Restored

by Brent Clark Palmer

Vulpes Parvaes, Book 2

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 – The Doctor’s Advice

Henry’s eyes opened slowly.

The first thing he registered was the beeping — a soft, steady electronic pulse somewhere behind his head. Then the smell: sharp, clean, chemical. His body felt heavy and distant, like it was wrapped in layers of fog. He tried to move his hand and it responded sluggishly, fingers twitching against the thin hospital blanket.

A ceiling. White. Unfamiliar.

He blinked, trying to focus. His throat was dry. His head felt thick, like it had been stuffed with cotton. Somewhere in the back of his mind, a faint alarm was ringing — *something’s wrong* — but he couldn’t quite reach it.

There was someone sitting beside the bed.

A woman. Small. Dark hair. She was leaning forward in the chair, elbows on her knees, watching him with an intensity that made his chest tighten even before he understood why. She looked exhausted. Beautiful in a quiet, understated way. Her sweater was dark and simple, clinging to modest curves.

She noticed his eyes open and straightened immediately.

“Henry?” Her voice was soft, almost a whisper. “Henry, can you hear me?”

He stared at her. There was something about her face that tugged at him — familiar in a way that made his stomach flip — but the memory wouldn’t come. He knew he should know her. The feeling was there, warm and insistent, but the details stayed just out of reach. She reached out slowly, like she was afraid he might flinch, and took his hand. Her fingers were small and warm, wrapping around his with careful pressure.

“It’s me,” she said, voice thick with something he couldn’t name. “Suki. Your Suki.” The name landed somewhere inside him. *Suki.* It felt right. It felt like it belonged. But everything else stayed blank.

A nurse came in carrying a small paper cup and set it on the rolling tray. She glanced at the woman beside the bed and smiled.

“He’s awake. That’s good news. I’ll let Dr. Patel know.”

She left. Henry looked at the cup. Two small white pills. He tried to reach for it, but his hand trembled so badly he knocked the cup over. The pills scattered across the tray.

“Shit,” he muttered, voice hoarse.

The woman — Suki — leaned forward and gently righted the cup. She picked up the pills and held them out to him.

“It’s okay,” she said quietly. “I’ve got it.”

She helped him sit up, sliding one arm behind his shoulders. The movement brought her closer. He could smell her — something soft and clean, faintly floral. It stirred something low in his belly, confusing and sudden.

She held the pills to his lips. He took them, swallowed with the water she offered. Her fingers lingered near his mouth for a second longer than necessary.

When the nurse left, Suki stayed close. She smoothed the blanket over his chest, her touch light but steady.

“You’ve been out for a long time,” she said. Her voice was soft, almost soothing. “Four months. The doctors said your memory might be… scattered at first.”

Henry looked at her. His head was starting to clear, but the fog was still there. He studied her face — the shape of her eyes, the curve of her mouth, the way her hair fell across her shoulder. He *knew* her. He could feel it. But the knowing was thin, like a photograph he was being shown rather than a memory he actually possessed.

“Who…?” he started, then stopped. His throat felt tight. “Are we…?”

Suki’s expression flickered — just for a second — before settling back into something calm and patient.

“I’m your girlfriend,” she said gently. “We live together. We’ve been together for three years.”

The words landed like stones in still water. *Girlfriend. Three years.* He tried to reach for the memories and found nothing but empty space.

Before he could say anything else, a doctor stepped into the room — a woman in her fifties with kind eyes and a clipboard. She glanced between them, then focused on Suki.

“Ms. Nakamura? Could I speak with you for a moment?”

Suki nodded and stood. The doctor guided her a few steps away, near the foot of the bed. Henry could still hear them, though their voices were lowered.

“He’s very disoriented,” the doctor said quietly. “That’s normal after this long, but we need to start rebuilding those neural pathways as soon as possible. The best way is through familiar sensory experiences — things you used to do together. Remind him of shared memories, and reinforce them through physical action. Touch, movement, scent. The brain responds best when the memory is paired with the actual experience.”

Suki was quiet for a moment. Henry watched her face from the bed. Something shifted in her expression — a subtle sharpening, like she was filing the information away for later. “Start small,” the doctor continued. “Don’t overwhelm him. But be consistent. The more you reinforce those connections, the faster he’ll recover what he’s lost.”

Suki nodded slowly. “I understand.”

The doctor smiled at Henry on her way out. “You’re in good hands, Mr. Harper.”

Then she was gone.

Suki returned to the chair beside the bed and took his hand again. She didn’t say anything about the conversation. She just sat with him, thumb stroking slow circles over his knuckles, her presence warm and steady.

Hours passed. Nurses came and went. Suki stayed. She helped him eat when the tray arrived, spoke to him in a soft, patient voice, and never once let go of his hand for long. The sun moved across the room. The light changed. At some point, Henry drifted off again. When he woke, it was dark outside the window.

Suki was still there, curled in the chair with a blanket someone had given her. She looked up when he stirred and gave him a small, tired smile.

“Hey,” she said. “You’re still here.”

He managed a weak smile back. “Yeah.”

She stood and stretched, then leaned down and kissed his forehead. “Get some rest. I’m not going anywhere.”

He fell asleep again with her hand in his.

--The next morning, they told him he was being discharged.

Suki helped him into a wheelchair while a nurse went over instructions. As they were wheeling him toward the exit, the same doctor from the day before stopped them in the hallway.

She looked at Henry, then at Suki, and gave a small, knowing smile.

“You’re in good hands,” she said again, her voice warm.

Then they were outside, sunlight hitting his face for the first time in months. Suki helped him into the passenger seat of a car that smelled faintly of her perfume. She buckled him in, her hands careful and sure.

As she slid into the driver’s seat, she glanced over at him and smiled — small, private, almost shy.

“Ready to go home?”

Henry looked at her. The word *home* settled somewhere in his chest, heavy and strange and right all at once.

He nodded.

“Yeah,” he said. “I’m ready.”

--**End of Chapter 1**

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 – Finally

Henry woke slowly.

The first thing he noticed was the quiet. No beeping. No sterile smell. Just the soft sound of birds outside and the faint scent of coffee somewhere in the house. The light coming through the blinds was warmer than the hospital's. He blinked a few times, trying to place where he was.

Their bedroom.

He was home.

The realization settled over him like a weight he couldn't quite name. Everything felt familiar and strange at the same time — the shape of the ceiling, the way the sheets smelled faintly of laundry detergent and Suki's skin, the way the dresser sat slightly crooked against the wall. He knew this room. He knew it. But the knowing felt thin, like it could tear if he pressed too hard.

He turned his head.

Suki was already awake, lying on her side facing him. Her dark hair was loose and messy from sleep, and she was watching him with that same quiet intensity she'd had in the hospital. She looked smaller here, softer, wrapped in one of his old t-shirts that hung off her petite frame.

"Morning," she said, her voice low and warm.

Henry stared at her for a second, trying to pull the pieces together. Suki. His girlfriend. They lived here together. They had a life. The facts were there, but they felt like facts he'd been told rather than things he remembered.

She reached out and brushed a strand of hair off his forehead. Her fingers were gentle. "You're home," she said, like she was reminding him of something important. "We made it." He nodded slowly. His throat felt dry. "Yeah."

Suki studied his face for a moment, then leaned in and kissed him — soft, slow, unhurried. When she pulled back, there was something in her eyes that made his chest tighten. Not just relief. Something else. Something hungrier.

She sat up, the oversized t-shirt slipping off one shoulder, and climbed over him without saying anything else. Henry's breath caught as she straddled his chest, then moved higher,

until she was kneeling over his face. The heat of her skin, the faint scent of her — it hit him all at once, dizzying and immediate.

She didn't ask. She just settled her weight onto him, her thighs warm against the sides of his head, her pussy pressing against his mouth. At the same time, she

reached for her phone on the nightstand.

Henry made a soft sound against her — half confusion, half instinctive arousal. His cock stirred under the sheets before his mind could catch up.

Suki unlocked her phone with one hand, the other resting lightly on the headboard. She started typing, thumbs moving casually, like this was the most normal thing in the world. A few seconds later, she spoke, her voice soft and almost cheerful.

“Hey… it’s me. Yeah, he’s finally home.” She paused, then let out a small, relieved laugh. “I know. I know. It’s been so long. I was starting to think…” She trailed off, then continued, lighter now. “But he’s here. He’s awake. And I’m finally going to be able to have fun with him again.”

Henry’s stomach flipped. His tongue moved on its own, licking slowly along her folds as she spoke. The words *have fun with him again* echoed in his head. There was something about the way she said it — casual, almost playful — that made his cock throb harder.

Suki shifted slightly, settling more firmly onto his face. She kept texting, the soft tapping of her thumbs mixing with the wet sounds of his mouth on her.

A moment later, she spoke again, this time lower, more intimate.

“You remember this, right?” she asked, not looking down at him. “This was our thing. Every morning. You on your back, me on your face while I caught up with everyone. You always said you loved it. Said it made you feel like you belonged there.”

Henry’s hips jerked under the sheets. The memory she was describing didn’t fully exist in his mind, but his body reacted like it did. His cock was fully hard now, straining against the fabric. He moaned into her, the sound muffled by her thighs.

Suki let out a soft breath, almost a sigh, and rocked her hips once, slow and deliberate. “Yeah,” she murmured, half to herself, half to whoever was on the other end of the text. “He’s right where he’s supposed to be.”

She stayed there for a long time — ten minutes, maybe fifteen — casually scrolling and texting while Henry worked beneath her. Every so often she would lift just enough for him to catch his breath, then settle back down, her weight pressing him deeper into the mattress. Her breathing stayed steady, but he could feel her getting wetter against his tongue, could hear the occasional soft sound she made when he hit the right spot.

At one point she laughed quietly at something on her phone.

“Steve says he’s glad you’re home too,” she said, her voice light. “He’s been asking about you.”

Henry’s cock twitched hard at the mention of Steve’s name. He didn’t know why. The reaction was immediate, almost reflexive. Suki must have felt it, because she let out a low, pleased hum and pressed down a little harder.

She didn’t say anything else for a while. Just kept texting, kept riding his face in slow, lazy circles, kept letting him taste how turned on she was. The room was quiet except for the wet sounds and the occasional soft tap of her thumbs on the screen.

Eventually, she set the phone down on the nightstand and leaned forward, bracing her hands on the headboard. Her breathing had gotten heavier. She rolled her hips more deliberately now, using his mouth exactly how she wanted.

Henry’s hands came up on their own, gripping her thighs. He didn’t pull her down — he just held on, anchoring himself as she moved. His mind was a blur of confusion and need. He still didn’t fully remember this being their “routine,” but his body clearly did. Every flick of his tongue, every press of her hips, felt like something he’d done a hundred times before. Suki came with a soft, broken sound, her thighs tightening around his head, her pussy pulsing against his mouth. She stayed there for a long moment afterward, breathing hard, her weight still pinning him down.

When she finally lifted off him, her face was flushed, her lips parted. She looked down at him with an expression he couldn’t quite read — part tenderness, part something darker, more satisfied.

She slid down his body until she was straddling his hips, her wet pussy resting against his hard cock through the sheets. She leaned down and kissed him, slow and deep, tasting herself on his tongue.

“See?” she whispered against his mouth. “You’re already remembering.”

Henry looked up at her, chest heaving, mind spinning. He didn’t know what to say. Everything felt too big, too fast, too much.

Suki smiled — small, private, almost shy — and reached down to pull the sheets aside. His cock sprang free, flushed and leaking. She wrapped her hand around it, stroking once, slow and deliberate.

“We have all day,” she said softly. “No rush.”

She kissed him again, then sat up, still holding him, and reached for her phone with her free hand.

Henry watched her, heart pounding.

--**End of Chapter 2**

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 – Steve’s First Real Visit

Henry woke slowly.

The first thing he noticed was the warmth of sunlight filtering through the blinds and the faint smell of coffee drifting up from downstairs. He blinked a few times, letting his eyes adjust. The sheets smelled like laundry detergent and Suki. Everything felt familiar and strange at the same time — the shape of the room, the way the dresser sat slightly crooked against the wall, the soft hum of the house settling around him.

He turned his head.

Suki was already up, standing by the dresser in one of his old t-shirts, brushing her hair. She caught his eye in the mirror and smiled.

“Morning,” she said, setting the brush down. “How are you feeling?”

“Better,” he said, voice still rough from sleep. “Less… cloudy.”

She crossed the room and sat on the edge of the bed, leaning down to kiss him. It was slow, unhurried, her hand resting lightly on his chest. When she pulled back, there was something in her eyes — a quiet spark he was starting to recognize.

“Good,” she said. “Because we have company coming.”

