



Snowed in with the Professor

Author: *Maya Black*

Category: Romance

Description: The first day Grace walked into my domain, my world stood still. Without knowing anything, I knew this for certain, she was mine. It was against every rule the college had, but I was born to break the rules. For her, I'd figure out a way to break them faster. Genetics in Physical Anthropology is the only class I look forward to each week, but it wasn't because of the class. God knows it could have been a class on paint drying and I would have been just as excited because of Professor Baldwin. He made me desire things I never wanted before.

Total Pages (Source): 51

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

It's believed that an obsession is an idea or notion that persistently preoccupies or intrudes on a person's thoughts.

But I argue it's more than that, more than a definition, a string of words strung together. Nothing can truly convey how I feel, what I feel, the extent I'd go to, to have what I wanted, who I desired.

They'd think I was obsessed.

I called it love.

I recall the first day I saw her, how she appeared, how I instantly felt. It had been hot outside, slightly humid, unusual for the time of the year. She'd had a sheen of perspiration on her temple, and I'd longed to run my tongue along it, pick it up so I'd take a portion of her into me.

I recall the first time I saw her like it was yesterday.

The first day she'd put her spell on me.

The first day I'd fallen in love with her.

The first day I'd been obsessed.

I'd known from that moment on, no other would have her. She was mine, and I'd make her see that.

She'd strolled into the classroom in this white sundress, these small black flowers smeared across it like spilled ink. Her dark hair had been piled high on her head almost haphazardly, like she'd been rushing late and hadn't known what to do with it.

Strands had tumbled down as if she'd been sprinting, the knot in her hair failing to keep the locks in place. Her cheeks had been bright, and I'd wondered if they'd be that color when she felt pleasure.

Her breathing had been quick, her chest rising and falling, her breasts strained against the bodice of her dress, her nipples firm as they'd poked against the thin cloth.

She'd apologized to everyone she'd walked by as she made her way to her seat, and I followed her the entire time, tracked her with my sight, unable to get my focus off her.

She screamed innocence and fragility with her delicate beauty that had made the very male part of me spring up. Never had I felt such an instant attraction, such a bone-deep erection.

And it was in that very instant that I knew without a shadow of a doubt I had to have her.

She was my student.

I was her professor.

It was against the rules.

But that made no difference to me. I was born to break the rules for her. I'd understood it as soon as I saw her, as soon as she'd sat in my class. Even now I thought of the way she'd crossed her legs, her dress rising up, showing even more of

her alabaster skin, as if she rarely went out in the sun.

Everything from her pink painted toenails to her small pearl earrings shouted she had no awareness of the world, of its hazards.

She had no knowledge of the nasty things that males wanted to do to women... that I wanted to do to her.

But she'd find out soon enough. Gracie would understand how deep my yearning for her went, how much I'd already claimed her as mine.

And when she did, that would be the greatest pleasure of all.

Focusing was damn near impossible while Grace was in my class. Fuck, it was impossible every fucking minute of every fucking day.

She was all I thought about anymore. She was everything I wanted. And my need for her had developed into this consuming addiction. It possessed me, made me feel unstable, and I knew the only way to sate this yearning, to satisfy this hunger, was to make her mine.

I found myself staring over at her continuously, unable to stop myself even though I knew it wasn't proper. I should keep my distance. It was best for my sanity and would be professional.

"Can you repeat that last part, Professor Baldwin?"

I cleared my throat and looked at the student who'd posed the inquiry.

I tried to clear my brain and focus on my speech. "So, we are able to trace that the CCR5 delta 32 mutation, which hampers the infection rate of HIV, evolved in

European populations.” I glanced at Grace as I talked, noticing a male student seated beside her lean in close and mumble something to her. “Most specifically Northern Europeans.” I felt my eyes tighten as I curled my hands into fists at my sides.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

Grace seemed less than delighted with his close closeness, which pleased me, but the jealousy in me intensified immensely.

“How did the mutation occur?”

I heard the student pose the inquiry, but my concentration was on the tiny jerk who was still leaning in far too close to Grace. He moved his arm next to hers, nearly touching hers. He started to mumble something to her again, and I could see the frustration in her face.

“Mr. Smith, if this class is monotonous to you, you’re most than welcome to leave and give up your spot to a student on the wait list.” My words came out clipped, angry. I didn’t even give a shit that he was speaking during my lesson.

I was upset that he was too near to Grace.

My Grace.

“I’m sorry, Professor Baldwin.”

The student straightened, feeling embarrassed by being called out in front of the class. He should have been delighted that’s all I did.

I couldn’t peel my gaze off Grace, could see she had an almost embarrassed expression on her face, her teeth worried at her bottom lip. She looked between me and the idiot sitting next to her, then back at me again.

I had my hands clenched into tight fists at my side, was attempting to contain myself. Even something as basic as another male talking to her upset me. I was jealous, so fucking jealous it ate away at me.

I pushed myself to turn around, to attempt to appear like I had my shit together, like I was actually supposed to be teaching a class, not lusting for my fucking student.

“I want a thirteen-page paper on a genetic variant in a certain population completed and turned in to me by the end of the month.” There was a shuffling of paper and a murmur of voices, but I didn’t turn around, since if I did, my focus would go immediately to Grace. “Don’t act surprised by this, it’s on your syllabus.” My voice was stern. I was still annoyed, the jealousy still apparent.

Class ended and I kept my back to them, placing paperwork in my bag, my body tight. When I heard the door shut, figuring everyone was gone, I rested my hands on the edge of my desk and braced my weight, drooping my head and closing my eyes. I breathed out slowly.

“Professor Baldwin?”

The sound of her voice, that pleasant, musical tone, flowed through me, relaxing me while inflaming me all in the same breath.

I squeezed my teeth together, my jaw set firm as I straightened and turned around to face Grace. She stood a few feet from me, a couple books clasped in her arms, pressed to her chest as if they were a shield. She seemed so terrified as she stared up at me, her eyes wide, that little sundress so fucking innocent.

“I just wanted to apologize about interrupting your class.”

God, her voice had this tone to it that instantly excited me.

“I’ll make sure not to sit next to Theo again. He likes to talk during class.” She worried her bottom lip again, and I wondered if that was a nervous habit. I longed to reach out and peel her lip away from her teeth, running my thumb down the flesh before I dipped down and kissed her.

It took everything in me not to utter a little sound of yearning in that moment.

“No need to apologize, Miss Hart. It’s not your fault.” I had my hand braced behind me on the edge of the desk, my nails digging into the wood. But I kept myself in control, kept my expression flat. I could see her pulse racing rapidly beneath her ear, and moved my attention deeper down to the bodice of her clothing. Her nipples were firm as they peeked through the cloth.

I fucking adored the outfit, but I also wanted to insist she change out of it, that she cover herself so no other man could gaze at her, could imagine and lust for her. Let alone it was too revealing for winter when snow could happen at any moment.

I swallowed, felt the lump in my throat, my mouth so dry. As we stayed there for several seconds not speaking, just staring at each other, I swore I could see passion lick over her face.

She nodded slowly and offered me a bashful grin, dipping her head as she gazed up at me over her eyelids.

God, my chest ached.

“I’ll see you later, Professor Baldwin.”

She went, and seeing her walk away was so fucking painful. I really felt myself taking a step toward her, wanting to lock the door and pull her right up against my body.

I was losing my fucking mind as Grace was concerned. But if this was what insanity felt like, I didn't want to be sane.

Who would have guessed Genetics in Physical Anthropology would be the class I looked forward to every day?

But then again it wasn't the course that fascinated me, but the person teaching it.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

I thought about Professor Baldwin, all the little things he did, things I doubted anyone really noticed in lecture.

The way he furrowed his eyebrows when he was poring over his papers, immersed in contemplation. The fact his gaze was dark, deep... consuming.

Or the way he curled his long, muscular fingers around the eraser right before he cleared off the board. He was articulate and precise. He made sure his lines were exact as he put quotes on the dry-erase board. He was stern in the way he spoke; in the manner he gave us our responsibilities.

It was hard concentrating in his class, hard to do anything but yearn after a man I'd never have.

"What do you think about Professor Baldwin?" I looked over at Alexis, who was busy grinning at a guy currently seated at the next table over. I shouldn't be asking her anything about this, shouldn't attract attention to my curiosity where he was concerned. "Alexis?"

She glanced at me, the expression on her face indicating me she hadn't heard. "What?"

I might tell her never mind, not bring this up again. She'd never know the difference. But I felt myself licking my lips and repeating, "Professor Baldwin. What do you think about him?"

I observed her brows knit; her look puzzled as to why I was asking. I grew flustered

as I gazed down at the plastic-wrapped sandwich in front of me. I felt her look on me, as if she were dissecting me, trying to read more into the question.

And there was more in the question, so much more, but I'd never tell her. I couldn't. It felt awful to even think it.

"I was just curious about what you thought about him... as a teacher."

"Mm-hmm," she murmured, doubtful. "You mean Professor Make Me Feel Good?"

I whipped my head up, felt my eyes widen. "What? Oh my God, Alexis." I felt my face heat as I looked around, wondering if anyone had heard. She was giggling alongside me.

"He's seriously hot, and I know a shitload of girls want to bang him in one of the empty classrooms."

"God, you're really going there."

She chuckled. "You're such a virgin." She laughed harder as I looked at her, my expression obviously revealing how mortified I was.

"Alexis, good Lord." I looked around again. "Could you say that any louder?" I felt my cheeks heat. I had no doubt I was scarlet, my embarrassment a bright beacon for everyone in the library to see.

"Wait, why are you asking about Professor Baldwin?"

I glanced down and started putting my books away, regretting even bringing this up. "It's nothing. Never mind."

She didn't answer, but I felt her watching me. When I had my books in my backpack, I looked up, telling myself to appear like I wasn't absolutely ashamed.

She observed me with this puzzled expression on her face.

“What?”

Her eyes expanded and her mouth opened in a tiny O.

“Oh, my fucking God. Gracie, you've obviously got the hots for the professor.”

Lord, my cheeks felt like they were on fire. “No. I don't. You're insane.” I was rambling, stuttering.

“You're a horrible liar, by the way.”

I gave an embarrassed chuckle, which just made this scenario much worse.

“I don't know why you're embarrassed.” She shrugged and leaned back in the chair, looked back at the table, giving the guy who sat there a come-fuck-me smile. “You know how many guys I find hot at this school.” And then looked back at me and chuckled. “Your face is so red.”

I grew even more frustrated.

“You know how many guys probably think you're hot?”

I scoffed and rolled my eyes.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

Compared to Alexis, I was a poor example of what might be termed hot. Her Lebanese DNA gave her a stunning olive-toned skin and a gorgeous head of black hair. Not to mention her body was fantastic, with contours that I could only dream about.

There were no doubt men that gazed at her regularly.

“That’s easy for you to say,” I murmured, feeling sorry for myself.

“You’re insane if you don’t think you’re hot.”

I gave her a get-the-fuck-out-of-here look.

“What?” She genuinely looked shocked that I didn’t believe her. “You are gorgeous, Gracie. You’ve got that gorgeous alabaster, flawless complexion, and incredible hair with red highlights. And your eyes,” She made a disgruntled noise.

“You have the bluest, prettiest fucking eyes I’ve ever seen.” She rolled her eyes. “You’re ridiculously hot in that innocent- schoolgirl way, and it’s annoying.”

I giggled at how upset she looked. That was all good and sweet that she said that, but it didn’t mean I believed her. Would she still see me the same way if she knew I hadn’t so much as had a guy feel me up? If she knew I was a virgin, so inexperienced it was ludicrous, she’d definitely believe there was something wrong with me.

“So, about Professor Baldwin.” She wagged her eyebrows.

“Nothing. Never mind.”

“Come on,” she murmured and smirked. “Don’t be embarrassed.”

As I glanced at Alexis, seeing the way she was so confident, how she knew what she wanted and wasn’t scared to go after it just put me in a horrible mood.

“I’m not embarrassed,” I eventually answered and stuffed my books in my bag. “But I am going to be late for work.” I flashed her a smile and noticed on her face that she wanted to fight, maybe ask more, wonder why I’d brought this up like an idiot.

“Okay,” she replied in submission and slumped back in her chair. “How about drinks later tonight?” And just like that the subject was changed.

Movement out of the corner of my eye had me looking to the right. My mouth quickly got dry, my stomach churning. I watched as Professor Baldwin stepped in, his dark brown leather satchel over one shoulder, a stack of papers in his palm. His black hair draped over his forehead and out to the side, as if he’d run his fingers through it, pushing it aside.

He had this hard look on his face, a harsh attitude. But I’d become used to that, come to know it was just him.

And that was one of the reasons I’d fallen so deeply for him. He was immovable, like a mountain, like steel. Hard and unapologetic, Professor Baldwin was as intellectual as he was stubborn.

It was all those qualities that pulled me to him, that had me thinking of—fantasizing—about no one else. It was him. Only him.

I couldn’t look away from him, couldn’t stop watching as he stalked into the library

and headed back to one of the unoccupied tables. It was as if he ruled the room, filled it with this cold air that had goose bumps growing on my arms, my hair standing on end.

And then he lifted his head and turned and stared right at me, our gazes clashing, the feeling of my eyes enlarging giving away how I genuinely felt.

Bared and vulnerable, as if I were looking into the eyes of a violent beast, of a predator about to pounce.

But the point was... I wanted to be his prey.

The way he gazed at me was planned. It felt as if time slowed, as if there was no one else in the library other than the two of us. I felt this tie between us, tugging me closer to him, like if he were my lifeline. It was such a consuming feeling, one that perplexed me as much as it frightened and thrilled me.

“So, drinks?” Alexis asked, breaking through the granite-like hold I had with Professor Baldwin.

I looked across at Alexis, thankful she was busy looking down at her phone, not noticing who I’d been staring at, how closely I’d been studying him.

And although he’d stared at me as well, I felt like it was an innocent glance, one done in passing. I was the one who couldn’t have looked away, who felt my heart plummeting into my stomach.

“Earth to Gracie.”

I blinked a few times, my vision focusing as I peered at Alexis. She studied me, one of her dark, elegantly arched eyebrows lifting.

“Drinks, are you up for them tonight?”

I nodded. “Yeah. I have to work until six, but after that I’m free.”

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

Alexis smiled. “How about you meet me at the Olive?”

I nodded and found myself staring at where Professor Baldwin was seated. My heart jumped into my throat as I noticed him studying me, his gaze concentrated, as if he demanded me.

“The Olive. Six. Sounds good,” I muttered those words, and when I looked back at Alexis, I could see a curious expression on her face. But she didn’t probe for more information.

And I was happy for that since I didn’t know how I would explain my infatuation with Professor Baldwin.

I should’ve been more discrete, disguising my devotion, my obsession for Grace. But I couldn’t help myself, definitely not when she was so close.

She was this addiction I had, one that made my heart race, my mouth dry, and my hands shake. A withdrawal that I didn’t know if I’d endure, because I knew the only remedy for it was her.

I watched as she left the library, happy when she continued peeking across at me. She kept biting her lip, pulling at the red, plump flesh with her straight small white teeth.

It’s a good thing I was seated behind the desk because my cock was harder than a rock, pressing against the zipper of my jeans, screaming to be free.

The disgusting things I thought of doing to her had me feeling primal, wild. She was

so innocent, though, so fragile.

But her innocence simply stoked my hunger for her, had me desiring her even more.

I wanted to be the one to corrupt her, to show her just how fantastic it might feel, how good I could make her feel.

And I would make that a reality, since the alternative wasn't an option.

I made a latte, poured it into a to-go cup, put the lid on top, and gave it off.

Monotonous actions that swallowed up the time and had me earning minimal wage.

If I were being honest, I loathed brewing coffee; hell, I didn't even drink it. But being a college student meant I couldn't be picky on what job I obtained. I didn't have a lot of time for anything else, not with my full-time studies.

Although I was covered with student housing and money my parents had saved up for me over the years, I still had to make money. Maybe not to live off of while school, but for my own integrity and mental well-being.

So, I worked at the coffee shop on campus a couple days a week, making cappuccinos and lattes and wrapping up croissants and egg sandwiches. I rung up the customer, delivered them their double-shot espresso, and helped the next one.

The same thing, only a new day.

The coffee shop on campus was consistently busy, especially with students coming in to hang out and study as they sipped their five-dollar coffees and ate their three-dollar pastries.

“What can I make for you?” I said and looked up from the register only to feel my eyes widen as Professor Baldwin stood on the other side of the counter.

He wore a dark blazer and underneath that, a white Oxford button-down shirt, which was a sharp, stark contrast to his jacket. Being so close to him really accentuated how much bigger he was than me, with his broad shoulders and tight waist.

He was tall and slender, like an Olympic swimmer, raw force below golden skin.

I peered into his black eyes, like chunks of coal that could ignite a fire... and I was the one who would burn alive from it.

I stood there for many seconds not speaking, and it was only when I heard the froth from the cappuccino machine start to operate that I jerked out of my stupor. “Professor Baldwin,” I eventually murmured, finding my voice, although it was wobbly, unstable.

“Miss Hart.”

I swore fireworks went off inside of me.

“How’s your paper coming along?”

I licked my lips and nodded. “Good.” Although that was a lie. I hadn’t even started it.

He grinned, just the corner of his mouth curving up as if he knew I was lying. “Good. I look forward to reading it.”

I offered him an uneasy smile. I could feel how uncomfortable it was, my own nerves making me act like a crazy right now. “What can I get for you?” Being professional when all I wanted to do was wrap my body around his, was like living in literal hell.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

“Just a black coffee.”

Not a man who likes the nice, flowery drinks. I appreciated that about him. And the fact he was drinking a strong brew this late in the afternoon made me question whether he had a lot of work to do. He was a busy man, I could tell by the work he did around the school, and the fact he had everything prepared for our lesson well in advance. But that drew me to him more.

He has got his shit together.

I gave him one more lingering look before turning and grabbing his order. I felt his stare on me the whole time, like if he stretched out and brushed his fingers along my body.

I swore it took me ages to get his order. I felt like I was traveling in slow motion. When I eventually went back around, he was off to the side, another barista handling the register.

“I’m sorry for the holdup,” I remarked and gave up his coffee. When he reached for it, his fingers brushed over mine and I felt my mouth part as a little sound escaped me from that slight contact.

Yet he looked unmoved.

Of course, he did.

I knew it was all one-sided.

“It’s fine,” he answered and offered a smile, but even when he acted easy-going, I could detect this hardness to him.

“Gracie!”

The sound of Alexis shouting over the swarm of people drew me out of my entranced focus on Professor Baldwin. I turned and faced her, seeing her make her way toward me with a mystery male in tow.

I could see Professor Baldwin move back, and a part of me wanted to reach out to him.

Crazy, that’s what I was.

Alexis stepped up to the desk with a large grin on her face. I looked at the person standing behind her. He looked like a jock, one still living in his old glory days as he adorned his high school Letterman blazer.

“Hey, girl,” she said and turned around to grasp for the boy. I recognized him then, remembering him from the library. “This is Craig. He’s going to the Olive with us tonight.”

I nodded, but I was quite conscious that Professor Baldwin was still standing off to the side, could feel him watching me.

I turned and started preparing her a double latte, knowing that’s the only reason she came into the hipster coffee shop.

I turned and handed it over, and she held out some money without looking at me. I shook my head at how committed she was with this new guy. After ringing her up and offering the change to her, I chanced a look at the professor. He stood off to the

side, taking a drink of his coffee as he looked me over the rim.

“Listen, we’re picking up something to eat before we head over there. Figure I should have a full stomach before I start pounding down the drinks.”

Letterman Craig leaned in and said something in her ear. She chuckled and playfully smacked him. “You’re dirty, aren’t you?” Alexis faced me and grinned. “Don’t be late. The Olive tonight at six,” she said as she made her way out the door.

I turned to where Professor Baldwin stood, but was faced by an empty area. I looked around the coffee shop, disappointed he was gone, but then felt stupid for assuming he’d stay just for me.

I swore the way he stared at me, the way he’d studied me, hadn’t simply been all in my imagination.

His expression had screamed one thing... arousal.

The notion of her going to the Olive had every protective fear in me surging. All I could think about was men looking at her, attempting to touch her, take advantage of her.

It had me nervous, possessive. It had me wanting to take her back to my apartment and keep her secure, keep her away from all the trash the world would throw at her.

I was the only one who could keep her safe, and I planned on doing just that.

I peered at her through the coffee shop window, thrilled when I observed she’d looked back at where I’d been standing, that she was hunting me out. The disappointment on her face was evident. I longed to move my finger between her eyes and smooth away the concern lodged between them.

Her desire for me was evident, and that delighted me enormously. It was because of the way she looked at me, the fact she wanted me, that I was set to take things further.

I had to, since not having Grace as mine was physically terrible, and not something I was about to entertain anymore.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

If she was going out tonight, then I would too.

No man would touch her but me.

I had no idea why I'd agreed to come with Alexis to the Olive. It was so not my scene. As I stood behind her, the lights flashing, the music ear-splitting, the crush of humanity all around us, I just wanted to go home and curl up on my bed with a good book.

Alexis took my hand and led me toward the bar. I wasn't even twenty- one yet and had the large black X marked on the back of my hand to proclaim that. But Alexis was old enough to buy alcohol, and I knew she'd get me a drink quietly, because she was the type of person who didn't want to drink alone.

She let go of my hand before we reached the bar and gave me a look that meant, wait there so we don't get caught. I hadn't seen Letterman Craig yet, but I thought he was somewhere about here. He'd been very enamored with Alexis at the coffee shop.

Which suggested he wanted in her pants.

I could see Alexis leaning against the bar, a sexy smile in place as she ordered our drinks. I moved away from her and searched the interior of the club. It was precisely what you'd expect from a nightclub, with the unpleasant decor, the gloomy lights, and the aura of sex dominating the air. I felt like I was excessively overdressed, too, like if I were attending church or going to the library. I had on a pair of formfitting leggings, and my top was a cardigan set, a powder-pink shade that had a cashmere feel to it without the price tag.

As I glanced at all the women at the club, I realized I was wearing entirely too many clothes. I didn't have enough skin showing to fit in, to mix in with the others. I probably stuck out like a sore thumb.

I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned to see Letterman Craig standing there. He'd gotten rid of his jacket and now had his hair slicked back and wearing a shirt that was a bit too tight, which I imagined was to show off his muscles. He wasn't horrible looking, but he had an air of arrogance that around him that was a major turnoff.

No doubt he was a wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am kind of man, and Alexis was his newest conquest. But what he didn't realize was that she was a shark when it came to what she desired. What he didn't realize was that she was the one utilizing him.

