

Chekhov's Strap-On

An All the Feels Bonus Scene

by

Olivia Dade

“Let me make sure I’m understanding you correctly.” Lauren turned from the computer monitor to frown at Alex. “You’re telling me you want us to buy”—a quick glance back at the screen—“the Mondo Deluxe. AKA the Super Spreader. AKA a dildo the size of my forearm.”

Each word emerged slowly, as if dragged unwillingly from her very tempting mouth. He’d kiss that mouth, but she looked more in the mood for throttling him than frenching him, sadly.

He leaned back in his office chair, which he’d rolled beside hers. “Yep.”

“For your first-ever time getting pegged.”

“Uh-huh.”

“For *my* first-ever time pegging you.”

“Exactly.”

She threw her hands in the air, now full-on scowling at him. “For heaven’s sake, have you *seen* my forearm?”

“Of course I have. It’s a lovely forearm. Exemplary, in fact. A credit to its ulnar brethren.” Although, to be fair, he wasn’t certain he’d fully considered its diameter in quite this context before. It was a bit intimidating, but he trusted Wren. She’d never, ever hurt him.

“Alex, no,” she said firmly. “I refuse. If the Mondo Deluxe is something you really want, we can work up to it, but I’m not starting there. It’s not safe for you.”

Pure, undiluted Lauren Clegg. His darling Wren, determined to protect him from everything, including his own folly.

Touched, he straightened in his chair and leaned over to kiss her temple. “Fine, you total harpy. We’ll begin small and go from there.”

“Good.” Her shoulders relaxed, and she tipped sideways to rest her arm against his. “I still don’t understand why you’d even consider doing otherwise.”

“Well...” He squirmed a bit, because he knew—he *knew*—she would *not* find his explanation satisfying. “In all my favorite fics, Cupid always gets pegged with a dildo the size of his partner’s forearm. And if he can do it—”

“Wait. Are you...” Her brows drew together. “Do you actually feel *competitive* with Cupid? I.e., the fictional, mythological character you portray on television and write about, but who does not exist in actual reality?”

“Possibly.”

She turned her head. Her stare pinned him in place.

He grimaced. “Maybe.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“All right. Yes.” He made a show of shielding his own eyes. “I admitted it, so turn off your gorgeous laser beams of death, woman.”

“Alex.”

Perhaps using erotic fanfic serve as a crucial source of his sexual fantasies had its drawbacks. And perhaps his desire—no, his deep-seated *need*—to have Wren take all of him, as much of him as he could offer, and claim him in every possible way she could, had led him the tiniest bit astray.

But if he was hers, he knew he was protected. He knew he was loved.

In her arms, in her control, all the endless chaos in his mind vanished. There was only Wren and pleasure and absolute safety, and it was everything. *She* was everything.

Still, she was right, as always. Getting pegged for the first time with a dildo the size of

her forearm would likely lead to unfortunate consequences, especially since he enjoyed occasionally sitting and found his ass indispensable for other matters too.

“I know, I know,” he conceded. “It’s perhaps the tiniest bit ridiculous.”

She held her thumb and forefinger a millimeter apart.

“Plus, he’s immortal. I’m sure immortal beings have special ass-related talents we humans lack.” He waved a hand at the monitor. “Fine. We’ll choose modestly sized dildos, and it’ll be amazing, even if it means *he* wins. That smug, rectally gifted bastard.”

“Sweetheart.” Swiveling, she nudged her knees against his. “I can’t promise amazing. As I just reminded you, this will be my first time.”

He lifted a shoulder. “Nah. It’ll be amazing.”

“How do you know that?”

“Because it’ll be you, Wren.” Her beloved face cupped in his hands, he smiled at her. “I don’t need anything else for amazing. Not one thing.”

The corners of her beautiful eyes crinkled with her own tender smile, her small breasts rose and fell under her PROUD GRADUATE OF THE HARPY INSTITUTE FOR CRONE SCIENCES tee, and her soft, leggings-clad thighs parted farther as she looked at him.

He wanted between those thighs again. He *always* wanted between those thighs.

Just the thought of her inside him—

Fuck. Fuck, he needed to finalize this order. Whatever overnight shipping cost, he was paying. Gladly.

She half-rose from her chair to kiss him, the lingering caress loving and gentle, at least until he teased her mouth open and swept his tongue inside. When she finally pulled back, her eyes on him were heated, but still as soft as the quilted silk blanket he’d once bought for her, the

one they now slept under every night.

Together. Always.

“You’re all the Mondo Deluxe Super Spreader I need,” he told her.

She blinked. “Wow, you really ruined that moment.”

“It’s a gift.” He grinned at her. “You’re welcome.”

