my face in his chest, breathing him in and savouring this moment. This moment would definitely be one to cherish close to my heart, the one where I'd bring out on a sad day and needed comfort.