



Hot Man

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Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: Dax

Isn't it true that the most life-changing events happen when we least expect them? I'm getting a coffee at my favorite cafe, my usual morning routine, when I catch sight of the new barista working there. I know at a glance that she's special, and despite the difference in our ages, I know she's the one I want to be with for the rest of my life. When I take her home, I'm determined never to let her out of my sight. When I wake up the next day and she's vanished, I know that I need to get her back.

Chloe

My first meeting with Dax is perfect, which is as it should be, since I've been planning it for months. Ever since I first laid eyes on him four years ago, I knew he was the man for me, but I also knew I'd need to bide my time until he no longer saw me as a child. In the meantime, I followed him everywhere, including his home. Now that we've formed a real connection, I worry he'll be horrified by me when he learns the truth. In order to avoid hurting him, I am left with no choice but to run away from the only love I've ever known.

Hot Man is a standalone, age-gap, reverse stalker romance.

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Chapter One

Chloe

“You’re a natural,” Nicole says as she watches me steam milk and pour it into a tiny white latte mug. Even though it’s my first day, I manage to create the foam hearts exactly the way she taught me. “Are you sure you’ve never worked at a cafe before?”

“No,” I say with a grin, setting aside the mug and carafe. “I’m just really passionate about coffee.”

It’s not exactly the truth, but I wouldn’t say it’s a lie. I’m passionate about one kind of coffee – the kind of coffee that Dax, the very handsome firefighter, likes. He’s actually the only reason I applied for this job. And I had to get this job. Halcyon Coffee Shop is his favorite cafe, so working here means I might finally have a reason to talk to him.

So, even though my passion for coffee is selfish and ultra-specific, I studied hard, learning everything I could about working in a shop like this. And all that hard work paid off. This job was mine as soon as I walked into the interview.

“Well,” Nicole says, glancing at the watch on her wrist, “it’s about time for me to go on my break. How about you help out on the register? If you need any help, Marley can answer questions.”

“Sounds good,” I say, unable to quell my excitement.

Dax should be coming in today. It's one of his days away from the station, and he doesn't have a coffee maker at home. So, if he wants his caffeine fix, he'll show up. And he always wants his caffeine fix.

I know it's wrong of me to have his entire schedule memorized like this, to know what he keeps in his house. It's just that I've never been able to quell my obsession with him. Ever since he came into the group home that I live in to talk to all of us about career options, I've known he's the one for me. He seemed so kind and caring that I tried to talk to him afterwards, just to be in his presence a little bit longer. Unfortunately, the younger boys all crowded around him to hear about his job, and the older girls hung around to flirt with him. I've always hated crowds, so I made myself scarce, then watched him as he left. I followed him outside, telling myself it was just to ask some more questions when we were alone. Before I built up the nerve to say anything, though, he got into his car and drove away. I was sure I'd never see him again, but I was helping out in the administrative office the next day, I caught a glimpse of the thank-you note that the group home sent him. Without quite knowing why at the time, I wrote down his address, an address I've been to many times since.

As I take my place at the register, anticipation bubbles just below the surface. Not only will I be able to see him the exact moment he walks in, there's a high chance that I'll get to talk to him for the first time since that fateful day four years ago.

I'm not expecting him to walk in the door the second I unlock the Point of Sale system screen.

My heart pounds in my chest, and the entire world seems to narrow to just me and Dax. His brown eyes lock onto me, and his mouth tugs upward. My gaze is drawn to the scar on his lip, an injury I know he got while working.

I suck in a breath as he starts walking toward me. His tall, muscular form navigates the tables and chairs with a kind of grace that seems almost unnatural. I tuck a loose

strand of my black hair behind my ear nervously, hoping that I don't embarrass myself in front of him.

When he gets up close, there's an electric current flowing between us. I almost forget that we're at a coffee shop, that I'm at work. But then Marley clears her throat next to me, and I remember I'm supposed to be doing my job.

"Hi," I say, my knees feeling weak when the smile on his face gets wider. I'm already punching his order into the computer as I ask, "What can I get for you today?"

Just like I knew he would, Dax says, "A latte with an extra shot of espresso. Two percent milk."

"Perfect," I say, sending the order and taking the bank card that he's already offering to me. Our fingers brush together, and goosebumps erupt up my arm. When I glance at his expression, I can tell he felt it too. "Um—"

"Will you be calling out my order?" he asks, his deep voice warming my chest.

"I will," I confirm before I can even think about it. Beside me, Marley makes a noise like she sees right through me.

Oh no... Am I being too obvious?

"Good," Dax says, immediately quelling my concerns. He glances down at my name tag before returning his gaze to my face. "Thank you, Chloe."

I stand there, feeling a little dazed for a moment, before my coworker scoffs and shakes her head. When I jerk my thumb in the direction of the espresso machine, she nods, giving me permission to make his drink.

I've been practicing this recipe since I learned that it was his regular order. I could make it in my sleep. As a result, I'm quick, moving with the speed and precision of a seasoned barista and not a new hire.

"One latte with an extra shot of espresso and two percent milk for Dax," I call out, the phrase one that I've practiced a hundred times before. It's a little less sexy and a little more hurried and breathless than when I rehearsed it in front of the mirror, but at least I don't embarrass myself completely.

"You already know my name?" he asks as he accepts the drink from my outstretched hand.

Shoot. I didn't ask for his name when I took his order, did I? I have to think fast or I might expose myself.

"Oh, um," I say, my cheeks burning even though I will them not to. "Your name was on your card."

Dax looks at me for a moment, something I don't recognize flashing over his features. Then his face breaks out into a handsome grin and he says, "That makes sense. I thought you might just be one of those intuitive types."

"No," I say breathlessly, relieved that my story worked. "Nothing quite as interesting as that."

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“You’re definitely interesting,” Dax says, making my heart do a funny little flip-flop in my chest. Then, he surprises me even further by asking, “What time do you get out of here? I can’t explain it, but I need to get to know you better. I can’t believe I’ve never seen you in here before.”

“I actually just started today,” I admit. Then, I kick myself for not immediately answering his question. “I have another hour and a half before I can clock out.”

“Well, that’s not too long at all,” he says thoughtfully. “We’ll talk more then. Thank you for the latte, Chloe.”

“You’re welcome.”

The two of us stare at each other for a moment. There’s something simmering there, something I’m too afraid to name. Then Dax winks at me before turning around and heading to a table in the corner that’s within view of the bar. His bag is already there, and after he sits down, he pulls out a laptop.

I watch him until he opens the computer, not stopping until he turns his gorgeous brown eyes back on me. With a hammering heart, I get back to work, disbelief seeping out of my pores as the fact that he wants to get to know me sinks in. I’m worried that he’ll find out I’ve been watching him for years, that I’ve been inside his house when he isn’t home and that I’ve learned his schedule and his coffee order. I’m so absorbed in my own thoughts that I almost don’t notice the way his eyes continue to linger on me for the rest of my shift.

Chapter Two

Dax

Despite the fact that my laptop is open in front of me, the screen stays off the entire time. My eyes are focused elsewhere. I almost forget about my latte sitting in front of me.

I'm enthralled by Chloe. She's a cute little thing, her black hair pulled back into a ponytail swishing with each one of her movements. And god, the way her green eyes shone when she spoke to me had me captivated.

Honestly, I can't believe I almost didn't come to the shop today. We've had a busy week at the fire station, and when I woke up this morning, I considered just having one of the energy drinks in my fridge and taking care of some housework. A voice in my head told me that I needed to come in for a latte today, and my intuition aside, it is a much better alternative to an energy drink.

I've never been a man who believes in fate, but I'm not sure what else to call this. Or maybe it's divine intervention. I'm not sure, but there isn't any point in questioning it. In fact, I'll accept it whole-heartedly.

It doesn't matter what led me to meeting Chloe. I'm grateful for it. And I won't let this opportunity pass me by. There's something special about this girl. I have to make her mine. No one has ever made me feel like this. Something primal in me wants to claim her even though I've only just met her. Instinctively, I know that this woman is my future.

The last bit of her shift seems to drag on. I can't wait to get her alone, to claim her. Honestly, I don't even know if I'm going to get her home. I have half a mind to drag her into the back of this shop and have my way with her.

Finally, Chloe starts taking her apron off, and I take that as my cue to pack up my

untouched belongings. Once I have everything put away, I stand, shouldering my bag and keeping a close eye on her. When she slips into the break room, I follow her. No one stops me, and I know that's one of the perks that comes with being a firefighter in a small town; everyone assumes I have nothing but the best intentions.

"I thought your shift would never end," I say as I slip in behind her, pulling the door closed and pressing the lock.