He murmured something, but I couldn't hear over the flood of music. His mouth twitched; his eyes shiny. He'd already been drinking; that was apparent by the way he looked and the smell of alcohol that emerged from him. I shrugged and shook my head, indicating him without words I couldn't hear him.

He leaned in close to my ear. "You've seen Alexis? I headed to the bathroom but lost her in the crowd," he said loudly and pulled back.

I gestured over to the bar, and he grinned, giving me a wink before leaving me standing there and went over to her.

He threw his arm around her waist when he was directly behind her, and she looked over her shoulder, flashing that sexy smile I'd seen a hundred times before. She knew she was hot and could get any male, and she utilized that to her advantage.

I wished I had her confidence, her prowess.

A little later, they were coming back over to me and beckoning for me to follow. We

proceeded to the back and lucked out when we noticed an empty table. Keeping my back to the audience, I snatched the drink she handed me and took a sip. It was intense, so much so that my eyes watered.

I coughed and sputtered, staring at her and watching as she laughed. “Figured if you were gonna get an underage drink, might as well make it a Long Island Iced Tea.” She grinned again and leaned against her newest boy toy. “Suck it down, Gracie. I don’t want us to get caught.”

I inhaled deeply and brought the straw to my mouth, sipping it rapidly, the burn sinking right in the pit of my stomach. When I was finished, I wheezed out, my eyes watering ferociously, the alcohol immediately going to my head.

She moved the glass closer to her so it appeared like she’d been drinking it.

“How old are you anyway?” Letterman Craig said, his arm wrapped around Alexis, his other hand underneath the table and suspiciously close to her. I could only picture what they were doing, what he was doing to her.

“I’m twenty.”

He nodded, but it was evident he wasn’t paying attention to me.

Alexis muttered something in his ear that had an aroused look across his face. And then he turned and started kissing her.

God.

I pinched my nose, immediately feeling uncomfortable seeing them make out, so I turned aside to face the club.

I was so not an extrovert, and it was obscenely evident as I saw all these people dancing. The music was starting to give me a headache, or maybe it was the surge of booze through my veins. I was already buzzed, the whiskey steadily creeping through my body.

I closed my eyes and rubbed my forehead. Beads of perspiration speckled my skin. My heart felt like it was pounding, and my face felt like it was on fire. Drinking always made my face red, and judging by how hot it felt, I'd already reached to that level.

"Alexis, maybe I should go." I looked over my shoulder at her and noticed she was all but on top of her date. "I'm not feeling the best. That drink went right to my head."

She broke the kiss and looked over at me. "What?" she shouted, her brows knitted.

"I'm not feeling so well. That drink was strong," I shouted back.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

She gave me that look a parent gave a child. “You didn’t eat before coming, did you?”

Did a croissant from the coffee shop count?

I shrugged.

She shook her head. “Want me to take you home?”

Letterman Craig clutched her chin and sought to turn her head for another kiss, but she moved his hand away, her attention focused on me. “We can head out if you’re not feeling the best.”

I hadn’t even been here that long and now I was spoiling her night. Of course, she didn’t say it, and I wasn’t getting that feeling from her, but she was having a nice time. “I’ll be fine. I’ll wave down a server and get some water.”

“You sure?”

I nodded and grinned. “I’m good.” I could tough this out. Her look was dubious. “Seriously. I’m fine.” I gave her a thumbs-up and immediately felt like an idiot.

She giggled and went back to kissing Craig.

I only wanted some cold water. As if my prayers were answered, a waitress passed past. After ordering some water, getting the glass, and chugging half of it, I felt a little better and not so hot.

It was only a matter of minutes since I'd swallowed down the drink, but already I was feeling the booze do its thing. I was a cheap date, that was for sure. That one drink, especially for as strong as Alexis had gotten it, would no doubt have me buzzed for a good while.

And even though I'd stated I was alright, the prospect of leaving and going home to curl up in bed seemed pretty darn wonderful right about now.

This was not my scene. It was noisy and obnoxious, crowded and hot. The age bracket for the Olive seems to be eighteen to twenty-five.

I was out of place.

Tossing back shots and grinding with sorority girls had never been something I indulged in, not even when I fit in with this age group.

I was here for one reason.

One person.

Grace.

As I scoured the club, looking for her, I felt my body stiffen further. I didn't like her here. I didn't want her here. The level of testosterone in this location, inhibitions down because of the booze flowing, would put her in a position that wasn't safe.

I knew what guys thought about, what they wanted to do. They had one thing on their mind and that was getting in the trousers of a girl with her inhibitions down. And although Grace was smart and I hoped wouldn't fall for that garbage, there were plenty of idiots who didn't know when to quit.

I curled my hands into tight fists at my sides as I pushed into the room, pushing my way past people dancing, all but having sex together. The sheer thought of some bastard putting his hands on Grace, caressing her while she was mine, had irritation and rage flooding me.

I paused at the bar and looked around, the place so full I couldn't barely breathe.

Although I didn't see her immediately, I wasn't about to give hope. She was here, I could sense it. Or maybe it was my urge to protect her, even from herself, from her friends, that had me wanting to be the one to save her.

I wanted to be her knight in fucking shining armor.

I turned and glanced in the other direction, scanning back in the corner, where the tables were partly veiled by the shadows, only periodic flashes of light piercing it.

And then I saw Grace, sitting at a table with her buddy and the guy who had been in the coffee shop. They were currently engrossed in a passionate kiss, her companion all but sitting on his lap.

But Grace wasn't paying attention to them. She had her focus on the dance floor, and even from a distance I could tell how bright her cheeks were, how shiny her eyes were.

She was inebriated.

I straightened from the bar, knowing that going up to her probably wasn't the best strategy but wanting to do just that, to grab her against my body, to tell her I was taking her out of here.

A flood of people arrived to the bar, blocking my approach to her. And then I could

see a guy approach up to Grace, stoop down and say something softly. She shook her head and smiled, embarrassment masking her emotions.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

He murmured something again and straightened, the smile he wore confident. He reached out his hand to her.

Grace looked behind her to her pal, but she'd get no support there. And when she stared back at him, his grin broadened.

She put her hand into his and he helped her stand, guiding her out to the dance floor. The song changed to something more sensual, and I narrowed my eyes and clinched my jaw as I watched him throw his arm around her waist and bring her close to his body.

I'd shatter his hands for touching her.

I snarled low, the vibrations in my throat the only thing that let me know the sound had slipped free. I couldn't even hear myself think in this damned place.

It wouldn't have mattered anyhow because all I could think about, focus on, was getting to Grace... getting that fucker away from her.

He was sweaty and he smelled like alcohol. It was nasty and I felt little uncomfortable. He started grinding up on me and I regretted agreeing to dance with him. The sensation of his erection pushing against my abdomen, the sensation and scent of his humid, beer- laden breath on my neck had me all but gagging.

This felt so awful.

But he'd seemed kind as he extended his hand out, looked kind of forlorn imploring

me for just one dance. I should've gone with my hunch and told him no, kept my resolution. But here I was, regretting every bit of it, thinking of how to get out of the situation.

I wasn't really even dancing and instead grabbed his hands to force them away from my hips. He leaned in and the feel of his hot, wet breath on the side of my neck had me scrunching up my nose.

"I should probably go," I shouted loud enough for him to hear, all nearly shouting the words.

He didn't hear me or wasn't listening. He put pressure to my hips and dragged me closer until I felt how hard he was.

That's when survival kicked in.

This guy wasn't going to stop even if I shouted no in his face. He'd either had too much to drink or he was just a disgusting asshole.

I shoved at his shoulders, and he pulled me in tighter, caging his arms about me. I yelled at him, tried to kick him, dread taking grip. I couldn't move, couldn't get out of his clutches. The terror was creeping in, and with the music too loud, the booze flowing too strong, and everyone else concentrating on their dance partners, no one realized I needed aid.

"Stop," I shouted out and shoved at his chest again.

"Calm down," he moaned against the side of my neck. "This feels good, doesn't it?"

I shook my head. "Stop. I don't want to dance anymore." I tried pushing at his chest, but he was stronger than me and kept his hold ironclad.

I tried looking to where Alexis was, but we'd moved farther away from the table and I couldn't make her out through the thick throng of people.

He stroked his fingers over my hips and belly, creeping lower. Fear rose even harder in me, and I struggled again.

"I said no," I yelled loudly enough I knew he'd heard.

In the next second, he was yanked away from me.

I fell back from the unexpected action and felt my eyes widen as I glanced up at Professor Baldwin. I didn't know why he was at the club, but it wasn't my main concern at the moment. It was the fact he was currently holding Mr. Groper by the neck.

The grimace on my professor's face was simply frightening. He leaned in close to the other man's ear and murmured something low enough I couldn't hear. I watched as my would-be assaulter widened his eyes in apparent horror. He stared at Professor Baldwin and shook his head wildly, holding up his palms as if to convey he meant no harm.

And then he turned and hauled ass away from us, pushing people out of his path as if the place were on fire and he was frantic to get out to survive.

I glanced at Professor Baldwin for a second, not knowing what the hell was going on but happy he'd been here at the appropriate time.

I felt increasingly light-headed and stumbled back again, but he stretched out and took hold of my upper arm, steadying me. He brought me close to him, and I put my hands on his chest, tilted my head back and looked up at him.

He looked around the room, and I watched as he narrowed his eyes, felt the growl leave him as the sound vibrated underneath my hands, which were still on his chest.

Before I could foresee what was occurring, he grabbed my hand in his and took me out of the club. I peered back over my shoulder, trying to see Alexis, but the crowd was too thick.

Then we were outside, the cool air sweeping over me and sobering me up for only a second, before light-headedness took its place once more.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

Professor Baldwin strolled down the parking lot, unlocked the passenger-side door to a sleek black vehicle, and helped me inside. I was too dumbstruck to say anything, to tell him I shouldn't leave, that my companion was still inside. But any protest lodged in my throat.

When he was in the driver's side seat, the motor began, and he was moving away from the club, I finally found my voice.

"Alexis is still in there."

"She's fine," he mumbled out.

"I can't just leave without telling her." I could hear the slurred tone in my voice, that one drink really hitting my ass.

"You're in no position to go back in there. You're intoxicated and it's not safe." The way he spoke to me was akin to him scolding a petulant child. "Text her and tell her you're fine, and you'll call her in the morning."

I didn't move, didn't say anything for long seconds. But then I found myself doing just that, going into my pocket for my cell, glancing at the screen, and thinking I probably should have told him to let me go back inside the club.

But the truth was, I didn't want to. That wasn't my scene, and I felt really uncomfortable being there, even before I'd been touched on the dance floor.

I typed out the text.

Hey. I ended up leaving. Wasn't feeling the best. Caught an Uber. I'll call you in the morning. Be safe, please.

I pushed submit and rested my head back on the seat, seeing the streetlights going past in a whirl. I closed my eyes as a headache started to grow behind them, a faint groan departing me.

I felt my cell vibrating and looked down to see a text from Alexis. I was astonished she'd been able to hear anything, what with the deafening loudness of the club.

Alexis: Why didn't you tell me? I would have ditched Craig and brought you home.

No, it's okay. You were having a terrific time. That's not my scene anyway.

I felt out of place lol

I pushed send and saw the three little dots flash up on the screen, letting me know she was replying.

"Get a hold of her?"

I looked at him. "Yeah." I swallowed, my throat parched from the alcohol and how hot it had been at the club.

Alexis: I wish you would have gotten me. You're okay though? Safe? Promise to text me when you get home and call me first thing in the morning.

I smiled.

She really was a terrific friend, yet here I was in the car with our professor, having gotten a bit too tipsy, and lying to her about what was actually going on.

I promise.

I didn't know what was going on, but what I did know was that I was delighted Professor Baldwin had shown there when he did. I thought of what could've happened if he hadn't been there, and it made my stomach twist into knots.

I looked over at him again. His jaw was set hard, almost excessively so. Stubble covered his face, and his gaze was concentrated on the road. He appeared angry, what with his hands securely wrapped over the driving wheel, his torso rigid, tight.

My body heated despite the situation.

I found myself turning and glancing out the passenger-side window, thinking that I should've been wise and asked him what he'd been doing there. But all I did, instead, was close my eyes, wanting nothing more than to go to sleep.

All I wanted was for this night to be over with. Then I could figure out with a clear brain what in the hell was actually going on.

I clenched my hands tightly on the steering wheel and forced myself not to glance at her, to make sure she was okay. She was in my car, with me, away from the motherfuckers at that club.

I should have been relieved, but all I felt was greater strain.

She hadn't asked any questions. She should have. She should have been demanding I explain her what the hell I was doing, why the hell I was there.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

I could see out of the corner of my eye that she was toying with the edge of her shirt, peering out the passenger-side window. A part of me wanted to pull over and demand she tell me everything was okay, that this was okay.

Even if I couldn't stay away from her.

I didn't pull over.

I kept driving.

She finally spoke, her voice quiet. "How do you know where I live to take me home?"

I pulled to a stop at a red light and glanced across at her. She was looking at me, a glossiness to her eyes, her expression letting me know the alcohol was still going through her strong. I didn't know how much she'd had to drink, but I didn't like seeing her this way.

I didn't confess that I did know where she lived, that I'd seen her record, that I knew everything about her. Instead, I glanced straight ahead and slammed on the gas as the light turned green. "I'm not taking you to your house. You're coming home with me," I finally said after a prolonged moment.

I could see her looking at me, assuming her eyes were huge. But she said nothing, didn't argue, didn't request I take her home. I stopped at another light and peered at her.

“You have nothing to say? No queries on why I am going you to my house, why I was at the club? How I was there at just the right time?”

She still didn't speak, and I realized by her look that she was thinking about how to answer. I wanted her to be honest with me, but I wouldn't force her. She'd talk to me eventually. She'd realize how she was intended to be mine, how this very moment was the start of us.

The rest of the travel to my apartment was done in solitude. I pulled into my driveway and cut the engine, simply sat there, grasping the steering wheel and stared straight ahead.

“You asked me why I wasn't curious about why you were taking me to your house instead of mine.” Her speech was faint, and I could hear a small slur in it.

I stared at her then. “You drank tonight.” It wasn't a question. Her intoxication was clear.

“A mistake I'll probably pay for tomorrow morning.”

More stillness ensued.

She took a long breath in and exhaled gently. “I didn't stop you, stop this, because I didn't want to.” She glanced at me then. “I don't want to go home, don't want to be alone.” She licked her lips and looked down, the fall of her hair covering her from my vision temporarily. “Because this is where I want to be.”

My heart thundered swiftly. I kept my demeanor serious even though she wasn't looking at me, but inside I was delighted, incredibly fucking pleased.

And as much as I wanted to finally take her, claim her as mine, the fact she'd been

drinking put the brakes on all of that. I just wanted to take care of her.

Our first time wasn't going to be tainted with drink, blurred by excess. The first time I took Grace as mine, she was going to be fully with it, absolutely absorbed.

Because I didn't want just this one moment.

I wanted eternity.

I HELPED her inside my flat, shutting the door behind us but keeping my arm wrapped around her waist. She was tipsy and tired, and all I wanted to do was put her in my bed and wrap my body over hers, holding her close, making her know that I wouldn't ever allow anything to damage her.

I walk her down the hall and into my room. She perched on the edge of the bed, supporting her hands on the mattress on either side of her. I crouched on my haunches and pulled off her shoes, letting my palm trace the arch of her foot.

She was very petite compared to me, almost delicate.

I glanced up at her to see her observing me, her eyes heavy-lidded, her demeanor lethargic. I didn't stop myself from reaching up and stroking a lock of her hair away from her shoulder, letting my fingers slide lightly along the soft flesh of her neck.

She closed her eyes and breathed, and I pushed myself to move my hand away and stand.

"I'm sorry you have to see me this way," she mumbled, slurred.

I pulled the covers down and helped her lie in the bed, covering her up and standing there for a bit observing her. Her dark hair was stretched out along the white

pillowcase, a startling contrast that had me yearning to reach out and touch her.

Instead, I moved toward the door, stopping and glancing back at her. I observed the rise and fall of her chest beneath the duvet and peered into her face, which had taken on a peaceful expression as she went into slumber.

Tomorrow should be interesting, given the fact I had no intention of hiding how I felt. She needed to know what my objectives were, what I wanted with her.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

The real question was, would she be on the same page as me?

Would she desire the same things I did?

It was the feeling of warmth on my face that had me cautiously opening my eyes. Everything was foggy for a moment, and I blinked a few times, my vision finally clearing as I peered out the window. The flat was high up, and I could see buildings off in the distance. I had no doubt there was a bustle below, yet I heard nothing save the sound of my effortless inhalations.

I felt my brows knit, a moment of confusion sinking in because I wasn't sure where I was.

Suddenly it all came pouring back.

Professor Baldwin.

The Olive.

Sitting in his car and admitting things I probably should have kept to myself.

I sighed gently, raised my hand and massaging my forehead. I had a dreadful headache, one that was thumping just behind my eyes.

The aroma of all he was poured over me, through me. I really found myself turning my head farther into the cushion, closing my eyes, and inhaling deeply.

Dark and woodsy.

Potent.

Masculine.

Everything Professor Baldwin was.

I was crazy, laying in his bed, in his apartment, wondering how in the hell I was going to get through this humiliation.

I forced myself to sit up, my feet dangling over the bed, my toes nearly brushing the hard wooden floor.

I rubbed my feet together, glanced down and realized I had no pants on. I pushed the blanket totally off me, letting out a sigh of relief that my panties were still on and that I was still wearing my cardigan set.

One drink and this was the effect, this was how far I'd dropped in my values.

I tried to remember if I'd slept with him. God, if I had, this would grow so much worse. This would be a nightmare, even if the notion of being with Professor Baldwin was everything I'd ever dreamed about.

I looked behind me, partly expecting him to be in the bed with me, and felt relief but also a flash of regret when the opposite side was vacant. I reached out and stroked my palm over the pillow, the linens frigid to my touch, almost sharp and severe under my fingertips. It was evident he hadn't slept near me all night.

The daylight coming through the drapes, although subdued, had my headache hammering stronger behind my eyes. I heard the sound of my phone vibrating and sat

up to see it resting on the dresser across from the bed.

I lifted it up and stared down at it. There were three texts from Alexis, as well as two missed calls.

“Shit,” I mumbled. I was very sure I’d forgotten to contact her last night once I’d gone to Professor Baldwin’s place.

I’m terribly sorry. I neglected to contact you last night and ended up crashing.

Alexis: You worried the heck out of me, Gracie!

After Professor Baldwin had gotten me into bed, everything else had gone dark. I’d fallen asleep soon away, and now hated having Alexis worry.

I’ll contact you as soon as I don’t feel like my head’s going to burst.

Alexis: You better.

The last thing I needed to do was phone her while in his place and have her overhear him say something.

God, was I really at my professor’s house?

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

I laid my phone down and brushed my fingers over my face. I wanted to shower, to remove the club vibe off my body, and I needed to drink almost a gallon of water to flush the last of this lingering booze out.

Then I heard footsteps. I turned toward the door fast, feeling my eyes widen and my heart accelerate. I raced toward the bed and ripped off the cover, wrapping it around my lower half. And then I just stood there, time seeming to go by terribly slowly as I waited for him to come in.

He knocked on the door but didn't open it.

I swallowed roughly and looked around, not entirely sure what I was seeking for.

"Grace?" His voice was deep and clear, coming through the door and having my body reacting instantly.

I trembled and cleared my throat, telling myself to grow up and get myself under control.

"Come in." My voice sounded high-pitched, and I cleared my throat again.

He pulled the door open, and I swore time stood still.

Of course, he was put together and looking beautiful as heck. He donned a pair of dark slacks and a white button-down dress shirt tucked into the waistband of his pants. His dark belt was wrapped around his waist, emphasizing how thin he was yet muscular at the same time.

His shirt was formfitting enough that I could see the shape of his biceps, even the definition of his pectoral muscles.

God, he looked fantastic, and I probably looked like I'd crawled out of a grave.

For a second, we just stood there, neither one of us saying anything, the uneasiness thick within me. I had to give him credit; he didn't look at me like I was mad wrapped up in a blanket.

I tightened my grip on the blanket, pulling the material over me even more. "I woke up with no pants on," I blurted out. It wasn't an allegation, rather out of curiosity on what the hell had happened.

He lifted a dark brow, and the corner of his mouth kicked up. "You were fully clothed when I put you to bed."

I felt my cheeks flame after he said. I peered around the room again, my attention dropping to the floor. And then I finally saw my pants strewn in the corner in a mound of cloth.

"Do you always shed certain pieces of clothing when you've been drinking?" There was amusement in his voice.

My face was on fire, and I glanced at him but quickly looked at the floor, mortified. "Apparently."

He didn't say anything for lengthy moments, and when I looked back at him, his countenance was somber once more. "Well, if you get dressed and come into the kitchen, I'll make you some breakfast."

The entire concept of eating turned my stomach, but he looked like he was unwilling

to budge on this.

I nodded once, feeling his attention on me even though I wasn't looking at him. After a minute I heard him leave, shutting the door behind him. I breathed slowly.

I wasn't sure what in the hell I'd gotten myself into, but this was quite probably the worst scenario I'd ever been in, not to mention exceedingly improper.

He was my lecturer.

I was his student.

Then again, I was also in love with him.

Twenty minutes later, I was dressed, had found the bathroom and washed my face, rinsed out my mouth, and attempted to finger comb my hair into a semblance of order.

I made my way into the kitchen, the sound of plates banging together sounded unreasonably loud for my groggy state.

I rounded the corner and paused when I saw him standing by the stove. He had his shirtsleeves pushed up, his toned, tanned forearms on display. I clamped my thighs together as desire pooled between them.

Rubbing my hands down my legs, I felt so nervous, so weird, and completely out of place.

As if he sensed me, he looked over his shoulder and smiled.

“Have a seat, Grace.”

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

The way he uttered my name, all deep and husky-like, shouldn't have had me instantly excited.

I dragged the chair out, the feet scraping along the floor, causing me to cringe at how awkwardly loud it was. I sat and gazed at the spread.

The table was set for two, with a bowl of fresh fruit in the center, a carafe of orange juice beside it, an empty coffee mug in front of me, a full one at the other place setting, and a dazzling silver fork put on a clean white linen napkin to my left.

This all seemed so... homey.

"Professor Baldwin, I want to apologize. This is incredibly embarrassing for me."

