



Biker's Goal (Rustin University #1)

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Category: Sport

Description: She's his best friend.

I've always hidden my feelings for her. I'm all she has.

We sometimes share a bed, and she's always been my baby.

But I can't be the one to upend her life for my own selfishness.

She's always dating guys that don't deserve her.

When she calls me because she caught her latest boyfriend cheating on her, I drop everything to come to her rescue.

I'm so tired of seeing her settle for less than what she deserves.

But if I voice how I feel, it could drive her away from me.

But he'll finally have enough.

She's wearing my shirt and sobbing in my bed over a guy who doesn't deserve her tears.

I can't keep my feelings hidden any longer.

Even if this might destroy everything between us, I have to let her know that there's a guy out there who will give her the entire world.

And that guy is me.

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1

Tye

I rolled my shoulders as I stepped out the front door of the frat house, where a huge party was being held. I was exhausted and wanted to do nothing more than crawl into bed and pass the fuck out, but after the team's win earlier that evening, sleep wasn't happening for a while. Thankfully, Coach didn't require us to be at practice on Sundays following game days, so I could sleep the day away tomorrow. Or was it already tomorrow?

I glanced at my watch, sighing when I saw it was only nine in the evening. Fuck, it felt a lot damn later. The guys had been partying since seven that evening, and more and more people kept showing up the later it got. It felt like it was never going to end.

I nodded at a guy that shouted my last name as he headed for the front door, a bottle of cheap vodka clasped in his hand. I didn't know him, but that wasn't uncommon. I usually stuck to myself. But being the star quarterback and in my third year of college at the University of Florida had made me a household name.

Which meant almost everyone I came into contact with acted like we were long lost friends or something when we'd actually never even met in person.

It was fucking weird and had taken some getting used to.

Pulling my cigarette pack from the pocket of my leather jacket, I slipped one out and placed it between my lips before digging in the pockets of my jeans for my lighter.

After finding it—I swear to fuck, I never remembered which pocket I put the damn thing in—I lit my cigarette and headed off to find a quiet spot to smoke so I wouldn't end up smoking around anyone else.

I knew most people here didn't care about second hand smoke, but I did. My nasty habit didn't have to affect someone else.

After finding a spot beneath the oak tree off to the side of the frat house, I settled on the ground and leaned my back against the tree. Grabbing my phone from my pocket, my lips twitched as I looked at my lock screen. It was a picture of me and Aura, my best friend.

Also known as the girl I was madly in love with. But she had friend-zoned me so fucking hard, I didn't even try to entertain the thought of her being mine. She hadn't even done it on purpose either. She just never looked at me in that way. From the moment she decided she was ready to date and have boyfriends, she never gave me a second glance.

And with how crappy her home life was and knowing I was her only solace, I never tried to force anything. Never even gave hints as to how I felt about her.

I was the only rock she had. The only bit of stability. And my parents loved her as if she were their own daughter, providing her with a college education and a place to live when we were on school breaks since she refused to live with her parents any longer.

I couldn't rip that from her. And if I gave her even a glimpse of my feelings for her, I was terrified she'd lose the only family she had in an attempt to distance herself from me.

I ran my thumb over her pretty face, wishing she wasn't out with her douchebag

boyfriend and was here with me instead.

In the picture, her black hair was pulled up into a messy bun on her head, and strands had fallen out to frame her face. She was laughing at something stupid I'd said, and her pretty grayish-blue eyes were peering up at me like I held the secrets for her happiness.

My mom had captured the picture while we'd been packing for college. My arm had been thrown around Aura's shoulders, and I was smiling down at her. Everyone could see I adored the ground she walked on. Everyone except Aura, that was.

She was so blind to my feelings for her. I could hide them all I wanted, but every time I looked at her, there was no hiding how I truly felt.

I was just about to lock my phone again when Aura's face popped up on my screen with an incoming call from her. Immediately, I answered her call and lifted my phone to my ear. "Hey," I greeted her. "What's up?"