Henry blinked. “Company?”

“Steve,” she said, like it was the most normal thing in the world. “He’s coming by to help with some heavy boxes in the garage. I figured it would be good to have an extra pair of hands.”

Steve.

The name landed somewhere in his chest. He didn’t have a clear picture yet — just a vague sense of height, broad shoulders, a deep laugh. But the name itself felt familiar in a way that made his stomach tighten.

Suki must have seen something in his face, because she reached out and brushed her fingers along his jaw.

“Hey,” she said softly. “It’s okay. He’s a friend. He’s been asking about you for months.” Henry nodded, but the unease stayed. He didn’t remember Steve. Not really. And yet the idea of him coming here — into their home — made something low in his belly stir in a way he couldn’t quite explain.

Suki leaned in and kissed him again, slower this time, her tongue brushing lightly against his. When she pulled back, her voice was even softer.

“You remember how much you used to love watching him lift me onto the kitchen counter?” she asked, like she was reminding him of something ordinary. “You said it made you feel small in the best way. Said you loved seeing how strong he was compared to you.” Henry’s breath caught. The memory she described didn’t fully exist in his mind, but his body reacted instantly — a hot rush of blood south, his cock twitching under the sheets. He stared up at her, confused and aroused all at once.

Suki smiled — small, private, almost shy — and kissed the corner of his mouth.

“Just something to think about,” she murmured.

Then she stood, stretched, and headed for the door.

“Take your time getting up. I’ll start coffee.”

She left him there, heart pounding, mind spinning.

--An hour later, the doorbell rang.

Henry was sitting at the kitchen table in a pair of loose sweatpants and one of his old t-shirts, slowly working through a bowl of oatmeal Suki had made him. His hands still felt clumsy, but the fog was mostly gone. He was starting to feel like a person again.

Suki went to answer the door. A moment later, he heard a deep voice in the hallway — warm, familiar in a way that made his pulse quicken.

Then Steve stepped into the kitchen.

He was tall. Really tall. Broad shoulders, thick arms, the kind of build that came from years of physical work. His hair was short and dark, his jaw lined with a few days of stubble. He smiled when he saw Henry, and it was a genuine, easy smile.

“Henry,” he said, crossing the room in two long strides. “Man, it’s good to see you up and around. You had us all worried there for a while.”

Henry stood, a little unsteady, and Steve pulled him into a careful hug — one of those backslapping, brotherly embraces that felt both foreign and strangely right. Steve’s chest was solid against his, his scent clean and masculine, like soap and something warmer underneath. When Steve pulled back, he kept one hand on Henry’s shoulder, studying him.

“You look good,” he said. “A little thin, but good. Suki’s been taking care of you?”

Henry glanced at Suki, who was leaning against the counter with her arms crossed, watching them with that same quiet intensity.

“Yeah,” Henry said. “She has.”

Steve grinned and gave his shoulder a light squeeze before letting go.

“Good. She’s been a wreck without you.”

Suki rolled her eyes, but there was a smile tugging at her mouth. “Don’t listen to him. I was fine.”

Steve laughed — a deep, easy sound — and turned back to Henry.

“Anyway, I’m here to help with those boxes in the garage. Figured you two could use an extra set of hands.”

Henry nodded, but his mind was still catching up. Steve’s presence filled the room in a way that felt both new and oddly familiar. He was handsome in a rugged, unpretentious way — the kind of man who probably turned heads without trying.

Suki pushed off the counter and walked over to Henry. She slipped her arms around his waist from behind, resting her chin on his shoulder.

“Steve’s been a huge help while you were gone,” she said, her voice soft against his ear. “I don’t know what I would’ve done without him.”

There was something in the way she said it — warm, grateful, but with an undercurrent that made Henry’s stomach flip. He felt her body press against his back, small and warm, and his cock stirred again, half-hard from the moment she’d climbed onto his face earlier. Steve was already heading toward the garage door, but he paused and glanced back. “You two need anything before I start hauling?”

Suki shook her head. “We’re good. Thanks, Steve.”

He nodded and disappeared into the garage.

The moment the door closed, Suki turned Henry around to face her. She looked up at him, her dark eyes searching his face.

“You okay?” she asked quietly.

Henry swallowed. “Yeah. Just… still getting used to everything.”

She studied him for another second, then leaned up and kissed him — slow, deep, her tongue sliding against his. When she pulled back, her voice was barely above a whisper. “You remember what I told you this morning?”

He nodded.

She smiled — small, wicked, and full of something that made his pulse race.

“Good,” she said. “Because I want to try something.”

She took his hand and led him into the kitchen, stopping in front of the island. Then she turned, placed her hands on the countertop, and looked over her shoulder at him. “Lift me up,” she said softly.

Henry blinked. “What?”

“Like Steve does,” she said, her voice low and intimate. “Lift me onto the counter. Right here. Right now.”

His heart slammed against his ribs. He stepped closer, hands settling on her waist. She was so small compared to him — or maybe he just felt bigger in that moment. He lifted her easily, setting her on the edge of the counter. Her legs parted on instinct, and she pulled him between them.

Suki’s hands slid up his chest, then around the back of his neck. She pulled him in for another kiss — hotter this time, hungrier. Her thighs squeezed around his hips.

“You used to love this,” she murmured against his mouth. “Watching him lift me. Watching how strong he was. It made you so hard.”

Henry groaned, his cock fully hard now, pressing against the front of his sweatpants. He didn’t remember it — not clearly — but the way she described it made his body react like it was true. Like it had always been true.

Suki reached down and slipped her hand into his sweatpants, wrapping her fingers around him. She stroked once, slow and deliberate, while she kissed along his jaw.

“You’re already hard,” she whispered. “Just from thinking about it.”

Henry’s hands tightened on her hips. He could hear Steve moving around in the garage — the sound of boxes being shifted, the occasional scrape of something heavy. The knowledge that he was right there, just on the other side of the door, made everything feel sharper, more dangerous, more alive.

Suki leaned back on her hands, legs still wrapped around him, and looked up at him with dark, heated eyes.

“I want to do it while he’s here,” she said quietly. “I want you to fuck me on this counter while Steve’s in the garage.”

Henry’s breath caught. His cock throbbed in her hand.

Suki smiled — slow, wicked, and full of quiet power.

“But first,” she said, “I want you to get on your knees and remind me how much you love the way I taste.”

She reached up and gently pushed down on his shoulders.

Henry went willingly.

--**End of Chapter 3**

Chapter 4

Chapter 4 – Size & Control

After Henry satisfied Suki, Henry moved to sit at the kitchen table with a stack of paperwork spread out in front of him. The worker's comp forms were long and confusing, full of questions he wasn't sure how to answer. His hand still felt clumsy around the pen, and every time he tried to focus, the words seemed to blur slightly at the edges.

Suki sat down across from him, legs crossed, watching him with that quiet, patient expression she'd been wearing since they got home. She was wearing one of his old t-shirts again — it hung off her small frame, the hem brushing the tops of her thighs. She looked soft and domestic, but there was something sharper underneath, something that made Henry's pulse quicken whenever she looked at him for too long.

"You don't have to do all of it today," she said gently, reaching across the table to rest her hand over his. "We can take our time."

Henry nodded, but he kept his eyes on the forms. He hated how slow everything felt — how hard it was to hold a thought in place, how easily his mind drifted. It made him feel small in a way that had nothing to do with Suki and everything to do with the blank spaces in his head. Suki must have sensed it, because she stood and came around the table, sliding into the chair beside him. She turned his chair slightly so he was facing her more directly, then reached out and brushed her fingers along his jaw.

"Hey," she said softly. "Look at me."

He did.

She studied his face for a moment, then leaned in and kissed him — slow, deep, her tongue sliding against his in a way that made his cock stir instantly. When she pulled back, her voice was even softer.

"You remember how hard you used to get when I talked about Steve?" she asked, like she was reminding him of something ordinary. "How much bigger he is than you. How it made you ache just thinking about it."

Henry's breath caught. The words hit him like a live wire. His cock twitched hard in his sweatpants, thickening fast, the reaction raw and immediate. He didn't remember it — not clearly — but his body clearly did. Heat flooded through him so quickly it made him dizzy. Suki noticed. Of course she noticed. Her eyes flicked down to the obvious bulge in his pants, and a small, private smile touched her mouth.

"Yeah," she murmured. "Just like that."

She reached down and slipped her hand into his sweatpants, wrapping her fingers around him. He was already half-hard, and her touch made him fully hard in seconds. She stroked him slowly, deliberately, while she kept talking.

“You used to love when I told you how much bigger he is,” she said, her voice low and intimate. “How thick. How deep he could fuck me. You’d get so hard you’d leak just from hearing it.”

Henry groaned, his hips jerking slightly into her hand. He gripped the edge of the table, knuckles white, trying to keep his breathing steady. The combination of her words and her hand on his cock was overwhelming — confusing and arousing in equal measure.

Suki pulled her hand out of his pants and stood. For a moment, he thought she was going to leave him like that — aching and desperate. But then she turned, pulled her t-shirt up over her head, and dropped it on the floor.

She wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

Henry stared. She was so small, so delicate, her skin pale and smooth, her breasts small and perfect, her hips narrow. She looked like something he should be careful with — something precious. But the way she was looking at him right now was anything but delicate. She climbed onto his lap, straddling him in the kitchen chair, and reached down to free his cock from his sweatpants. She rubbed the head against her pussy, letting him feel how wet she already was.

“I want you to fuck me while you think about it,” she said, her voice low and commanding in a way that made his cock throb. “While you think about how much bigger he is. How much deeper he can go.”

Henry’s hands settled on her hips on instinct. He looked up at her, chest heaving, mind spinning.

“Suki—”

“Shh,” she whispered, pressing a finger to his lips. “Just feel it.”

She sank down onto him in one slow, deliberate motion, taking him all the way inside her. Henry groaned, his head falling back against the chair. She was so tight, so wet, so perfect. He could feel every inch of her clenching around him.

Suki started to move — slow, rolling motions of her hips that made him see stars. She kept her hands on his shoulders, her dark eyes locked on his face, watching every flicker of emotion that crossed it.

“You feel that?” she asked, voice breathless but steady. “How deep I can take you? How easy it is for me?”

Henry nodded, unable to speak. His hands gripped her hips tighter, guiding her movements even as she set the pace.

Suki leaned down and kissed him again, then pulled back just enough to speak against his mouth.

“Now imagine him,” she whispered. “Imagine how much deeper he goes. How much thicker he feels. How full he makes me.”

Henry’s cock jerked hard inside her. He couldn’t help it. The image she was painting — Steve fucking her, stretching her, filling her in ways he couldn’t — made his body react with a violence that shocked him. He thrust up into her harder, chasing the edge that was already rushing toward him.

Suki moaned, her head falling back, her small breasts bouncing with every movement. She rode him with purpose, her pussy clenching around him like she was trying to pull him deeper.

“That’s it,” she breathed. “Let it happen. Let yourself feel how much you love it.” Henry was right on the edge — hips snapping up into her, breath coming in ragged gasps — when the sound of the garage door opening made them both freeze.

Footsteps.

Steve’s voice called out from the hallway, casual and friendly.

“Hey, you two got any cold drinks in there? I’m dying out here.”

Henry’s heart slammed against his ribs. He was still buried deep inside Suki, right on the verge of coming, and Steve was only a few feet away.

Suki’s eyes met his. For a split second, she looked surprised — then something darker and more excited flickered across her face.

She didn’t move off him.

Instead, she leaned in close, her lips brushing his ear, and whispered:

“Don’t you dare come yet.”

--**End of Chapter 4**

Chapter 5

Chapter 5 – Caught

Steve appeared in the doorway, wiping his hands on a rag. He took one look at them — Henry sitting in the kitchen chair with Suki straddling him, both of them flushed and halfdressed — and stopped short. For a moment, no one said anything.

Then Steve let out a low, amused chuckle.

“Never mind,” he said, shaking his head with a grin. “I’ll grab something later.” But he didn’t leave.

Instead, he walked over.

Without hesitation, Steve slid his hands under Suki’s arms and lifted her off Henry’s lap like she weighed nothing. Suki let out a soft, surprised sound as Steve set her on the edge of the kitchen counter, her legs dangling over the side.

He looked down at her, his expression calm but hungry. He reached for his belt, unbuckled it with one hand, and slowly unzipped his pants. The sound seemed deafening in the quiet kitchen.

Henry sat frozen in the chair, cock still painfully hard, glistening with Suki’s wetness. Steve stepped between Suki’s thighs, took himself in hand, and began pushing into her — slow, deliberate, inch by inch. Suki’s head fell back as he filled her, her mouth parting on a soft moan. Steve kept his eyes on her face the entire time, watching every flicker of pleasure that crossed it.

