



Schooling Lucy

Author: *Elta Sau*

Category: Erotic, Romance, New Adult

Description: Roman Drake

The moment eighteen-year-old Lucy Thomas steps into my classroom, I'm obsessed. I don't care that she's my student or that I've become friends with her father. She's mine.

Lucy Thomas

I cannot stop fantasizing about my new chemistry teacher. Surely, I'm imagining the heated looks he keeps giving me? There's no way he would want an inexperienced eighteen-year-old high school student. Right?

****** This is a teacher/student, age-gap (obviously), insta-love romance. All characters are of legal age. The bedroom scenes are very detailed and spicy and feature a lot of...bodily fluids and crevice licking. Please read at your discretion. ******

Total Pages (Source): 38

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

Chapter 1

ROMAN

"Did you have a good summer break, Mr. Drake?"

I paused mid-word, glancing up at the owner of that breathy voice. I was exasperated and rapidly losing patience as Isobel stared at me from her seat at the front of my class. Her overly made-up eyes were focused on me, making her thick, fake eyelashes flutter like two moths against her lids.

This was the fourth time Isobel had interrupted my class by chiming in with another pointless question aimed at my personal life. It was starting to grate on me.

She licked her lips in what I'm sure she thought was a look of intimate seduction. Instead, she looked like a child licking a glob of red gunk off her mouth.

The class I was teaching was twelfth-grade Chemistry, so most students were either eighteen or on the cusp of reaching that milestone into what society deemed the start of adulthood. They were immature with an annoying sense of adult entitlement which they thought they'd earned since they were on the verge of leaving home, could consent to sex, and had the freedom of a driver's permit. But to me, they would always be children.

I loved teaching; truly, I did. The majority of students were a pleasure to teach. But a select few always liked to stir the pot for shits and giggles.

Speaking of giggles, Isobel's friend - who had been whispering and sending not-so-subtle elbow digs to Isobel - was giggling behind her hand as she eyed me. Like I said -children.

Isobel obviously felt emboldened by her merry follower to keep interrupting the class.

Too bad I ate disruptive students for breakfast.

"As you two insist on distracting the class from learning, please give everyone a brief rundown on the laws of thermodynamics."

Isobel's jaw dropped a fraction, and her face colored. Her friend inched slightly away, attempting to distance herself from Isobel's antics. But I wasn't in a forgiving mood.

"Both of you." I folded my arms as I glared at the cowering girls. The rest of the class hid smirks and stifled laughter behind coughs. "I've just spent the last twenty minutes going over this. Give me the first two laws."

I walked out from behind my desk and stood before their cowering forms. I watched them shift uncomfortably in their seats, both of them eyeing their closed textbooks and covertly attempting to open them. I sighed internally before unfolding my arms.

"Next time you choose to disrupt everyone else's learning, you'll be called upon to brief us on what we've missed. Am I clear?"

Isobel's eyes glassed over as she took in my stance. Her keen eyes skimmed over my black jeans and white polo shirt. She bither lip as her eyes swept and held their stare when they reached my biceps. "Y-yes, sir," she gushed.

I turned around and hid an eye roll as I strolled back to my desk. I picked up the

whiteboard marker as I attempted to re-focus everyone. Again.

"Okay, can someone take us through -"

A small knock sounded on the open door - again interrupting my flow. I bit back another frustrated sigh. But before I could turn to the intruder, a soft, melodious voice penetrated the tense quiet of my classroom.

"I-is this Mr. Drake's Chem class?"

People have said they remember exactly what they were doing and wearing when a life-altering event occurred.

The birth of their child. When their partner proposed. The death of a loved one.

I've never had a significant occurrence unfold where I've wanted to take a snapshot of that exact moment. Something to retain in my memories so that when the smell of a particular scent or the sound of a familiar noise entered my sphere, I would be instantly transported to that precise moment when my world changed.

Lemon.

That's what I'd remember. As was my routine, I had wiped the tables down with lemon-scented surface wipes before class started.

The sound of my wall clock ticking and the hands pointing to nine and five.

Nine twenty-five AM.

The exact moment my world altered forever.

Black hair, the color of the sky on the darkest night. Cobalt blue eyes. The color of the sky on a warm, clear sunny day.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

Night and day.

That's how she made me feel. Like day is night, and night is day. Like my whole world had flipped upside down, fate had pointed its middle finger at me in glee.

"Umm...I'm sorry I'm late. It's my first day, and they made me sign some stuff. I also got a little lost."

It took a moment for me to register what she was saying before my mind clicked into place. She stood there peering up at me with flushed cheeks and a small self-conscious smile. I realized that I was standing there gaping at her like an idiot.

Fuck. Get it together, man.

She crushed her books closer to her chest and twisted her lips in the awkward silence.

I felt myself harden beneath my jeans, and I thanked the stars that I was still behind my high desk.

"Name," I growled out.

She flinched, and I cursed myself for scaring her. The command sounded rough to my ears, but I was desperate to know her name.

Desperate to know anything about her.

If only to assuage that she was not a mirage I'd created in my mind.

"Please. Name." I tried to soften my tone, but it still sounded like a Neanderthal grunting.

"Lucy." She licked her lips as her eyes stared into my soul.

Lucy.

Jesus. Did she feel it, too?

This unexplainable pull that had me tethered to her at the first sound of her voice?

"Last name."

Her brow furrowed, and I'm sure she wondered why her goddamn teacher was barking out commands like a drill sergeant.

"Thomas."

Lucy Drake sounded better.

"And how old are you, Lucy Thomas?" Her name sounded like a prayer on my tongue. But I was also holding my breath, mentally praying while I waited for her answer.

God, please be legal. I will throw this table out the window if she's too young.

I was prepared to throw my career and life away for this girl. But even I had my limits on what acts were morally acceptable.

I watched her eyes bounce around the room in confusion. I also noticed a few boys eyeing her up and down like she was fresh meat. The rest of the class watched our

exchange with rapt attention.

I didn't blame them. I was no better. But I didn't give a fuck. I would rip their eyes out of their head if they didn't stop looking at what was mine.

"Eighteen," she finally confirmed.

My breath whooshed out of me in stark satisfaction.

I would've waited. Of course, I would've. But I would've let her know in no uncertain terms that she was mine once midnight ticked over.

Knowing she was of age caused pre-come to leak onto my boxer briefs, and I shifted in discomfort. I was overcome with the need to mark her.

"Take a seat."

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

She flicked me an uneasy smile before quickly striding to an open seat. I watched her under the guise of a supportive teacher who wanted to ensure the new student was comfortable. But in truth, my cursory gaze hid a dark hunger that yawned awake with each move Lucy Thomas made.

The shake of her hair as she moved. The curve of her ass as it filled out her light blue jeans. The way her simple white t-shirt grazed her back. The plain gold necklace hanging off her neck with the initial G.

Wait, who the fuck was G?

Was that a slang word that teenagers use these days?

Did it stand for good? It fucking better. My good girl. That's who she was.

If it was some fucker's name, then it was gone. Ripped the fuck off and incinerated. Replaced with a goddamn choker necklace with my initials on it.

RD.

"No!" I snapped out before I could think better of it.

Lucy turned in fright at the sound, and I berated myself again for sounding like an ass. But she was about to sit next to Billy Turnpike. Granted, Billy had a mouth full of metal and the unfortunate appearance of adolescent breakouts, but I didn't give a shit. It wasn't coming near my girl if he had a penis.

"Isobel." The blonde perked up at her name being called upon. I pointed to the spare seat beside Billy. "Move beside Billy. Lucy," her name puffed out like a reverent prayer. "You can move into Isobel's seat."

Isobel's mouth dropped open in shock before her face colored in anger. With an annoyed huff, she jerkily gathered her books before screeching her chair out roughly and storming off to the back of the room.

I didn't care about her attitude. All I cared about was Lucy as she offered Isobel an apologetic glance before climbing into the seat Isobel just vacated.

I stared intently at my girl as she dropped her backpack under her feet before neatly placing her pens on the desk. I could see her side-eyeing Sarah, who was openly glaring at her, obviously blaming her for my haste in her friend's desk change.

I realized that I shouldn't have singled out my girl like that. The last thing I wanted was for her to be circled by mean girl vultures. But something told me that she could hold her own. And she'd need to with what I had planned for our future.

A throat cleared, reminding me that I had a class to teach. A few pupils eyed me curiously, unused to seeing me so flustered.

I stared at my textbook while thinking of my eighty-year-old neighbor until my erection slowly started to deflate. Once I felt like I had myself under control, I glanced up and was again ensnared by a pair of blue eyes.

As slow as my erection was to fade, it snapped back just as fast with a quick stroke of Lucy's eyes.

This was going to be the fastest yet longest lesson of my life.

In fact, the whole day dragged. When the bell rang for the next period, I was leaking like a goddamn fiend. Outwardly I was cool, calm and taught my lesson without a hitch. But inwardly, I was getting off to each bite her little white teeth made on her pen as she concentrated on my teaching. The curve of her long fingers as she made notes in her book. The way she had gathered her hair to one side of her shoulder, her hand occasionally touching it playfully in thought.

And then, every so often, her head would lift and sucker punch me in the gut with her piercing stare. Her cheeks would blush when she noticed my eyes never left her vicinity.

It was obvious. I was being too obvious. But I couldn't seem to stop myself.

My fingers itched to stroke her face. To kiss her mouth. To run my lips in worship over every inch of her body. Bury my face in her pink gash. Lick her asshole. Fuck her mouth. Pound her tight, wet pussy until she was brimming with my come.

By the end of the school day, I was dying. The last time I saw her was when she strolled out of my class, and I lost sight of her among the crowd of students milling about.

I couldn't chase after her. I had another class to teach. In fact, I had no free periods today.

It wasn't a surprise since the beginning of the school year was always jam-packed. I liked keeping busy, but now I cursed that my job hindered me from seeing Lucy.

I couldn't even leave once school was over, either. I coached the soccer team, and we had practice today.

After I changed into my athletic gear, I exited my classroom in a foul mood. Only to

stop in my tracks when I spied the object of my obsession standing at the far end of the hallway. She had yet to spot me. She was too busy playing around on her phone.

My heart leaped in joy, and I walked towards her without thinking. I was unsure what to say; I just knew I needed to speak to her and hear her sweet voice again. Preferably calling my name out as she came around my cock.

But before I reached her, the door she was standing by opened, and a man I had never seen before exited and turned to lock the classroom.

Lucy straightened and smiled at the middle-aged man as he bent to hug her. Red-hot jealousy churned through my gut as I watched him place his arm around my girl's shoulders. Together, they exited the hallway.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

Whoever the fuck that was, he was a dead man.

Chapter 2

LUCY

Dark hair.

Eyes the color of amber.

Dimples.

Tall.

Tanned, toned arms.

Mr. Drake.

I rubbed my thighs together as I tested his name out in my head. If I were alone, I would have melted to the floor in a pile of girlish goo.

I almost did a comical double-take when I first walked into his class. I would have if I hadn't been so anxious and nervous about my first day in a new school.

When his beautiful tawny eyes met mine, I swore my panties soaked straight through. I thought I was in the wrong class. Or that the hot specimen of a teacher was a sub.

There was no way I could survive his class - no way I could concentrate - with him standing before me. Day in. Day out. Watching his thick, long fingers write on the board. His broad shoulders shifting beneath his shirt as he moved his arm to make a point. Listening to his deep, hypnotizing voice discuss chemical compounds and electron configurations. Luckily, chemistry was a subject I thrived in, so I could easily balance absorbing information alongside fantasizing about licking the strong column of his throat.

Maybe it was because I hadn't had any hot teachers before. Teacher fantasies were a common occurrence. Students got crushes on their teachers all the time.

Except this didn't feel like a crush. Every time I looked at Mr. Drake, it felt like a thousand lifetimes flashing through my eyes. And in every one of them, he was there -loving me.

It didn't help that I met his equally soul-searching stare every time I glanced at him. Surely it wasn't my imagination that he was seeking me out?

Was he annoyed that he had an extra, new student to teach? Did he see me as one of the many faceless students roaming the halls? Or did he see me as I saw him? Desirable? Sexy?

I shook my head in exasperation. I was being silly. I was imagining something that wasn't there. It was a pipe dream that someone as hot and intelligent as Mr. Drake could be into an eighteen-year-old student.

God, I'm so stupid.

"Lucy."

My Dad's voice interrupted my musings. We were eating dinner at our dining room

table among the piles of boxes gathered around. We moved in two days ago and only managed to unpack a fraction of what we brought. The dining table and kitchenware were one of the only items we had unpacked so far.

"Sorry, Dad. What did you say?"

My Dad smiled at me as he cut into his steak. "I asked how your day was. You were awfully quiet on the ride home."

Because I was fantasizing about getting railed by one of your colleagues.

"Hmm," I picked at my salad and searched for an answer. The whole day went by in a blur after Mr. Drake's class.

"I'm sorry we had to move, honey." My Dad observed me sadly, figuring that my non-answer meant that I was brooding.

I quickly reached out to touch his arm. "No, Dad, it's not your fault," I assured him. "I understand why we had to leave; it's okay."

We'd moved here from a tiny town called Koby Plains, a few hours away. We had one school that serviced all grades since only a good few kids lived there. Unfortunately, funding had dried up, and they decided to close the school. It was a manageable inconvenience since our neighboring towns had schools with plenty of room. Unfortunately for my Dad, an English teacher, none of the surrounding schools had positions open. We had no choice but to move where jobs were available. That meant the Big Smoke.

My Dad gave me a relieved smile. "Thanks for being so good about this, Sweetheart."

I waved him off before taking a big gulp of my water. Trying to sound as casual as

possible, I asked, "So what about you? Made friends with any of the teachers?" I busied myself by shoving a big forkful of greens into my mouth.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

I tried to appear disinterested when my heart was beating erratically as I waited for my Dad's response.

He moved his head back and forth in contemplation. "They're all very friendly. There's a lot of them, so I haven't met them all."

"What are their names?"

My Dad frowned at me.

"Just checking to see if any of them are my teachers. Give you the lowdown on whether they're nice to me."

It was a lie because I didn't give two shits about any of the other teachers. Only one.

But as my Dad rattled off the list of teachers he could remember, I was disappointed when none of them were him.

Later that night, in my room, I attempted to go over the notes I'd taken in my classes. But my gaze and hands kept going to my chemistry book. I threw the textbook aside as my hand crept up my stomach, shifting aside my camisole.

I was all hot and bothered. Achy.

I shoved my shirt up, baring my naked breasts to the cool air. My hand caressed the flesh under the curve of my breast. I bit back a moan as my legs shifted in arousal against my cool sheets. My nipples pebbled, but not from the temperature change.

They'd been hard all day. From the moment I walked into Mr. Drake's classroom.

My mind conjured up a picture of his tall, solid frame. His piercing brown eyes and his firm, full mouth.

I shoved my sleep shorts down along with my panties, kicking them carelessly aside. I could see the dampness on my pink underwear, and it caused my pussy to clench.

I rubbed my titties, pinching their peaks until a shiver of lust shot down my spine. I licked my lips and arched my back, bringing my knees up as I continued the assault on my breasts. They weren't too big, but they weren't small, either—the perfect size for Mr. Drake's big hands.

I imagined his rough fingers sliding down my stomach, cupping my warm cunt. Just like I was doing now.

My middle finger dipped between my pussy lips, and I gave a small moan as I felt more wetness leak out. I was thankful that my Dad was downstairs watching TV. There was no way I could keep quiet while thinking about my teacher.

I rubbed at my cunt with my fingers, my legs obscenely spread. I bit my lips hard as my breaths came out in small, short puffs.

It was too much but not enough at the same time.

I rolled onto my stomach and stuck my naked ass in the air. I reached under me and sunk my fingers into my cunt. My other hand had my pillow gathered in my clenching fingers; my mouth opened against the material in a silent moan.

I moved my fingers up to rub against the entrance to my asshole; the liquid gathered on my fingers acted as a lubricant, allowing me to sink my middle finger in. I've

touched myself there before but never entered my ass. It was an act I had never considered, but, god, I would let Mr. Drake touch my back hole. I'd let him do more than touch it, too.

Needing release, I returned to my pussy and rubbed at my open cunt. My clit moved roughly against my slippery fingers as I strived for that sweet release.

I imagined Mr. Drake's cock rubbing against my wet gash, teasing me as I begged him to fuck me.

"Mr. Drake," I quietly moaned. "Fuck me, Mr. Drake. Pound my virgin cunt until I come."

"Is this what you want, Little Girl?" I imagined him growling at me as he sunk his dick into me.

I rubbed frantically at my weeping pussy; my hips moved faster on the bed as I drooled into my comforter.

"Yes, yes!" I whimpered. "Fuck me hard. My cunt is yours!"

I choked against my bed sheets as my orgasm rocketed through me. My body spasmed while I continued to pet my pussy as it squirted out my come. I buried my face into my pillow to stifle my low moans.

I slowly lowered my body to my bed as the last blissful haze left my quivering frame.

I turned onto my back as my breathing slowed back down. Even though I came harder than ever in the short time I've learned how to masturbate, it was still not enough.

It'll never be enough unless it was Mr. Drake.

Chapter 3

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

ROMAN

I felt curious eyes as my students walked around me to find their seats. I didn't blame them for their curiosity. I wasn't usually standing still as a statue by the door with eagle eyes, shrewdly watching each face that came through.

Usually, I was writing notes on the board, impatiently waiting for each student to be seated before I began my lesson.

But that was before yesterday.

Before her.

Lucy Thomas. Soon to be Lucy Drake.

After watching her leave with that male yesterday, I couldn't relax. Rationally I knew that he wasn't her boyfriend. He wouldn't be allowed to teach at the school if he was, which was funny considering that I was going to cross that line with her myself.

The idea of losing my job never entered my mind. If the board found out I was involved with one of my students, I would most likely be barred from teaching. It wasn't illegal, given her age. But it would be heavily frowned upon, and word would spread. I'd be blacklisted from every school in the Tri-state area.

