

Just Shoot Me

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She was his photographic assistant, but she always wondered what it was like to be one of the models

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Just Shoot Me My hands trembled as I put my gym bag in the trunk of the car. I could feel your eyes on me from where you stood leaning against the door frame of the studio. I couldn't look back; I had to go. Just get away from you and clear my head. I jumped into the car and drove off, taking one look back in the mirror as I did. Yes, you had seen me, and you were smiling. I'm sure the whole situation was funny to you. It was all such a cliché. You were my boss, for goodness sake! Day after day we worked side by side, setting up for the photo shoots you did, editing proofs and making presentations to the clients. I loved everything about it. The intensity you brought to each project, the way you coaxed the inhibitions out of the women who wanted to give their husbands or boyfriends a sexy birthday present by being photographed nude. How simple you made everything just by your very presence. Talking to them gently so they could go to a completely different place. I never told you how many times one of them would tell me before they left, "My husband doesn't even make me feel like that." Yes, you were talented, creative and intense. And I wanted you desperately. It didn't start out this way. I applied for the job after being introduced to your work by a friend. I knew I had a good eye, and I was a great assistant. I knew the number one rule of any studio—do not touch the cameras unless they are handed to you. I worked quietly and quickly, moving props and lighting, almost reading your mind by now to get things exactly the way you wanted them. I never interfered in the shoot, but just acted like an extra pair of hands for you. Which is exactly how I wanted it. I don't know the exact day I looked at one of the models or maybe it was a client and thought, "I wish he would look at me like that." Your eyes are so expressive, helping them to bring out their sensuality. You look at them like they are beautiful, because to you, they all are. They respond to that and give you their very best. Sometimes you touch them, or tell them to give you more. I found myself at odd moments thinking about your voice or your hands. Talking to me. Touching me. Oh, no, Ash. This is not good. I knew this would have to be my secret. The day had started just like any other. We were expecting a model at 10:00. I was setting up the studio and you were getting the lenses ready. I heard a commotion at the front and went to see what was wrong. I heard raised voices before I came around

the corner and knew exactly what was going on. Danielle, our hair and makeup artist was explaining to the model standing in front of her that we could not shoot her if she was not sober. I looked at the poor girl standing in the reception area, dripping on the rug. She looked to be in her early twenties. I knew when we got her costumed and ready for the shoot she would be beautiful, but what I saw in front of me now was a mess. Her long blonde hair was soaked from the rain. She kept pushing it out of her eyes, but there was just too much of it and it was curling into a frizzy mass instead of in the long cascade of curls we wanted to shoot when we hired her. She was shivering from the cold. I felt sorry for her, but I knew the rules. No alcohol, no drugs, no exceptions. From the look of her eyes, she had had both. Recently. You would not be pleased. I took her by the arm and led her back to the dressing room. I put her in a chair and brought her a towel and a robe, then went to find her some coffee. Danielle met me at the door with a steaming mug. "What are you doing? You know we can't shoot her like that." The eternal optimist in me wanted to believe we could clean her up and make it work, but I knew how physically demanding some of the shoots could be. I bit my bottom lip and tried to think. Just then you came around the corner and all my thoughts went out of my head. Great! On top of everything else, I was distracted by the image of your hands on me, raising my chin to look up into your eyes right before you put your mouth on mine. I shivered and walked back to the dressing room before you could see how red my face was. Danielle and I got the model dried off and poured coffee down her throat, but it was no use. I led her to the sofa, where she immediately collapsed. Perfect. Now what? I left the room and went to find you. As I entered the studio, I could see you outlined against the windows. The rain continued to fall outside and it felt like we were in a cave looking out on a sheet of water cascading over the entrance. You were silhouetted against the light and I watched you moving to finish setting up. I loved to watch you moving around the studio like a big cat—so graceful and powerful. I stood in the doorway and thought about how I would feel to stand in front of you on the drop cloth, naked and vulnerable. Would I feel exposed? Shy? Or would I take one look into your eyes and be lost? Just the way I was feeling so much of the time now? I imagined the things you would say to me, the way you would look, the way your hands would feel touching me. I had denied these feelings for a long time, but it was getting hard to be next to you and keep hiding them. Even if I didn't say anything, my body would start to betray me soon. What was I going to do? I fantasized sometimes about telling you and watching as you came across the room and took me in your arms like some romantic hero on an old black and white movie. You would look deep into my eyes and tell me how you had longed for me also and then you would make mad, passionate love to me right there in the studio, and I would fall asleep in your strong arms. What a dreamer. I needed to snap out of it and get back to work. We had a model in the back sleeping it off and no one to replace her unless one of us got on the phone quick. You looked up at me as I walked toward you and I know I said, "We have a problem," but what I was afraid I said was, "God, I want you." I dug my nails into my palms to focus on something other than your lips and how much I wanted to kiss them until I couldn't breathe. "What kind of problem?" You looked concerned, but not upset in any way. I had learned in the months I had worked with you that there was no situation that would come up in this business that you couldn't handle. I had seen you be the one calm person in a sea of people who