She jumps, but smiles when she sees me standing there. She twiddles her thumbs together and tucks her chin against her chest when she says, "I didn't think it would, either. I thought about just quitting on the spot so I could be with you alone."

Something about that suggestion makes me feel like a crazed man. I'd love it if this girl didn't have any responsibilities. My brain supplies the image of her being at my house, waiting for me to get back from work, always being available for me. My cock hardens at an alarming pace.

"Well, it's over now," I say, noting the way my voice has gone dark with lust. "And I can't really complain about the wait. I got to watch you while you worked. You're absolutely gorgeous, you know that?"

Chloe blushes beautifully, and I take a step forward, cupping her face in my palms. Gently, I tilt her face up toward mine. Her forest green eyes widen, a flicker of hope flashing through them. There's nothing I can do other than lean down and connect our lips.

She gasps into my mouth, seemingly taken aback by my boldness. I take advantage of her surprise, running my tongue over her bottom lip. She lets me in, opening her mouth up even wider to let me explore.

The taste of coffee floods my senses. She must have had some right before this. I

grow even harder in my pants, my length twitching with undeniable desire. Desperately needing her to know what she's doing to me, I slide one hand to the back of her head, carding my fingers through the hair that's come loose from her ponytail. With my other hand, I grip her waist and pull her in close.

"Oh," she breathes against my lips, breaking our kiss and panting heavily.

"I just can't help it," I admit, pressing another kiss to her lush lips. "I've wanted to get my hands on you since I saw you."

"I—"

Her hesitancy gives me pause. I don't pull away, but I lean my head back, examining her face. She looks young, and part of me worries that I'm doing something reprehensible. So I ask, "Are you old enough to be doing this?"

"Yes," she says quickly, her hands gripping onto my biceps like she's afraid I'm about to bolt – little does she know, I'm not going anywhere. "I'm eighteen. It's just..."

"Just what, sweetheart?" I ask, even though I think I already know the answer. I need to hear her say it, though.

After a beat, she confirms what I already suspected. "I've never done anything like this before... That was my first kiss."

"Fuck," I curse, holding onto her tighter. My cock pulses violently in my pants at the thought of being the first and only man to have her like this. I need more, though.

"Baby, I want to touch you. Will you let me?"

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I watch the curve of her throat as she swallows hard. Then, she nods. Now, that I have her permission, I feel almost feral with need. I shift my grip from her hip to the front of her jeans, easily taking care of the button and the zipper.

“You’re so wet for me,” I remark as I slip my hand into her underwear, running a teasing finger through her folds. “You ever been this wet before, baby?”

“I don’t think so,” she admits, her hips twitching instinctively. “You— your fingers feel good.”

“I know something that’ll feel even better,” I tell her before kissing her hard once again. “I can’t give it to you here, though. I’ll take care of you now, then take you back to my house and show you, yeah?”

“Uh huh,” she whines, her grip on me getting even tighter when I circle my fingers around her clit.

“That’s my good girl,” I praise, changing the angle of my wrist slightly so I can slide my fingers inside of her. “Just try to keep quiet. We don’t want anyone trying to get in here, do we?”

She shakes her head, her eyes squeezed closed. I want to demand that she opens them, but there’s something so erotic about the way she’s got her face scrunched up in pleasure. Plus, she seems so keyed up that she might not be able to keep herself quiet if she’s looking at me. I don’t care if she loses her job or not, but I don’t want her to associate her first orgasm with something so negative.

So I lean in to kiss her. My fingers explore her depths, and the heel of my hand rubs against her clit. She's helpless in my grasp, shaking as she attempts to keep up with the kisses I'm giving her. Her thighs clench, and her pussy pulses around my digits.

Chloe is so sensitive. I think that even if I didn't get verbal confirmation that this was her first time, I'd know it by the way she already seems so close to falling apart. It won't take much more for her to reach her orgasm, and that thought alone is almost enough to make me cum in my pants like I'm the inexperienced one.

"Dax," she whimpers against my lips, her strung out voice threatening to drive me crazy. "Dax, I—"

"I know, baby," I assure her, kissing the corner of her mouth. "Just let it out. Let me make you feel good. You're doing so well."

Before she can respond, I'm kissing her again. The sounds she's making are getting even louder. My girl is so far gone on pleasure that she doesn't realize how much noise she's making. I can't wait to get her home so she can be as loud as she wants. But until then, I need to help keep her quiet. I still have that much self-control left at least.

All it takes is a few more thrusts of my fingers before her entire body shakes in my grip. She makes a long, drawn out whimpering noise as her tight pussy clenches even tighter around my fingers. While her orgasm overwhelms her body, I work her through it, dragging the sensation out as long as I can, only pulling away when the sounds of pleasure start to morph into something sharper.

As she's panting, I pull my soaked hand out of her panties and do up the zipper and button on her jeans. She seems too fargone to do it herself. Then I pull her against me, hugging her tightly. I kiss the top of her head, inhaling the scent of her floral shampoo.

“How was that?” I ask, unable to keep myself from smirking. I don’t need her answer to know it was mind blowing.

“So good,” Chloe tells me. “I... I’ve never felt like that before.”

“I already told you that I can make you feel even better,” I remind her. I pull away from her, resting my hands on my hips so she can’t get too far away from me. “I’m going to take you back to my place now.”

“Okay,” she says, giving me a brilliant smile, showing off a row of almost-perfect teeth. “I’d like that.”

“Good,” I say, leaning in to kiss her, ignoring the way my cock aches for her. I’ll get my relief soon. I just have to hold out for a little longer.

Chapter Three

Chloe

Sitting in Dax’s car, I can’t believe my luck. When I went into work today, I’d only hoped for a glimpse of him. I thought that maybe, if I was lucky, I’d get to talk to him. Not even in my wildest dreams did I think that I’d get his hands on me.

It was better than anything I’d ever imagined. I’ve never made myself climax on purpose. Sure, there have been dreams and that one time with my pillow, but I had never set out to make myself feel like that. I was saving that for him. And it was everything I dreamed it would be. Even now, I can’t stop thinking about what just happened in the break room.

“You know, I spend a lot of time at the coffee shop when I’m not at the fire station,” Dax says conversationally. “I’m a firefighter,” he clarifies. I hide a smile. He doesn’t

need to tell me, I already know. I know everything about him. “I’ve never seen you at the cafe before today. What made you want to work there?”

“I, um, I graduated high school a few months ago, and it’s my first job. I don’t even like coffee; it just seemed like a good entry-level position,” I tell him as he rests his large hand on my thigh, his palm almost covering it entirely. It’s hard for me to focus on anything but the contact. I’m lying by omission, though. The reason I never went to the cafe as a customer was because I was worried he would start to notice that I always came at the same time he did. Besides, as a barista, I had to talk to him; as a fellow customer, I would have had no idea how to open a conversation in a natural way. Tracking his movements from across the street was a much safer bet, one that had more than paid off.

“Well, that would explain why I’ve never seen you there before today,” he laughs, that hand on my thigh drifting up and down, getting closer and closer to my center each time. “So, do you have any plans for school?”

“Not really,” I say, trying my best to keep my attention on the conversation we’re having. I won’t ruin this by slipping up and letting him know he’s the only field of interest I’ve been studying recently. “I thought about going to the fire academy, but I’m not that strong. Sometimes I drop stuff off at the station, though.”

“Really?” he says, and I can tell by the tone of his voice he’s wondering how we never ran into each other – little does he know that was also entirely by design. “I guess meeting at the coffee shop must have been fate, then. It’s probably for the best we didn’t meet while you were still in school. I don’t know if I’d have been able to keep my hands off of you.”

“Oh,” I murmur, as though the thought hadn’t occurred to me. I’d played it safe; I knew there was no way Dax would let himself be in a relationship with a girl who was only fourteen, or even a girl he’d known since she was fourteen, so I made sure

he never even saw me until the moment we could be together properly.

I glanced over at him to find him hard in his jeans. I know that he didn't get to have an orgasm like I did. My lack of experience has never bothered me – it's not like I wanted anyone but him – but now it does. I should do something about this arousal. It isn't even a matter of obligation. I want to do something about it.

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Dax is speaking, but I don't register the words he's saying. Instead, my mind runs rampant with what I could do to him. He used his hands on me, so I know that's an option. I've also seen... videos. I know that I could use my mouth. It doesn't look too difficult.

I want to do anything I can to win him over. As much as I don't want him to know that I've been watching him from afar – and sometimes up close – for years, I'm deathly afraid of the truth slipping out. I need to give him every reason to keep me around in case that ever happens.