After making the boys on my soccer team run some piss-easy drills, I took off to the main office. Yolanda Peterson was still typing away at her desk. Usually, I would do anything to avoid the flirtatious woman, but these were desperate times. Besides the

Principal, she was the next best member of faculty to ask. I put up with her excruciatingly tedious questions and dodged her attempts for dinner before finally getting what I was after.

Michael Thomas. Forty-two with an eighteen-year-old daughter. Lucy.

Widowed at twenty-six. Deceased wife's name was Gina. My chest warmed when I realized what the initial on her necklace stood for. My poor baby. Luckily, her Dad seemed like a good father. I would still need to confirm that, though.

He was an English high school teacher originally from Koby Plains—population three hundred and eighty. The school recently shut down, so Michael had to seek work elsewhere.

My heart shuttered at the thought of never meeting Lucy. She had been five hours away from me. There would have been no reason for me to visit her small town, and by all accounts, it appeared that she had never left hers. Until now.

God, the thought of her being out there in the world...me never realizing that my fucking other half was out there, unprotected. Mingling with frat boys.

Snap.

The pen I held broke in half, and I quickly stuffed it into my pocket. I needed to keep it together.

Just when I was about to lose patience and storm out into the hallway to hunt Lucy down, in she walked.

The breath that I was unaware I was holding shuddered out of me. She paused in the doorway as her eyes startled to mine. A red hue painted her cheeks, and I longed to

discover whether the same shade would appear in the throes of ecstasy.

"Lucy." Her name sounded like a benediction on my lips. All other noise faded away as I zeroed in on her. "How was your first day at school?"

From the outside, I was a friendly teacher, enquiring about the well-being of one of my students. Except, any of my students would testify that that wasn't my personality. I'm not the kind of "pat on the back" teacher who cares about my student's feelings. I expected them to come to my class, listen, take notes, and pass their exams.

I didn't sit there and make pleasant talk with them. Asking about their day or their mental health. I didn't care.

But I wanted to know everything about Lucy. Right down to the brand of toothpaste she used.

Lucy's full, wide mouth lifted into a shy smile. She pushed a curtain of hair behind her ear, showing off the delicate shell and small gold studs. "It was fine."

Our eyes met and held. I could see the exact moment her breath hitched as my eyes seared into hers. My heart was pounding. My palms were starting to sweat. Jesus, how did I survive the last twenty-four-plus hours without her?

Today she was wearing a denim skirt - modest by today's standards - but still too fucking short for my liking. Her T-shirt was conservative, too. A simple black v-neck with sleeves that fell just above her elbows. But all I could see was how low the V dipped. The shadow of her cleavage teased me. And I knew that they would tease adolescent boys. Their small dicks would come in their boxers if they saw my Lucy. None of them would know how to please her.

I didn't realize I was standing there like an idiot, trapped in her presence until a

commotion interrupted my thoughts.

"Mr. Drake, why are our names on these desks?"

"Are you allocating our seats?"

"But I always sit in the front!"

I tore my gaze from Lucy's as I observed my students' distress.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

"I've decided to allocate seats this year, yes. Get over it. Find your names, and let's get started."

The only desk I considered was the one front and center. That desk was the only one I took care to lovingly write Lucy's name on a blank placard before smoothing it over the surface.

For the rest of my students, I quickly wrote their names down and placed them randomly around the room, except for the seat next to Lucy's. I made sure a female name was placed there.

As everyone begrudgingly shifted to their new seats, I sat behind my desk and watched Lucy find hers and sit down.

I somehow managed to push my lust aside as I started our lesson plan. Lucy was not only beautiful but intelligent as fuck. I wasn't surprised, considering I looked up her previous school results. My girl was an overachiever. I wondered if she'd be the same in our bedroom. My cock leaked at the thought.

Yesterday after soccer practice, I went straight to the address listed on Michael Thomas' teacher details. I couldn't help myself. I needed to be near her, or I would go insane. I parked across the street from their quaint two-story house. The kitchen lights were on before a bedroom light upstairs flicked on. I just knew it was Lucy. In her room. On her bed.

Was she thinking about me? Was she touching herself to the thought of me sinking my big dick into her tight pussy? Uncaring whether I was caught, I released my

aching dick and jerked off to her bedroom light. To what was bathing under that warm glow.

"Yeah, baby, spread those legs wider while I rail you," I groaned into the dark confines of my vehicle before coming all over my stomach.

This morning I came to school early and made an effort to chat with the other teachers before the bell rang. If they were surprised, they didn't show it. My plan worked because Michael was there. I introduced myself, and now I had a dinner invite to his house on Friday. Was it shitty that I was befriending this guy with the plan to seduce his daughter? Yes. But I didn't care. I didn't know my plan, but I just had to be with her.

When the bell rang for lunch, I cleared my throat. "Lucy Thomas, please stay behind. I need to go over your transfer papers."

The other students were too preoccupied, scrambling for lunch, to notice my words. As the last student left, I sauntered to Lucy, who was watching my approach with wide eyes.

"I-is there a problem with my transfer notes?"

"No." I spread my hands on the table, my fingers inches from hers. I stopped when my stomach hit the high desk.

"Your notes say that you were top of your class in Chemistry."

She licked her lips, and I itched to do that for her. "Yes. Although only five people were in my class, so that wasn't hard to do."

My lips lifted at her joke. "I don't know. I think you'd get an A plus in whatever

subject you do. You're a good girl. Aren't you? You'll be a good girl for me."

Her mouth dropped as her chest rose and fell. It was a risky comment to make. But having Lucy close, breathing in her unique scent... was causing the wires to come loose on what was appropriate.

"Whaa..?"

"You heard me, Lucy." I reached out and stroked her finger with mine. "Are you going to be my good girl?"

She squirmed in her seat, her face coloring. "I don't think...I think..." She licked her lips as her eyes clouded with a hazy film. "Why are you wording it like that?"

Someone knocked on my door before I could answer or lean in to kiss her. I turned in frustration, glad that my back had covered her up.

It was my fellow biology teacher, James Simpson. "Hey, Roman. Wanna go now?"

Fuck. In my haste to be social this morning, I forgot that I had made plans with James for lunch.

I straightened and flashed him an easygoing smile. "Yeah, man. Thanks for waiting." I turned to Lucy.

"Thanks for your help, Miss Thomas. Enjoy your lunch."

She searched my face briefly before hurriedly gathering her things and scurrying out the door. It took everything in me not to watch her little ass bounce away in that skirt.

My face clouded in anger as I observed James turn to watch her exit. His eyes stayed

on the open door a fraction longer than necessary, even after Lucy had vanished.

"Is there a problem?" My voice was harsh, but I couldn't have this pervert staring at my girl. Yes, I knew I was hypocritical, but I didn't care. She was my soul mate. That meant all other males were off-limits. That meant she should be immune to their disgusting antics, just like I was turned off by anything to do with the opposite sex now that I'd met my girl.

James turned back to me with a shake of his head, unaware I was moments away from ripping his head off.

"She's in my biology class," he explained. "Has the boys all in a tizzy. Fresh meat, I guess." He shrugged as if he hadn't just lit a fuse and turned casually away while it sizzled at my feet.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

This was why I needed to be near her twenty-four-seven. Friday night couldn't come soon enough.

Chapter 4

LUCY

"What do you feel like for dinner, Dad? I can rustle up some Spag Bol?" I thumbed out a text message on my phone, replying to my bestie back home. I missed Dina a lot. I missed a lot of things about Koby Plains, too. It was my home for eighteen years, and I never thought I would leave. I had even planned on attending the local community college a few towns over, not wanting to be too far from my Dad.

Now...well, now the possibilities were endless. I was settling into city living better than I expected. I made a couple of friends and joined a book club. I was also relieved to discover that small-town schooling didn't necessarily mean a smaller education, something I had been concerned about. It only took me a few days to realize I was caught up. Ahead in some of the classes, actually.

"...so I was hoping you could make your usual chocolate cake. You know how much I love your cake, Pumpkin."

"Shi-shoot, Dad." I shoved my phone away. "I was texting Dina. What were you saying? You want me to make my chocolate cake?" I only made that for special occasions.

Dad straightened in his seat, his hands flexing against the steering wheel. "Dina?" His

voice was hoarse. I frowned, wondering if he was coming down with something. "H-how," he cleared his throat and tried again. "How is she?"

I shrugged. "Fine. Busy with schoolwork. She has a date on Saturday. I think-"

"She's dating?" He shouted.

I reared my head as I observed my Dad and his weird behavior. Dina and I had always been friends, but we became besties when we were ten. She'd stayed over at my house just as often as I did at hers. My Dad knew her well, so maybe he found it alarming that she was old enough to date. It just reminded him that his daughter was also growing up. Lord knows the number of lectures my Dad had given me about boys and drinking.

"Calm down, Dad. She's eighteen." I poked at his knee in jest. "Ya know, like me." My Dad only sent me a brief smile, barely moving his mouth.

"So what were you saying about-"

"Who's it with?"

"What?"

My Dad rolled his hand impatiently. "Dina. Who's her date with?"

"Oh, no," I shook my head in refusal and crossed my arms. "So you can go back and report to her mom? Hell, no. It's none of your business. You're not her father."

My Dad breathed in deeply before releasing it slowly through his nose. "No. I'm definitely not her father." His knuckles were white, clenching hard against the wheel before the tension seeped out as he turned into our street.

I rolled my eyes as I grabbed my backpack on the floor. "You're being weird," I mumbled.

Once we pulled up to the house, I climbed out of the vehicle, glaring at my Dad when he slammed the door harder than necessary. He suddenly turned around and slapped his head. "I forgot to finish our conversation. Roman Drake, one of the teachers at the school, is coming over for dinner tonight."

"Wha-what? Mr. Drake, my chemistry teacher?" My mouth dropped as butterflies took flight in my stomach.

"Ah, shit," my Dad ran a hand through his dark hair. "I forgot he was your teacher. He approached me in the staff room and invited me for dinner since I was new to town. But I suggested he come here instead. That's why I set everything up so fast this week."

I licked my lips, my throat suddenly feeling dry. I attempted to act casually, but my heart was beating erratically, and my palms were sweating.

I hadn't been able to get Mr. Drake out of my head. I only had Chemistry on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. My body ached the last two days. The back of my neck stayed prickled, the fine hairs raised. I could sense him near me. Which was silly; my classes were nowhere near the science block. I also couldn't spot him during lunch breaks. Yet, I could feel him.

I shrugged, tugging my bag higher up my shoulder. "It's cool. I mean, I don't mind. I don't know him that well, anyway. So don't cancel," I quickly said, just in case he was planning to.

He smiled as he put his arm around my stiff shoulders. "Thanks, Pumpkin." He gave my head a quick kiss. "So, do you think you can make your chocolate cake? He'll be

here at six-thirty. I was planning on cooking a roast chicken with veggies."

I fixed my Dad an overly bright smile. "Of course. I'll clean up and get right on it."

As I climbed the stairs, my body screamed to race up and find the perfect outfit. But I didn't want to arouse suspicion from my Dad. Instead, I leisurely took each step one at a time, humming a random tune under my breath.

La, la, la, la, la, nothing to see here. Definitely not becoming wet in my panties at the prospect of sitting across from my hot as fuck teacher, that may or may not have been flirting with me this week.

"Oh, Honey, and don't worry. You can take off after dinner. I'm sure the last thing you wanna do is hang out with a bunch of old guys."

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

I chortled loudly at his comment, slapping the banister. My Dad raised a brow at me in befuddlement over my strange reaction. The laughter quickly died in my throat.

Too much, Lucy.

I scrambled up the stairs before slamming my door shut and leaning against it, breathing hard.

A slow, calculating smile crossed my lips.

What was the perfect outfit to wear when you want your chem teacher - who was coming over for dinner - to lose his freakin' mind?

When the doorbell rang at six-thirty, I suddenly realized my plan was stupid. What the fuck was I thinking? Me? An eighteen-year-old virgin trying to seduce a thirty-something-year-old teacher from my school?

He was probably used to diverse, sophisticated, sexually experienced, and confident women. A heavy rock sank in my gut as I picked at my flowy, pink shirt. Initially, I had chosen a skimpy skirt with a low-cut top before I hurriedly took them off. I completely forgot for a moment that I was also having dinner with my Dad. He'd lose his shit if he saw his teenage daughter dressed like a street walker while his colleague was in the house.

It was inappropriate, I knew. And would ruin my plan. The plan, I now realized, was stupid.

I waited in the kitchen, sitting nervously at the table. I alternated between twisting my fingers on my lap and drumming them on the table. I heard voices at the door. The sound of my Dad greeting Mr. Drake and then a deep, husky laugh. A few indiscernible words were spoken before they got increasingly louder.

"Oh, she's in here. She made her signature chocolate cake for dessert. You'll love it."

My eyes raised as the doorway filled with two bodies. They were even in height and standing side by side. But there was only one frame I was interested in. Only one person whose eyes drew me in like a magnet.

His dark eyes assessed me, flaring slightly as they dragged down my body. Well, the part of my body that wasn't covered by the table. His nose flared, and I knew, I just knew that his gaze had landed on my breasts. I could feel my nipples pebble, and I shifted my thighs under the table, clenching my pussy against the moving friction.

I saw his chest breathe in deeply at my subtle movement. His throat worked, and his hands flexed beside him.

"Uh..." My Dad rubbed the back of his neck and laughed. "Lucy reminded me today that you're her teacher. Sorry if this is a little awkward."

Fuck. I had gotten so caught up in eye-fucking my fucking teacher that I forgot my Dad was literally standing beside him. Luckily he had mistaken our prolonged silence for something else.

Mr. Drake moved his heated stare from my breasts and raked them slowly up to search my face. He seemed in no hurry to placate my Dad with his notion that we were embarrassed. "Do you feel awkward, Lucy?" He drawled.

I licked my lips and gave him a small smile. "No," I softly said. I rose on shaky legs.

"It's nice to see you, Mr Drake. I'm enjoying your class."

That, I was honest about. His voice was mesmerizing, yes. And he was sexy as fuck; especially when he started to passionately explain hydrogen bonding or kinetic-molecular theory. He had a way of explaining his lectures by not dumbing them down but also teaching in layman's terms. He was strict with no-nonsense, but he was also patient, especially with those who weren't quite getting it.

"I'm enjoying having you, Lucy," he drawled.

Again, how he phrased it sounded dirty, just like when he asked me if I was his good girl.

I wiped my hands on my jeans and moved around the table to greet him. I held out my hand for a shake, attempting to appear grown-up.

His eyes dropped down to my hand before cascading slowly down the rest of my body. My groin heated with need; his eyes felt like a gentle caress, a slow kiss against my skin.

His big hand engulfed mine. Tingles shot up my arm, and my breathing labored. Instead of shaking my hand, he squeezed it gently for a lingering moment. He slid his hand, unhurriedly, from mine as if he was savoring my touch for as long as possible before just our tips brushed each other, then gradually separated.

"Dinner's almost ready," my Dad said. "Did you want to -"

"Bathroom," Mr. Drake hastily interrupted. He cleared his throat. "Sorry, may I use the bathroom? To wash up."

"Oh, yeah, of course. Use the one upstairs. We still have a lot of boxes in the

downstairs bathroom."

Mr. Drake nodded at my Dad in thanks. He glanced at me again before leaving the room and heading upstairs.

"See." Dad clasped me on the shoulders, giving me an affectionate squeeze. "It's not so bad."

My damp panties said otherwise.

I needed to keep busy, to stop myself from rushing up to my room and masturbating with my hairbrush to dirty thoughts of my teacher. I just had to get through this dinner; then I could escape and stuff my fingers up my cunt to the sound of his voice carrying up the stairs.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

Needing a distraction, I went to check the timer on my phone to see how long I had until the cake was ready. My phone wasn't where I thought it was before I realized I had left it upstairs. I had taken a call from Dina and hurried off to my room for privacy when my Dad stood there, glaring at the phone. He was definitely being weird lately.

I quietly and quickly sneaked into my room, not wanting Mr. Drake to hear me. I needed a little breather from him, time to collect my thoughts. To try and get over this uncomfortable crush.

I retrieved my phone and softly closed the door behind me.

It was then that I heard it.

A low male grunt came from the bathroom. My heart skipped a beat as I peeked down the hall, listening out for my Dad. But all I heard, in between the silence, was the sound of harsh breathing.

I tiptoed closer to the bathroom door. At first glance, it appeared closed. But now that the distance was eating up between my small steps, I could see a tiny gap.

I could also hear the unmistakable sound of flesh smacking.

No. It couldn't be.

Could it?

I opened the door wider, thankful it didn't creak. Although, I'm not sure the bent over, grunting male would notice if it did.

Because Mr. Drake was too busy beating off his cock to notice that his eighteen-year-old student was standing, opened-mouthed, at the ajar door.

Liquid heat seeped through my panties as I took in the sight of my first masturbating man. And what a man it was.

His hand grasped the white marble, his dark head bent, and his mouth was pulled back in a grimace.

His large hand surrounded his long, thick penis, pumping it up and down in a flurry of movements.

Soon, he threw his head back with a choked grunt, his hand moving to grasp the mirror before him.

"Lucy! Fuck, Lucy, take my come."

My mouth opened in a silent gasp, and my eyes widened in shock.

Did he -

Did he just say what I think he did?

As if I had spoken those words out loud, I heard him grunt my name again as he spilled his come into the very sink I brushed my teeth at.

I could hear the wetness of his release and saw the ropes of white come jut out of the mushroomed tip. His hand movements finally slowed as his come trickled out to

nothing.

The finishing movements snapped me out of my stupor, and I hurriedly pulled away from the door.

With my heart in my throat, I scurried down the stairs. Away from my masturbating teacher.

Chapter 5

ROMAN

Dinner was torture.