were out of control for one reason or another on many of the locations we had been on. “Unless you were planning on doing shots of necrophilia today, we don’t have a model.” “She didn’t show?” “No, she’s here. She’s passed out in the back.” “Ok, who can we call?” “Danielle’s already on it, but I don’t know who’s available.” You sighed and left the room to talk to Danielle. I wandered around the studio which seemed much larger without you. You seemed to fill every bit of it when you were shooting, but now it was just a big, beautiful room with fabric draped over furniture and falling to the floor.

Sumptuous and sensual, you had called it when I moved things the way I wanted them before the models or clients arrived. It was a welcoming place that made it easy for the ladies, and men sometimes, to feel free to express themselves and their sexuality. I picked up the embroidered scarf I had draped over the chair and wrapped it around myself, imagining wearing nothing else as I twirled in front of you. I walked over to the cheval mirror and turned it so I could see myself. I put the scarf around my face and let it swirl around me. Only my eyes stared back at me in the glass. Eyes that hid a secret. A desire that I could tell no one. I let my hands glide over the scarf as it covered my body and imagined they were your hands. Tracing every curve and plane of me, roaming slowly over the fabric. I imagined it was the only thing that separated you from my naked skin and I closed my eyes. I don’t know how long I stood there listening to the music playing in the background. Some sexy, mellow jazz tune from a CD of one of your friends’ bands. I got all the names confused, but I just let the sax wash over me as I swayed and thought about all the things I wanted you to do to me. And all the things I wanted to do to you. “Don’t move.” I hadn’t heard you come in. You were standing behind me. I opened my eyes and saw you looking at me through the lens of a camera. At first I panicked when I realized you were taking pictures. Then I felt all your attention focused on me, and I let the music wash over me. I moved gently to the music as the camera clicked and whirred. You gave me directions from time to time, which I followed slowly without hesitation. “Step out of your shoes.” “Twirl for me.” “I need to see more of you.” I looked at you to be sure what you were asking. I took the scarf off and draped it over mirror. You were standing in front of me with the camera in your hand, just looking at me. I began to unbutton my blouse. “Good.” Now you were behind the camera again. It was easier, in a way, because it wasn’t like you were actually looking at me, but something inanimate was between us, filtering me. I let my blouse drop to the floor. My heart was racing, but I knew if I didn’t keep going, I would lose my nerve forever. I wasn’t sure this moment would come again. I didn’t question it, I just let it happen. I took a deep breath and undid my jeans and let them drop to the floor with my blouse. As I stepped out of them, I looked into your eyes behind the camera and reached behind my back to unhook my bra. I bit my lower lip as I removed it, never once taking my eyes off the camera. Then in a daring move, I turned around, hooked my thumbs through my thong and pulled it down as I bent over. When my head was down by my feet, I looked back at you. I know my face was on fire, but I couldn’t stop. This was better than all my fantasies. I stepped out of my panties, and turned around to face you, naked. I heard you gasp and clear your throat. You said, “Drape yourself in the scarf.” I did as you said and you took pictures of me naked, twirling with the scarf, draped in the scarf, and lying on my back with the scarf trailing over me. It was wonderful. To hear your voice the way I imagined it, and know all your attention was on me was exhilarating. I became bolder and