“You've been quiet for the last few minutes.” Dax's voice breaks me out of my trance. I tear my eyes away from the sizable bulge in his pants and blush furiously when he smirks – I've been caught. “Impatient?”

I giggle, looking away from him and fixing my eyes on the route that's now familiar to me. We're not far from Dax's house. When we get there, I'll need to act surprised, like it's my first time seeing the place. Impatient isn't exactly the word I'd use for how I'm feeling. I'm awash with excitement and nervousness.

“Don't worry,” he assures me with a squeeze. “We'll be there soon.”

“Right,” I say, putting my hand over his.

In a flash, he flips his hand over, threading our fingers together. That motion tells me that everything's going to be okay. I might not know what I'm doing, and I might have been stalking him, but for the next few hours, everything will be fine.

I'll worry about the details later.

For the next few minutes, we ride in comfortable silence. There's a promise of something more heavy in the air. Dax's thumb rubs steady circles against my skin, and that tiny bit of contact alone makes me wet. I squeeze my thighs together, anticipation building as we enter his neighborhood.

As soon as he pulls into the driveway, he throws the car into park and pulls me into a heated kiss. It seemed like he was holding himself together fairly well, but the way he kisses me tells me that his restraint is something to be admired. I've never felt more wanted in my entire life.

I can barely keep up with the movement of his mouth. He kisses me like he's drowning and I'm the oxygen he craves. I'm lightheaded, and Dax is stealing all the air from my lungs. If I had any more to give him, I would. I'd give him my entire life. In a way, I feel like I already have.

Without breaking the kiss, he releases my seat belt buckle, then his. We pull apart just long enough for the fabric restraints to retract. Then we're back on one another, this time with nothing between us.

His hands roam my body, caressing my neck and shoulders. I can't help the shudder of desire that escapes my lips, and I feel him smirk in response. Apparently, he's pleased with the reactions that he's able to coax from me.

All at once, I realize that when he was asking me to be quiet earlier, it was for my own sake. He wants to hear me. Now that we're at his place, away from the public eye and the threat of my boss finding us, I don't have to be concerned about my noise level.

So, when he threads his fingers into the soft hairs at the nape of my neck, I don't

bother to try to suppress the embarrassing sound that comes from my throat.

The effect it has on him is immediately evident. Dax pulls me even closer, and I end up halfway between my seat and his, my legs at a funny angle in order to keep myself upright. He's practically devouring my mouth. I can barely maintain my balance, and I end up bracing myself on his thighs, my fingertips digging into the muscle hidden just beneath the denim.

Even through a layer of thick fabric, I can feel how strong he is. Not only is he exceptionally tall, he's all raw strength. I wonder what it would feel like to have that strength used on me. He could pick me up without breaking a sweat, and if he wanted to hold me down, I'd have no hope of getting away. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I think that knowledge should scare me, but it doesn't. I just get wetter at the thought of being manhandled by him.

I'm not sure what possesses me to do it – primal instinct maybe – but I start dragging my hands over his legs. I want to feel every part of him. I've watched and watched and watched, but I've never been so close to the man of my dreams. Now that he's in front of me, kissing me like our lives depend on it, I can't help but touch.

Eventually, curiosity gets the best of me. My touch drifts higher, gets even more insistent. I'm fascinated by the way he responds, the way his hips seem to twitch as if begging for the attention to be shifted higher. So, I give into what he's asking for, groping the bulge in the front of his jeans.

“Oh fuck,” he curses, leaning away from me and groaning through his teeth. Beneath my palm, his cock twitches as if begging for more attention. “Inside. We need to get inside – now.”

Chapter Four

Dax

I practically pull Chloe into the house, moving so fast I should be embarrassed. I've never been this excited to get someone alone. But, in my defense, I've never felt this way about anyone before.

I haven't had a serious girlfriend. I've always been too busy with work. Chloe makes me feel different, though. I'd make time for her. I'd do anything if it meant keeping her in my life.

On the way to my bedroom, I throw my bag into a corner. Chloe giggles, and it's without a doubt the most beautiful noise I've ever heard in my life. I'm not the kind of man to tell jokes, but maybe I could learn a few just so I can hear her laugh as often as possible.

Somehow, I manage to get the two of us to my bedroom; but, when we get there, all of my self-restraint goes flying out the window. I need her, badly. And just holding her hand is nowhere near enough to quench my thirst.

As soon as I get the door closed, I spin us around and press Chloe against it. She gasps, and I lean in to catch her open mouth in a filthy kiss. She responds beautifully, her arms flying around my neck to pull her body against mine as she tilts her head to give me better access.

I take everything she's willing to give me, licking into her mouth and tasting her sweetness again. Fuck, I don't think I'm ever going to get tired of this. Despite her inexperience, this is still the best kiss I've ever had. I can't wait to see how much better she gets with more practice.

As I'm still ravaging her mouth, I go for the button of her jeans. I need to get my hands on her most private parts again. I need to make her go crazy with desire. Now

that we're alone, I need to hear all of those delicious sounds that she makes just for me.

I shove her pants down and they pool around her ankles. As she kicks them off, her body jostles against me. I hold her steady, helping her maintain her balance so her mouth never has to leave mine.

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With her legs bare, I waste no time in getting my hand between her thighs. She spreads them for me, widening her stance to give me better access. I smirk into her mouth as I let my touch drift higher, loving the way her whole body seems to quiver in anticipation.

I don't make her wait for my fingers long. It's obvious that she's aching for it, and the last of my patience snapped as soon as I got the bedroom door closed behind us. I need to touch her. I need to make her fall apart again.

She's dripping wet, her juices already on her upper thighs. When I finally get to her center, she whines wantonly into my mouth. The sound only grows higher in pitch when I swipe my fingers through her folds, dipping into her sensitive, tight opening.

"Dax," she whimpers, her grip on me tightening as she grinds into my touch.

It's almost too much for me. I need more of her, and it's clear that she does, too. She's not ready for my cock yet, no matter how badly I want to shove it into her and take what I want. I'll have to get her ready for it. Luckily, I have an idea.

I shift my mouth to her neck, kissing and nipping, enjoying the way she gasps and groans in response. When she wraps her arms around my shoulders, I take advantage of her new grip. Moving both of my hands to the backs of her thighs, I pick her up as I'm sucking a bruise onto her collarbone and spin us toward the mattress.

Chloe weighs practically nothing, and it's easy to maneuver with her in my arms. She grinds against me with each step I take, and I feel almost bad when I drop her onto the mattress, taking away the friction she was enjoying. She's going to get something

better than that in just a moment, though.

I stare at her, my mouth watering at the sight of her glistening pussy. I need to see all of her, but that shirt she's wearing is in my way.

"Off," I command, grabbing the hem of it and tugging it upward.

She's quick to obey me, lifting herself up and letting me pull the garment over her head. Then, like she can read my mind, her hands fly to her back and she unclasps her bra, letting it fall to her lap. I grab it, tossing it to the side as I stare at this beautiful, untouched girl.

I'm going to make her mine. I'm going to ruin her for any other man. Fuck. I need to taste her right now.

"You're beautiful," I tell her before kissing her again as I guide her onto her back again. "So pretty, Chloe."

"Dax," she says, leaning her head to the side to give me access to her neck.

I take advantage of the exposed skin, leaving a trail of hot kisses down the column of her throat. At the same time, I reach up to palm her breast. Her nipple is hard, and I can't resist taking it between my fingertips and rolling the nub.

Chloe is unrestrained, the pitch of her voice changing when I cover her other breast with my mouth. I flick my tongue over the nipple, loving the way that she pushes against me. She seems to have lost control of her language, but she's begging for more with her body.

While I'm enjoying the noises I'm getting from stimulating her chest, I'm dying to get a taste of her. I move my mouth off of her breast with a pop and start kissing my

way down her stomach. I can feel her muscles jumping beneath my lips, and just to get a bigger reaction from her, I dip my tongue into her bellybutton.

Chloe giggles, but her hips jerk up. I smirk against her skin, loving the way that she obviously wants more from me. After giving her abdomen another lick, I move lower, move to where her treasure lies.

For a moment, all I can do is stare at her pretty pink pussy. From this angle, I can see how tight she is. My mouth waters, and I can't help but getting in closer to breathe in her scent, puffing hot air against the most sensitive part of her.

"Please," she says above me when I spend too long lingering in one place. Her entire body twitches with need, almost like she's begging me to lean in and have a taste. "Dax. I- I need--"

"I know," I say soothingly as I rub my hands up and down the tops of her thighs. "You're just so pretty. I had to look."