“Fuck,” he muttered, voice low and rough. “Still so fucking tight.”

He started fucking her in long, steady strokes — not rough yet, but deep enough that Suki’s small body rocked with every thrust. Her hands gripped the edge of the counter, knuckles white, her thighs spread wide around his hips.

Suki’s eyes found Henry’s.

For a moment, she just looked at him — flushed, breathless, getting fucked right in front of him. Then her expression shifted. Something bright and delighted lit up her face, like she’d just had the most wonderful realization.

“You’re remembering,” she said, voice soft and full of wonder.

Before Henry could respond, Steve’s rhythm changed.

He started fucking her harder — deep, powerful strokes that made the counter creak beneath them. Suki’s eyes rolled back, her mouth falling open on a broken moan as Steve pounded into her with relentless intensity. Her thoughts clearly scattered with every thrust, her small body taking everything he gave her.

Henry sat there, cock throbbing, watching Steve fuck Suki with steady, brutal power. The wet sounds of Steve's cock sliding in and out of her filled the kitchen. Suki's moans grew louder, more desperate, her small breasts bouncing with every powerful thrust.

Steve grabbed her hips and pulled her closer to the edge of the counter, changing the angle so he could fuck her even deeper. Suki cried out, her head falling back, eyes fluttering shut as he wrecked her.

Henry's hand moved on its own. He wrapped his fingers around his own cock and stroked himself slowly, eyes locked on the scene in front of him. He could see everything — Steve's thick cock disappearing into Suki over and over, the way her pussy stretched around him, the way her juices coated his length every time he pulled out.

It was filthy.

It was intense.

And it was making Henry so hard he could barely think straight.

Suki came first.

Her whole body seized up, and she screamed Steve's name as she came — loud, unrestrained, her voice echoing through the kitchen. Her legs shook violently, her pussy clenching hard around Steve's cock as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through her.

That was all it took.

Steve groaned, deep and guttural, his hips slamming forward one last time as he came inside her. His orgasm looked intense — his head thrown back, muscles tight, a low, broken sound escaping his throat as he pulsed deep inside Suki. He kept thrusting through it, fucking his cum deeper into her with short, powerful strokes until he finally stilled.

For a long moment, the only sounds in the kitchen were heavy breathing and the faint creak of the counter.

Steve stayed buried inside Suki, breathing hard, one hand still resting on her lower back. Suki lay limp over the counter, eyes half-closed, a dazed little smile on her face.

Eventually, Steve pulled out slowly, his cock slipping free with a wet sound. Cum immediately began to leak out of Suki, dripping down her thighs and onto the kitchen floor. Steve tucked himself back into his pants with a low chuckle, then reached down and helped Suki stand.

He turned her gently so she was facing the counter and bent her over it, her chest pressed against the cool surface, ass presented to him. Suki let out a soft,

breathy moan as Steve ran

his hands over her ass, spreading her cheeks slightly to watch his cum continue to drip out of her.

Steve glanced over at Henry, his expression calm but heated.

He didn’t say anything.

He just smirked.

--**End of Chapter 5**

Chapter 6

Chapter 6 – Chores

Henry was still sitting in the kitchen chair, cock painfully hard and leaking, when Steve finally pulled out of Suki with a low, satisfied groan. Thick ropes of cum immediately began to drip out of her, sliding down her thighs and onto the kitchen floor in messy, obscene streaks.

Suki stayed bent over the counter for a moment, breathing hard, her body still trembling from her orgasm. Then she slowly straightened up and turned to look at Henry. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips swollen, and there was a deeply satisfied, almost lazy smile on her face. She didn't say anything at first. She just looked at him — at his flushed face, at his desperate, throbbing cock still standing stiff between his legs — and her smile widened slightly. "You know what to do," she said softly.

Henry's stomach flipped.

He slid off the chair and dropped to his knees, but Suki stopped him with a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"No," she said, her voice calm and instructional, like she was reminding him of something he should already know. "You always start by cleaning Steve first. Get on your knees and suck his cock clean. Every drop. Then you clean me — lick every bit of his cum out of my pussy and off my thighs until I'm spotless. That's how we always do it. Remember?"

Henry's cock twitched hard at her words. He nodded, throat dry, and turned toward Steve. Steve stood there with a small, amused smirk, his cock still half-hard and glistening with a mixture of his cum and Suki's arousal. Henry leaned forward without hesitation and took him into his mouth, sucking and licking obediently, cleaning every inch of Steve's thick cock until it was spotless.

When he was finished, Steve gave his hair a light, approving pat.

"Good," Suki said from behind him. "Now me."

Henry turned and crawled the short distance to her. He gently spread her cheeks and leaned in, dragging his tongue slowly through the thick mess leaking out of her. The taste was strong — salty, musky, mixed with Suki's own sweetness. He licked her thoroughly, long, slow strokes of his tongue, pushing inside her to get every drop before moving down to clean her thighs as well.

Suki let out a soft, pleased sigh above him, one hand sliding into his hair as she held him in place.

"That's it," she murmured, voice low and warm. "Just like always. Clean me up, baby. Get every last drop."

Henry moaned against her, the vibration making her hips twitch. He didn’t stop until she was completely clean, glistening and perfect once again.

Only then did Suki pull Steve in for a long, deep kiss. When she finally pulled back, she smiled up at him and said softly,

“That’s enough chores for today.”

She kissed him once more, then gave him a gentle push toward the door.

“Go home and get some rest. Text me later, okay?”

Steve chuckled, tucked himself back into his pants, and headed out with a casual wave. Henry stayed on his knees, still hard, still aching, watching them leave.

--After Steve left, Suki closed the front door and walked back into the kitchen. She stopped in the doorway when she saw Henry still seated at the kitchen table, his pants still pulled down around his thighs, his cock still rock-hard and leaking.

She tilted her head slightly, a small, amused smile playing on her lips.

“You’re still hard,” she said softly, almost to herself. She walked over and stood in front of him, looking down at his desperate erection with quiet satisfaction.

Henry looked up at her, breathing unevenly, unsure what to say.

Suki reached out and gently brushed her fingers along the side of his face.

“Two women have to be present for you to come,” she said, her voice calm and matter-offact, like she was reminding him of something important. “That’s the rule. I don’t want you finishing by yourself. Not anymore. You only get to come when there are two of us watching.”

She let her hand trail down his chest, then lower, lightly brushing the head of his cock with her fingertips. Henry shuddered.

“Be patient,” she said, her voice softening just a little. “I’ll take care of you when the time is right.”

She leaned down and kissed the top of his head, then turned and started tidying up the kitchen like nothing unusual had happened.

He was still rock-hard. Still leaking. Still desperate.

A couple of hours later, the doorbell rang.

Henry was still sitting at the kitchen table, still hard, when Suki answered the door. A moment later, she walked into the kitchen with her friend Lena following behind her. Lena was a few years older than Suki — tall, curvy, with long dark hair and a warm, easy smile. She was carrying a tote bag and chatting animatedly about something that had happened at work.

Henry shifted uncomfortably in his chair, trying (and failing) to hide the obvious bulge in his sweatpants. Suki glanced at him as she walked past, her eyes flicking down to his lap for just a second. A small, private smile touched her mouth, but she didn't say anything. The two women moved around the kitchen like they'd done this a hundred times before. Suki pulled out bread and sandwich meat while Lena grabbed plates and started slicing tomatoes. They stood at the counter together, chatting and laughing about mutual friends, weekend plans, and some drama happening with one of their coworkers. It was completely normal. Completely casual.

Henry sat there the entire time, cock throbbing, trying not to squirm.

At one point, Suki glanced over at him again. Her eyes dropped to his lap, and something shifted in her expression — like she'd just remembered something important.

"Oh!" she said suddenly, turning toward him with a bright smile. "Henry, you can masturbate now if you want. But make it fast — your sandwich is almost ready!"

Henry's breath caught.

Lena didn't even pause in what she was doing. She just kept slicing the pickle on the cutting board, casually continuing her story about some guy from work who had apparently made a complete fool of himself at the company picnic.

Henry stared at Suki for a second, heart pounding. She was already turning back to the counter, chatting with Lena again like nothing had happened. Like she hadn't just given him permission to touch himself while two women made sandwiches and gossiped ten feet away. His hand moved on its own.

He slipped it into his sweatpants and wrapped his fingers around his aching cock. The relief was immediate — a low, broken sound escaped his throat before he could stop it. He started stroking himself slowly, eyes flicking between Suki and Lena as they continued their conversation like he wasn't even there.

"…and then he tried to do that stupid dance move and completely wiped out in front of everyone," Lena was saying, laughing. "I swear, I've never seen someone turn that shade of red in my life."

Suki laughed too, spreading mayonnaise on a slice of bread. "God, I wish I'd been there. That sounds amazing."

Henry stroked himself faster, his breathing growing ragged. The contrast was almost too much — the casual, domestic normalcy of the two women making lunch while he sat there desperately jerking off at the kitchen table. It was humiliating. It was degrading. And it was making him so fucking hard he could barely see straight.

Suki glanced over at him again, her eyes dropping to where his hand was moving under the table. She smiled — small, satisfied, and deeply amused — but she didn't say anything. She just went back to chatting with Lena about some new restaurant that had opened downtown. Henry's hand moved faster. He was close. So fucking close.

Lena was mid-sentence about some local festival when Suki suddenly paused and looked over at him again.

"Oh, Henry," she said casually, like she was reminding him to take out the trash. "You can come now if you want."

That was all it took.

Henry came with a broken groan, his cock pulsing hard in his fist as thick ropes of cum spilled over his fingers and onto the floor beneath the table. His whole body shook with it, the orgasm ripping through him so intensely his vision blurred for a second.

Suki watched him the entire time, her expression soft and pleased.

When he finally stilled, breathing hard, she turned back to the counter like nothing had happened and finished making his sandwich. She placed it on a small plate, added a pickle on the side, and grabbed a paper napkin from the holder.

She walked over and set everything down in front of him — sandwich, pickle, napkin — like she was serving him lunch on any other normal day.

"Eat up," she said cheerfully, leaning down to kiss the top of his head. "You've had a long morning."

Then she turned and went back to the counter, picking up her conversation with Lena like nothing unusual had happened at all.

Henry sat there, cum still drying on his hand and the floor, staring down at his sandwich with a strange mix of shame, relief, and something deeper he couldn't quite name.

He picked up the napkin with shaky fingers and started to eat.

--**End of Chapter 6**

Chapter 7

Chapter 7 – First Supervised Release

Henry finished his sandwich in silence, still flushed and a little shaky. The napkin Suki had given him was crumpled in his fist, and he could still feel the faint stickiness of his own cum on his fingers. Suki and Lena continued chatting at the counter like nothing had happened, their voices light and casual as they discussed weekend plans and a new café that had just opened downtown.

Every so often, Suki would glance over at him — a small, private smile on her lips — but she didn't say anything more about what had just happened. She simply let him sit there, halfhard again already, processing the strange new normal of his life. When Lena finally left, Suki walked her to the door and gave her a quick hug. As soon as the door closed, she turned back to Henry, who was still sitting at the kitchen table. She walked over slowly, her expression soft but unmistakably hungry.

"You did well today," she said quietly, running her fingers through his hair. "I'm proud of you."

Henry looked up at her, still dazed. "Suki… I—"

"Shh." She leaned down and kissed him, slow and deep. When she pulled back, her voice was even softer. "I want to try something tonight. Something we used to do. Do you remember?"

Henry swallowed. "Remember what?"

Suki smiled — small, wicked, and full of quiet excitement.

"You loved when Lena watched us," she said, her fingers trailing down his chest. "You loved when she helped me control when you came. When she was there to make sure you didn't finish until I said so."

Henry's cock twitched hard at her words. The memory she described didn't fully exist in his mind, but his body reacted instantly — heat flooding through him, his erection returning with almost painful speed.

Suki noticed. Of course she noticed. She gave his cock a gentle squeeze through his sweatpants and kissed him again.

"Tonight," she whispered against his mouth. "Lena's coming back. And this time, you're going to come while she watches."

Later that evening, Lena returned.

She looked different this time — more deliberate. She had changed into a simple black dress that hugged her curves, and there was a quiet, knowing energy about

her as she stepped into the house. Suki greeted her with a warm hug and a kiss on the cheek, then turned to Henry, who was waiting nervously in the living room.

“Come here,” Suki said softly.

Henry stood and walked over to them. His heart was pounding so hard he could feel it in his throat.

Suki took his hand and led him into the bedroom. The lights were low, the bed freshly made. She guided him to sit on the edge of the mattress, then turned to Lena.

