

### Chapter 3 – Wednesday Lover

The walk back from Geoffrey's Gambit to his house wasn't that long, but it felt like miles and miles and miles, as he considered all the things that Merlin had told him. He took his phone from his pocket and put a marker on the 3<sup>rd</sup>, which was a few weeks off, marking it “Midas Day?” He wasn't at all sure what that meant, but the look that had been on Merlin's face convinced him it was going to definitely be a mixed bag. The name Midas Day wasn't doing it any favors, Kev thought, since that story was supposed to be a cautionary tale.

As he returned to his house, he saw that Kerry's beat up Honda Civic was parked in his driveway, looking one step away from death as it had for as long as he'd known her. There was something reassuring about that, some single detail that had refused to change despite all the sweeping edits his life had gone through in the past week.

Kerry called her car Lady Godiva, because the Civic was about as naked as it could possibly get. The paint had probably been green at some point, but now it was mostly rust colored, and pretty soon, the old girl would need to be laid to rest for good. Kev sort of hoped that he'd be able to pay her enough for her to get a new car and not have to worry about it.

He headed up to the front door and as soon as he stepped into the house, he could hear Kerry's boisterous laugh from down the hall. It was a comfortable and familiar sound, even if he hadn't heard it much as of late. She'd laughed a lot when the band had gotten started, and it brought a warm feeling to his heart to hear it again.

Kev walked down the hall and entered the dining room, where Elizabeth, Ashley and Kerry were all seated, enjoying cocktails. He suspected Natalie was in the kitchen finishing off dinner. “Three of my favorite ladies, all enjoying each others' company,” he said, moving to sit at the head of the table, which they'd intentionally left unoccupied for him. “Glad to hear everyone's getting along.”

“So you go from banging nobody to living the polyamorous dream, Kev?” Kerry said, leaning her chair back onto two legs, keeping it precariously balanced there. “I mean, I get it, if we'd have ever gotten groupies as hot as Ashley here, I'd have been all over that shit, but you never struck me as the kind of guy with that level of game. Props to you, my man!”

She'd modified her look a bit, but Kerry still looked like Kerry. Last time he'd seen her, she'd been rocking an undercut, but now she had what looked like a mohawk that hadn't been put up, a single stripe of long dyed purple hair down the center of her head, swept back and dangling down her back. She was short and ripped and butch, as she'd always been, and her face was covered in shrapnel – her septum had a large ring through it, each side of her nose bore a large stud, each of her eyebrows sported three silver rings, and her ears had enough piercings in them that he'd never bothered to count. Also on her neck, she bore a tattoo of a mermaid wielding a machine gun, Rosie the Riveter style.

Like she always did, she had on a pair of jeans that were more holes than denim, and tonight's t-shirt of choice was a Ozzy Osbourne t-shirt that said “No More Tours” on it, from his first farewell tour back in 1992, the image on it more than a little faded. Her heavily spiked leather jacket was draped over the back of the chair. Her bottle of Heineken looked like it was mostly empty already, so she'd likely arrived almost immediately after he'd gone out for a walk.

“Yeah, well, I sort of fell into it,” Kev said, as Natalie poked her head in.

“Dinner'll be ready in ten, sir. Get you a drink?”

“I'll have what she's having,” he said pointing at Kerry.

“Oh, and bring me a second, will ya doll?” Kerry said to Natalie, giving her a little wink.

Natalie smiled, nodding. “Sure thing. One sec.”

“So you're really banging all of them, Kev?” Kerry said, finishing off her first beer. “I mean, I don't blame you. All three of these ladies are rockin' but don't you feel a little greedy, keeping 'em all to

yourself?"

"They chose me, Ker," Kev laughed, "and it would be rude to turn any of them down."

Kerry looked over at Ashley. "I mean, c'mon, girl, he's gotta be too old for you, yeah?"

Ashley smirked at her, flipping some of her platinum blonde hair back over her shoulder. "The first time he fucked me, I came so hard my eyes rolled back into my skull. If he can always do that, I don't give a fuck how old he is, m'kay?"

Kerry let out a little whistle and looked back at Kev. "Shit, it's a shame I'm not into dudes at all, otherwise I'd take a hit off that," she said, laughing, as Natalie reentered the room, setting a beer down in front of Kev, then in front of Kerry, picking up her bottle.

"I'll be right back with dinner, sir," Natalie said, starting to head towards the kitchen.

"Make sure to dish yourself some out to join us, Natalie," Kev said to her.