Sitting across from the object of my obsession; watching her lick her lips and bounce in her seat as she eyed the succulent meat. The way she chewed and closed her eyes and hummed in pleasure as she bit into the first taste of her crunchy potato. It made me wonder if she would hum around my dick.

I was thankful that we were seated at the table. Otherwise, there would be no mistaking my hard cock, attempting to punch through my jeans.

My reprieve in their upstairs bathroom did little to deflate my hardened cock. Especially after I wiped my dick on a pink towel. The thought of my sweet Lucy rubbing my jizz all over her supple body made my cock salute all over again.

Michael turned to me with a question, so I dropped my eyes from the temptation before me and resumed cutting into my chicken as I spoke with him.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

The food was delicious. You couldn't go wrong with roast chicken, potatoes, and veggies.

Michael, as well, was entertaining company. Although he appeared to be a little distracted, constantly checking his phone and clenching his jaw in annoyance at whatever he discovered on there. But from what I had deciphered, he was a pretty cool guy. Despite the five-year age difference, we had a lot in common.

I was still going to fuck his daughter's tight cunt into next week, though. I was still going to put a ring on her finger. Put a baby in her belly. Nothing was going to deter me from my prize.

The clang of cutlery hitting the floor drew my attention back to Lucy.

"Oops," she breathed. "I'm so clumsy. It seems to have fallen on your side. Would you mind picking it up, Mr. Drake?"

My hand tightened on the fork and knife, pleasure seeping my core at the deliberate emphasis on my name. With her gaze poised on mine, Lucy raised her fingers to her mouth and sucked each digit with calculated precision.

My eyes widened and flashed to her father, but his attention was on his phone, furiously typing away with a furrowed brow.

My jaw would drop at her brazen actions if I weren't grinding my teeth so hard.

I bared my teeth at her in what I hoped was an obliging smile. "Of course, Lucy." Her

name rolled off my tongue like whipped butter.

I pulled my chair back and peeked under the table, spying the silver fork lying just out of my reach but close enough to my side. It was no inconvenience. I'd pick through hay to find a needle if she asked me.

As I bent down to retrieve the item, my gaze snapped to her bare legs. My hand started fumbling blindly for the fork as Lucy widened her legs, baring her cloth-covered pussy to me.

Her cloth-coveredwetpussy.

She had scooted forward in her seat until just the edges of her buttocks hung onto the end of her chair. That's how I could see the outline of her pussy lips, glistening against the almost see-through material of her white panties. Completely saturated by her wetness.

Hell, I could smell her sweet and musky scent from where I was crouched. I licked my lips and moved forward just a tad, needing to lick her cunt through her panties.

"You alright down there?"

I jerked so fast that my head banged against the table. I snatched the fork and reared back and out from underneath the table.

Lucy smirked at me before reaching across and plucking the fork from between my shaking fingers.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Drake," she cooed.

I glanced at Michael, relieved that he had resumed eating as if his daughter hadn't just

flashed her wet cunt to his colleague.

Fucking brat.

I was gonna put her over my knee and smack her ass until it was red. And then I was going to smooth the sting with my tongue. I would open her buttocks and rim out her asshole, following the line of skin right down to her -

"You want another beer, Roman?" Michael asked.

Lucy raised her eyes to meet mine and sent me a demure smile—the antithesis of her previous behavior.

She was going to pay for that.

After dinner, Lucy served her delectable chocolate cake. Her father wasn't lying; it was delicious. Soft and moist. Not too sweet and with a smooth buttercream icing on top. For the firsttime in my life, food made me hard. All it took was the thought of Lucy barefoot and pregnant in our kitchen. Baking me a chocolate cake. Me scooping up a dollop of cream to shove in her mouth as I fucked her pregnant pussy from behind.

I shifted on the couch, hoping Michael wouldn't glance down and spot my hard-on. It would be hard to explain that away given that his daughter had gone upstairs. I couldn't leave without seeing her one last time. My hand itched to spank her for her come-inducing performance over dinner.

I don't know why she showed me her wet pussy; because it was apparent that she intended for me to see it. She didn't seem like the bold type to attempt a seduction on an older man. Unless...she had done this before?

I saw red. If this were a regular occurrence by her, I would be putting a stop to that. I'm the only man she would ever show her wet cunt to.

Michael's phone ringing brought me out of my dark thoughts.

"I gotta take this," he quickly said before rising and taking off to the kitchen, the phone already at his ear.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

I gave it two seconds before I was out of my chair and quietly making my way upstairs. Her bedroom door was open, but when I peeked in, it was empty. Her bed was neatly made, and a scattering of school textbooks were spread out.

Where was she?

A small, feminine whimper came from down the hall, answering my question. It was coming from the bathroom. My cock lengthened when I remembered what I had done in there earlier. As another soft moan rang out, I quickly padded towards the door. Surely she wasn't doing what I thought she was?

I turned the handle, and pre-come immediately leaked out the tip of my dick when my eyes quickly translated the scene before me.

Lucy was bent over the sink, not unlike the position I was just in a couple of hours ago. Wet sounds were coming from her soaking gash. One hand gripped the edge of the vanity while the other was buried in the front of her panties. No doubt her fingers were slippery with her cunt juice. Her mouth was open, and her warm puffs of breath were steaming up the mirror. As another small whine escaped her lips, I couldn't hold myself back any longer.

"That's my pussy," I growled as I stepped into the small bathroom and closed the door behind me with a definitive "click."

The shocked gasp from Lucy had me grinning. A red tinge spread across her smooth cheeks as she turned frightened eyes at me.

"M-Mr Drake!" She gasped as she took a step back. She licked her lips, her eyes dropping from mine in embarrassment.

"I-I was just-"

"Fucking my cunt."

Her mouth snapped shut at my low drawl.

Defiant eyes flashed at me, and my brave girl stood straight. "I was just doing what I saw you doing in here first!" She hissed angrily.

Relief flooded me at her words. I was worried that she made a habit of flashing men. I now understood that she most likely felt brave enough to give me a private peep show after seeing me jerk off in her bathroom. She probably heard me grunting her name like a sex fiend, too.

I grinned at her and stalked forward, invading her space. I was conscious that her father was downstairs, but I wasn't leaving here without getting a taste of my girl.

The smug look on her face started to slide into trepidation once she realized that I didn't care that she caught me. In fact, I was delighted. We both knew what the other wanted. It meant we could bypass all the bullshit courtship I had planned.

I grabbed the hand she had been masturbating with and placed the still-wet fingers against my lips. Her eyes flared, the blue swirling with restrained desire. I could see the little pulse beating against her neck. I closed my eyes and groaned as the smell of the arousal coating her fingers hit my nostrils.

I wrapped my lips around her damp digits, sucking her juices off them. Her mouth dropped open, and her breathing grew shallow as she watched the erotic action. I held

her eyes as I licked around each finger until I was satisfied that I had lapped her desire up.

She whimpered when I sucked off the last of her fingers, letting her hand drop limply to her side.

"On the counter," I ordered. She stared at me, anxiousness crowding her features. "Now."

She jumped and immediately reached back to pull herself up onto the white vanity. I lifted her calves, planting her feet on the bench. I jerked her legs apart and yanked her forward until her pussy almost hung off the edge.

I reached up her skirt and grasped the corners of her white panties. "Up."

Wordlessly she lifted her behind, and I slid them off. "These are mine now," I warned her. "But for now..." I bunched them up and placed them against her mouth. "Open."

As soon as her lips parted, I shoved the material inside. Her brow furrowed in panic, and she hummed around them, almost in protest.

Almost.

Because at the same time, I saw her eyes glaze over in arousal. And if I were a betting man, I would bet that more pussy juice leaked out of her pussy.

"Don't want your father to hear," I teased.

I crouched in front of her splayed legs. My nostrils flared at seeing her pretty, wet, pink pussy. My cock was painfully hard with come leaking out into my boxer briefs. I rubbed at my erection, attempting to calm the beast.

"Such a horny girl flashing this juicy, virgin cunt at me." I glanced up at her and grinned when I saw her eyes close in shame. The red on her cheeks had carried down onto her neck.

"This is your reward." I leaned forward and buried my mouth against her leaking gash. Her hips jerked forward, and a strangled moan came from her. I used my fingers to spread her lips as my tongue lashed against her clit, biting and pulling it into my mouth. I moaned as I sucked on the little pearl, the feel of her juice staining my lower face. I gathered the dripping pussy juice with my tongue before shoving it into her tight hole.

Her legs shook around my head, closing in and squeezing before spreading wide and thrusting. My poor girl didn't know what to do with herself.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

I buried my nose against her as I slurped up as much of her sweetness as I could. Her hands grabbed at my head as she whimpered around her dirty panties. Her hip thrusts got more frenzied, and I heard her mumble something. But it was hard to decipher since my filthy girl's mouth was currently occupied.

But it sounded a lot like...

Girl juice squirted against my mouth and nose as she writhed on the counter, whimpering and moaning in ecstasy.

I jumped up and released my aching cock. With a few strokes, I grunted my release.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" I groaned. "You dirty fucking slut teasing me. Look what you made me do. Coating this virgin cunt. Fucking take it!"

White ropes of come flew out and splattered against her thighs and pussy. I dribbled the remainder of my spend directly against her open and still spasming cunt, not caring if any seeped into her pussy hole.

She regarded me with wide eyes, her breathing erratic. I stepped between her spread thighs and slid the damp panties from her mouth. Her saliva coated it, and I ached to shove it into my mouth. Instead, I leaned forward and placed my forehead against hers.

"Mine."

I covered her lips, my tongue caressing hers as I ate at her in desperation. I poured all

the love, desire, and longing for her into her mouth. Her fingers clung to the front of my shirt as she shyly returned my kiss, moaning sweetly.

Reluctantly I pulled away before placing a gentle kiss on her head. I had to leave before her Dad came looking for me.

"I gotta go, baby. But we'll talk later," I promised.

Before I was tempted to stay and fuck her on the counter, uncaring if her father heard, I forced my legs to move.

But not before stuffing her panties in my pocket.

Chapter 6

ROMAN

I was kicked back casually against my desk, observing my class. My arms were folded, and I had a neutral expression on my face. The students were split into groups and scattered around the room doing practical work and sharing ideas. It was a brief reprieve to unwind and catch up on paperwork.

But there was no way I could relax when my thoughts were so stormy. To the casual onlooker, I appeared relaxed. But if they looked closely, they would spy my hands clenching and releasing against my arms. They would catch the barely noticeable tick in my eye and the grinding of my jaw.

I was going to kill Gavin Taylor.

If he leaned over my girl one more time with the pretense of reading the source material, I would start flipping tables.

As much as I wanted to keep Lucy contained to her desk and away from the opposite sex, I couldn't avoid group work. It was crucial in effective learning, plus it was in the school curriculum.

But seeing the popular jock, with his stupid floppy hair, brush up against my girl's arm had me seeing red. Luckily, Lucy appeared ignorant of his amateur flirting. She gave him half smiles, conversed with him when needed, and pointed out fractions in the textbook when he played dumb. She didn't pay him any more attention than the other three group members.

I was still planning on spanking her for allowing Gavin to flirt with her, though. Was it reasonable? No. But I itched to place my mark on her.

"Five more minutes." My voice echoed across the room, propelling some students to hurry through their tasks.

Lucy's eyes met mine. And held. A tinge of pink spread over her cheeks.

Seeing her flush brought back memories of that debauched Friday night. The taste of her pussy lingered on my tongue for hours. I even bypassed my nightly shower routine, fearing that her scent would disappear from my face.

But of course, I had her panties to bring me back. The number of times I sniffed them while jerking off, or using the friction on her panties to run against my cock, should be illegal. I hadn't jerked off this much since I was a horny adolescent.

All this could've been avoided if she just answered my goddamn texts. I had her number since Michael had her down as one of his emergency contacts. I had sent her a barrage of text messages. The next becoming increasingly more desperate than the last.

The little brat was ignoring me. Maybe she thought what we shared was wrong.

Taboo.

Forbidden.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

That maybe I was only getting off on her young pussy. Maybe...maybe she thought I did this with other students.

I couldn't wait to dissuade her of that notion - to let her know under no uncertain terms that she was it for me. And I would be letting her know through my cock in her cunt.

Once the bell rang and my students started to file out, I again used the distraction to call upon Lucy.

"Stay behind, Miss Thomas."

LUCY

My body tensed at his words. I lifted my head and watched him shuffling papers, calm as you please.

I had lingered at my desk once the bell rang, putting away the last of my books. I had taken the time to meticulously input notes in my workbook, determined to stay ahead in my schoolwork. Despite my protests that I didn't need an escort to lunch, Gavin insisted on waiting for me. But after Mr. Drake's request, he shot me a sympathetic look before sauntering out of class.

Once the door clicked shut behind the last student, Mr. Drake gestured to the door near his desk.

His private office.

"Follow me."

Without waiting, he strolled out of sight, confident I would obey.

He was pissed. I could sense it as soon as I entered his class. His mood hung like a cloak around me, letting me know with each sly glance I made that he was displeased with me.

I got his texts. They were hard to ignore, considering they came in like a flood.

Your pussy tasted so sweet. I still have it on my tongue.

Did you wash my come off? You better not have.

Why aren't you answering?

I'm going to spank your ass for ignoring me. And then I'm going to fuck it.

My thighs clenched in memory, especially when he went into explicit detail about what he was doing with my dirty panties. He even sent through a dick pic with my ruined cotton underwear wrapped around his long, huge cock.

I had clawed off my sleep shorts and fucked my fingers to the vision of his cock. I hadn't showered him off. In fact, when he had left me panting and covered in his come, I had scooped up as much as I could and stuffed it in my mouth. The taste burst like earth and salt. I had licked my fingers as I stuffed the come he had spilled on my pussy into my pussy.

I kept track of my periods, so I knew it was the wrong time of the month for me to fall pregnant. Still, the idea that I could carry a baby without fucking him, that it could happen with his come splattered on my cunt, had me whimpering in pleasure.

After my libido cooled and I was brought back to the harsh reality that my fucking chemistry teacher had just eaten me out and came all over me, I started to panic.

What did we just do? What did I allow to happen? Was this a game to him? Seduce the new student, groom her? Was I being groomed?

I recalled the jolt of soul-searing recognition when I first walked into his class, and our eyes met. A deep sense of knowing and longing settled deep within me. It took me a cool minute to realize he was my teacher—not some older-looking senior. I had tried my best to ignore him, to concentrate on the material in front of me. But it was as if an invisible band had us joined.

Whenever I glanced up, his dark eyes were assessing me. Eating me up. I felt naked and exposed. I wondered if he was just annoyed that he had to deal with a new student and that I had arrived late to his class while he was in the middle of teaching. The girl he had seated me next to that first day seemed hostile, too, making me think that I was being judged and found lacking.

But then my mind drifted to that second day. When he waited by the door...dare I say, for me. Eagerly asking about my day as if he didn't have a room full of students. And then...calling me his good girl. The innuendo was heavy.

That was why I dressed nicely for dinner; I needed to test his response. To assure myself that I hadn't imagined his dark eyes clouding with some indiscernible emotion whenever our eyes met.

Seeing him pump his impressive cock in the bathroom, uncaring that my Dad or I could've walked in and caught him. When my name spilled from his lips, it coincided with a slick of juice pouring out of me. Knowing he was thinking of me while pleasuring himself gave me the confidence to spread my thighs at him unabashedly. To show him my damp panties, let him smell my desire for him. While he was down

there, I could almost feel his breath on my thigh. I had closed my eyes briefly, waiting for the touch of his mouth.

Nothing like your Dad's voice to throw ice on your libido.

"Get. In."

I jerked at the harsh tone of Mr. Drake's voice from his office. He sounded impatient. Angry.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

My feet propelled me forward until I crossed the threshold of his office. He left his place in the center of the small room and slammed the door behind me.

I flinched, clutching my books closer to my chest. I regarded him with wide, almost frightened eyes. But the only part of me he could hurt was my heart.

His gaze was intense. A muscle ticked in his jaw before he reached down and cupped my face.

"I'm so pissed at you, baby girl." The name caused butterflies to take off in my stomach.

"But having you here, all I want to do is this."

Without warning, he covered my mouth with his, swallowing the squeak that came out. I felt his tongue seek entrance, and once I parted my lips, his taste exploded in my mouth.

I had been kissed before Mr. Drake. Stolen kisses at a school dance. I remembered the first time Ian stuck his tongue in my mouth. It felt slimy, and he whirled it around like he was cleaning out my mouth.

Mr. Drake's brief kiss in my bathroom was chaste yet forceful. The kind of kiss I imagined a loving husband giving to their wife as they parted for the day.

But this.

This was how I imagined a husband kissing his wife on their wedding night. Or a lover during a clandestine meeting in a hotel room. Desperate. Hot. Passionate. Longing.

I felt like he wanted to devour me. Eat my mouth just like he had eaten at my pussy.

When he pulled away, a string of saliva clung between our lips briefly before breaking away. As if it, too, protested our parting.

His harsh breaths tickled my face as he placed his forehead against mine.

My lips felt swollen as my breaths puffed out quickly between us.

"What are we doing?" I panted, needing to know. I needed the words.

"Starting our love story."

I whimpered at his profound words, leaning back to stare into his brown eyes. I opened my mouth to echo his sentiment, but my eyes caught on his brown desk and the stack of workbooks in the corner. Certificates and awards littered his desk, my eyes catching on the words 'education' and 'teaching.'

As much as I wanted to lean into his words, the circumstances surrounding our meeting had me stiffening.

"Wha- how...?"

What is happening?

How is this going to work?

"You let me worry about all that, baby," he instructed. "Right now, we're going to talk about the fact that you've been ignoring my messages."

He was glaring at me, his face flushed with irritation. I shivered as I stepped back out of his arms. I was already missing his warmth, but I couldn't allow myself to be swayed by sweet words.

"How many students have you done this with?" I hotly demanded.