“Sit with him,” she said.

Lena smiled and sat down beside Henry on the bed, close enough that their thighs touched. She didn’t say anything, but her presence was heavy and electric. Henry could feel the warmth of her body, could smell the faint scent of her perfume.

Suki stood in front of them, slowly pulling her t-shirt over her head. She wasn’t wearing anything underneath. Her small, perfect breasts were bare, her nipples already tight. She stepped out of her shorts next, leaving herself completely naked in front of both of them. Henry’s cock was already rock-hard again, straining against his sweatpants.

Suki climbed onto the bed and straddled his lap, facing him. She reached down and freed his cock, stroking him slowly as she leaned in and kissed him deeply. Her tongue slid against his, hot and demanding, while her hand worked him with steady, deliberate strokes.

Lena watched everything.

She didn’t touch. She didn’t speak. She simply sat beside them, her dark eyes locked on Henry’s face, watching every flicker of pleasure and desperation that crossed it. Suki pulled back just enough to speak, her lips brushing his.

“You remember this, don’t you?” she whispered. “You loved when she watched. You loved knowing she was right there, deciding with me when you were allowed to come.”

Henry groaned, his hips jerking up into her hand. He didn’t remember it — not clearly — but the way she described it made his body react like it was true. Like it had always been true. Suki smiled against his mouth and reached over to take Lena’s hand. She guided it down between Henry’s legs, placing Lena’s fingers gently around the base of his cock while she continued stroking the head.

“There,” Suki murmured. “Now she’s holding you too.”

Henry’s breath caught. The feeling of both women touching him at once — Suki’s skilled fingers on the sensitive head, Lena’s firm grip at the base — was almost too much. His hips bucked involuntarily, and a broken sound escaped his throat.

Suki kissed him again, slower this time, then whispered against his lips:

“You don’t come until we say so. Understand?”

Henry nodded frantically, already so close he could barely think.

Lena’s hand tightened slightly around him, and Suki began stroking faster, her thumb circling the head with every upstroke. The dual sensation was overwhelming — two different rhythms, two different pressures, both of them completely in control.

Henry’s head fell back, his eyes squeezing shut as he fought to hold on.

“Look at me,” Suki said softly.

He opened his eyes.

She was watching him with dark, heated intensity, her lips parted, her breathing uneven. Lena was watching him too — calm, focused, and clearly turned on by the power she held. “You’re doing so well,” Suki whispered. “Just a little longer.”

Henry whimpered. His thighs were shaking. His cock was throbbing so hard it almost hurt. Suki leaned in and kissed him again, deep and filthy, while her hand and Lena’s worked him in perfect, torturous rhythm.

When she finally pulled back, her voice was breathless but steady.

“Now,” she said. “Come for us.”

Henry came instantly.

The orgasm ripped through him with shocking force. His whole body seized up as he came hard, thick ropes of cum pulsing over both women’s hands and onto his own stomach. He cried out — a broken, desperate sound — as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through him. His vision blurred. His ears rang. For several long seconds, he couldn’t think, couldn’t breathe, couldn’t do anything but feel.

When it was finally over, he slumped forward, breathing hard, his forehead resting against Suki’s shoulder.

Suki wrapped her arms around him, holding him close. Lena’s hand stayed on his thigh, warm and steady.

“You did so good,” Suki whispered, pressing soft kisses to his temple. “I’m so proud of you.”

Henry couldn’t speak. He could only nod weakly against her, still trembling.

Lena gave his thigh a gentle squeeze, then stood up.

“I’ll let you two have some time,” she said quietly, her voice warm. “Text me later, Suki.” Suki smiled up at her. “I will. Thank you.”

Lena leaned down and kissed Suki on the cheek, then gave Henry one last soft smile before slipping out of the room.

The moment the front door closed, Suki gently pushed Henry back onto the bed and climbed on top of him, straddling his chest. She looked down at him with dark, satisfied eyes. “See?” she whispered, brushing his hair off his forehead. “You’re already remembering everything.”

Henry looked up at her, still dazed, still floating.

He didn’t remember everything.

But he was starting to remember *this*.

--**End of Chapter 7**

Chapter 8

Chapter 8 – The New Normal

Henry lay on his back in the middle of the big bed, still breathing hard from the intense release Lena and Suki had just given him. His body felt heavy and loose, like all the tension had finally drained out of him. The sheets were damp with sweat and cum, and the room smelled warm and intimate. Suki was curled against his side, one arm draped across his chest, her fingers tracing slow, lazy patterns over his skin.

She hadn't said much since Lena left. She just held him, letting the quiet settle around them. Every so often she would press a soft kiss to his shoulder or chest, but mostly she just breathed with him, letting him come down slowly.

After a while, she lifted her head and looked at him, her dark eyes soft but focused. "I want to tell you something," she said quietly. "Something we used to do. Something that was normal for us before you got sick."

Henry turned his head to look at her, still a little dazed. "Okay."

Suki propped herself up on one elbow, her fingers still moving gently over his stomach. "Steve always spent the night with me," she said. "In the master bedroom. Every night. It was just… how we did things. He'd fuck me, sometimes slow, sometimes hard, and then we'd fall asleep together. You used to love knowing he was in our bed with us. You said it made everything feel right."

Henry's cock gave a weak twitch at her words, even though he was still soft and spent. Suki noticed, but she didn't comment on it. She just kept talking, her voice calm and intimate. "But you've been sick," she continued. "You needed rest. So I've been letting you have the big bed to yourself while you recover. He's been sneaking in and out since you came back. He has a key. I didn't want to overwhelm you while you were still healing."

Henry swallowed. His heart was beating faster.

Suki leaned down and kissed him, slow and deep, her tongue brushing gently against his. When she pulled back, her voice was even softer.

"I'm going to spend the night in the guest room with him tonight. So you can relax and have the big bed to yourself while you keep getting better. We can get back to our normal sleeping arrangements later."

Before Henry could respond, they heard the front door open downstairs, followed by the sound of footsteps in the hallway.

Suki smiled and kissed him one more time. "I'm so glad you're starting to remember everything."

Then she slid out of bed, grabbed her t-shirt from the floor, and pulled it on. She glanced back at Henry, still lying there naked and half-hard, and gave him a warm, affectionate look before turning and walking out of the bedroom, leaving the door slightly ajar behind her. Henry stayed where he was, listening.

A few seconds later, he heard Suki and Steve's voices as they walked past the open master bedroom door on their way to the guest room.

"…traffic was a nightmare," Steve's deep voice said.

"It's okay," Suki replied, her voice light and happy. "I'm just glad you're here. I missed you last night."

"I missed you too," Steve said, his voice lower now. "How's Henry doing?"

"He's good," Suki answered. "Really good, actually. He's starting to remember things. Little pieces here and there. It's… it's nice."

Their voices faded as they moved further down the hall, and Henry heard the guest room door click shut behind them.

For a few minutes, everything was quiet.

Then Henry heard it.

A soft moan, muffled through the wall. Then another. The faint, rhythmic creak of the guest room bed. Steve's low, deep voice saying something Henry couldn't quite make out, followed by Suki's breathless reply.

The sounds grew louder.

Henry lay there in the dark, listening to them fuck through the thin wall that separated the master bedroom from the guest room. He could hear the steady slap of skin on skin, Steve's low grunts, Suki's soft, broken moans. Every so often he caught a word or two — "fuck," "yes," "deeper" — but mostly it was just the raw, unmistakable sounds of two people losing themselves in each other.

His cock was fully hard again, aching and heavy against his stomach. He didn't touch it. He just lay there, listening, his heart pounding, his breathing shallow.

The sounds went on for a long time. Steve was clearly taking his time with her — long, deep strokes if the rhythm was anything to go by. Suki's moans grew higher, more desperate. At one point Henry heard her cry out Steve's name, loud and unrestrained, followed by Steve's deep groan as he came with her.

Then, slowly, the sounds faded.

Henry stayed awake a little longer, staring up at the ceiling in the dark, his cock still throbbing, his mind spinning with everything that had happened today. The scene with Lena. The memory of Steve spending nights in the master bedroom. The sounds of them fucking just on the other side of the wall.

Eventually, exhaustion won.

His eyes grew heavy. His breathing slowed. The ache between his legs remained, but it was distant now, almost comforting in its familiarity.

He fell asleep like that — naked, hard, and listening to the quiet sounds of the house settling around him, with Suki and Steve just a wall away.

Chapter 9

Chapter 9 – Coffee and Her World

Henry woke to the low rumble of Steve's truck pulling out of the driveway. The sound faded into the distance, leaving the house quiet again. Sunlight filtered through the blinds in soft golden stripes across the bed, and for a moment he simply lay there, listening to the gentle sounds of morning — birds outside, the faint hum of the refrigerator downstairs, the distant rush of traffic on the main road.

A few minutes later, he heard soft footsteps on the stairs. The bedroom door opened, and Suki walked in carrying a mug of coffee. She was wearing one of his old t-shirts — the dark gray one that hung loosely off her small frame and barely reached the tops of her thighs. Her dark hair was loose and slightly tousled from sleep, and she looked warm and soft in the morning light.

"Morning," she said, her voice still a little husky. She crossed the room and set the mug on the nightstand beside him. "Steve just left for work. I made you coffee."

Henry pushed himself up against the headboard and reached for the mug. The coffee was hot, rich, and exactly how he liked it — a little cream, no sugar. He took a slow sip, letting the warmth spread through his chest.

"Thanks," he said, his voice rough from sleep. "You didn't have to."

Suki smiled and climbed onto the bed beside him, settling in with her back against the headboard. She already had her phone in her hand. She unlocked it with a quiet tap and began scrolling, her thumbs moving across the screen with that familiar, unhurried rhythm. "I wanted to," she said simply. She leaned over and kissed his cheek, then his jaw, before pulling back and opening her messages. "Drink your coffee. I'm just going to catch up on a few things."

Henry took another sip and watched her for a moment. She was already lost in whatever was on her screen, her expression relaxed and focused. He could see the soft glow of the phone reflecting on her face. She looked completely at ease — half-dressed, sitting beside him in bed, existing in her own quiet little world.

He drank his coffee slowly, savoring both the taste and the simple comfort of the moment. Suki stayed right there with him, occasionally making a soft sound under her breath when she read something that amused or interested her. Once, she let out a quiet laugh and turned the phone slightly toward him.

"Look at this," she said with a small smile, showing him a picture one of her girlfriends had sent — a ridiculous photo of a cat wearing a tiny hat. Henry smiled and nodded, but didn't say much. He was content to just sit there, drinking his coffee while she existed beside him in that easy, unhurried way.

When he finally finished the last sip and set the empty mug back on the nightstand, Suki glanced over at him. Her eyes were warm, but there was a spark of something deeper in them now — something playful and hungry.

She locked her phone and set it on the bed beside her. Then she turned toward him fully, her hand sliding up his chest.

“Lie back,” she said softly.

Henry obeyed without thinking, sinking down into the pillows. Suki moved with quiet purpose, shifting down the bed until she was kneeling between his legs. She hooked her fingers into the waistband of his sweatpants and slowly pulled them down, freeing his cock. He was already half-hard from the morning and the closeness of her, and the cool air made him twitch.

Suki didn’t touch him right away.

Instead, she climbed higher, straddling his chest, then moving up until she was hovering over his face. Her thighs were warm on either side of his head, and he could already smell her — that clean, sweet scent that was so uniquely hers. She was bare underneath the t-shirt, and the sight of her like this, so close and open, made his cock throb hard against his stomach. She reached for her phone again.

With one smooth, unhurried motion, she lowered herself onto his face.

The first contact was soft — the warm, slick heat of her pussy settling over his mouth. Henry let out a quiet, muffled sound against her, his hands instinctively coming up to rest on her thighs. Suki sighed above him, a soft, contented sound, and shifted her hips just enough to get comfortable. She unlocked her phone with one hand, the screen lighting up again as she opened her messages.

Henry felt the change immediately.

The moment her attention shifted, something in the air changed. She wasn’t ignoring him exactly — she was simply… elsewhere. Her weight settled more firmly onto his face as she began scrolling, her thumbs moving across the screen with that same focused rhythm. Every so often, he felt the subtle shift of her hips as she adjusted her position, grinding against his mouth in slow, absent motions.

He licked her instinctively, dragging his tongue along her folds, tasting the first hints of her arousal. Suki made another soft sound above him — not quite a moan, more like a pleased hum — but she didn’t look down. Her eyes stayed on her phone. She kept texting, kept scrolling, kept existing in that quiet, self-contained world while Henry lay beneath her, his tongue working steadily between her legs.

The contrast was intoxicating.

