

UNHINGED



AN EROTIC DOOR ROMANCE



VERA VALENTINE

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by Vera Valentine

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Now, onto the good stuff!

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Dedication

This one's for the reader that declared in a Facebook group that she uses ctrl + f to search for the word "cock" at the start of a story to make sure she doesn't get tricked into reading a "closed door" romance by mistake.

Shine bright, you smutty diamond, the world needs more women like you.

(It's in here 14 times, by the way, which ain't half bad.)

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A Note from the Author

Danger's Come A-Knocking....

Someone's been watching Tana closely, but he's a lot closer than she realizes. From intimate moments to lazy afternoons on the couch, he's secretly seen it all - and fallen for her along the way. The problem is that someone else is watching too, and his obsession with Tana is a lot more dangerous.

When a man claiming to be her front door enters her dreams to warn her about an imminent threat to her life, Tana initially chalks it up to her weird late-night snacks. But she rethinks things when her earnest visitor insists he's also ready to protect her - in exchange for one hell of a favor.

When Tana trades her best line of defense for an unlikely supernatural ally, the threat lurking beyond her apartment hallway starts getting desperate as the law closes in. Can her inhuman companion save her from the worst of humanity, or is it too late for both of them?

Content Considerations: Unhinged is a paranormal romance story that involves a human woman getting it on with her front door, which later turns into a guy. This story contains door knob insertion, voyeur (MC to FMC), voyeur (bad guy against FMC), allusion to man-on-woman violence (off page), woman killed after luring (off page prior to story starting, non-explicit), covert breaking and entering (via master key against FMC by bad guy), secret underwear theft (against FMC by bad guy), deliberate food drugging, alcohol use, harassment via text (bad guy against FMC), allusions to an orgy with unprotected sex (non-main character, off page), gun violence (on page), shooting "death" (on page), wood putty use, sex toy use, condom use, working with police, talking with police, erotic humiliation (very light), fetishistic enjoyment of commands, lubricant use, female domination (with aftercare), male submission (aftercare is supplied).

If I've missed mentioning any content considerations you feel should be in this list, please let me know! The safety and comfort of my readers

always takes precedence.

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Chapter 1

As a door, I didn't know when I fell in love with Tana, only that I most assuredly was.

It might have been the first time she'd laid her soft fingertips on the cool brass of my knob, the day she first toured the apartment I faithfully guarded. I'd watched, fascinated by the play of light against her cheek, as she'd signed the papers on the chipped formica counter of the tiny kitchen just beyond my threshold.

It may have been when I noticed the care she always took sliding the key into my lock. In the six months she'd spent safely tucked behind my back at night, she'd never jiggled her key uncomfortably, or twisted the knob too hard. No, not Tana. She always made sure the lock had unlocked before she tried to enter, and never tried to force her way beyond a sticky catch in the deadbolt.

She wasn't like my previous tenants, a gruff pair of male roommates that shouldered me too hard, and let me slam even when they didn't have to. No, they hadn't been civilized enough to lay out a beautiful welcome mat like Tana did, or sweep the pitted concrete square that faced the thickly-wooded forest beyond my front.

Oh, the bliss I felt when she'd press her cheek to my painted surface, peering through the peephole to ensure her food delivery person was actually who they claimed to be. In those fleeting moments, I could perceive her perfume, the warmth of her breath and body, sometimes even the side of her silky lips as her head shifted away.

Once, I got carried away by the press of her breasts as she rose on tiptoe to look through the peephole, her t-shirt whispering against my flat back. Try as I might, I couldn't hold back my deadbolt, which slid free with excitement at the touch of her soft cheek. Tana, my sweet, puzzled little Tana, gently twisted the bolt back into place, opening the unlocked door to

nervously chuckle with the waiting delivery man on the other side. I listened to her murmur about the building settling oddly, the summer humidity surely swelling the wood of the door frame.

Truth be told, I loved the humidity, even if Tana had a point about my swelling. The apartment complex's air conditioning units were ancient, and offered little relief from the early summer heat. That meant that she dressed appropriately once I was securely latched, which meant she was hardly dressed at all. In barely-there tank tops and tiny shorts, she pranced around the apartment, doing little dances to music on the radio as she vacuumed or worked at her computer job.

One particularly sweltering day, one I'd never forget, we were pressed together for long, sweaty moments. Tana had gotten a store-brand cherry twin pop from the freezer to cool off. After peeling off the sticky paper packaging and tossing it away, she leaned heavily against my back, sliding down until she was sitting on the floor. The sheer, magnetic attraction of prolonged contact shuddered through me from lintel to doorstep, making me realize I definitely had feelings for her.

In fact, my desire for Tana grew greater by the day as I watched her, filled with pleasure from every brush of her fingertips along my knob, every gentle grip along my edge as she returned home in the evenings. I was torn between wanting her to stay with me and wanting to usher her somewhere better, safer than these rundown apartments on the edge of the woods. Not that I could, regrettably silent sentry that I was.

Terrible things lurked here, only a building away. Shortly before Tana had moved in, I'd watched Tana's overly-friendly superintendent, Randall, vanish one night into woods beyond the complex. The girl he'd tugged alongside him had been staggering unsteadily, and looked uncomfortably like Tana. For a moment on the day she'd signed the papers, I was almost sure it was the same woman I'd seen that night. But no, my Tana held herself a little taller, and had reading glasses perched on the edge of her adorably upturned nose. Her skin was a darker shade, too, something closer to my own painted-over oak than the pale woman that had never returned from the woods.

Every time Randall oozed by, all oily charm, to “check” something at Tana’s apartment, I barely held myself back from slamming across the creep’s spindly fingers. I had few instincts beyond protecting Tana, but the idea of blatantly revealing myself as sentient filled me with a horrific sense of sourceless cosmic dread: a warning from whatever force had given me life, surely. Still, I didn’t like the way Randall’s eyes devoured my precious charge when her back was turned, getting the requested papers, or tools, or something else that inevitably required her to bend over. To my relief, Tana seemed to pick up the predatory aura of the man, and always kept a stiff, polite distance between them, bending at the knees rather than the waist when something was requested.

And every time she managed to successfully, albeit politely, shoo the super out of her apartment, she’d turn the lock, rest her back against mine, and breathe a sigh of relief. Even though I was, architecturally-speaking, obligated to support her, I still felt like I was actively providing her comfort. The thought of that warmed me down to my threshold.

I still saw, however, what Tana could not: the way Randall would savagely grip the edges of my exterior frame once I was closed, leaning in so close his foul breath ghosted off of my front. His fingertips would flex in frustration, a predator denied his prey, shoving off and away to stalk down the hallway, muttering. His body language had been more aggressive the last time Tana had ushered him out, claiming an appointment that I knew was a ruse.

Unfortunately, I feared Randall knew it was a ruse too.

Chapter 2

The next day, I was startled into consciousness by the side of a fist. After the second round of firm knocks, I was honestly grateful I didn't seem to feel pain - the movements were blunt and heavy, and would have bruised me if I were made of flesh. I prepared to stick obstinately in my frame, imagining the knocker to be Randall, but was surprised to find a man in a dark blue uniform instead. The visitor was an *officer*, according to the television shows that Tana watched endlessly on weekends, though far less attractive than the ones on the shows.

A morning-disheveled - though still beautiful - Tana had pressed her face against my back, looking through the peephole at the officer outside. As she pulled the door open, the squawks and beeps of the officer's shoulder-mounted communicator echoed off the concrete hallway.

"Miss Vennt? I'm officer Holden with the-" I shifted my focus from the unexpected visitor to Tana, studying the curl of her fingers around my edge to the errant lock of hair she'd pushed behind an ear. She nodded as she listened to the officer, a speech I'd tuned out in favor of concentrating on the object of my affections. My attention snapped back to the officer, however, as he showed Tana a grainy photograph. With a start, I realized it was the same doomed woman that looked so much like my Tana, the one that had never returned from the woods with Randall. Failing to clock the same recognition I did, Tana only nodded softly, her brow creasing in concern, eyes flicking down the hallway to the dense copse of forest beyond, now choked with early spring growth as the officer gestured.

"-only moved here about six months ago, I'm so sorry I can't be more help. That poor girl!" Tana accepted a small white card from the officer with another nod as their conversation dwindled. "If I hear or see anything, I promise I'll call right away."

The officer touched the band of his uniform hat lightly in respect as he left, moving down the open hallway towards the woods as Tana turned to head back in. She frowned at the card as she pushed me closed with the

luscious curve of her hip, moving to the refrigerator to pin the card under a brightly-colored smiley face magnet.

“Missing.” She shuddered visibly, talking out loud to herself, as she often did. “True crime stuff is interesting but I don’t like living in it. Hopefully she just went on a - a road trip, or something.” Tana’s voice had gone flat and sad; I got the impression she didn’t believe her own optimism.

As Tana busied herself digging through the freezer for the toaster waffles she always treated herself to on the weekends, I listened and watched the exterior of the apartment. The officer was strolling back through the hallway corridor now, talking into his shoulder.

“That’s the canvass of building B, chief. No hits, though there’s pretty dense woods behind the building. We bringing out the canine units? Profiler was saying it could aggravate-”

A squawk of tinny, garbled speech from his shoulder cut him off, and he nodded absently. I wasn’t sure how the officer could make out a word of the noise, it sounded like the chatter of a million birds in the trees.

A grunt of assertion followed the garbled voice dying down. “10-4 chief. Be right there.” The officer’s various pockets and belt loops jangled and thudded as he jogged down the hallway and out to the parking lot.

Inside the apartment, the gentle clunk of a plate on Tana’s coffee table signaled the beginning of her Saturday ritual: waffles drenched in syrup and a loud action movie. I settled my perception there to watch with her, deeply troubled. I knew from the shows Tana watched that *canines* often meant *bodies*. I also knew, from another show, that bad men like Randall often got worse if they were close to being discovered.

My Tana was in danger, and even as sturdy as I was, I’d never felt more helpless.

Chapter 3

It was early evening when another knock, this time the clonk of bony, nicotine-stained knuckles, pulled my consciousness outward again.

Randall.

His booze-tainted breath curled offensively against my front as he leaned much too close, speaking into the doorjamb. “Tana? Hey, Tana! It’s Randall honey. I know you’re home, I saw your car in your parking space. Hey, did the cops talk to you today?”