began to touch myself the way I wanted you to touch me. I was lying on my back, completely exposed, playing with my nipples for you. Your voice was a caress as you said, "That's right, baby, give me that. Touch yourself." I closed my eyes and imagined your mouth on me. On my nipples. First one, and then the other. Licking me, sucking me, nibbling gently and then harder. I arched my back and groaned. I wanted to feel your hands on my body. I felt myself begin to get hot. Is this how all the other women feel when you take their picture? Like they are sharing their secrets with you? You moved closer to me so the camera was pointed between my legs. I opened them for you, and touched myself there. "God, yes," was all you said. I put my fingers in my mouth and sucked on them until they were wet. Then I ran them over my clit in a circular motion. I imagined your tongue there. "Yes, just let go, baby. Give it all to me." Ohhh, I wanted to give it all to you. That's all I could think about—how much I wanted you to take me. I could feel my pussy opening, getting ready for you. I closed my eyes and just felt all the pleasure of my hands. I began moving my hips in response to the motions, rubbing my clit harder and faster. Oh my God, I was going to cum. "Yes baby, cum for me. Go ahead." My breathing was coming harder and faster and my whole body was rocking with need and desire. Every thought in my head was filled with you: letting you have me, giving myself to you, touching you, pleasing you. I was moaning and saying yes over and over. Everything else had disappeared except for the fire I felt building inside me, wanting to be released. I felt the spasms coming and knew I was ready to fall over the edge of the cliff. As they took me, I let my breath out and screamed. . . .your name. Oh no! Someone please tell me I didn't just say that out loud. Anything but his name. When it was over, I couldn't move. I was afraid to open my eyes. I knew you heard me. I was mortified. What had I done? I felt your hand on my shoulder. "Ash, are you ok?" I felt like saying, "No, just leave me here to die of my embarrassment." How would I ever be able to face you now? I turned away from you and started to get dressed. When I was done, I picked up the scarf and draped it across the mirror. You came up behind me, but didn't touch me. "That was incredible. I got some great shots. Thanks." I couldn't move. Thanks? Thanks? Are you freaking kidding me? I just basically enacted my darkest desires in front of you and all you can say is "thanks"? Wait, maybe that was a good thing. If you thought I was just playing for the camera, we could get through this and still be able to work together without it being weird. I decided to act like nothing happened and just get on with business as usual. I began straightening up the studio as you walked out carrying the camera. About fifteen minutes passed and then it was business as usual. The next client was here. Danielle had located a replacement model and we had to fit her into the schedule. I was too busy for the next several hours to think about my little scarf dance, and I knew you were so immersed in the body in front of you, you didn't have any time for me or my inner turmoil. Which was just how I wanted it. I avoided your eyes and managed to make it through the end of the day without a conversation about anything more personal than lights and props. Finally, I was in the studio alone. The clients were gone. Danielle was straightening the dressing room and you were somewhere else, thank goodness. I thought about what had happened, and felt the tears come to my eyes. All I was to you was your ever present assistant. You would never see me as a woman. Who could blame you with all the gorgeous models who paraded around in front of you, naked no less? I was not glamorous, or exotic.