She was so close, so warm, so wet, and yet she was completely wrapped up in whatever was happening on her screen. Henry could hear the faint tapping of her thumbs, the occasional soft vibration when a new message came in. He could feel the way her breathing changed slightly when she read something that made her smile or frown. But she never once looked down at him. She never spoke to him. She just rode his face with that same slow, unhurried rhythm, like this was the most natural thing in the world.

Henry's cock was fully hard now, throbbing against his stomach with every beat of his heart. He moaned softly against her, the sound muffled by her body, and the vibration made her hips twitch. She pressed down a little harder for a moment, her thighs tightening around his head, before relaxing again and going back to her phone.

Time began to blur.

Suki stayed there for what felt like a very long time, scrolling and texting while Henry licked and sucked and breathed her in. Every few minutes she would shift her position slightly — sometimes leaning forward, sometimes rocking her hips in a slow circle — but her attention never left her screen. She was completely absorbed in whatever conversation or feed she was lost in, and the knowledge of that made Henry ache in the most delicious way.

At one point, she laughed softly at something on her screen. The sound was light and genuine, and it sent a fresh wave of arousal through him. He licked her deeper, pushing his tongue inside her, and felt her clench around him in response. But she didn't look down. She just kept texting, her free hand resting lightly on the headboard while the other held her phone.

Henry's hands slid up her thighs, gripping gently as he lost himself in the rhythm of it. He could feel every subtle change in her body — the way her breathing quickened when he hit a sensitive spot, the way her thighs trembled when he sucked gently on her clit, the way she grew wetter and wetter against his tongue. But through it all, she stayed in her own world, scrolling and texting like he wasn't even there.

It was the hottest thing he had ever experienced.

The longer it went on, the more desperate he became. His cock was leaking steadily now, a small puddle forming on his stomach. Every time she shifted or sighed or laughed quietly at something on her phone, it sent another jolt of pure, raw arousal through him. He was completely at her mercy, completely focused on her pleasure while she gave him almost nothing in return. And somehow, that made it even better.

Suki's breathing grew heavier. Her hips moved with more purpose now, grinding against his mouth in slow, deliberate circles. She was getting close — he could

feel it in the way her thighs tightened, in the way her pussy clenched around his tongue. But even as she chased her orgasm, she never stopped texting. Her thumbs kept moving across the screen, her attention split between the pleasure building between her legs and whatever was happening in her messages.

When she finally came, it was quiet but intense. Her whole body tensed, her thighs clamping around his head as she let out a long, shaky breath. Henry felt her pulse against his tongue,

felt the fresh rush of wetness as she came on his face. She stayed there for a long moment afterward, breathing hard, her phone still in her hand.

Then, slowly, she lifted off him.

Henry gasped for air, his face wet, his cock throbbing painfully against his stomach. Suki looked down at him, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted. She set her phone aside and leaned down, kissing him deeply, tasting herself on his tongue.

She didn’t say anything.

She just kissed him — long, slow, and full of quiet affection — while her hand wrapped around his aching cock and began to stroke.

--**End of Chapter 9**

Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Chapter 10 – Size & Control [1]

Suki’s hand was still wrapped around Henry’s cock, stroking him slowly and deliberately as she kissed him. The taste of her was still on his tongue from riding his face, and the combination of her hand and her mouth kept him hovering in that strange, suspended place where need and calm sat together.

She did not rush him.

She never did when she wanted something important.

Her fingers kept moving in a steady rhythm — not enough to tip him over the edge, but enough to remind his body that the edge was very close and not currently his to reach. Henry’s hips twitched in quiet, embarrassed pulses. His breath came heavier against her mouth.

Suki drew back just enough to look at him.

“You’re seeing stars, aren’t you,” she murmured.

He swallowed.

“Yeah.”

She smiled and gave him one last slow stroke, then let go.

“Good,” she said. “You can think for me like this.”

He blinked.

“Think?”

“Come on.” Her voice stayed gentle. “Kitchen. There’s paperwork.”

She stood and pulled on a pair of loose shorts, not bothering with anything else. The t-shirt she wore barely skimmed the tops of her thighs. Henry sat there for half a second longer than he meant to, hard and aching and unsure how “paperwork” and this state belonged in the same sentence. Then she held out her hand.

He took it.

She led him downstairs with no attempt to cover him. His sweatpants did little to hide the obvious bulge; every step made him keenly aware of how present and useless his arousal was.

***

The kitchen table was already laid out.

Forms. Envelopes. A pen. A small stack of letters with their corners squared against each other, neat in the way Henry’s mind currently was not.

“Worker’s comp,” Suki said, sitting beside him. “The follow-up packet. They were in the mail basket. You would have ignored them for another week.”

Henry sat carefully.

His cock pressed uncomfortably against the inside of his sweatpants when he shifted. He tried to adjust subtly, then gave up and let himself sit still, hoping the friction would not push him anywhere Suki had not authorized.

She reached across and rested her hand lightly over his.

“You’re flushed,” she said.

He let out a breath that was half laugh, half helpless sound.

“You pulled me out of bed like—” he broke off, embarrassed. “Of course I’m flushed.” Her thumb moved over his knuckles.

“Yes,” she said calmly. “That’s why this is a good time. You pay more attention when your body’s lit up. You don’t drift away.”

The idea should have offended him.

Instead it made sense in the worst possible way.

He looked down at the forms.

Lines of text. Boxes. Places where a coherent adult was supposed to write things that proved he existed and deserved support.

Suki watched his face for a moment, then leaned closer.

“You know,” she said softly, “I’ve noticed something.”

Henry’s stomach tightened.

Her tone had changed.

Not teasing now. Not purely aroused.

Analytical.

“What.”

“Every time I mention Steve, you get harder.” Her voice stayed conversational, matter-offact. “It’s reliable. I can almost set my watch by it.” Heat rushed down his spine.

“Suki—”

“It’s true,” she went on. “Even when you were foggy. Even when you could barely remember what we had for dinner. I could say his name and you’d react. Sometimes more than when I touched you.”

Henry tried to look at her and found himself looking at the table instead.

“I don’t—”

“I know you don’t like thinking about it,” she said, not unkindly. “That’s why we’re going to think about it properly once, and then I’m going to take the problem out of your hands.” He exhaled slowly.

“What problem.”

Suki shifted her chair a little closer so their knees brushed.

“Do you remember that dream,” she asked, “from before you got sick?”

He frowned.

“Which dream.”

“The one you didn’t want to talk about.” Her gaze remained steady. “The one where you woke up already having an orgasm, with my name in your mouth and his in your head.” Henry went very still.

Memory pricked at the edges of his mind.

Not the coma memory. Older. Before the accident. Before the hospital.

A night half a year back, maybe more. Waking up short of breath, sticky against his own stomach, heart pounding, feeling ridiculous and unsettled. Suki rolling over beside him, hair mussed, blinking, saying, “You okay?” while he tried to decide whether telling the truth would make anything better.

He had told her some of it.

He had not told her all of it.

“I remember… some,” he said.

Suki tilted her head.

“You told me you’d dreamt of me on the counter,” she said. “Of me getting fucked until you couldn’t think straight. You didn’t tell me who was doing it. You didn’t have to. I could see it.”

His cheeks burned.

“Suki—”

“You woke up coming,” she said, voice still soft. “From a dream about him inside me. You were so embarrassed you could barely look at me.”

Henry’s cock gave a small, helpless pulse against his sweatpants.

Old shame clashed with new helplessness. The combination made everything inside him feel thin.

Suki noticed the flicker in his lap, of course.

Her eyes dropped, then rose again.

“There,” she murmured. “That’s exactly what I mean.”

He swallowed.

“I didn’t want that,” he said quietly.

“I know you didn’t want to understand it,” she corrected. “Wanting is different.” A protest rose and died inside him.

She placed her hand flat over his paperwork hand again.

“When that happened,” she said, “you asked me for something.”

Henry’s brow furrowed.

“I asked you to forget it.”

“You did,” she said. “And then, a week later, you asked me something else.”

He searched himself and found the faint outline of the memory.

The conversation in the kitchen. The way he couldn’t quite meet her eyes. The half-joking, half-serious tone he’d tried to use to make it sound like a kink proposition instead of the terrified request it really was.

“I said I didn’t trust myself,” he murmured.

“You said you didn’t want to come unless I said you could,” Suki replied. “You said you were tired of waking up soaked and humiliated because your brain decided something without your permission. You said you wanted to be kept… soft, I believe was the word.”

He shut his eyes.

“Yes.”

Her voice dropped lower.

“You asked me to cage you.”

The word landed heavy in his stomach.

He opened his eyes.

“I didn’t mean—”

“You meant exactly what you said,” Suki said gently. “You meant you were scared of yourself. You meant you wanted someone else holding the edge so you didn’t have to. You meant you wanted to be safe from your own hunger.”

Henry looked down at his lap.

He could feel himself reacting now the way he had reacted then: not just to her words, but to the structure inside them. The possibility of surrender dressed up

as a solution. “Maybe,” he said.

Suki’s thumb moved across his knuckles again, soothing him while she pinned him with precision.

“I bought the cage.”

His throat tightened.

“I know.”

“And I called Yuna,” she continued. “Because you said something else later. Do you remember?”

He shook his head.

“You said you didn’t want me to be tempted,” Suki said. “You said if I kept the key, you’d beg me too much. You said you wanted someone calmer holding it. Someone who wouldn’t give in just because you looked pretty.”

The windows hummed faintly with outside noise.

Henry stared at the forms.

The words on them meant almost nothing now. He could only see the shape of his life around the edges.

“I said that?” he asked.

“You did,” she said. “You were blushing and miserable and very serious.” A small, fond smile touched her mouth. “You picked her. Not me. Not Steve. Yuna. The quiet one. The one you said felt trustworthy.”

He swallowed.

“I didn’t mean—”

“You did,” she said again. “You meant you wanted one more layer between you and your own decisions.”

He had no defense that didn’t collapse under the weight of his own recollection. Suki withdrew her hand from his and sat back a fraction.

“Since you came home from the hospital,” she said, “I’ve been watching to see whether that man was still in there.”

Henry lifted his head.

“And?”

“And he is,” she said. “Every time I say Steve’s name, your body answers. Every time you wake up hard from a dream you don’t want to describe fully, your eyes look the same. Every time you lean into me when you’re lost, I see how badly you want the feeling of not steering.”

Her eyes remained kind.

That was the worst part.

“I’m not punishing you with this,” she said quietly. “I’m giving you exactly what you asked for, plus the structure we both know you need now.”

“What structure,” he whispered.

Suki stood and rounded the table.

She pulled his chair a few inches back with a quiet scrape so his legs had room. “The kind where your body can react without destroying your life,” she said. “The kind where you can sit at a table hard and be useful instead of panicked.”

He looked up at her, confused and frightened and already half-resigned.

“Suki…”

She touched his hair.

“We’re going to give you back what you begged me for,” she said. “Properly this time. Not as a late-night fantasy. As reality.”

The knock at the front door came then.

Soft.

Precise.

Yuna.

Henry’s heart lurched.

Suki’s hand tightened just slightly in his hair.

“Stay,” she murmured, as if he were a dog, but the tone was that same patient, loving one she used when he spiraled.

She went to answer the door.

Yuna stepped in a moment later, small and composed in a light sweater and jeans, her purse held in both hands. She looked at Henry and offered him a shy, gentle smile.

“Hi,” she said.

He managed, “Hi,” back.

Suki closed the door and touched Yuna’s arm in greeting, a brief, familiar contact that said they had done many things together he had not been present for.

“Thank you for coming,” Suki said. “We’re finally ready to use it properly.”

Yuna’s eyes flicked to Henry’s lap, then quickly up again.

Her cheeks pinked.

“I thought… you might be,” she said softly.

Suki guided her into the kitchen.

“Here,” she said, pulling out a chair for Yuna across from Henry. “Sit. He’s already worked up. It’s a good moment.”

Henry’s pulse rattled in his ears.

He shifted in his seat.

The motion made his cock drag against the fabric in a way that sent a sharp, humiliating rush of pleasure through him.

Yuna sat.

She placed her purse on the table and opened it with careful fingers.

Inside, small things glinted: keys, lip balm, a compact, and, resting at the bottom, the cage. Pink.

Soft.

He had seen it before, briefly, when they had first bought it.

He had thought it looked ridiculous.

He had thought it looked harmless.

It did not look harmless now.

Suki took it out and held it gently in her palm.

“You remember this, don’t you,” she said.

Henry couldn’t tear his eyes away from it.

“Yes.”

“You picked the material,” she reminded him. “Soft rubber, not metal. No sharp edges. You said you wanted something you could wear without pain. Something that wouldn’t rub when you got a little hard. Something that would remind you where you belonged without hurting you.”