She drew in a shuddering breath, tears clear in the simple action. Immediately, I sat up straighter and put out my cigarette against the tree before shoving the half-smoked cigarette into my pocket. "Can you come get me?" she croaked.

I was on my feet immediately, tugging my bike keys from my pocket. "Yeah, baby." It wasn't uncommon for me to call her that. I'd been calling her that since we were thirteen fucking years old. "Where are you? What's going on?" I demanded as I strode toward the street where my bike was parked.

"I caught him cheating, Tye," she said, her voice cracking. Anger roared through my veins, and I snarled, the part of my personality that I got from my sociopathic mother burning through my veins. I was medicated for the majority of my symptoms, but anything negatively concerning Aura made that medication seem non-fucking-

existent.

“What the fuck do you mean you caught him cheating?” I snapped, pausing beside my bike.

“I found pictures of him and another girl on his phone while we were eating.” She sniffled. I rolled my jaw around, trying to force myself to remain calm. “When I demanded answers, he confessed but also tried the old, ‘she means nothing to me’ line.” She sniffled again, and I swear to fuck, I growled. I was going to fuck him up for hurting her like this.

“Where are you, Aura?”

“The bar on 57th,” she told me. “I’m hiding out in the bathroom. I can’t face him right now, Tye. I’m so tired of guys hurting me. What’s wrong with me?”

I blew out a harsh breath, forcing myself to calm down for her sake. “There’s nothing wrong with you, baby. You’re absolutely fucking perfect. You just have this terrible habit of picking out douchebags.” Mom said it was due to her trauma, but that still didn’t give guys the right to just cheat on her and treat her like shit.

At least she hadn’t been with this guy too long. Couple of months at the most.

“I’m coming to you, baby, okay? Track my location so you know when I get close so you can meet me outside.”

“Okay,” she whispered. “Thank you, Tye.”

“I’ll always come when you need me,” I promised her. “I love you. Hang in there.”

A tiny, broken sob escaped her, and I clenched my fists. “I love you, too, Tye.”

* * *

When I reached the bar, her boyfriend—Tyler, Taylor, Turner, whatever the fuck his name was supposed to be—was waiting outside the bar and pacing in front of the entrance while typing furiously at his phone. At the sound of my bike, he turned to face me, and his face visibly paled under the shitty bar lights. I tugged my helmet off and set it on my seat before striding toward him.

“Tye—” he started, but my fist cut off the rest of what he was going to say to me.

He stumbled and lost his footing as blood spurted from his nose. He hit the ground hard, but no one rushed to his aid. I spit on his face. “Come near Aura again, and I’ll do more than break your fucking nose next time,” I snarled just as the woman I’d come to rescue emerged from the bar.

She grabbed my arm. “Come on, Tye,” she whispered. Her beautiful eyes were red-rimmed, and her nose was tinged pink. It was clear she’d splashed water on her face to try to hide how much she’d been crying, but she couldn’t hide from me. She could never hide from me.

“Aura—” her ex tried.

I spun her around and marched her toward my bike while calling over my shoulder, “You and her are fucking done , Taylor.”

“My name is fucking Timothy!” he shouted after me.

“Wow,” I muttered. I glanced at Aura, only to find her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. “You dated a tool named Timothy ?” I shook my head and grabbed my helmet off the seat. “His name was a dead giveaway that he was going to be a douchebag, baby.”

She sighed. “He was sweet when he asked me out,” she muttered.

I settled my helmet on her head, then worked on fastening the strap beneath her chin. “The assholes usually are.” Then, I swung my leg over my bike and patted the seat behind me. “Hop on, baby. Let’s get the fuck out of here.”

Aura

The after-game party was in full-swing when Tye came to a stop at the curb in front of the frat house he stayed in. I stayed here with him more than I actually stayed in my dorm, but I usually avoided this place when there was a party. Everyone got so rowdy, and I was a fan of sleeping.

I had no idea how Tye, who was definitely not a people-person, put up with parties every single weekend of the football season. I offered to sneak him into my dorm room since I roomed by myself thanks to his parents paying more for me to basically have a dorm room that was like a studio apartment, but he always declined, saying he didn't want to be on the same floor with a bunch of other women.