I was just a regular girl. A regular girl who was crazy about you. You would never even notice. That should have been a good thing, because it gave me the opportunity to work through this before it got even harder. I loaded my things in my bag and headed for the door. All I wanted to do was go home, take a bath and climb in bed and hide. For days, if possible. I went to the car, threw my bag in the trunk and took off. I was fine until I looked back and saw you looking at me. Smiling. Oh no, you thought it was funny. Now it was doubly humiliating. What should I do? I wondered if I could ever face you again. I had to though; I loved my job. I drove around for awhile and then headed home. As I was unlocking the door, my phone rang. It was you, calling from the studio. "Ash, I know you just got home, but I got a call right after you left, and I need you back here at 8:00 tonight." I said ok and hung up the phone. Would this day never end? I started dinner and jumped in the shower. Maybe I would feel better if I started over. Food and a little bit of pampering would help. At 7:45, I was headed back to the studio. When I arrived, all the lights were off except the ones we left on for security. The studio was dark. I looked up to the third floor and saw the only light in the building was coming from your apartment. I unlocked the door with the key, and yelled your name so you would know I was here. You called down the stairs for me to come on up. This was weird. In all the months I had worked for you, I had never been on the third floor. It was your home. The business occupied the first two floors and you lived in the loft apartment above it. It was your private space and was strictly off limits to everyone except guests. I started to feel nervous as I climbed the last flight of stairs and entered your home. I was met with the sounds of music and the smell of something wonderful like incense. I followed the noises I heard coming from the kitchen. You were cleaning up from dinner. I said, "Hey, I'm here just like you asked." "Ok. I called you over because I think we need to talk about what happened today. Don't you?" "Oh, I thought there was a client." "No, there's no client. Just me and you." Oh, just shoot me. How will I ever be able to talk about what happened today? I decided to play it cool and just act like it was no big deal. I was nervous though. What if you decided to fire me? You pointed to a chair and said, "Have a seat." You weren't smiling or friendly like you usually are. I sat down with my heart pounding. I knew I wasn't going to get out of this without feeling humiliated by what I had done, or worse, fired. You were still walking around the kitchen, not looking at me. "So, when I came in, you were draped in the scarf. Why?" I took a deep breath. Be cool. He doesn't know how you feel. "I just wanted to see how it felt." "How what felt?" "Just the scarf." I looked down at the floor. You came over and stood in front of the chair and put your hand under my chin. I closed my eyes so I didn't have to look into yours. You raised my face to you, and said, "Look at me, Ash. What did you want to feel?" "I wanted to know what it was like to be one of the models or the clients." "If you wanted me to take your picture, why didn't you just ask?" "It's for the clients. We are too busy to waste time on me." "Is that what you think? That you're a waste of time?" I felt the tears come to my eyes. I closed them, hoping you wouldn't see. Why wouldn't you let go of my face and let me get myself together? Why couldn't I just run from the room? "Answer me, Ash. Is that what you think? That anyone could look at you and be around you and not see you for the amazing person that you are? Tell me how you felt when I was taking the pictures." "I don't know what I think. I was embarrassed and scared and excited all at the same time." You let go of my chin and moved behind

me. I felt your hands rest lightly on my shoulders. "Go on. Tell me what it was like to take your clothes off for me." Would this humiliation never end? "It was nice. Just the way I imagine it is for the clients. You are very easy to feel comfortable in front of. I'm sorry I wasted your time today though, or if I did anything to embarrass you." "Why do you say that? Did it make you feel good?" "Well, we were supposed to be working." I felt your hands on my shoulders, rubbing them instead of just resting there. It felt so good. I loved how it felt when you touched me. I started to relax. Very softly by my ear, I heard you say, "Ash, did it make you feel good to cum for me?" I closed my eyes and tried to concentrate on my breathing. You were so close to me. Your hands were on me. I could smell your skin. All I wanted to do was grab you and do it for you again. Maybe then you would know how it felt. "Yes." "Look at me." I opened my eyes. You had moved so you were standing beside me. Your face was next to mine and your hands were in my hair. "If I ask you to, will you cum for me again?" Oh, no, wasn't this afternoon humiliating enough? "Didn't you get enough pictures this afternoon?" You laughed and turned my face to yours so I had to look into your eyes. Your eyes that were looking back at me the way I always dreamed they would. "I have no intention of taking pictures this time. The camera keeps me too far away from you." "What do you mean?" "I intend to participate. That's what you imagined isn't it? The hands on yours were mine?" "Yes." You caressed my breast gently through my blouse. I felt my nipple get hard immediately from your touch. You smiled. "Did you imagine my mouth on you?" I felt my whole body get hot. Why were you tormenting me like this? "Yes." You lowered your mouth to mine and kissed me just like I imagined you would. I reached up to put my hands on you to pull you closer. You grabbed me and lifted me out of the chair into your arms and kissed me even harder. I pressed myself closer to you. It didn't seem like I could get close enough. Why were we wearing so many clothes? You raised your head from mine, and pushed me away from you slightly. You turned and walked over to the sofa in the living room and sat down. I fidgeted, not knowing if you wanted me to stay where I was, or follow you. "Come here, please." I walked into the living room and stood in front of you. You didn't ask me to sit down. I waited, just looking at the floor. I was confused and flustered. The kiss was amazing, but I wondered if you just did it out of curiosity. I had never known you to be mean, but I knew you took your business very seriously, and you had no tolerance for any kind of drama. "Ash, you do realize I am your boss, and this puts me in a complicated situation, right?" "Yes, Sir." "So help me understand what's going on. You just decided to put the scarf on and things got out of hand, is that right?" "I guess so." "You fantasized about being one of the clients, and having me take pictures of you, right?" "Yes." "And then you just got carried away in the moment?" "Yes, that's what happened." You stood up and came to stand behind me. I just stood there waiting for you to tell me I was fired. "Then you started touching yourself, and it just felt so good you didn't stop?" I didn't say anything. You continued, close to my ear. "I understand that. It happens sometimes." "Yes." We had clients sometimes get so into the moment they just went with what they were feeling. It was a natural thing that we were not bothered by. Sometimes they were embarrassed, but you were so professional and gentle with them, they didn't feel that way for long. "I understand that, Ash. Getting carried away in the moment, letting the passion take you." I could feel your breath on my neck, making chills go up and down my spine. I didn't move. I wasn't sure I could.