Every detail landed with excruciating accuracy.

He had said all of that.

Not in this kitchen, but in another one. Before the accident. Before any of this. He had stood near the sink, embarrassed and earnest, and told her he wanted to feel kept without feeling punished.

Suki stepped close.

“Stand up,” she said.

He obeyed.

His knees felt wooden.

His cock was painfully hard, pressing against his sweatpants in a way that made the outline unmistakable now that he was standing.

Suki’s eyes flicked down.

Her expression changed only slightly — a small appreciative curve, nothing more. “Pull them down,” she said.

He hesitated for one heartbeat.

Then he gripped the waistband and slid the sweatpants down to his thighs.

His cock sprang free, flushed and leaking, absurdly exposed in the banal daylight of the kitchen.

Yuna’s breath caught audibly.

She looked away at once, cheeks deepening, then forced herself to look back, polite and professional in some quiet, intimate way.

Suki held the cage in both hands.

“Deep breath,” she said.

He took one.

Her fingers wrapped around him, steady and practiced, and guided him into the cage. The rubber slid over his skin without friction.

It was snug.

Not crushing.

Not coarse.

Just firm.

Once he was fully inside, tucked and contained, she lifted the small locking piece and clicked it into place.

The sound was tiny.

Henry felt it everywhere.

Suki stepped back half a foot and looked at him, now standing with his sweatpants half down and the soft pink cage hugging his cock.

“How does it feel,” she asked.

He swallowed around the knot in his throat.

“Weird,” he said. “Smaller.”

She nodded.

“It won’t hurt,” she said. “That was the point. You’ll be able to move and work and sleep and eat without thinking about friction. You’ll be able to get a little hard without going anywhere. Your body will be allowed to react and you won’t be allowed to ruin anything with it.”

The relief and humiliation of that idea crashed into each other.

He nodded shakily.

“Okay.”

Suki turned to Yuna.

“Key,” she said.

Yuna picked it up from the table and held it for a moment, looking at it with quiet focus. Then she slipped it into a tiny side pocket of her purse and zipped it carefully. “I’ll keep it safe,” she said.

Henry watched the whole motion as if it were taking his future and placing it somewhere else.

“You’re sure you want her to have it,” Suki asked him, very deliberately.

He closed his eyes.

When he opened them, Yuna was still there. Still gentle. Still small. Still the safest possible jailer.

“Yes,” he said.

“You trust her more than you trust yourself,” Suki said.

He let out a defeated breath.

“Yes.”

“Good,” she said.

She pulled his sweatpants back up, smoothing the fabric over the new, smaller bulge. The sensation was bizarre.

His cock felt present but truncated, held in soft, unyielding hands that did not belong to him. He felt… quiet.

The frantic edge was gone.

Need remained, but contained.

Suki watched his face as the change moved through him.

“There,” she said, pleased. “See? Already better.”

Yuna rose, shouldering her purse.

“I should go,” she said gently. “Text me if… you need me.”

Henry couldn’t decide which word in that sentence hurt most.

Suki kissed Yuna on the mouth — a brief, easy kiss that spoke of long familiarity and shared conspiracies. Yuna kissed her back with equal softness, then offered Henry one last tiny smile.

Then she left.

The front door shut behind her.

Silence returned to the kitchen, denser now.

Suki turned back to Henry and touched the front of his sweatpants lightly, feeling the cage beneath.

“You’re breathing easier,” she observed.

He realized she was right.

“I don’t… feel like I’ll do something stupid,” he said.

“That’s the point,” she replied. “You asked me to take that part away from you. I have.” He sat down again.

The chair felt different under him.

Suki gathered the worker’s comp forms into a neat stack and slid them in front of him. “Now,” she said, “we can deal with the grown-up things while you’re not scrambling to control yourself.”

He looked at the paperwork.

His mind felt clearer.

Not because the forms were suddenly simpler.

Because the constant, urgent drag between his legs had changed shape. It was no longer a demand. It was a fact. A soft, persistent weight he did not have to respond to.

Suki sat beside him.

She laid her hand over his again.

“I’m going to make sure we’re taken care of,” she said. “You, me, Steve. The house. All of it. You’re going to sign things when I tell you. You’re going to answer questions honestly.

You’re going to let me handle the structure.”

Henry nodded slowly.

“Okay.”

Her thumb brushed his knuckles.

“You wanted this,” she reminded him gently. “Long before the accident. Long before the coma. Long before any of this. You wanted to be held in something you didn’t have to run.” He shut his eyes.

“Yes,” he admitted.

She smiled, small and satisfied.

“Then this,” she said, tapping once over the caged bulge in his sweatpants, “is not punishment. It’s you, finally getting what you begged me for.”

A sound of a truck engine rumbled faintly outside.

Steve.

Suki glanced toward the window.

“Perfect timing,” she murmured.

She stood and moved to the door.

Henry remained seated, his hands resting on the edge of the paperwork he was about to sign, his cock trapped softly and permanently under his jeans.

He heard the front door open.

Steve’s voice drifted in, easy and warm.

“Got more boxes,” he called. “You sure you want all this junk?”

Suki laughed.

“Bring it in,” she said. “We’re making room.”

Henry stared down at the forms and realized, with a quiet, terrifying clarity, that room was exactly what they had made — in the house, in the bed, in his body, in his life. For Steve.

For Suki.

For structures that no longer depended on his consent in the way they once had.

Suki returned to the kitchen, kissed the top of his head as she passed, and went back to help Steve unload. The sound of boxes, laughing, the familiarity of two people moving around each other like they had always belonged in the same space filled the rooms.

Henry picked up the pen.

His hand no longer shook.

The cage did its work.

So did Suki.

He signed where she pointed.

Chapter 11

Chapter 11 – Full Circle

The weekend settled into a new rhythm almost immediately.

Steve stayed.

On Friday, he moved the last of his boxes into the guest room while Henry watched from the hallway. There was something quietly significant about it — the way Steve's clothes now hung in the closet, the way his toothbrush sat next to Suki's in the bathroom, the way the house slowly began to smell like both of them. Henry didn't say anything about it, but he felt it. The air in the house felt different. Fuller. More permanent.

That evening, the three of them moved around each other with surprising ease. Suki cooked dinner while Steve helped chop vegetables and Henry set the table. They ate together at the kitchen table like they'd done it a hundred times before. There was no awkwardness, no forced conversation — just the quiet, charged energy of three people who were slowly becoming something more than they had been.

After dinner, they watched a movie in the living room. Henry sat in the middle of the couch with Suki curled against his left side and Steve stretched out on his right. Suki's head rested on Henry's chest, her fingers tracing slow patterns over his stomach. Steve's arm was draped casually along the back of the couch, his fingers occasionally brushing Henry's shoulder. It should have felt strange. Instead, it felt… right.

Henry fell asleep like that — with Suki's head on his chest and Steve's quiet presence beside him.

He woke sometime later to the feeling of Suki gently shaking his shoulder.

"Come on," she whispered. "Let's go to bed."

Henry blinked sleepily and let her pull him up from the couch. He expected her to lead him to the master bedroom, but instead she took his hand and guided him down the hallway toward the guest room.

When they stepped inside, Steve was there, unpacking the last of his boxes. He looked up when they entered and gave them both a small, warm smile.

Suki brought Henry over to him and stopped in front of Steve. She looked up at Henry, her expression soft but serious.

"You always thanked him," she said quietly. "For taking care of me. Whenever you saw him, you thanked him for being here with me. For making sure I wasn't alone while you were gone."

Henry’s stomach flipped. He looked at Steve, then back at Suki. The memory she was describing didn’t fully exist in his mind, but the way she said it made something deep inside him respond.

He turned to Steve and met his eyes.

“Thank you,” Henry said, his voice low but steady. “For taking care of her.”

Steve’s expression softened. He reached out and clasped Henry’s shoulder, giving it a firm, brotherly squeeze.

“You’re welcome,” he said simply. “Always.”

Suki smiled and leaned up to kiss Henry on the cheek.

“Go back to the master bedroom,” she said gently. “Get some rest. We’ll be right down the hall.”

Henry nodded. He glanced once more at Steve, then turned and walked back to the master bedroom alone.

He climbed into the big bed and pulled the covers over himself. The house was quiet for a few minutes.

Then he heard it.

Through the wall, the unmistakable sounds of Steve and Suki fucking.

It started slow — soft moans, the faint creak of the guest room bed, the low rumble of Steve’s voice. But it didn’t stay quiet for long. Soon the sounds grew louder, more intense. Henry could hear the steady slap of skin on skin, Suki’s breathless cries, Steve’s deep grunts. They went on for a long time — long enough that Henry’s cock was fully hard again in the cage, throbbing helplessly against the pink rubber.

He lay there in the dark, listening to them, his body aching with a strange mix of arousal and something deeper he couldn’t quite name. Eventually, exhaustion won. He fell asleep to the sound of them still moving together, his cock still trapped and aching.

--The next morning, Henry woke to the smell of coffee and the sound of soft voices downstairs.

He got up slowly, still half-hard in the cage, and pulled on a clean t-shirt and a pair of loose jeans. The cage felt snug and constant, a quiet reminder of who he belonged to. He made his way downstairs and found Suki in the kitchen with another woman — a petite, soft-featured woman with gentle eyes and a quiet presence.

“Henry,” Suki said with a warm smile, “this is Mia. She’s one of my best friends.”

Mia gave him a shy but friendly smile. “It’s nice to finally meet you. Suki’s told me a lot about you.”

Henry nodded, feeling a little self-conscious. “Nice to meet you too.”

They had breakfast together — the three of them sitting around the kitchen table like it was the most normal thing in the world. Steve had already left for work, but his presence lingered in the house. Henry could feel it in the way Suki moved, in the way the guest room door stayed open now, in the quiet comfort that had settled over everything.

After breakfast, they moved into the living room. Suki and Mia sat together on the couch while Henry took the armchair across from them. They chatted easily — about work, about weekend plans, about nothing in particular. It felt comfortable. Familiar.

Then, at some point, the energy in the room shifted.

Suki turned to Mia and leaned in, kissing her softly on the mouth.

Henry froze.

Mia kissed her back without hesitation, her hand coming up to rest on Suki’s waist. The kiss deepened slowly, turning from something soft and familiar into something unmistakably sensual. Suki’s fingers slid into Mia’s hair as their tongues met, and a quiet, breathy sound escaped Mia’s throat.

Henry sat completely still, his cock throbbing painfully in the cage. He couldn’t look away. The sight of Suki kissing another woman — right there in front of him — was so unexpected and so intensely erotic that it short-circuited something in his brain.

Suki pulled back just enough to look at Henry, her lips glistening, her eyes dark with arousal. “Watch,” she said softly.

Then she turned back to Mia and kissed her again — deeper this time, more openly. Her hands slid under Mia’s shirt, pushing it up as their bodies pressed closer together. Mia let out a soft moan and arched into her touch, clearly just as affected as Henry was.

The two women moved together on the couch with slow, sensual grace. Suki pulled Mia’s shirt over her head and tossed it aside, then lowered her mouth to Mia’s breasts, kissing and licking while Mia’s fingers tangled in her hair. Mia’s head fell back against the couch, her eyes half-closed, soft sounds of pleasure escaping her lips.

Henry’s cage felt tighter than it ever had before. His cock was straining against the pink rubber, leaking steadily, but there was no friction — no relief. Just the constant, maddening pressure and the overwhelming sight in front of him.

He was stunned. Painfully aroused. Completely unable to look away.

The air in the room felt thick — charged with something irreversible. This wasn't just Suki being sexual with someone else. This was something deeper. Something that was changing

the shape of their relationship in real time.

Mia and Suki continued for a long time — kissing, touching, losing themselves in each other while Henry watched from across the room. At one point, Suki glanced over at him again, her eyes meeting his as she sucked gently on Mia's nipple. The look she gave him was full of heat and quiet possession.

Henry's cock pulsed hard in the cage. He was so close — right on the edge — but there was nothing he could do. No friction. No release. Just the overwhelming, helpless arousal of watching the two women together.

When Suki finally made Mia come — her fingers moving between Mia's legs while she kissed her deeply — Henry lost control.

He came harder than he had in weeks.

Untouched.

His whole body seized up as the orgasm ripped through him, his cock pulsing violently in the cage as thick ropes of cum spilled into the pink rubber. He cried out — a broken, desperate sound — as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through him. It was intense. Overwhelming. Almost too much.

When it was finally over, he slumped back in the chair, breathing hard, his vision blurry. Suki looked over at him from the couch, her lips swollen, her cheeks flushed. She smiled — slow, satisfied, and deeply affectionate.