I slid my perception around to see the defeated slump of Tana’s shoulders, the steadying sigh she allowed herself and the momentary pinch at the bridge of her nose as she called back. “Hey Randall, one second.”

She pulled a robe around herself, covering the delightfully braless tank top and sleep shorts she was still dressed in. If it wasn’t for the unwanted visitor at my front, I’d think it was a terrible waste to cover up her beauty. Considering who’d come to call, however, I wondered if additional layers would have been a better choice.

Tana tugged me slightly open, and I was glad she hadn’t opened me all the way. Better to keep more of myself between Tana and Randall, so I could at least try to keep the predator out of her safe sanctuary.

Behind Randall’s too-curious lean into the apartment, ominous thunder rumbled, clouds thick and heavy with a swiftly-moving stormfront. Tana cleared her throat softly. “Yes, Randall, the police were here. They asked if I’d heard or seen anything suspicious lately. I told them no.”

Smart girl, Tana. She couldn’t have known what I did, of course: that Randall was exactly the man they’d been searching for, and that he likely killed the girl they were looking for. Even so, Tana’s choice to gloss over the few details she’d been given put me at ease - the less Randall knew about the police hunting him, the better.

“Did you - uhm, need anything else?” Tana raised an eyebrow, her fingers pointedly resting on my edge, ready to close and lock me soon as the lingering super was out of earshot.

But right now Randall was looking at Tana too hard, a beat too long, sizing her up like a meal rather than a tenant.

“That’s all for now, honey. Just trying to keep an eye on the complex, you know? I’d hate to think there was a dangerous man out here that could hurt one of my *favorite* tenants.” He winked salaciously as he straightened, patting my door frame with a firm, possessive palm as he left.

I strained at my hinges, wishing I could fly out in the wrong direction and break the man’s nose.

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Chapter 4

Hours later, Tana was safely in bed, but I couldn't shake my unease. Lightning sizzled across the sky, the boom of thunder echoing up and down the open hallway to the woods beyond. The storm drove hard, pelting rain into the vestibule, where it pooled on the cracked grey concrete, darkening the edges of the thin welcome mat.

As the wan sodium yellow of the ancient floodlights winked out in a power outage, a strangely-dressed man entered the hallway from the darkness, his silhouette impressively tall and broad. Draped in white swaths of robes, he wore a golden circlet on his creased brow, and his odd garments parted at his shins to reveal a pair of leather sandals. Somehow, not a drop of rain had marred his clothing, silver-shot hair and beard, or deeply tanned skin. The only illumination in the dark corridor came from the man himself, glowing from within like a firefly.

I watched warily as the man approached with the firm clap of sandals, ready to stick fast in my frame to prevent Tana from being disturbed. Instead, the visitor merely cleared his throat and stared straight at me, addressing me directly.

“So. Hera has told me I must make some....amends...for my affairs. Personally, I think she's being oversensitive, but *women*, right? You fuck *one* girl as a weather event, or a bird, or her own husband and all of a sudden *you're the bad guy*.” He rolled his eyes and waved his huge hands dramatically as if I could possibly respond. If I *could* have responded, I'd offer that this Hera seemed to have reasonable complaints, if the two of them had been committed to one another at the time.

The man sighed and raised a massive palm as if he was cutting me off, mid-nonexistent-sentence. “Anyway. Here's the thing, I can't just say a couple of words and change reality, tends to get the mortals in a tizzy, especially these days. Part of Hera's whole *thing* is consent, which she says I need to learn.” The man made condescending air quotes with his fingers, leaving me with hefty doubts the man was actually contrite. “So, hey, good

news on that front, though: I'm giving you the chance to convince your lady love in there to set you free."

I still couldn't respond, hope and confusion still filled me from lintel to threshold. *Tana*.

The man waited a long, awkward beat for an answer before he clucked his tongue and snapped his fingers. "Right. Sorry. You can't talk, I forgot. You're probably wondering what all this is about, your existence and everything. Uh, the thing is, you're made of solid oak, that's one of my sacred trees. I'm told that apparently an acorn from my grove across the ocean made it here, grew up into a big strong oak, and was felled to use for-" the man wrinkled his nose and gestured dismissively at me, "well, this. Congrats, you're at least half dryad, my boy."

The man looked uncomfortable and swung his eyes up to the concrete ceiling of the vestibule, sighing as he continued, speaking a little faster. "And...well, there's a *pretty decent* chance you may be, you know, my son. Of sorts. See, a *lot* of things happened in that grove and there was this perfectly-positioned knothole on this really sexy tree and the mead was flowing freely-" he gestured in a rolling circle with his hand. "You get the point."

I did not, in fact, get the point, but was very curious about the insinuation I could be with *Tana*.

"Anyway, tonight, by Hera's grace, you can enter your girl's dreams. You'll need to make your case and convince her to - well, to do what I did with that knothole." The man cleared his throat awkwardly. "The catch is, however, that it needs to happen while you're in *this* form to set you free. But I have faith in you, son. You've got your old man's charm, after all." The man patted a big palm gently against my front and turned to walk away.

Halfway down the hallway, he turned and looked back over a robed shoulder, raising his voice to be heard. "And I'd seal the deal quickly, if I were you. My brother Hades mentioned that the skinny twit I've seen lurking around your girl sent a woman to the underworld recently."

I rested for long moments after the visitor faded back into the storm, perception lingering on a blank wall across the vestibule. The news the strange man - potentially my father? - had given me weighed heavily on my mind. Tana was in danger, and I was *more than a door*. It had never occurred to me that there was a time before I was a door, or that other doors might not be aware of themselves. Was I really a dryad, then? A *god*?

No, I decided. Gods did not have to suffer the indignities of Mrs. Scrimshaw's chihuahua lifting a leg on them. I was something lesser, then, but still more than human. The larger question was *how could I use this new revelation to keep Tana safe?*

I spent the next few hours thinking of every command that could send me into Tana's dreams, all to no avail. After trying all night, I finally let defeat settle into my timbers and faded back from consciousness, sadly, mourning the loss of a promised chance to change my fate.

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Chapter 5

No sooner had I given up than I found myself in a strange, open space without form or borders, in the unfamiliar body of a man. As I turned to get my bearings, I stumbled forward and backward as if I had no structure at all, like a broken sapling in high winds: *how did humans keep themselves upright?* With great effort, I managed to stay standing, mimicking the posture I'd observed in humans, albeit precariously. It was uncomfortable, and it felt wildly unstable compared to my hinges, but it worked. Besides, the unique novelty of hands, feet, clothing, and shoes far outweighed the floppy disorientation of my now-human spine.

The edges of the wide space around me were dim and foggy. As I concentrated, however, a classroom seemed to abruptly mushroom into existence at the center. A confusing tangle of adults and children were seated at the desks, intensely concentrating on pieces of paper while a teacher looked on with a comically-oversized stopwatch, audibly ticking away.

In the center of the group, Tana sat, hopelessly trying to cover her naked body with a single thin sheet of paper from her desk. She looked mortified, a deep blush coloring her cheeks and chest as her gaze flicked back and forth to her classmates, all of whom were rapidly becoming aware of her undressed state. I'd seen Tana nude often inside her apartment, but here in front of me, she stirred even more powerful longings.

What started as a quiet giggle soon grew to fill the area as everyone looked up from their tests to point and laugh at Tana's nudity, the sound rising to a jeering roar. Pulled from my erotic musings, I bristled at her discomfort, immediately compelled to save her. As I moved closer, I discovered I was dressed identically to the hero from a movie Tana had recently watched. Shrugging off the rugged flannel overshirt, I quickly hurried over and draped it around her shoulders, dropping to a knee to button the front.

Well, I tried to kneel, anyway. In reality, as soon as I got the shirt around her shoulders, the shift of balance to my knee was too much for my new, uncoordinated body to manage. I promptly fell over in a heap against the desk beside Tana's with a clattering and screeching of metal legs sliding across the formica. Immediately, the surrounding crowd burst into mocking laughter, fingers jabbing in my direction instead of Tana's.

Tana's look of mortification smoothed from her brow, a tiny wrinkle of concern forming instead as she used one hand to hold the flannel closed and reached the other down to me. The sheer, incandescent bliss of finally getting to touch Tana, to hold her, tuned the jeering laughter around us to silence as our eyes met. As she helped me to my awkward, newfound feet, I marveled at the way I seemed to tower over her, my door-height translating to a larger-than-life human in this strange dream world. I reached over to gently adjust the collar of Tana's borrowed shirt, indulging in the luxury of my new hands to comfort her.

She blushed - my Tana *blushed* - and smiled gratefully up at me as I led her away from the makeshift classroom, which promptly melted into the floor like decaying fungus behind us. She turned to face me fully, her fingers lightly ghosting along my cheek as they had my door-edge so many times before. "Why do you seem so familiar? Who are you?"

I threw caution to the wind, clasping her soft hand against my cheek and turning my head to kiss her palm. "I have no name but *yours*, Tana. I am your faithful guardian and protector, nothing more, nothing less. I am your door, and I love you."

"My...door? I don't understand. Is that like a metaph-" She frowned, brow knitting in confusion again.

"Your door. To your apartment." I smiled brightly, proud and happy to finally have a voice to tell Tana I'd been watching over her. My teeth felt odd, the air and space in my mouth so different from the flat, solid planes of my door-self. I was grateful Tana had left the television on so often: it let me study movements and expressions, the ones I hoped I was currently mimicking enough to pass as mostly-human.

“Whoop - I’m not eating those popsicles before bed anymore. This is the weirdest dream I’ve ever had.” She laughed loudly, patting me on the chest. “Katie will get a kick out of this when I tell her though. My *door* - ha!”

Crestfallen, I gently cupped Tana’s shoulders to drive home my urgency. “Tana, please. I was told I only had tonight to - to talk to you. To ask you for a favor. Please, this is very serious, you’re in danger and I can’t protect you here.”

She wore a lopsided grin, clearly not taking me seriously. “A favor, huh? So, what, do you want me to oil your hinges?”