You put your mouth right next to my ear and pulled me up next to you, wrapping your arms around me tightly. "The thing is, none of the clients ever say my name when they cum. Would you explain that to me, please?" I trembled in your arms, not knowing what to say. Should I just tell the truth, and let you fire me? You tightened your grip on me. I gasped. "Tell me, Ash. You were fantasizing and when you were in the deepest part of the moment, you cried out for me. I want to know why." I swallowed. I couldn't think of anything to say. Part of me was registering that you were holding me and it felt so good. I loved the way we fit together, my ass resting nicely against your hips. If I moved slightly, I would be able to feel your cock against me. Were you aroused at all or were you mad at me and trying to figure out what to do? I knew I was a good asset to your business, but I had crossed a line. Instead of giving into temptation and rubbing myself against you, I stood very still and tried to think of what to say. "Can you let me go for a minute?" "Why? So you can avoid the question? No. Answer me. Do you fantasize about me, Ash?" "Ok, yes. I do. I'm sorry. I know it's inappropriate because you are my boss. It won't happen again." Your arms tightened. Your mouth was so close to my ear, the warmth of your breath was making me tingle all over. If only things were different, and you were holding me this way because you wanted to; because you felt the same way I did. "I want you to tell me what you were thinking about when you were touching yourself. What was I doing to you?" "I can't. This is too embarrassing. Please. Can't we just pretend the whole thing didn't happen?" "No. If we are going to work together, we have to work through this." "You aren't going to fire me?" "That depends. Are you going to tell me what's going on?" "Can we just sit down? I can't talk to you like this." "Why? I thought you wanted to be close to me." "But it just feels too. . . ." "What, vulnerable?" "Yes." "There's nothing wrong with being vulnerable. Especially if it's me you are vulnerable with. Why do you always have to be so strong?" "It's just how I am." "But it doesn't have to be. Listen to me. Close your eyes. Take a deep breath. Let it out. I want you to think about the images in your mind while you were touching yourself. Think about what I was doing to you." I did as I was told. I closed my eyes and relaxed against you. I was safe. I was in your arms. It didn't matter that I was the only one that wanted things to be this way. I thought of all the nights I had imagined being with you. "Was this just something you thought about today?" "No." "You've thought about being with me before?" "Yes." "How long has this been going on?" Silence. "So we've been working together, side by side, and you've had this secret desire you didn't tell me about? Hmmmmm." "Yes. I guess I just pictured myself lying there like the clients do, but instead of you just being behind the camera, there comes a point when you put it down and start touching me, kissing me, teasing me, and I realized I wanted you to do that." "I see. Were you ever going to tell me?" I laughed nervously. "No, I don't think so." "So if I hadn't caught the moment today, I might never have known about all of this. Interesting." "Yes, I guess so." "Here's what we are going to do. I'm going to let you go for now. I want you to stand right here with your eyes closed and think about everything that happened today. Just keep taking deep breaths. I am going to tell you what to do, and I want you to do as I ask. Then we will discuss your job. Do you understand?" "Yes." Great. At least there was a way for me to keep my job. I kept my eyes closed. I heard you sit down on the leather sofa in front of me. "So when you fantasize about me, where are we? Always in the studio?" "No. Sometimes we are in the studio, but