His face turned thunderous, and a little of my bravado faded. I gasped when he grabbed me by my shoulders, roughly turned me around, and placed his hand on the middle of my back. With a gentle yet firm push, he pressed me down against his desk until I caught my upper body with my hands.

"Mr. Drake!"

I felt the cool air on my ass as he lifted my skirt. An embarrassed blush crossed my cheeks.

"What are you - oh!"

Whack!

Was he really...?

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

Whack!

"Oh, my god." The sting was sharp but not hard enough for it to linger. "Are you fucking crazy?"

"That was for thinking I would ever do this with another student, let alone another woman," he hissed against my hair.

"Mr. Drake," I moaned. He rubbed his large hand against my buttocks, smoothing any remaining sting.

"That was for ignoring my text messages. And this -"

Whack!

I gasped as my panties grew damp. That smack seemed a little harder than the last two, but instead of feeling outraged, I threw my head back and arched more into his touch.

His hot breath leaned against my ear. "- is for letting that punk ass boy flirt with you."

My eyes flew open as I tried to rear back. "What? I didn't let him flirt with me! He -"

He turned me around and pulled me down onto my knees before him. The words died in my mouth as I was confronted with his very large, very aroused cock, pressing against his navy blue slacks. My mouth dried as I realized what was about to happen. But instead of crawling away in a panic, my body hummed with anticipation. I licked

my lips, already picturing his rigid member pressing against them.

With swift movements, he had his belt unbuckled and his pants shoved down along with his boxer briefs. His big cock slapped against his tight stomach. Somewhere amid my yearning daydream, he had unbuttoned his shirt.

The tip of his cock was an angry purple color. White pre-come leaked from the end, and my mouth watered in need. I had caught glimpses of his cock - his hand frantically moving against it while he groaned my name and a blur of it when I was in a post-orgasmic haze as he shot his load over my body. But seeing it up close - each intricate vein and smooth groove - lit a fire in me that started in my groin and licked up to my erect nipples.

I glanced up at him, suddenly feeling awkward. I had never done this before. Never even seen a naked cock in real life until his. And I had a feeling that I was starting with the Everest of cocks.

With his eyes boring into mine, he grabbed his dick from the base and smeared the tip against my lips. My eyes clouded over as I licked the excess salty wetness.

He threw his head back and groaned as my tongue brushed his penis. "This is your punishment, baby girl. You get to choke on my cock and swallow my come."

Oh, god...

Why did that make my clit tingle?

"Ah uh," Mr. Drake slapped his cock against my cheek. "You don't get to touch yourself. That's part of your punishment."

"Please....," I begged, my mouth brushing his length. I turned my head and slid the

smooth flesh against my cheek. I could feel his cream smear on my skin.

"Please, what?" He gathered my hair and tugged, pulling my head back.

"Please...put your cock in my mouth," I gasped.

"Fuck!" He ground out as he pushed his cock past my willing lips into the warm depths.

"Suck my dick like the dirty slut you are."

I moaned around his length, my mouth stretching obscenely. He held my hair up as his hips started to piston in and out of my mouth. Saliva gathered and dripped out the corners as I lunged onto his lean hips. At first, I couldn't catch his rhythm, my movements feeling clumsy.

"Relax your throat, baby," he moaned. "You're doing so well."

Wanting to impress him, I did as instructed while moving my head with his thrusts. I was still gagging and dripping saliva out of my mouth, tears streaming down my cheeks.

But I fucking loved it. The fullness in my mouth, the burn in my throat, the ache in my jaw. The taste of his pre-come spilling... If he hadn't banned me from touching myself, my hand would be buried so far up my snatch, knocking on the door of my virginity.

"Yes, yes, baby. Swallow my fucking cock. Your mouth feels like heaven."

Gagging noises filled the room, followed by wet sloshes. Mr. Drake's grunts of pleasure echoed in between his murmurs of praise.

Just when I was about to disobey a direct order and sneak my fingers up my skirt, the most awful thing happened.

Page 17

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

"Roman? You in here?"

I immediately pulled my mouth from Mr. Drake's cock with a shocked pop at the sound of my Dad's voice. I covered my mouth as my eyes widened in fear.

Mr. Drake only brought his finger to his lips, seemingly unaffected by my father being just outside the door.

"Ro?" The handle on his private office door jiggled, and I sagged in relief when I realized Mr. Drake had the foresight to lock it.

"Hey, Michael?"

"What are you doing?" I mouthed at him in alarm. He could've easily kept quiet.

Instead, he grinned at me as he clutched his cock again, tapping it against my nose. My eyes narrowed in annoyance, realizing that this infuriating man was getting off on this fucked up scenario.

Well, two could play this game.

"Roman? You okay in there?"

"Yeah, I'm - fuck!"

Mr. Drake - Roman - jerked when he felt my mouth settle over one heavy ball sac. Now it was my turn to grin shamelessly as I flicked my tongue against the groomed

sac.

"Are you okay?" My Dad's voice sounded concerned as the door handle jiggled again.

"Yeah, sorry." Roman bit his lip as he watched me, no doubt forcing back a groan. His brow was furrowed in concentration before another low curse spilled from his lips as I pulled the heavy flesh into my mouth and quietly sucked.

"I - uh - spilled liquid on me while I was cleaning out the beakers."

I rolled my eyes in mockery at his fib before moving across to his other sac and mouthing it with the same attention.

"I keep spare clothes here in case this happens. You won't believe the amount of times I've done this." His laugh sounded strangled, but to an outsider, it seemed like the distracted sound of someone completing a task. Like pretending to change into clothes after a fake chemical spill.

"Ah, shit, sorry, man. I'll give you privacy. I just wanted to check if you've seen my daughter. I know this was her last class before lunch, so I thought maybe she stayed back."

Roman's lips twitched in amusement as he rubbed my moving jaw.

This was wrong. I should stop this. My Dad was on the other side of the door asking for me while I was sucking on my teacher's ball sac. I was going to hell.

I buried my face against Roman's crotch, his pubic hairs tickling me. I rubbed my face against the coarse hairs, like a cat rubbing up against their owner. I closed my eyes and stroked his long cock against my cheek, up and down, before sticking my tongue out of the corner of my mouth and licking the tip sideways.

What a way to go.

"Sorry, man. She left with everyone else."

My Dad sighed. "Figured as much. I'll check the courtyard. I forgot to give her lunch money." I heard a tap on the wall before my Dad said, "See ya," and left.

Once we heard his footsteps retreat and the heavy outer door of the classroom close, Roman jerked my head back.

"You dirty fucking girl," he panted as he stroked his dick. "You liked sucking on Daddy's balls while your Dad looked for you?"

"Yessss," I moaned when I heard that forbidden title spill out of his mouth. I noted that he didn't call my Dad 'Daddy,' reserving that name just for him.

"You've been punished enough. Open that slutty mouth and receive your reward."

I obeyed, sticking my tongue out on instinct. I had seen this on a porno once. I now understood its appeal.

"Here it comes...fuuuuck!" He aimed the tip of his dick down on my tongue and coated it with his come.

There was so much of it; it filled my mouth before overflowing down the sides. I watched Roman's face as he released. He grunted throughout his orgasm, his face twisting in pleasure, his mouth pulled back in a grimace.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

"Take it all. Take my come, baby."

I stayed kneeling, letting him use me as his own personal come dumpster. My bottom half twisted as I tried to self-pleasure through the friction of my thighs rubbing together.

Once the last of his come had been released, he let go of his dick before sticking his thumb in my mouth, keeping it open. He stared at the mess he made with satisfaction before removing his hand.

"Swallow," he ordered.

I swallowed his come without hesitation while he watched me with a burning stare. I was already familiar with his taste since I had scooped his come off my body, so I didn't waver as I swiped my fingers again to gather the come dripping down my chin.

"Fucking hell," he murmured as he watched me stuff my fingers full of come into my mouth and suck.

He yanked me up and covered my mouth with his own, uncaring that he was also swapping his own come into his mouth.

"Hottest fucking thing I've ever seen," he groaned against my lips. "You did this when I left you that night, didn't you? Ate my come off your sexy body."

"Yessss," I gasped as he devoured my mouth again, his fingers rising up the back of my thighs to brush against my pussy. "As soon as you left, I stuffed your come into

my mouth and pussy," I confessed.

"Fuck!" He shoved me against his desk and sank to his knees. I spread my thighs, already knowing what was to come.

"For that, you get your real reward," he growled before I clutched his hair as his head disappeared under my skirt.

Chapter 7

LUCY

"Where have you been?"

My mouth twisted in apology as Dina frowned at me through my phone screen. I've been a bad friend. A bad daughter.

My insides turned to liquid.

A bad student.

At least that's what Mr. Drake, or Roman, as he demanded I now call him outside of the classroom - and bedroom - frequently reminded me.

"You're such a bad student making your teacher hard like that."

He spoke those words to me yesterday after I discreetly opened my legs to him while he was at the front of the class. His breathing had gotten heavy, and he immediately went behind his desk to complete the lesson. I wasn't wearing any panties.

After class, he locked me in his private office and ate my ass from behind while I

frantically rubbed at my clit. His tongue in my forbidden hole felt too good for me to be embarrassed. It was his fault for putting me in the front of the class, anyway.

"I'm sorry!" I lay on my stomach and propped the phone up on my pillow against the headboard. "School's been full on." I wasn't lying. School has been a lot, especially starting afresh in a new city.

But I couldn't tell her the whole truth...that all my time was spent with Roman Drake. My chemistry teacher. My chemistry teacher who loves it when I gag on his cock and who makes it his mission to get me to squirt in his face.

"I get it," Dina softly replied. She had to start a new school, but our old class had transferred to the neighboring town, so it hadn't been too much of an upheaval for her.

"Anyway, did you end up going on that date with Jack? You weren't too sure last time we talked."

I called her on the day of her big date, excited to see what she was wearing. Her mood was subdued, and she was being very vague about the details before confessing that she was having second thoughts and might cancel. She promised to call me the next day, either way, but when I didn't hear back from her by mid-afternoon, I attempted to call her to no avail. I would've followed up on it if Roman hadn't tied me up in knots after he ate me out in my bathroom.

"No. I, uh, canceled." Dina glanced away briefly, and a look of guilt flashed across her face before her features cleared.

"Huh," I frowned. "Why? You seemed so excited."

Dina shrugged, scratched her nose, and looked around her room, clearly avoiding my

gaze.

My eyes narrowed. My usually confident and direct friend was hiding something. Something was up with her. I was sure of it.

Page 19

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

"It just didn't feel right. He's a nice guy, but the spark isn't there, you know?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her how she could possibly know if there was a spark without first going on a date, but then my mind jumped to Roman.

Our spark was instant—a meeting of eyes and boom. Our spark could light the city grid. I couldn't imagine ever feeling this way about another guy. I've never even come close. True, there were few options in my small hometown, but there were plenty of guys where I now lived.

Granted, I haven't been able to get close to any of them, not that I would want to. Roman's possessiveness and jealousy of any male within my vicinity were enough to deter me. I didn't want him to lose his job, and that would definitely happen if he saw another male so much as breathing on me. His bubbling greediness of me would spill over until it exploded.

Boom.

There went his career and possibly his freedom to be with me.

Was it healthy? No. But I equally coveted his time. I knew a few female teachers who wanted to date him, and I had a hard time resisting the urge to clutch his hand as I watched them simper at him.

"Well...anyone else at your new school catch your eye? C' mom, there has to be someone." I propped my chin on my hand and shot her a teasing grin.

She matched my smirk and raised her brow. "I could ask you the same thing. Your school's bigger. Any hot boys catch your eye?"

I almost flinched at her use of 'boy.' It implied that I should be interested in age-appropriate boys, as should most straight teenage girls in high school.

"Oh, my god, you're blushing!" She shrieked. "Here you are giving me shit when you're hiding your own mystery boy. C'mon! Spill."

I really wished she would stop saying 'boy,' but I felt my resolve weaken. Dina was my best friend. I usually told her everything. I knew I could trust her, but this wasn't some harmless crush on a boy in my class. This was life-ruining information. If I -

"Oh!" Dina gasped. Her face went red, and she leaned back from her camera. Her eyes were pinned on something behind me.

I turned my head and jumped in fright. "Jesus, Dad!" I scooted up to sit on my knees as I glared at him. "Sneak up much?" I left my door open, but that didn't mean he could just enter.

But he wasn't paying me any attention. His whole focus was on my phone. "What?" I looked from him to my phone in puzzlement.

Dina was looking at anything but her screen. My Dad stared intently at my phone, a muscle ticking in his jaw. There was an unreadable expression on his face. He looked equal parts pissed off and pained.

"Dina," he growled. "How are you?"

Dina rubbed at her shoulder and gave my Dad a tiny, stiff smile. "Fine, Mi - Mr. Thomas."

Dad leaned over and peered into my screen. "Have you been behaving?"

"Dad -"

"Actually," Dina haughtily replied, "Luce and I were just talking about a date I have coming up."

"Uhh...we were?" I asked, my head volleying between the two of them.

My best friend's chin lifted. "I have a date this weekend."

"Youdo?" I was so lost.

My Dad leaned forward, his face looking a little red. It reminded me of when I tried to leave the house at sixteen with half my ass hanging out of my shorts. "If thateverhappens -"

He abruptly cut off, leaned back, and ran a hand through his hair. He turned to stare at me as the tension drained slowly from him. He fixed me with an overly bright smile and ruffled my hair. I squeaked in protest as I batted his hands away.

"You know what? I forgot to mention that I'm popping into Koby Plains this weekend."

"Huh?" My mouth dropped. I heard Dina's gasp, but I felt like I was stuck in loopy land with the number of bomb drops. Not to mention my Dad's weird behavior. "I thought we weren't going back 'til Thanksgiving?"

My grandparents still lived there, and I had an uncle and aunt that lived a town over with my cousins.

"Your uncle Rob needs someone to help him fix a fence."

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

I frowned. "Doesn't he have farmhands for that?"

"They're on vacation," he quickly said as he shoved his hands in his pockets.

"Allof them?"

"So Luce, you're coming, right?" Dina interrupted. I grabbed my phone and turned it away from my Dad.

Just when I was about to confirm that I would indeed be accompanying my Dad, a text banner popped up at the top of my screen. My eyes widened as I glimpsed at the first half of the text.

Thinking about your sweet cunt and how juicy-

That was all I was willing to read before I quickly swiped the message away. I was breathing hard, scared for a moment that Dina had seen the message. Thank goodness I moved my phone away from my Dad's view.

"Luce." Dina's voice interrupted. She stared at me wide-eyed as if trying to communicate some hidden message. Unfortunately, my mind was firmly in the gutter since Roman texted me.

A whole weekend to myself. With Roman. I could finally do what I'd been dying to do with him since I first walked into his Chemistry class. Get him to pop my cherry. It's the one thing he's held out on, explaining that he wanted my first time to be special with candles or some shit. I didn't need that. Whether it's in his back office or

his Range Rover...I'd let him rail me wherever he liked.

"Sorry, Dee." I pouted at her. "I have a test on Monday. I was planning on studying this weekend with a study buddy." The lie poured easily out of my mouth. Well, half a lie. I did have a test on Monday, but it was more of a pop quiz than anything serious. And I did have a study buddy...he was just going to be studying my body.

My Dad's hand came down heavy on my shoulder. "Yeah, it's a good idea for you to get ahead in your studies. I'll only be gone for the night anyway. I'll drive back Sunday afternoon."

If it weren't for my Dad and best friend watching me, I'd do a giddy little dance. One whole night with Roman. Sleeping in his arms. Waking up with him. Making breakfast together. Like we were a real honest-to-goodness couple. Not teacher and student. Nothing taboo or forbidden or secret. For one night, we could pretend.

ROMAN

"Please," my girl whined as she wiggled her naked pussy on my hard crotch. Pre-come leaked from my dick as the heat of Lucy's wetness soaked my jeans.

"Baby," I started as my fingers gripped her grinding ass. But instead of stopping her movements, my finger rubbed at the entrance to her little asshole.

Lucy mewled as she tossed her head back. She stuck her delectable ass out as if she wanted my long digit to breach her puckered hole. Her tits bounced in my face as she continued her movements. I licked at one pouty, hard nipple before sucking it into my mouth.

"Yes!" She gasped. "Suck my titties, Mr. Drake!"

I growled as I opened my mouth wider, taking more of her flesh into my mouth and sucking hard. That was going to leave a mark.

I smiled in satisfaction when I thought of her little conservative t-shirts...with no one knowing that underneath them, her tits were red and swollen from her teacher's mouth.

She ran her hands through my hair and cradled me to her chest. I breathed hotly against her skin, desperate to bewithher. A part of her. My mouth trailed hot, wet kisses up her chest, collarbone, and neck before I licked up her cheek and covered her mouth with mine.

She moaned sweetly as she sucked on my tongue. Her hands grabbed the back of my car seat as she humped me wildly. I grasped her hips, encouraging her movements as I pistoned my hips up. She tore her mouth from mine and twined her hands around my neck. She leaned back, clasping my neck tightly to stop herself from falling back.

Her eyes were heavy with lust as she smashed her pussy up and down on my lap. The car was rocking. I was pretty sure that anyone who happened upon us would take one look at my shaking Range Rover and deduce what was happening.

"Yeah, baby," I groaned. "Fuck that wet cunt on me." My hands climbed up her back until my fingers touched her trailing hair. I grabbed at it and yanked her head back gently.

She shouted out at the pleasure/pain, and I could feel the come about to shoot out of my balls. "Ah fuck, baby. I'm about to come." My eyes closed, awaiting that sweet tumble into ecstasy.

It never came.

Suddenly the warmth was removed from me, and I forced my eyes open to find out where my sweet pussy went.

Lucy was hovering over my lap. Her hair was wild, her lips swollen, and her blue eyes heavy with need. But they were also determined.

"What are you doing?" I demanded. I attempted to yank her crotch back down on me, but she held firm.