It was my turn to blush at the obvious flirtation in her tone, a highly unusual sensation. It felt like the afternoon sun on my painted front, only concentrated in my now-human cheeks. “In a manner of speaking. The man that offered me this-” I pointed back and forth between us, “-said that we must be together. In the way you are with your shivering blue stick.”

Tana frowned, silently mouthing my words as she mulled them over, realization suddenly dawning on her as she jabbed a finger into my pectoral muscle. “And just what the hell do you know about my *shivering blue stick*, buddy? That’s none of your goddamn business!”

I scrubbed the back of my neck with a palm, uncomfortable with Tana’s sudden shift in mood. Why was she so unhappy? She always seemed to be in a *very* good mood when she used her shivering blue stick.

“You leave your bedroom door open, I didn’t think you wanted privacy. You close the smaller room, with the shower, in the mornings and evenings. If you wish to be alone with your blue stick, why do you leave your door open?”

“Because I didn’t realize my goddamn *front door* was a *voyeur*, dude!” She widened her eyes and threw her arms up, gesturing with irritation at me. “You can bet your ass I’ll be closing it from now on.” She squinted suspiciously. “Wait, is my *bedroom* door watching me too? Are you *all* freaky pressboard pervs?”

I straightened with indignation, even though my comparatively-bendy spine still felt odd compared to my normal wooden state. “I am made of solid oak, not *pressboard*, and none of your other doors are like I am. I am your protector-”

She waved a dismissive hand. “Yeah, yeah, and you *love* me, we’ve covered that. No more watching me with my vibrator, weirdo. You’re hot, I’ll give you that, but this is my dream and I call the shots, bud.”

Sighing with frustration, desperation crept into my tone. “Please, Tana. Randall is a murderer. He killed that girl and he’s going to kill you next. I can help you stop him, but only if-” I held out my hands in indication, splaying my fingers. “I can protect you if I can move, if I can fight him and hold him off, but I can’t do that as a door alone. He will let himself into your apartment. He’s done it before.”

Tana grasped my forearm and flicked an angry gaze upwards. “Wait wait *wait*. Randall’s a *murderer*? I thought he was just, you know, a creepy loser. And wait - what do you mean he’s *done it before*? He’s been in my apartment when I wasn’t there?”

I laid a gentle hand over hers on my arm. “Yes, while you were at the supermarket, several weeks ago. He watched you leave, then used some sort of strange key in my lock. He came in and took your pink underwear, the ones you’ve been looking for since last month. He went through your drawers and put everything back, but he took those with him. I wanted to slam on his fingers, believe me I did. I’m so sorry, Tana.”

Her eyes wide and wild, Tana shoved her fingers into her own hair, spinning out of my gentle grasp. “Holy shit! That fucking pervert! I can’t-” She sucked in a sharp, tearful breath, turning back to me with a panicked expression. “Oh my god, what am I saying, fuck my underwear, he could have killed me in my *sleep*.”

With a piteous sound of horror at her earlier realization, Tana suddenly flung herself at my chest, her cheek pressed against this new, strange form. My arms drifted around her instinctually, happily mimicking the embraces that I’d seen in the movies Tana watched.

As her fearful words registered, I frowned and shook my head resolutely, the gesture unfamiliar enough to leave me a little dizzy. Running a gentle hand down Tana's hair to soothe her, I did my best to sound reassuring. "No, never, Tana. I- I would have...I'd have figured out something."

Despite my bravado, my voice trailed off miserably, ashamed I couldn't be a more confident protector. After all, one strange key had removed all my defenses in moments, even my deadbolt, and I'd be just as vulnerable once Tana woke up. The liminal space around us wavered and grew unsteady, and fear pooled in my dream-form's stomach.

"Tana. Tana, listen, we don't have much time. I think - I think you're about to wake up. Please, think about what I've asked." My cheeks heated again as I imagined enjoying more of Tana than the occasional brush or grasp.

She leaned back from my chest, scrubbing under a tearful eye with the heel of her hand, her expression questioning as she sniffled. "What do you-do you mean you want me to...I mean, how would that even..."

The space around us flickered unsteadily again, leaching color from my borrowed shirt and Tana's skin. Her lips began moving with no sound as she steadily faded from view, eventually vanishing with a soft *pop*. The fog roiling at the edges of the darkness tumbled in, pulling my perception back until I was once again a sturdy rectangle of painted oak standing guard in front of Tana's apartment.

In her bedroom down the hall, Tana woke with an audible gasp.

Chapter 6

I was tense, at least as much as a slab of wood could be. I'd waited all morning for Tana to recognize me, to acknowledge the conversation we'd had in her dream. Aside from a few pensive, darting glances at my back, she'd studiously ignored me and moved around the apartment more quietly than usual this morning.

As late afternoon began to dim the sky, Tana grabbed her keys and purse, hesitating only a moment when she grabbed the door's inner knob to let herself out.

"Stop being dumb. Weird dreams happen." Tana gave herself a side order of aggrieved sighing with the theoretical pep talk, slipping out into the vestibule and engaging my lock behind her. It was Thursday, I realized, grocery shopping day. A pang of sorrow coursed through me at the idea Tana was avoiding me, at least as much as someone could "avoid" their own front door.

A few minutes later, the annoyingly shrill bark of Mrs. Scrimshaw's chihuahua, Christopher-Thomas, echoed off the concrete walls of the vestibule. The incontinent little demon was blind, half deaf, and mostly bald, but unfortunately he could bark *endlessly*. A murmur of voices grew louder as the speakers moved closer to Tana's apartment.

"Thank you so much Randall - oop! Oh, I'm sorry, Christopher-Thomas can't seem to get enough of your...erm...company!" Mrs. Scrimshaw jiggled the leash in her hand, one attached to the collar of the furiously-humping chihuahua making frantic love to Randall's ankle. Randall scowled, lifting his leg and shaking it to dislodge the dedicated hellhound. I was pleased to see a small spot of urine darkening Randall's vacated pant leg.

"Yeah, yeah, it's fine Mrs. Scrimshaw. It was just a spare lightbulb, I've got plenty. I gotta get going though, I have to fix Ms. Ventt's oven. Have a

good night!” Randall quickly closed the distance to me, brandishing that same strange key with a furtive look at the parking lot beyond. He waited long moments for Mrs. Scrimshaw to vanish around the corner before he twisted my outer knob with savage force, shouldering his way into Tana’s empty apartment.

Randall’s movements were jerky and tense as he slammed me closed in his wake and rooted in his pockets, coming up with a dirty pill bottle clutched in his hand. He yanked open Tana’s refrigerator with the same amount of unnecessary force he’d used on me, grabbing Tana’s favorite expensive orange juice. As I watched in horror, Randall emptied the entire pill bottle into the juice, recapping it and giving it a vigorous shake before setting it back in the fridge.

The slimy son of a bitch was poisoning Tana, and there wasn’t anything I could do about it.

Torn between wanting Tana to come home early and fearing what would happen if she did, I watched silently, radiating rage, as Randall scooped another pair of panties from Tana’s hamper. Excitedly rubbing the purple satin between his fingers, Randall quickly shoved his stolen bounty into a coat pocket, swiping a dirty sleeve across his nose and sniffing loudly as he yanked me open again. Moments after my disrupted lock tumblers settled back into place, Tana rounded the vestibule corner, thumbs tapping away at her phone, arm laden with grocery bags.

Randall gave a quick, panicked look around before striding resolutely in her direction, his shoulder accidentally-on-purpose bumping hers, sending one of her bags crashing to the ground. “Oh! Tana, I’m so sorry. I was on my way back from Mrs. Scrimshaw’s and I wasn’t watching where I was going. Her oven was broken again.” He chuckled humorlessly, picking up the fallen bag and handing it back over.

It was all I could do not to vibrate with rage in my frame. I didn’t want Randall close to Tana - not handing her things, not talking to her, not even *looking* at her. Tana, at least, seemed more hesitant than usual with Randall, accepting the bag from him but taking a step backwards, her smile forced. Maybe she’d listened to me after all.

“No harm done! Thanks for the help, and good luck with the oven. I have a - uh - friend coming over soon, gotta get dinner started!” She brushed past the superintendent, uncharacteristically fumbling with her keys and closing me with more force than she usually did.

Dropping the bags on the counter, Tana closed her eyes, muttering to herself before finally dragging over a stool from her breakfast bar and tilting it under my interior knob. While I would much rather have had her soft hands - or more - on my knob, I was relieved she seemed to be taking my warnings seriously.

As she moved back to the kitchen area, her foot slid lightly on something crumpled on the carpet. *Her underwear*. The slip of purple satin must have slid out of Randall’s pocket on his hasty exit. I’d been so busy watching the outer hallway that I hadn’t noticed it, but Tana’s wide-eyed shock told me she certainly had. She gripped the fabric tightly, eyes darting down the hallway to her distant bedroom hamper, then back to me, then down to the lock plate beneath my knob, secured with the tilted stool.

She growled with frustration, stomping to the bedroom and tossing the underwear back in the hamper, heading to the kitchen to pour herself a glass of wine. With a huff, she stormed over to the couch and plunked down, sipping her wine sullenly. Even furious, Tana was beautiful, and I couldn’t miss the way her tongue darted out to catch a few sloshed drops of wine off her hand. If I hadn’t already been made of wood, I’d be stiff as a board at the sight.

When the large glass had been drained a half hour later, she sighed audibly, pushing up off the couch and gathering her robe around herself. “I can’t believe I’m even considering this. I’ve gotta be out of my fucking mind.” Her eyes drifted down the hall again, lingering on the edge of her hamper. “But, I mean, it can’t *hurt* anything, right? I mean, women fuck cucumbers and bedposts and balloons and shit. This isn’t *that* weird, right?”

Setting down her wine glass on the coffee table, she rolled her shoulders, bit her lips, and nodded once, firmly, before heading to the kitchen and flinging open the under-sink cabinets. When she popped back

into view with a clean rag and a bottle of disinfectant spray cleaner, I could hardly believe my luck.

Was she really going to...?

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Chapter 7

Tana let out a shuddering breath, her eyes settling on me cautiously. “Okay, well, I’m just gonna...I’m just going to clean and we’ll see what hap- *jesus christ am I seriously talking to a door?* Girl, you do *not* explain yourself to inanimate objects. This is insane. You’re officially nuts.” At her own declaration, she burst into a fit of wine-tinged giggles, laughing until her cheeks bloomed pink and she gasped for breath, sliding the stool away.