And honestly, I couldn't blame him. On weekends, they could be just as obnoxious as these guys and the parties they threw. But at least the walls were thicker, and he didn't have to leave his room to use the bathroom or grab food and something to drink.

"Do we have to be here?" I asked as I slid off the bike.

"Yes." He swung his leg over his bike to dismount and turned to face me, reaching up to unclasp the strap beneath my chin. After sliding the helmet off my head, he set it on his seat. "I'm not a fan of your building, and if Tyler wants to come looking for you, that's the first place he'll go."

Despite being an emotional wreck over being cheated on again , my lips twitched in amusement. “His name is Timothy.”

Tye grabbed my hand in his and led me toward the frat house. The ground was shaking beneath my feet from the loud bass, and the closer we got to the house, the more my teeth vibrated from the sheer volume of the music. I grimaced. Tye squeezed my hand before leading me inside.

“Go on to my room!” he shouted over the music. “I’ll get us something to drink and be up in a minute.”

I nodded and reluctantly dropped his hand, beginning to weave through the crowd to get to the stairs. Random guys from the football team shouted my name in greeting as I pushed my way through, and I raised my hand in greeting each time, not interested in losing my vocal chords just to shout back at them in greeting over the music.

Once I made it up the stairs and into Tye’s room, I quickly shut the door behind me, breathing a sigh of relief when the music was at least muffled a little bit. Knowing Tye would be a minute because no doubt, girls were going to try to throw themselves at him and his teammates were going to try to rope him into partying, I stripped out of my clothes and snagged one of Tye’s shirts from his closet, sliding it over my head.

When I crawled onto his bed and burrowed beneath his blankets, I buried my face in his pillow, inhaling the scent of him: pine and citrus. He always reminded me of Christmas and summertime all at once. His smell was addictive and my favorite scent in the entire world.

The door creaked open, and the music grew louder before Tye stepped in fully and quickly shut the door behind him. When I lifted my head, he was toeing his shoes off, a beer and a mixed drink in his hands. When he lifted his head, a small, crooked smile tilted his lips, and my heart flipped in my chest.

Why did Tye have to be my best friend? Why did the one man I wanted more than anything in the world have to be the one man who would never see me as anything other than his friend?

It fucking sucked .

“You good?” he asked, setting the drinks on the nightstand.

“Mostly,” I murmured, trying not to stare at him as he unbuttoned his jeans and shoved them down his legs, leaving him in his t-shirt, leather jacket, and gym shorts. The leather jacket went next, and then his t-shirt was peeled over his head, revealing his strong biceps, broad chest and shoulders, and lean torso.

It was no wonder girls threw themselves at him every chance they got. Yet—as far as I knew—Tye didn’t give them the time of day. He didn’t date, and he didn’t fuck around with anyone either. He focused on school, football, and well, me. He always seemed to make time for me, no matter how busy and crammed his schedule was.

“Scoot over,” he ordered as he pulled the blankets back enough to slide onto the mattress next to me. As soon as he was laying down, he tugged me into his arms and his legs tangled with mine. “Better?” he asked, his fingers already beginning to idly play in my hair.

I nodded. “It was better the moment you came for me,” I confessed. A heavy sigh escaped my lips. “I’m not upset that he cheated on me specifically. The spark between us was never truly there. I’m just upset that I got cheated on at all . I’m so tired of being treated like garbage. I’m not a bad girlfriend, and it’s not like I’m a prude either.”

Tye sighed and pressed his lips to the top of my head. “You just keep looking for guys in the wrong places, baby.”

Baby . He'd been calling me that name for years , but it never failed to make my heart swoop in my chest and send warmth through my veins. I loved that he called me baby, and because of how much I adored it, I never let another guy call me that.

That was Tye's name for me only .

“Where the fuck else am I supposed to look, Tye?” I asked, my tone both exasperated and tired. “It's not like I'm purposely looking for douchebags.”

“Look here ,” he said.