Then, before she can protest or say anything else, I dive in. She tastes just as sweet as I imagined she would. She reminds me of strawberries, summery and light. I can't get enough of it, and I push myself even more firmly against her as I plunge my tongue inside to taste her straight from the source.

Above me, she writhes with pleasure. Seemingly without realizing it, she's threaded her fingers through my short hair. A low, animalistic sound comes out of her mouth, and when I look up, her eyes are rolled up toward the ceiling.

That won't do at all. I need her eyes on me. I need her to watch as I take her apart. She needs to know exactly who she belongs to and exactly what I look like when I'm drunk on her juices. So, I tap her outer thigh, pausing the movement of my tongue until I have her full, undivided attention.

Those shining green eyes meet mine, and my neglected cock twitches painfully in my jeans. Her gaze is completely clouded with lust. She's gone, carried onto another level by pleasure, and it's all because of me. Even better, I'm the only person who's ever made her look or feel like this, and I intend on keeping it that way. This girl is mine.

With renewed vigor, I start eating her out again. Our eyes remain locked, white-hot electricity passing between our gazes. It does something to me, makes my insides twist deliciously. If I were a younger, more inexperienced man, I might cum in my pants just from what I'm doing here.

Hell, I still run that risk. My girl is making noises that rival those of dirty videos, and they're all for me. Each gush of her juices over my tongue makes my cock ache for her. I need to get her body relaxed. Once I make her cum and get her opened up, she'll be able to take my cock.

Her pleasure is what's most important. I feel blessed to be where I am. I'm not going to do anything that might put me at risk of losing her.

As I shift my mouth up to her clit, I bring two fingers up to her quivering opening. Slowly, I work them inside of her, loving the way she cries my name. She sounds completely fucked out, gone on nothing more than my mouth. It only spurs me on further.

I pump my digits in and out of her in time with the flicks of my tongue. It has the desired effect, Chloe's pussy gripping onto me as she approaches her climax. She's practically screaming my name along with desperate pleas. She doesn't even know what she's asking for, and it drives me insane.

"Wait—" she starts, the word getting cut off by a whine. I only go faster. "I'm Dax—Dax, I'm about to—"

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I hum in response, encouraging her. I want her to cum. I want to get her sweet juices all over my face. I want to have them dripping down my chin.

All it takes to push her over the edge is hooking my fingers upward. I hit her g-spot on the first try. I know that I've got it as soon as my fingers brush it because of her reaction. She cries out, hiccuping on the sound.

I work her through her climax, continuing to stroke the nerves inside her silky walls as I suck at her clit. Her back arches off of the mattress, and my mouth is flooded with the taste of her. I groan as my cock twitches in my boxers, precum escaping the tip.

When I finally reluctantly pull back, I get a proper look at Chloe's face. Her chest is heaving, and there are tear tracks on her cheeks. At first, I worry that I've done something wrong or crossed a line. But then, she smiles at me, letting out that gorgeous giggle that I can feel myself slowly falling in love with.

That's the last thought I have as I pull myself up to be level with her face, the urge to kiss her overwhelming me.

Chapter Five

Chloe

I don't have any time to catch my breath. As soon as my orgasm – an orgasm that stole all the air from my lungs – subsides, Dax is on me. One of his hands softly caresses my cheek, wiping away tears that I didn't realize I had shed. The other slides

up between my thighs.

His touch around my pussy is gentle. I'm in awe that such a large, strong man could handle me with such care. Even though I knew that he was kind, I didn't realize just how far that kindness extended.

Guilt threatens to creep back in, but then his fingers slide inside my opening again, and my brain goes blank. Now isn't the time for thinking. I'll have plenty of time to work myself into a tizzy after Dax finishes doing whatever he wants to me.

He scissors his fingers inside of my wetness, making a pleased sound against my mouth. My hips push up against his palm without my permission. Even though I just came, I'm already longing for more.

I didn't think I'd be so insatiable when it came to things like this, but I'm not surprised. Something about Dax makes me defy even my own expectations. I mean, I threw out my entire moral compass because I had to have him. Of course I'd want all the pleasure he's willing to give me.

"I think you're ready," he says when he pulls away from me.

"Huh?" I ask, propping myself up on my elbows to chase his lips.

I don't catch him, but it doesn't register as a problem. The sight in front of me more than makes up for it.

Dax is throwing his shirt to the side, revealing the perfectly sculpted abs that I've only seen from afar. My fingers twitch in the bedsheets, longing to reach out and touch him, to feel the power of his body under my palms. I know he'd let me if I asked.

Before I'm able to touch him, his hands are at his belt buckle. The sound of it coming undone makes me squirm. I know what's coming next, and my body cries out for it. It's the only part of him I haven't seen, and my heart pounds with anticipation.

His jeans fall to the floor with a dull thud, and his cock springs out of his boxers. My mouth waters at the sight of it, hard, veiny, and leaking. He's so big that I have no idea how he's going to fit, but I don't care. I need him inside of me, and I trust him to make it work.

"You're huge," I blurt, unable to stop the words from escaping. Embarrassment threatens to take over, but Dax growls.

"It's almost like you know just what to say," he says as he crawls onto the bed between my legs, shifting us up to the headboard. "You're killing me here, Chloe."

Those words are all the warning I get before he's plunging his thick cock inside of me. He's thick, but somehow my body accommodates him. It's like I'm opening up specifically for him. His member is the key to unlocking my unrestrained pleasure.

"Fuck," he curses, the word crisp coming from his lips. He continues pressing inside, only stopping when he's fully sheathed in my pussy. "I can't believe how tight you are. It's like you're strangling my cock."

I want to ask if that's a good thing, but I can't seem to find the words. The only thing I'm able to do is moan pathetically. Although, judging from the way that he's panting and fucking me shallowly, I can only guess that I'm making him feel very good.

As Dax's thrusts start to pick up in pace, he shifts his hands on the bed, lifting himself up slightly. Like this, I'm able to see his face perfectly. I watch as pleasure washes over his features, and I'm unable to stop myself from reaching out to smooth the furrow of his brow.

“Shit, Chloe,” he says before leaning down to kiss me again.

As his tongue is asking for entry, the motion of his hips gets more insistent. His pace, which started steady and gentle, slowly becomes brutal and punishing. The more unrestrained he gets, the more turned on I feel.

I wonder if that horrible niggling guilt in the back of my mind has anything to do with my arousal. Maybe I deserve to be fucked hard and fast, to be used by Dax for his own pleasure – to have mine disregarded. That can’t be the case, though; as soon as guilt creeps into my mind, it’s promptly replaced by elation at the fact of this gorgeous man’s muscular body on top of mine.

I attempt to kiss him back with all I’ve got. My words might be failing me at the moment, but I can use my actions to tell him how much I like this. It doesn’t matter how sloppy and inexperienced I am. I want to do anything to clue him into the fact that my obsession is morphing into love.

This is better than all of the times I’ve imagined. As he rails me, his free hand is roaming up and down my body. He tweaks my nipples and caresses my neck, turning this into a full body experience. I have goosebumps everywhere, and I can feel my arousal in every single nerve ending.

“Mm, Dax,” I moan against his lips, saying the only word I know right now.

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“I know, sweetheart,” he says, voice strained with lust. “I’m making you feel so good, aren’t I?”

“Uh huh,” I manage to agree after a few seconds, though I don’t think he was actually expecting an answer out of me.

“Can’t believe I found you,” he says, his head dropping down to the crux between my neck and shoulder. “Feels like I’ve been waiting for you forever.”

This time, I feel the tears spring to my eyes. Dax likes me. I’m not just some random hookup, someone he picked out of convenience. He thinks I’m his future, the same way I know he’s mine. I swallow harshly, willing those emotions to stay away – at least until we’re finished here.

Dax peppers kisses along my collarbone, his gentleness a stark contrast from the way he’s drilling into me unapologetically. My head spins, and I gulp down air. I know that my orgasm is close, approaching me like a freight train, but I want this moment to last forever.

“You have no idea the things you do to me,” Dax whispers in my ear, his hot breath causing me to shudder all the way down to my core. “I was hard just watching you work, It was all I could do not to drag you away and do this to you.”

“Dax,” I groan, bringing my hands up to caress the back of his head, my fingers tangling in his short, brown hair.

“I know,” he soothes again, nipping at my earlobe. “I’m insatiable. I can’t help it,

though. You're just so goddamn perfect."

"Dax," I say again. Then again. And again.

I can't stop saying his name as I hold onto him for dear life. I'm wrecked, only being kept steady by Dax's presence. He looks at me like he knows he's the only thing keeping me tethered.

"Are you getting close again?" he asks, even though I can tell he already knows the answer. "Feels like you're getting close, Chloe. Am I going to make you cum again?"