Surprising me, she lurched forward and squeezed the trigger on the bottle, suddenly dousing my knob in a mist of cool, tingling liquid that made me groan inwardly with pleasure at the sensation. Wrapping my round brass protrusion in a soft cloth and a firm grip, she started polishing my knob with slow, smooth strokes that stirred something deep in my wood. Her features were soft and sensual as she concentrated on her work, her thumb slipping over my raised lock ridge through the thin barrier of the cloth, almost teasingly. I watched as her lips parted softly, her forearm muscles flexing as she twisted her grip slowly, methodically, an erotic echo of what I’d wanted her to do in the dream.

Long moments later, Tana leaned back to survey her work. Taking another step back, her gaze trailed up from my threshold with a frown. “Okay. Well. If I’m gonna do something crazy and stupid, I’d rather keep it between us and not bring the ER into things.”

Tana stared at me for a long, pensive moment, then spun around, making her way to the bedroom. When she reemerged, she was fully, gloriously nude. I was so transfixed at the sight, it took me a moment to notice she was clutching a few things in her hands. She nibbled at her bottom lip, eyes shyly avoiding me as she laid the items carefully down on the small entryway table.

A bottle of some kind of clear liquid.

A small, shiny gold square with perforated edges.

Her shivering blue st- er, *vibrator*, which currently lay still.

“Right. Okay. Well, I’m either about to get more kinky than I ever thought I could, or I’m kissing not-a-frog with not-my-lips and breaking some kinda weird curse.” She took a shaky breath, grabbing the shiny square and bringing it to her mouth, tearing it open with her teeth while her eyes stayed fixed on my knob.

“It feels weird to be talking to you, but I mean, I’d rather you know what’s up. I’m taking your cameo in my recurring nightmare as consent, but if I’m wrong...I dunno, like, jiggle in your frame or something.” She snorted a laugh, pinching the bridge of her nose with her free hand under her glasses and staring up at the ceiling. “I’ve definitely fucking lost it. Oh well, it’ll make a good story in group therapy when they toss me in an asylum.”

I was stunned and unbelievably excited. While I could occasionally make very small movements in moments of heightened emotion, I took care not to “jiggle” in my frame, as it would have sent the wrong message. I wanted this. I *definitely* wanted this.

The shiny square fluttered to the floor and some sort of long, slippery-looking translucent sock hung in Tana’s fingertips. She stooped down, a look of concentration on her face as she gathered up the length as I’d seen her gather up hosiery while getting dressed, slipping it over my knob with gentle, easy tugs. “It’s not that I think you’re gonna knock me up with little, uh, trapdoors, or something, it’s that I only trust lysol so much and doorknobs are kinda germ magnets. No offense. Hopefully that doesn’t fuck with the mojo but I don’t need to explain a UTI from *this*.”

Once she’d encased me, she stood in her glorious nudity, hands on her hips, examining her handiwork on my knob. Her brow furrowed as she took in the height, eyes drifting up and down several times. “Right. Well. Hm.”

Moments later, she’d hauled the soft oversized ottoman over from the couch area, shoving it up against my base with a cushioned thud. She nodded with a smug expression, reaching over for the small bottle she’d brought from the bedroom, opening the top with a click. Cool, dripping

moisture cascaded down my knob, the strange covering still allowing the temperature to bleed through. Once again, Tana's hand enfolded my prominent sphere, twisting around without engaging the lock. It felt incredibly pleasurable, so much better than the fleeting turns of entering or exiting.

Tana climbed atop the large rectangular ottoman, stretching out on her back and bracing her bare feet against my back as she twisted the bottom of her vibrator. She began to slide the tapered tip of the toy into herself, watching me with a half-lidded, sultry expression as I watched back in hungry fascination. Flashing a grin as if she knew she was being observed, she ran the silky sole of her foot down the edge of my frame as more of the blue length glided into her. "You know...ooh...maybe there's something to this. It's kind of nice calling *all* the shots."

The soft hum of the toy grew louder, then softer, as she worked up a slow rhythm, her eyes sliding closed with a groan. "Why is this hot? Mmm. This really - *uhmm* - shouldn't be hot..." Her ass raised a few inches off the cushion, chasing sensation with a soft gasp. She sat up abruptly, leaving the vibrator to hum and shiver on the ottoman's surface as she smoothly flipped to rest on all fours, her ass now facing me - and my glistening, waiting knob.

Dropping her chest and cheek down to rest on the soft fabric, she tensed at the first cold kiss of my lubricated, wrapped doorknob against her hot cunt. Digging her fingers into the edge of the ottoman for leverage, Tana held her breath, rocking back to slowly impale herself on her front door. "Oh...god, it's so big. I...I don't know if I can..."

She fumbled, patting under her for the still-humming vibrator, resting on a shoulder to bring it up to her clit with a groan. Her body relaxed at the additional sensation, knee shifting to press her fully onto my knob, giving a startled gasp as it popped fully into her. "Ohh! Holy shit, that's weird. *Big* too. Nice, but...mm...okay...oh *god*, yes...YES!" Her hips tilted at just the right angle, sending the rounded edge of my thick knob bumping up against something sensitive inside her. She gushed around me with a keening cry,

tightening and fluttering in a hard orgasm that left lube and arousal coursing down her thighs in rivulets.

Tana choked a scream of pleasure into the upholstery below her, darkened with salivalike the wells around her knees already were with her pleasure. After long moments, she clumsily rose up on her hands, leaning away from me with a slight wince over her shoulder as she slid away. A lurid, wet *pop* of a sound accompanied our parting, and she rolled onto her back to smile lazily up at me, her voice husky with satisfaction.

“Well, looks like I’m just kinky, you’re still a door. Damn, I am *way* more kinky than I thought I was. God that was good, though. Screw it, I’m going to eat *more* of those fuckin popsicles before bed.” She snickered, sliding off the ottoman and stumbling down the hall with a blissful expression.

Halfway to the small room with the shower, she spun around and made her way back to me, pressing a kiss below my peep hole. “Sorry, don’t mean to uh, bang and run. Hope that was good for you too. Now I need a shower.” She laughed loudly at herself, patting my frame and heading back down the hallway.

Chapter 8

I watched Tana's beautiful naked ass sway as she walked away and closed the smaller door behind her, confused by her demeanor. She'd treated what we'd done like a - a *joke*. Could she not feel me? Didn't my - well, the *visitor* - tell me that all we needed to do what we'd just done in order to-

Oh.

Pressure eased away from the edges of my perception as my field of vision sank without conscious thought. All manner of sensations I'd easily ignored before demanded my attention at once - light that stung my eyes, the wisp of breeze at my back, an odd feeling of being too cold. I drew myself up, immediately recognizing the strange, unsteady support from my shared dream with Tana. A glance down confirmed it - human hands turned back and forth under my curious new eyes. I widened my fingers in wonder and wiggled bare toes on the carpet below, raising a brow at the fleshy, though still very thick, tube of flesh that replaced my knob. A cough of alarm and rapid scuttling behind caused me to glance over my now-human shoulder.

"Oh! My *goodness gracious*. Come here, Christopher-Thomas - I don't know what on earth possessed that girl to-to-" A quick look confirmed that a floral dress-decked Mrs. Scrimshaw had gathered up her mangy little chihuahua. I smirked as she scurried away as fast as her orthopedic sneakers could take her, tutting and scandalized.

The doorway around me was entirely empty now, my new form apparently taking shape in place of my old, sturdy wooden self. I dug my new fingers into the feathery brown mop at the top of my head, an instinctual gesture of frustration mimicked from what I'd watched in movies and shows. How could I possibly protect Tana now? Despite my hopes my change of form would make me a better protector, I felt so... fragile. I'd barely touched the door frame with an unexpected touch of

wistfulness when a startled shriek snapped my attention back to the apartment's interior hallway. A towel-wrapped Tana stared at me with a slack jawed expression and - *was that a spatula?* - clutched in her hand like a weapon.

“YOU! Get- Get OUT of here! I’ll call the fucking cops!” Both Tana and I glanced at where her cell lay on the coffee table, well outside her reach, before meeting again in our mid-apartment standoff. She huffed in annoyance and brandished the spatula threateningly at me again. “Also, where the *fuck* is my DOOR?”

“I’m-” I coughed, clearing my throat as the scratchy syllables seemed to tumble out reluctantly. My voice sounded strange and deep to my newly-formed ears. All of this was going to take a lot of getting used to - everything was just so...fleshy. “I’m right here, Tana.”

She pointed with the spatula, her eyes darting between my body and the open rectangle of space behind me. “What? No. *No*. That’s impossible. Is this some kind of prank? Because it’s not fun-” Her gaze dropped to my waist and the spatula clattered to the hallway floor as she clapped a hand over her mouth. I followed her gaze down to find the strange sock from earlier hanging off of the thick, protruding rod of flesh between my thighs. I gently tugged the covering off of myself, raising the slick, translucent length up to eye level and squinting at it curiously.

Tana’s expression changed to alarm as she looked anxiously past me to the empty vestibule exterior corridor at his back. “Dude! I- listen, you need to get in here and - I don’t - oh my god. Oh my *god*. We need to cover the doorway and get you some clothes and *oh my god* I don’t even know how-” Tana’s voice had picked up speed and pitch and her eyes had gone wide, her breath coming in short huffs. I’d liked those gasps when my knob was inside of her, but found that they distressed me now.

“Tana, it will be okay. I can protect you now. Remember? I told you in your dream, and you did exactly what I asked of you.” I smiled, getting used to the sensation of baring my teeth now, the act feeling far less awkward than it had in Tana’s dream.

She cautiously moved towards me, clutching her towel tightly around her body while pulling the twisted one holding her hair off her head, thrusting it at me, all while looking pointedly in another direction. “Here - go uh, go sit on the couch. Put that under you. Over you, whatever. I’ll...see if I have some sweatpants or something.” I took the still-damp towel and walked, a little woodenly, over to the couch. Movement was certainly convenient, but the upright unsteadiness was off-putting. Humans certainly had good balance.