"Call me Seth." He turned from the stove and strolled up to me, carrying a frying pan in one hand and a wooden spatula in the other. He scooped out the omelet and laid it on the dish in front of me. I watched as he moved back to the stove and created another one.

For several minutes I just sat there, not sure how to act.

I swallowed, my throat so dry, my stomach twisting. I actually wasn't hungry. However, when I looked up at him, going to remark so, the expression he gave me had me keeping that idea to myself.

He looked severe, as if he challenged me to tell him I wasn't eating.

Once he had his omelet plated and the pan back on the heat, he grabbed a glass from the cupboard. He filled it with water, came back to the table, and set the glass in front of me.

My throat felt so dry.

I offered him an appreciative smile before reaching out and taking it, downing half of it before coming up for breath.

He didn't say anything as he reclined back in the chair and reached for his coffee mug. I could see steam rising over it, and I stared at him as he took a long sip while he watched me.

He laid the mug down but stayed silent for a second. "You should eat something. You'll feel better."

I looked down at the plate. "Everything looks delicious, but my hangover is making my appetite next to none." He stood after a second and went over the cupboard, reaching in for a bottle of what I thought was aspirin.

He came back over and opened it, poured out a couple of tablets onto his palm, and passing them over to me.

"Thank you," I whispered softly and took the pills, popping them in my mouth and rinsing them down with the rest of the water.

When he sat back down across from me, his gaze was centered on me, his stare making me feel vulnerable in all the right ways.

"Just try and eat something." He picked up his fork and started eating his omelet. The clank of the silverware on the plates encouraged me to take up mine and start eating

as well.

Although I really wasn't hungry, I knew that putting food in my stomach might go a long way in helping me.

He poured me a glass of orange juice, and we sat and finished our breakfast in silence. It was odd. I felt a bit uncomfortable considering the fact he was my professor, but I reasoned he'd seen me at my worst, so from this point on it could only get better, right?

When I was finished eating as much as I could, I pushed my plate away slightly, went for my glass of orange juice and finished it off. I felt him watching at me and peeked up from behind my lashes.

God, it should be illegal for a man to look that wonderful, especially this early in the morning. He leaned back in the chair, one arm braced across it, the other resting on the table. He had his fingers curled around his coffee mug, the digits going up and down slowly over the ceramic.

It shouldn't have been as sexy as it was.

"You didn't ask me many questions last night," he finally remarked, his voice this baritone timbre that had me clamping my thighs together.

I'd never been this close to him before, the situation so personal that it nearly felt as if we were a... couple. I'd slept in his bed, and he'd served me breakfast. It all seemed very personal.

I nodded once although I didn't know what I was consenting to. I did remember last night, but it was a little bit hazy.

“I probably shouldn’t be admitting this, but I got drunk off one drink.” I felt my cheeks flush and chanced a full look up at him. “Although in my defense it was a pretty strong drink, maybe even a couple in one.”

God, this was mortifying.

I cleared my throat and looked around, knowing that what I needed to do was get out of here. I needed to go home, finish sleeping off this hangover, and then maybe move to another town, register in a different school. I could’ve snorted at my thoughts. I have to face this head-on. I couldn’t flee from my troubles or disgrace.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

I thought about all the things I should've asked him last night, things that had come to me, but I hadn't bothered about getting the answers at the time. Even though right now I still didn't care because the hammering behind my head was taking priority, this might be the only chance I actually got to question them.

"Why were you at the club?"

He placed his cup to his mouth and took another long sip before placing it down and exhaled softly. "I was there because of you."

I felt my heart practically stop in my chest. I grasped the edge of my chair, my nails pressing against the wood. I heard him well, but I wasn't sure whether I grasped what he actually meant.

"You were there because of me?" I licked my lips and took a deep breath in. "What does that mean?"

He didn't answer for several seconds, but the way he studied me was almost fierce, as if he were examining my reaction to his words.

"It means exactly what it means." He leaned forward and put his hands together on top of the table, his forearms parallel with each other. He stared me directly in the eyes. "I overheard you talking about going there, about what time you'd be there, when I was at the coffee shop. So, I followed you, Grace. I can only guess what happens at clubs, and I was correct. I was there because of you, because I wanted to protect you."

I shook my head gently but didn't know why I was doing that.

This was genuinely happening?

Professor Baldwin, Seth, had stalked me?

That should've horrified me, yet I found myself warming. The sheer concept that he'd gone to those efforts to be close to me, to think he was protecting me, had excitement surging through my veins in an almost perverted manner.

"I don't think that's normal," I mumbled, but the words were foreign to me.

"It's very normal when it comes to my need for you, my desire, Grace." I felt my eyes widen and leaned back a little bit, the chair creaking from my shift. I didn't know what to say. I didn't know how to react. This had been what I'd fantasized of but never thought I'd have as my reality.

I was in love with Professor Baldwin, yet could I ever honestly admit that?

I didn't know how to handle his words, his admission.

"And when you were at the coffee shop and overheard me and Alexis... were you there by chance?"

He stared at me for a second before ultimately shaking his head. I felt my heart race.

"I've wanted you for a long time, Grace, since the very first moment I saw you step into my class with that clear lip gloss on your red lips, wearing that little sundress, and your hair piled in a messy bun." The way he spoke was as if he envisioned that very day right now.

“I remember there was perspiration on your temple, and how much I wanted to run my fingers along those beads.”

I felt like I was sweating now, from what he said, how he watched me.

Was this actually happening?

“Yes, Grace. It’s actually happening.”

I hadn’t realized I’d said those words out loud.

He reached out, and I was frozen in place as he moved a strand of hair away from my shoulder, his fingertips lingering on my cheek. “And now that I’ve admitted how I feel, now that you know the truth ... I’m not about to let you go.”

She’d been incredibly silent since I told her how I felt in my kitchen, and although I wanted her to talk to me, I also knew pushing her would just drive her further away.

Grace desired me as well. I could see that in the way she stared at me, in the way she bit her lip when she thought I didn’t notice her stares. But maybe I’d misjudged the circumstance and told her this far too fast?

She’d been dissimulated with being at my home, me being at the club. And then I put it in her lap that I wanted her, that I’d pretty much chased her to protect her.

Grace would come to understand that I did it all for her.

I pulled to a stop in front of her modest cottage and put the car in park. I maintained my hands on the steering wheel as I gazed across at her. She was chewing her lip, apprehensive, maybe not knowing what to say, how to react.

“Grace?” I said softly.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

She glanced across at me then and offered me a bashful smile. “Thank you again for ... everything.” It was evident she was uncomfortable, attempting to escape as quickly as possible.

She unlocked the car door and was about to get out, but I reached over the seat and curled my hand softly around hers, stopping her from going. She peered over at me, her nerves real.

“I know what I said was a lot to take in, but I meant every word. I’m not going to walk away, Grace.” I smoothed my thumb over the top of her hand, her skin so soft, electricity moving up the digits and through my entire body. “I know you feel the same way, to an extent.” My obsession with her was devouring, infuriating. “And you don’t have to admit that right now, but you will have to eventually, Grace.”

I leaned in just an inch, but there was still a considerable chunk of space that separated us. I didn’t like that. “You’ll have to admit it to yourself, and then to me, because I’m not walking away. I’m not giving you up.” There was determination in my voice, hard resolve. “The sooner you realize that, the easier this will all be, the easier it will be to accept.”

She licked her lips, and I lowered my sight to watch the deed, my heart beating and my body coming alive from, from her close proximity.

“I know,” she murmured, her voice gentle, absolutely feminine.

I should’ve let go of her hand, but I couldn’t bring myself to do it. Instead, I pushed even harder, knowing what I was about to ask her may very well have her retreating

into herself, separating herself from me. This was so wrong, desiring my student, confessing that she was mine, but screw logistics and regulations.

“Let me take you to dinner, Grace. Let me show you how it may be with us, how much I mean what I said.”

I could see how swiftly her pulse was thumping behind her ear, wanted to reassure her, let her know that there was nothing to be afraid about. I was here for her, in this for her.

Now that I had fully opened myself up, allowed my emotions and sentiments to come forth, a physical proclamation of what she meant to me, there was no stopping it. There was no turning back.

“Let me take you out,” I whispered again, lower, gentler.

“Okay,” she all but muttered.

Pleasure flooded within me at her acceptance.

I held my hand out. “Let me see your phone.” I was trying to be kind, not so demanding. She didn’t hesitate as she handed her cell over. I entered in my number and handed it back to her.

I didn’t bother telling her I already had her number, that being a professor at the university provided me access to student information. I didn’t tell her because I knew how it would sound.

“Now you have direct access to me,” I replied, and knowing she could reach me privately at any given time had me feeling even more possessive.

She didn't say anything while she toyed with her phone, and a second later I felt my phone vibrating in my pocket. I knew without glancing at it that she'd sent me a text ... so I'd have her number as well.

"Now you have mine," she added softly.

I grinned, longing to touch her, to run my fingertips over her smooth skin, to separate her lips and put my thumb between them and make her taste me. God, she drove me wild and all she had to do was sit there.

I knew I may come off as hardened, apathetic even. But when it came to Grace, she held all the cards, even if she didn't know it.

When it came to her, I was putty in her hands.

I shut my bedroom door, leaned against it, closed my eyes, and lay my head back on the wood. As soon as I'd come home, I'd guzzled a gallon of water and rushed directly to the shower. I'd hoped the heat and steam would help me feel a little better, but being so unused to drinking had really kicked my ass.

My heart was hammering, and my headache was still going strong.

All I could do was keep reliving everything Seth had told me. God, it seemed so odd pronouncing his name. He'd always just been Professor Baldwin to me, and those two words combined together, spilling from my mouth, felt appropriate.

Saying his first name felt extraordinarily personal, erotically intimate, as if we were closer than we really were. But then again that's exactly what he wanted.

All the things he'd told me had been obvious. He wanted me as his, only his and he wouldn't take no for an answer. Not that I would've declined.

I was just puzzled, overwhelmed. I wanted him, had for longer than I could possibly acknowledge.

Although all I wanted to do was go to sleep, I slipped my phone out of my pocket and dialed Alexis's number. I'd put her off long enough.

She picked up on the first ring, and her quick sigh told me I'd ticked her off. I couldn't blame her though.

"Hey," I said a bit sheepishly. I sat on the edge of the bed and kicked off my shoes, wiggling my toes about and shutting my eyes.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

“She lives,” she cynically mocked. “You do realize how scared you made me just ghosting like that? How nervous I was?” She had the tone of a disapproving mother.

“I shouldn’t have just left, but I did text you.”

She snorted.

“I’m sorry.”

“What in the hell happened? You got that intoxicated off one drink?” Before I could answer, she was talking again. “You know what, don’t answer that. I know your tolerance and I should’ve known better.”

“Yeah, that one drink really messed with my head. And I didn’t eat so it made things ten times worse.”

“You’re feeling okay now?”

I grumbled and she laughed. “That answer your question?”

She laughed again. “Yeah, those Long Islands are potent. Sorry about that.”

I lifted my hand up and stroked the side of my head, my eyes still closed, my head still hammering. The aspirin had helped a little bit, but what I truly wanted was to sleep. “Listen, I’m gonna try and get rid of this hangover, but do you want to do dinner tonight at my place? Maybe a movie and pizza?”

She was quiet for a minute as if she were thinking it over. “You got ice cream?”

I chuckled, which only made my head feel worse, but I couldn’t resist smiling. “Yup. You can pick which one you want.”

“It’s a date then,” she added. She talked a little bit about her night with Craig, but after a few moments I had to get off the phone because the hammering in my brain was just too painful.

I set my phone on the bedside table and lay down, grabbing a blanket and pulling it up to my chin. I was a lightweight, and this was embarrassing. As I lay there drifting off to sleep, the thing that kept running in my head on a loop was how Professor Baldwin informed me I was his.

I needed to talk to Alexis about this, to confide in her. I wanted her advice on what the hell to do.

But just now, I needed to rest and sleep this off. Maybe when I woke up, things will be clearer.

The sound of banging roused me from a foggy slumber. I opened my eyes, a hazy pinkness filling my room. The noise ceased, and I was about to go back to sleep when my phone went off, the ringing irritating on a normal day but overwhelming right now.

I instinctively reached for my phone. My vision took a time to clear, but then I saw Alexis’s face on the screen. I then observed the time, as it was already five in the evening. I didn’t know how I’d managed to sleep so long, but it didn’t matter because in this moment I’d been a pretty lousy buddy.

I answered the phone on the fifth ring. “I’m coming. I’m sorry.”

I flung the blanket away and left my room, headed toward the front door. I was still kind of drowsy, but at least my headache was gone. I opened the door and peered at Alexis, who looked less than happy.

She stood on the other side of the door with a pizza box in one hand and a large paper bag tucked under her arm. She lifted a perfectly arched dark eyebrow, the corner of her mouth kicking up in a smile, and her gaze scanning over me. Then she whistled under her breath. “Damn girl, you’re looking rough.”

I lifted my hand and brushed my fingers over my hair. I had no doubt I looked a flaming mess. “Yeah, won’t even argue with you on that.”

I stepped aside and let her in. She was already talking about another date she has tomorrow with Letterman Craig.

“Wait, so like, it’s getting serious with this guy?”

She opened the pizza box and picked out a piece, taking a bite and shrugging yet smiling at the same time. “I mean, he’s growing on me,” she added between a bite of pizza. She dropped the slice back in the box and reached in the paper bag for a six-pack of pop. “Anything good on Netflix?”

I pulled a chair out at the kitchen table and sat, pulling one of my legs up so I could put my foot on the chair.

I shrugged, more curious about how things were going with Craig and a lot of issues I wanted to chat to her about related my night. “A mystery might be a good fit for tonight.” The grin on her face had me giggling.

“Hey, Craig isn’t that bad.”

“Yeah, I wasn’t talking about you and Craig.” I took a long breath, knowing that I just needed to get this off my chest. “What I told you happened last night didn’t really go that way.”

She was mid-bite on a piece of pizza when she stopped, this look on her face indicating me she was instantly piqued.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

“What happened to you last night? I assumed you caught an Uber and headed home?”

“Yeah, about that.” I moistened my lips and started plucking at the edge of the table, scared that I was actually saying this out loud, but also confessing that I had lied to her.

I knew she’d understand, but my bewilderment, the small amount of fear of the scenario had this reluctance setting in me. It had me holding things to myself for far too long. But I hadn’t imagined there was a chance with Professor Baldwin ... not until now.

“Gracie, you’re kind of freaking me out. What happened?” She pulled a chair out, the legs scraping over the linoleum floor.

She sat down and pushed the box away so it wasn’t between us anymore. I felt her eye on me and knew that I’d open myself up and just be absolutely honest. I had to be.

I could see the worry on her face, and I hated that I was putting it there. So, I took a huge breath in and basically told her the truth. “At the club, there was a guy getting pretty handsy with me. Like he wasn’t taking no for an answer.”

“What?” She sounded horrified. “God, Grace. I’m sorry I wasn’t there to kick him in the balls.”

I grinned and shook my head. “No, the crowd was too thick, and he was drunk. Hell, I was feeling the alcohol too.” I had my hands in my lap and smoothed them over my

legs. “Anyway, before I knew what was happening...” My heart raced. I didn’t know why I was so frightened telling Alexis this. “Professor Baldwin was standing right there, pulling him off me.”

Her eyebrows were pushed down, and bewilderment filled her expression. And then her eyes widened. “Professor Baldwin? As in our Professor Baldwin from class?”

I nodded and licked my lips. It would only get stranger from here for her, I was sure. “Alexis, Professor Baldwin wrapped his hand around his neck and said something to him, something that scared the hell out of the guy who’d been grinding up on me.” My throat felt so constricted, the words coming from me strangely foreign. “Like he all but ran out of there.”

“Oh my God,” Alexis murmured gently.

We sat there for a long minute in quiet, the weight of what I’d just uttered hanging between us. It sounded frightening, I knew that, but the reality was, seeing Seth manage a man who wouldn’t take no for an answer had made me feel something powerful, delightful.

“What happened after that?” She leaned back in the chair and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Like, I can’t even imagine Professor Baldwin in a club let alone handling your would-be assaulting asshole.” She whistled under her breath, and although I thought she would be terrified by what I’d just said, she appeared almost ... delighted. “Wish I would’ve been there to see him kick the asshole in the nuts.”

I looked down at my hands, which were curled together on my lap. “That’s not even all of it,” I finally muttered as I gazed back up at her. She lifted a brow and leaned forward, obviously extremely curious.

“Well, if this is going where I think it’s going, you have my full attention.”

I couldn’t help but chuckle. “Sex, yeah, that’s a no-go. But he did take me back to his place.” Alexis sucked in a breath. “That one drink had really fucked me up.”

“God, Gracie, I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have gotten you that drink.”

I waved off her concern. “It was so not your fault, so don’t go there.” I grinned. “I woke up this morning in his bed, with him making me breakfast.”

“Um, what the fuck?” She sounded amazed. “He was making you breakfast?”

I nodded. “Yeah. It’s almost like he tucked me in, made sure I was safe, and then left me alone.” I knitted my brows, a part of me thankful he’d done that, but another part wishing I’d woken up right next to him, his body wrapped around mine.

“So, he brought you to his house to sleep off being drunk, let you stay in his bed alone, and then made breakfast for you in the morning?” I nodded. She leaned back again. “Huh. What was he doing at the club to begin with?”

“Well, that’s the thing.” I didn’t know why I was so scared, but saying these things out loud to another person was frightening. “He said he was there because of me.”

The thickness in the room became almost unbearable. “He’d overheard us talking about going there when you were at the coffee shop with Craig.”

A perplexed glance crossed her face. “He was at the coffee shop?”

I nodded. She kept silent for a minute as if she were thinking over what I’d just said, rehearsing it in her head over and over.

“So, he’s been stalking you?” Her eyes widened as if that very thought was insane.

I supposed it was, but a part of me actually appreciated the notion he’d been so infatuated with me that he couldn’t stay away. “I don’t know if stalking is the right word. Looking out for me? He wanted to make sure I was, okay?”

She snorted. “Um, no, sounds like stalking, just worded differently. I mean, I’m thrilled he was there, but it’s kind of weird that he followed us. Don’t you think?”

I didn’t answer, because I could see it from her point of view. But she also didn’t know my innermost secret. She also didn’t know the remainder of what Seth had told me.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

“I feel like there’s more to the story you’re maybe not telling me?”

I nodded. “Yeah, a little bit more.” I took a deep breath. Little was such a broad description when it came to this. “Well, when I sat with him at the table eating breakfast, he told me that he’d wanted me for a long time, that I was his and he wasn’t going to walk away. He stated he was done waiting.” The silence in the room was deafening, heavy, and I felt like it was hands wrapped around my throat, squeezing.

“Um,” was all Alexis managed to say.

The look Alexis gave me was of disbelief, her mouth slightly open and her eyes wide. She closed her mouth, opened it again, however no words came out.

“I love him, Alexis. I’ve been in love with him but kept it to myself.” I felt my cheeks heat after I admitted my deepest secret.

“You love him? As in you’re in love with our professor?”

I nodded, not speaking.

“Grace, you realize that being with a professor in that capacity is like a huge crossing-the-line kind of thing, right?”

I nodded.

“And he’s like so much older than you. He’s at least in his mid-thirties. You’re not

yet twenty-one. You're alright with the age gap? You're comfortable with the fact he looks incredibly possessive of you, enough to follow you to the club and almost strangle a guy that was grinding on you?" She held up her hands. "Although maybe I kind of love Professor Baldwin for doing the latter."

I could have laughed at that, but this moment was too serious, too depressing. "Yeah, I am okay with that." My voice was heavy with emotion.

My heart was racing a mile a minute, my palms were sweaty, and my tongue felt thick. I'd never uttered these words out loud to anyone, not even to myself. Yet here I was, knowing that there was no going back. Seth wanted me, and he wasn't going to walk away. And that's just what I wanted.

"I mean this is a no-turning-back kind of thing, Gracie."

"I know," I muttered.

Why couldn't I have what I desired? Why couldn't I get what I deserved? The man I loved wanted me, and darn it, I wasn't going to turn that down even if it was against the rules. Even if it was regarded crossing lines.

"I hope you're sure of what you're doing," Alexis added softly.

"Me too."

She reached out and took hold of my hand. "But I'm here for you, always, okay?"

I grinned and nodded.

"And I want you to be able to confide in me about anything, even when our professor wants to make you his ... everything, apparently." Her eyes widened, and I did laugh

then.

“This is a little crazy, isn’t it?”

“A little,” she responded and chuckled. “But it’ll make one hell of a story one day, right?”

I nodded, hoping she was right.

“How about we forget about this for right now and dig into that ice cream and watch some Netflix?”

“Sounds perfect.” Leave it to Alexis to make it seem like things would be good, even if it was only for tonight and comprised of a sugar overload and a rom-com.

Alexis had left ten minutes earlier. It was late, but here I was lying in bed, staring at the ceiling and holding my phone while I debated calling Seth. He was probably asleep, and actually talking to him made me nervous.

But I couldn’t quit thinking about him. All I could fathom was being with him, having him hold me, kiss me... fuck me.

My breath started coming in quicker pants, arousal licking across every part of me. I felt heated, eager to reach between my thighs and touch myself.

This was silly, but God, this all felt so fantastic.

And then my phone rang.

Page 20

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

My arousal suddenly took a back seat, but when I lifted my cell phone and saw a number flash across the screen, the name Seth in bold letters above that, all I could imagine was him punching his number into my cell earlier today.

I licked my lips, the need building up almost forcefully once more.

Should I answer?

Let it go to voice mail?

No, I wanted to hear his voice.

I needed to.

I pushed the answer button and raised the phone to my ear. I attempted to control my breathing, but I had a feeling he'd be able to tell exactly what effect he had on me even if it was through the phone. "Hello?" My voice was a little shaky, and I licked my lips and pushed myself up on the bed, leaning against the wall so my legs hung off the side.

"Grace." He murmured my name so quietly, his voice nearly a husky growl. It seemed as if mentioning my name provided him enormous pleasure. "I didn't wake you, did I?"

I shook my head, then remembered he couldn't see me. "No, I was awake."

And about to touch myself to the thought of you.

I heard shuffling on the other end, almost as if he was moving against sheets.

Was he in bed?

I didn't know why that astonished me. It was late. But then I thought about him sleeping in the bed where I had slept, his muscular, lean form taking up a lot of the mattress, his sheer bulk making me feel so feminine and little.

"It's late, but I needed to hear your voice. I needed to make sure you were okay after everything we'd discussed, after I told you how I felt."