"Promise me," she demanded. Her tone was stern and uncompromising.

When Lucy told me that her Dad was returning to Koby Plains for the night, I could've wept with joy—one whole night with my baby.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

But when she fixed me with a stubborn look and informed me that I would be taking her virginity, I vehemently refused. A stance that was starting to get harder and harder to keep - literally.

She'd been asking me to fuck her for a while, but I've always held back.

I wanted to wait until she graduated when I could take my time worshiping her body. Even now, we had to express our love parked in some hidden area, miles from where we lived to avoid detection. She was my dirty little secret, but at the same time, I wanted to shout my obsession from the rooftops.

However, the last thing I wanted was to put a target on Lucy's back at school and in the community. My job would be fucked, yes, but I just knew that society would come down harder on the female. I'd get high fives from my peers, whereas Lucy would be ridiculed and slut shamed. Hell no would that be happening.

So we would wait until she graduated before coming out to her Dad - who was someone I now called a friend, not to make our situation even more fucked up than it was. But, consequences be damned.

To celebrate that I get to love her the way we wanted, I planned on booking us into a fancy suite at a five-star hotel. We would need the ultimate comfort for what I had planned.

But my headstrong girl didn't want that. She was determined that I fuck her this weekend.

"Baby," I tried to reason, my fingers digging into her hips, attempting to settle her back down on my lap. "I just think it's a good idea to wait until -"

"It's my virginity," she pointed out, stabbing me in the chest with her finger. "Only I get to choose when and how I lose it." Her blue eyes flashed at me in defiance. "And to whom."

Jealousy flared in my stomach at her last words. I sat up straighter and dug my fingers into her naked waist. Instead of wincing, my girl's eyes grew heavy with need. She was a kinky, horny little thing. "The only person who's going to pop that cherry is me," I growled. "I don't want you even considering another man."

A cat-who-got-the-cream smile spread across her beautiful face. I felt her body move down an inch, her heat hovering just above my hard, covered dick. "Then fuck me this weekend," she pressed. "How can I be fully yours if I haven't felt your hard cock in my tight virgin hole?"

I knew she was manipulating me in her own sweet way, but I was beyond caring. The idea that she was not fully mine sent the caveman in me roaring. What was I thinking? Why was I refusing her? I should've popped her cherry the moment I saw her.

Without warning, I slammed her down on my lap and rubbed her pussy harshly, front and back.

She threw her head back and moaned long and loud. No doubt enjoying the friction from my hard dick, the roughness of my jeans, the metal of my zip, and the leather of my unbuckled belt.

"Not only am I going to fuck your pussy this weekend," I grunted as I worked her wet cunt on top of me. "But I'll fuck it so deep and hard that I'm going to leave a permanent dick imprint up there."

Wetness rained down on me as my girl squirted all over my lap. Her nails clawed at me as she writhed, and dirty, incoherent words spilled from her angel lips. She yelled out her pleasure as her eyes rolled back in her head.

"Fuck, yeah! Come for me, baby." I threw my head back, my mouth twisting in a grimace of pleasure as my dick exploded in my jeans. "Love you!" I shouted. "Fucking love you, baby."

Her warmth surrounded me as she collapsed, boneless, draped over me. Her sweet breath puffed rapidly against my neck, whimpering softly as my fingers caressed the mess she'd made of her pussy.

I felt a ghost of a kiss against me as she made a contented sound, rubbing her nose against me and taking a big inhale. "Love you, too, Roman. Love you so much."

I tightened my arms around her, smearing her juices against her skin. I closed my eyes against the moisture gathering there and held her.

Chapter 8

LUCY

My hand shook as I tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. I smoothed my hand down my short, red dress and turned this way and that, ensuring no lumps or bumps showed.

Not that it mattered. A small smile crossed my mouth as I thought of the night ahead. Roman would undoubtedly shred my dress to bits in his haste to get me naked.

I turned around and smoothed my fingers down my ass. No panty lines because I was not wearing any. Why bother when they'd be torn off as well?

I lifted my dress over my plump ass. I could already feel liquid heat gathered between my inner thighs, just below my pussy lips. I rubbed my naked ass and smacked it, imagining Roman's hands doing the same.

Since Roman finally agreed to pop my cherry, I've been so horny. Restless with anticipation.

But now that the day was finally here, I couldn't shake my nerves. I had zero doubts about losing my virginity to the man I loved. But I did worry about disappointing him. He was so much older than me, so worldly. What if he compared me to the women he'd bedded before?

Not that I'd spoken to him about it. I was jealous of his past relationships even though he'd disclosed that it had been well over a year since he'd been with anyone.

Hell, Roman was jealous when he learned that I'd already had my first kiss. He had devoured my mouth as if he wanted to erase any imprint Ian had made during our relatively tame make-out session. It didn't matter that I hadn't enjoyed it and compared it to a washing dryer. No, my mouth had been so swollen that I had to tell my Dad I had an allergic reaction to a new lip gloss I had tried.

Page 22

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

He wanted all my firsts. First kiss. First mutual oral sex. First ass rimming. First intercourse.

I jumped when I heard a loud knock on the door that connected the garage to the main house. Roman was here. I left the garage door open so he could park in there and enter the house discreetly. My butterflies gave way to readiness, and I turned on my heel to greet him.

Once I flung the door open, I leaped into his arms. My hands grasped his neck, and my legs twined around his waist.

"Ooof!" He grunted before he flashed a wide smile at me, full of relief and empty of anxiety. This was our first meet-up where we didn't have to hide behind a locked, cramped office or a dark car.

"Hey, baby." He rubbed his nose against mine. "Missed you so much."

His big hands covered the naked cheeks of my ass. "Someone's keen. I can feel your cunt juice, baby," he groaned.

"I've been like this all day, Mr. Drake," I cooed.

His eyes flashed with hunger. "What a coincidence. Because I've been like this," he pinned me against the wall and ground his hard cock against me, "all day," he finished.

I whimpered as I attempted to climb his body. "Fuck me, Roman," I gasped against

his mouth. "I can't wait any longer. I need you."

Our tongues tangled together, our breaths mingling in desperation as we clawed at each other. He pulled his lips from mine and buried his head against my neck. His teeth scraped down my straining neck as I clung to him.

"What my baby wants, my baby gets."

Before I could react, he carried me up the stairs and kicked open my bedroom door. He dropped me on my bed before covering my body with his. Our lips met again in a flurry of tongues and teeth, groaning and moaning into each other's mouths.

I felt his hand tug on the front of my dress.

"How attached are you to this thing?"

"Not very," I panted.

Before I finished the last word, Roman ripped the material off me. My tits bounced free as he pulled the shreds away. His eyes were wild as he devoured my naked form. He grabbed the back of his shirt and pulled it over his head. Now it was my turn for my greedy eyes to eat him up. Broad shoulders, chiseled chest, muscled biceps. His tight stomach was rippled with abs, leading down to a happy trail surrounding his impressive cock.

He undid his jeans and shoved them down his hips. His cock stood tall and proud against his stomach. Clear pre-come leaked out of the angry purple tip.

"Promise I will worship your body after. But right now, I need to fuck you."

I sat up on my elbows and watched his face as I spread my legs apart. I could feel my

pussy lips cling together, my cream acting as glue before they pried open.

His nostrils flared as he focused on my wet cunt. I could smell my arousal, and instead of feeling embarrassed, I arched my hips up at him, silently offering my pussy as his reward.

He rubbed his finger against my opening.

"Was gonna get you nice and wet so you can take my dick." He brought his hand up, glistening with my cream. "But this cunt doesn't need any prepping, does it? My dirty little girl."

"Yesss," I moaned, falling back and cupping my breasts. "It's all for you, Mr. Drake!" My nipples were sharp points against my palm as I rubbed at them.

He stroked his cock as he watched me touch myself. His eyes were heavy, and a flush of arousal had spread across his cheeks. He bit his lip as he masturbated to my self-love.

I planted my feet against his hip, stretching up his stomach, stroking his hard flesh with my toes. He cuffed my ankle and planted a kiss against the delicate arch of my foot. Soon, he was placing feverish kisses down my ankle, my calf, the sensitive spot behind my knee...until his lips traveled down my inner thigh towards my pussy. He took one languid lick from my pussy to my clit.

I moaned at the sensation, grinding my hips at him, wishing he would bury his face in my cunt.

He pulled back, and I growled at him in frustration. "Gonna eat you out after I pop that sweet cherry," he told me.

Before I could understand his meaning, he grabbed the base of his dick and lined it up with my entrance.

Oh, my God. This was it.

"Ready, baby?" He breathed, his chest rising up and down as he observed me for any sign of distress.

Page 23

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

Not trusting myself to speak, I nodded confidently. I was born ready. I was made for Roman Drake.

He slowly sunk into me, making little grunting noises. Sweat dripped down his forehead, and I could tell it took some restraint for him to hold back.

"Please," I gasped. "Just put it in me, Daddy."

I don't usually use the D word on him. The first time he used it, my insides turned to jello. But I much preferred to call him Mr. Drake in bed.

However, there were some instances where the D word sprung out of me. When the moment was right. Like right now when he was about to pop my cherry but didn't want to hurt me.

I didn't need gentle. I just needed him.

The 'Daddy' word on my lips spurred him on.

He jerked his head up to narrow his eyes at me. "You want Daddy to put it in you, baby? You need me to rip through this sweet cherry?"

"Yes!" I cried out, desperate to feel full of him. "Hurt me, tear my little cunt apart."

He thrust into me with one movement, pushing firmly past the last of my virginity. I cried out in shock before his mouth covered mine. His tongue stroked against me as he gently rocked inside, allowing me to get used to the invasion.

I could feel my muscles slowly unclench, and the discomfort subsided. Roman grabbed my thighs and hooked them over his arms.

"Breathe, baby girl," he muttered against my mouth.

"It already feels better. Please...don't stop moving," I begged.

He made a low growling noise in his throat before his hips started to thrust faster. My bed banged against the wall as he began to fuck me how I needed. My muscles were stretched - my pussy, stomach, and thighs - all of it burned. And I fucking love it.

"More!" I pleaded, throwing my head back in pleasure. "Fuck me more!"

"Fuck, you're a goddamn slut. Gonna have to keep fucking this sweet cunt every hour to satisfy you," he grunted as he plowed into me harder.

I could feel my body tense, building up to that ultimate pinnacle that only Roman could give me. The feeling was so intense, so much more fierce than the orgasm I felt building when he ate me out or when I fingered my clit. It was boiling and burning, rushing like a speeding train from the depths of my core. Before I knew it, it burst through me with a gasp. I arched my back and dug my nails into my sheets, my feet scrabbling for purchase.

"Yes, yes, yes! I'm coming!" My eyes rolled back in my head as I cried out in pleasure.

"Fuck!" He groaned as he pumped me faster. "Gonna come in this sweet cunt. Gonna fill your virgin pussy full of cream."

He threw his head back as his hands yanked my legs up higher. He bellowed, and I felt his warm come spurt inside of me. "Fucking take it! Take Daddy's come."

"Yes, yes, give it to me!" I encouraged as I clenched my inner muscles, attempting to drain his dick of every drop.

Once he finished, he pulled out of me quickly. Before I could even catch my breath, he pushed my legs back until they were by my ears, and I was peeking at him through my legs. He rolled me backward until my shoulders were on the bed, and my ass and pussy were sticking up in the air. I felt vulnerable and exposed. I could see how soaked my pussy was, the pink tinge mixed with my juice, and his come. I could feel it roll down the clefts of my ass.

"Look at the mess you've made," Roman soothed as he stared down at my open pussy and ass. "Such a juicy-looking cunt, all filled with my cream."

He leaned down and took another lick. But instead of going from my vagina to clit, he licked around my asshole a few times before dipping his tongue in my ass.

"Roman!" I screeched, feeling scandalized.

Not that he hadn't eaten my ass before, he had. But he'd never licked my bloody cream from it nor stuck his tongue inside.

"Nothing is off limits to me," his muffled voice said against my skin as he slurped up my juices. He buried his face in my cunt and devoured...everything. His mouth made wet noises as he pried my pussy apart, sucking, licking, and swallowing what he could.

I was a shaking, moaning mess. My embarrassment had long gone and was replaced with a wanton creature I didn't recognize.

"Yes, Daddy. Eat me up!"

It wasn't long before my legs started to quake, and I added my juice to his face as I tossed my head back and screamed.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

Roman squatted over me, dipping his hard dick into my upturned pussy. One pump, two pumps, and three were all it took before he erupted in me again, cursing and groaning.

"Tightest fucking snatch. Take my come again like a good girl."

A long time later, we were lying on dirty sheets. My head rested on his shoulder, and his arm wrapped around me, holding me as close as possible to him. Our bodies were slick and hot with drying sweat, and I was pretty sure the room was heavy with the aroma of sex.

"I love you, baby," he murmured, placing a reverent kiss on my head. "As soon as you graduate, you're moving in with me. Not a day later."

I smiled against his shoulder. I already decided to apply to the local college. To be safe, I applied for two more a few hours away.

We still needed to overcome many hurdles before we could step out in public with our love. As desperate as I was to be with Roman, I probably wouldn't move in with him on the day I graduated.

I rolled my eyes and hid a smile at his eagerness. I planned to make it seem like we fell in love a long time after I graduated. Sure, it'll raise a few brows, and I'm one hundred percent certain no one would believe us. But they couldn't prove anything. It would all be hearsay. By then, I'd be a college student with a part-time job...adulting. The only person I cared about was my Dad. Boy, would he be pissed. But he'd come around. Hopefully.

Unfortunately, I was about to find that out much sooner than I'd liked.

Chapter 9

LUCY

I smiled dreamily as I watched my man flip eggs and bacon on the stove. My body was sore in places I didn't know existed, and I'd come more times last night - and this morning - than I had in my admittedly short life. I was exhausted from lack of sleep but also felt like I could run a marathon. I mean, I would never, but I was a big bundle of energy today. And it was all down to Roman Drake. The love of my life. My teacher.

A bubble of laughter built in my throat at how ludicrous it sounded.

"Oh, how did you two meet?"

"He was my twelfth-grade chemistry teacher."

"What are you giggling about over there?" Roman placed a plate laden with food in front of me before leaning down to place a lingering kiss on my mouth.

"Just how weird this situation is. It's something you read about on news sites or social media. The teacher having a secret affair with their student." Another small giggle escaped me, but Roman fixed me with a distressed stare instead of joining in.

"That's not...that's not how you view this, is it?"

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

He gripped the table, and a guilty expression crossed his face as he gazed at me

intensely. "Those articles are usually written because the student was underage or had been groomed, and it didn't end well. I'd hate myself if I looked back and realized that I didn't give you a choice. Hell -" he ran his hands through his hair as he turned around in agitation.

"I fucking didn't give you a choice, did I? I'm the one who invited your Dad for dinner; I'm the one who jerked off -"

I cut him off by grabbing his shoulders and yanking him down for a deep kiss. When I pulled back, his eyes were at half mast, and a small smile tipped the corner of his mouth.

"How did you feel when you first saw me?" I asked.

He closed his eyes and breathed deeply as if he were transporting himself to that exact moment. When his eyes opened, I almost gasped at the magnitude of emotions that played on his face. He didn't need to say a word. The shimmering sheen of tears, the clench of his jaw, and the golden hue of his eyes that only softened when he looked at me told me everything I needed to know.

"Like I was looking at my future," he gruffly said. "And my past. I felt like I knew you in a past life. Like something clicked, and it all made sense. Why I was born. Why you moved here from a small town five hours away..."

"Fate," I whispered. Because as crazy as it sounded, I felt like I had found home when I nervously stepped into his class that first day.

He touched my forehead with his, cupping my jaw gently. "Fate," he confirmed before covering my lips with his.

ROMAN

If I knew when I woke that day that my life would implode, I don't know if I would've done anything differently.

I spent a fantastic night loving on my girl. I got to experience being her first. A truly spiritual moment that had me holding back tears. I slept with her in my arms all night. I planned our future.

I wouldn't change a second of our first night together for anything. But there are some things even I couldn't control.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

It was 9 AM, and Lucy and I were cuddling on her couch. I was in my boxer shorts; she only had my T-shirt on. I had planned on leaving by nine, conscious that Michael was driving back that afternoon. It took five hours to drive from Koby Plains, but I wanted to leave no trace of myself when he returned.

Unfortunately, I was too relaxed lying on the couch with Lucy. We ate popcorn and occasionally made out. But we mainly just enjoyed the limited time we had to be together before we went back to sneaking around.

I didn't know when I fell asleep. I couldn't even call it that. But I felt comfortable enough with Lucy, secure in my arms, to doze off with her.

I immediately sensed something was off as I was floating between dreamland and lucidness. An energy in the air made the hairs on my forearm prick. Lucy, who was so attuned to me as I was to her, grasped my arm.

"What is it?" She sleepily asked.

Someone was in the house. I could feel it. I knew who it was, too, but before I could react, a loud bellow sounded.

"Are youfuckingkidding me?!"

We bolted from the couch in a panic. I instinctively placed an arm out, blocking Lucy behind me.

"D-Dad!" Lucy cried, her voice trembling with fear. My heart was beating rapidly,

and I was scared for the first time in my life. Not of myself or losing my job or my career. But of losing Lucy.

I thought we had time. That we could stay in our little bubble for as long as possible and step out when we were ready. I planned on sitting Michael down, man to man, and confessing that I had feelings for his daughter. Feelings that started after she graduated, of course. I couldn't reveal the whole truth.

But now, it looked like that choice had been ripped away from us.

Because Michael was standing twelve feet away, his furious eyes bounced between us and the couch - as if he was struggling to comprehend what he saw.

I could feel Lucy's shivering length behind me, clasping my back. My naked back.

That was when Michael snapped out of his stupor as he took in our attire - or lack thereof. One look at my naked chest, his hands clenched in rage before he charged at me.

"You fucking bastard! You're her teacher! What the fuck are you doing?!" He screamed.