I'm sorry—what?

“What?” I blurted, snapping my head back to look up at him.

His blue eyes met mine, and the intensity of them took my breath away. I curled my hands into fists between us so he wouldn't feel them trembling against his chest. “I said to look here, baby. Right fucking here. I've been here this entire goddamn time.”

My lips parted. I wanted to say something, but he'd rendered me speechless. I didn't know what the fuck to say. Was he insinuating that he actually saw me as more than just his best friend? As more than just the broken girl that needed a place to belong because her parents were emotionally and mentally abusive?

“I don't understand,” I finally croaked. Because I really didn't. I didn't want to accidentally read too much into what he was saying and fuck this all up. I couldn't afford to misinterpret his words and destroy our friendship by blurting my own feelings for him.

I couldn't . Because losing him would fucking obliterate me.

Tye was the only person in this world who had the power to fucking kill me without actually taking my life.

Tye sighed and rolled onto his back, his arm still beneath my head as he stared up at the ceiling. “This might ruin everything between us, and before this incident with Turner,” I snorted a laugh at him getting Timothy’s name wrong again, “I swore I wouldn’t ever voice my feelings aloud to you. But I can’t stand to see you date yet another fucking douchebag. I don’t want to see you crying over another fucking asshole. So... Fuck . I’m in love with you, Aura. I’ve been in love with you since we were fucking kids . There’s been no one before you, and as far as I’m concerned, I’ll never be with anyone but you.”

I pushed up onto my elbow so I could peer down at him. My hair fell around my shoulders, tickling his bare chest. “Tye...”

He blew out a harsh breath and closed his eyes, hiding from me. Something he never did. “Look, if you’re going to break my heart, be gentle about it, yeah?”

I shook my head. “Tye, open your eyes and look at me,” I commanded. He followed my order without hesitation. I pressed my hand over his rapidly beating heart. “I love you,” I confessed, my voice barely above a whisper. “I’ve been in love with you for probably just as long, but I thought you didn’t return those feelings. I thought you only saw me as a friend. Maybe even someone you pitied.”

“Pity?” He scoffed. “Baby, you might have shit parents, but I don’t pity you. I can’t pity you when I literally watched you throw your dad’s coffee in his face and told him to go fuck himself and then watched you tell your mom you hoped she choked on her next burned meal.”

My lips quirked in amusement. “That was a pretty dramatic day, wasn’t it?”

He chuckled and wrapped his arms around me, pulling me down so I was sprawled half on top of him. “Dramatic?” He rolled his eyes. “They deserved a hell of a lot worse.” Reaching up, he tucked my hair behind my ear, then cupped my cheek. “Does this mean you’ll be mine?” I hated how unsure he sounded. Tye was always confident, sometimes cocky, and he wasn’t really in touch with his emotions.

It was nice to know that he felt this for me.

“Yeah,” I whispered. “I’m yours.” A small smile tilted my lips. “And you’re mine.”

A low growl rumbled from his chest that had my lower belly clenching. “Damn fucking right I am.” And then, his hand was lacing in my hair and he was pulling my mouth down to his for the hottest kiss I’d ever had in my life.

3

Tye

The moment our lips met, I was fucking gone . The heavy bass and the loud music failed to exist as I devoured Aura's sweet mouth. She moaned and parted her lips when I licked along her bottom lip, and I took my time learning every curve as I dipped inside. I licked over her teeth and danced my tongue along hers, committing every part of her to memory.

"Tye..." she moaned when I parted our lips to catch my breath. Only I couldn't keep my mouth off her for long, and I began attacking her neck. My teeth nipped at her sensitive skin, and when she moaned particularly loud, I sucked hard at those spots, making her rub her damp, panty-covered core along the hard ridge of my cock.

"Fuck, baby," I growled, pulling back to look up at her. "You keep grinding on me like that and this won't last."

She shook her head, her cheeks flushed and her lips kiss swollen. She looked so fucking beautiful, and I couldn't wait to see how beautiful she would look once she was impaled on my cock and taking everything she wanted and needed from me.