My entire body got hot, my arousal growing even higher at just the sound of his voice. "I'm okay," I muttered.

"Good." He stated that one word like his only interest was my well-being. That's how I felt when he looked at me, when he spoke those incredibly intimate, life-changing things to me. "The last thing I want is for what I said to make you uncomfortable or afraid."

"No, being afraid is the last thing I feel." God, could he detect how thick my voice had gotten, that my want was right there at the surface? I found myself lying back on the bed, staring at my ceiling again, thinking about how this would all play out.

"Tell me what you're thinking about," he murmured deeply, a sound that had my entire body becoming even more awake.

I started rubbing my legs back and forth against each other, my cheap cotton sheets appearing almost like silk as they slipped against my flesh. Every part of me was on edge, ultrasensitive, and I knew if he was here, touching me, I would go off like a rocket.

“I’m not thinking of anything,” I murmured, my voice hardly more than a whisper.

“You’re lying.” His voice was dark... excited.

Was that what I heard when he talked, that wicked purr mixed within his voice that had me behaving out of character as I moved my hand down my tummy and fumbled with the button of my pants? I was very moist, my panties becoming soaked as my desire intensified.

“Tell me, Grace,” he demanded gently. “Tell me what you’re thinking about right now.”

I sucked in a gasp, the way he said leading me to feel so much passion I couldn’t even think straight, couldn’t breathe. But what I did know was that I wanted to tell him exactly what I was thinking ... exactly what I was doing. “I’m thinking about how all of this is kind of crazy and unbelievable, how my professor told me he wanted me and I don’t know how to think about all of that.”

“But how do you feel? How do I make you feel, Grace?”

My mouth felt so dry. “You make me feel...” God, could I actually say the words? “You make me feel alive.” There, they were out there.

“What else, baby?” He had a groan laced with those words, and the endearment had my clit tingling.

I wanted to touch myself so terribly.

No.

I wanted him to touch me.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

“You make me feel things I didn’t know I could feel. You make me experience arousal the likes of which makes me dizzy and breathless... makes me want to feel all the things, Seth.” His name rolling off my tongue had me becoming wetter.

“That’s it, Grace.” I heard more moving, more rustling of blankets. “Touch yourself, Grace. Let me know what you’re experiencing, how it feels to have those fingers moving between your legs, baby.” He groaned again, and I heard the sharp inhalation as he took a breath.

Was he stroking himself, too?

Was his hand wrapped around his dick right now?

Was he stroking himself, thinking about me, jerking off to the thought of me with my fingers between my thighs?

Another guttural grunt exited him and I couldn’t resist from moaning in answer.

“Touch yourself, Grace. Tell me how fantastic it feels.”

I placed my hand under my jeans, beneath my panties, and separated my legs right as my fingers slipped along my cleft. My clit throbbed, the slightest touch of my fingers on that bundle of nerves causing me to gasp.

“Are you touching yourself, Grace?” His voice was low, causing the heat in my body to rise.

I was a volcano poised to blow. I hadn't even fully touched myself yet, yet I knew I could've gotten off just from hearing the rich timbre of his tone.

"Yes." A cry from me as a shock wave of pleasure blasted through me.

He roared, that sound radiating through my entire body.

I closed my eyes and started rubbing my clit quicker, harder. My jeans were in the way, prohibiting me from truly working myself up. In a matter of seconds, I got the phone tucked between my shoulder and ear, shimmied the jeans and panties down my thighs, pulled one leg out, and spread my thighs.

Then I had my hand straight back between my legs, dragging my fingers through my slit, gathering my moisture and bringing it back to the firm little bundle of nerves at the apex of my pussy.

"Tell me what you're doing. Describe it to me, baby."

I didn't even know if I could properly form words at this point, not as I knew my orgasm was dangerously close to the surface already and I had only begun stroking myself.

"How does it feel?" His voice was so heavy, his breathing so hard.

"It feels good." My voice hitched, my breath sawing in and out of my wide mouth.

"God, Grace. I wish I was there right now. It'd be my hand between your legs, my fingers caressing that small clit of yours."

My eyes were open, expanded as pleasure raced through me.

“And then I’d part your thighs even farther, move down your body, and latch my mouth right on your center. I’d lick and suck on you till you mashed your pussy on my face, until your wetness poured down my throat. I’d get you off, taste your orgasm, claim it as mine.”

“Yes,” I yelled out. “Yes.”

“And when the time is right, when you’re all nice and primed for me, I’m going to claim you, baby. I’m going to grab that innocence that clings to you and make it my own.”

I couldn’t think straight with the want pouring through me.

“Because you’re mine. I won’t let you go. Ever.”

And I didn’t want him to.

“Now.” His voice got stronger, more forceful. “Come for me, Grace.”

And then I closed my eyes, arched my back, and ran my finger faster over my clit. The tone of his voice, the control in his voice, his order... it all made me intoxicated, uncontrolled.

My head was tossed back on the cushion, my entire body strung tight as ecstasy coursed through every single cell in my body. I could hear Seth groaning on the other end, the sound of his hand stroking over his cock so loud it was almost if he was in the same room with me. Flesh moving across flesh, skin smacking against skin.

It made me feel inebriated.

Page 22

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

Wanted.

Needed.

It made me feel everything and more.

And just as I felt my high start to wane, I heard him reach his own release. The guttural groan that he produced informed me he was finishing off, and that drove another lesser but still intense orgasm within me.

A low gasp from me, my toes curled on their own, and my hand was saturated from my arousal. I was left lying there breathing hard, the world a whirl about me. I cared about nothing yet everything in that instant.

Things were going so swiftly, so forcefully between us, that I was left feeling as though the world was opening up and about to swallow me whole.

I had just gotten off listening to the nasty remarks of my lecturer and the sounds of him jerking off.

I should feel humiliated, but instead all I felt was... that I wanted more.

I was worried about going to class, at seeing Seth after the weekend, after what he'd said to me, what I'd admitted to him... and what we'd done over the phone.

I sat in my car in the parking lot, staring at the front entrance to the Stein Building, where Professor Baldwin stood, where I'd have to confront him and my actual

emotions. I wanted to tell him I loved him, but it felt wildly improper and quick, especially after what all had transpired.

This all seemed like a dream.

All Sunday I had labored on my paper, one that wasn't due for weeks. But I needed to keep myself occupied to keep my mind off other things, particularly how I was going to confront Seth.

I clutched the folder in my fingers, the documents within things I'd worked painstakingly on. I wanted it to be perfect; I wanted it to show how hard I'd worked.

Hell, I wanted it to show that my mind wasn't continuously focused with Seth.

Taking a big breath, I opened the driver's side door, climbed out, and reached inside to retrieve my bag. Once the strap was on my shoulders, I walked to the building and stepped inside.

I had hours until his class, but I wanted to drop this off before then, to maybe talk with him about everything. I wanted to make things less awkward, if possible.

Although I knew that was me unable to control myself.

Professor Baldwin was always cool and collected, always looked like he had his shit together.

Me, on the other hand, I felt like I was rushing around like a chicken with my head chopped off.

I slowed as I neared his office, the door shut, his name imprinted into the frosted glass. My heart was beating, and I was starting to breathe quicker, to sweat. I didn't

know how long I stood there, but it seemed like forever.

I finally lifted my hand and brought my knuckles down on the glass a couple times. I took a step away, students going back and forth behind me, ignorant to what I had with Professor Baldwin. I looked to the left, then to the right, wondering if they knew, if they could see how nervous I was.

Could they argue that what we were doing wasn't allowed?

"Come in," he stated in that deep timbre of his, his voice penetrating through the wood and glass and spearing right into me.

I felt an involuntary chill rush up my spine.

I grasped the doorknob and spun it, drawing open the door and stepping inside. The door was left half open behind me as I stood there, staring at him as he sat behind his desk. He looked up at me, his black gaze entering mine, the need on his face quick.

"Grace," he all but snarled.

He leaned back in his leather chair, putting his arms beside him, and I couldn't help but glance down at how he had his shirt sleeves rolled up, his strong, tanned forearms on display.

That was a weakness... muscular forearms that made me feel so feminine.

"Close the door behind you." The order was filled with pleasure, and I found myself reaching behind me without breaking his gaze, shutting it, and taking a big breath in.

For long moments I just stood there, neither one of us saying anything, the heat in the room suddenly becoming sweltering. I pictured me lying in bed while I spoke to him,

as I caressed myself and got off.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

That had been something I'd never done before, but I knew I wanted to do more of it with Seth.

I wanted to do so much more.

What was I supposed to say?

Was I meant to pretend like this was a student and teacher relationship when it was anything but?

I curled my fingers firmly around the folder and walked the few steps that were required to go to his desk. He didn't say anything as he watched me place the folder down in front of him. Then I took a step back, stroking my hand up and down my thigh.

He lowered his gaze to watch the act, then lifted his attention back up to look at me.

"You're nervous." He stated it quietly, without framing it like a question.

Of course, I was, yet he seemed so composed.

"I wanted to hand in my paper in person."

God, it was so hot in his office.

"It's not due for weeks, Grace."

I gulped and nodded. My throat was so dry and tight. “I worked on it all Sunday to keep busy.”

Why did I admit that?

“Keep busy?” He lifted a brow and kept his focus trained right on me.

Before I could answer, he stood and came towards me. There was only a couple of feet between us now, his large figure reclining against the side of the desk, his arms crossed over his powerful chest. I felt the oxygen being pulled right out of me from the sight of him.

“Why don’t you tell me why you had to keep busy, Grace?” He lifted a brow, an inquisitive expression on his face, but also one of desire.

He knew exactly why I had to remain busy, knowing that my thoughts had been consumed by him and how he made me feel. I could see the truth etched on his face.

I opened my mouth, but no words came out. I didn’t want to make a fool out of myself. I was so inexperienced in this circumstance... in anything sexual, if I was being truly honest.

Here was my professor, somebody I was in love with, someone who had gotten me off and hadn’t even touched me, and I had no idea how to explain any of this. I didn’t even know how to digest it myself.

He stretched out, and I froze, felt his fingertips brush over the side of my neck as he brushed the hair off my shoulder. I felt like this was something he enjoyed doing, as if he drew pleasure from it as much as I did.

“Tell me, Grace.” His voice was so low and deep, wanting me to answer him, to be

honest.

“I had to keep busy because all I could think about was you.” I could’ve slapped my hand over my mouth, the words gushing from me before I could fully understand that they’d come out. But they hung between us, the truth or partially so—not possible to be taken back.

I heard this deep groan from him and watched as he pushed off his desk, taking a stride toward me. I could’ve stretched out and curled my hands around his shirt, pulled him closer to me, stood up on my toes and forced my kiss to his.

That’s what I truly wanted to do.

Instead, I stood still.

“Were you thinking about you and me, how you felt when we were on the phone, the dirty things I was telling you to do to yourself?”

I found myself nodding, not wanting to lie to him. What good would that do anyway? I wanted to be truthful, wanted to tell him that I was in love with him.

Maybe I just wanted to come out and say it? Maybe then he’d see the depth of how I felt? Maybe then he’d understand if he got started with me it wouldn’t just be this one-time thing.

But when I gazed into his eyes, repeated his words in my thoughts, I realized this wasn’t simply a one-off for him. Maybe he wanted me the same way I wanted him? I wouldn’t know until I asked him, until I told him.

I felt the words swell up in my throat, sit on the tip of my tongue. But I was terrified, worried that uttering something so deep and meaningful might ruin everything. I

didn't want it to happen, especially since I'd finally obtained the object of my devotion.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

He took another step toward me, placing his hand behind my neck, his body heat spearing into mine. I had my hand curled tightly around the strap of my bag, everything else melting away save this one moment. And then he started advancing forward, using his body to force me move backward. It wasn't long before I felt the wall block my retreat, and felt his fingers snake around the strap of my bag and yank it off my shoulder.

He laid it down beside my feet, then traced his fingers up the outside of my thigh, landing them on the hem of my skirt. Tingles surged throughout my entire body, and my heart hammered against my ribs.

I didn't know what he had planned, but I was so ready for it.

“Was that the first time you've gotten yourself off by listening to someone talk dirty to you?”

I nodded; my words caught in my throat.

“Good.” He lowered his eyes to my mouth, and I found myself licking my lips. “If I'm being completely honest, the very thought of another man even looking in your direction sends me into a rage.” His eyes lowered to half-mast, and I felt myself becoming wetter.

I clamped my thighs together, the skirt I wore pressing against my flesh, my body ultrasensitive in a matter of seconds. I held my breath.

Could I really be so honest with him?

Yes.

I needed to be.

“I’ve never been with a man,” I muttered gently. “I’ve never done what we did over the phone.” He made a low sound of appreciation and took a step forward. I felt his erection pushing into my belly, a hot, hard length that had a small gasp leaving me.

He felt gigantic beneath his trousers, so big I honestly doubted if he’d fit inside of me.

He had his hands uncomfortably close to the edge of my skirt, his fingertips grazing my exposed skin. I guess part of me had wished something like this would happen when I got to his office, and so I’d dressed in something that would provide him easy access.

I felt so dizzy, every erogenous zone in my body alive.

“Do you want me to touch you?”

I nodded, the breath rushing out of me in quick pants.

“Tell me where you want me to touch you then, Grace.”

God, I didn’t believe I could actually say the words. Never had I been so brash and brazen, so upfront with my demands and needs. But with Seth I felt those walls crumbling, the need to be entirely open with him essential to me.

So, I reached between our bodies and held his strong wrist, pushing his hand between my thighs, up and under my skirt till his fingers lay right against the soft fabric of my cotton underwear. I heard him take a strong breath in; then this slow, almost

animalistic sound left him.

The sight of his pupils dilating, the black eating up the dark brown color, threw my pulse into overdrive.

As he stared at me, I felt him brush his fingers across my pussy, the underwear a poor pretense for a barrier. “Fuck, you’re so damn wet for me. These little underpants are drenched clean through, Grace.”

My lips were apart, and I swore I would pass out from not receiving enough oxygen. He leaned in enough that his mouth was so close to mine I doubted a single piece of paper could fit between our lips.

“All I can think about is how you’ll taste.” He put pressure to my clit, and I rose on my toes. When he spoke, his lips gently brushed against mine.

“All I can imagine is how you’ll feel climaxing with my dick deep inside of your tight little body.”

God, I thought I could come right now, before he ever actually touched me.

My hands were now curled around his biceps, clinging on as if he were my lifeline and if I let go, I’d drift away. As he peered into my eyes, he placed his finger beneath the edge of my panties, pulled them aside, then touched me fully.

“God,” I murmured on a choked groan. His finger was thick and big, warm and gliding over my clit. He never once took his attention off my face.

He said nothing further as he started moving a thick finger up and down, softly rubbing the pad of that digit on my clit and making these sounds that had my toes curling and my nails pressing into his arms. I couldn’t think straight, much alone

breathe for how he made me feel.

His attention kept wandering from my eyes to my lips and then back to my eyes again. I wanted him to kiss me, to plunge his tongue deep within my body as I wanted him to do between my thighs.

“Spread your legs a little more for me,” he stated gruffly.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

I opened my legs a little bit, but he jammed his foot between mine, pulling them apart further. I had to brace my hands on his shoulders to balance myself. And then I felt the tip of his finger exploring my entrance.

I bit my lip, the agony and sting not even enough to bring me back to the present. I was floating high above and never wanted to touch ground again.

Seth gently started to penetrate me with that finger, not very deep, but enough that the odd sensation, discomfort, and spark of pleasure was almost my undoing.

“So tight. So wet.” He closed his eyes. “So, fucking hot.”

A groan from me, and I bit my lip hard enough I tasted the coppery tang of blood on my tongue. I released my lip at the same time he peered down at my mouth.

And then he was running his tongue along the small wound I’d caused, pulling a moan from me that was equal parts shock and delight.

I wouldn’t last, couldn’t hold off from going over the edge. I didn’t want to. Wanted to fall over the edge and hit the bottom. I didn’t want to be whole, not where Seth was concerned.

As he pushed that finger in and out of me, he ran the pad of that digit over the bundle of nerves, using his hand in unison to get me off. My head was lying against the wall, my eyes closed. I couldn’t open them, couldn’t look at him even though I wanted to. I wanted to see what he looked like while he got me off.

And then I felt his mouth latch on to my neck, his tongue gliding over my pulse. The rough sounds that emerged from him urged me on, had me achieving my release faster than what I thought possible.

“I need you to come for me, Grace. I want you to get off all over my hand.” His words were harsh. “I want my fingers soaked from your orgasm.”

“Oh. God.” I tried to be quiet, didn’t want anyone to hear us. But it was virtually impossible with the way I felt, with the way Seth made me feel.

“Now, Grace. Come for me now.”

I curled my fingers into my palms, thrust out my chest, and moaned. The thrill raced through me so fiercely it stole my breath, had my heart halting in my chest, and had my legs shaking. All I could do was ride it out.

And that’s what I did. For long-drawn-out seconds, I let myself be absorbed by the euphoria. Never once did Seth stop touching me. He took me to new heights I’d never imagined myself going to.

As the pleasure started to wane and reality set back in, I realized I was grasping his biceps, my fingers curled around his arms, my nails sinking into his flesh. I was panting, the sound so loud it filled the room.

“Look at me, Grace,” Seth said in that deep, authoritative voice of his.

I opened my eyes and pushed myself to gaze at him, feeling light-headed, ecstatic.

He stared at me for only a second before he curved his hand around my nape, leaned in, and pushed his lips to mine.

He kissed me softly at first, passionately.

I placed my arms around his shoulders and squeezed hard. He stepped closer to me, and I felt the hard contour of his cock through his jeans. A surge of moisture flowed from me.

I was ready for him, prepped.

I inserted my tongue between his lips and moaned, and as the kiss got even more passionate, as Seth ground his cock against my belly, I knew that if I let myself, if we both let ourselves go right in this moment, he'd consume me over and over again.

And I'd let him because I really wanted all of it.

Then the sound of three knocks on his office door had my entire body freezing and my heart halting. I broke the kiss and looked toward the door, staring at the handle and expecting it to turn, expecting someone just to rush right in, demand to know what we were doing.

Seth still had his hands on me, still kept me tight. I looked at him and saw how serene he was, no fear carved onto his face, no concern flowing from him.

He moved his hand and cupped the side of my face, sliding his thumb along my lip, softly drawing the flesh down and letting it go so it went back into place.

“Professor Baldwin? I have those files you requested.”

I knew that voice, knew who was on the other side of the door.

It was his TA, Amy.

Fear and concern at being caught and Seth getting in trouble coursed through me. But when I peered into Seth's dark eyes, his composure further relaxed me. He leaned forward and kissed me lightly. This kiss wasn't sexual. It was a signal of ownership.

Page 26

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

He pulled back and took my hand, walking me over to one of the chairs and gently sat me down. I watched, my arousal increasing once more, as he adjusted his erection behind his fly and went back to sit behind his desk.

“Come in, Amy.”

I tried to keep my hands calm, but they shook, the aftereffects of my orgasm still flowing through me. His TA opened the door, her attention on the folders she had as she scanned over the paperwork.

She stood by his desk, not even recognizing I was sitting there, while she started talking to him about class assignments, papers that were graded, and midterms coming up. The whole time Seth’s gaze was right at me, a faint, contented smirk on his face. He muttered something to her, but all I heard was this buzzing in my ears, blotting everything else out.

“Thank you, Amy,” he murmured while still staring at me. “That’ll be it for the day.”

It was then that she looked up at him, saw his attention on me, and looked over at where I sat. Her eyes widened a little bit, and she pushed her spectacles up her nose.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t realize you were in here with a student.”

I had my hands curled firmly together, thinking she couldn’t tell that I was flushed since Professor Baldwin had just gotten me off against the side of the wall.

I gave her a tight-lipped smile and was pleased when she excused herself and went,

locking the door behind her.

The breath I'd been holding escaped, and I looked over at Seth. He still had that faint smile on his lips, and I felt a rush of heat start at my neck and engulf my face.

And then I watched as he stared at his hand and ran his tongue across his fingers, the same ones that had just been buried deep inside of my body. My mouth parted slightly, and a little sound escaped me.

He hummed low, the sound of his enjoyment filling the office.

“The flavor of you on my fingers makes me never want to wash my fucking hands.”

God, the things he said to me turned me on so much.

“Tonight, Grace. I'm going to pick you up and take you out. I don't care who sees. You're mine. Do you understand what that means?”

I found myself nodding, recognizing exactly how linked we were, how much Seth genuinely wanted me.

There was no going back.

She'd left ten minutes earlier, and all I wanted to do was bring her back into my office, to finish what we'd started. I still couldn't focus, couldn't get back to work. The image of her in my thoughts, the perfume of her on my fingertips, the taste of her on my tongue, had me feeling wild.

I lifted my hand and brought the digits to my nose, closing my eyes and breathing deeply.

She smelt nice and musky.

She smelled like she was all mine.

I opened my mouth and licked on my fingers, her flavor erupting on my tongue. I would eternally know what she tasted like, the exact essence of her engraved in my cells, my own marrow.

I was still as hard as fucking rock, my damn cock pressing against my zipper, the need to relieve myself strong. But I wanted to wait, wanted to be buried deep between her legs when I came.

My office door was closed, and I imagined releasing myself just a little. I had my palm curled tightly around the armrest of my chair, my arousal so fucking far gone that I wanted to say fuck waiting and just get myself off. My balls were drawn up tight, and my yearning surged through my veins. I used my other hand to unzip my slacks, reached between the fly, and drew out my dick.

The groan was wrenched from me when I touched myself.

I stroked my hand over my length, from root to tip, rubbing my palm over the head and grunting as pleasure and sensitivity smashed into me. Pre-cum lined the tip of my shaft, and I used it as lubricant, dragging my hand back down my dick and squeezing when I reached the base.

Fuck, I was so hot I definitely could've come with a couple more strokes.

But I pushed myself to stop, tucked my cock back into my slacks, and zipped it up. I had both hands on the armrests now, my fingers curled around the leather, a cracking sound from the force I employed filled my thoughts.

Tonight, would be the night I finally took her, when I firmly claimed Grace.

She'd be bound to me, know that I wasn't going to give her up.

Page 27

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

Tonight, I'd have her in my bed, my body positioned between her thighs, my cock deep inside of her. I'd make her come so many times she couldn't stand, couldn't sit properly for how sensitive she was.

I was going to eat her, and when it was all said and done, I'd do it all over again.

"I can't believe you're actually doing this."

I glanced across at Alexis. She was seated on top of a stainless- steel table that was pushed up against the wall in the back area of the coffee shop.