The next night, they lay beside one another underneath a light blanket, hands linked, and watched the sunset. The double chaise lounge he’d placed in a quiet, secluded corner of his property gave them plenty of room to cuddle, and they eventually ended up in its cushioned embrace more nights than not whenever they were home. Sometimes to watch day turn to dusk, sometimes to spot whatever stars defied the light pollution of Hollywood, and sometimes...

His Wren, flat on her back, was potent temptation, and he didn’t bother with self-restraint particularly often. This evening certainly wouldn’t be one of those rare occasions.

Eventually, when the banners of gold and pink faded into night, he turned to face her. She was staring up at the darkening sky, but when he moved, she flipped onto her side too. For a moment, she simply looked at him. And for once, he had no words. Not in response to the softness of her expression, or the absolute trust in her gaze, or the tenderness of her touch as she tucked a strand of hair behind his ear.

For everyone else in Hollywood, the sun might have set. But Wren was his own personal sunrise, bright and warm, illuminating his world. Absolutely constant. Dazzling no matter how many times he saw her.

Scooting closer, he gathered her into his arms and covered her mouth with his, sipping at her in sweet, slow exploration. His tongue slid against the seam of her lips, and she allowed him

inside, allowed him to play and dart and suck the tip of her own tongue. She shifted against him. Tighter. Closer. Her little sigh of pleasure was a rush of pure oxygen to a flame, and he was set alight in an instant.

Dragging his lips over her cheek, along her soft jaw, and down to her neck, he whispered against her skin, “Is tonight the night? Are you going to fuck me, Wren?”

Her *yes* was a breath of sound, barely audible.

Oh, thank fuck.

Only—after so many months spent in such close proximity with Lauren, he understood her better than he often understood his own thoughts and actions. So he knew this first time, she’d be too intent on his safety, his reaction to having her inside him, to climax herself. Which meant he needed to take care of her beforehand, and he would. Delightedly.

“Then lie still for me now.” He explored the crook of her shoulder with a soft tongue and sharp teeth, just as she liked. “You don’t have to do anything. Don’t have to earn pleasure. Just take it. Let me give it to you.”

Her hands, which had begun delving beneath his Henley and wandering over his back, stilled, flexing in place. He claimed her mouth again and slipped his own hand beneath the waistband of her leggings as a reward. Positive reinforcement, Wren would call it.

When he teased her nipple with his free hand, her sharp inhalation stole the breath from his lungs, but she could have it. She could have everything.

For a woman who could seem so austere, so impervious, Wren was surprisingly soft. Soft belly. Soft skin. Soft heart. Soft sounds against his lips as he slid his fingers down to the softest, hottest place of all and stroked slowly.

After more than a month as a couple, he could get her off quickly, as needed. But tonight,

there was no hurry, and he took his time, murmuring an endless, mindless litany of praise, telling her how incredibly slick she'd become for him, how swollen, how tight around his fingers. How much he loved her little hitches of breath whenever he lightly rubbed her clit. How good she was being, just letting him offer pleasure without working for it, just taking what he wanted to give.

Her thighs clamped tight, trapping his hand, and she buried her broken moan against his shoulder as she came. He kept caressing until she subsided against the cushion, boneless, and he pressed one last kiss against her parted mouth before licking his fingers clean.

Satisfied, he laid down beside her once more. Only to find himself unceremoniously dragged to his feet and hauled inside their home with insistent tugs of her hand in his. Cheeks flushed, soft jaw set in determination, she marched him quickly—or as quickly as she could, given her improbably short legs—to their patio door, then up the stairs and down the hall.

Outside their bedroom, she backed him into the wall, used a handful of his hair to yank his head down to hers, and took his mouth in a fiercely possessive kiss. By the time she let him breathe again, he was dizzied and needy, and when she pulled away, he reached for her desperately.

She dodged and entered their room.

“Wait here,” she ordered as he sagged, panting, against the doorframe, and then she proceeded to do—something. He had no idea. He was too busy staring at the hard nipples beneath her tee, the jiggle of her ass in her thin leggings, the telltale patch of dampness darkening the dove gray of those leggings to charcoal between her legs. He couldn't focus on anything else. Didn't want to, even if he could.

What felt like an eternity later, she was holding his hand again and leading him into their bedroom. Tugging at his shirt until he pulled it over his head. Shoving his loose lounge pants

down his legs and easing his boxer-briefs over his erection as he toed off his socks. Then she stripped herself in an eye-blink, and a gentle push of her palm toppled him onto their wide bed.

She crawled onto the towel-covered mattress beside him, bent over to claim his mouth with her tongue once more, and put her hands on him. Measuring his limbs in long sweeps. Playing with his nipples until he trembled. Smoothing over his ribs and down his hips. Nudging him onto his stomach so she could trail her tongue up his spine while he ground his painful erection rhythmically against the too-soft mattress. Urging him onto his knees so she could cup his balls and gently squeeze until he was gasping in need.