The Asian woman stopped at the doorway, looking back, a bit of surprise on her face. "Are you sure, sir?"

Kev grinned a little bit at her. "Don't make me have to tell you twice."

Natalie blushed a little and returned the grin. "Yes sir, thank you sir. I'll be right back." Then she slipped back into the kitchen.

"Doesn't she normally eat dinner with you?" Kerry asked, arching a collection of eyebrow piercings at him.

"This is actually her first dinner here," Kev said, as Natalie brought the first round of plates in, setting one in front of Kevin before anyone else. "She just joined the family yesterday, didn't you, Nat?" he said, giving her butt a friendly squeeze.

Natalie set the second plate down in front of Kerry, then leaned down to give Kev a kiss, nothing too heated, but certainly affectionate. "Are you generally going to want me to eat with you, sir? It is, of course, your prerogative."

"Unless you have other plans, Nat, if I'm eating here, I'm going to want you to be eating with us every meal."

"If you don't want me to have other plans, just tell me not to, sir," she said, disappearing back into the kitchen. She was a lot more subdued now than she'd been earlier, but Kev suspected it was because they had a guest, and she was trying to put on a specific appearance, something Kev was eager to shut down quick.

"C'mon, Nat," he said as she emerged back out with two more plates, "I'm not going to dictate how you spend your days, okay? Eat with us when you're around, but if you need or want to have other plans on any given day, know that I'm not only okay with it, I encourage it, got it?"

"Got it, sir," she said, kissing his cheek again, setting down a plate in front of Elizabeth, then one in front of Ashley, before heading back one final time to get a plate for herself. When she returned, she smiled at Kerry. "You know how new things are. I'm sure you two had a bit of getting used to one another when you started the band."

"Not so much," Kerry said with a laugh. "I keep the time, Kev brings the tune. That's our roles. Although he's always been kind enough to let me toss in some wild fills, so I can jam in the breakdowns. But he's flexible enough to work within whatever polyrhythms I throw at him."

For the next hour, the five of them enjoyed a delicious chicken marsala and chatted about each other, all the girls willing to engage Kerry in conversation, all the while dodging questions about how Kevin had fallen into his new life, other than to say Kevin had done a very wealthy patron a good turn, which had been rewarded exceptionally.

After dinner, Ashley had helped Natalie clear the table, as Kevin gave Kerry a tour of the house, mostly just taking her past the rest of the house and down to the studio, which she immediately geeked out over. When he told her that Dandy Randy was now his house engineer, Kerry took his hand and shook it, agreeing to be his drummer whenever he needed it. When Kev told her that he'd also just given her back her percentages from all sales for the reissues of the Truth Knife releases, and she

hugged him hard, telling him she'd always known he was a good guy, and was glad they'd gotten a chance to reconnect as friends.

As he walked her to the door, he told her that Elizabeth would be her point person for scheduling, but that she should expect to be up at the house and in the studio at least three days a week for the next few months, working on the score for the movie, in addition to any other projects he might pick up along the way. They hadn't even really discussed rates, because Kerry seemed confident that Kev would take good care of her, and she headed to her Civic and laughed, calling out to him that maybe she could finally replace the dying vehicle before driving off into the night.

That meant it was time to go and see Elizabeth. It was odd, he realized, but he felt a sense of expectation with Elizabeth that he hadn't with either Ashley or Natalie, in that Elizabeth had been around long enough for him to get a sense of the sorts of things she did and didn't want, and that meant he could let her down, something he feverishly didn't want to do.

He found her waiting in his bedroom, sitting on the bed, his cell phone resting to her left, the box with the collars in it resting to her right, a wide smile on her face. As she'd said she'd do, she'd applied particularly thick mascara during his little tour with Kelly, because she'd gone out of her way to tell him a couple of times that she wanted him to make it run down her face. Her cheeks were colored with more blush than she normally wore, although she hadn't put on much in the way of lipstick. She was only wearing a pair of black panties and a black bustier, which propped up her tits into a lush shelf of white flesh.

“Did you change your mind about making me your majordomo?” she said to him, a sly and inviting smile resting on her lips.

“Not at all,” he said, walking into the room, closing the door behind him. He realized that he wouldn't normally mind the other girls wanting to be around, but for this time, for his first time with Elizabeth, he wanted it to be just the two of them. “But I can ask you the same thing. Have you changed your mind about all the things you told me you wanted me to do to you?”