I try to say yes, but I can't. All I'm able to give him is a pathetic, choked off noise. He chuckles before changing the angle of his hips in response.

The kind of pleasure he gives me feels overwhelming. I feel like I might implode on myself. I'm clenching around his length and mindlessly digging my nails into his skin. It won't take much to push me over the line, and it's clear that Dax can tell.

His hand drifts away from my nipple, the flat of his palm dragging down my abdomen. I jerk upward when his fingertips brush my clit. Electric shocks of delight spread through me, and I feel myself going over the edge.

"Dax, Dax, Dax," I chant, bucking my hips up against him.

Blood rushes in my ears, blocking out the encouragement I can tell that he's murmuring to me. He works me through my climax, continuing to rub my clit as he pumps his hips in and out of me. His pace is still brutal and punishing, and I'm teetering on the edge of overstimulation. I think I love it, even though I can feel the pleasure morphing into pain.

"Feel so good," I hear Dax saying as my hearing starts to come back. "You feel so

good, Chloe. I'm getting close, gonna cum. Gonna fill you up and make you mine."

A few strokes later, I'm filled up even further. His seed shoots into me, his cock pressed up against my cervix. A wild, almost feral part of me wants him to get me pregnant. I wonder if this will take, if I'll be lucky enough to grow a part of him inside of me for nine months.

When his orgasm subsides, he pulls out, leaning over to kiss me on the forehead. His gaze is soft, and it makes something in my chest ache. The afterglow of my orgasm doesn't get a chance to set in, though. All I feel is growing anxiety.

I doubt he'd look at me like that if he knew I'd already been here. Actually, I'm positive he'd kick me out. If I want to save myself from that humiliation, I need to get out of here before he has a chance to learn who I really am – an orphan with a sick obsession with a firefighter she saw years ago. I really thought I could hide that part of myself from him, but now that we've been intimate, now that I know what real intimacy means, I know the truth will have to come out eventually. There's no way I'd be able to hide something that important for long, and the closer we get, the worse it will be when he does find out.

"You okay?" Dax asks, cupping my face and forcing me to look him in the eyes.

His concern only makes me feel worse, but I don't let it show on my face. Instead, I plaster on a smile and say, "I'm okay. Just tired."

"Sleep," he tells me, shifting onto his back and pulling me onto his chest. "I'll make dinner when we wake up."

I allow myself to be held, but sleep doesn't come. I won't let it. I need to enjoy these last few moments with Dax before I leave his life for good. And by "for good", I mean just that. I'll quit my job and leave the group home. I can't trust myself to be in the

same city as him. I'd just go back to my old ways.

So, when his breathing finally evens out, I carefully extract myself from his chest. My heart is heavy as I slowly get dressed, careful not to make any noise. Then, with one last look at him, I slip out of his home – the home I've always dreamed about being invited into.

I just hope he can forgive me.

Chapter Six

Dax

When I wake up a few hours later, the other side of my bed is cold. I try to quell the panic that begins to rise in my throat, but in my gut I know Chloe isn't in the house. It's too quiet.

Her smell lingers, though. It strikes me as familiar, which I didn't notice at first, when the aroma of espresso still clung to her. Now that she's been naked in my sheets, there's something light and floral lingering in the air. I've smelled it here before, but I don't understand how I could have.

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Maybe that's just fate. Maybe the smell is imaginary, or it's triggering some kind of déjà vu, like my brain or some higher power is cluing me into the fact that she's my soulmate. As if I didn't already know. Although, if I don't find her right now, something tells me I might never see her again.

Before I even get dressed, I send my brother, Michael, a text to ask him to find what he can on Chloe. Truthfully, I don't want to know how he does it, but he's an expert at finding details on people, even with the smallest amount of information. Almost immediately, he replies with a thumbs up emoji.

With him on the case, I hastily get dressed before rushing through my house, checking every room for any sign of her. When I don't find a note or any item she left behind, I grab my car keys and head out. She had to have left on foot, and while Blackwood Falls is a pretty tight-knit community, the town spans several miles. And that doesn't even touch on the hiking trails. I just hope that Chloe hasn't gone far.

I only get a few blocks away from my house, my eyes scanning the streets for any sign of my girl, when my phone vibrates in the cupholder. I pull over and check, relieved to see a text from my brother. He wasn't able to find a ton of information, but my eyes zero in on an address.

I furrow my brow in recognition. Her address is the same as the Blackwood Falls Children's Group Home. She must have just turned eighteen if she's still living there. At least, I hope that's the case and that she was telling the truth about her age. Otherwise, I'm going to get a lot of heat as a thirty-five year old chasing after a teenager.

Whatever. I can worry about that later. For now, it's just important that I find her. So I head to the address to find her and talk to her.

It doesn't take me long to get there, but I'm still frustrated that I don't see her on the drive. I tell myself that's okay. Depending on when she left, she might already be here already.

As soon as I walk inside the group home, the director recognizes me immediately. She gives me a smile, waving me to the front desk. It's obvious that she's surprised to see me here, but it's not like I haven't stopped by before to drop off supplies for the kids.

"Dax," she says when I step up to the desk. "I didn't know there was a fire inspection today."

"There isn't," I say, forcing myself to keep my tone polite. "I'm actually here to ask about someone that's staying here. I was hoping you could help me."

"Of course. I hope they aren't in any trouble," she replies.

"No, no," I say, because if I think logically, Chloe very likely isn't in trouble. I'm the one in trouble if I can't find her. "Nothing like that. I'm just checking up on someone. Her name's Chloe. She's eighteen, so I imagine she'll be moving out of here soon."

"Ah, yes," the woman laughs, completely ignorant of my mounting distress. "She actually just texted me a few minutes ago. She asked me to arrange a transfer to the shelter in the city."

"The city?" I ask, balling my hands into fists. "She can't leave Blackwood Falls."

"That's what I told her," the woman at the front desk sighs. "She's a delight to have

here. I was willing to bend some rules so she could stay until she had enough money to get her own apartment in town. It'd give her a leg up in the real world, but she seemed very insistent. I'll try to talk some sense into her when she gets back; after all, she just started a new job yesterday."

I practically growl at the thought of my girl leaving Blackwood Falls and staying in a homeless shelter. My jaw clicks when I clench it and the force is enough that I'm surprised I don't break a tooth. Why would Chloe want to leave, especially after we finally found each other?

"I can take you to her room, if you like," the woman offers, her tone placating, like she's worried I'm about to turn into a wild animal and tear this place apart. "She might have come back by now, and that's where she'd be. Or she might have left a note with some explanation."

"Please," I grit out, forcing my shoulders to relax.

I'm just going to have to talk some sense into her. She'll see reason, I'm sure of it. She must have just gotten spooked.

When we get to the room that Chloe has been staying in, I stop in my tracks. The door is open, and there's no sign of her. The director clicks her tongue and steps inside, glancing around as if Chloe might be hiding in the corner. Slowly, I follow her in.

The room is fairly unassuming. There aren't many personal possessions lying around. What I do notice though, are a few things that look an awful lot like mine. There's a keychain that I lost two years ago sitting on her desk. Next to it, a Blackwood Falls Fire Department name tag – the same kind that we use when we're interacting with the community – with my name on it. It's the same one that I got chewed out for losing, the one that always went in the same spot in my house whenever I took it off.

There are other trinkets that I know to be mine strewn across the room, but the name tag is the most damning. I knew that I hadn't misplaced it, but that seemed like a more logical explanation than the alternative: a burglar breaking into my home and passing up my television and computer for a worthless name tag. As it turns out, that's exactly what happened.

Some part of me always knew someone – Chloe – was coming into my house. My things would sometimes be jostled, or my bed made when I didn't remember making it. And there was always that lingering smell of her perfume. I never felt uncomfortable about it, though. Those visits when I wasn't home provided me a sense of companionship, like a friendly ghost or guardian angel was looking after me.

I can't lose that. I can't lose her. And now that I know what she's doing, I think I know exactly why she wants to leave. My girl was afraid of my finding out that she's obsessed with me. What a silly fear. If she hadn't run off so quickly, she'd know that I'm just as obsessed with her. Now I'm the one poking around in her room, after all.

Now I have to find her before she leaves and tell her. Sure, I could just track her down once she moves to the city, but I'm not letting her get away that easily. She's mine, and I need her to know that.

The director is saying something, but I cut her off, my mind going a mile a minute, to ask, "Do you know where else she'd be?"

She blinks at me, surprised at being stopped, and maybe a little afraid of whatever she sees on my face. After a moment of thought, she murmurs, "I'm not sure. Chloe never really did spend much time here."

