

# Aftercare

By C. Jade Wyton

*An erotic scene featuring Becky and her love interest, Jareth. It has a companion story, Good Girl, and the intention of these two pieces is to highlight the key differences in both of Becky's most serious relationships and how her two most defining sexual partners treated her.*

***Contains explicit sexual content.***

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Today had been too much for Becky.

It had started out alright. She'd slept in, and woken up to a quiet, empty house and was able to sit down to relax and text all her friends.

Adam had wanted to hang out— She'd been so excited for that, she'd even prepared snacks.... They hadn't been very good snacks, she didn't think, but she was proud with herself for doing it on her own. She hadn't been able to talk to Adam properly since the accident, and she missed him and wanted to make his visit special.

If she'd known how serious a talk he'd wanted to have with her, she might have reconsidered letting him come over....

He wanted to be open with their friendship. And Becky definitely wasn't ready for that.

Though, in Adam's defence, she hadn't ever been even *close* to ready in the entire three years (or was it four years, now?) that she'd known him.

He'd been so gentle bringing it up with her, too.... He was the most thoughtful friend she could have asked for; and here *she* was, trembling at the idea of anybody knowing they were friends.

She knew it wasn't fair on him. But she was still so, so scared. And Mattel's reaction to her standing up for Adam as a person —not even a friend, just as a *person*— had shaken her to her core. She hadn't even been able to tell Adam what had caused the break-up. Nobody knew.

And she wasn't ready for people to know.

*But Adam deserved better than being kept a secret....*

Becky sniffed, feeling tears well in her eyes, and Jareth's lips met the side of her head.

She'd forgotten he was still sitting on the floor with her. She'd been too wrapped up in her thoughts. Now she realised, though, that she was wrapped in his arms. Somehow that was enough to fight back her tears.

That, and Mimi's tongue finding its way into her ear.

Becky tried to roll her head away from the mimic, but it tightened around her neck; it's scarf-like form rapidly changing colours until it settled on a baby blue.

'Mimi!' she exclaimed, lifting a hand to try peel her pet off. 'Mimi, *no!*'

Jareth laughed when she failed, and gave her some help. He tickled Mimi along its side and Mimi gave a chirp and fell to the floor, flailing in protest before shifting into a pillow.

'Yeah, that's what I thought you pampered little rat,' Jareth joked. Then, he looked back to Becky and brushed the hair from her eyes. 'You alright? That was... I'm sorry about your dog.'

'That wasn't my dog,' Becky replied.

'Really? It wasn't?' Jareth asked. 'Isn't that why Adam was over?'

'What?' Becky's brow furrowed. 'What do you mean by that?'

'Well, I thought that you— Um,' Jareth blushed, and slicked back his hair. 'His dads are necromancers, right? And you like really creepy stuff. Like those old dolls you're always getting from thrift stores and... and also stuff like—' he motioned to Mimi, who's tongue had snuck out of its seam to lick the rug. 'And I thought... maybe you wanted... a pet zombie dog?'

Becky was too stunned to reply; all she could do was stare at Jareth.

'I thought maybe Adam was dropping it off for his dads or something,' Jareth admitted.

'No,' Becky confirmed. 'But, um.... Adam mentioned something about... residual necrotic magic, today. Something bringing back animals by accident? I think. I dunno much about it, though.'

'Oh,' Jareth gave a small nod. 'Okay. So.... No reason for me to feel bad, then. I *fixed* the problem!'

Becky gave a chuckle as Jareth wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close.

God, she was glad Jareth was here.

She hadn't expected him to show up today.

Nor had she expected to be attacked by a zombie dog in her own front yard. But somehow, it had still happened—

'So, wait— What *was* Adam doing here, then?'

Becky tensed; and Jareth obviously felt it as his grip on her tightened.

'He wasn't bothering you, was he?' Jareth asked seriously. 'Because I *will* fight him if he was! I don't care how big he is, I'll—'

'He wasn't bothering me!' Becky interrupted quickly. She felt her heart beat fast as she pulled away from Jareth and sat up. 'He's— He's my... friend.'

It felt so strange to say it out loud, and she couldn't meet Jareth's eye as she waited for his response. He'd be disgusted, she was sure. Just like Mattel was. He

was going to walk out on her. She knew it....

‘Oh,’ Jareth said quietly.