By the time Lauren urged him onto his back and spread his legs, bending his knees high, Alex was begging.

But now that the moment had finally arrived, all her urgency seemed to vanish. She didn't rush. Not when she kissed him with slow brushes of her lips against his, slow slides of her tongue. Not when she slipped her hand between them and lubed his dick with deliberate care, then slowly pumped him until he was shifting and groaning into her mouth. Not when she pressed a slick finger inside his ass—something he loved, and something they'd begun doing last month—and slowly circled, slowly slipped in and out as he arched his back, his breath hitching as he pushed down for more.

Slowly, slowly, slowly. Everything happened so fucking *slowly*.

When he went down on her later tonight, he was going to edge the living shit out of her. He might be an impulsive, impatient man, but for the sake of sexual revenge? Yeah. He would transform into a goddamn Jedi Master of orgasm denial.

As Yoda might say: Suffer, she would.

Then he couldn't think at all anymore. The pleasure swallowed him whole, an ocean

closing over his head, and all he could do was drift in whatever direction she willed.

Two fingers, then more lube everywhere. Gleaming in her palm, spread generously over the slim dildo now strapped securely between her legs, slickening the sensitive skin around and inside his ass. He was moaning by then, and she murmured comforting, incomprehensible words to him.

His hips propped high with pillows, she knelt between his legs and laid a warm, tender hand on his belly. The dildo's tip rested against his entrance with teasing, feather-light pressure.

"Honey, breathe out and push against the dildo whenever you're ready." When it took him a moment to respond, she repeated herself, then added, "But you need to do it slowly. Do you still want this?"

"Wren—" Desperate for more, he was trying to shove himself onto the dildo, trying to take her inside him, but she eluded him, because she was *the worst*. Also the absolute best, because—holy shit. "Wren, fuck me. God, *please* fuck me already."

Then, her hands on his hips keeping their movements torturously slow, she let him impale himself on her dildo as she rocked her own hips gently, and no, that dildo wasn't the size of her forearm, but its penetration still felt like a claim. It still felt like he became even more *hers*.

And it felt *amazing*.

No pain. None. Just pressure and pleasure, because fuck, she'd never hurt him, she'd been so good to him, prepared him so well, and now that curved dildo was pressing against him in just the right spot to make him see white behind his eyelids with each deliberate push and retreat.

She paused. "Good, honey? Anything hurt?"

"No, fuck no, nothing hurts, just *keep moving*," he managed to grit out between clenched

teeth. “Your vibrator—”

“Next time.” Her hand smoothed up his side in a caress. “I want to concentrate on you now. Only you.”

Just as he’d thought.

Goddamn Wren. Generous and selfless and all about taking care of him.

Fine. He wouldn’t edge her later. He’d just make her come until she was begging him to stop as fervently as he’d begged her to start.

She began fucking him again, and all coherent thought disappeared. And when they’d found a rhythm that made him gasp and groan, she took a hand off his hip and gripped his dick firmly, her fingers so warm and so goddamn slippery, and pumped. Hard.

Shit, shit, he wasn’t going to last. Each thrust was a lightning bolt up his spine, and his mouth was moving but he had no idea what he was—

“I love you too, Alex, so much,” she whispered, and he was trembling beneath her as she patiently dismantled him, piece by piece. “Come for me, honey.”

Then she twisted her wrist, stroking his dick in just the right way as she pushed deep and firm inside him, and he was fucking *gone*. Crying out, twisting and bucking, writhing on the dildo and in her fist as he came all over himself in vicious, glorious spasms for what felt like forever.

Eventually, as the pleasure began to fade, he heard himself babbling to her. Praise, gratitude, declarations of devotion, interspersed with him simply gasping out *fuck, fuck, oh fuck* repeatedly.

The entire time, her hands stroked him in long sweeps, keeping him grounded and warm until he could think again. Until he sagged against the mattress, wrung out, soaked with sweat.

Her movements stilled. “Okay?”

“Yeah,” he managed to wheeze out. “Fuck, yeah.”

Holy shit.

He’d never come like that before, even with Wren. Coming like that a second time might or might not kill him.

That was a risk he was willing to take. More than willing.

He couldn’t wait to do it again.

But he *would* wait, because Wren was kneeling and watching him carefully to make sure he truly was okay before she moved away from him. She was also panting, her cheeks flushed a deep, pretty pink, her pupils dark and huge, and oh, yeah, she’d gotten off on this too. Not as much as he had, not enough to come too, but unmistakably.

Next time, when she wasn’t so worried about him, they’d use that bullet vibrator on her and make the pleasure mutual.

For now, though, they’d clean up. Then she’d sit on his face and come on his tongue, and she’d do so until he’d fully expressed his heartfelt adoration to her in orgasm form.

They should be leaving the bed in, oh, about a century.

And that still wouldn’t be enough time with his beautiful Wren.