I'd locked up twenty minutes before, had brought a change of clothing with me, and was so nervous my hands were shaking as I removed my hair from the ponytail and finger combed it. I should've just told him to meet me at my apartment, or that I'd meet him at the restaurant.

But the prospect of him picking me up, making this feel like a real date, excited me. So, here I was, looking at myself in the small mirror over the sink in the corner, wondering exactly what was going to happen tonight.

Oh, I knew what I wanted to happen, but whether or not Seth would be able to contain himself was another story. His willpower was powerful, far greater than mine. Whereas I would've let him fuck me right there in his office with students and faculty coming and going right outside his office door, he'd been able to calmly control himself and chat to his TA like he hadn't had a finger deep in my pussy only moments before.

I braced my hands on the sink and breathed out slowly. I turned and faced Alexis and saw she had her whole concentration on me. “This is insane, I know it, but it feels so right. It feels so good.”

She cocked her head to the side and offered me a little smile. “You really are that far gone for him, aren’t you?”

I licked my lips and nodded. “I love him, Alexis, and a part of that scares me because I feel it so intensely.” Maybe I shouldn’t have blurted it out right here, right now, but she was the only one I trusted implicitly to talk with about this.

“Gracie, just be careful, okay? You’re so much younger than he is. I don’t know anything about Professor Baldwin, but just the way he looks, the way he behaves himself, it’s evident he’s always in charge, has his shit together. I don’t know how experienced he is in any of this, but I know you. I know how profoundly you care.” She gave me a sad but warm smile. “I know that he could really hurt you if he wanted to and he wouldn’t even realize how deep it went. You’re such an open book, your heart so huge that I know if you let him fully in and things don’t work out, you’ll be shattered.”

She was right and I guess a portion of my worry stemmed from that. But I also wanted to tell her that that wasn’t how it was between us, that I could sense how much he wanted me. That I could feel how deep his feelings ran for me.

They were bottomless.

Just like mine.

When I looked into his eyes, I could see that truth, and I had stretched out and grabbed it, hung on to it like there was nothing else that could keep me stable.

I'd loved him hard, swiftly, and unquestionably. And although I sensed how much he wanted me, cared for me too, I only hoped my feelings didn't lead me down to where there was no coming back.

Alexis hopped off the table and moved up to me. She brushed her fingers through my hair, fluffing up the curls, and then grinned and took a step back.

"So pretty." She eyed me up and down, giving me an approving murmur.

"Not too plain?"

She shook her head. "Just perfect."

I looked at the clock on the wall and knew Seth would be here any time.

"Hey, just be yourself. That's why he fell for you in the first place." She walked over to the table and grabbed her purse. "I'll sneak out the back so it's not weird, me being there when he shows up."

I nodded.

I didn't know how public he planned on making this. Surely if people knew about us, he could get in terrible trouble. But then again, he was picking me up at the coffee shop, where anyone could see us from school. Which led me to conclude he genuinely didn't give a shit who saw.

"Call me if you need to. If I don't hear from you the rest the night, I'll consider that as a good sign." She gave me a white, straight-toothed grin. "But tomorrow I expect details. I don't care how nasty they are."

She winked, and I felt my face flush before I smiled and watched her depart out the

back door, the lock automatically clicking in place.

This was it.

I stepped out of the back area and around the counter just as I saw Seth step up to the front door with flurries flying around him. Taking a big breath, I convinced myself that tonight would most likely change everything.

A date with my professor might seem so routine to some, but it wasn't for me. It was far from it. I walked up to the front door and unlocked it, pulled it open and quickly smelled the fresh, clean, chilly air from the outside. A tiny breeze crept up, brushing some of the strands of my hair down my collarbones, causing goosebumps to race up my arms and legs.

He said nothing as he peered at me, gazed at my body from the tips of my toes to the top of my head. This low murmur of appreciation from him, and I felt my body suddenly come alive, arousal moving over every inch of me.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

“Gorgeous,” he remarked in that deep, manly voice that made me feel so feminine. “I love your hair down.” He reached out and pulled part of my hair, caressing it between his thumb and forefinger before bending in close and putting the locks to his nose. He inhaled deeply as he maintained his gaze with mine, and I felt the air being drained straight from my lungs. He straightened and let go of my hair somewhat grudgingly.

It wasn’t like I was overly dressed, but I was wearing a black pencil skirt, some peep-toe heels Alexis had loaned me, and a baby blue cashmere cardigan set that my mother had bought me when I graduated high school.

This was as fancy as it got when it came to me.

He stretched his hand out, and I didn’t hesitate as I slid mine into his. I stepped outside, closed and locked the door behind me, and urged myself to be calm.

I faced him and smiled, wanting nothing more than to kiss him.

He appeared conflicted in that moment as he leaned in close and gently brushed his lips against mine. “The spell you’ve put on me has me mesmerized, Grace,” he muttered against my mouth.

When he pulled back, I looked around, frightened that someone might have seen. I didn’t want him to get in trouble.

“Let them stare. I don’t care if they do.” He took my hand in his. “In fact, I want everyone to know you’re mine.”

My heart did a tiny flip in my chest. There was obviously no going back now. I'd jumped in feet first and anticipated what was next.

I'd debated where to take Grace tonight, even thought about just fixing her dinner at my apartment. We would have been alone... I would have had her all to myself.

But I wanted us to have a private experience, to have people serve us so I could entirely focus on her.

It wasn't that I didn't want to be seen with her, my student, but I wanted this to be personal, intimate. And so, I'd decided to go to Vincenzo's, the little Italian restaurant owned by a personal acquaintance, one who would close the place down for me so it could just be Grace and me.

I pulled into the parking lot and cut the engine. It was deserted save from three automobiles parked in the very rear. I knew one of them was Vincenzo's elegant Lexus. The others I had to guess was the waitstaff and chef.

I climbed out of the driver's seat and made my way around the front of the car to the passenger-side door. I wanted things to be flawless, wanted this to be unforgettable for her. Hell, I wanted to show her that even though I was utterly fucking enamored and protective of her, I could be a gentleman.

I could be gentle.

I opened the passenger-side door and held my hand out. I instantly felt excited when she put her smaller hand against mine, curled her fingers into me, and invited me to help her out. My gaze was concentrated on her body as she unfurled from the interior of the car.

Long legs, a tucked-in waist, and nicely proportioned breasts that were squeezed

against her cardigan. God, she was fucking gorgeous.

When she was standing, I slammed the car door, wanting nothing more than to bring her close to my body, cup the side of her face, and kiss her soundly. But we had plenty of time for that, so much fucking time. I didn't want her thinking all I wanted was her body.

I wanted all of her.

Instead, I walked her toward the restaurant. A notice on the front window stated that the restaurant was closed for a private function.

My intimate affair with Grace.

I pulled the door open for her and let her step in before me. The soothing sound of music playing in the background formed the ambiance with the low lighting and the aroma of freshly baked bread.

Vincenzo's was recognized for its wonderful and authentic Italian cuisine. Featured in several publications and journals since it opened, with reviews all positive, the restaurant always had a huge wait list.

Vincenzo and I went far back to when we were both trying to keep out of trouble so we didn't embarrass our family.

But that was a whole other story, one I knew I'd have to tell Grace at some point. This wasn't a one-time occurrence for me where she was concerned, and because of that, I wanted her to know all of me, not just the professor she saw at the front of the classroom.

Not only the man who loved her.

I went up beside Grace and immediately slid my fingers into hers. She looked across at me, a little bit astonished, and I couldn't help but smile, the innocence pouring from her so intense I actually felt drunk from it.

“Seth,” I heard Vincenzo exclaim as he made his way toward us.

He had a smile on his face and his arms outstretched. His jet-black hair was cut short and slicked back from his face, and his equally dark eyes were furrowed at the edges as he grinned widely.

He embraced me swiftly. “It’s been too long, my friend.”

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

I pulled back and nodded. “It has been.”

He placed his attention on Grace, and his countenance softened. “Bella,” he replied and took her hand, stooping down and kissing the back of it tenderly. “Welcome.”

If this had been anybody other than Vincenzo, I would’ve been in a blind rage that they had touched Grace and called her lovely. And even though I felt the sting of possessiveness and jealousy that Vincenzo had done it, I knew he had no indecent intentions concerning her.

“Please,” he murmured and walked to the side, signaling for us to follow him.

The restaurant was small, with a few of tables in the center of the room, and booths lined up around the edges of the wall.

“I have you set up at our nicest table, with the prettiest view.”

He escorted us to the very back, where a wide picture window showed a tiny pond, a row of tall trees around it, and a soft glow from the ornamental lights creating an ethereal air to the area.

The table in front of the window was a two-seater, with a candle lighted in the center and white China place settings.

I held the chair out for Grace, and she sat, her hands slightly quivering. I hated that she was afraid, but was also a little bit excited that I’d been the one to trigger this emotion in her.

It informed me her feelings ran deep, and even though she cared for me, a physical reinforcement of that delighted me.

After I delivered the wine order to Vincenzo and we were left alone, I sat there and stared at her, the warm glow from the candles creating subtle shadows down her face. I loved that she'd left her hair down for me, the dark strands making my fingers desire to touch them again. They'd been so soft, and the aroma, sweet yet floral, turned me on.

She was looking out the window, her profile showing me her beautiful nose, the tiny slope of it, how it looked so feminine. Her lips were big, pouty and rosy. I thought about kissing her, about how she felt against me, how she tasted on my tongue.

Grace looked at me then, maybe sensing my stare on her. The way her cheeks grew slightly red had this ferocious sense engulfing me.

"What?" she asked softly.

"Nothing." I grinned, and she looked away, her hair somewhat concealing her from my view. "It's just hard to take my eyes off you."

She smiled gently, sweetly, and I wanted to reach out and run my finger along the line of her lips, to feel the small upturn, to know that I was the one who put it there.

"Tell me about yourself," I asked just as Vincenzo brought the bottle of wine and two glasses. He didn't say anything as he poured us each a glass, set the bottle off to the side, and gave a small nod of his head before leaving us in private.

Dinner tonight was chef's choice, and I was happy for the extra time to converse with Grace without any interruption.

I picked up my glass and delicately twisted the liquid inside of the transparent crystal. I lifted it to my nose and inhaled deeply, the aroma of berries filling my thoughts.

I glanced at Grace as I tipped the glass back and took a little sip, letting the liquor travel along my tongue before going down my throat.

And the whole while I kept my concentration on Grace.

The wine tasted peppery yet sweet, with undertones of summer and warmth. When I laid my glass down, I spotted her examining hers. She wasn't twenty-one yet, but that made no difference. I wasn't attempting to get her intoxicated.

"Try it, Grace. You can't have true Italian food without a glass of decent wine." I leaned in close and gently pushed the glass toward her. "And this is a very good year."

She scooped up the glass, her fingers gentle as they wrapped around the stem.

"The year?" she said softly.

"The year you were born."

Her eyes expanded significantly. "This wine is twenty years old?"

I nodded and leaned back in my seat.

My eyes went immediately to her hand once more. That small, frail bone in her wrist could be seen underneath her skin, so delicate when she held the glass up. I gazed in surprise and longing as she took a sip. Grace closed her eyes and gulped, a faint hum of acceptance leaving her.

“Tell me what you taste.”

Page 30

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

She opened her eyes, and I saw her pupils were dilated. “It’s spicy but has hints of sweetness.” She laid the glass down as a little sigh escaped. “I’ve never been much of a drinker, but that wine tasted...”

“Exquisite?”

She nodded.

Just like you.

“What do you want to know about me?”

“Anything. Everything. I just want to hear your voice. I want to know everything there is to know about you, Grace.”

She grinned, a look of humiliation enveloping her face. I didn’t stop myself as I reached across the table and took her hand in mine, brushing my thumb over her pulse that pounded swiftly under the soft skin of her wrist. But I let go of it and didn’t linger.

“There’s not much to tell. I’m pretty much as plain as they come.”

I shook my head gently, my fingers wrapped loosely over the wineglass, running the digits up the smooth stem. It was idle work, something to keep me occupied, for if not, I’d have her in my lap and be kissing her til we were both on the point of losing it.

“There’s nothing plain about you, Grace.” She lifted her hand and tucked her hair behind her ear, the small pearls she wore catching the light and gleaming faintly.

“My mother and father are divorced. He resides in Florida with his new wife currently. They just had a baby last year.” She looked up at me, this vulnerability in her expression. It was if she had never talked about herself to anyone else, had never borne herself. “I’ve never seen the baby in person. It’s kind of odd to think about seeing them when his new wife isn’t much older than I am.”

I didn’t like that she appeared upset talking about this, and I was ready to tell her we didn’t have to talk about it longer, but she took a deep breath in and I knew she wanted to say more.

“So, it’s just been my mother and me for the past couple years.” She was staring at her wineglass, the candle catching it and creating light prisms along the table.

I could see she was flustered in what she’d said, her thoughts elsewhere. I didn’t like that. I wanted her here, in the present with me.

There was so much I wanted her to tell me, so much I wanted to know about Grace. I wanted to know what her favorite meal was, her favorite smell. I wanted to know if she liked sunsets or sunrises better. I wanted to know what she thought about before she went asleep, what was the first thing that came to her thoughts when she woke up.

I wanted to know everything, but I didn’t want to lead her to a sad place, and it was evident that the divorce of her parents, the fact her father had moved on with someone similar to her age and had another child, affected her terribly.

So as much as I didn’t want to tell her about my background so soon, wanted to work up to it, talking about myself may bring her back around to where she wasn’t drowning in her fears.

The waitress brought out the antipasto, but my appetite had taken a nosedive.

“My parents died when I was young, and I ended up moving in with my uncle.” She looked up at me then, and I realized quickly that her thoughts weren’t on the problems in her life anymore. She appeared concerned for me, sorrowful even. “My uncle was a hard man, cold and reclusive. He was a self- created multimillionaire and was so concerned with his fortune that he kept people at a distant. He had no emotions, didn’t form personal connections or relationships with anyone.”

“God, I’m so sorry.”

I offered her a tight smile and regretted that the atmosphere had gone sad, but I wanted her to know every part of my life.

“The only reason he took me in was because he didn’t have an heir, and the thought of losing everything once he died had the selfish part of him rising up.” I picked up my glass and took another long sip, thinking about the past, about how everything had played out in my life.

“He didn’t care for me. In fact, when I moved in with him, that was the first time I had ever met him. He and my father had never been close and had actually been estranged since before I was even born.”

I thought about how anytime my uncle had been brought up in conversation, my father would clam up, get upset. It was unusual that his name was uttered in our family, but every time it had been, my father grew closed off, hateful even.

“What a lonely life to lead.”

I didn’t know if she was talking about my uncle, my father, or, hell, myself. But she was right regardless. “To this day, I don’t know what caused them to hate each other

so much.”

Grace was the one to reach out and grasp my hand in hers, and electricity and pleasure surged through me. “It’s probably better that way. You don’t have to carry that burden.”

In that second, she wiped everything away, the terrible memories of being alone after my parents gone, and the melancholy that sought to crawl up and claim me. She was the light, and I was desperate for it, having lived my entire life with shadows surrounding me. I really wanted to grip on to her and not let go.

“I really am sorry, Seth,” she murmured softly.

I didn’t stop myself from leaning across the table, gripping the side of her face, and kissing her. She tasted of wine, sweet and strong, addictive and mine. I forced myself to sit back, but all I wanted to do was keep kissing her, to have our lips mashed together until we were breathless, until the control was entirely shattered in two.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

“It was so long ago it feels like another life.” I cleared my throat and spotted the waitress delivering our food.

Nothing was mentioned as the first meal was brought out. It was Il Primo, garlic and butter laden gnocchi.

We ate in silence, and before the matter could be discussed again, the Il Secondo was delivered, which consisted of a delectable chicken dish I knew was from the northern portions of Italy where Vincenzo’s family came from. With the chicken, the Contorno was presented, a fresh salad with vinegar and oil dressing, and finished with a sprinkling of salt and pepper.

Vincenzo came by to make sure everything looked perfect, and then left us.

The silence stretched between us, and although I didn’t want to spoil our supper with tales of how horrible my past had been, I’d already opened that box.

“You don’t have to talk about it. I know it’s painful.” She was so empathetic, so perfect in every way.

“I want to tell you. I want you to be let into every element of my life.”

“I’d like that, Seth.” The way she pronounced my name had my heart racing.

“My childhood consisted of being in my uncle’s shadow, learning the business, and being promptly neglected. I had no friends once I moved in with him. I was locked out from the rest of the world.” And fuck had I been isolated. “The only time he ever

did show me any kind of attention was when he wanted to talk business, wanted to show me how things were run. In that moment, I was that young child who merely missed his parents and hated his life.”

The clank of my fork against my plate when I took it up seemed unnaturally loud. “My father had always told me to be strong, so I endured being alone, having nannies and being home schooled, knowing that the life I once had was no more.” I heard Vincenzo’s voice in the distance and couldn’t help but smile. “And then there was Vincenzo, the son of my uncle’s head of landscaping. We’d come from two opposing ends of the spectrum, but we became closest friends. It was during the summers when he’d spend most of his time at my uncle’s home with his father, that I discovered I wasn’t that alone.”

I glanced up and saw she watched me, a sad expression on her face, her food untouched. I cleared my throat again and shifted on the seat.

“Enough talk about that. It was so long ago, and life has changed since then. Please, eat and enjoy your meal.” She picked up her fork and started eating, not saying anything. But I could feel this gravity encircling her. And then I felt her eyes on me, understood that she had questions.

“But you became an educator instead? You didn’t end up following in his footsteps after all that?”

I took a bite of the entrée, chewed and swallowed, and then washed it down with a sip of wine. I shook my head. “My uncle passed away a decade ago. And although things had been secured, his business relations, his wealth, all of that already in place so it could sustain itself, I knew running things wasn’t what I wanted in life.” I watched as she took a bite of her meal, the way her lips wrapped around the fork an erotic sight that was turning me on.

God, everything having to do with Grace excited me.

“I refused to accept that was my future.” I smiled, a genuine one that wasn’t loaded with the stress of having the past weighing on me. Although my uncle’s firm had been placed in my name, although technically I held the fortune, that’s not what I concentrated on. “And so, I decided to do what I loved, to follow in my father’s footsteps. I went to school to become a teacher, to become the man you see now.”

The smile she gave me was pleasant. She was thrilled for me, and it made me feel like I was on top of the fucking world.

We finished our dinner.

“I’ve never had an authentic Italian meal before,” Grace said as she glanced at the fruits and cheese on the dish.

“This is to clear our pallets in preparation for the desserts,” I remarked and picked up a strawberry, not able to control myself as I extended my arm and presented it to her. She hesitated for a second before opening her mouth and allowed me to feed her. This low sigh of possessiveness emerged from me when her soft lips contacted my fingers when she ate the fruit off my fingertips.

And that’s what I did with the remainder of the fruit, fed her from my hand and got hard with desire.

When the coffee and dessert came, handcrafted cannoli and fresh whipped cream, I couldn’t keep myself from dipping my index finger into the cream and bringing the digit to her mouth. “And this is the Dolce, the final course.”

I was rock-hard at this time, so ready for her that I was at the point where I almost said fuck who would see us and took her right then and there. As we stared at each

other, as the heat intensified and the talk that had been so weighty started to vanish, the only thing left between us in that moment was firm need.

It was raw and hungry, and it would devour us alive if we didn't give in to it.

I felt that with everything in me.

But Grace owned the power, and she was in control of this moment.

"Take me to your place, Seth," she muttered as I peered into her face.

I wanted nothing more than to hug Grace, to kiss her and show her that there wasn't anything else more important in this moment, in this fucking world than the two of us being together.

"I need to be with you."

I groaned, unable to help myself at hearing her say those words. And then a beast came up in me and I was helpless to stop it. I up and walked toward her, dragged her from her seat, and had my lips crushed to hers a second later. I fucked her mouth in the way I knew I'd be doing between her thighs tonight. I didn't care who looked, who saw me claiming her in this way. I wanted everyone to know that she was mine and that nothing would come between us.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

And God, I couldn't wait to take her innocence... to make her mine.

I felt out of my element a little, like I was wandering through a dream, a really good one, but a one nonetheless. After dinner Seth had taken us to his apartment... like I'd asked, hell, pretty much begged him to.

That was also another thing so unlike me. I never asked or all but demanded what I wanted, but with Seth, I felt myself yearning to jump out of the box I'd put myself in. And then when he'd given himself up to me, told me about his life, his past, I realized at that moment that we were one and the same.

I had a nice family, a mother who was always there for me. My father was another tale entirely, but the loneliness I could sense in Seth was one I'd felt numerous times. By nature, I was a solitary person, living life by keeping people at arm's length.

It had been at that one moment that I recognized my love for him was true, justified, and devouring.

Now here I was, back at his apartment, my thoughts clear but my anxiety taking over.

As I wandered through his apartment, absorbing everything in, learning about Seth via his possessions, I couldn't help but feel closer to him.

It was modest yet had sumptuous accents, as if he'd chosen each piece out of a different time period, a different era. I approached forward the artwork hanging on the wall, a large piece that had a tiny light illuminating it from the top, the glow showing the sweeping lines of color, the exquisite way it all came together.

I proceeded on to the bookshelves, big oak ones that were crammed with books, most seeming old, the leather spines having gold leaf accents. I ran my fingertips over each one, and I swore I could feel their gaze, the information they kept inside those pages.

I stepped to the window, a wide, attractive one that looked out onto his backyard, the city scape beyond vast, beautiful. The snow falling added a serene element to it all.

God, the snow is starting to really stick now.

When I turned, I saw the black piano, shining beneath the dim light, the ivory keys so white and perfect. I'd been so out of it my first night here that I didn't recall any of this.

And among his worldly possessions, I saw the one bit of decor he was missing.

Pictures.

Of his family, friends... of himself.

I faced Seth, saw him standing in the entryway to his kitchen, the lights out save from the low entryway one he'd switched on when we arrived. The shadows ran across his physique, accenting the slim and honed muscle underneath his fitted slacks and Oxford shirt.

My mouth got dry, knowing he watched me even though I couldn't see his face clearly, couldn't make out his eyes with the darkness that enveloped him.

He'd let me wander, looking at his stuff, running my fingertips over them.

He moved away from the wall and took a stride toward me, tucking his hands into the pockets of his pants, his head slightly bowed as he continued to watch me. I came

closer to the piano, saw he monitored my movements like a hunter eyeing his prey. The hairs on my arms stood on point from awareness, from comprehending that in this moment I was very much at the mercy of Seth, of my feelings.