"Daddy, no!" Lucy pushed in front of me, raising her hands to her Dad, pleading with him to stop. "It's my fault! I-I called him round to help with my homework and seduced him -"

"Lucy, no," I stepped in front of her, horrified that she would try and take the fall for any of this.

I faced Michael like a man. It would be better if I weren't half naked, but I could hardly whip my shirt off Lucy or leave the room to make myself decent.

"Michael, I know you're pissed. I don't blame you. But I love your daughter -"

Whack!

My head jerked to the side as pain exploded in my jaw. I heard Lucy scream as she grabbed at my shoulder. I straightened, shaking my head and rubbing my jaw.

Well!

I couldn't say I didn't deserve that. If Lucy and I ever had a daughter, I would react the same if I caught her in the same compromising position. The irony was not lost on me.

"You fucking pervert! You're finished, you hear? Done! Taking advantage of my daughter like -"

"Daddy, howcouldyou?!" Lucy cried as she tried again to step in front of me while I attempted to steer her back.

"Lucy," her father growled as he regarded me lividly. "Get away from him. Now."

"You're going to want to calm down, Michael," I warned, not liking how he spoke to my girl.

He pointed a finger in my face. "Don't you fucking tell me how to talk to my daughter! Get the hell out of my house before I call the police."

I breathed deeply, attempting to rein in my temper. I knew I was in the wrong. I knew I had no business sleeping with one of my students, falling in love with her, and befriending her father. But my soul was protesting at the thought of leaving my distressed girlfriend behind.

Sensing my internal struggle, Lucy clutched my hand in her small one. Michael growled at the gesture and ordered Lucy to step away from me again. She squeezed my hand briefly. I could feel her anguish through her shaking fingers, and it took everything in me not to lift her delicate hand to my mouth. "Go, Roman. I'm safe here." Her voice was heavy with sorrow, almost defeated, as if she was resigned to our fate.

Page 26

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

That seemed to erupt Michael. "Of course you're fucking safe here, Lucy. I'm your father! What's the matter with you?"

I turned to Michael, my temper at being separated from my girl, causing my already sore jaw to throb even more. "I'm leaving. Please just...hear her out. Be gentle with her," I pleaded.

"Get. Out. Of. My. House."

With my heart in my throat, I squeezed Lucy's hand before I walked around Michael, careful to avoid more of his wrath. Luckily I left my car keys at the hook by the door, and my phone was with me. My overnight bag was in Lucy's room, but I doubted her Dad would let me retrieve it.

"Oh, and Roman?"

I paused and waited, my back still turned.

"Don't bother going to work tomorrow. Or any day. You're finished."

Lucy sobbed at her father's words, stabbing my heart at the pain I was causing her. It took Herculean effort for me to walk away.

Chapter 10

LUCY

I was sobbing uncontrollably as Roman left the room. I knew I was in deep shit. I knew my Dad was angry. Disappointed. Horrified. I know he thought that Roman had taken advantage of me. That I was some naive girl who fell for an older man's manipulations.

I wanted to get it together, to plead my case with him—our case. Plead for Roman's job. But all I felt was devastation at being separated from my love. And anger.

Once I heard the door close behind Roman, I turned fierce eyes at my Dad. Despite my embarrassment at being caught half-naked with a guy by my Dad, I was pissed off at him as only a teenager could be.

"How could you, Dad?" I accused.

The lack of Roman's presence calmed my Dad down a bit. He turned saddened eyes at me and sighed. "Sweetheart, what did you expect? What he's done is wrong."

"No! You don't understand. I love him!"

His face darkened in fury. "Stop it! You barely know him. He's your teacher, for Christ's sake!" He ran a hand through his hair as he turned around in uproar. Without warning, he slammed his fist into the wall.

I flinched and fell back, whimpering in trepidation.

He turned and noticed my retreat. His face turned remorseful, and he took a few steps to me. "I'm not mad at you, Sweetheart. I'm mad at him. Everything is fucked up. It's my fault you got taken advantage of. I should never have moved us here. I should've taken up your Uncle Rob's offer to help at the farm until I found permanent work."

"No! Dad, no. I know you're mad, but please," I begged as fresh tears poured down

my face, "please don't blame yourself. If we hadn't moved here, I would never have met -"

"Don't say it," my Dad warned as his face shifted in rage. "You're not going to change my mind about this, Lucy. What he did was wrong. You don't love him; you don't know what love is."

"Yes, I do!" I yelled. "I love him, and you can't stop us from being together!"

My Dad sighed, almost as if he felt pity for me. "Lucy -"

"If you hurt him, I'll never forgive you! I'll run away, and you'll never see me again!"

My Dad's face pinched in distress at my words, but I was too heartbroken to feel guilty. With a shaking sob, I turned and ran to my room.

Two hours passed when I heard my Dad's hesitant knock. He didn't come after me when I took off, wisely knowing that I wouldn't have been receptive to his presence. And it was good that he didn't follow me, too, because I hadn't changed my sheets or aired my room. The evidence of our lovemaking was still lingering heavily in the air. I immediately changed my sheets and opened my window before curling in a ball on my bed.

I couldn't even call or message Roman because I had left my phone on the coffee table in my haste to escape my Dad. I doubt my Dad would've given it back to me.

The door slowly opened, even though I had never invited him in. The truth was, I was too distraught and tired to go to war with my Dad again. No doubt he probably already reported Roman to the superintendent.

I felt him sit on my bed, but I didn't move a muscle. I tensed when his comforting

hand touched my back before he started to rub it gently. My face crumpled as a sob escaped. My eyes felt sore and tired, and I had a headache from crying so hard.

"Sweetheart," he started, "I'm sorry to do this, Honey, but you need to pack a bag."

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

I jerked up at his words, glaring at him through swollen eyes. He flinched at my appearance, but I could also see that his eyes were red-rimmed.

"What?" I croaked. "Why?"

He sighed and hung his head. I felt a brief moment of guilt for what I was putting my Dad through. The rational part of my brain knew that my Dad was entitled to his reaction; frankly, I would've been surprised if he had been chill with it.

"You're gonna stay with Uncle Rob and Aunt Gina for the week."

My face crumbled again as I took in his words. "You're sending me away?"

"At least for the week. I - I have things to sort here. I can't leave the job being so new here, but I can't, in good conscience, keep you here knowing that you'll try and see...him." I could hear the distaste in his voice, and I tried to taper my anger down.

"Please, please don't do this, Dad," I pleaded.

"I-I won't try and see him," I lied.

My Dad saw through it, too, sending me a cynical look. "We both know that's not true, Sweetheart," he gently chided. "Even if you were sincere, I also don't trust...him to not try and reach out to you."

My lip trembled, but I was so exhausted, and my eyes were so sore that I didn't have the energy to cry anymore. I also knew that as gentle and calm as my Dad appeared,

he was also trying hard to restrain himself.

I ran through all my options and realized I had none. Yes, I was eighteen, but I only had a little money saved; I didn't know anyone else in the city. Although I'd made a few friends, I was far from feeling comfortable enough to crash at their place. My first thought, of course, would be to go to Roman's. But with him being my teacher and one of his neighbors being a staff member at school...word would spread fast. Even though I knew he'd take me in in a heartbeat, that he didn't care about his position at the school...I couldn't do that to him.

But I could try to protect him.

I licked my dry lips. "Did - did you report Roman?"

My Dad's face clouded in anger, but I held firm, needing to know where we stood.

"I haven't reported Mr. Drake," he emphasized. "Yet."

I swallowed hard and nodded. "Dad...I'll - I'll go back to Koby Plains. Willingly. If you promise not to report Ro - Mr. Drake."

My Dad shook his head and sighed. "I can't promise that, Sweet Pea."

"Please," I begged. "I won't contact him. I'll leave him be. Just please, please don't ruin his life. I'm eighteen; I'm legal. He didn't do anything wrong in the eyes of the law. He's a good teacher. Just please, please don't do anything to him."

My Dad rubbed at his eyes, and when he looked at me, tears gathered before they ran down his cheeks. "I know you hate me right now, but everything I do is for you. You might not understand - hell, I don't understand what's going on, how this even happened - but I won't apologize for trying to protect you." He shook his head, his

face twisted in turmoil. "He's not my concern right now. You are. And keeping you safe. You're eighteen years old, and I know you think you know yourself right now, but I'm still your Dad and your legal guardian. I need to do what I think is right."

I hung my head as he fixed me with his 'Dad' stare. It meant no arguments; what he said goes. And since he held our fate in his hands, I had no choice but to listen.

"Pack your bags," he said firmly. "We're leaving in one hour."

Chapter 11

ROMAN

One week.

That was how long I'd been without my soulmate.

The pain of not having Lucy with me was unbearable, coupled with the fact that our separation was sudden and forced, wrought in despair. The image of her tear-stained face as she pleaded with her father on my behalf, replayed in my mind nightly.

At times, I felt like I couldn't breathe or function. Like I didn't know the basic acts to take care of myself. I was anxious and panicked, worried that she was out there just as miserable as I was. The thought of her sad and lonely, missing me, had me sweating and clawing at my chest in distress. The idea that she was anything but happy and content didn't sit right with me.

I knew she was safe and sequestered in her hometown. Hidden away from the big, bad teacher. If I wanted to, I could drive to Koby Plains and steal her away. And God, was I tempted to. I knew she'd come willingly, and no one could stop us. After all, she was eighteen. She could continue with her studies if she wished. She could do

anything she liked.

Although the idea of her being barefoot and pregnant, giving her around-the-clock pleasure, was something that I couldn't stop fantasizing about.

I'd have to give up my teaching career, but that was no hardship. I had money and the means to support us.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

But I couldn't do that to her. Couldn't do that to her father, either. I knew how close they were; taking her away from the person she loved and admired would break their already fractured relationship. As pissed as I was at Michael for scaring my woman and separating her from her man, a part of me understood his anger and pain. If Lucy and I were lucky enough to have a daughter, you bet your ass I would be an overprotective Papa Bear. So I couldn't blame him for doing what he needed to protect his daughter against someone he thought was a danger to her.

Truthfully, I was surprised he hadn't done more to punish me. After Michael found us, I immediately contacted the school to take an emergency leave of absence, citing a family issue. I hadn't taken any vacation days in years, so they were very accommodating. I helped sort cover, not wanting to leave my students in the lurch. Throughout it all, I kept expecting their tone to change from understanding to distaste. I expected Michael to have contacted the school in his haste to alert them of my inappropriate behavior with a student and a call from the Superintendent to come in for a meeting. But no reprimand came.

As the week stretched on, I started to suspect that my sweet Lucy made a bargain with her Dad. Nothing would've stopped me from protecting my daughter...except perhaps a pair of littleblue eyes that matched her mother's. Did my girl plead for my job?

By Saturday, I'd had enough. I knew Michael was still in the city, which angered me. Who was taking care of my girl?

In a moment of madness, I thought, "fuck it," and grabbed my car keys. I sped to Michael's house, my hands shaking with fury. Or was it withdrawal symptoms from

being without Lucy for so long? Either way, I had nothing to lose.

As I hopped out of my car, my frantic gaze locked on the front door. But as I strode to bang on it and demand he speak to me, it suddenly sprang open. I paused in the street as Michael strolled out, carrying an overnight bag.

His head jerked up when he saw me approach, and his features darkened in rage. He yanked open the door to his car and threw his bag inside, slamming the door shut.

He watched me approach with his hands on his hips; his brow furrowed at my audacity.

"You have some fucking nerve," he spat out.

"Where is she?" I rasped, ignoring his words.

He let out a choked sound as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing. He shook his head before striding around to his driver's door.

"I know she's in Koby Plains. You think I won't go down there and take her?" I threatened.

He whirled to face me, storming forward like a raging bull until he grabbed my shirt. "You stay the fuck away from my daughter!" He yelled in my face.

"She's eighteen. There's nothing stopping us from being together," I goaded.

His face turned red, and he pushed me against his car, my back hitting it with a thump at the force of his shove.

"Then you can kiss your career goodbye," he sneered.

"You think I give a shit about my career?" I laughed in derision, shaking my head. He didn't get it.

His eyes shifted with puzzlement at my words, and his clenched fists loosened. I took advantage of his relaxed stance and pushed him away from me. "I love her," I simply said, my shaking voice betraying my desperation. I was a broken man and had no shame in portraying it.

Michael stepped away from me, breathing deeply. His face still displayed a wave of unrestrained anger, but some of his animosity started to bleed out.

"Not here," he gritted out. "Inside." He turned and strolled back to the house, opening the door and disappearing inside. He left it open.

I took a few deep breaths, ashamed of myself for provoking him. I looked around the neighborhood, realizing where I was and hoping no one saw or heard our outburst.

I was hit with a bittersweet déjà vu as I entered their home. Memories surged from the last time I was here. Making love to Lucy, lying in bed with her, and feeling her soft hair spread out on my chest. Making dinner with her, which had to be re-heated due to our inability to keep our hands off each other.

Now that I think back on it, what we did was so reckless. Yes, her Dad was away for the weekend - five hours away - but we were so lost in our bubble of love, our sex marathon, that I should've taken better care in protecting her. I didn't regret popping her sweet cherry, but I should've taken her away for the weekend. Booked us into a five-star hotel where we could've spent all weekend in bed, ordering room service and worshipping her body.

As I walked through to the living room area, I found Michael standing by the mantel, staring at a picture of Lucy. She was grinning at the camera with pigtails and two

missing front teeth. I knew from my weekend here that she was seven when that was taken. I couldn't help but picture if our daughter would look like her. God, I hoped so.

"You said you love her." Michael's low voice pierced the strained silence. He gently placed the frame back on the shelf and turned to me. His arms were folded, his face was pale, and his eyes were bloodshot.

"You don't know what love is until your child is placed on your chest for the first time. You're scared, amazed, and overcome with a deep kind of love that you've never experienced."

He paused, his mouth tense with the effort it took to hold back his emotions. After taking a shuddering breath, he continued. "When Lucy was placed in my arms, I promised her that I would always protect her. From anything." He fixed me with a pronounced stare. "And anyone," he emphasized.

I stepped forward with my hand out, needing him to hear me. I understood what he was saying. I agreed one hundred percent with it. I would be the same with our daughter. But as hypocritical as it sounded, I needed Michael to know that I was the last person he needed to protect his daughter from.

"I know you think I'm some sick pervert. That I took advantage of Lucy -"

"You didn't take advantage of Lucy! You're a person of authority over her. You should know better! You came into my home with the intention of groo-"

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

"Don't you fucking say it," I warned. "You have every right to be pissed, but I've never manipulated or coerced her to do anything. I know this sounds like bullshit, but she's my soulmate-"

He interrupted me with a sound of disbelief.

"She's my other half," I continued, ignoring his outburst. "I knew it the moment she stepped -" I stopped, unsure if I should continue because, hearing it out loud, it sounded bad.

Michael fixed me with a murderous glare. "Go on. Stepped into what? Your classroom?" He spat out, rolling his eyes. He muttered something that sounded suspiciously like "fucking groomer."

"I've never once looked at another student, hell, another woman like I have your daughter. I love her. I'm in love with her. I don't expect you to understand-"

"I understand more than you think." He turned around and placed his hands on the mantel, breathing deeply. "Believe me," he muttered.

I took a cautious step forward, not wanting to rock the boat further. "Your late wife?" I gently asked.

Michael gave a harsh, bitter laugh before turning to face me. "You have no idea. If you knew, you'd probably -" he stopped himself abruptly. His eyes stared at me with heavy conflict, and an indiscernible look shadowed his face.

When it was clear that he wouldn't continue his speech, I took a cautious step forward.

"Look, I'm sorry you found out the way you did." That was the only thing I had remorse over. I still wouldn't have changed a thing.

"We didn't think you would be home that early."

He blew out his breath and tossed his hands in the air. "Oh, well, my bad. Didn't mean to interrupt your little tryst with my daughter!"

He shook his head at me in contempt. The tic in his jaw was back, indicating he was close to hitting me again. I didn't give a fuck if he did. The pain would be a welcome reprieve from this aching chasm of yearning.

"Even though Lucy is eighteen, there was no way I would've left her unprotected," Michael explained, his eyes flashing at me mockingly.

"I have cameras in the garage and a ring cam on the front door. My phone is alerted anytime someone comes to the door or enters the garage. My phone died on the drive down, and I was...busy," he stumbled over the word. "I couldn't charge it til I got there, and it was late at night when I plugged it in. As soon as I spied the notification, I drove home."

Ah. Well, that explained it. We never really had a chance. Even if I had disappeared before Michael arrived home, we would still have been rumbled.

"Look...I promise you. I will respect your house and your rules. Just please, don't cut us off from each other," I begged. "We plan on being together after she graduates anyway."

"You seem so sure of that." He folded his arms, arching a scornful brow at me. "She's eighteen. You're not worried she'll change her mind? Fall for some young dude while she's at college?"

Red searing jealousy pierced me at his words. I wanted to rage at him for daring to speak those words out loud. I wanted to punch him for ever thinking that our love was so fickle that Lucy would turn her head at any pretty boy that looked her way. I knew she would be surrounded by fuck boys who would try and get in her pants. That was why I planned on proposing to her as soon as she graduated high school. But Michael didn't need to know that.

I looked Michael dead in the eye. I wanted him to know that I had zero doubts about our love. I trusted Lucy implicitly and vice versa. We were it for each other. There was no way I would put my reputation and Lucy's on the line if I weren't one hundred and fifty percent certain.

"No. I'm not worried," I flatly stated. "Lucy is different. She's not like other eighteen-year-olds."

For some bizarre reason, Michael seemed to take offense at that. His face darkened, and he took a menacing step forward. "Not all eighteen-year-olds are like that," he gritted out.

I frowned, perplexed at his odd outburst. "O...kay."

He whirled around again and raked a hand through his hair. I heard him mutter something under his breath before he seemed to gather himself together. He turned around, his eyes wild.