“I've never wanted anything so badly in my entire fucking life, sir,” she purred at him. “You're an even better match for me than Miss Le Fay thought you would be. Whatever you're going to ask of me, I will give it. Gladly. Willingly. Eagerly.”

“I take it you've already picked out a pendant for yourself?” he said, moving over towards her and the bed.

She nodded, and opened the box, reaching into it and pulling out what she'd chosen. It was a pair of gold braided ropes, with a dip in the center where a small pendant hung from, a smoky gem in the center of it, matching that of his ring and the pendants the other girls wore. She held it out to him, looking up at him with excitement inside her azure orbs. “Will you do me the honor, sir?” she said, turning on the bed to show her back to him, sweeping her brown hair over one shoulder so her neck was unimpeded.

He took the necklace from her and slid it around her neck, seeing her shiver when he did, as he brought it together, having trouble with the clasp at first, which almost seemed to make her nervous and impatient, before his thumbnail finally hooked into it and pushed the clasp open, sliding the hook into the eye and letting it fall against her collarbone. When it did, she started to shake and shiver, goosebumps racing over her skin as she did her best to hold in a squeal that leaked out from her anyway, a high-pitched whimper that just couldn't help but fill the air as she orgasmed from the necklace bringing her into the family.

She turned back to look at him again, her eyes blinking several times quickly, as if trying to bring her gaze back into focus, and the smile on her face looked a little drunk. “I... I knew that would happen, but I *so* wasn't fucking ready for it,” she moaned. “Thank you so much, sir. I know you said I've earned it, but I want you to know, I'm never going to want to go, and will always do my best to enhance your life as much as I can.”

He brought a fingertip to her lips to silence her, then leaned in to kiss her, and she eagerly

leaned into his kiss like she'd been waiting for that moment her entire life. After a minute or so, he pulled back from it, smiling down at her. "You're my girl Friday, for now and all eternity."

Elizabeth nodded, pushing the box further across the bed, so they would have more room on it, before picking up his cellphone. "I've got my makeup done all heavy so when you're skullfucking me, it'll run dark, like I told you I wanted earlier," she purred.

"Oh I saw that when I came in, but that'll be round two," he said.

"Oh?" she said, a little surprised. "May I ask why, sir?"

"Look, Elizabeth," he chuckled. "Your picture is going to be the one I likely see the most on my phone ringing, and a picture of you with your makeup streaked, looking entirely used, well, there's probably a little bit of risk of someone seeing that aside when you're calling and I'm in a restaurant or something, so that'll be round two, and you can still take a picture of it for my phone, but for your first orgasm, for the one that pops up whenever you call me, I want something a little more presentable."

"Alright sir, what did you—"

Kevin pushed her back onto the bed with a sudden shove as he moved down onto his knees at the edge of the bed, reaching down to draw her panties down her legs, pulling them off.

"Sir! You really don't—"

"Elizabeth, just enjoy this, will you?" he said, moving to press a kiss against the inside of her thigh, feeling her shiver in anticipation, as he dragged his tongue slowly up her flesh. He pushed his index and middle finger inside of her pussy as he moved to drag the flat of his tongue against her clit, feeling her lift her legs to hook them over his shoulders as her hips reflexively pushed up and towards his face.

"Oh god, sir! I didn't expect—"

He chuckled a little bit, lifting his head up to look at her, her head lifted enough so that she could look down at him. "*Nobody* expects the Spanish Inquisition!" he said, before pressing his lips against her clit and giving a few blasting buzzes, like he was blowing into a trumpet, which gave her body mixed signals, between the shocks of pleasure and the twinges of laughter.

He slowly worked his two fingers in and out at a languid rate, not wanting to build up too much too fast, as he dragged the tip of his tongue against her clit, drawing random shapes against it, occasionally making a letter from the alphabet, something he'd been told always kept good sensations running through a woman's body.

Beneath him, Elizabeth writhed, grinding her hips upwards towards his face and hand, whimpering in a hushed tone. "Oh fuck, sir, you're *very* good at that, shit!"

The tempo of his fingertips perked up a bit before he slipped them out, then pushed his tongue into her pussy as deep as he could get it, feeling her body twist slightly at the new sensation, before flicking his tongue around inside of her. He then slid his tongue back and out, pushing the two fingers back in, having turned his hand to palm up, so he could curl the two digits, the pads of his fingertips pressing against that sensitive spot inside of her, a sensation that made her back arch, her body contorting in pleasure.

"Don't forget when you're about to come," he said, chuckling knowing just how hard it must be for her to concentrate at that moment, "to get that picture for my phone."