Every muscle in Becky’s body grew tight and she squeezed her eyes shut, bracing for the insult. The accusation. The anger.

‘Okay. Cool,’ Jareth sniffed. ‘I mean. He seems nice enough.’

Becky slowly opened an eye.

Jareth was looking at her, concerned. When he saw her peek at him he took her hands in his and squeezed them comfortingly. ‘Becky,’ he said. ‘Baby. I don’t know what’s going on with you. What battles you’ve been fighting or whatever. But I’m here for you. I always have been, and I promise I always will be. I don’t want you to hide from me again— Whatever’s hurting you, I.... I want to help.’

‘It’s.... It’s a lot,’ said Becky. ‘I don’t know where to begin.’

‘How about Adam?’ Jareth asked. ‘What’s the deal with him?’

‘He’s my friend,’ said Becky, simply. ‘He has been since I was sixteen.’

‘*Sixteen?*!’ Jareth’s eyes went wide. ‘You’re kidding me, babe! That’s like.... How many years?’

Jareth began counting on his fingers, and Becky gave a sigh and shook her head.

‘We’ve been hanging out in secret,’ she told him. ‘Because— I was scared that being friends with a reborn would affect my dad’s work and— Um.... I’ve just been scared, I guess.’

‘Alright, uh.... That’s fair,’ Jareth let out a breath. Then a chuckle. ‘Not really sure what to say to that.’

Becky looked away, and Jareth gave her hands another squeeze.

‘It’s been stressing you out, hasn’t it?’

Slowly, Becky nodded. ‘I’m sorry I didn’t tell you.’

Jareth gave a shrug. ‘It wasn’t my business. Look, I won’t tell anyone about him, alright? It’s all good. Your secret’s safe with me.’

Becky laughed as Jareth made a zipper motion over his mouth. Then, she let out a long, hard breath.

‘You look exhausted,’ said Jareth.

‘I feel it,’ Becky replied. ‘I think I might head back to bed.’

‘Oh?’ Jareth gave an impish grin, at that. ‘Let me carry you, baby girl!’

‘What— No—’ Becky didn’t have time to protest before she was scooped into the orc’s arms and hefted over his shoulder like a duffel bag. ‘Jareth!’ she laughed as Jareth spun her around. ‘Jareth, no! Put me down— AH! Ow, *Jareth!* The door!’

‘Sorry,’ Jareth chuckled, shifting so Becky’s head could make it past the door’s frame properly. ‘AH! Mimi! Move!’

Jareth narrowly avoided stepping on the mimic that was skittering around his feet; only to have to dodge tripping on a pile of dirty washing and three pillows.

He flopped onto Becky's bed heavily with her— And rolled over as Mimi leapt up and nipped at his face.

'Mimi!' Jareth exclaimed, failing to dodge the creature's tongue. He grabbed the mimic as it sloppily licked at his mouth and held it at arm's length. 'God, you're so wet— Stop it!'

Mimi began to purr loudly. Then, there was a knock on the door and Mimi pulled its spider-like legs into its pillow-shaped body as Benny poked his head in.

'Hey,' he greeted, gently. 'How is she?'

'Better,' Jareth replied; still holding the mimic out and away from his face as he motioned with his elbow to Becky.

Becky offered Benny a smile. 'Hey, Benny.... How are you?'

Benny shrugged. 'Confused about what's going on.'

'What's new?' Jareth snickered.

'Hey!' Benny snapped at his brother. 'Hey, man I— Look, are you going to come downstairs and help me with the yard, or what? It's been over thirty minutes and we told Isa we'd have it done by now.'

'Yeah, I'll— Ow, fuck!' Jareth cried; and Becky looked over to see Mimi hanging off his hand.

'Mimi! No!' Becky exclaimed, reaching over and grabbing her pet. She tried to pry it off Jareth's hand, but it was firmly clamped on. 'No! Let him go! Let go. Let. Go.'

Mimi gave a playful growl and wiggled before releasing Jareth. It curled up into Becky's lap and gave a contented chirp as it shifted into a stuffed bear.

Becky just sighed, and scratched it behind the ear as Jareth shook out his hand. He examined it for a moment, and Becky could see a few pin-pricks of blood forming where Mimi's teeth had managed to pierce his thick skin.

'Are you okay?' she asked.