Mia turned her head and looked at him too, her expression soft and a little dazed. Neither of them said anything.

They just watched him — two women who now held pieces of him he was only beginning to understand.

--**End of Chapter 11**

Chapter 12

Chapter 12 – The Circle Closes

Saturday afternoon moved slowly through the house like warm honey.

Henry stood at the kitchen sink, washing the last of the breakfast dishes while Suki moved around behind him, wiping counters and putting things away. The sunlight coming through the window was soft and golden, and the quiet rhythm of their movements felt strangely peaceful. Every so often, Suki would brush past him, her hand trailing lightly across his lower back or hip, and each touch sent a warm ripple through his body.

She came up behind him again and wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her chin on his shoulder.

“The letter came today,” she said softly, her voice close to his ear.

Henry paused, his hands still in the soapy water. “What letter?”

“The one from the worker’s comp office.” She pressed a gentle kiss to the side of his neck. “You’re getting plenty now. More than enough to take care of all of us. You don’t have to go back to work. You can stay home. Take care of the house. Take care of me. Take care of Steve when he’s here.”

Henry’s stomach flipped. The words settled somewhere deep in his chest — heavy, but warm. He turned his head slightly to look at her.

“You want me to stay home?”

Suki smiled against his skin. “I think you’ve always wanted that. Even before everything happened. You used to talk about how nice it would be if you could just take care of everything here while I handled the rest.”

She reached around him and turned off the water, then gently pulled his hands out of the sink. She dried them with a towel, her touch slow and careful.

“Come on,” she said. “Let’s finish the rest of the chores together.”

They moved through the house slowly. Suki guided him with quiet encouragement — dusting shelves, folding laundry, straightening the living room. She praised him softly when he did something well, her voice warm and proud.

“You’re so good at this,” she said at one point, watching him straighten the pillows on the couch. “I always knew you would be.”

By late afternoon, the house was spotless. Henry stood in the middle of the living room, looking around at everything they had done together. His cock was half-hard in the pink cage,

but even that felt different now — not frustrating, but almost right. Like it belonged there. Suki came up behind him and slipped her arms around his waist again.

“Sophia’s coming over soon,” she said quietly. “Mia and Lena too. They’re all going to spend the night.”

Henry turned in her arms. “All of them?”

Suki nodded, her eyes soft but serious. “It’s going to be a full night. They’re all going to take turns with you. And I’m going to supervise. Just like we used to.”

Before Henry could respond, the doorbell rang.

--The evening unfolded slowly, like a warm tide coming in.

Sophia arrived first — tall, confident, with an easy laugh that filled the room. Mia came shortly after, quieter but warm, and Lena arrived last, carrying a small overnight bag and smiling like she already knew exactly how the night would go.

They moved through the house with easy familiarity, chatting and laughing as they settled in. Henry stayed close to Suki, hyper-aware of the cage locked around his cock and the way all three of her friends kept glancing at him with knowing looks.

As the sun went down, the energy in the house shifted.

It started in the living room. Suki pulled Henry down onto the couch with her and climbed into his lap, kissing him deeply while the other women watched. Her hands slid under his shirt, her nails dragging lightly over his skin. Henry’s cock strained uselessly in the cage, throbbing with every beat of his heart.

Then Suki pulled back and looked over at Sophia.

“Come here,” she said softly.

Sophia didn’t hesitate. She crossed the room and knelt in front of them, her hands sliding up Henry’s thighs as she leaned in and began kissing Suki’s neck. Mia moved to sit beside them on the couch, her hand resting on Henry’s chest, while Lena settled into the armchair across from them, watching with dark, interested eyes.

The next hour passed in a haze of hands and mouths and soft, breathless sounds.

Suki took turns with each of her friends — kissing them, touching them, letting them touch her — all while Henry sat beneath her, caged and desperate. Every so often she would glance down at him, her eyes full of heat and quiet affection.

At one point, she climbed off his lap and pushed him gently onto his back on the couch. She straddled his face, lowering herself onto his mouth while Sophia and Mia took turns kissing

and touching her above him. Lena watched from the armchair, one hand between her own legs.

Henry licked Suki slowly, thoroughly, tasting her arousal as it mixed with everything that had happened that day. His cock throbbed painfully in the cage, but there was no friction — only the constant, maddening pressure and the overwhelming sensation of being used.

Suki came first, her thighs tightening around his head as she moaned softly into Sophia's mouth. Then Sophia took her place, grinding against Henry's tongue while Suki and Mia kissed above him. Mia followed after that, her soft cries filling the room as Henry licked her through her orgasm.

While Henry was licking Suki during one of the rotations, she leaned down slightly, her voice low and intimate against his ear.

"Steve's upstairs right now," she whispered, her hips rolling slowly against his mouth. "Moving his things into the master bedroom. Where he used to be. We need the bigger bed again… like we used to."

Henry moaned against her, the words sending a fresh wave of helpless arousal through him. His cock pulsed hard in the cage, leaking steadily as he licked her deeper.

Suki let out a soft, pleased sound and pressed down harder against his face for a moment before lifting off him. She looked down at him, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted. "You're doing so well," she said softly.

By the time the women were done with him, Henry was exhausted — his face wet, his body trembling, his cock still locked and aching. He lay on the couch, breathing hard, staring up at the ceiling as Suki, Mia, and Sophia curled around him like a warm, satisfied pile. Suki kissed his forehead and whispered, "You did so well."

Then she stood up, stretched, and looked toward the stairs.

"I'm going to go check on Steve," she said. "You three stay here with Henry. I'll be back soon."

She disappeared upstairs.

Henry lay there on the sofa, surrounded by Suki's friends, his body sore and his mind spinning. He could hear faint sounds from upstairs — the low murmur of voices, the occasional creak of the bed. Steve and Suki were together in the master bedroom now. The one that used to be theirs.

He closed his eyes and let sleep take him.

--When Henry woke, it was morning.

Sunlight streamed through the living room windows. He was still on the couch, but now Lena and Mia were curled up on either side of him, their heads resting on his chest and stomach like they'd all fallen asleep together in a warm, tangled pile. Sophia was stretched out on the floor in front of the couch, one arm thrown over her eyes.

For a moment, Henry just lay there, listening to the quiet sounds of breathing around him. Then he heard footsteps on the stairs.

Suki appeared a moment later, freshly showered and wearing one of Steve's shirts. She looked radiant — cheeks flushed, hair damp, a quiet smile on her face. She paused at the bottom of the stairs when she saw them all piled together on the couch and let out a soft, amused laugh.

"Well," she said. "This is cozy."

Mia stirred first, blinking sleepily. Lena followed, then Sophia. They untangled themselves slowly, stretching and yawning as they sat up.

Suki crossed the room and sat on the edge of the couch beside Henry. She leaned down and kissed him — slow, deep, and full of quiet affection.

"Good morning," she whispered against his lips.

Before Henry could respond, she turned to Mia and kissed her too — just as deeply, just as naturally. Then she did the same to Lena, and finally to Sophia. Each kiss was unhurried, familiar, like this was simply how mornings were meant to begin now.

Henry watched, stunned and painfully aroused in his cage.

Suki pulled back from Sophia and looked at him, her eyes sparkling.

"Henry," she said gently, "why don't you go make breakfast for everyone? We're all starving."

Henry nodded without hesitation. He stood up slowly, his legs still a little shaky, and made his way into the kitchen. His cock throbbed with every step, trapped and denied in the pink cage, but he didn't complain. He simply moved through the familiar motions — cracking eggs, frying bacon, making toast — while the sounds of soft conversation and occasional laughter drifted in from the living room.

By the time he finished, Steve had come downstairs as well, freshly showered and wearing a pair of low-slung sweatpants. He looked relaxed, content, like a man who had spent the night exactly where he belonged.

They all gathered in the dining room — Suki, Lena, Mia, Sophia, Steve, and Henry — eating together like a strange, beautiful, impossible family. Henry served everyone, moving quietly between the table and the kitchen, refilling

coffee and making sure everyone had what they needed.

He felt overwhelmed.

He felt deeply aroused.

He felt, for the first time in a long time, like he was exactly where he was supposed to be. --Sunday night came too quickly.

Henry stood in the doorway of the master bedroom, staring at the space that used to be his. Steve's things were everywhere now — clothes in the closet, books on the nightstand, a pair of boots by the door. The room smelled like both of them. Like it had always been theirs. Steve stepped up beside him, carrying one last box.

"Every scrap of your things has been moved to the guest room," he said helpfully, his voice warm and matter-of-fact. "Figured it was time to make it official."

Suki appeared behind them, slipping her arm around Steve's waist. She looked up at Henry with soft, affectionate eyes.

"Like it used to be," she said quietly.

Henry nodded slowly. He didn't feel sad. He didn't feel angry. He just felt… full. Like something inside him had finally clicked into place.

He turned and walked down the hallway to the guest room — the room that was now his. The bed was already made, his clothes folded neatly in the dresser. It was smaller than the master bedroom, but it felt right. Simple. Honest.

He climbed into bed and pulled the covers over himself, his body sore and satisfied in ways he had never experienced before. The pink cage was still locked around his cock, a constant, gentle reminder of everything that had changed.

Down the hall, he could hear Suki and Steve moving around in the master bedroom — their voices low, their laughter soft. The house felt alive in a way it never had before. Full of warmth. Full of people who cared about each other in ways that didn't always make sense on paper, but felt completely right in practice.

Henry closed his eyes.

He didn't know what tomorrow would bring. He didn't know how much more of his old life would slip away, or how much more of this new one he would embrace.

But as he drifted off to sleep, one thought settled in his chest like a quiet truth: This was what weekends looked like now.

And he wouldn't have it any other way.

--**End of Chapter 12**

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Chapter 13

Chapter 13

Chapter 13 – The Truth

It had been one month since Henry’s memories came back.

Not all at once.

Not in one dramatic rush.

They had returned in fragments at first — a smell, a room, the shape of Steve’s truck in the driveway, the sound of Suki’s laugh from another part of the house. Then whole scenes had followed behind them, joining together with sickening clarity until there was no longer any space left to pretend confusion. He remembered the hospital. He remembered the life before the coma. He remembered what he and Suki had been, and just as clearly, he remembered what they had not been.

He remembered enough now to know exactly what had been done to him.

And enough to know he had not stopped it.

Morning light lay in pale bars across the living room rug. The television was on low, some forgettable news segment filling the room with a soft neutral murmur. Henry knelt on the floor between the couch and the coffee table, his knees spread slightly, his hands resting on his thighs. He wore nothing but the small pink cage. It sat between his legs like a final joke that had lasted too long and become a fact.

On the couch above him, Suki sat tucked against Steve’s side.

Steve’s arm was draped around her shoulders. Her legs were folded beneath her. They looked easy together. Settled. Like a shape the room had learned to hold.

Henry watched them from below and remembered, with perfect accuracy, the old mornings before any of this. Suki asleep on her stomach. His alarm first. His coffee first. His work shirts hanging in the closet. His name on the mortgage paperwork. Suki kissing him distractedly before he left for the office. Steve existing nowhere near the center of his life. He remembered being ordinary.

The knowledge should have burned hotter than it did.

Instead it moved through him with a strange, flattened ache, one that had long since tangled itself around arousal, dependency, shame, and habit until none of them could be cleanly separated.

Steve glanced at the clock on the wall and exhaled through his nose.

“Last day,” he said.

Suki tipped her head back to look at him and smiled. It was a small smile, tired and pleased at once.

“You don’t have to go back after today.”

Steve’s hand slid down her arm.

“No,” he said. “I don’t.”

Henry lowered his eyes.

He knew where the money came from. Worker’s comp. The checks that had once felt like paperwork and pity and a temporary humiliation. Then something else. Then structure. Then household fact. Enough to keep everyone comfortable. Enough to let Steve leave his job. Enough to make Henry useful without ever needing him powerful again.

He remembered signing some of the forms.

He remembered not signing others.

He remembered Suki standing beside him, saying, “It’s okay, baby, I already talked to them,” in that soft practical voice that made surrender feel less like failure and more like fatigue. Steve leaned down and kissed the top of Suki’s head.

“I’ll miss the paycheck,” he said lightly. “Not the alarm.”

She laughed, quiet and fond.

“Go be amazing one last time.”

Steve stood. Suki rose with him long enough for him to kiss her properly. Henry watched the kiss from below — the familiarity of it, the ease, the total lack of concealment. Then Steve looked down at him.

“Take care of her while I’m gone.”

Henry lifted his eyes.

The words should have sounded absurd. Once they would have. Now they carried a different weight. Not authority. Not ownership. A delegated tenderness. A role.

“I will,” Henry said.