Tana was still looking at me like I might bite, so I sat down immediately, hoping to put her at ease. A shaky sigh sounded down the hallway, followed by the gentle taps of her bare feet headed down to her bedroom. A few minutes later, a length of cloth gently landed on my shoulder and chest from behind me - elastic-ended pant cuffs in a soft grey fabric.

“Put those on, please. If we’re going to talk I don’t want to do it staring at your cock. I think these will fit, my ex left them at my last place.” Tana’s voice was still strained; my chest ached to fix it. After I’d tugged on the sweats and unknotted the cord to fit them around my waist, I turned to her over the back of the couch.

“Tana, I’m sorry if I frightened you, I was surprised as well, but I hope you don’t regret what brought me here. You must understand, my only concern is protecting you.”

She swallowed audibly, retreating to the kitchen as she answered. “I don’t - I didn’t believe in...whatever the hell you are, but uh, clearly I need to start.” The clink of glass and metal, followed by a sharp *pop* echoed over the counter. “Today is definitely a mimosa day. I’m going to need like, *two* to even start dealing with this.”

“Tana NO!” I vaulted over the back of the couch, nearly getting tangled in my new human legs and borrowed sweatpants in the process. I rushed to the kitchen, banging a hip on the counter in my hurry to knock the orange juice container out of her hand.

She gasped, juice sloshing all over the counter and her fresh clothes, pinning me with an irritated glare. “What the fuck, dude! I’m sorry if you don’t approve of alcohol or something but I’m off work and who are you to jud-”

Panting with the effort of sprinting and dealing with my own terrified, hammering heart, I grabbed the sides of Tana’s arms too firmly, adjusting my grip when she winced. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I’m still getting used to... hands. Randall poisoned your juice, Tana. I genuinely don’t care what you drink, but please don’t drink that.”

“Poisoned? You’re crazy, I just bought this like two days ago, and the only time I’ve left my apartment was to go to the grocery-” She gasped, clapping a hand to her mouth for the second time that morning. “Oh my *god* that *fucker*. Mrs. Scrimshaw’s oven wasn’t broken, was it?” Her features went from irritated to furious as I shook my head.

She righted the clear plastic juice container from where it had fallen on the counter, holding it up to the kitchen light and scowling at some strange sediment at the bottom. “I swear to god, I’m going to murder him *first*.”

But as I watched, Tana’s look of fury melted into terror, her nose scrunching as she fought back tears. “I could have *died* if you didn’t stop me.” Again, she huffed those short little breaths that tugged at me like someone was trying to pry me open with my lock engaged. I held open his arms gingerly and, to my relief, Tana took the obvious invitation to comfort. She nuzzled her cheek against my bare chest, her fingers scrabbling around my lower back to hold herself close. I clutched her tightly, burying my nose in her damp hair, taking deep breaths of her soft floral shampoo scent.

“You’re safe now, Tana. He can’t hurt you while I’m here.” I hesitantly ran a palm down Tana’s back in what I hoped was a soothing motion. She sniffled against my skin, standing on tiptoe to look over my shoulder. “But if you’re here...what am I going to do about my door?”

I followed her gaze to the brightly-lit rectangle where I’d previously spent my entire existence. Raising a brow, I nodded at the empty space.

“Well, uh, is there a place where people...buy doors?”

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Chapter 9

Tana and I found out together that the same phone app that could be used to order food also worked at hardware stores. Unsure of how my transformative magic worked, Tana refused to leave my side, afraid I'd turn back into a slab of painted oak once she was out of sight. Shortly after, I was crouched holding one end of a tiny, hot-pink measuring tape as Tana meticulously measured my - well, *the hole* - to find the right replacement.

At one point, the too-small measuring tape slipped out of her fingers, retracting and whacking me in my new shin. She hissed, her warm hand closing over the front of my pant leg apologetically. "Sorry, sorry. Stupid pink tax. My friend gave me this expensive "women's" tool kit when I was moving and everything's so frigging *small*..."

I frowned at the garishly-pink plastic box she'd set up on the small table, a messy jumble of pink-handled things that looked more like children's toys than the sort of tools Randall carried. "But why are they made like that? Why should you pay more for smaller, flimsy things because you're a woman? That seems silly to me."

I was puzzled at the inequality of it, but the warm look Tana shot in my direction quickly lifted my mood. I wasn't sure why making such an obvious conclusion would earn me admiration, but I was no fool - I'd take it. Besides, I was glad to distract Tana with the project; we'd both quietly agreed to get a new door in place - one that couldn't be breached by Randall's *master key*, as Tana told me it was called - before anything else.

Even with my capable human presence in her living room, I could tell that Tana needed the psychological barrier of a locking door to feel *truly* safe. Finding out that Randall had breached her home only two days ago had given her a haunted look I was anxious to chase away. When I asked her how she wanted to proceed, she elected to get the empty door frame filled before calling the police. Eager to prove I was here to support her

wishes and make her feel safe, I'd immediately agreed, ending up on the wrong side of a vicious, bloodthirsty length of pink measuring tape.

Hanging up a spare shower curtain over the door frame for momentary privacy, Tana finalized the home improvement store app order with a tap. The orange juice bottle still sat grimly on the counter, surrounded by sticky drops of juice from where I'd jostled it out of Tana's hands. *Evidence*. While I longed to clean it up and remove every trace of Randall from her apartment, I begrudgingly agreed to leave it alone until the police could be summoned.

The home improvement store delivery sent a text that they'd be an hour late, so Tana suggested we watch a movie while we waited. It was an activity familiar to both of us, for different reasons, but I was all too happy to repeat the experience. That said, I'd spent so long *wishing* I could be human for Tana that I wasn't sure what to do now that my wish had been granted. Human life was proving to be confusing and awkward, while being a door had been fairly straightforward.

Just as I was overthinking things, however, Tana leaned into me as the movie started, hiding an exhausted yawn as her cheek rested on my shoulder. I hesitantly draped an arm across the couch behind her, letting her curl in deeper with a barely-audible sigh of comfort. "So...what should I call you, then, door guy?"

Yours, I thought, before the question really sunk in. Right, a name. Humans had those. I didn't.

"I'm...not sure. I suppose you can't really call me 'door' around others." I glanced at the TV, where the opening credits for a superhero movie were flashing across the screen. She'd watched this one before, and I noticed she watched one of the actors with a sparkle in her eye, last time. She'd even giggled to a friend over the phone about how 'hot' he was. A magazine on the coffee table showed the same actor in all his bare-chested, mahogany brown glory, smoldering at the camera. The character had been a gatekeeper of sorts, and while I was a bit jealous he'd caught Tana's eye, I could begrudgingly admire our shared purpose.

“How about - Drys?” I liked the sound of that. A little different than the actor - Idris - but still elegant-sounding, a sibilant whisper like my draft-catcher sliding across the carpet. Tana nodded sleepily, cuddling up even closer with a soft, pleased sound of assent. “Mm’ok. Drys it is.”

I gave into an impulse to stroke Tana’s hair soothingly again, and found I liked it so much I kept doing it. Soon, she was relaxed into deep sleep against me, and I took the rare opportunity to watch her doze up close. She was the most beautiful human I’d ever seen, and if I’d been in love with her before, I was entirely smitten now. I was admiring the way her delicate eyelashes curled against her cheek when a soft “Hello?” issued from behind the makeshift shower curtain door behind the couch.

Carefully sliding away from Tana and guiding her head to rest on a throw pillow, I made my way to the door, pulling the curtain back to reveal a deliveryman in a light blue uniform, brandishing a clipboard and pen. “Hello Sir, are you Mr. Ventt? I have a delivery here for a Tana Ventt.”

I nodded after a moment, setting aside the warm emotions at being mistaken for her husband. I reached for the offered pen and clipboard, subtly leaning on the door frame as I mentally struggled with staying upright. Humans were so...floppy. I’d really have to work on getting used to this. I scribbled lazily on the line the deliveryman pointed to, having learned from TV shows that performance and confidence meant far more than legibility when it came to signatures. Tapping the pen on the clipboard with a satisfied nod, the man used the pen to point over his own shoulder at a huge cardboard-wrapped rectangle resting on the opposite wall.

After the delivery man left, I considered the package with mixed feelings. No one wanted to be replaced, after all, and here I was staring right at my replacement - one that I’d encouraged, no less. I’d proudly been Tana’s door for a long time, but the time was right to transition into being something more. Her protector, her guardian, her - my mind wandered into lustful flashes of memory at the way her cunt had squeezed around my knob, the slick, stretched glide of impalement as she backed into me with a moan. In my borrowed sweats, my human cock jumped with interest, ready for a repeat performance. I gently squeezed it, willing it to calm down,

determined to get things ready for Tana while she enjoyed a well-deserved rest.

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Chapter 10

Tana woke with an unladylike snort, likely disoriented to surface from such a deep sleep while light still streamed in through the window. She wiped drool from the corner of her mouth, blinking sleepily before letting herself fall back into the cushions.

Her voice floated over the couch, heavy with dry humor. “*Right*. My shockingly-attractive door has come to life after I fucked him, vowing to protect me against my murderous panty-sniffing super that broke in and poisoned my orange juice. Just another Thursday.”

I grinned. *Shockingly attractive*, huh? I’d take it. I wiped the back of my hand across my forehead - this “sweating” thing was almost as annoying as my floppy human spine. I walked over with the tiny pink screwdriver still clutched in my big palm. Tana stretched with a gentle groan, tilting her head side-to-side to work the kinks out of her neck as her eyes flicked up in greeting. She loved her couch, but hard naps always took their toll on her neck and shoulders.

“Hey sleepyhead.” I beamed happily at her, and she returned it with a sleepy, peaceful one as she stretched again, breasts straining against her tee. If she didn’t cut it out, *I* was going to need a shower - a cold one. “Did you have a good rest? The new door came while you were asleep, and there were instructions with it, so I figured I’d make myself useful.”

She scrubbed her eye with the heel of her hand, looking beyond the couch to see that her new door - one with a very pretty transom arch-window - was installed in her front door frame now. I grinned, walking over to open and close the new door with a flourish. I twisted the latch on the curved inner handle before dropping a pair of shiny brass keys in her hand.