'Yeah,' Jareth sighed. Then, he gave a cough and straightened up; and Becky could tell he was trying to look manly. 'I mean, yeah. I can handle a mimic bite. Something small like her— I barely felt it!'

'That's a fucking lie,' Benny laughed. Then he motioned to Jareth. 'Come on. We gotta start work.'

Jareth gave a sigh, and made to stand— And Becky found herself lunging forward to grab his hand.

'No!' she exclaimed, pulling on his jacket's sleeve. 'Noooo! *Stay!*'

Jareth looked to Becky, his cheeks growing dark in a blush, before he looked back to his brother. 'I might just... keep her company a little longer. Are you okay

to start on your own?’

Benny let out a sigh. ‘You’re going to fuck, aren’t you?’

‘What— No!’ Jareth protested. Then he looked to Becky. ‘Maybe? Are we?’

Becky felt her cheeks burning at the question, and bit her lip.

It had been a long time since she and Jareth had....

Her ears burned, and her heart raced at the thought of it.

‘I...’ she looked away, knowing she looked sheepish. ‘Could use a bit of stress relief.’

‘Hm. Lucky,’ Benny commented to Jareth, before turning for the door. ‘Okay. I’ll start on the lawn. But I’m not doing the hedges without you, alright? So don’t take too long!’

‘Oh— Benny?’ Becky called after the orc. She blushed when he turned back, and held up Mimi. ‘Could you feed her?’

Mimi’s stomach-seam opened into a toothy mouth, and while Becky knew it was just the mimic being playful, she couldn’t blame Benny for looking hesitant.

‘Please?’ Becky asked, with as much sugar in her voice as she could muster. ‘I’ll owe you....’

‘Don’t look at me like that,’ Benny said, turning away from Becky— He peeked back at her and let out a loud sigh when she offered a smile. ‘Oh, fine! Okay. Give it here.’

‘Be gentle with her.’

‘Yeah, yeah,’ Benny sniffed. ‘Beef or chicken?’

‘Beef, tonight,’ Becky replied. ‘She needs it cut up though.’

Benny gave a grumble, and rolled his eyes. ‘What I do for you, Becky!’ he muttered; though it had a humoured note to it. ‘But just so you know, if I see something in the fridge that I like, I’m eating it. Alright?’

Becky giggled at that; which made Benny blush— Though it wasn’t for long as Mimi licked at his face and slobber dribbled down his cheek like he’d had a cup of water thrown on him. He let out a disgusted grunt and hurried out of the room; closing the door behind him.

It was impossible for Becky not to laugh. For such tough guys, Benny and Jareth always seemed so awkward around Mimi.... At first she’d thought that it was that they were scared of hurting the little creature, but as time went on she’d started to wonder if they were scared the mimic was going to do something to *them*.

She felt Jareth put his chin on her shoulder, and eyed him.

He had a dumb, loving look on his face.

‘What?’ Becky giggled.

‘It’s nice to see you smile again,’ Jareth said as he slipped his arms around

Becky. 'You really worried me.'

'Yeah, a few people have said that,' Becky felt herself blushing. 'I didn't.... I didn't mean to I just.... You know.'

'Yeah, I know,' Jareth agreed, leaning in for a kiss.

Becky giggled as he got close. And then, without thinking, stuck out her tongue and licked the tip of his nose.

Jareth's affectionate expression turned into one of stunned silence. Until Becky tried to lick him again and he let out a laugh and dodged her.

'Oh, you really *are* feeling better, aren't you?' he said, pressing his forehead into hers and leaning into her.

Becky let out a playful squeal as she was pushed back onto the bed, and wiggled as Jareth nuzzled into the curve of her neck.

He blew a raspberry into her before leaning back to look her over; and his expression turning from playful to loving— And then back to playful as he slipped out of his jacket.

He leant over Becky again, and the girl blushed and bit her lip as she grabbed the hem of his shirt and started to tug it over his head.

'Ooh,' he teased, doing the same to her. 'This is happening, then?'

Becky didn't have time to respond before he buried his face into her chest and she let out a joyful cry. She kicked out a leg— And felt her foot hit something on her bedside table, which fell to the floor with a hollow *thump*.

Becky flinched, and looked to see she'd kicked off one of her mugs. It hadn't shattered, thank goodness (she would never hear the end from Isa if it had) but....