Steve nodded once, satisfied, and headed for the door. A moment later the front door shut behind him. The house settled around the absence.

Silence spread softly through the living room.

Suki did not speak right away.

She remained standing for a moment, looking toward the closed door. Then she sat back down on the couch and let her gaze drift to Henry. It rested on him

longer than usual. Calmly. Thoughtfully. Not hungry. Not playful.

Something in that made his stomach tighten.

“Come up here,” she said.

Henry rose and sat beside her.

The couch dipped under his weight. He was careful not to crowd her. He had learned that posture without instruction. Or maybe not without instruction. Just without explicit words. Suki turned toward him fully and took his hands into her lap. Her fingers were warm. Her thumbs moved once across his knuckles, then again.

“Henry.”

He looked at her.

Her face was composed in that particular way he had come to know — not blank, not cold, but stripped of all the smaller expressions that might have made what came next easier to misread.

“There’s something I need to say to you.”

For one irrational second he almost laughed.

Need.

As though there were still truths in this house that had to fight their way into daylight. He did not pull his hands away.

“Okay,” he said.

Suki held his gaze.

“When you woke up in the hospital,” she said, “you really didn’t know me.”

Henry said nothing.

“I knew that right away,” she continued. “Not because of what you forgot. Because of the way you looked at me. Like I mattered. Like I was familiar. But not like I was yours.” The sentence landed softly and hard at once.

Henry remembered that look now. The fog. The terror. The need to trust the first stable thing in the room.

Suki’s thumbs kept moving.

“Dr. Patel pulled me aside and told me what to do. Familiar touch. Shared routines. Repetition. Sensory reinforcement.” She glanced down at their hands for a moment, then back up. “She meant well. She was telling me how to help you find your way back.” Henry’s jaw tightened slightly.

“Yes,” he said.

Suki’s expression did not change.

“I did help you,” she said quietly. “That part is true. I gave you structure when your mind was broken open. I kept you calm. I fed you. Bathed you. stayed with you. I learned how to speak to you when you got scared. I learned what your body recognized before your memory did.” She paused. “And then I kept going.”

Henry felt the words before he reacted to them.

Kept going.

Not lost control.

Not made mistakes.

Not got carried away.

A decision with duration.

A choice renewed often enough to become a way of life.

He looked at her and saw, overlaid with the present, a hundred tiny scenes snapping into alignment: the first morning at home, her phone in her hand while she sat on his face; the casual introduction of Steve’s name; the kitchen counter; the forms; the cage; the women arriving one by one as if this had all merely resumed after an interruption.

Not improvisation.

Design.

“I know,” he said.

That, finally, changed her expression.

Not much. Just a flicker.

“You know now,” she said.

“Yes.”

She studied him.

“How much?”

Henry looked past her for a moment, toward the muted television, toward nothing. “Enough,” he said. “Enough to remember what we were before.” He drew a breath. “Enough to know you lied.”

Suki accepted that without flinching.

“Yes.”

“Enough to know Steve wasn’t in our bed every night.”

“No.”

“Enough to know I didn’t ask you to build all of this.”

Her fingers tightened around his once, almost imperceptibly.

“No,” she said again.

The room felt very still.

He waited for the apology.

Not because he needed it. Because some part of him wanted to see what shape it would take in her mouth.

It never came.

Instead Suki said, very softly, “But I wanted it.”

Henry turned his head back toward her.

There it was.

Not remorse.

Not excuse.

The clean center.

She went on in the same quiet voice.

“I wanted more than the life we had.” Her eyes stayed on his. “I wanted more than being the soft thing orbiting the serious man who handled everything. I wanted more than being grateful for what you gave me. I wanted the house arranged around me. I wanted not to be scared all the time. I wanted Steve. I wanted room for other women. I wanted your attention, your body, your schedule, your money, your need. I wanted to stop asking for pieces and have the whole architecture.”

Henry closed his eyes for one second.

Architecture.

That was exactly how it had felt once he began remembering — not random degradations, not separate erotic incidents, but a structure built around him while he was too injured to tell the difference between safety and surrender.

When he opened his eyes, Suki was still watching him.

“You could have talked to me,” he said.

It was the weakest sentence in the world, and they both knew it.

Suki’s mouth curved, not quite in a smile.

“Could I?”

He had no answer ready.

She did not press him. She only continued, still gentle.

“You were kind, Henry. You were good to me. You would have listened. You would have tried. You would have negotiated and compromised and wanted to make me happy.” Her head tilted slightly. “But you would have done it from the position you always held. The sane one. The generous one. The one deciding what could fit inside your idea of us.”

The cruelty of that was not in the accusation.

It was in how calmly she said it.

As if she had loved him enough to study the exact limits of his decency and then stepped around them.

“When you woke up and looked at me like a stranger,” she said, “I was devastated.” Her voice thinned for the first time, but only slightly. “And then, underneath that, I felt something else. Relief. I hated that I felt it. But I did.”

Henry’s breathing slowed further.

“Because I could start over,” she said. “Because for the first time, I was not dealing with the man who already knew himself. I was dealing with the man before the story settled. A man whose body trusted me before his mind could interfere. A man I could teach.”

Teach.

He thought of the first time she had said you remember this, right?

The first time he had doubted himself because his body answered faster than his memory. The first time relief had felt erotic.

He could map the whole descent now. Not because she was telling him. Because he

remembered living it.

“I told myself I was helping you recover,” Suki said. “Sometimes I still think that’s true. Maybe it is true. But it was never the whole truth. The whole truth is that I liked it. I liked how quickly you softened when I gave you certainty. I liked how your body responded when I gave you a version of yourself to grow into. I liked watching you become easier in my hands.”

She lifted one hand from his and touched his face.

Her thumb passed lightly over his cheekbone.

“I liked being the one who decided what was real enough to keep.”

Henry leaned, almost without meaning to, into the touch.

The moment he felt himself do it, shame moved through him — immediate, familiar, useless. Suki saw that too.

“See?” she whispered.

He looked at her sharply.

“That,” she said. “That’s the part I stopped fighting.”

He should have stood up.

He should have pulled away, walked out, done something that at least resembled a moral gesture.

Instead he stayed where he was, knees slightly apart, caged and naked beneath the soft domestic light of the living room, while the woman who had remade his life spoke to him with devastating tenderness.

“I know exactly what I did,” Suki said. “I know the word for it. I know what it sounds like outside this house. I know what some people would call me.” She inhaled slowly. “But I also know that for the last month, with your memory fully back, you have not asked me to unlock the cage.”

Henry looked away.

She let that sit.

“You have not asked Steve to leave.”

He said nothing.

“You have not gone back into the master bedroom and said mine.”

His throat tightened.

No.

He had not.

Because memory had returned, yes.

But so had all the newer things built on top of it: the habits of submission, the erotic imprint of helplessness, the relief of no longer steering, the strange family shape that now existed whether it had been honestly made or not.

Suki’s voice softened further.

“Some of what you are now is because I pushed you there when you couldn’t protect yourself.” Her fingers slid under his chin, turning him back toward her. “And some of it is because once you arrived, you stayed.”

The sentence hollowed him out.

Because it was too close to the thought he had refused to finish alone at night. She did not need to tell him he had been manipulated.

He knew.

What she was telling him now — the more horrifying thing — was that manipulation had not encountered some solid, untouched self waiting to be rescued at the center.

It had found seams.

Hungers.

Yield.

Tears burned unexpectedly at the backs of his eyes.

Suki saw them and leaned closer, not kissing him yet.

“I’m not going to insult you by pretending none of this took,” she said. “It did. I made it easier for you to become this. But I didn’t invent every part of it from nothing.” Henry let out one quiet, unsteady breath.

“What do you want me to say?”

It came out smaller than he meant it to.

Suki considered him.

“The truth,” she said.

He almost laughed again, but this time it hurt too much.

“You lied to me.”

“Yes.”

“You used me.”

“Yes.”

“You took advantage of the worst thing that ever happened to me.”

Her eyes did not leave his.

“Yes.”

The room buzzed softly with refrigerator hum and distant television voices and the blood in his ears.

“And,” Suki said, so quietly he almost didn’t hear it, “you’re still here.”

He stared at her.

There was no triumph in her face.

That was what made it unbearable.

Only certainty. Only intimacy. Only the terrible steadiness of someone who had finally decided not to hide from her own nature.

Henry swallowed.

“I hate that.”

Suki nodded once.

“I know.”

Another breath.

“And I don’t know how much of that is true.”

“I know.”

“And I don’t know,” he said, voice thinning, “if I’m here because you broke something in me, or because—”

He stopped.

Suki waited.

He could not make himself finish.

Because part of me wanted this.

Because part of me still does.

Because I remember who I was, and I am still sitting beside you.

Suki shifted closer and rested her forehead lightly against his.

When she spoke, her voice was nearly a whisper.

“Maybe both.”

He closed his eyes.

Her hands came up, one on either side of his face.

“I love you,” she said. “That’s true. Not the safe version of love. Not the flattering version. Mine. The selfish version. The version that wanted you open and soft and near me all the time. The version that wanted Steve in our bed and your devotion at my feet and other women orbiting the life we built. The version that saw an opening and took it.”

He felt her breath against his mouth.

“I don’t need forgiveness to call it love.”

A shudder went through him.

He did not know whether it came from grief, arousal, disgust, relief, or all of them together. Probably all of them together.

When he opened his eyes again, she was still inches away.

“I remember everything,” he said.

Suki nodded.

“I know.”

“Everything.”

“Yes.”

She brushed her thumb once beneath his eye.

“And now,” she said, “you get to know too.”

No more fog.

No more cover story.

No more half-fictions about restored routines.

Just this: the life before, the break, the manipulation, the pleasure, the rearrangement, the choice that remained after knowing.

Henry sat very still.

Then, slowly, he lowered himself from the couch to the rug.

Back to his knees.

He did not do it because he had forgotten who he used to be.

He did it knowing.

Suki watched him descend, and for the first time since Steve left, something in her face gave way — not into guilt, but into raw feeling. Her lips parted. Her eyes darkened.

Henry placed his hands on his thighs.

Looked up at her.

Her breath caught.

Neither of them spoke for a long moment.

Then Suki leaned forward, cupped his face, and kissed him.

It was not a victorious kiss.

Not relieved.

Not gentle enough to be mercy.

It was a kiss full of recognition so complete it felt almost violent: this is what happened, this is who I am, this is what you know, this is where you are.

Suki studied him for a long moment, then leaned forward and rested her forehead against his. “Who knows who you were, Henry,” she whispered. “Who we were. Does anyone know who they are?”

He did not answer. His breathing stayed slow, the pink cage a steady weight between his legs, his knees pressed into the rug, his hands resting obediently on his thighs.

Suki pulled back just enough to look into his eyes.

Her voice dropped even quieter.

“I watched you think you remembered,” she said. “Piece by piece. I watched old scenes slide back into place behind your eyes. I watched you see, finally, what I did.” Her lips curved, not kindly and not cruelly. “And then I watched you stay.”

Henry’s throat worked.

“I’m here,” he said.

“Yes.” Her thumb brushed once beneath his eye. “You’re here. With all of it in your head now. Before, after, accident, coma, lies, truth.” She held his gaze. “If you were going to leave, you would have done it when the pictures came back.”

A shiver went through him.

“You don’t care who I was,” he said quietly.

Suki’s smile sharpened by a fraction.

“No,” she said. “I don’t.”

The honesty landed like a stone.

She didn’t soften it.

“I care who you are *for me*,” she went on. “Now. In this house. In this shape. I care that you kneel when I tell you. That you listen when I speak. That you make coffee and paperwork and beds and weekends possible.” Her fingers slid into his hair, holding him where she wanted him. “If some older version of you existed, he had his chance.” Henry closed his eyes.

“You were supposed to restore me,” he murmured.

“I restored what mattered,” she said. “I restored your capacity to be calm. To be useful. To be held. To be mine.” She leaned in until her words brushed against his lips. “The rest? I don’t miss it.”

Silence stretched, thick and familiar.

“If I’m being completely honest,” she whispered, echoing her earlier confession, “I don’t care who Henry Harper is in the abstract. I care who you are in my hands.”

Her mouth found his in a slow, claiming kiss.

He did not pull away.

He knew exactly what that meant.

When she drew back, her forehead rested against his once more.

“And if some doctor or stranger ever asks me whether you’ve been *restored*,” she said softly, “I will tell them yes.” Her thumb traced his jaw. “Because this is the version of you I kept. This is the one I chose. This is the one who stayed.”

She held him there until his breathing matched hers.

Then her hands left his face and settled lightly on his shoulders — not pushing him down, not lifting him up, just keeping him exactly where he already was.

He remained on his knees.

Restored.