"Was she hanging out with friends or something?" I ask, even though I already know she likely spent a lot of her time away from here at my house.

“Not really. She’s always been a bit of a loner. I used to think it was because her parents passed away, but now I’m pretty sure that’s just her personality. She’s still a sweetheart if she lets you in, though,” the woman says.

God, I hate how conversational she is. I’m about to snap. I can feel the last bits of my patience wearing thin.

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“I know she volunteered at the fire station sometimes,” I say in an attempt to get this woman back on track. “Does she have any other hobbies?”

That question seems to spark something in the director. She lights up, a huge grin on her face as she says, “As a matter of fact, she does! She’s always going out to hike on nice weekends. She likes that one trail... Oh, what’s it called... It’s the one tourists don’t really know about.”

“Mallard’s Overlook?” I guess.

“Yes, that’s the one!” the director says. “Chloe goes there to clear her head sometimes. How’d you know the name?”

“I’m a bit of a hiker myself,” I admit, already making my way out the door. “And that’s my favorite trail.”

Chapter Seven

Chloe

I take a deep breath as another sob wracks through my body. Even though the decision I made was for the best, that doesn’t mean that leaving Dax doesn’t hurt. I feel like I walked away from my future, but it’s my fault that I had to do it.

Roughly, I wipe the tears out of my eyes and gulp down the crisp air. I focus on the view, trying to memorize the mountainous vista. Who knows the next time I’ll see this? Soon, I’ll be living in the city, surrounded by concrete and massive apartment

complexes

“Stupid,” I mutter, kicking the dirt in front of me.

I should never have taken the coffee shop job. Then, even though I wouldn’t know what it’s like to have Dax’s hands on me, I’d still be happy. I wouldn’t have to uproot my entire life to keep him from finding out who I am.

But, god. I’ve been pining after him for so long that I don’t know who I am without him. Sure, there are things I enjoy doing, but I’ve always imagined that Dax would be doing them next to me one day. Now, I know that’s not going to happen.

I’m so busy feeling sorry for myself that I almost don’t hear the footsteps approaching me from behind. Quickly, I sit up straight, using my sleeve to dab away some of the tears that refuse to stop falling. If I’m lucky, whoever that is will leave me alone. I really don’t have it in me to interact with anyone right now.

I hate it when people see me cry.

The person behind me walks closer and I brace myself for a conversation I don’t want to have. I wonder if I’ll have to deal with things like this when I get to the city. I’ve heard people leave you to your own devices there. That sounds nice right about now.

“Chloe?”

I freeze up. That voice slammed me back into reality – Dax is here. My body goes cold, and my brain short-circuits. I wasn’t counting on seeing him again, and now I don’t know what to say. He doesn’t seem bothered by that, though. He keeps talking.

“I went to look for you,” he says, coming over and sitting next to me. “I went to the group home. They told me you wanted to move to a homeless shelter in the city, and

when we went to look for you in your room, you weren't there. There was something... interesting inside, though.”

I think I’m going to be sick. He was never supposed to find out about any of this. If he’s been in my room, he’s seen my collection of prizes. I’m cornered, and can’t deny that they’re his, that I took them from his house. I open and close my mouth a few times, trying to string together an apology and explanation, but nothing comes out. Then, Dax keeps speaking, surprising me by grabbing my hand and threading our fingers together.

“I had to wonder why you didn’t reveal yourself to me any sooner,” he says, his tone far too casual for what we’re talking about. He sounds like he’s talking about the weather and not my stalking him. “But, then I realized you were probably trying to keep me from getting in any trouble. You haven’t been eighteen for very long. It wouldn’t have been a good look for an old firefighter like me to be romantically involved with a high schooler, huh?”

“You’re not old,” I squeak out before tucking my chin against my chest. “But... I guess that was part of it. I also didn’t think you’d want someone like me.”

“How could you say that?” he scoffs, sounding baffled that I’d even suggest he wouldn’t want me. “Chloe, if I’d have known about you sooner, I’d have done anything to get you.”

“Dax...” I say, lifting my head up to look back out over the scenery. I’m still too afraid to look at his face, though.

“Part of me knew you were around,” he says, his thumb rubbing comforting circles on the back of my hand. “For the last couple of years, even though I never saw you, your presence was everywhere. It was comforting, Chloe. It felt like I wasn’t alone even when the house was empty.”

“You mean that?” I ask, finally letting myself turn my gaze on him.

I’m glad that I did. The expression on his face is so warm. It cuts out the slight nip of the mountain wind, and drapes around my shoulders like a blanket. My breath catches in my throat, and I feel myself getting lost in his deep, brown eyes.

“Of course I mean that,” he tells me. “When I saw you in the coffee shop, something told me that our meeting was fate. I’m not a man who believes in fate, though. I believe that when you want something, you have to reach out and grab it.”

“Dax,” I breathe, unable to wrap my mind around what he’s telling me.

“Our meeting... that wasn’t fate,” he says, his voice dripping with affection. “That was you, Chloe.”

“You’re not— you’re not mad?” I say, feeling myself starting to get choked up on my words.

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“Of course I’m not,” he says as he brings his free hand up to cup my cheek. “How could I be mad that the girl of my dreams has been going out of her way to keep me company without my knowing? The only thing I’m even a little upset about is that you didn’t come to me sooner.”

“I was afraid you’d reject me,” I say, feeling tears spring to my eyes. “I was so scared, Dax. I didn’t want you to know about me because that could mean you’d get rid of me.”

“I could never reject you, Chloe,” Dax says before he dives in and captures my lips in a searing kiss.

It takes my breath away, and my toes curl in my shoes at the sensation. He swipes his tongue along my bottom lip before he pulls away so he can nip at the swell of it. I grab onto his shoulders to steady myself, and he grips my hips hard. It feels like he’s afraid that I’ll disappear if he doesn’t keep his hands on me.

“I always want you,” he says, his voice deep with lust as he rests our foreheads together. “And I don’t ever want you thinking otherwise. I love you. Chloe, I love you more than I’ve ever loved anyone else. Actually, now that I know what loving you feels like, I don’t think I’ve loved anyone before I met you.”

“I love you, too,” I say, feeling the tears that have been blurring my vision starting to fall. “I’ve only ever loved you, and I’m never going to love anyone else.”

“Good,” he says, his fingers threading through the hair at the nape of my neck. “Because you’re mine. I don’t ever want you even thinking about anyone else. I’m

going to take such good care of you, Chloe.”

I don’t get a chance to respond. His mouth is against mine again, something desperate and promising in the way that he moves his lips. I’m sure that my kiss feels the exact same. This is our promise to each other, a promise that now that we’ve been united, we won’t stray – not that either of us would ever dream of doing so.

“Let me take care of you,” he says when the two of us part for air.

“Okay,” I agree, waiting for him to kiss me again.

Only, he doesn’t. Instead, his hands find the waistband of my pants as he says, “You’d let me take you right here, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes,” I agree, a sharp thrill running through my body at the implication. “Yes, Dax. Please.”

With that, he chuckles darkly and leans back in. I groan into the kiss, feeling myself get wet. Anticipation thrums through me as Dax slowly slides his thumbs against my hip bones. He’s driving me crazy, and I know he’s only going to drive me crazier.

Chapter Eight

Dax

With Chloe’s permission explicit, I pull her onto my lap, the angle allowing me easier entry to her mouth. I explore the warm wetness with my tongue, shocks of pleasure zipping through me each time she makes a satisfied noise. She’s so sexy, so desirable, that I’m already hard in my pants. I need her so badly.

She pulls back, sucking down breaths of air. She’s beautiful like this, her face flushed

with lust. With the view of Blackwood Falls behind her, I find myself longing to take a picture so I can remember this moment forever.

I've finally found the woman that I'll be spending the rest of my life with, and I'm so full of affection that it threatens to spill over. I don't consider myself a sappy guy, but I'm teetering on the edge of becoming one for Chloe. I want to give her everything she deserves, to take good care of, to provide her with everything she needs or wants.

"I love you," I say again, grinding up against her ass. "And I need you so bad."

"I need you, too," she replies, resuming the motion of her hips. "I love you, Dax. I'm so glad you came looking for me."

"I'll always come looking for you," I promise her, kissing her neck, leaving a trail all the way down the column of it. When I get to her collarbone I start to suck a hickey onto her neck. "Just don't make me do it again. You don't have to be scared of me, Chloe."

"I thought—" she begins, her voice getting cut off by a soft moan. "I thought you'd be scared of me. I was just... I was just some weird teenager who saw you once and let her curiosity get the better of her. All of my friends thought I was weird. I was sure that you'd think I was too. I thought if you knew, I'd scare you off and never get to see you again."