"You know, not once did you ask me about your job."

I shrugged, sticking my hands in my pockets. "Because I don't care about it. Report me, don't report me; it doesn't matter. As long as I have Lucy, I'll be happy. And before you ask, I have the means to support her. I won't stand in the way of her dreams; I'll only champion them."

Michael regarded me for a long period. His expression was mixed with suspicion, searching my features for any sign of deception. Whatever he saw in me caused him to offer me a lifeline. "I'm heading to Koby Plains now to get Lucy."

I started breathing quickly at the possibility of seeing her again.

"I speak to her first," he firmly stated. "I'm not making any promises, but I have things to think about first. If you two...if you want to be together, then obviously, I can't stop you once she graduates." His face clouded over with pain. "And I don't want to lose my daughter over this."

I nodded solemnly, even though my heart was racing at what his statement meant. "I understand."

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

"Donottry and see her until I reach out," he warned me.

I inclined my head, ready to agree to anything as long as he brought her back. The sooner he left for Koby Plains, the sooner Lucy would be home.

With me.

Chapter 12

LUCY

I loved coming to my uncle's farm. There was something cathartic and comforting about being out in nature, surrounded by the braying cattle and the clucking of hens. I didn't even mind getting up at the crack of dawn to help with the daily, endless chores. Nothing like good, honest, hard work, and fresh air to rejuvenate you.

Just then, Bessie lifted her tail and deposited her breakfast with a wet slop. My nose wrinkled, and my lips twisted in a wry grin. Well, it wasalmostfresh air.

I sighed tiredly as I picked at the hole in my jeans. As much as I tried to get into the day-to-day living of farm life, it couldn't help lift my morose spirit.

I didn't even get a chance to say goodbye.

Dad had been waiting downstairs for me, my phone tightly clutched in his hand. His face was like thunder, the rage still evident in how he held his body tightly.

Usually, when Dad and I fought, I would wrap my arms around him and apologize for being a brat, unable to stand any strain between us. He would place a kiss on my head, apologize for his tone, tell me he loved me, and then we would go out for ice cream. Since I was practically an adult and had grown out of juvenile behavior, Dad and I hardly ever had any major blow-ups.

But this.

This went beyond missing curfew or him catching me stealing his liquor. This wasn't even in the same league as him catching me with a boy in my room.

Not only did he catch me with someone almost two decades older than me, but he was also his colleague - my teacher. I understood why he was pissed off; he had every right to be. But that didn't mean I had to like it.

Dad had held my phone out to me, and my heart lifted, unable to believe he was actually giving it back. But he held it just out of my reach before I could snatch it.

"I've deleted his contact and blocked him. You're eighteen, so I'm trusting you not to contact him."

Before I could open my mouth to lie that I wouldn't dream of contacting him, he continued. "Until I decide what to do next."

My mouth opened and closed. Hope blossomed in my chest at his words. "You - you mean you won't...?"

He sighed deeply, rubbing at his eyes in fatigue. "I'm not making any promises, Sweetheart. As I said, my main concern is you."

After he dropped me off at my uncle's farm, I searched my phone for our messages

and burst into tears when I saw that he had indeed deleted them. It took everything in me not to email Roman. The only email I had of his was his faculty one, anyway. Dad already insinuated that he might not report Roman based on what happened. I couldn't contact him. I couldn't do anything to jeopardize his future. I just hoped he knew my silence didn't mean I was giving up on us.

"Hey, cous."

I glanced up, smiling in welcome at my cousin, Tyler. He was two years older, so we grew up pretty much as siblings. With Dad being a single parent, he relied heavily on his brother and my aunt for help, especially during my younger years.

"Hey, Ty. How's college?"

He sat beside me, taking off his cap and running a hand through his ash-blond hair.

"Going good. Can't wait to finish."

"Hmm. I thought you'd love college life. Parties, girls, and whatnot."

"Nah." He slapped his cap against his knee before putting it on backward. "Wanna start earning a living. Becoming responsible and all that."

That fit Tyler's personality. Even though he had been quite popular in high school and was involved in many social and sporting clubs, he had always been a solemn and studious kid. He always came across as years above his fellow peers. He had a life plan mapped out early, shunned drunken parties, and despite his classic good looks, I had yet to have seen him date or go steady with any of the willing girls.

I nodded at Ty in understanding. Boy, did I understand. If only Roman and I had met when I was a few years older. No one would have batted an eyelid.

"So..." Tyler bumped my shoulder with his. "You've been busy up in the Big Smoke, huh?"

Page 31

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

My eyes widened, and I glanced at him. A small teasing smile played on his lips, and I groaned in embarrassment. "Hetoldyou?"

"No. I overheard my Mom and Dad talking one night."

I groaned again and covered my hot face with my hands. "This is so embarrassing."

"No, it's not."

Tyler was quiet for a long moment, and when I peeked at him, he was staring out into the distance. His jaw was clenched, and he had a faraway, determined look on his face. He turned to me, and I was surprised to find no judgment on his face. In fact, there was an almost sympathetic expression in his eyes.

"I know all about falling for someone society deems is...inappropriate." His jaw clenched again. "It's fucking bullshit."

I reared back in surprise. I rarely heard Tyler swear, but the way his face reddened in bitterness and the way he flexed his fists, you'd think he was gearing up for a fight.

"You...like someone who's inappropriate?"

He breathed deeply, his nostrils flaring. "She's older."

My brow quirked. "Not one of your professors?"

He gave a puff of laughter. "No."

"Oh, good. I don't want you stealing my thunder."

He snorted in amusement, and we both shared a laugh. My mood lightened a little.

"She's a single Momma as well," he confessed.

My face softened, picturing a mom with a young child. I could understand if she was hesitant to introduce a new man to her kid or kids. There was a lot to consider. But if there was one thing my cousin was, it was determined. Once he made his mind up about something, nothing wavered him. He was self-assured and knew his own mind, even from a young age. You couldn't find anyone more kind, loyal, and hardworking than Tyler. Well, except maybe my Roman.

And, so what if she was older? There wouldn't be such a big issue if the genders were reversed.

"Ty, if you truly like this woman -"

"Love," he corrected.

My mouth formed a little "o" in surprise at his admission.

"O-okay. Love. If you truly love this woman, then don't give up. You're such a great guy – you're kind, and respectful, and considerate. I'm honestly surprised that you haven't been snapped up already." I bumped my shoulder with his. "She'd be a fool not to want you."

Tyler's cheeks pinkened, and he hid his embarrassment by adjusting his cap. "Thanks, cous."

"And, hey," I bumped his shoulder again. "I can totally picture you coaching a little

league or picking up a cute ballerina from her class."

Tyler's brow furrowed. "No, Luce, you don't understand. Her kid's not -"

Before he could finish, a car pulled up into the driveway.

My Dad was here.

Chapter 13

ROMAN

I raised my hand and knocked on Michael Thomas' door. My heart was thumping, and my body hummed with restless anticipation. Only a piece of wood separated me from my girl, and it was taking everything in me not to kick the door down.

But that wouldn't bode well with Michael. And I needed to play nice with him. He held the key to my happiness, and I'd do anything to obtain that prize.

The door swung open, and a formidable-looking Michael Thomas stood there. His face was difficult to read, but I would bet my bottom dollar that the last thing he wanted to do was welcome me back into his home.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

"Michael," I greeted with a calm I was far from feeling.

Michael took a deep breath, his face betraying his true feelings slightly - disgust and contempt. I couldn't care less what he thought of me as long as he didn't keep me standing out here too long. I was starved for Lucy Thomas. I needed to see her.

He stepped back, reluctantly inviting me in. I stepped through nonchalantly, trying not to rush my movements so I didn't appear desperate.

As soon as I stepped into the hallway, I sensed a change in atmosphere, and my humming body immediately calmed. I could sense that the other half of my soul was near. I could smell her...an intoxicating mix of Lillies and her watermelon-scented body wash. I knew it well, considering I bought the exact brand she used to stroke myself in the shower while I was missing her.

I could feel my steps quicken as I rushed to glimpse at her, no longer caring what her father thought. I walked into the kitchen, and my breath shuddered. My steps faltered, and I clutched the space above my heart. She almost brought me to my knees.

There she was. Sitting demurely at the kitchen table. She was wringing her hands together in anxiety and nervousness. Or anticipation? Did she miss me as I missed her? I couldn't imagine being the only one lost in this abyss of obsession. It was a shared madness.

Her head lifted when she heard me approach. Her cornflower blue eyes teared when she spotted me, and without thinking, I rushed to her side, unable to stand seeing her upset. I knelt beside her, turning her chair toward me as her hands met mine in a

flurry. Tears spilled over as the tension and worry on her face lifted.

"Lucy, Lucy, Lucy," I murmured as I placed fervent kisses on her knuckles.

"Roman," she choked out. She pried her small hand from mine to run it through my hair. I closed my eyes in bliss.

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" Michael stomped into the room, his voice loud in anger at the scene he was witnessing.

"Take your hands off my daughter before I throw you out."

I lifted my head, my eyes searing with rage that he dared to interrupt our reunion, considering he was responsible for our separation.

But I felt Lucy's calming hand on my shoulder before I could open my mouth. "Go," she softly urged. I looked up at her, her gaze full of love but also pleading with me to do her father's bidding. For her, I would.

Reluctantly, I stood. My hands ached with emptiness at removing my touch from hers, but I obeyed Michael. I walked to the opposite side of the table and sat in the chair Michael had scraped out for me.

I took a few calming breaths as I stared at Lucy, memorizing the gentle curve of her neck, the high cheekbones, the brightness of her gaze, and the contrast of her dark hair against her porcelain skin. I didn't know the next time I would see her again. I wanted to burn her profile into my retinas so that I could conjure up her image when I closed my eyes.

I felt Michael sit at the head of the table and take a deep breath. He was quiet for a few moments, which suited me fine. I was content to stare at Lucy.

"This is what's going to happen," Michael started.

I tore my gaze from Lucy's to glance at Michael. His stare was hard and glaring. A muscle jumped on his cheek as he looked from his daughter to me and back again.

"Lucy, you're eighteen. You have a few months left of high school before you graduate. I'm not an idiot. I know that I can't stop you from doing what you want to do, no matter how much I want to protect you."

Lucy rolled her lips in and bowed her head, attempting to keep her emotions in check.

Michael turned to me. The soft eyes he had given his daughter had dropped, and an accusatory glower was sent my way. "Roman. The only reason I'm not turning you in is because there's a high chance I'll lose my daughter in the process."

Lucy gave a choked sob before covering her face, shuddering into her hands quietly. I half rose from my chair, frantic to get to her, to comfort her. Michael shot me a warning look before reaching over to clasp his daughter's hand. She quickly turned her palm over and squeezed her Dad's hand.

"Th-thank y-you, D-Dad," she hiccupped.

It suddenly occurred to me that I should be thanking her Dad, too. But truthfully, the threat of losing my career over Lucy never entered my head.

I was worried about losing Lucy.

I was worried she would sacrifice our love for my career. I was worried her Dad would shuffle her to the darkest corner of the Earth, away from someone he deemed a threat. But not once did I feel apprehension over my job.

I cleared my throat. "Thank you," I acknowledged. "I want you to know even if you turned me in; it wouldn't stop me from being with your daughter."

Outrage simmered in his stormy eyes at my words, but I hurriedly continued before he could return in kind. "But there's no way I would encourage Lucy to cut contact with you. I understand your anger and how you want to protect Lucy. As much as I love your daughter, I would hate to see her cut contact over me."

"Great, so stop seeing my daughter," he growled.

I regarded him quietly, attempting to ignore Lucy's soft sniffles that were tugging on my heartstrings. Michael met my stare, his eyes challenging me to defy him. He still couldn't comprehend how deeply I loved his daughter.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

"I'm sorry for how you found out about Lucy and me. I'm sorry for disrespecting your home. But I will never give Lucy up."

Michael's nose flared, and his hands clenched. He took a few deep breaths to calm himself.

"I would encourage her to see your point of view. I would advise her that you love her and want what's best for her. Ultimately the decision is hers, but the last thing I want is to cause friction between you two. But I would not give her up."

I met Lucy's wet gaze. Her eyes softened with love and devotion. I just knew my expression mirrored hers.

I heard Michael expel his breath and mutter, "for fucks sake." He stood up roughly, his chair screeching and interrupting our shared entrance.

"This is what's going to happen. Lucy, you are transferring out of Mr. Drake's class. I have the paperwork squared away with admin. I informed them that Mr. Drake and I had become good friends," he spat out that last part with bitter scorn. "And that he comes over most nights for dinner, so it would be unethical for him to be Lucy's teacher."

Lucy's eyes widened in surprise as she hung on to her father's words. The more he spoke, the more the light in her eyes returned. Hope took flight in my chest as I listened to what Michael had to say.

"Roman," he turned to address me. "When you're at school, you do not know Lucy.

You do not talk to her, about her, or even look at her. Since you should know better," that last part was said with mocking disdain, "I'm going against my better judgment and entrusting you to follow my rules."

I nodded stiffly, knowing I would find a loophole to contact her. One that wouldn't get her in trouble.

"Since I have to keep the pretense up that we're friends and since I have zero trust that you two will stay away from each other..." his words filtered out as he looked between the two of us, daring us to lie to his face that we would keep apart. I stayed quiet. So did Lucy.

He sighed, shaking his head. "Roman, you may have dinner with us once a week. I will give you time to be alone for one hour, but it must be either in the kitchen or living room."

"Deal," I quickly said, not quite believing he was giving this much concession. As hypocritical as it was, I'm not sure I would be so generous if the roles were reversed.

Michael lifted a brow at my overeagerness. Lucy leaned forward in her seat, her excitement palpable. "After graduation, obviously, I can't stop you two from doing...whatever. But while she's living under my roof and in my care, you two will follow my rules, or I'll report you so fast your head will spin."

Lucy's breath hitched in distress. Undeterred, her father turned to her. "And we'll move back to Koby Plains."

I internally scoffed, knowing that I would follow Lucy to the ends of the Earth. But she was settled in her studies, making friends and excelling in her classes. I didn't want to uproot her again. And her father would do so in a heartbeat if he thought he was protecting her.

"Do I make myself clear, Lucy?"

Lucy nodded quickly, her eyes moving to mine briefly before floating back to her father. "Yes, Dad. I promise we'll follow your rules. Thank you, thank you so much!" Her voice broke as she tried not to let her emotions get away from her.

Michael sighed before rising and placing a gentle kiss on her head. "You have ten minutes." He sent me a look full of warning. "Keep it PG."

His feet were barely out of the room before our chairs were scraped back, and we were around the table, desperate to touch each other.

She lunged into my arms at the same time mine closed around her waist, lifting her off her feet. Our mouths met frantically. Our tongues twisted together, and our teeth clashed as our kiss reached fever pitch. She moaned quietly into my mouth, and it tightened my grip, wishing I could sink into her and make us one. I stumbled and turned to place her on the dining table, my mouth refusing to leave hers for a second. I cupped her cheeks in reverence as we ate at each other's mouths. I fucking hoped her Dad had gone upstairs or outside because, from the whimpering sounds coming from his daughter, there was no mistaking what we were doing.

With great reluctance - because we had to fucking breathe - I tore my mouth away, breathing roughly as I planted kisses on her eyelids, her cheeks, her forehead, her jaw...anywhere I could reach.

"I missed you so much," she breathed as she closed her eyes against my caresses.

"Me, too, baby. Me, too."

We sipped from each other's mouths for a moment before leaning our foreheads together, occasionally rubbing our noses affectionately.

I heard footsteps approach the open door. I stiffened but was physically unable to detach myself from Lucy.

"Just letting you know, this is your one-minute warning." The footsteps retreated, and I pulled back.

"We have to do what he says, baby." I pushed back a strand of hair behind her ear, unable to stop touching her.

She reached up and cupped my hand with hers, turning to press a hot kiss in the center of my palm. My dick was aching behind my pants, straining to enter its owner. But I forced it down.

"It's only for a few more months, and then we'll have the rest of our lives together."

She nodded against my palm. "I agree."

Page 34

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

I stared into her luminous blue depths, attempting to get my arousal under control.

"I'm coming in," Michael warned.

With one last kiss on her pouting mouth, I separated myself from the love of my life.

Epilogue

ROMAN

Being able to see your soulmate every day without actually being able to see your soulmate was hell on earth.

Our school was big, but not big enough that I couldn't avoid seeing Lucy. And do you think I would turn away from her when she was rightthere? Strutting down the halls, chatting with her friends by her locker, eating lunch at the cafeteria or outside. Do you think I would happily walk past my fucking heartbeat while some fucker was near her locker, sniffing up to my woman? Michael really stuck his knife in by making me promise to steer clear of her at school.

I had dinner every Saturday night at Michael and Lucy's. The dinners were awkward, with Michael simmering away in anger next to us. I couldn't blame him. The sexual tension between Lucy and I was through the roof. Anyone in the same vicinity would feel uncomfortable watching us eye fuck each other over a pot of macaroni and cheese. But I played along with Michael's wishes. If he wanted to sit there while I sat opposite his daughter with a hard-on, then that was his problem.

It took me one month before I caved and cashed in on my loophole. Yes, I promised not to see, touch or talk to Lucy at school. But Michael never said anything about outside of school. It was implied, but he never explicitly spelled it out to us.

Lucy had free periods and was allowed to leave the grounds. Michael usually taught during those periods, so when my classes were free, Lucy would bike a few blocks away, where I would pick her up and drive to a secluded spot where we were free to express our love. As soon as I parked up, she would climb onto my lap and stick her tongue into my mouth while grinding her sweet pussy onto my hard erection.

"Let me lick your pussy," I would beg as my fingers lifted underneath her skirt, stroking her damp flesh, penetrating her wet pussy with my thick digits. She'd whine and bounce on my lap a few times before she'd climb to the back. I was half a second behind her, biting at her upturned ass as it swayed temptingly in front of me when she climbed over the center console.