"Oh god, yes sir! Any second now!" She forced her eyes open, struggling to get his phone's camera set and ready, pointing it at her face, as he pressed his lips down against her clit again, giving it another buzz while his tongue wormed between his lips to flick against it.

Her body began to tremble and he could hear the telltale click-click-click-click of her trying to frantically get a good picture, but he figured she would just pick one later, as after the four clicks, she dropped the phone to the bed and just continued grinding her hips up against his face, her body twisting and shifting in the throes of her orgasm.

After a bit, he let up on her, pulling his face away from her pussy, as she gasped and panted for air, like she'd been on the verge of drowning, a dopey smile on her face. "I certainly didn't expect that,

sir, or that you'd be so talented. Most men are so hesitant to go down on women," she said, trying to sit up but still a little unstable, so she fell back onto the bed.

"Most men," he said, standing up, "are fucking *idiots*, it turns out." He laughed, taking two fingertips to rub along his mouth, gathering a bit of her juices from it, licking them clean. "Now, are you sure that—"

He was interrupted by her standing up suddenly, kissing him hard, almost trying to make sure she could get a chance to taste herself on his lips, both of her hands against the back of his neck, like she wanted to hold him against her but also didn't want to be presumptuous about it. The kiss lasted a long moment, and finally she pulled back, but just enough so that her breath still tickled his lips. "That was amazing, but I do believe you owe me a skullfucking," she said, moving to kiss against his neck, then against his collarbone, trailing kisses down his stomach. "And after that, I want you to slam fuck my drenched cunt so hard that my legs don't work properly tomorrow."

"Is this what you're usually going to want?" he asked her, sliding a hand down to stroke the top of her head as she pulled his shirt up and over his head, tossing it aside. "To be manhandled and plowed until you can't stand up straight?"

"God no," she laughed. "But I want my first time with you, our first time together, for it to be filthy, raw, brutal and degrading, for you to push me around and force me to take it all, for you to do everything possible to use and abuse me, so at the end of it, I've seen the very worst you're capable of, enjoyed it, and know what to expect." She unbuttoned his jeans, unzipping them. "Because I promise you, I will enjoy it, no matter what you're doing to me."

"You seem amazingly confident that I won't be *too* rough for you," he said, feeling her tug his jeans down his legs as she dropped to her knees before him.

"You're not built for it, Kev," she said with a soft giggle. "Oh, I have no doubt that you'll leave me sore and aching by the end of it, but you're not the kind of man who's going to break me. I mean, what would you do if I told you to slap me in the face as hard as you can?"

"I mean, I'd try, but it probably wouldn't be very hard," he said, sheepishly. "I don't feel comfortable slapping people."

"See?" she said with a smile. "You won't go too far, no matter how much I'm pushing you to, so I want you to go to the absolute limit of what you're comfortable with, so I get a chance to set that line down in the sand, and know exactly what you're capable of." She pulled off his jeans and boxers, pushing them aside on the floor.

"We have to have some sign that it's too far," he said, "just in case I'm capable of more than you think I am."

"Tell you what, sir," she said, moving to pull off her bustier, leaving her nude at his knees. Her breasts were quite full, and her nipples were like tiny pencil nubs, hard and stiff at being exposed. "If I'm in trouble, I'll give you an S-O-S tap on your hip if my mouth is full, and if it isn't, I'll say 'pistachio,' and that can be my safe word. Will that make you feel better?"

"Immensely."

"I'm not going to use it, but you know that I have one now, so are you ready to give me my two loads? To desecrate me and leave me drenched in your cum, my cunt throbbing and aching because it misses the savage pounding you've given it and it wants more." She moved to kiss the head of his cock, both of her hands teasing gentle along her hips. "Now do I have to keep reassuring you, or are you going to shut your mouthy little whore up with this great big dick of—"

She'd made it abundantly clear to him what she wanted, so he felt like the longer he avoided it, the more he was just getting in his own way, so his hands had been slowly brushing along the side of her head while she'd been talking, and when she finally started to get a little impatient, he sprung into action, his hands grabbing the back of her head, forcing her face down on his cock, pushing hard, much harder than he wanted, but somehow, he suspected, not quite as hard as she'd like.

The suddenness with which he'd stuffed his dick into her throat had made her gag reflex trigger

a bit, and he could feel her body trying to push his cock out, her cheeks inflating at the shock of it, but he kept her pinned there, even as her fingernails curled on his hips, a sultry moan burbling on his shaft when he finally pulled it back and she drew in a deep, almost frantic, gasp of air, only for him to shove his cock back in.