She looked to Jareth, who was staring at the piles of dirty dishes at her bedside, and felt a lump in her throat.

He was going to comment on the garbage. She knew it. He was judging her for being a slob; and he was going to think she was disgusting and pathetic.

Becky thought of the time Mattel had come over to find a stack of dishes next to her bed, and closed her eyes tight; ready for Jareth to say something. To criticise her, or roll his eyes and sigh, or even— Or even get up and leave.

But instead, she felt his nose press into her cheek, and opened her eyes to see his gentle gaze.

'*It's okay, baby,*' he breathed to her, planting a kiss on her neck. 'You are so much stronger than you think you are.... I'll help you take those out when we're done, yeah?'

'Yeah,' Becky felt herself relaxing.

She'd forgotten how much nicer Jareth could be than Mattel.

*And how different he smelt.*

Becky pressed her face into Jareth's shoulder and took a deep breath.

He was earthy. Deep and earthy; with the same indescribable *masculine-for-men* body wash he'd been using since freshman year.

It was familiar and... safe.

Becky hadn't even noticed she'd started unbuckling Jareth's pants until he reached down to help her.

'Your hands are trembling,' he commented, taking them in his own. 'Nerves or excitement?'

'A bit of both,' Becky admitted. 'Be gentle with me?'

'Always,' Jareth told her, leaning down to wrap his arms around her.

He picked her up, easily flipping her into his lap; and she let out an eager whimper as he fumbled with her jeans. He yanked them down to her knees, her underwear with them, and then gently took her hips in his hands and pulled her against himself.

She could feel the bulge in his pants press into her crotch and found herself letting out a slow, shaky breath as he began to grind into her.

'Deep breath, baby girl,' he said as he wrapped an arm around her and pulled her close. 'Come here.'

Becky leant back into him and took in a deep, deep breath. It came out less shaky this time, and she closed her eyes so she could focus on the feeling of Jareth's hands running along her skin.

She felt him trace over her freckles— And then over a rougher patch of skin on her shoulder, which made her tense.

She'd forgotten about her scars.

'It's okay, baby,' Jareth's hand ran down her arm. 'It's okay. Don't be shy.... These are from the accident, aren't they?'

Becky nodded, slowly, and swallowed. 'They're... I'm sorry. They look awful.'

'No they don't,' Jareth reassured. 'They're beautiful... just like you.'

'Really?' Becky asked quietly.

'Yeah,' Jareth's lips met her scar. 'You've survived so much.... I'm so proud of you. My beautiful warrior princess.'

Becky wasn't sure if it was the compliment, or if it was Jareth taking her by the hips and pressing firmly against her; but she gave a loud moan.

*Orcs*, she playfully thought to herself. *Of course....*

Jareth's hands slipped under her as he adjusted himself. She felt the bare skin of his shaft rub against her crotch as he pulled it out, the buffer of his underwear vanishing, before he pulled her up and it slipped between her thighs.

She took in a short, shallow gasp when she saw it.

She'd forgotten *just* how big he was....

He let out a snicker. 'That was cute.'

‘Huh? Oh— Uhm...’ she looked away, feeling her cheeks burn as his hands found her hips again.

‘Lean into me, baby girl,’ he said. ‘Perfect.... Just like that.’

Becky giggled as Jareth gently pressed her thighs together and began to thrust between them. She took his tip in her palm, massaging it and pulling his shaft up so it rubbed against her labia. He was as hard as a rock, and as thick as her arm, and yet— He was so, so gentle with her. So tender and sweet and loving as he ground against her and pulled her closer.

She could barely keep her eyes open, the warmth was seeping so deeply into her bones.

It felt like she was going to melt right into him.

Her body was so hot.

*And so was his.*

She looked up at him, and saw the loving look in his eyes as he gazed at her, and she let out a happy whimper— Which was apparently all he needed to push him over the edge.

His eyes squeezed tight and he tensed; giving a heavy moan from deep in his chest that ended with him panting into Becky’s neck as she continued to grind into him.

He smiled at her before pulling her hand off his shaft and wrapping an arm over her chest to hold her still.

‘That’s enough,’ he breathed into her as she giggled. ‘I can only take so much.... Come here—’

Becky let out a happy shriek as Jareth stood up and she was lifted into the air. She could feel her heart racing as she was held in his arms.

She felt his firm grip and for a moment she knew —felt deep, deep in her soul like never before— that she was completely safe.