When we perused the delivery app, I’d not-so-subtly steered her away from picking a model similar to my own, with a rounded knob on the

interior. I knew it was ridiculous, but it made me a little jealous - I didn't want a replacement she could fuck, even theoretically.

I brought her phone over - I'd charged it while she was sleeping - and handed it to her, nodding at the door. "We should probably call the police now, right?"

Tana opened her mouth to reply, but her phone buzzed in her hand before she could.

[Creep]: Hey honey mrs Scrimshaw says you got a big package delivered do u need help getting it inside? I am good w delivering big packages ;)

Tana's lip curled in disgust, and I growled with anger as I read over her shoulder. Was I in her personal space? Maybe. But I'd already told her I was her protector, hadn't I?

"He knows you relax and make your mimosas today, he usually peeks in through the window to watch you for a minute if he hears the TV on and knows you're facing away. He's probably hoping to take advantage of you, or worse, once you're drugged. I bet he'd suggest mimosas as soon as he got in." My hand tightened on her shoulder, rubbing it as much to soothe her as myself.

Tana laughed, looking at me in disbelief. "Oh, and *he's* the stalker? Sounds like you could give him a run for his money, Drys."

I blushed at my own intensity as much as the pleasure of hearing my new name on her lips. "Ok, ok, caught me. I'm worried about you, that's all. I mean, I know you can hold your own, that's why he has to drug you in the first place, because you're such a fighter. But I - honestly, Tana, I want to kill him. I'm not given to violence, I promise, not even when I used to be slammed and kicked open by those impatient frat boys before you moved in. But the thought of *him* touching you..." My voice roughened with the unspoken threat, and it was hard to miss the flash of lust that warmed Tana's gaze.

She turned, lacing her arms around my neck, an intimacy I cherished. “It’s okay. I want to kill him too. I probably would, in self defense, if I didn’t worry about trials and going to jail and everything else, if only to protect other women too. But you’ve watched the shows - even obvious justice gets punished a lot, and they determine innocence years later with a ‘whoops’ for locking someone up for decades.” She frowned, sighing. “If I was really lucky, they’d arrest him on circumstantial evidence over the orange juice, *maybe*, and meanwhile he’d be out free on bond to do gods know what to me in revenge. I also don’t want the cops anywhere near you. We’re not even sure what you are, Drys, and I’m willing to bet your transformation didn’t come with ID.”

She laid her cheek on my bare chest again, letting me tighten my arms around her. “Maybe I should just forget about it, trust the new door to keep him out. If I’m careful, if I only go to my car during the day, or take you with me, or maybe if I get an alarm system...”

Her phone buzzed again where it was clutched in her hand at my back, and she tensed, a barely-audible whimper slipping out. I grumbled, holding her gently outward in order to meet her eyes.

“Tana, that’s no way to live. You shouldn’t have to look over your shoulder every time you cross a parking lot, or go shopping, or let yourself into your own apartment because some sick man thinks he’s entitled to you. No, we’re going to end this, and if you don’t trust the police, we’ll find another way.”

And even though the reassurances came from the lips of a fantasy man pulled straight from her dreams and her doorframe, I hoped that Tana would let herself believe them.

Chapter 11

After we'd tested the new door's lock carefully, Tana agreed to go to the store with me, if only to get me some clothing that didn't look like I was "en route to a Magic Mike calendar shoot." I still caught her preening as I gathered numerous appreciative looks while I looked through racks of t-shirts, still clad only in her ex's grey sweatpants and a pair of Tana's pink, rhinestone-studded flip-flops that were two sizes too small.

After an elderly woman nearly ran her cart into a display checking me out, Tana's expression changed from bemused to annoyed. She huffed and pulled a plain black t-shirt over my head, snapping off the tag and tossing it in the cart's upper basket with the toiletries she'd picked up for me. "There. You can wear this out instead of causing property damage from all these thirsty retirees."

I chuckled, pulling her close and kissing her so thoroughly and openly there was no question he only had eyes for her. She stumbled back a step, fingertips ghosting over her lips, eyes wide.

Oh, right. I'd forgotten they hadn't done that before. Not when I looked...like this, anyway. She'd kissed me while I was still a door, but it had been more of a joke than anything else, right?

"Oh, Tana, I'm - I'm sorry, I shouldn't have assumed that you'd want..." I winced, dropping my hands from her shoulders and stepping back behind the cart to give her space.

"Want?" Tana tilted her head, eyes dancing with amusement. "Drys, I think you're allowed to steal a kiss, sweetheart. I kind of buried your knob in my pussy like, a few hours ago."

We both jumped at a metallic clang and a loud *whumping* noise as an entire display stack of boxes tumbled into the aisle. A red-faced woman,

unable to meet our eyes, hastily backed her cart away from the point of collision and took off in the opposite direction.

“Yeah, well, serves you right for *eavesdropping*, nosy.” Tana sneered after her, grinning at me a moment later as I bent down to pick up the boxes. “But seriously, Drys, it’s fine. Feel free, okay?”

Much like the eavesdropper, I struggled to meet Tana’s eyes, concentrating on straightening the stack of boxes instead as I impulsively added a question.. “And...the rest?”

Tana reached a hand down to help me up, giving me a wink. “Well, maybe not right here in the menswear section.”

My heart soared. Other parts of me did as well, unfortunately, forcing me to grab the cart handle to put it in front of me.

Tana only smirked, crossing her arms over her chest and glancing downwards. “What’s wrong, big boy? Got a not-so-little problem?”

I blushed, clearing my throat. “I’ll be fine. I’m good. Do you need anything? You, uhm, you’ll want some ice cream in a few days. Let’s get you some ice cream, okay?”

She closed a hand around the side of the cart, stopping my progress with a curious tilt of her head. “And just how do you know I’ll want ice cream in a few days, Drys?”

I fidgeted with the collar of my new shirt, clearing my throat again and lowering my voice. “Your bad days. You’ll have them soon, same as you did last month. The ones where you wear softer clothing and watch sad movies and go to the bathroom a lot and sometimes cry. I don’t like to see you sad and you seem better when you have ice cream.”

Again that warm look, the one that lit me up like sunshine on a spring day, as she released the cart and moved to walk beside me. Her voice was soft, and a smile tugged up the corner of her mouth as she nodded towards another aisle. “Alright. This way.”

Once we'd gotten everything Tana thought I'd need, we headed back to her apartment, the employment application I'd surreptitiously grabbed at checkout tucked into my pocket. She'd been insistent about buying me several outfits, pairs of shoes, and toiletries, but I didn't want to be a kept man if I could help it. Tana deserved to be taken care of, and I wanted to be the one to do it.

As we were putting everything away - I tried not to read too much into the fact that Tana had cleaned out a drawer for me in her dresser - I explained what I'd seen Randall do, both before she moved in and after. The fear in her eyes made me anxious to soothe her, but I got the entire story out before I offered another hug. I hated scaring her, but she should know what kind of monster had access to her and, until very recently, her apartment.

"And you're *absolutely* sure he didn't poison anything else?" Tana stood in front of the open refrigerator, frowning at the contents and biting her thumbnail.

I shook my head, gently closing the refrigerator door and opening my arms again. She stepped into them like we were made for one another, and I held her close, gloriously happy despite our grim topic of conversation. "No, nothing I'd seen, and I always kept a very close watch on him. I couldn't see what he was doing in your bedroom because he closed the door behind him, but the orange juice was the only food he ever touched."

Her nose wrinkled and she slipped away from me to stomp to the bedroom. A few minutes later, she pulled open the folding door on the hall closet and shoved an armful of linens and pillowcases in the washer, dusting off her hands. "Blegh. Gods know what the fuck he was doing in my bedroom. I always thought I smelled smoke but I figured it was coming from the vestibule or something. I've never been more glad I habitually wash my vibe before I use it."

I'd already crouched down to retrieve the cleaning spray under the sink, along with a roll of paper towels that I tilted in her direction. "If it's alright with you, I'll clean off your headboard and all the dresser tops, too. I don't ever want you to feel violated or afraid in your own home."

Tana studied me for a long moment, her eyes soft. “Thank you, Drys. You’ve done so much already. You were a very good door, I hope you know that.”

Something about being called a *good door* made my human legs feel weak and shaky. I nodded before continuing to the bedroom, grateful my new jeans and boxer-briefs were better at concealing my arousal than the sweatpants had been.

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Chapter 12

I'd started moving things carefully from the dresser top to the bedside table when I turned to find Tana leaning in the bedroom doorway, watching me, her expression unreadable, a smirk playing at her lips.

"I saw that, you know."

I turned my back to her and squeezed the trigger of the cleaning spray, only to have it stick, forcing me to fiddle with the nozzle nervously. Sweat began to tickle at my skin under my new shirt, even though the bedroom was comfortably cool. I sprayed the dresser top and swiped a handful of paper towels across it methodically. "Saw what? I don't know what you mean."

Suddenly Tana's warmth was curled against my back, her arms lacing around my waist, fingertips dangling perilously close to where I wished they'd explore. I had so many *hungers* now, as a man, and this one had nothing to do with the drive-thru burger Tana had gotten me while we were out.

"The look on your face when I told you what a *good door you were for me.*"

I set the spray aside to splay a palm on the dresser top, needing support at the gentle tease in her words. A faint metallic noise rang by where her joined hands rested below my abdomen; my traitorous human cock had kicked at my jeans, pinning one of the drawer handles against its backplate. It was becoming a problem - unlike my knob, it couldn't decide what it wanted to be - up and down and up again if Tana so much as looked my way.

I held my breath as her fingers unlaced to play at the front of my thighs, nails softly tracing at the denim as her voice purred at my ear. "I'm going to tell you a secret, Drys. I have a weakness for big, strong men who do as

they're told. *Good boys* who enjoy working for my praise. It makes me feel safe and protected. Do you know anyone like that?"

My answering "uh huh" came out considerably higher than the deep voice I'd just barely gotten used to, closer to a squeak worthy of unoiled hinges. My focus lasered in on a knot in the wood dresser top, my stomach tightening with anticipation.

"Hmm. And who might that be, I wonder?" Her voice sent chills down my human spine, which felt even less sturdy than it normally did. I put more of my weight on my palm, slightly bent over the low top of the dresser as my breath came in ragged gasps. I didn't know exactly what I wanted, what I needed, but I had a feeling Tana knew.