I had this strong urge to see her riding me, and I couldn't get it out of my fucking head.

"I don't need it to last a long time," she breathed, her nails raking over my chest. I groaned, thrusting up against her. Her bare thighs squeezed my hips. I slid my hands

up her luscious thighs until I was grasping her ass cheeks. She whimpered when I rolled her hips over my clothed cock, her eyelids fluttering.

Fuck, she was so damn beautiful.

“It’s our first time,” I rumbled.

She shook her head. “But not our last,” she promised. Fuck yes . “Besides, I’m sure it’s only a matter of time before some drunk asshole comes banging on your door. I don’t want to be in the middle of sex when that happens.” Leaning down, she smoothed her kiss-swollen, red lips over mine in a feather-light kiss. “I just need you to fuck me tonight, Tye. Make me yours. Officially.”

I growled, then gripped her hips, pulling her off my body just enough that I could grasp the waistband of my briefs. Once I tugged them down far enough, I used my legs to get them off the rest of the way, then used my foot to shove them off the bed.

She leaned back, resting on my thighs, and took a moment to drink me in. Every bit of me. And when her eyes landed on my hard cock, she sucked in a sharp breath of air, her pretty, luscious lips parting. When her tongue flicked out to lick over her red lips, I groaned, my eyes narrowing to slits.

“Get that fucking shirt off, baby,” I rasped. “Let me see you. I need you naked.”

A light flush stole over her neck and chest as she gripped the hem of my shirt she’d stolen. The moment it was over her head, I groaned long and low, my hands coming up to skim my fingertips over her soft belly and the curve of her hips.

“Okay?” she asked, her voice trembling.

I nodded, drinking her in reverently. “You’re so fucking beautiful, baby.” I flicked

my gaze up to hers, loving how her eyes were more gray than blue now. “Lose the bra and panties, baby. If you want me to fuck you, I need your stunning body naked.”

She visibly shook. “You and your way with words,” she breathed.

I flashed her a wicked grin. “Only with you.” I lightly smacked her thigh. “Time is ticking, and those fuckers downstairs are only getting drunker.”

Reaching behind her, she unsnapped her bra, then let it slide down her arms far enough for her to grab it, slip it off completely, and toss it to the floor. I leaned up and wrapped an arm around her waist, tugging her closer so I could close my lips around her right nipple. She moaned loudly, her hands coming up to tangle in my hair as I lavished my attention on her pretty breast. Her hips rolled, grinding down on me, and I throatily moaned, switching to her left nipple to give it the same attention.

“Tye— fuck ,” she gasped when someone suddenly banged on the door. I growled, lifting my head and glaring at the door.

“Wrong fucking room!” I barked.

“Sorry, dude,” some random guy slurred before I heard his steps stumble off. Snarling and realizing Aura was one hundred percent right about the drunk assholes downstairs, I laid back down. “Thong off,” I snapped.

“Impatient now, huh?” she tried teasing, but there was nothing teasing in the way her chest heaved and her voice trembled. Leaning up on her knees, she wiggled her thong off, then finally tossed it aside. Reaching into my bedside drawer, I snatched out a condom, then tore the packet open.

“I thought you hadn’t fucked anyone?” she asked, her brows furrowing as she watched me roll the condom over my length.

“I always keep condoms on hand for the guys,” I told her. “Good thing I do. I need inside of you, but we’re not having babies anytime soon.”

She laughed, but her laugh was abruptly cut off when I lifted her and settled her over my cock. Her head fell back on her shoulders, and her hair cascaded down her back like a waterfall as she leaned back, gripped my thighs, and slowly sank down onto my cock.

“Oh, my God ,” she breathed.

“Not God,” I growled, running my hands over her thighs and up her hips to caress her soft curves. “Just me. Just Tye, baby. Now ride me.”

She didn’t waste a beat. Leaning forward just a little, she rested her hands on my chest and began to ride me, her hair falling around us like a curtain.

“I’m not going to last,” she whimpered. “Oh, fuck , Tye, you feel so good inside of me.”