"Never, Chloe," I assure her as I reach for the button of her jeans. "I'll never be scared of you. In fact, I like that you were watching me. Looking back on it, if I were to have caught you, I would have taken you right there."

"Dax—"

"I'm going to take you right now," I continue, standing up and settling her feet on the

ground. Then, after giving her a quick kiss, I say, “And you’re going to enjoy the view while I do.”

“Please,” she sighs, giggling as I lead her to the other side of the bench we were sitting on.

Before turning her around, I open the front of her pants and start pushing them down. Then, with a firm grip on her bicep, I spin her so she’s looking out over the town. I shift my grip to her jeans, pulling them and her underwear down, exposing her ass.

“Fuck, you’re so perfect, Chloe,” I say, swiping my fingers through her wetness. “And you’re so wet for me already.”

“Please, Dax,” she says, arching her back as though she’s trying to entice me in.

And god, it works.

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I undo my belt buckle quickly, pushing my pants down and exposing my aching cock to the air. With a hand still on her bare hip, I wrap my hand around my length and give myself a few quick pumps, groaning as I do. Then I press the tip against her opening, swiping it through her folds.

“Dax,” she whines, her hips wiggling. “Please.”

“I’ll give you what you need,” I promise her, slowly pressing my length into her slowly. “Just soak this moment up. Look at that view. This is our home, and it’s more beautiful with you living here.”

I groan, gripping her hips with one hand and holding onto my cock as I push inside with the other. Her wetness surrounds me, and I can feel each crevice of her perfect pussy. She contracts around me, already keyed up.

“I’m never going to get tired of the way you feel around my cock, Chloe,” I praise as I slowly begin thrusting into her. “You’re so wet for me.”

“Only for you,” she says, her fingers digging into the backrest of the bench as she braces herself against my thrusts. “You’re the only person that’s ever made me feel like this.”

I curse under my breath, leaning forward to brush my lips against the shell of her ear while I pick up the pace of my thrusts slightly. I pull her body against mine, my fingertips digging into her hips. It’s so good, so sweet, and I can’t believe I’m lucky enough to have her like this.

The pace I set is slow and indulgent. There isn't any need to rush. I've never seen anyone else on this trail until today. Plus, if anyone does start walking up, I'll hear them. The trail is covered in leaves and twigs. No one will be able to get here without alerting me of their presence.

"God, you have no idea what you mean to me," I say to her, "Even when I didn't know you, you were such an important part of my life."

She whines in response, and it prompts me to keep going. I let one of my hands drift up under her shirt. I grab her breast over her bra, loving the way that her breath hitches at my touch. She's so pliant against me, and I still can't believe I got so lucky.

I still can't believe that she had her eye on me before I knew who she was. When I saw her at the coffee shop, I was ready to chase her, to do anything to make her mine. She had already been doing that. Now I'm going to spend the rest of my life reciprocating her attention.

"I'll chase you anywhere," I tell her. "Now that I know you've been watching me, I'm not letting you get away."

"Don't let me get away," she whimpers, pushing back against me. "I love you, Dax. I love you."

"I love you, too," I say, wrapping my arms around her body.

I need to hold her close, I need to cherish her. I smile at the knowledge that I have the rest of our lives to show her how much I love her, how my obsession with her is enough to rival, if not surpass, her feelings for me. She was worried about my being scared of her, but maybe it should be the other way around.

My devotion for this divine woman knows no bounds. She took fate into her own

hands and orchestrated our meeting. She is nothing short of a goddess to me. I will spend the rest of my life worshipping at her altar.

My thrusts get faster as I think of all the ways I want to pamper Chloe. I want to give her a child, watch her grow a life that's half her and half me. I need to get a ring on her finger as soon as possible. I don't want anyone looking at her and thinking they have a chance.

Truthfully, I want to keep her in my house, hidden away from the prying eyes of the public. I don't think anyone is worthy of gazing upon her beauty. I'm not an irrational man, though. I'll just take the proper precautions so everyone knows that Chloe is mine.

Beneath me, she sucks in a sharp breath before whining, "Right there, Dax. Right there."

"Oh?" I ask, smirking at the way her pussy clenches around me. "I find your g-spot, Chloe?"

"Yes!" she exclaims as her back arches with ecstasy.

With her confirmation, I target that spot inside of her. She makes a delectable noise of delight, and I grit my teeth, growling at the effect the sound has on me. Everything she does turns me on, and now that I know what she sounds like, I'm not going to give her a moment's peace. I need her whimpers, moans, and whines more than I need food and water.

I've been starving my entire life, and I didn't know it until now.

As I continue to drive into her, pushing her closer and closer to her climax, my own pleasure starts to build in my gut. It's hot and all-consuming, a mixture of relief at

finding her and dark hunger at learning that she's been watching me. My girl inspires reactions in me that I've not felt before in my thirty-five years of life.

It seems like both of us can teach each other something.

I know she's about to come before she says anything. Her mouth opens and a strangled sound escapes her lips. Her pussy pulses hard, and I feel another surge of wetness escaping her. I decide to help her along, bringing a hand between her legs and rubbing her clit.

"Dax—" she starts, moaning as I give her unrelenting attention. "I'm cumming. I'm cumming."

"That's it," I say, encouraging her as her climax slams into her. "Let me hear how good I'm making you feel."

I keep fucking Chloe through it, letting out a harsh breath as I try to hold on until her pleasure subsides. She feels heavenly around me, her lush wetness getting even tighter as her body climaxes. It isn't just the way she feels around me that's bringing me closer to the edge, though. The knowledge that I'm the one doing this to her, that I'm the only one who's ever made her feel like this and the only one who ever will, makes my cock ache.

"Shit, Chloe," I say as her climax starts to wane. She makes soft, needy noises as my thrusts get more wild. "I'm gonna cum, sweetheart. Oh fuck—"

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I groan loudly, my voice echoing through the trees as I fill her up. My orgasm is intense. My fingers dig into her hips, and my hand on her clit stills. The only thing I'm able to do as her body gives me unrivaled pleasure is rock my hips into her, give her every drop of my seed, and chant her name like it's a prayer.

After the harshest waves of my orgasm subside, I press myself fully inside her. I want my load to take, to fill her up with my child. And I don't want to part from her. When we're like this, I feel as though I'm finally whole. Judging by the way she leans back into my arms, Chloe feels the same way.

"You have no idea how much I love you," I whisper, pressing a kiss to the side of her head. "I'm going to spend the rest of my life showing you."

"I'd like that," she says, exhaustion evident in her voice.

"Good," I reply, finally pulling out of her as my cock starts to soften. I pull up her pants first before tucking myself away again. "Now let's get you home."

"Home?" she asks as I turn her around and pull her into my arms.

"Yeah," I reply, tilting her head up so I can connect our lips. "Home. I'm not letting you go back to that shelter. You're living with me."

"Dax..." Chloe whispers, her eyes sparkling in the setting sunlight.

"I have to pay you back for all of the comfort your presence has brought me," I say, kissing her forehead. "I'm going to take care of you, Chloe. Now, let's get home

before the sun sets. We still have a little bit of a hike to get back to my car.”

“Okay,” she says after a moment, her smile rivaling the sun. “Let’s go home.”

Epilogue

Five Years Later

Chloe

“Have a good day at school, Cameron,” I say, ruffling my four year old son’s dark hair. He’s the spitting image of his father, and my heart swells every time I look at him. “I’ll be here to pick you up after.”

“Okay, Mommy!” Cameron says brightly, opening his arms for a hug.

I lean down, wrapping my arms around him. After a few seconds, I kiss his cheek. Cameron responds with a laugh before taking off into the building, excited to see his friends and teacher. I stand there, watching him until he gets inside, before I turn and walk back to my car.

When Dax and I met on my first and only day working at the coffee shop, I never imagined that I’d be here. The fact that he even wanted to talk to me was surprising enough. After he stopped me from moving to the city, my life completely changed.

Immediately, Dax suggested I leave the Children’s Group Home and quit my coffee shop job, citing wanting to keep me all to himself as the main reason. I couldn’t complain, considering I’d only taken the job to get closer to him. Now, I make his coffee exactly how he likes it with the fancy espresso machine he bought the day after I moved in.

I was never bored as a stay-at-home girlfriend then wife. As it turns out, Dax wasn't kidding about liking that I watched him. We even made a game of my keeping tabs on him while he's at the station – I observe him from whatever vantage points I can, and he tries to catch me. And, when we aren't playing our game, I'm volunteering there. As it turns out, there's quite a bit of work that needs done around the fire station, and the firefighters are always happy to have a little help.