"It's me." I blurted, my voice trembling almost as much as my body. "It's me, I'll do anything for you. Absolutely anything. I- I'll pay you back for the clothes and cook for you and do the laundry..."

Her voice sounded like beautiful bells as she laughed, resting her forehead between my shoulder blades, palms still pressed deliciously high on my thighs. "Oh Drys, you sweet thing. Relax, baby. We're only playing a little. Stop me if you don't like something though, okay?"

I sucked in a breath as her fingers moved to the button on my jeans, my fingertips flexing with excitement against the dresser. "O-okay. I like this. I like this a lot."

"That's because-" My zipper tickled as she slid it down with agonizing slowness, my cock immediately pushing out for relief from the pressure, bowing through the stretchy boxer brief material, "-you're my *good boy*."

I whimpered.

Tana's self-satisfied chuckle made my cock jump again, even as her nimble fingers burrowed in the slit of my boxer briefs to gently pull it out. My breath caught, body bowing further forward as she gave me a slow, deliberate stroke that sent electric pleasure dancing over my skin. "Oh! Oh *Tana*. That feels so good...please...can I please have more..."

I shivered as she pressed a soft kiss against my back and stroked me again, making me rise up on the balls of my feet to chase the sensation with a groan.

“My big, strong door. You did such a good job protecting me, saving me, making me feel so amazing.” My hips had started to lightly thrust into her hand, and she adjusted her grip seamlessly, moving blissfully faster now as she murmured praise to me. “Now I need you to do something for me, can you be a good boy and come for me?”

I lifted my head, blinking away the haze of pleasure, panic setting in as I stared at the wall in front of me. “I- of course I will, anything you ask, but I don’t know...how?”

Her body quivered where it was pressed against my back and I got the impression she was trying not to laugh. “Oh *Drys*. I can’t even take how cute you are. Does this feel good?”

Her light teasing made my cock throb pleasantly. She stroked me again, firmly enough that my hips kicked again and I moaned out loud, nodding frantically.

Her soft, wonderful hand squeezed my cock near the base as she kissed my back again through my shirt. “Then just let it feel good. It’s about to feel *very* good, trust me. Put both hands on the dresser and let me take care of *you* this time.”

I let the roll of paper towels drop, half-crumpled from how hard I’d evidently been gripping it, slapping my other palm down on the dresser as Tana started up again. Her free hand slid up my spine, fingers curling into my hair and gripping it, bowing me forward until my forehead touched the dresser top.

I panted, overwhelmed with pleasure to be held like this, so unlike a door, so soft and vulnerable in her hands. Well, not entirely soft: my cock felt like it was about to drill into the dresser if I thrust beyond her grip. My hips had taken on a life of their own as I mindlessly rutted into her perfect

palm, babbling words like *yes* and *thank you* like they had just become my personal mantra.

I gasped for breath as I began chasing something in her hand, a *need* rising like a roar from the core of me. “Tana, I - I - what’s going - *ohh!*”

My ability to speak coherently fell away as my entire existence tried to spill itself into her cleverly-twisting grip. Reality-bending pleasure shot through me in waves as my fingers scraped against the wood beneath them, my shouts echoing off of the bedroom wall in front of me. Once the sensation had faded a little, my human legs really *did* give up and sent me straight to my knees while clinging to the dresser edge to prevent a completely boneless flop.

“What was *that*, Tana?” I looked at her with wide eyes, a dreamy grin pulling at the edges of my mouth as I panted.

She gave me a bemused smile, sitting cross-legged in front of me, pulling a paper towel off the crumpled roll to wipe her palm. “That was a handjob, Drys, and I’m not sure I’ve ever seen a man completely reboot his hard drive over it like that. You okay, baby? I worried I’d broken you for a second there.”

I nodded, closing my eyes and giving a small, happy sigh. “I’m perfect. I’ve never felt so good. I didn’t know I *could* feel so good.”

She leaned in, pressing a kiss to my forehead, and I wondered if my stomach would ever stop flip-flopping happily when she did things like that. I liked being called *baby* and *good boy* more than anything, except maybe this new *handjob* thing. “Can you wait here for a minute for me?”

I nodded, leaning back on my palms and watching her stand, smiling down at me before leaving the bedroom. She came back shortly after with a throw pillow from the couch, handing me a bottle of water and sitting down on the floor with the pillow on her lap. “Here, Drys. Come lay your head on the pillow for me.” She laughed softly, handing me a warm, wet washcloth. “And go ahead and wipe off your cock and put it away. I think it’s earned a rest, don’t you?”

I blushed again and grinned, though I wasn't sure why, and did as she asked, carefully zipping up. She encouraged me to drink some from the bottle of water before guiding me to lay with my head in her lap. Her fingers gently combed through my hair, relaxing every muscle in my human body at once. "There we go. You did so well, Drys. That was playing a bit, but we can talk and play more in the future, if you'd like, or we can keep it...uncomplicated, if that feels better to you."

I shook my head, moving to sit up before her fingertips on my chest lightly held me down.

Oh, okay, apparently I liked that too.

My cock agreed, but I ignored it because Tana said it should rest. "No, I don't want to be, um, *uncomplicated*. I enjoyed that, we can play again if you want to?" I reached for my zipper but she gave my hair a tug, making my mouth go dry.

Oh, and that. I like that.

Tana grinned down at me, giving my head a soft shake with her grip on my hair. "I think I've created a monster. No, Drys, let's wait a bit, we have things to do, remember? I just wanted to give you a little reward for being such a good protector."

I nuzzled her leg, cuddling closer with a laugh. "Didn't feel little. Thank you, Tana. I hope you know that I would protect you no matter what, I don't need you to get things for me or do things for-"

Her fingertips brushed my mouth. "Shh. I know, baby. I do it because I want to, that's all. I wouldn't do it if I thought you were some kind of entryway fuckboy, believe me."

I raised a brow, looking up at her. "What's a fuc-"

Loud, angry knocking at the front door had both of us sitting bolt upright, staring down the hallway. Only one person knocked that way, but

Tana was already on her feet and had a hand on the door before my still-
pleasure-soaked brain caught up with my mouth.

“Tana, wait!”

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Chapter 13

It was too late. Tana had already swung the new door open, and Randall had already shouldered his way into her living room, slamming the door behind him. His expression was so cold I could feel the chill from here.

He swayed unsteadily on his feet, his eyes wild and unfocused as he crowded Tana against the back of the new door, something metal flashing in his hand. “Did *you* call them? Did *you* make up those fucking lies about me? They’re probably tossing my place right now, you bitch! I hung up on them and now they’re looking for me!”

Tana caught my gaze and gave a small sharp shake of her head, subtly motioning with her hand that I should stay down and out of sight. I hated it with every fiber of my new being, but I did as she told me.

Randall had shoved one of his hands in his hair, clutching at it in a way that looked painful, grunting with frustration. “If Sarah had just *listened* to me. I was a *good guy*, I told her that. I was so much better to her than Charlie had been but *nooo*. She just wanted to be *friends* after laying all that emotional baggage on me - I’m not a fucking *therapist*...”

He snapped out of his tirade and glared at Tana, still plastered to the back of the door, but trying to stay calm. I’d never wished harder that her apartment had a back door - I couldn’t leave this damn room without Randall seeing me, I couldn’t get *help* for Tana. Randall raised the hand that wasn’t in his hair, the metallic glint suddenly taking shape.

He had a gun.

Fear flooded my senses, determination drowning it as my vision narrowed in on Tana. I scrambled to my feet and down the hallway, as fast as my legs could take me.

Tana screamed and dove towards the couch, Randall turned to face me and I collided with him, slamming him into the door and grabbing his wrist. His face was an ugly snarl of fury as he shoved me back, ripping his wrist loose and looking towards the couch like a predator.

No.

I punched him as hard as I could, the angle awkward because we were grappling so closely. Randall's pupils were wide and dilated, and he was clearly under the influence of something, which made him unexpectedly strong as he shoved me back again. Tana smashed a vase against the back of his head with a dull thud, but it failed to take him down, even as blood stained the edge of the half-broken vase and the back of Tana's couch.

There was a bright flash and a searing pain, and then there was blood on me, too. A cold sensation took over my limbs, a heaviness that made it impossible to move, to pick up my foot and travel forward, to put myself between Randall and Tana. I grew taller, a woozy Randall turning unfocused, confused eyes up to me. My floppy human spine stiffened as I fell into him, ramming his head between the edge of the couch frame and a sharp, broken piece of the vase with a sickening thud.

I was so tired.

I needed to rest now.

But wasn't there something I needed to....?

Sleep.

Chapter 14

Consciousness was a fleeting thing, but the few snippets I managed to capture told me I was definitely a door again. This time, however, the burning, angry presence of a bullet hole marred me in a through-and-through - a hole big enough to pass a pen through an inch below my apartment number.

The pain of it made it hard to focus, to stay “awake” enough to understand what was going on around me. Images lingered in my mind without context or continuity.

Some uniformed men and women scratching at a wall with a pen knife and sliding Tana’s orange juice bottle into a red-topped plastic bag.

A weeping Tana talking to police officers, gesturing at me where I leaned at an angle off the back of the couch.

Randall’s crumpled body surrounded by blood stained carpet, his eyes closed.

Mrs. Scrimshaw, Christopher-Thomas in her arms, apologizing emphatically for something to Tana.

A solemn Officer Holden gesturing at the woods from the front door, nodding with a sad expression.

A white room full of metal tables, littered with red-topped plastic bags, and the snap and whine of flash cameras.

The thump-thump-thud of a long journey in the back of a van, followed by the familiar warmth of Tana’s living room and the smell of new carpet and paint.

And somewhere in the eternity, Tana's voice called out to me, like a golden rope to hang onto and pull myself out of the darkness. "Drys, I don't know if you can hear me. I'm not even sure you weren't a fever dream, but I can't let you go. I made them bring you back to me after their investigation, after Randall was charged for the death of that poor girl."

Her fingertips traced down my front, and I was relieved I could still feel her, that I hadn't lost that in whatever had happened to me. Her palm lingered over where my bullet hole had been, which felt - *better* - somehow.