sometimes we are in bed together.” Could this be any more embarrassing? “Go on. How does it begin? Are you the seducer, or the seducee?” “You lead. I follow. I am working at the computer and you come up behind me and put your hands on me.” “Show me.” I lifted my hands to my breasts and began touching them the way I imagined you would. Gently rubbing them over the nipples until I could feel them get hard under my sweater. You said, “Then what happens?” “I lean back against you, and you pull my face to you and kiss me.” “HmMMM. Go on.” “You take my shirt off and play with me some more. You turn the chair so you can reach more of me.” My face was on fire, and I could feel my body getting hotter by the minute. “Take your sweater off.” I did as I was told. “So when you are cumming like that, you are just thinking about me touching you and kissing you?” “No.” “What am I doing to you when you cum?” “Sometimes you are licking me and sometimes you are inside me.” “Take off the rest of your clothes and let me see you.” I undid my skirt and let it fall to the floor. Then I unhooked my bra, and took it off while you watched for the second time that day. “Do your panties the same way you did before. I liked looking at your ass when you were bent over.” I turned around and wiggled my ass as I bent down in front of you. “Stay right there for a minute. Open your eyes and look at me. Rub your hands up your thighs and put them on your ass.” I did as you asked. “How do you feel?” “Naked. Nervous.” “Not excited?” “Maybe a little.” “So we were talking about what you think about when you cum. Lay down on the rug, please.” I lay down on my back in front of you. This was much worse than when I had done it earlier in the studio with the camera between us. I could feel my body trembling. “Just relax.” I took a deep breath and tried to relax. Just think about being anywhere but here. “Look at me and tell me what happens in your fantasies. I want to watch you touch yourself like you did earlier. And, Ash, it would please me if you would cum again, just like you did in the studio. Say my name.” I felt all the tension in my body release. You weren’t mad. I had pleased you somehow. God, if you would just touch me. I ran my hands over my body and down to my waiting clit. I could feel the heat. I was already wet as well. I looked into your beautiful eyes and let myself go. If this was all you wanted, I would give it to you, and be happy that I had pleased you. “After you take off my shirt, you pull me up out of the chair and hold me next to you. You put your hands in my hair and make me look into your eyes and then you kiss me. Long, slow, and deep, until I have a hard time breathing. Your hands roam all over my body, as you slowly undress me. When I am naked, you take me over to the sofa and lay me down. I help you undress and you take me.” I was touching myself faster and harder by this time and I could feel myself losing control. I wouldn’t be able to talk very much longer as I let the pleasure take over my body. I moaned out loud. “Do I do anything to you before I enter you?” you asked. “Yes, you touch me everywhere and then follow you hands with your mouth. I lose control because you are all over me, conquering me, claiming all of me.” “I want you to lose control right now. No more talking. Just show me.” I started to move my hips faster against my hand. My back arched as the first spasm took me. I was breathing hard and fast, and I knew this was only the beginning. Everything I had hidden inside myself for months was ready to come out of me, and I didn’t know if I would be able to stop once I got started. I looked straight at you and screamed out your name as I let you see all the passion I had for you. It was too late to hide anything from you. I didn’t care. All I could think about was how much I wanted you. “Don’t stop,” you said. “Just let it all

out.” You locked your eyes on mine and I felt like I was floating as the waves took me. It felt so good. The only thing that would feel better is if you were actually making me cum. “One more time, baby. Cum for me. Right now. Hard.” I didn’t think there was anything left, but I felt the hardest one coming. You were leaning over me and I reached up and grabbed your shirt and pulled your face down to mine. I said your name again as I clamped my mouth on yours and came so hard I thought I would pass out. When it was over, I opened my eyes and looked into your smiling face. “Wow! Good girl. You did everything I asked you to. How do you feel?” I let go of your shirt, but you didn’t move away from me. “I feel great. Kinda floaty.” You smiled even bigger. “Would you like the real thing?” My eyes got wide as I looked into yours. “What do you mean?” “Now I know what your fantasies are, I’m sure I can fulfill all of them. And much more.” You stood up and pulled me into your arms, then lifted me over shoulders and carried me into the bedroom. After you had laid me on the bed, you took off your shirt and lay down on top of me. I wrapped myself around you and pulled your face to mine. Before you kissed me, you looked down at me and said, “By the way, you’re fired. I have loved having you as my assistant, but if I have to choose that or this, I’m gonna have to choose this.” I laughed. “Can’t you have both?” “We will discuss it. Later. Much later. Right now, all I want to hear from you is my name. Understand?” I nodded as your mouth came down on mine. Claiming me.