As I take a turn onto the street where the station is located, I glance into the backseat to make sure the food I've packed is still upright. Today, in addition to the giant crock pots full of pot roast, I made breakfast, too. Truthfully, it's a distraction for Dax's coworkers. If I can manage it, I'd love to get a minute alone with him. He had to leave earlier than usual this morning, and having him gone so soon has left me unsatisfied.

When I pull into the parking lot, Dax and several of his coworkers are standing there waiting for me. I barely come to a stop before they're swarming my car, opening the back door, and carrying the meals into the station. I go there so often that my arrivals are anticipated, and they have their set-up process down to a science.

"Chloe, did you pack breakfast?!" one of the guys asks me as I get out of the car. He peeks into the pan he's holding and whistles, saying, "I'll be damned. You did. I thought this was bacon."

"I just wanted to make sure our local heroes were well fed," I say without looking at him a second time, walking directly to Dax instead. He wraps his arms around me, and I lean into his touch. "I missed you."

"I missed you, too," he tells me, pressing a kiss to the top of my head. "Let's get inside, there's something I want to show you."

"Oh?" I say, picking up on the teasing tone in his voice.

I think he might be after the same thing I am.

Dax pulls me past the communal kitchen where the rest of the firefighters are digging into their breakfast. I can't help but giggle at how insistent he is, tugging me along like he just can't wait. Maybe he can't. The station alarm could ring at any minute and then he'd have to drop whatever he's doing to take care of the call.

I'm yanked into the sleeping quarters, and I make sure to close the door behind us. It doesn't lock, but I have a feeling the rest of the guys will be too occupied with their meal to bother checking on us. As soon as the door shuts, Dax's mouth is on mine.

He kisses me wildly and hungrily, and I respond with equal enthusiasm. With my arms draped around his neck, I press my body against his. He's already starting to get hard, and I feel a thrill running through me.

"I've been thinking about you since I left the house this morning," he admits when we part. "You looked so good asleep in bed that I almost took you right there."

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I let out a satisfied hum as I say, “It sounds like you need to make up for lost time, then.”

“I do,” he agrees as he kisses me again, shoving down my pants.

Without breaking our contact, I kick off my bottoms and shoes. Then I go for Dax’s belt buckle. I feel him smirk into my mouth before he reaches down to help me. As soon as I feel the flesh of his member against my hand, I pull back and look down at him.

Every part of him is gorgeous, and that includes his cock. The first time I saw it, I was entranced. I still get the same thrill every time I see it. Even though I know we don’t have much time, I still take a few seconds to stroke him, loving the way he groans in response to my ministrations.

“Chloe, sweetheart,” he moans, kissing me hard to bring my attention back to him. “Let’s get on my cot. We need to be fast.”

“I know, I know,” I say, reluctantly dropping him. “I just couldn’t help it.”

“God, I get it,” he says as he pushes me down on the mattress, lifting up my legs to start to position me. “I wish I could take my time with you.”

“You can take your time with me when you get back tomorrow,” I promise, gasping as he spreads my legs apart.

“Oh, I will,” he says, running his finger through my soaking wet folds. “You’re

already wet for me, aren't you?"

"I've been thinking about you all morning, too," I admit, sucking in a breath as he circles his fingers around my clit. "Was hoping that you'd drag me in here."

"That's why you brought all that food, isn't it?" Das chuckles as he lines his cock up with my opening. "You wanted to keep them all occupied so we could spend time alone."

"Guilty," I admit, letting out a high pitched moan as he pushes inside.

Even though we've had sex more times than anyone could count, the way his cock stretches me still leaves me breathless. Dax knows this, too. So, he rocks in and out of me slowly. My heart swells as he gives me time to adjust even though he knows we have to be fast.

"Okay," I whine, bucking up against him. "Please, Dax."

He chuckles, but doesn't say anything in response. Instead, he starts drilling into me. I swallow down a loud moan at the intensity of his thrusts. This is far from the first time we've had a quickie in the sleeping quarters, but his ruthlessness takes me by surprise every time.

I don't think Dax is ever going to stop surprising me.

"You're so wet for me," he remarks as he holds himself up on one elbow. "You wanted me so badly, didn't you?"

"I did," I whimper, shocks of pleasure radiating through my body when he starts rubbing my clit. "Needed you, Dax. Thought I was going to go crazy without you."

“Me too,” he groans, focusing on the tight circles he’s rubbing against the bundle of nerves. “Need you all the time, Chloe. If I could lock you away and spend all day fucking you like this, I would.”

“Please,” I whine as I grip onto the fabric of his Blackwood Falls Fire Department shirt.

With a growl, he leans down to nip at my neck. He feels incredible inside me, and the fact that anyone could walk into this room and see us only heightens the experience. The first ripples of my impending orgasm shoot through me.

My eyes roll back in my head as he continues to fuck me. With a slight change in the angle of his hips, he begins targeting my g-spot. That, along with the way he’s stimulating my clit drives me closer to the edge. Noises escape my mouth without my permission with each one of his thrusts.

“I can tell you’re feeling good, sweetheart,” he says, his breath hot against my neck. “You sound so good like this. It drives me crazy knowing that you’re forcing yourself to stay quiet. I’m sure the guys would love to hear you, but you’re all mine. Aren’t you?”

“Yours,” I whine, trying to pull him even closer to me. “I’m yours, Dax. Only yours.”

“That’s right,” he growls, lifting himself up. “You’re all mine. This pussy is mine, and you are mine.”

To punctuate his statement, he kisses me hard. I can barely keep up with him, his tongue exploring my mouth. Weakly, I roll my hips up against his, pushing myself closer and closer to the edge.

“Dax,” I whine against his lips, wanting to warn him that I’m getting close.

He shuts me up with another kiss. I'm well aware of the fact that he knows my body just as well as I know it. Right now, he's chasing his own orgasm, timing it so we'll take the plunge together.

I put all of my energy into kissing him back. I move one of my hands up his back, scraping my nails against the short hairs on the nape of his neck. My hips are moving without my permission, meeting each one of his thrusts and subsequently driving both of us closer to our climaxes.

"Shit," he curses, pulling away from me to gaze into my eyes.

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I get lost in the honey brown of his irises. Even though he's right above me, fucking me and bringing me dangerously close to orgasm, I still have a hard time believing this is real. His body is solid, though. The touch of his hand on my most private parts is impossible to write off as imagination. And his cock? That's real. That's anchoring me to this moment.

"Give it to me, Dax," I beg, feeling like I'm on the brink of losing my mind. "I need you. I need it. Please. Please. Cum in me."

"You want my cum, Chloe?" he asks, fucking me even harder. His orgasm is just as imminent as mine. "Is that what you want?"

"Please," I whine, my grip on him tightening. "I'm about to cum. Wanna cum with you."

"Yeah?" he says. "You wanna cum with me? Then go ahead. I'm right there. Your sweet pussy will get me there."

It's almost like his words flip a switch inside of me. My pussy clenches around him, and my orgasm washes over me. Dax's name falls from my lips as waves of white-hot pleasure wash over me.

Just like he said, my body's reaction to my climax milks his own out of him. He groans, connecting our mouths again to muffle the sound. His thrusts continue, steady and unrelenting as he pumps me full of his seed.

My head spins with the energy of our combined releases. I feel like I'm floating,

being carried away from the stress of the world on a cloud of pleasure. If it weren't for Dax continuing to kiss me over and over again, it would be easy to slip away from reality.

"I love you so much," I sigh, wishing this moment would last forever.

"I love you too, Chloe," he says, slowly pulling out of me. I can tell that he doesn't want this to end either. "I'm so glad I found you."

"Me too," I reply, watching with a twinge of sadness as he tucks himself back into his pants. "You'll be back home tomorrow morning, right?"

"I will," he confirms, finding my pants and shoes. As he helps me put them on, he says, "But I wouldn't complain if you and Cameron came to visit me tonight. I'm sure the guys would love to thank you for your cooking."

"I didn't really break my back over it," I say. "But I'll take the compliment."

"That's my girl," he replies as he helps me to my feet. "You know, before you came along, we were living on frozen meals and instant—"

At that moment, the station alarm blares. I jump. Even though I've heard it regularly for five years, I've never gotten used to it. Dax, however, springs into action. He gives me an apologetic look before pressing a quick kiss to my lips.

"I'll see you later!" he says as he runs out of the room.

I stand in place for a moment, grinning to myself. Not only is my husband perfect for me, he's a hero, too. Once I hear the fire engine leave, I head down the stairs to clean up the mess the men were forced to leave. And, if there's still enough left, I might make myself a plate, too. Dax really knows how to make me work up an appetite.