As if she could read my mind, Tana gave a sad laugh, fingertips tracing where the hole had been. "I got some wood putty. I don't know how exactly to fix mortal wounds on a man that turned into a door on me, but I think I did a decent job." Her voice cracked, and I realized she was not only crying, but had been for awhile. I ached to be able to hold her, to make it better, to show her I was alright.

But was I really? I was a door again, and with the replacement that I'd installed practically mocking me, what use could Tana possibly have for *me* now? She'd already negotiated with the police to have me returned, which I'm sure came with a great deal of uncomfortable, impossible questions, and I was touched she'd gone that far. I was essentially kindling in terms of usefulness, the thought filling me with a deep, wretched sadness.

Something soft and slippery stretched over me and with a shock, I discovered that Tana was stretching another barrier - a *condom*, she'd explained when we were picking out my clothes - over my knob. I was resting flat against the carpet, and Tana was wearing little more than a suggestion of lace that skimmed her curves and showed *everything*.

"I was wrecked, Drys. I wanted you back, I *needed* you back. Even though I knew Randall was in jail, I kept having these nightmares about being buried in the woods, and I *prayed*. I didn't even know who I was praying to, to be honest with you, but I didn't care if they could bring you back to me."

Tana continued softly, as the cap of the clear bottle - *lube* - clicked quietly, cool drops sliding down the sides of my latex-covered knob. "And

one night, someone finally answered. This beautiful Greek woman, she reached down and she pulled me out of the leaves and told me it was going to be alright. We walked right out of the nightmare, and she listened to me talk about you, said some disparaging things about her husband being an idiot, and told me how I could get you back. It took weeks of paperwork and fighting with the evidence department, and a lot of lysol, and telling myself I wasn't crazy, but..." She bit her lower lip, studying me, taking a long sip from her wine glass before setting it aside.

Tana carefully folded the edges of her barely-there lace nightie away from her hips, where she was beautifully bare underneath, straddling me. One hand splayed over my front, the other on the carpet behind her as she lowered herself onto me, her breath catching. It took more wriggling on her part this time, but she - we - had gravity working in our favor, too. The tension of her nails digging into the carpet and against my front thrilled me, and I sent a silent prayer up to the woman that had dropped into Tana's dreams for this excellent suggestion.

Transfixed by her quiet sighs and moans, I watched rapturously as my Tana slowly and carefully sank down on my knob for the second time, gasping as it finally slid in fully. I couldn't help but thrust back up, my rigid body vibrating the tiniest bit. It was enough to make Tana's eyes fly open, however, wide with wonder as a smile curved her lips. "Drys?"

She let out a little cry of alarm as my body bowed and grew beneath her, my wide, short knob lengthening into something between my door self and human self deep inside her, causing both of us to groan. She threw her arms around my neck as her thighs slid to either side of my naked human lap. "Drys! It's you! It worked! Thank you thank you thank you Hera!"

She covered my neck in kisses between each "thank you", taking deep inhales against my skin like my scent was a drug she needed to live. As she moved to kiss my lips, her hips tilted just slightly, unconsciously seeking friction. I wrapped my hands around them, leaning back and thrusting up slowly to watch the lust haze in her eyes as I whispered against her mouth. "My Beautiful Tana, how I've missed you. I'd die for you a thousand times to live this moment."

Her head lolled back, her hair tickling the tops of my legs as I began to work in and out of her body, chasing instinct and sensation shamelessly. Her hands fell to my shoulders as she rode me at a pace that had me seeing stars, grateful for the condom giving me a little more control, content to let her lead me as she found her own bliss. She ground herself into me, burying my cock to the hilt inside her, whimpering against my neck as she moved faster and faster, all but pinning me against the couch behind us.

“Yes, *yes Drys*, fuck me...please baby...oh *god..*” I took the hint and grabbed her hips even tighter, driving up into her until her moans dipped in pitch. Moments later, her body locked up against me, her cunt tightening and fluttering as her nails dug into my shoulders before she went all but boneless in my arms.

She nuzzled my temple tenderly, whispering. “Put me on my back, Drys. I want you to use me to get off, I love that. I want to watch you use my body.” Her eyes sparkled with a new kind of lust, and I held her against me as I rolled up on my knees, stretching her out on top of the carpet beneath me without sliding out of her.

She raised her legs to rest her thighs on my hips, and I planted a palm on either side of her beautiful face, bracing myself the way I had on the dresser. We smiled at each other, and I watched the shift of her features with fascination as I stroked slowly into her: the flutter of her eyelashes, her teeth worrying at her lower lip, her brow furrowing with pleasure. I leaned down to kiss the furrow away, starting up a slow, hungry rhythm of thrusts that felt best to me, exactly as she'd asked me to. She nodded, mouthing *good boy* up at me, and my last thread of control snapped, sending my hips crashing into her gracelessly as I whined.

Her hand found my hair again as I drove into her, panting with need. “I know you can do it for me, Drys baby. I know you can fill that condom up and show me how much you missed me. Go on, lover, fuck me hard, take what you want, take what you *need*, come for me...come for me now...”

Her tone as she instructed me, half control and command and half just-shy-of-teasing, sent me over the edge so fast I was almost embarrassed. I cried out for her, chanting her name, mindlessly trying to root myself even

deeper as I pulsed and twitched and shuddered, completely undone. I gently rested my forehead on hers as I gasped for air, my heart hammering with pleasant exhaustion.

She gathered me against her chest, letting me go boneless, tilting us to the side so that I didn't crush her as I caught my breath. She stroked her hands up and down my sweaty ribs and back, tracing soft paths as she sighed with contentment.

"Have I pleased you? Did I do well?" I blushed, shy to voice those questions still, needing her praise as much as I needed her body moments ago.

"So well, my good boy. Absolutely perfect. You did exactly what I asked you to and I loved every minute of it. Thank you so much, baby."

I tucked a broad smile against her shoulder, cheeks burning. *I was a good boy.*

After we'd rested for a moment, Tana talked me through holding the edge of the condom as I eased our bodies apart, and even that simple instruction was enough to stir my cock's interest again. She also snickered at my stricken expression, which didn't help matters at all.

She tapped my tip-filled, condom-covered cock with a finger, winking at me as she got up, gesturing towards the small room - the *bathroom*, she called it. "You're definitely my type, Drys. We're going to have so much fun. Now go get cleaned up, you and I are going out to dinner to celebrate your triumphant return."

I tugged the condom off, looking with fascination at the thick white liquid on my fingertips before I washed them off in the sink. Tana explained, as she got ready nearby, that it had been several months since that fateful night when I was shot and reverted back to my door-self. Mrs. Scrimshaw had actually called in about Randall - the older woman had previously caught him going out to the woods at odd hours of the night, and realized Tana's car wasn't in the lot the last time Randall had let himself into this apartment. Randall had nearly died from head trauma the night he

shot me and I fell on him - I was solid oak, after all - but had pulled through enough to face trial and spend the rest of his life in prison. Poor Sarah had been laid to rest properly, and her family had gotten the closure they'd been waiting so long for.

Once I was dressed in a pair of nice black pants and a button-up shirt she'd bought for me while I was in evidence, Tana smiled as she fixed my collar, her expression soft and affectionate. "So, Hera also said that you'll turn back into a door every full moon, so we'll need to repeat *this* when you transform so I can bring you back with my *magic pussy*." She giggled and cupped a hand over the enchanted genitals in question, over the skirt of her beautiful red dress. "You should be able to stay human for the rest of the month now, at least, though she also said you'll have more control over the change once you get used to it. Kinda glad about that, honestly - I'm a fan of your knob."

She wrapped her arms around my waist and tilted her face up for a kiss, which I gladly gave her. "Your wish is my command. Now and always, in any body I can give you." She cupped my cheek and patted it a tad too firmly with a smile, making my cock jump yet again. I doubted I'd ever really get it back under control, now that Tana had truly claimed me.

"Oh! And - um - well, it was kind of weird, but some old guy in a bathrobe or something knocked on my door yesterday, asking about you. I was a little freaked out, obviously, but he said you were...family? I don't see how that's possible, but I didn't tell him anything, either, just in case. He left something for you." She grabbed a small box off the entryway table and handed it to me, peering curiously into it as I pulled off the cover. Inside, a worn, brown leather wallet was nestled against a few folded sheets of tissue paper.

We sat on the couch as I opened the wallet, where a driver's license with my photo graced the front pocket, declaring me as Drys Locke, a 32 year old legal immigrant from Greece, along with a passport and a small copy of my theoretical Greek birth certificate. A substantial amount of high-value bills and a business card for an antiques dealer were tucked in the back of the wallet. As I turned over the card - "*Tell him dad sent you, and take good care of that beautiful girl!*" greeted me in sharp, tidy handwriting, and an

antique gold coin rolled out from the back pocket to land heavily onto my leg.

So maybe Zeus had learned something, after all. Either way, I wasn't going to let a good lesson go to waste. I tucked the coin and card safely in the drawer of the coffee table and extended a hand to help Tana up.

“The Gods have spoken, I have a beautiful girl to take to dinner.” I smiled as she turned her face up to me again, wordlessly demanding another kiss.

I really liked it when she bossed me around.

***** The End *****

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About the Author: Vera Valentine



An unapologetic book-huffer and devourer-of-stories, Vera Valentine has carried on a torrid love affair with the written word for nearly all of her 40 years. Grown in the diner-laden wilds of the New Jersey Pine Barrens and transplanted to North Carolina, she lives with her husband, eight cats, and two dogs, most of whom are house trained.

An avid fan of the Paranormal 'Why Choose?' / Queer Polyam genre, she initially tossed her author hat into the ring in September of 2021. Since then, she's applied her pen to more than a dozen books full of spicy romance, angst, and dry humor, including fear-feeding cryptids, Easter bunny aliens, and omegaverse balloon animal shifters.

A self-professed chaotic capybara, Vera can usually be found spending too much time on social media, chilling with fellow authors, or scribbling down plot bunny ideas in her trusty paper sidekick, the Bad Idea Book™.

If you'd like to stay in touch and up-to-date on Vera's latest projects, pop by **ValentineVerse.com** to follow her on social media, sign up for the ValentineVerse Newsletter, and more! :)

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- [Sap and Spile](#)
- [Plucked \(Moriverse: Book 1\)](#)
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