I felt like he stalked me, that he knew my every action before I ever took the step.

“How about some wine?” he asked, but it wasn’t so much a question as him telling me that’s what he was going to get for us no matter what.

“Okay,” I replied quietly and then licked my lips.

Seth moved into the kitchen, the sound of cabinets opening and wineglasses clinking together drowning out some of the calm in the air. I sat on the bench and ran my fingers along the smooth keys of the piano, the ivory chilly to the touch, the feeling of silky silkiness beneath the pads of my digits reassuring.

I didn’t know how to play, but I could envision Seth sitting right in this very location, his fingers sliding easily over the keys, the sounds he generated filling the air. I closed my eyes, imaging that particular moment, imagining being in the room with him while he performed.

I hadn’t heard him come back, and when I felt him stand behind me, his arms placed exactly close to mine, his fingers over mine, a faint gasp escaped me. I pulled my eyes wide and was about to turn, but he made a faint, almost disapproving sound in the back of his throat. I sat there paralyzed, unable to move, the side of his face so near to mine, his chest almost brushing against my back.

I stared straight ahead, could feel that he was as well. And then I felt him slide his hands underneath mine. My fingers now sat on top of his, mirrored, a parallel image of what he was doing. He didn’t speak, but his near closeness was so intense that had my arousal rising to the surface viciously.

I clamped my thighs together as wetness started to puddle on my underwear. I felt my nipples stiffen below my blouse. Fire licked over my skin, from the tips of my fingers to the bottom of my feet. I attempted to breathe normally, to attempt to seem like this wasn't bothering me. But I failed badly.

And then he started playing, my fingers still over his, like if I were a toddler walking on his foot and he moved with me, my actions echoing his. He was so calm, so composed as he played the piano, the tones filling the room, enveloping us, like small bee stings all around my body. I started breathing harder, this moment so intimate I couldn't even concentrate.

I parted my mouth, breathing deeply, the air rushing in and out of me in short, quick pants. And yet he slid swiftly over the keys, playing a song I didn't recognize but was intrigued with. I curled my toes into the soles of my shoes, brought my legs closer to my torso so my feet were now on the tips, my thighs pressed tightly together.

The rush of arousal was steady between my thighs.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

The way I had my legs, squeezing on that bundle of nerves at the apex of my pussy, had me practically moaning. The feel of his chest against my back, of his body heat pouring into me, had little beads of sweat accumulating between my breasts. I felt dizzy, the light-headedness making me even more aroused.

He barely touched me, said nothing, yet I was on the point of climaxing from this one solitary minute. I felt his face against mine, the stubble from his days' worth of growth somewhat irritating, completely aroused.

The feel of his warm breath sliding up my cheek had me closing my eyes and biting the inside of my cheek. I almost moaned... almost came right then. The longer he played, the more I tightened my thighs on my clit, the higher my arousal grew.

He continued pushing the keys harder, my fingers sinking farther against his, my mouth spreading even wider. I felt light-headed as my enjoyment grew.

God, what was happening to me?

The sound of him breathing gently, as if this didn't touch him, got me on even more. Knowing he could have self-control in a moment like this had me rising higher.

When he rubbed himself a little more firmly against me, a quiet groan escaped as I squeezed my thighs even harder together, pushing them together slightly to add friction to my clit.

He started to breathe harder, the deep sound flowing from him and sending tremors all through my body.

I came, exploded. Lights flashed in front of my eyes, my vision faltering as the pleasure overtook me. I curled my nails into the tops of his palms as the ecstasy seemed never ending. And all the while he still played, still had his body crushed right up against me.

It wasn't until my climax dimmed that I noticed he'd stopped playing.

I opened my eyes, not aware I'd closed them, and blinked a few times, trying to clear my vision.

For a time, I just sat there, unable to move, aftershocks of my ecstasy pounding into me. And then I felt fingers grasping my chin, gently forcing me to turn my head. I found myself staring into Seth's dark eyes. I couldn't breathe, my entire body longing for so much more.

He rubbed the pad of his thumb along my lower lip, looking at the act, apparently mesmerized by it. He gently pulled the flesh down, letting it go back in place.

"Seth," I mumbled his name, my quick breathing the only sound filling the room. "Kiss me." I felt like I'd uttered that in my head, but the low sound that from him told me I hadn't.

"I'm so hungry for you," he continued in a steady, deep voice.

In the next second, he moved in and crushed his mouth to mine, giving me what I wanted, what I needed. I attempted to put my arms around him, but he made a scratchy sound against my lips.

He stroked his hands down my shoulders, grasping my wrists and holding them tenderly but firmly. He slid his tongue along the seam of my lips and I opened for him, gently connecting the tip of mine to his, desiring more.

And suddenly it was as if something snapped inside of him and I found, with delight, that his self-control had slipped.

He growled roughly and leaned his head to the side, thrusting his tongue in and out of my mouth, fucking me there. His hold on my wrists was firm, uncompromising, a force, a show of dominance.

In this moment, he possessed the power, he held the control. And I was more than glad with that, more than prepared to bow to him entirely.

I could feel her hands curling against mine, as if she were attempting to grip me, reach for anything substantial to cling on to, use me for strength.

Control.

Find it.

I let go of her wrists, and she immediately held on to my biceps, pressing her little claws into my skin, causing a flash of agony to blend with my pleasure. I cupped one side of her face as I tipped her head to the side, making her take my kiss, pushing her to suck on my tongue.

She was soft... all the things I envisioned innocence would taste like.

I was composed, serene on the exterior. But on the inside, I was this roaring storm, this turbulent weather rolling through, bringing damage, consumption. I wanted her hard, wanted to just take her on top of the piano till she yelled out for me as she came, as my cock was deep in her body and I marked her from the inside out, a symbol of possession.

I broke the kiss to stare into her face, to watch the ecstasy blanket her expression, an

outward representation of what was going on inside of her. “You’re sweeter than the hold you have over me.”

Her eyes were closed, her head was thrown back and to the side slightly, her mouth heated. The air rushed out of her in small pants, her lips swollen and glossy, a sliver of light from the moon making it look as though they glistened.

I retained my composure, making sure she didn’t realize how close I was to cracking. It would frighten her, the power, intensity with which I desired her.

As much as I told myself I should stop this, should move away, go slow, I couldn’t. As much as it was the correct thing to do, to let her walk away, to not become involved, I was too selfish.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

My need for her was too strong.

I wanted her too desperately.

I couldn't wait to get my hands on her.

I loved her.

Never had I felt something so intense, so devouring.

I kissed her again, both of my hands cupping the sides of her neck now, holding her motionless for me, for what I was doing to her.

"Seth," she muttered against my mouth, and I felt my entire body stiffen in reaction.

Using gentle pressure, I made her stand and instantly drew her against me. She was so small compared to me, her little hands still grasping my biceps, pushing me closer, latching on to me. I sensed something change in her demeanor, this desperation that matched my own.

She rose on her toes, put her arms around my neck, and fucking kissed me back like she was desperate. I groaned, liking that she opened her mouth wide for me, that she allowed me to drive my tongue into the warm, sweet depths of her mouth.

I pulled back and glanced down at her, seeing the dazed expression on her face, the evident fact she was aroused as she peered up at me with her eyes wide, her pupils dilated.

“This is crazy, right?” she whispered almost as if she were trying to convince herself of the fact this wasn’t really happening.

My cock jerked at the sight of her hungry for me, at the smell of lemons and spun sugar that enveloped her... at the taste of her on my lips and tongue. I cupped her cheek, clinging on to her, feeling like she’d leave, escape like a terrified little animal.

This dam had been breached inside of me, and my erection, my yearning and all the emotions I had for Grace were out in the open. It felt like an open wound, one that would never heal. I’d never heal because of her, and it was that anguish, that raw vulnerability, that assured me she was the one for me.

My other half.

The person who could break me with a few softly whispered words, with the fear of not being mine. “Should we stop?” she asked, the tone in her voice telling me she was almost afraid of what my answer might be.

“Do you want to?” I said just as softly, my focus on her mouth. I wanted to kiss her again.

She didn’t answer verbally, but she did shake her head.

“Do I frighten you?” I asked and leaned down so our mouths were only inches apart.

For a second, she didn’t answer. Maybe she was thinking about lying, about assuring me she wasn’t. I could see she was nervous about all of this.

She nodded once yet arched her chest, forcing her breasts into me. “Yes and no,” was all she muttered. “How I feel frightens me. The power you wield over me frightens me.”

I closed my eyes and battled for control.

She possessed all the power.

The need that had built up inside of me, my emotions, sensations, and having Grace here with me now, was my undoing. There was no going back. There never was once I'd had it in my mind that I'd make her mine.

I lifted my hand and ran my fingers down her neck, revelling in the smoothness of her flesh. I felt like the world was crashing down around me. I'd move heaven and earth to please Grace.

My feelings for her made me vulnerable, and I hadn't felt that way since I was a child, since before my uncle passed. But this was a new type of vulnerability. This was the kind that I wanted to embrace, since it felt like it was the one bit of myself I'd buried, too terrified to acknowledge.

"All you have to do is tell me what you want, Grace, and it's yours."

She peered into my eyes, and I felt my pulse beat a little quicker at the vulnerability I saw. Damn, she was so innocent, so untainted and shielded to the way the world was, to the way things could be. It made me want to protect her, keep her near and never let anything touch her.

"I just want you."

God, did this woman know the power she held over me?

Fuck, did I comprehend the power she possessed over me?

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

You know precisely what she does to you, exactly how much strength she exerts over you with just one look.

“I love you, Seth. I guess I’ve liked you from the moment I walked into your class.”

I closed my eyes, and this gruff sound left me, one that was more animal than man. She brought out the primordial side of me, the beast that I kept hidden deep within. Letting it out would only create harm, would let my flaws free. I needed to always be in control, especially with Grace.

But hearing her say she loved me had everything collapsing around me, inside me. It had pleasure and pain, hope and dread overwhelming me.

I couldn’t let her go. I wouldn’t. She was bonded to me irrevocably, mine for the taking. No one else would ever have her, and because of that she should be scared. She should be afraid of the extent I’d go to keep her close, to keep other guys who desired her away.

“I don’t want to ruin you,” I finally said. “I don’t want the love I have for you to twist and drive you away.” Because the power I felt when I was with her was unlike anything I’d ever experienced.

“You love me?”

I gazed into her eyes and roared. “I love you more than I’ve ever fucking loved anything in my life.”

“Then that’s all that matters.”

The air left me. “My sweet, innocent little Grace.” I shook my head slowly. “If life, the world, was so easy...”

She was the one to shake her head now. “Why can’t it be?” she asked softly. “You love me. I love you. Nothing else should matter.”

And it didn’t, to an extent. It was outside factors that had me worrying her being plucked from my life, like a blossom being ripped from the ground.

But my Grace was powerful, courageous. She stepped closer, rubbed her breasts more firmly against my chest.

I glanced into her eyes. “I meant it when I said I won’t let you go,” I murmured quietly, our lips still inches apart.

“I know,” she muttered.

I didn’t say anything else as I moved in and kissed her hard and deep, just wanting to stamp myself on her. All control had fucking gone at that instant. I hoped she was ready, for the constrained Seth she knew was gone.

I kissed Grace like stopping would be my death.

Delicious.

Addicting.

All mine.

Nothing else mattered save this one moment and making Grace feel good, making her realize that I desired her above all else. I couldn't have gone away if my life had relied on it.

Hell, I'd gladly die in this very moment, with Grace's lips glued to mine and the wonderful sounds of her groans filling my ears.

She interrupted the kiss and gasped. "I feel like if I don't hold on to you, I won't be steady. I won't be here, like this is nothing but a dream."

Before I could tell her to touch me, to hold on to me, to use me, she had her hands wrapped around my neck, her fingers playing with the short strands of hair at my nape. I kissed her again, and she made these little noises in the back of her throat. I swallowed the sounds, desiring more, wanting her to surrender every part of herself to me. This was what I'd wanted from the moment I met her, from the second I understood I couldn't let her be with anyone else.

It had been so fucking hard staying back, keeping my distance for as long as I did. But no more. No matter the ramifications, no matter the rules I broke being with her... Grace was mine.

I couldn't stop this. I wouldn't. I pushed myself to take a step back, but grasped her hand in mine, holding her near, scared she'd go if she really saw my yearning for her.

"I don't want you to let me go," she whimpered.

"Never," I answered promptly. I couldn't help myself as I reached out and ran my thumb along her lower lip, tugged the soft, somewhat damp flesh down, and saw it glide back into place when I let go. She was so fucking lovely, so pliant and giving, and courageous, not allowing her inhibitions govern her. I'd show her how valuable she was to me.

Her breath hitched a bit, and I leaned down and grabbed her mouth in a kiss again, drawing her close because I was addicted to her. She felt good in my arms, like she was always intended to be here.

Take her.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

Show her what it's like to be yours.

And so, I moved back, looking down at her swollen red lips, a faint glossiness on them from our kiss.

“This could get you in trouble with the university.”

“I don't fucking care about anything but you.”

Her breath hitched. “They'll say this is wrong.”

I shook my head slowly. “Let them. How can this be so terrible when it feels so very nice, so right?”

“You don't care?”

I shook my head again and peered into her eyes. “The only thing that matters is you. I don't fucking care about anything else.” I slipped my hand behind her head and gripped the base of her skull. “This can be so damn easy, Grace.” My mouth was near to hers, but I didn't lean in that last inch and kiss her again.

“Then take me to your room, Seth,” she all but groaned.

Christ.

Yes.

I had this carnal yearning for her, one that wasn't just about wanting to feel myself buried deep inside of her, but one that told me she was mine irrevocably.

She was pliant in my arms, pressing her breasts against my chest, her nipples firm, her desire coating the air like the smell of a recent rainfall.

Before I lost myself and took her straight up against the filthy wall, I had her in my arms. This slight sound of astonishment left her, and she hung on to me, her hands holding me like a lifeline. Her legs were wrapped over my forearm as I strolled down the hall to my bedroom.

Once in the room, I set her down reluctantly but kept her near, always having my hands on her. "I didn't change the sheets," I admitted. "They smelled like you, and I didn't want to get rid of that." Fuck, my heart was racing a mile a minute.

She peered over her shoulder to the bed, then back at me, licking her lips, nervousness and anticipation emanating off her in waves.

"Don't be nervous," I said and took a step closer. The lights were off, yet the brilliance from the city shone through the bedroom window, subdued only by the sheer drapes.

"Is it that obvious?"

I stepped closer and grasped her chin, tipping her head back slightly. She parted her mouth.

"I've never done this before, Seth."

"I know," I answered huskily. "I know, Grace." I leaned in and kissed the top of her head, closing my eyes and just savoring the wonderful aroma of her. "You want

this?" I felt her nod. "I'll go easy and slow. I'll make this good for you, baby." I moved my hand lower until I got to the hem of her shirt and felt her tense against me. "It's okay, love. This'll feel fantastic. I'll make sure of it."

"I know," she murmured. "I'm shaking because I'm so turned on."

I groaned at that revelation.

She placed her palm over mine and urged it up, pulling the material over her tummy. She didn't stop me, and in fact, arched her back for more. At the first contact of my bare flesh on hers, of my fingers along her soft skin, she gasped.

"That's it," I whispered against her mouth. "I could take every part of you right now until there was nothing left, and I'd still need more, Grace. It still wouldn't be enough."

"Then give it all to me."

I curled my fingers against her side, knowing I'd leave scratches on her delicate flesh if I wasn't gentle.

Moving my fingers up higher, I felt the fact she wasn't wearing a bra. My dick punched forward even harder. Covering one of her breasts with my hand, I dragged my tongue down her bottom lip at the same time. I placed her nipple between my thumb and fingers and pushed at the already turgid skin, and she arched against me even more.

Over and over, I pulled at her nipple, kissing her like I was drowning and she was the only source of oxygen. I needed her entirely naked, needed her hot, soft body shoved against mine.

I craved the aroma of our fucking covering the bed, saturating this room.

Page 37

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

I pushed my tongue down to the base of her neck and felt her pulse thumping furiously. I licked and sucked at the spot, pulling the blood up to the surface and branding her.

When it came to Grace, I was basic, savage. I wanted to mark her like she was my property.

If anyone owns somebody, I'm Grace's.

"Seth," she muttered my name, and it was so fucking lovely falling for her lips.

I wanted my hand prints on her body, wanted my teeth marks on her skin. I wanted her yelling out my name as I shoved in and out of her, as I made her tell me who she belonged to.

"Don't stop." She all but grabbed at me, pushing me closer, forcing her tongue between my lips in a frantic, unspoken appeal for more.

I grabbed the hem of her shirt and in one fast sweep dragged the garment up and off her body. I put it away and instantly went for her skirt, fumbling with the button and zipper like some fucking schoolboy who didn't know what the hell to do.

When that was off and in a pile with the shirt, I took a step back and watched her remove her heels. I was tempted to tell her to keep them on as I took her.

And then there she stood in only a pair of plain, innocent little white underpants.

“Perfection,” I muttered out loud, not meaning to. This filthy need overtook me, and I found myself reaching down and palming my cock through my slacks like a dirty bastard. “Grace.” Her name came from me on this strained whisper. I was left there with my heart in my throat and a hard-on so fucking large I was amazed I didn’t come from the sight of her alone.

“Touch me, Seth. Please.”

I stretched out and grabbed her breasts, gently curled my fingers over the mounds till she closed her eyes and started gasping like she couldn’t get enough air into her lungs.

I was already at my breaking point as I kissed her.

Moving my hands lower, I curled them around her hips and down to her ass, the mounds exquisite as I cupped them through the cotton material of her panties. My cock throbbed; my balls drew up tight. I wrapped my fingers under the hem of her panties and pulled them inward so they were bunched in the crease of her ass.

For a suspended moment, all I did was hold the globes while I kissed her, fucked her mouth with mine.

“Christ,” I panted. I was so damn hard, harder than I’d ever been in my life, like stone. I put my mouth to her ear and said, “I need you, Grace.” We were both breathing so hard. “I need to be inside of you now.”

She shivered in response. “Yes,” Grace whispered. “Take me.”

Any bit of control I’d had evaporated in that moment. There was truly no fucking going back now.

Seth kissed me hard, hanging on to my ass like he intended to leave bruises on my flesh.

God, I want that.

My underwear was between the cheeks of my ass, sliding in the crack deeper and deeper. With every passing second, Seth slid his fingers closer to my pussy. It was like an animal had been unleashed inside of him, like he couldn't contain himself and wanted me to know that.

And I was more than willing to be his prey.

He had his massive body mashed against mine, the feel of his erection apparent, prompting a flood of wetness to leave me. I couldn't breathe, couldn't even think straight. And as he moved his hand between us, I felt like I could have climaxed from that alone.

"Tell me what you want," he muttered out.

"You," I answered without any doubt.

"I want you so fucking badly," he whispered against my neck, licking, sucking, and leaving his imprint on me.

Before I knew what was happening, he had my panties all but pulled from me, sounds of rending fabric filling the room, prompting my excitement to surge even higher.

I watched as he got naked.

My pulse beat faster and faster.

My breathing became shallower.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

Desire pounded through my body.

He was a work of art with lean, defined muscle. Seth was powerful, strong, and gorgeous, like a statue.

We were both naked now, the hard, heavy pants coming from us identical. Beads of sweat coated the valley between my breasts.

A part of me said this would wreck things, that this might be a horrible idea. Another part, the stronger side, the one that didn't care what happened since I was finally going to be with the man I loved, wouldn't allow me focus on anything else except being with Seth.

His cock was like a steel rod between us, pressing into my belly. I felt dampness at the tip of his shaft, pre-cum pouring from him because of how worked up he was.

There was no stopping this, and God, I didn't want to.

I'd been hiding, hanging on to my sentiments for so long that having them genuinely free felt energizing, and so joyful. It was amazing and exhilarating. Right now, all I could think about was our hot, sweaty bodies pushed together.

"That's it, Grace." He was softly rubbing his hardness into me, as if he couldn't help himself. "Christ. You feel so good." He had his hands on my bare ass, his fingers clenching on the mounds repeatedly. I wanted him to take control, to do with me as he wished.

He pulled his mouth from my neck and started kissing me again, but at the same time lifted me off the ground and held me easily in his arms. When I groaned, he grunted in satisfaction and held onto my ass even harder, almost painfully. But that ache felt so damn amazing. He was so powerful, holding me up as if I weighed nothing, the strength pouring from him and making me feel so feminine.

His cock was a firm length between my thighs, hot and huge, making my insides tighten in need and anxiety.

“Take me,” I whispered unashamedly.

He groaned and slammed his firm cock against my pussy.

“Please.” I didn’t care that I was begging, that I sounded desperate. Right now, I simply wanted to feel him thrusting into me, stretching me, claiming every inch of my body.

I was ready for Seth to seize my virginity.

I wanted to feel so full I couldn’t stand it, couldn’t even breathe.

“Are you ready?”

“I am so ready for you, Seth.”

“No more waiting. I need you too fucking badly.”

He maintained one hand on my ass and slid the other between our bodies. It was a testament to his power when he held me up easily with only one arm, and gosh did that make me wetter.

He had me on the bed a second later, the linens so soft and cool on my hot, ultrasensitive body. For a second, he just stood there and watched me, his stare heavy as he raked it up and down my length.

And suddenly he was crawling onto the bed like a predator hunting me, preparing to eat me.

Seth ran his fingers over the arch of my foot, across my calf, up my thigh, and closer to my pussy. With his other hand, he took hold of his cock and stroked it a few times. "Spread wider for me," he replied gruffly. And as I did, I watched as he honed in on what was shown between my legs.

"Fucking perfection."

I truly saw the control leave him, like an animal preparing to pounce. He was on top of me a second later, kissing me, wedging his body between my legs, his cock resting against my slit.

He never stopped kissing me as he reached between us and grabbed hold of his cock, placing the tip at the entrance. He massaged his cock head along my slit, up and down, poking my clit with every upstroke. Seth pulled away enough that he could look at where he was lodged.

He then gazed up at me, where we held our gazes.

I was at the point where I wanted him shoved so deep inside of me nothing else mattered.

"Please, be with me."

"There's no going back. You never stood a chance once I saw you, Grace."

I gulped at his words. They were very meaningful in that moment. But I didn't want to go back, even if going forward was just as scary.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

And then, when he looked back down and saw where he was lodged, Seth started pressing into me. The tip of his cock was now totally buried in my pussy, and we both breathed out roughly, neither moving.

“I’m going to fuck you until you realize you’re only mine.”

“I only want you. Only you,” I whispered that last part.