She saw Jareth’s expression soften into curiosity as he looked down at her, and it was clear he was trying to figure out what she was thinking.

She snuggled against his chest and let herself smile warmly.

‘You’re so great,’ she said, though she bit back the second half of the thought.... *I love you.*

Jareth’s curiosity turned into pride, and he hefted Becky up tighter into his chest.

Becky giggled, and was glad that was enough to make Jareth happy. She wasn’t ready to say the words again, after Mattel. Though, she let herself think them.

*I love you.*

It danced in her mind as she watched him, and she fiddled with her hands—

And realised her palm was coated in his cum.

She gave it a sniff. And then a tentative lick.

*That taste....*

She didn't mean to moan. Or close her eyes.

But the taste was like *heaven....*

She wasn't sure exactly what she must have looked like, but Jareth's laugh was enough to make her blush.

'You good?' he asked. 'Missed me as much as I missed you, huh?'

Becky gave a sheepish nod and licked her palm again. She savoured the taste— Until Jareth threw her playfully onto the bed and she let out a surprised shriek as she landed in her pile of pillows.

And then another as Jareth leapt on top of her.

He pulled her legs up, yanking her jeans fully off before propping her ankles on his shoulders.

He gave her a sniff, and then ran a finger over her. 'You are *so wet*.'

Becky felt her hips buck as he gently traced her clitoris. And when his finger found its way inside her she let out a quiet moan.

One of his fingers was like two of her own, and as he carefully inserted another she had to bite her lip.

'You've gotten tighter,' he said as he angled his hand so he could massage her clitoris with his thumb. 'It *has* been a while, huh?'

Becky just whimpered in response.

'Yeah, it's been a while,' he agreed with himself. 'This good?'

'Mhm....'

'Awesome....'

Jareth continued to work her up, rubbing his fingers against her sensitive insides. He was gentle, and felt his way carefully through her; making sure not to push too deep or hard.

Becky couldn't stop shivering. She felt her toes curl and her stomach tingle.

Each breath out was accompanied by a squeak-like moan that she tried to swallow back but only somehow made her more breathless.

And then her orgasm hit her.

It was sudden, but not intense. But it wasn't mild, either— It was like a soft, warm wave had enveloped her body.

Jareth kissed her thigh as she twitched; holding his fingers in place until her orgasm subsided. Then he carefully lay down beside her and pulled her close. His hand tracing the curve of her back as she buried her face into his chest.

She wanted to lay like this forever. Be held in his arms for the rest of her life. Feel his heartbeat slow her own....

She heard the lawn mower outside power down and, by the way Jareth adjusted his grip, knew he had as well.

But he didn't get up to leave.

Instead he held her closer, and kissed the top of her head.

'Benny's...' she started.

'I know,' he replied. 'He can wait.'

'*Mm*,' Becky was glad Jareth thought that, and took a deep breath.

She could smell him again. His earthy, manly, sweaty smell filled her senses and for a minute she thought it might put her to sleep....

Until loud scratching sounded at her bedroom door and Mimi let out a cat-like yowl.

'*Mmm*,' Becky groaned as she pushed herself up. 'She's not going to stop until I let her in....'

Jareth gave a sigh and did up his pants as Becky stood and began searching for her clothes.

'I suppose I *should* go help Benny,' he said as he rolled himself up. 'Or I'll never hear the end of it.'

He retrieved his shirt and jacket, slinging them over his shoulder, and then gathered a plateful of dirty dishes.

'I'll be back up when I'm done with the yard,' he told her. 'I'll help you get some more of these dishes out.'

'Thanks,' Becky replied, slipping into the last of her clothes and hurrying to let Mimi in.

The mimic bolted in, almost bowling Jareth over as it did.... The man just rolled his eyes and gave a half-chuckle as he passed Becky; and ran his hand over her hip.

He gave her one last kiss before heading downstairs; Becky watching after him longingly.

She didn't want him to leave. She wanted him to stay....

Maybe she could join the boys in the yard and watch them work—

Mimi let out a growl and a snarl, and Becky whirled around as the creature ripped into one of her plush toys.

'Mimi, no!' she scolded, rushing to remove the toy from the mimic's mouth. 'Give it. *Give!* Mimi, sit! I said— Mimi! Get back here right now young lady!'

—END—

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