He held her face down for another long moment, and he could tell her eyes were watering, even as her cheeks blustered a bit, trying to make it clear she needed to breath, but he kept her face on his cock longer than he felt comfortable with, eventually drawing her head back, letting her inhale sharply once more, desperate for another lungful of oxygen.

“That what you wanted, slut?” he said down to her, seeing the mascara on her cheeks had already started to streak downwards in black tears along her cheeks.

She nodded with great enthusiasm, her tongue trying to lick up a bit of the spit and drool that was lining her mouth, but it couldn't do anything to clean her face up any. “More, sir!” Before she could get another word out, he yanked her mouth back onto his cock, before pulling it back and then slamming it forward again, starting a rough and brutal rhythm as he fucked his cock into her throat, making sure she was getting it sloppy and wet.

Each time he thrust his dick into her face, she moaned and whimpered and whined, but never once did she give the tap out signal. If anything, he felt like she was digging her fingernails harder into his skin, as if she was trying to give him feedback how much she was enjoying the experience.

When the pace got more intense, he could feel his balls resting against her chin, as she moved to take one hand up to them. When her fingers started to close around his nutsack, he slapped her wrist, pulling her hand away. “Nobody told you that you could use your fucking hands,” he growled at her, feeling her whimper on his cock in response.

After a few minutes, the assault of her tongue was too much for him to resist, so he thrust forward hard, lodging his dick entirely in her throat, as he fired the first jet of cum against the back of it, pulling back suddenly, so he spurts the second and thrust splurts across her face, as she moaned in excitement. He'd never done that kind of thing before, but it seemed like what she'd wanted.

“Thank you, Master,” she said. “May she take a picture of her face now that it's been used?”

“You may,” he said, panting to catch his breath, his stance a little unstable. “But be quick about it, cunt.”

“Yes Master. Thank you Master.” She hopped up to her feet, and he could see the inside of her thighs was extremely slick, her pussy having dripped out a bit onto her skin. She bent over to grab his cellphone, and as soon as the opportunity was presented to him, he slapped her ass as hard as he could, as a strangled moan burst from her lips, such a loud and feral sound he wondered if she'd orgasmed just from the sensation of it. “*FUCK* Master, you're too good to this worthless slut.”

Once she had a moment, she brought the phone up and snapped a handful of pictures of her face, mascara running down her cheeks in streaks, cum dripping across her nose and hanging from her chin, a portrait of sexual depravity and eager wantonness.

“Put the phone back down, slut,” he said, trying to put as much bass into his voice as he could. This whole persona was unfamiliar to him, but it wasn't a completely uncomfortable fit, even if he did still have a warning light in the back of his head, reminding him that no matter how much he pushed it, it would still likely not be too far for Elizabeth.

She tossed the phone across the bed, and looked back over her shoulder at him, as he grabbed her hips and yanked her to the edge of the bed. The bed height was perfect for a standing fuck, so he brought her hips to the proper placement, then pushed one of her legs open wide, forcing her to slide her knee up onto the very edge of the bed, exposing her pussy to him, that slit heavily slick now with anticipation. She looked over her shoulder at him, an almost deranged grin on her face. “Your cunt is waiting for you, Master,” she said, wiggling her hips a little bit at him. “Break it in.”

Elizabeth had been transparent about what she wanted, and Kevin felt like he needed to deliver, to give back to her for all that she'd already given him. He lined up the head of his cock against her

pussy and shoved hilt deep into her, pressing her up against the edge of the bed hard enough to force a startled moan from her throat.

She placed her hands on the bed, using her arms to lift her torso up a bit, but Kevin took the palm of his hand and shoved hard down between her shoulder blades, forcing her back down onto the bed again, as she squealed in delight. Once she was down, he moved his hand up and pressed it atop her head, shoving her a bit deeper into the mattress. "Did I say get on your hands, whore?"

"No, Master! Sorry Master!" she said, her voice lathered in lust and ecstasy, somewhere lost in the delirium of it all. His hand kept her pinned in place as he drew his hips back a bit before grinding them forward again.

He decided he really needed his hands on her hips to get the kind of force she seemed to want from him, so he slid his hand off her head and moved them down along her back, giving her ass another hard slap before he grabbed onto her hips and began to rail her as hard as he could, with enough force that the bedframe was cracking against the wall each time he drilled his cock inside of her cunt.