And then in one seamless move, he pulled out before thrusting his hips forward, forcing himself back inside of me, inch by inch. Seth grumbled and closed his eyes.

“You’re so fucking tight. You’re so hot and wet.”

He drove still another inch into me, and the searing sensation took root, the stretching, anguish, and pain of his stealing my virginity, claiming me.

My inside muscles squeezed around him automatically.

“I’m sorry it hurts,” he murmured.

“Don’t stop. Please.”

“Never.”

He leaned his forehead against mine, and we panted against each other’s mouths. “It feels so fucking good, Grace. So good.” He was out of breath, just like I was. In one rapid move, he was buried entirely inside of me.

“Just like that.” He drew out an inch and thrust back in. He started thrusting in and out of me, quicker and harder, but all the time looking right into my eyes.

“Watch me. Look right at me when I fuck you.”

“Seth,” I mewled out.

“Christ, baby.” He went slow and easy, in and out, soft and thorough, but as the seconds slipped on, his motions grew frantic.

He was so far inside of me there wasn't a part of me Seth wasn't touching. I couldn't even think straight, let alone make words. The sounds of our flesh slapping together, of his cock sliding in and out of my pussy, had my enjoyment soaring. The pain and discomfort were fled, and in its place was bone-searing joy.

The sounds that emerged from me were low, seductive, and would have shamed me if I wasn't so turned on, so excited.

“I love you.” The words came out me on their own.

The base of his cock scraped against my clit every time he crashed into me. He pushed fully into me, stilled, then swiveled his hips slightly, producing a different kind of pleasure to fill me. “Squeeze that pussy around me, Grace.” He ground the words out.

Never had I believed I'd see this side of Seth, but in the throes of passion he was uninhibited.

Sweat beaded his brow, and he made this low, animalistic grunt when he drew out and then slammed into me extremely hard. With each passing second, he took me to new heights of ecstasy until I felt my climax mounting.

“I want to see you come for me.” He let a period of silence pass before he spoke again. “I want to feel you squeezing my cock, milking the cum from me.” He reached between us and pushed his thumb to my clit, massaging the bud back and forth while he tunneled in and out of me.

He peered at my face for only a second before leaning down and dragging his tongue along my bottom lip, over my cheek, and licking at the shell of my ear. His breathing was short, harsh pants, and I knew he was near to getting off, too.

He smashed into me again and placed more pressure to my clit, until I was about to erupt for him. But when I was right there on the precipice, he slowed his actions. I wanted to shout out from desperation, from frustration, but before I could do or say anything, he moaned into my ear, plainly barely holding on as well.

“Tell me you’re mine, Grace.”

He plunged in and out of me like a madman now, and I got so lost in the pleasure, that I felt myself slipping over the brink once more. There was no hesitancy when I said, “I’m yours.”

“Come for me,” he commanded.

And I did just that. I came long and hard and heard him groan against my neck.

I knew this one night would permanently affect our future.

“I’m yours, Seth. I’m exclusively yours.” I gasped when he slammed into me so hard, I moved up an inch. I was in a fever pitch. The world fell away, but I didn’t care. I simply cared about right here and now.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

Lights flashed in front of my vision as I came, and I forced my eyes to stay open through my ecstasy. Seeing Seth get off was unlike anything I could have ever envisioned.

I felt his cock expand inside of me, felt him get impossibly harder, and I parted my mouth at the feelings. The feeling of him coming, of his seed filling me, was hot, sexy, and had my enjoyment going even higher.

“Mine,” he snarled out, and I felt him softly bite the side of my neck. I shouted out as more pleasure blasted into me. It wasn’t until he withdrew out of me, moved to the side, and brought me in close to his body that I took a faltering breath in. I felt his hand move between my thighs.

“I want every last drop inside of you,” he said as he touched my pussy. He was wild and fierce, manly and powerful.

He was mine.

I didn’t know how this would all play out, didn’t know if I was even making the correct decisions, but in this moment, it seemed like perfection.

I didn’t think I could’ve moved even if I wanted to, which I didn’t. Having my body crushed against Seth’s, our skin slightly damp, his arm lying over my shoulder, holding me close, and my head on his chest made me feel safe. I was exactly where I was supposed to be.

I had my palm on his belly, the muscles there slightly stiff as he lay there, his chest

rising and falling as he breathed evenly.

We'd been lying like this for the past hour, neither of us moving or speaking, the mood calm and relaxed, the discomfort between my thighs a continual reminder of what we had done, what I'd given him.

My virginity.

My innocence.

I adjusted on the bed slightly, so I could tip my head back and stare into his face. He had his eyes closed, one of his arms bent and tucked under his head, and if I didn't know any better, I would have guessed that he was asleep. But the way he stroked his fingers up and down my arm, how he refused to let me move away, told me Seth was very much awake.

I placed my head back on his chest and listened to the steady cadence of his heart pumping. I closed my eyes and just absorbed that sound, feeling like I was exactly where I was supposed to be.

How bizarre things turned out. How odd I'd never pictured myself in this position, believed Seth would love me back.

Yet here I was, in bed with my professor, my love for him as intense as his love for me. It had all been a fiction, the wishful thinking of an inexperienced college girl.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked softly, my hand on his abdomen, his six-pack these rolling hills underneath my palm.

He didn't speak for a time, but he tightened his arm around me, clutching me to him possessively. The sound of his regular breathing soothed me. We were in this safe

spot right here and now, nothing able to touch us.

“I’m thinking about the future. I’m thinking about all I lost out on before you came into my life.”

The breath froze in my throat at his words. It wasn’t exactly what he said, but the way he said it, the pitch and tone of his voice, the way I felt his muscles clench against me.

“In that first moment I saw you, I knew that there was a chance for me to be happy, that I’d found a piece of myself I hadn’t known was missing. Crazy as it may seem, love had never been something I saw for myself.”

I felt him shift, and I opened my eyes, leaning back slightly so I could see into his face. He rolled onto his side, leaned down and pulled the blanket over us even farther. For long moments, all he did was stare at me, taking in every feature of my face, as if he were memorizing every inch of me.

How was it possible for one person to look at me and make me feel like I was their entire world?

“I’m thinking about how much of a selfish bastard I am where it concerns you, that my love for you is so profound that it’s changed the man I am, the person I thought I was. It’s made me better, Grace.” He moved his thumb over my cheek in a gentle sweeping motion. “I’m thinking about how I would kill anyone who tried to take you from me.” He muttered that so soft I almost didn’t hear.

And then Seth leaned in and kissed me lightly, the fragrance and feel of him tugging a tiny moan from me. Never breaking the kiss, he placed his hand beneath the blanket, stroked it along my tummy, and slipped it between my thighs. I was already wet for him, so needy.

“Look at that,” he muttered against my mouth. “So ready for me.”

“Always,” I muttered.

And suddenly he was sliding on top of me, his enormous muscular form crushing me into the mattress, the weight of his might making me feel totally feminine.

And it was the experience of him placing the tip of his erection at the entrance of my body, of him sliding deep within me in one seamless motion, that had everything becoming crystal obvious.

We were one, and without Seth, I’d be nothing but a shell of a person.

I felt that so profoundly that a tear traced down the corner of my eye.

Page 41

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

I hung on to him, telling myself I'd never let go.

Waking up with Grace in my arms was more enjoyable than I'd ever imagined it would be. She looked so peaceful.

God, I want this for the rest of my life. Waking up next to her would be the last thing I need ever.

I quietly climb out of bed, heading to the bathroom. I finish quickly, walking back out and check out the window for the snowfall. I smile at the amount I see, turning to wake Grace up with my mouth on her pussy.

"Seth!" She wakes quicker than I thought she would, grabbing my hair while screaming my name.

I lift my head and press kisses along her thigh. "Good morning my dear. It looks like you're stuck here a bit longer..."

"S... stuck?" Grace mumbles.

"Yes, there is too much snow to take you home. So you're stuck here... enjoying the day with me. Is that a problem?"

"N... no, not at all. I don't want to leave."

I lower my head, back to pleasuring her until she comes. "Now that you're taken care of, how about some breakfast?"

“Wait... what? What about you? Don’t you need to...” Grace blushes.

“Need to what?”

She hides her gaze. “Need to come...” she trails off.

“No, sweet girl, I’m a man, I can wait. What can’t wait is that growling stomach of yours. Now, I’m going to go out and start breakfast. You clean up and come out when you’re ready.” I turn and walk to the kitchen, quickly pulling ingredients out to make pancakes, eggs, hash browns, and bacon.

I hear Grace enter the room and look up at her. My God, she looks so cute and hot in one of my button down shirts.

“You look beautiful. Come sit down. I gave you coffee and orange juice. Breakfast is almost done.”

“Thank you.” Grace sits down daintily waiting at the table.

I bring everything over and place it in front of her.

“This is too much food, Seth! I can’t possibly finish it all.”

I reach out and tilt her head up so our eyes meet. “You can and you will. You need to keep your strength up for today. You are mine all day and I plan for us to wear ourselves out until you fall asleep. Tomorrow, you’ll go back to your place and I don’t know when I’ll see you again like this. Today, you are mine to please.”

Grace’s mouth opens wide in astonishment. “Keep that mouth open like that and I’ll put it to use.” I wink at her.

“Seth... please...”

“Soon. Eat first. The weather says the storm will be over later today, which means you’ll be going home in the morning. Today is all yours and I plan to make the most of our time together.”

I sat on the living room floor, textbooks thrown around me, loose-leaf papers crumpled up in balls near the small garbage can I’d carried in. They were my notes, but tonight they sounded like nonsense to me, my thoughts so preoccupied I couldn’t concentrate.

I was studying for an exam; however, my attention wasn’t on any of this. My thoughts were consumed with Seth, with everything we’d done, everything we shared.

It had only been a few days since he’d taken me to dinner and then back to his place, where he claimed my virginity and opened himself up to me. For the brief period of time, we’d been seeing each other, I’d never felt closer to anyone in my entire life.

And yet I hadn’t known I’d been missing anything until that very moment when he gazed into my eyes and told me he loved me.

I picked up one of the textbooks, raised my pencil to my mouth, and started chewing on the end as I read over the compulsory reading. But still, I couldn’t focus, couldn’t concentrate.

I don’t know how long I sat like that, but I found myself smiling occasionally every time I thought of being with Seth, and the memory of how sore I’d been after he’d had me.

A flush swept across me at those pictures of his massive, muscular body over mine.

Page 42

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

The sound of a car pulling into my driveway, then of a door opening and closing, had my heart beating. In fact, it probably wasn't him, not at this hour, but yet I fantasized it was.

I strolled out to the living room window and drew the curtains aside, but it was too dark to see much of anything. And then the sound of three firm knocks on the front door had my heart racing. I peeked out the peephole. Confusion filled me at who stood on the other side.

When I opened it, the huge smile on my mother's face had worry filling me immediately. She clutched an overnight bag in her hand, the grin on her face looked forced.

"Surprise," she said a little too eagerly.

"Mom?" I stepped to the side to let her in. I closed the door and faced her, leaning against it and just watching her, waiting for her to drop the bomb I knew she'd come here to drop.

Why else would she show up unexpectedly this late?

"Is everything okay?"

She looked around the small house that I called home while in school. "This place is cute, Grace." She turned and faced me, but I could see her smile was still forced.

"Mom, what's going on?"

She set her bag down. “What? I can’t surprise my daughter with a visit?”

I knew my expression was probably disbelieving.

“Not that I’m not happy to see you, but you’ve never just shown up out of the blue, especially when it’s this late.” I could see the wall she’d built around herself start to crumble. “Mom, what’s wrong?”

She sighed, and I watched her smile vanish. A real look of anguish, wrath, hopelessness clung to her in that moment. I knew what this was about before she even said anything.

My father.

Pearce.

He and my mother had married young. They’d been high school sweethearts, and I knew from enough reminiscing from my mother over the years that my father had been her first everything.

First boyfriend.

First love.

First kiss.

First everything.

So, when things had gone wrong, my mother had taken it hard. The divorce hadn’t been amicable. My father had up and left my mom, taking a substantial amount of their savings, and ran off with the lady who would become his new wife. He hadn’t

given a second thought to how this would affect my mother; probably even assumed I was mature enough to get through it.

He'd tried to smooth things over with me, going off about being in love and wanting to start his life.

It had all been crap.

He'd abandoned his wife and daughter for a young, new piece of ass. He'd married her shortly after he deceived my mom and clearly had no regrets or shame about it.

A part of me despised him for what he'd put my mom through, for how he'd hurt her.

"It's about your father."

Of course, it was. Because even after the years that had passed, he was still fucking her over.

I stepped over to her and gave her a hug. I didn't know what this was about, but whatever it was had disturbed her enough that she felt the need to come all the way out here to see me.

I pulled back and gazed at her, hating that she felt so lost. She put up a nice face, though, and I knew she did it for me even though I knew how distraught she genuinely was over it all.

"Whatever has happened, things will work out. They always do." I took her hand and led us into the living room, and we sat on the couch. Her focus was on the textbooks and papers strewn about the floor.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

“I’m sorry for just barging in like this.”

I shook my head even though she wasn’t looking at me. “You know you’re welcome here anytime. I’m simply sorry I haven’t been able to get home. School’s been kind of hectic.”

And then, of course, there was my affair with my professor.

Obviously, I kept that to myself. That probably wasn’t a talk we needed to have at this very moment.

“No, you should definitely focus on school. You shouldn’t have to worry about your mom dropping in because she can’t control her shit.”

We sat there in quiet for long seconds. I didn’t want to raise the matter again; felt she could tell me in her own time what was wrong.

But then after a few moments, she cleared her throat and pointed to the textbooks.

“How’s school going, by the way?”

She was dodging, stalling.

She looked across at me and I shrugged. “It’s going.” I felt my cheeks flame as I thought about Seth, wondering what she’d think, how she’d feel if I acknowledged what I was doing with my professor.

I stroked my hands up and down my thighs, suddenly feeling very frightened. I observed the way she knitted her brows. My mother could read me well without me having to say anything.

“Are you okay?”

I nodded and cleared my throat. “What’s going on with Dad?”

She slumped back on the couch and breathed, suddenly appearing very sleepy. “He’s having another baby with Crystal.” My mother stared straight ahead; her unshed tears visible.

I was outraged instantaneously, not because there was another kid coming into the world, not because he had left us to build a new family—because we were clearly not enough—but because my mom was hurting.

“I’m sorry.” In that moment, I hated my father all over again.

“You have nothing to be sorry about. I shouldn’t really care at this point, but I swear it’s like a wound being reopened.” She smiled at me, but it was sad, distant. “I wanted to be here with you when you found out.”

Not only had he cheated on my mother, run off with his too-young wife, but every time his happiness came coming back up, it was like a smack in my mother’s face.

“He’s an asshole,” I remarked, and she looked across at me and gave me a sad smile.

“He’s your father. I don’t want you thinking negatively of him.”

“Then he shouldn’t have cheated on you and abandoned us for a piece of ass.” This wrath swelled in me so furiously, I felt my hands shake.

“It was wrong of me to come here, to burden you. But I wanted to deliver you the news in person. I’m sure he’ll call you tomorrow.”

I could only shake my head. “He told you today?”

She shook her head. “No, I was talking with Lydia, and she said she overheard Coleman talking to your father on the phone.”

Lydia had lived next to us nearly my entire life. After the divorce, Lydia had washed her hands of my dad, but her husband, Coleman, still stayed in contact, supposedly.

“She thought I knew already when she brought it up.” She stared at me then. “Not that I expected Pearce to call me and tell me, and honestly I’m glad he didn’t, but to hear it second hand from the neighbor?” She snorted.

I hated that he was still directing her emotions, that he had this impact on her. It was hard for her to even live her own life because I knew she still loved him. How could she not?

Even treachery couldn’t stop anybody from caring. Even grief couldn’t make those sentiments vanish.

“Everything will be fine, Mom. He’s not worth it. Father or not, he wounded both of us, and at this point I don’t want him in my life.”

“Oh, honey. Don’t say that. He divorced me, not you.”

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:48 am

I shook my head. “The way he went about all of this was underhanded in the worst kind of way.” My mother didn’t say anything, and instead I hugged her as we both sat there in quiet, the atmosphere heavy and thick.

He’d done this to her and me, and all I wanted to do was shout and scream at him, to tell him how much I despised him, how witnessing the misery he caused in my mom made me abhor him.

But I didn’t need that in my life. Neither of us did. All we could do now was go on.

All we could do now was live this new life.

And all I could think of on the tails of that notion was how I wanted that new life to be with Seth.

The more time I spent with Grace, the more I realized that my concentration on anything that didn’t concern her was pretty well impossible. I brushed a hand over my jaw, a day’s worth of scruff scratching over my palm. I attempted to focus on the papers that had been turned in from my pupils, although my infatuation with Grace made everything else dull in contrast.

I just wanted to be with her, to spend every waking moment with her. It was this ache inside of me that increased constantly, summoning this swarm that wouldn’t be contained.

I sat back in my chair and stared at the ceiling. Although I’d seen her in class, we hadn’t had a free minute to be together. And it was slowly eating at me. I realized I

needed her in my life in every conceivable manner. I needed to touch her, kiss her, simply hug her every day.

I stood, not able to sit any longer, and moved over to the window. I leaned against the wall and folded my arms across my chest as I peered out at the university grounds. I could see the parking lot, the student lounge beside it. There was a huge grassy area where, during the warmer months, kids sat out and studied.

Although I didn't care if anyone knew about my relationship with Grace, I knew she worried. It was on my mind; how they'd respond, if they'd see her in a different light. It was the latter that scared me the most, because I realized humans could be heartless bastards. I knew they might circulate tales, talk things about her, think badly of her. That's what I was concerned about if others found out.

My career, my reputation... just things in this world that didn't mean crap compared to the greater picture.

And that enormous picture was Grace.

There was a knock on my door. I turned and stared over my shoulder, not moving from the location. "Come in," I yelled, my voice echoing in the small interior of the office. I assumed it was Amy, my TA, but a nice surprise hit me when I realized that it was Grace.

She came inside and locked the door behind her. I was already striding toward her, had her in my arms, my palm cupping the back of her head, and just held her. I buried my face in her hair, shutting my eyes and inhaling deeply.

The aroma of lemons invaded my nostrils. "I was just thinking about you," I murmured gruffly near her ear and brushed my kisses across her cheek, around her jaw, and forced my mouth to hers.

She kissed me slowly, softly, but I quickly realized something was amiss. I pulled back and glanced down at her, the expression on her face telling me she was guarded, that she was attempting to appear like nothing bothered her. But she couldn't hide it from me.

I'd studied her for too long, knew her facial expressions, what she liked and didn't like, knew when anything was wrong. And being with her, finally claiming her, had only exacerbated all of that.

"Tell me what's wrong." Instantly, my thoughts went to some tiny fucker hurting her. I couldn't control it, couldn't help the possessive, protective side that surged up in me where she was concerned.

She didn't say anything at first, simply exhaled and shook her head. I took her over to the couch and sat down, keeping her hand in mine, in fact, wanting her on my lap so I could hug her, so I could comfort her.

"My mother came by last night," she added softly. "Apparently my father is having another baby with his wife." She breathed again as if she were annoyed.

When Grace sat back on the couch and tipped her head, resting it on the cushion and staring at the ceiling, I stared at the fine column of her throat, at the way her pulse beat steadily beneath her ear.

"The crazy part of all of this is not that I'm upset he's having another one, especially at his age. But that he injured my mother."

She looked at me then, and I could see she was upset, but she was so damn strong.

I stretched out and cupped her cheek, my fingers wrapped lightly around the base of her neck. Her long, dark hair slid over my hands, around the back of the couch.

“Seth,” she whispered quietly. Grace looked at me then, something flashing across her features. “I just want to feel something other than this hurt and frustration.” She shifted on the couch so she was facing me, and I maintained my palm on her cheek.

I’d do anything for her, and the idea she was in pain, that maybe I could offer her some relief, take some of the hurt away so it was off her mind, had me reacting fast.

I leaned in and kissed her, sliding my tongue over the seam of her lips, felt her lean against me.

“I love you,” I whispered against her mouth, and she sighed, wrapping her arms around my neck and pulling herself closer to my body. “God, I love you so much it feels like my heart could stop from it.”

She leaned back and looked me in the eyes. “Don’t ever leave,” she said with this urgency in her voice.

“Never.”

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:49 am

We were hooked together for life.

She was mine and I was hers.

Irrevocably.

When my mom had told me about my father, there were only two people that I wanted to confide in, to gain comfort from.

Alexis and Seth.

But they were different sorts of comfort, different kinds of emotional support that I required from them.

I'd contacted Alexis last night, chatted to her for hours, knew that everything would be okay because they had to be. And it felt better... but I'd felt this hollow in me still.

And first thing this morning, I'd come to see Seth. I'd wanted to talk to him last night, to have him throw his arms around me, to do more than just tell me everything was okay—to truly show me. I knew he'd pull this hurt and treachery from me, so I felt nothing but him and me.

I clung to him, kissed him with this hot hunger that I'd never felt before. I found myself on top of him, my legs on either side of his, the rigid contour of his erection pressing directly between my thighs telling me he was right here with me.

I moaned and extended my mouth more, tilted my head, digging my tongue between

his lips and getting from him what I knew he freely gave.

He moved his hips up, grinding his dick into me, and at the same moment I pushed down, rocking back and forth, feeling sparks of pleasure flooding me.

He had his hands on my hips, his fingers pressing into my flesh with almost bruising ferocity. But I wanted those markings. I wanted to look in the mirror tomorrow and see what he'd done to me, that I was his, that he'd branded me.

I squeezed my breasts against his chest, my nipples rigid, ultrasensitive. The harsh growl that emanated from him urged me on, and I started rocking back and forth against his erection, sliding my pussy along the length, the bulge. I could've gotten off this way, getting my release by moving over Seth.

"Yes," I muttered into his mouth, breaking the kiss only long enough to take in a lungful of breath.

I glanced at his face, saw he was controlled, serene, but he couldn't disguise his body's reaction. His pupils were dilated, his respiration somewhat elevated. His cock was hard, like a lead pipe between his thighs.

"Take from me, Grace. Use me." He slid his hands up my back, over my shoulders, and cupped each side of my throat.

He tipped my head to the side and leaned in and kissed me, his mouth, his tongue, everything about him so full of possession and power.

"I'm here for you. I was designed for you."

A moan was ripped from me at his words, and I felt something break open, a flood of emotions, want, arousal... life in general filling me till I could scream from the

overwhelming sensations.