She would lay down and shuck her panties off, lifting one delicate foot against the back of the seat while letting the other fall apart. She'd pet her pretty, soaked pussy before licking her juices off her fingers. That was all it took for me to fall upon her, rubbing my face against her wet slit. I would lick and suck her juices, flicking her sensitive nub while I pushed two fat fingers inside her tight channel. My mouth would travel down before sticking my tongue into her dripping hole. Her hands would be in my hair - pulling, scraping, tugging. She'd be incoherently begging me, demanding that I eat her pussy good.

Once her juices saturated my face and her cries of release died down, I would yank my pants down in a hurry. Desperate to sink into her warm depths. I'd fuck her into my leather seats while her legs climbed up my back.

My mouth would be on her ear as I railed her. "Take my big cock. There's a good girl. Saw you in the hallway with this short skirt. Wanted to fuck you against your locker.

Show those fuck boys who you belong to."

After we sated our love - for the time being - I would drop her close to the school where she'd bike back to class - wet panties and all.

And then I'd see Michael in the hallway or staff room, and I'd give him a polite nod. He had no idea I'd just had his teenage daughter begging for my big cock less than an hour earlier.

Graduation couldn't come fast enough.

LUCY

The thumping sound of music and laughter floated through the floorboards of my childhood home. Everyone I loved was downstairs celebrating graduation - my Dad, Dina, Dina's mom, my cousins, my Uncle Rob, and my Aunt Gina. Plus, a host of my old school friends and their siblings. Did they think it was odd that a random teacher from the city came down with us to celebrate my graduation? Probably. But I couldn't care less. I was not only of legal age but also officially an ex-high school student.

And I was more than taking advantage of that privilege, considering my ex-high school chemistry teacher was currently finger-banging my wet pussy.

"Fuck, you're so wet," he groaned as he tongued my stiff nipples.

I moaned loudly, using the noise of the party to cover my sounds of pleasure. I widened my legs as he sunk another finger into me. His tongue circled a hard peak before pulling it into his mouth for a rhythmic pull.

I didn't want soft or gentle. I liked it hard, rough, and dirty.

He grabbed my breasts and pushed them together before nipping at the rosy peaks. A shiver of pleasure traveled down my stomach to my groin, and I felt a trickle of wetness seep down the crack of my ass. I clasped his head to my breast as I writhed on my sheets. I attempted to tilt my pussy up to grind on his hard body.

"Love these fucking titties," he groaned as he sucked both nipples into his mouth. "Gonna titty fuck them, paint them with my come."

He sat up, straddling my stomach but kneeling his weight off. He slapped at one tit, making me cry out in pleasure. He grabbed one roughly before slapping the other.

"Yessss," I moaned, arching my back. I snaked my hand down my belly until I reached the small curls guarding my pussy. I stroked through to my slippery clit, rubbing it desperately.

He held himself up as he straddled my chest, his long dick touching my chin. "Sink those fingers into your cunt," he ordered as he moved further up my body. "Let me hear you fuck yourself while you choke on my dick."

Hot liquid flowed out of me at his filthy words. I opened my mouth wide as the tip of his mushroom-headed cock sunk past my eager lips. I spread my legs wide and penetrated my pussy with two fingers. My cunt was wet enough that my fingers easily sliced through without resistance.

And then it was a battle to concentrate on the sensory overload, willingly violating my mouth and pussy. It was hard to keep the rhythm of my thrusting fingers when I only wanted to swallow Roman's dick until his come overflowed. He washovering over me, dipping his cock in and out of my mouth, encouraging me to take it further.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

I lifted my head just as he tucked his dick back into my mouth. I gagged as I took him to the back of my throat.

"Fuck! You dirty little slut. All you need is just a taste of my dick, and you've turned into Daddy's little whore."

His words were like gasoline on my already burning pussy. I humped the air like a fiend, needing relief but not wanting to give up the taste and feel of his cock in my mouth. Tears leaked down the side of my face, and spit trickled out of my mouth, but I kept going, addicted to the taste of his pre-come and how his cock roughly slid in and out of my mouth.

"You suck my dick so good, baby. You were made to suck my dick, weren't you?"

He pulled out, giving me a moment's reprieve to catch my breath. I swallowed in gulps of air as he murmured words of praise. His cock hung over me, its length glistening with my saliva, and his heavy balls grazed across my mouth. I stuck my tongue out, bathing the sacs with my spit before pulling them into my mouth for a gentle suck.

He groaned on top of me as he held himself over my face. "If your father knew you were sucking my balls in your mouth after gagging on my cock, he'd fucking kill me. But you like it, don't you? Like sucking Daddy's cock when there's a chance you'll get caught? Makes your pussy wetter, doesn't it?"

I moaned as I licked the underside of his cock, mouthing at his balls and licking at his taint until he shuddered over me and pulled away.

"You dirty little slut. Like licking Daddy's cock, you want in on his asshole, too?"

"Yesss," I moaned as I reached up to stroke his dick. It felt silky in my hands, and I jerked at it, needing his spray of come on my body.

But Roman had other ideas.

"I finally get to own you publicly. I'm not coming anywhere except in your tight pussy."

I pouted up at him. "We've been fucking for months."

"At the backseat of my car," he growled before bending down to kiss my puffy lips. "I finally get you on a bed. Without a time limit."

Another hard, punishing kiss had me gasping, desperate for him to fuck me already. I didn't care how he did it - in my pussy, ass, or with his mouth on me. I needed him. His come on or in me, mixing with my juices.

He kneeled back, grabbing my legs and placing them on his shoulders. He leaned down, practically folding me in half. My legs protested, but I breathed through the burn. It would be nothing compared to his big cock pushing into me. I threw my head back and cried out when I felt the head of his dick spear through my folds.

"Fucking tight pussy," he grunted as he pushed through.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" I yelled, uncaring how loud I was. "You're so big," I gasped..

"All. The. Better. To. Fuck. You. With." He punctuated each word with a hard thrust.

I was unable to move. I could only grab what I could and hold on while he plowed

my wet cunt. My tits jiggled as he rammed into me, thrusting in and out with a wild rhythm that had me gasping and groaning. I sounded like a crazed, wonton, sex-mad banshee. My toes flexed above his head as his hips moved roughly.

"Tightest fucking cunt. I can feel you squeezing me. Never felt a pussy this good."

"Don't stop," I begged. "Fuck me, Roman. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me."

I grabbed the headboard behind me as his thrusts banged the wood against the wall. At the back of my mind, I could still hear the loud thumping of music and the muted tones of voices and laughter. I just hoped that no one was in the room next to us because they would be in no doubt as to what we were doing.

I could feel that delicious lick of pleasure start to build. "I'm gonna come!" No sooner had the words left me than my back bowed. White light shot behind my closed lids as red-hot pleasure engulfed my writhing frame. I heard Roman groan on top of me as his come shot inside, spraying my pulsing pussy as my own juice squirted.

I felt his hand roughly grab my chin before his tongue stroked inside my mouth, drowning my whimpers. My legs fell from his shoulders as he angled his head and kissed my bruised lips. The thrust of his hips filtered out as he collapsed on top of me briefly, careful not to put his weight on my body. Our kiss turned slow before they became small pecks.

"Fuck," he breathed into my mouth. "So fucking good."

"Hmm," I agreed lazily.

He moved to fall beside me, pulling me into his arms. "That was worth all the heartache and sneaking around. I love you so much, baby."

I kissed his damp shoulder, petting his chest hair lovingly. "I love you, too."

The sounds of the party infiltrated our intimate setting. The real world knocked, but this time, we were free to live our love out in the open instead of fear and worry.

"Fuck, I hope my Dad isn't looking for me." I hoped he hadn't heard us, too.

Page 36

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

Roman gave a sound of amusement. "I think your Dad is sufficiently occupied."

I glanced up at Roman in puzzlement. "What does that mean?"

"Nothing," he quickly said. "Just that he seemed to really be enjoying the party."

I groaned. "He's not drunk, is he?"

I felt his lips kiss my head. "No. Definitely not drunk."

I sighed in contentment, snuggling further into his arms. "Well, now that I'm graduated, I hope he won't give us a hard time anymore."

"Oh, I have a feeling he'll be very supportive of us from now on."

I frowned again. "Why does it feel like you're speaking in riddles?"

He laughed before turning me back under him. "It's nothing, baby. I'm just happy." He rubbed his nose against mine. "I just think your Dad understands our relationship now."

I hooked my arms around his neck, pulling him in for a kiss. "I hope so."

Our kiss turned heated quickly, as it always did. I pushed him back and climbed on top. "I'm not done with you yet."

He grinned, gripping my hips and guiding my wet flesh over his hard cock. I threw

my head back and moaned as I sunk down onto his big dick.

"We have a lifetime together, baby, and I still won't be done with you."

I couldn't wait.

Epilogue

ROMAN

Seven Years Later

A soft knock on the door had my cock stiffening behind my pants. I slowly placed my pen beside the papers I was grading. I leaned back in my chair and cleared my throat.

"Come in." My voice sounded gravelly, echoing around my office as I waited patiently for the doorknob to turn.

A dark head in pigtails peered around the door. Her small white teeth sunk into her pillowy bottom lip as she regarded me nervously.

My hands clenched, and my cock seeped out a little pre-come. But I held myself back and lifted a dismissive brow at her.

"My open door policy is between two and four PM. You're too late."

She took a deep breath. Instead of slinking off with an apology, she came further into the room, disobeying me. The naughty brat.

"P-please, Professor Drake," she whispered, twisting her hands before her.

I did a sharp inhale when I spied what she wore. A short pleated skirt and a thin white buttoned-up blouse. The material did nothing to hide the red lace bra underneath. I almost surged in my chair, needing to pace the halls to determine who exactly saw her walking to my office. But I held back. The flex of my fingers and the tic in my jaw was the only indicator that I was unhappy.

She knew what she was doing, too. Her lips pursed in nervousness, but her eyes sparkled with mischief, daring me to break.

Always tempting me.

Little did she know what I liked to do to naughty students.

"I had an emergency, so I couldn't get here in time." She stepped closer until the top of her crotch hit my desk. She leaned forward, placing her hands on my desk.

My eyes flicked down to her open shirt. Her cleavage heaved behind her bra, and she leaned her arms in, causing her big breasts to lift higher.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

"Can't you make an exception?" She breathed. Her body moved subtly up and down, and when I glanced at her lower body, I realized what she was doing. The dirty slut was grinding her crotch against my desk.

I rolled my chair back and stood, coming around the desk like a predator, ready to pounce.

She watched me approach with wary eyes. But the twinkle in them betrayed her true feelings. She turned, leaning her buttocks on my desk as I prowled around to stand in front of her. I crowded her space, and my thick erection pressed into her. Her breath hitched, and her pupils dilated as she felt my rigid length.

"I might." My hands skimmed up the sides of her upper thighs, fingering her skirt. "If you tell me what the emergency was."

She bit her lip and glanced coyly up at me. Her cornflower blue eyes hit me in the gut as they always did when she regarded me. She leaned up, her breath skittering past my jaw as she pressed her lips to my ear. I shuddered, my control pulling like a thin rope on the verge of snapping.

"After your class, my panties were so wet I had to go home and change them."

Snap!

I growled and roughly turned her around, pushing her forward until her body rested on my desk.

"Professor Drake!" She gasped in fake outrage. Her hands scrunched up the papers on my desk. But I didn't care. There was nothing on them, anyway. I knew she would be coming. My naughty little student.

I lifted her skirt and breathed a sigh when I spied white cotton panties. I would set the University alight if I knew she walked these halls with her bare ass and pussy only covered by a short, flimsy skirt. She was still getting punished for showing off what was mine, though.

I tore her panties off, my dick growing heavy at the sound of her crocodile tears of outrage. She lifted her buttocks higher, silently consenting for me to do my worst. I smacked her ass, watching the flesh jiggle before smoothing it with my palm.

"That's what naughty girls get when they break the rules. You think you can come in here, and I'll make an exception?" I administered the same attention to her other butt cheek, causing her to cry out.

"Isn't that what you're doing now, Professor Drake?" She panted, her voice taking on a coltish lilt. "Making an exception?"

My mouth twisted in amusement at her backchat. She could never resist sassing me. Guess I'll have to punish her for that as well.

I pulled her ruined panties from my pocket and shoved them in her sinful mouth. She moaned around the material, and my heavy cock dripped at the wanton sound.

"You talk when spoken to," I ordered. "Or next time, it'll be my cock I'll shove in there."

I heard her whimper and mumble something around her panties that sounded suspiciously like "good."

I hunkered down, bringing her wet flesh to eye level. I could smell the sweet nectar of her arousal, and my mouth watered to taste.

I tilted her forward more and separated her ass cheeks, peering into her tight cunt and puckered asshole. I spat at it and coated my spit into her already dripping hole. I rubbed around her back entrance before realizing it felt unusually slicked and greasy. It also smelled like a certain strawberry lube.

"Rule number one when you come to my class." I sunk my middle finger into her juiced-up asshole. She cried out, clawing at my desk. "Always come prepared." My finger easily slid to my knuckle. I gathered some of her pussy juice, smearing it around her asshole. "Tell me, what did you prepare when you came to my office, hmm?"

Her muffled moans were all I received. "Was it this?" I leaned in and laved at her pussy, sticking my tongue in to gather her juices before sucking her flesh into my mouth. I held her body as she bucked against me, her pussy dripping more juice onto my tongue. I pulled back before widening her ass cheeks and letting go, watching them bounce. I spread her ass again and leaned forward to twirl my tongue around her tight ring hole.

"Or was it this?" I licked at her ass, sinking my tongue in and gathering more juice to spread around her asshole. I felt her hand grasp my head, pushing my face deeper between her butt cheeks until all I could taste and smell was her wet gash. Her fingers dug into my scalp, and I felt her ass grind against my mouth.

I ate her hungrily, slurping the juices from her pussy and spitting them onto her asshole until I had her saturated. Her girl come spilled down her thighs and covered my nose, mouth, and chin.

I stood up, quickly unbuckling my pants and shoving them and my boxer briefs down

my thighs.

"Gonna fuck this pussy and ass good, little girl. Gonna make you work for that A."

I grabbed her leg and propped it up on my desk, spreading her further. I lined up my dick with her pussy and sunk in without hesitation. She cried out at the intrusion, but I carried on thrusting into her. She could take my big dick.

I pumped into her, grunting as I watched my dick disappear in and out of her wet channel. My length was slick with her juices, and it took everything in me not to come. I had to hold off. Because my dirty girl came to me with a lubed-up asshole for a reason.

Once I had fucked her cunt a few times, I reluctantly pulled out before tucking the head of my cock against her tight, puckered back entrance.

"Walking around these halls showing this tight ass. You're just begging to be fucked, aren't you?"

Her head nodded as she whimpered in need. She was practically climbing the table and rubbing her sweet, young cunt against the wood. My lips peeled back in a grimace as her tight hole strangled my dick.

Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:43 am

"Fuck, I'm not gonna last, little girl. Not even halfway in, and I'm gonna blow my load all over your asshole."

I humped in a little more, groaning as I felt her muscles clench and relax.

"Hold your ass open for me," I ordered as I stroked the gentle curve of her back. My thumbs pressed against the two dimples just above her ass. I loved those dimples.

She immediately obeyed, reaching back to open her ass cheeks. I grunted as I thrust in and out, watching her muscles open for me.

"Mmft! Mmft! Mmft!" Her feminine grunts were driving me wild. I could tell she was close by the way her fingers started to loosen their hold on her ass. Her cheek was against the table, and her mouth was open, panting against the soiled panties. Her neck arched, and I felt her muscles spasm as she screamed against my desk, her face mashing down as she jerked through her orgasm.

The sight and feel of her coming was too much for me. The lick of pleasure shot down my spine, and I groaned as my come spurted into her ass chute.

"Fucking take it, you dirty slut! Think you can come in here for special privileges. Disobedient brats like you get their asses fucked!" I jerked inside her, emptying my balls until she wrung the last bit of pleasure from me.

She groaned as I pulled out, grabbing her ass cheeks and watching my come bubble out.

"God damn, you take my cock so good," I praised. I gently pulled her up and removed her panties from her mouth.

She gasped as she clutched me. Her hair was a mess, one of her cheeks was red from being pushed against my desk, and tears had smeared her mascara and eyeliner. She had never looked more beautiful.

I eyed the mess she made of my desk. The papers that were ripped to shreds, and the pen holder that had been knocked down, their contents strewn around. There was a glistening spot on my desk. Her come juices. A deep male pride filled me when I thought of her warm cunt squirting on my desk.

I cupped her face lovingly. Her eyes softened as we gazed at each other, communicating our devotion and love through a single look.

"Hi, wife," I murmured.

"Husband," Lucy hummed. She pulled me down for a languid kiss, our tongues tangling and sliding together in a familiar rhythm, yet we knew if we didn't stop, it would more than likely lead to round two.

After we cleaned up in my private bathroom, I threaded my fingers through my wife's, needing her close. I turned off the lights and locked up before ensuring my jacket covered her body sufficiently. I still had her punishment for strutting out in public half-naked earmarked for later. My body hummed just thinking about it.

"Where are the kids?" I asked as I pulled her hand up to kiss the wedding ring on her finger.

"They're at Grandpa and Grandma's." She giggled as she always did whenever she referred to her Dad's wife by that title. The joke never gets old for her. To me? The fact that Michael was grandpa to my kids made me chuckle with glee. We get along

well enough now, considering, but we still loved to give each other shit.

"It's pizza night at their house, so the kids are staying for dinner. I'll pick them up at seven."

I glanced at my watch. It was just after five-thirty. Hmm, whatever should we do with the extra time?

I glanced down at my wife with hooded eyes just as she peeked up at me. The mirrored lust I spied in them had my tired cock perking up. Her lips quirked as she read my mind.

"I'm sure we can find something to occupy ourselves with," she winked.

THE END