Once he'd gotten the pace and rough rhythm down, he reached forward and grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking back on it, pulling her up onto her hands only to see them hanging limp before he realized she was simply following his previous instruction. "Hands out, slut!" he shouted, his other hand slapping her ass once more, feeling the flesh heat red beneath his touch before he grabbed onto her hip again once she'd placed her hands down.

From this angle, he could rail into her fast and hard, his balls slapping against her clit like a paddleball, a constant swatting assault on that bundle of nerves as his cock slammed into her over and over again, stretching her out, feeling his hips grinding against her ass each time he collided with her body, her moans definitely loud enough that the entire house could hear them.

"Destroy me, Master!" she howled beneath him. "I'm your whore I'm your whore I'm your little fucking whore break your fucking whore break her little worthless fuckhole until you've carved your fucking name into it and made it fucking worth something by making my cunt *your* cunt by showing me how to get fucked by a real fucking man!"

His hand in her hair slid down and grabbed her by the throat, curving his fingers on one side of it, his thumb on the other, starting to squeeze until he could hear her gasping a little, her body shivering in delight, wheezing in draws of air, that intake controlled by the grip of his hand.

"I'm gonna cum in that hole of yours, and when I cum, your body's gonna do one thing right and it's gonna cum with me. You're gonna feel it whether you want it or not, and that orgasm's gonna fucking hurt, and it *should* but you aren't gonna stop it, because that's what you fucking wanted," he hissed at her, feeling his own release creeping up on him, despite the discomfort.

Finally, his hand on her hip shoved her back onto his cock as he thrust forward, making her slam back then fall forward, getting pinned beneath his dick and the mattress, as his balls drew up and started gorging the inside of her pussy full of his cum. As he'd told her to, the minute he started to gush, her whole body lit up like a pinball machine, goosebumps covering her skin as she started thrashing beneath him in a violent shiver, the orgasm so intense that he could feel her locking down like she was trying to crush his dick inside of her before starting to yank and pull, desperate to milk as much of his spunk inside of her as she could, howling out a strangled yelp of pleasure that warbled and croaked.

A few seconds later, his body slumped forward atop of hers on the bed, the two of them lying there, almost lifeless, in the aftershocks of her orgasm. Moments later, she started to giggle, not girlishly, but almost a deranged psychopathic titter of laughter before it devolved into a moan, as his hips pulled back, his limp cock sliding from her.

He slid off atop her, and flipped her over so he could take his hand and wipe sweat, cum and streaky mascara from her face as he leaned in to press a tender kiss to her lips, soft and gentle, as he slid an arm underneath her neck, moving to cuddle her in close to him. "I hope that's what you were looking for," he said to her. "You've been so good to me, I wanted to be as good for you as I could."

"That was fucking *magnificent*," she said, smiling warmly at him. "I'm sore and achey, but

nothing's torn, nothing's bleeding, nothing's ripped, and the bruising, which feels fantastic by the by, will heal soon enough."

He stroked his hand across her face, as he reached down the blanket and pulled it up and over them, making sure her body was nestled in firmly against his, as he continued to give her soft and tender kisses. "And you're sure I didn't go too far? I was a little concerned the choking might have been a bit much."

She giggled, licking her lips. "I didn't expect that from you at *all*, but it was *wondrous*, and I thought I was going to black out," she said, nestling her body in against his, keeping his arms and the blankets wrapped around you. "You didn't spit on me, though," she teased. "I would've liked that."

"I can do it now if you like," he said, pretending to summon a bit of spit into his mouth, as she giggled once more, shaking her head frantically.

"Too late!" she cackled. "Too late entirely! The moment's passed!"

"Well," he said, pretending his mouth was much more full of spit than it really was, "wha do I do wit' all dis?"

She smirked and leaned in to kiss him hard, swapping as much spit between the two of them as they were both capable of. The kiss started soft, picked up pace a little bit, then slowed down once more, as they settled in beneath the bed.

"So I don't want it like that often," she said to him as her breathing started to slow. "But when I do, I'll tell you, and you can even go harder than that, if you think you're up to it."

"Next time, maybe I'll try using handcuffs," he said, which evoked a shiver of anticipation from her body.

"Tease."

The two of them talked for a little bit longer, but both were tired, too tired to get up and shower, despite how much they badly needed it, and started drifting off to sleep. The last thing Kev thought before he drifted off to sleep was that he needed to ask Elizabeth in the morning if she knew anything about Merlin.

Wizards and witches seemed to have all sorts of plans for him.

That didn't help him sleep any.