I wasn't thinking about anything else in this moment. But when I heard his office door open, the sound of a startled scream emerging from behind us, my entire body froze.

I looked over my shoulder to see Amy standing there, a stack of papers in her arms, her eyes wide and her mouth parted in disbelief.

She wasn't moving, wasn't speaking as she peered at us. Here I was, on top of Seth, his cock firm and pressing between my thighs, no doubt what we were doing hanging between us.

I gazed back at him, feeling like this entire experience wasn't occurring. Everything was going in slow motion.

But he wasn't concentrating on her. He glanced right at me, no fear or stress on his face. He still had his hands on either side of my throat, brushing his thumbs along my pulse spots.

"Oh my God," Amy eventually said.

I tore my sight from Seth's and stared at her again. I tried to jump off him, but he immediately had his hands on my hips, trapping me just where I was.

I glanced at him astonished, horrified. Fear filled me. This was horrible, extremely bad. She'd inform the administration. He'd get in trouble, and that had panic surging in me.

I heard her depart, scrambling out, the door slamming behind her. And still Seth hadn't moved, held me on his lap, his hands on my body. He peered into my eyes,

and a faint smile formed on his lips.

“Seth, God. This is not good.” I shook my head and climbed off him, and he let me. My hands were shaking as I smoothed them down my jeans. And still he still sat there, his legs slightly wide, his cock strained against his slacks, tenting the material, showing me how huge and thick he was.

I swallowed roughly; this knot of worry lodged in my throat.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:49 am

“I’m not worried,” he said smoothly.

“How can you not be worried?” My voice shook, trembled.

He finally stood up, adjusting his dick before walking up to me. The smile was still on his face as he placed his hand on my shoulder and moved it down my arm, grasping my hand in his.

“I don’t care that she caught us.”

I felt my eyes widen. “W-what do you mean? If she tells anyone, you’re going to lose your job.”

Still he looked unaffected.

He said nothing as he leaned down and kissed me. It was gentle and sweet, soothing. When he pulled back, I felt the stress leave me at the fact he was so calm.

“Grace, the only thing that matters to me is you. Nothing else is a concern. This job, what people think...” He shook his head. “You’re all I care about.” And then he pulled me in for a hug and I put my head on his chest, listening to the steady, even beating of his heart.

It was easy to not let it worry me since he didn’t let it affect him, but I loved Seth, and the thought that this could wreck his life was a very real possibility, no matter what he said.

I watched as my afternoon class left, the feeling of what was coming strong ever since yesterday when Amy had walked in on Grace and me.

I gathered up my papers and put them in my bag. When the final student was gone, I sat down and started going over the syllabus. This was pointless if I were being honest. I figured the board would call me in someday, perhaps sooner rather than later.

It wasn't but a second later when I heard the door open. I glanced up and found Dean Richards standing there, a manila envelope in his hand, a guarded expression on his face.

I knew what this was about.

I'd been prepared for this visit.

So, I stood, meeting him halfway, neither of us saying anything for long moments. What could be said?

"Professor Baldwin," he remarked in a professional voice, not one he'd used with me since he recruited me years ago.

I was acquainted with Hicks. I'd met his family, his children. We'd eaten dinner together. I considered him a buddy. But he wasn't here on a social visit. He was here on official university action.

I had no doubt Amy would tell them. She went by the books about everything, and it was one of the reasons I'd picked her to be my TA. She could be trusted, was loyal, and played by the rules.

But that also had ramifications seeing as her catching me with Grace meant she

hadn't been able to keep it to herself. I couldn't blame her, wasn't even angry. In reality, I was happy she'd told the university.

It meant there was no more hiding, no more pretending I wasn't in love with Grace... no more acting like I had any control where she was concerned.

"Dean Richards," I responded in return and extended out my hand for the envelope. The look on his face told volumes, but then again, I hoped mine did as well.

I wanted him to see how unaffected I was, that everything had come full circle, that things had happened the way they were supposed to.

"You know why I'm here?" Although he phrased it like a question, I could hear in his voice he already knew the answer.

"I know."

He sighed as if this were difficult for him. And maybe it was. We'd considered each other pals. He probably perceived this as a betrayal.

"The school has put you on suspension until further investigation. A hearing will be held tomorrow with more specifics on the situation. I'll need you present first thing in the morning."

I nodded. "And Grace?"

"She's been notified as well. We'll need her there to take her account of it all."

"She didn't do anything wrong. No disciplinary action will be taken against her." Maybe I shouldn't have been so hardened, demanding shit, given the fact I wasn't in any position to do so. But I'd be damned if she got dragged under for this.

“She’s not to blame for this, Professor Baldwin.”

Page 47

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:49 am

What Hicks really meant was that I was some predator preying on an innocent student. He could think what he wanted, as long as she was left out of it.

“What were you thinking, Seth?” he said softly, the man I’d called a friend coming through for a moment.

I didn’t answer his inquiry.

“Thank you, Dean Richards. I’ll be there first thing in the morning.”

I wasn’t going to tell him we loved each other, or that this was some lapse of judgment and I was sorry. Because it wasn’t.

I had Grace, finally, and I wasn’t letting her go.

That would most likely lose me my job, but so be it.

So be it, since it was all worth it.

She was worth it.

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

“Do you understand everything, Professor Baldwin?”

I turned and stared at Seth, knowing my eyes were big, feeling like my heart might jump out of my chest.

“I understand,” Seth answered without any passion in his voice. In fact, he sounded like he didn’t give two shits that he’d just been suspended from his post until further investigation.

“This is a mistake, a misunderstanding,” I exclaimed before I could stop myself.

I faced the board again, knowing I looked astonished. They couldn’t tell us how long the inquiry would go, or if Seth would even still have a job when it was all said and done.

“How can you take the word of one person over a member of your staff?”

The dean leaned forward and put his hands together, looked me in the eyes.

“We take accusations of student and faculty fraternization very seriously. An investigation will be done to find out the truth.”

All I could do was shake my head. “Nothing happened. This is all a massive misunderstanding.” I was a broken record at this point. “This is all a big mistake,” I muttered, on the edge of sobbing. But I didn’t want to. I needed to be tough, needed to act like I had my crap together and not break down in front of Seth.

“It’s okay, Grace,” Seth whispered quietly.

And then before I knew what was happening, Seth placed his arm over my shoulder and brought me in close. He took his other hand and gently grasped my chin with his thumb and forefinger, moving my head so I was facing him now.

He peered into my eyes, and everything else around me faded, gone. We might’ve been able to salvage this, denied everything, but when he leaned in and kissed me right then and there in front of everyone, there was no denying it.

He pulled back before I could stop him and smiled. “It doesn’t matter,” he murmured softly. “Only you do.” He turned and faced the board. “I love her, and I’m fully aware of the repercussions our relationship will bring.” And then he rose up and took my hand in his and walked us out of the office.

I peered over my shoulder at the board, their eyes wide and their mouths open in disbelief. I had no idea what was going to happen from this moment forward, but Seth looked confident of the future, of our connection.

And that made me feel like everything would be okay.

She was distraught and I hated it, hated that I was the reason she was in this condition, that she felt hopeless, miserable for me.

I threw my arms around Grace and pulled her in close. It had only been a couple of weeks since I’d gone in front of the board for my misconduct, as they’d put it.

And although maybe I could have gotten out of it, used my years of teaching there and my reputation, my good standing, to get out of Amy telling them about Grace and me, the truth was, I didn’t want to lie about it.

So, I’d kissed her.

I’d intended to prove the point that she was mine. I’d wanted her from the moment I saw her, and losing my position was a tiny penalty to make to be with her.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:49 am

I rubbed my hand up and down her back, whispering that everything was good, that I would be alright. She was upset because of me, because of the circumstances. I wanted to take that anguish away.

I pushed back but kept her close, smiling and shaking my head, assuring her without words at that moment that everything was fine.

“But it’s your job, what you worked hard to accomplish.”

I didn’t feel anything in that moment beyond my love for her. “It’s just a job.” I wiped the errant tear that rolled down her cheek.

“I’m sorry for breaking down like this. It’s just a bit unbelievable. We are both consenting adults.”

I leaned down and kissed her forehead, just closing my eyes and reveling in the fact she was here with me. “I knew the rules, Grace, and I didn’t fucking care about them. I knew from the moment I saw you walk into my class that this would be the outcome.” I pulled back and looked her in the eyes again.

“How did you know?” she whispered.

“Because I wasn’t going to let you go. I’d do anything, lose everything to be with you, Grace. Don’t you see that? Don’t you see that I’m so in love you?”

She smiled, and I felt the melancholy evaporate as her affections for me rose up. “I love you too.” She threw her arms around my waist and rested her head on my chest.

“Will you be able to find another job? Or is this something that will follow you?” She said those words softly, and I didn’t answer for a moment, just held her, felt her warmth slip into me, let her scent envelop me.

“I don’t need a job, Grace. I have enough money to last me five lifetimes.” She pulled back and looked up at me.

“Your uncle’s business?”

“My business.” I kept my arms wrapped around her, unable to let her go. I needed her close. “It all became mine after he passed away. I went to school and became a professor because I wanted that relationship with my father. And I’ve had it. I did it. And maybe in the future, I’ll teach again. But that’s not my major worry, not what I’m focused on.” I heard her breath catch. “I have you, and that’s all I care about.”

I’d repeat that over and over again.

I leaned down and kissed her, and she grew soft and pliant against me.

If I never taught again, I’d be content because I’d have Grace.

I had her love.

They’d think I was obsessed.

I’d say I was in love.

What more did I need in life?

“So, he like...” Alexis leaned in close, her eyes wide, this look of wonder and excitement covering her face. “He just, like, kissed you in front of all of them?”

I couldn't help but chuckle at the astonished sound in her voice. I nodded and grabbed my cup of tea, bringing it to my mouth and taking a long sip. The flavors of chamomile and honey invaded my mouth.

"Yeah, it was kind of intense, if I'm being honest." I set the cup down and simply stared at the golden hued liquid enclosed in the ceramic. My hands were still wrapped around it, the warmth flowing into me.

"You're thinking about him right now, aren't you?"

I glanced up and peered at Alexis. I nodded. I cleared my throat and shifted on the seat.

"So, this is, like, the real deal." She didn't phrase it like a question.

"I love him so much, Alexis," I said, feeling my cheeks flame as I thought of the passion that Seth had for me, how he'd fucked me only this morning, made me get off three times before he'd finally surrendered and let me breathe. My legs were still shaking, my pussy sore. He was voracious for me, and I couldn't help but feel myself falling deeper in love with him each and every day.

"And he loves you? Like that's a dumb question given I know the answer, as he all but shouted fuck you to the school." She grinned. "Damn, I need a guy like that, that will just say screw everything else but me."

"What about Letterman Craig?"

She lifted an eyebrow. "Letterman Craig?" She snorted.

"It's what I've been calling him because every time I see him, he's wearing that damn high school jacket."

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:49 am

She laughed. “God, don’t remind me. I keep reminding him that he needs to shelve that and put the past behind him. He’s still living in his glorious football days.”

We both started laughing.

“But you guys are, like, serious?”

I noticed her countenance shift, observed the way her cheeks flushed rosy, how she glanced away and grinned. She didn’t have to say the words for me to hear her loud and clear. She was into Craig, maybe things were even getting serious. I was thrilled for her, happy for both of us that we’d found something that we deserved.

She glanced up at me then, her gaze sobering. “I really like him. I think I... am falling in love with him.”

My heart pounded double-times in my chest for her. “Does he love you back?”

She smiled gently, lovely. “He says he does.” She shrugged. “I can’t lie and say I’m not scared. I’ve never loved anyone before, Grace. I guess time will tell how things play out, but he’s incredibly lovely and even holds the door open for me, pulls out the seats before I sit down.”

“Love is a scary thing.”

She nodded, and we were silent for a time, simply pondering on everything.

I was truly thrilled for her and went out to grasp her hand in mine, giving it a squeeze.

“I’m glad he’s good to you. You deserve that.”

She gave my hand a squeeze back. “And I’m glad you’re happy, Gracie. I can’t deny that I’m a little jealous you have our sexy-as-hell professor obsessed with you, that he’s so madly in love with you he gave up his career just so he could keep you.” She chuckled, and I heard the teasing note in her voice.

“And no doubt a lot of girls are jealous of you, Alexis. Who says chivalry is dead when you have a guy like Craig?”

“Touché,” she responded and smiled broadly. “We’re both lucky.”

Yeah, we were.

“I’d say we have a couple of keepers, Gracie.”

Yeah, looked like we really did.

One year later

I could feel the warmth of the sun on my face, and I stretched, the silk sheets flowing along my body. Silk sheets. Not something I’d ever experienced in my life before meeting Seth, but ever since I’d moved in with him six months ago, he’d demanded that we sleep on them, that I deserved no less.

He indulged me, worshiped me. I was his queen, as he liked to say.

I lifted my arms and stretched them above my head, my fingers curling against the wrought-iron bars of the headboard, the feeling of the delicate features brushing across my fingertips. I still had my eyes closed, but it was the feeling of Seth’s hand gliding along my side, over my belly, and between my thighs, that had me opening

them and staring at the ceiling.

He forced a gasp from me as his fingers moved against my slit, tickling my entrance before gathering the moisture already created there and moving it to my clit.

I turned my head and stared at him. He was so close now, his body confronting mine, his gaze set straight on me. His dark eyes seemed much darker since his pupils were dilated. The scruff on his face had my fingers yearning to touch it, pull his head down and between my thighs, to check if his five o'clock shadow would be smooth or harsh between my thighs.

“Good morning,” he mumbled out. He slid his finger inside of me, and I let out a faint cry. “Spread wider for me,” he whispered.

I did as he said, neither one of us saying anything. Seth continued to finger me as he peered into my eyes. And then he leaned in and kissed me, sliding his hand even quicker between my legs, his finger pressing in and out of my pussy.

“Seth,” I whispered at the same time I erupted, climaxing so hard my breasts thrust out on their own, my back arching, and a flush stealing over me.

The muscles in my thighs burned for as wide as my legs were spread, and still he worked me over, wringing out the last drop of pleasure he could in me.

When he withdrew his fingers out of me, I forced my eyes open, watched as he elevated his hand, the digits sparkling with my cream. He brought it to his mouth and licked it all clean, never once taking his gaze off me.

He kissed me again, putting his tongue in my lips and making me taste the musky, delicious flavor of my desire. I didn't know how long we laid there, making out, my body still shaking from the aftereffects of my climax. But I could have stayed there

all day.

I felt his erection prod my thigh, and I interrupted the kiss, placing my hand on his chest and gently pushing at him till he was on his back.

I threw the covers off us, glanced down at the gigantic erection he sported, his cock so long and thick that the tip reached his belly button, a drop of pre-cum already on the crown. My lips moistened and my throat clenched.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:49 am

I took one last peek at his face before sliding down and grabbed hold of that enormous dick, his girth so significant that my fingers didn't even touch as I gripped him. I used my other hand to seize his balls, the massive sac overflowing my palm.

There was no prelude as I opened my mouth and started sucking on the tip, licking away the salty pre-cum as I tried to take as much of him into my mouth as I could. But he was too huge, too lengthy. I got halfway down before the crown struck the back of my throat, causing me to gag slightly before I retreated.

I did this again and over again, Seth's hand in my hair, my hair knotted between his fingers. He moved his hips up at the same time he softly pushed my head down on him, forcing me accept more of his length. He groaned hard, and I knew he was near, so close that I continued tasting spurts of his semen glide along my tongue.

I hummed, knowing the sound and vibration would set him off. And just like I knew it would, he sighed profoundly, tightened his fingers in my hair painfully, and shoved his hips up into my mouth, making me take as much as I could.

He came powerfully, pouring his load down my mouth. I swallowed it all, my eyes watering but my appetite for him strong.

When I felt his cock grow semi-soft in my mouth, only then did I pull back. I drew in a large lungful of breath, the blood surging underneath the surface of my lips, my mouth feeling swollen. He glanced at me with longing on his face. This faint sheen of sweat coated his naked chest, and excitement rushed into me.

I wanted him, desperately.

I climbed on top of him, straddling his waist, his cock hardening between our bodies instantaneously. I was very wet, saturated in fact.

I reached down and grabbed his dick, put the tip at my entrance, and slid down on his shaft easily. We both groaned, and my entire body heated, sweat beading along my chest and back. I braced my hands on his pectoral muscles and started riding him.

Up and down, quicker and harder. I crushed my pelvis against his on every down stroke, curled my nails into his chest every time I rose up. I could feel myself climbing higher and higher, and the clipped sounds coming from Seth told me he'd be heading over the edge right along with me.

He might've just gotten off, but when I claimed he was voracious for me, I meant just that.

And then he grasped my breasts and pulled at my nipples with his thumbs and forefingers, twisting the points till I tilted my head back, my hair brushing along the top of my ass, and yelled out as I came.

I plunged over the edge hard.

It wasn't until several moments passed that I collapsed on his chest, Seth holding me, his cock still buried deep in my body. We didn't say anything, yet no words needed to be spoken.

This moment was beautiful.

This moment was our reality.

I heard her coming into the kitchen and turned around as Grace walked in. She was newly showered, her hair moist and flowing over her shoulders, the ends starting to

curl gently as the strands dried.

She was dressed in a pair of black formfitting trousers, the white ballerina flats matching a small white T-shirt she wore. There were little red flowers painted on the material, her breasts straining against the fabric, the V-neck low enough I caught just a hint of cleavage.

I made a tiny sound in the back of my throat at that sight, and she glanced at me. She grinned and came up to me, placing her arms around my waist and rising on her toes to kiss me.

“You get so jealous over everything,” she murmured on a small sigh.

“Does that upset you?”

“Turns me on that you want me all to yourself.”

I growled and laid the spatula down, placing my arms around her waist and pulling her back toward the counter. I had her raised up and sitting on the edge of it a second later, using my body to push her legs apart, and stepped between them.

I dipped down and kissed the side of her neck, smelling the soap she’d used earlier, felt the warmth from her flesh, the chill from her damp hair against my cheek.

“I can’t help it. I just want to keep you all to myself.”

She sighed and rested against me, and I just held her.

After a year together, my affections for Grace had expanded tenfold.

Every day they got stronger, engulfed me even more.

I moved my hand down her arm, over her wrist, and put my fingers on hers. I drew back and gazed down at her hand, bringing it up and laying a digit on her ring finger.

“I’m going to need my ring on here soon, Grace.”

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 12:49 am

“I know,” she said pleurably. “I want that.”

The only reason I hadn't married her yet was because I wanted her to finish school. I wanted her to find her freedom and acquire her degree. I wanted her to do all she desired. Rushing things may have her pulling away, and that wasn't what I wanted. Ever.

“Having my ring on your finger will let everybody know that you're mine.” I ran the tip of my nose along the length of her neck. Although truth be told, her wearing a fucking ring wouldn't stop me from breaking down anyone who believed they could take Grace from me.

I had my hands on the counter beside her now, knowing that I could've fucked her again, my cock already hard as it scraped against the zipper of my jeans.

“Don't forget my mother is coming over tonight with her boyfriend.”

I pushed back, the notion of her family like cold water on my arousal. “I didn't forget.” I could see the fear on her face. “Are you nervous to meet her new boyfriend?”

She shook her head promptly. “Well, kind of. I simply want to make sure he's good to her and she's happy. That's all that counts to me.”

I nodded and helped her off the table when I heard her belly growl.

“Sit down so I can feed my woman.”

She walked past me, and I turned and whacked her ass, a roar leaving me.

Grace looked over her shoulder and winked, then made her way toward the table to settle down.

I finished breakfast and joined her. As we started eating, I remembered back to the first time I'd had her here, how I'd felt a surge of power knowing she was eating the meal that I'd prepared for her. I'd known that day was the first in a string of others where I'd make her mine.

"Did you talk to your father?" I brought a piece of egg to my mouth and ate as I watched her, gauging her reaction.

She nodded. "Yeah. I called him back."

Over the previous year, she'd been gently healing her ties with her father and getting to know her siblings. And although I knew she was attempting to work things out with him and move past the treachery and sorrow he'd caused, I could still see the apprehension on her face, could hear it in her voice when she spoke to him.

"He's really trying to mend things," she remarked and sat back in the chair, her fingers around the glass of water. "I can hear it every time I talk to him." She pulled some hair away from her face and breathed. "We're getting there, I suppose. But I do enjoy spending time with Lizzie and Ally," she said.

A tiny smile went across her face as she spoke about her siblings. Although I'd met her father once, and I could feel his disdain over the fact we were together instantaneously, he had no room to condemn. Besides, I didn't give a thing about his approbation. I adored Grace and wasn't going to give her up no matter what.

Although, I did want Grace to have a relationship with her father, he did leave a foul taste in my mouth since he'd injured the woman I loved. And that wasn't anything I'd

ever stand.

But if he was willing to make it up to her, and she wanted to make it work with him, I was willing to allow him into my life and not want to beat his ass for hurting Grace.

“Change of subject,” she replied, and I noticed the joy on her face. “I got a callback for that interview at the ad agency.”

Pride suffused me. “Of course, you did. I had no doubts. They would’ve been foolish not to bring you in.”

She shrugged, and I saw the pinkness in her cheeks. She’d graduate this year and had her heart set on an ad agency in the city. I told her I could’ve easily gotten her in with my contacts, but she’d declined, wanting to do things the legit way, or so she said.

“I have a good feeling about this, baby.”

She gave me a dubious look, and I held up my hands. “I swear I didn’t pull any strings. Them calling you back was all you.”

“I have a good feeling too. Let’s hope I don’t screw it up.”

She stood to take her plate to the sink, but I grabbed her around the waist and pulled her down on my lap. “Have I told you how much I love you?”

“Only every time you see me, but I’m not complaining.” She leaned down and kissed me, and I felt like everything was right in the world.

I felt just happiness, thanks, and a great sense of serenity that I was one lucky guy, had won the fucking lotto where my lady was concerned.

“Maybe one day you’ll get sick of me saying it. Maybe one day you’ll see how crazy

I am about you.” I muttered the words against her lips.

“Maybe I like that you’re so obsessed with me. Maybe I want more.”

I groaned. “Watch it or I’ll have you right back in that bed.”

“Don’t make threats you won’t keep.”

I grinned, but it wasn’t one of amusement. I was out of my chair, bent, and had my arms around her knees, scooping her up and threw her over my shoulder. Excessive, sure, but necessary... absolutely. She squealed in surprise, and I spanked her ass as I took us back to the bedroom.

“I guess you’re a man of your word.”

I sure as hell was.