I gritted my teeth, trying to keep my composure until she’d gotten herself off. Her movements quickened, and her eyelids fluttered closed. That beautiful mouth of hers parted, and then, she was crying out, her pussy walls clamping and fluttering around me.

With a growl, I tugged her down and crushed my mouth to hers, driving my hips up into her once, twice, three times before I spilled into the condom and whispered her name like a fucking prayer.

She was the only being I’d ever pray to. The only one I’d ever worship.

“I love you,” I panted.

She nodded, panting into my mouth too, not daring to separate us yet. “And I love you,” she breathily whispered.

Aura was finally fucking mine . And I was never letting her go.

4

Tye

I groaned and buried my face in my pillow when my phone began blaring from somewhere on the floor. Aura whined and buried her face in my chest. “Make it stop,” she mumbled. “Too early.”

She wasn’t wrong. The party didn’t even begin dying down until around four that morning, and it wasn’t until six that the music stopped completely. We’d promptly passed the fuck out as soon as the music stopped, and if I had to guess, we hadn’t been asleep very long.

Huffing, I lifted my head, then rolled onto my stomach to pat the floor for my phone. I finally found the offending device and squinted at the name on the screen.

Dad .

I swiped my thumb across the screen, then pressed the button for the speaker. After placing the phone on the pillow beside me, I grumbled, “What time is it?”

“Hello to you, too,” Dad said, amusement lining his words. Lucifer Jones, my dad, was the polar opposite of my mother. Whereas my mom was very loud-mouthed, outspoken, and serious, my dad was a bit more laid back and took more things in stride. Except when family was targeted, that was. I’d seen my dad become more frightening than my mom on more than one occasion when the school system tried to target me while my psychiatrist had been trying to find a suitable medication to

suppress my sociopathic tendencies.

“Time,” I mumbled again, rolling onto my side to gather Aura’s naked body back into my arms.

“It’s a little after ten,” Dad told me. Aura whined, and Dad barked out a laugh. “Party too hard last night?” he teased, knowing neither of us were partiers.

“No,” I huffed. “But everyone else did. We weren’t able to get to sleep until six this morning. Can you call back later?”

“No,” Dad retorted, sounding way too fucking cheerful for ten in the morning on a Sunday. “Good morning, Aura. Rise and shine, girly.”

“Nooooo,” she dramatically moaned, making him laugh. Even I cracked a grin. My girl was so fucking overdramatic.

“Congrats on the win last night,” Mom said, popping into the conversation. I sighed, knowing I was never going to get any sleep now that Mom was on the line, too. I might have been able to convince Dad to end the call and call me back later, but not Mom. No one pushed Hayley Jones aside. Not even me.

At one point in time, my mother had been the president of the Bloody Black Skulls MC. I didn’t know much about her past while she was an MC member. But I knew my mother’s hands weren’t clean, and if pushed too hard, the outlaw in her would rise to the surface in a heartbeat.

“Thanks, Mom,” I mumbled, reaching up with one hand to rub at my gritty, sore eyes. “I’m not getting more sleep, am I?”

“Nope,” Mom said, popping the P. “Aura, how did your date last night go? Are things

still going well with Trent?”

Aura’s shoulders shook with laughter. “Timothy,” she corrected. “And no. They went pretty horribly, actually.” She heaved a tired sigh. “I caught him cheating.”

“Need me to deal with him?” Dad asked, all hint of playfulness gone from his voice. “Making him disappear is easy, sweetheart.”

“I dealt with it,” I spoke up, running my hand down Aura’s spine. She curved into me, her nipples hardening against my chest. Fuck . Damn my parents for calling and waking us up before we could wake up on our own and I could slide into Aura’s warm, wet body. “And now, she’s mine. No more douchebags in her future.”

“As if you can’t be one yourself?” Mom scoffed.

I rolled my eyes, not the least bit offended. It was hard to be offended when the only person truly capable of affecting me was the woman in my arms. “I’m not one to her ,” I clarified.

“Wait—you two are together ?” Dad asked, catching up to the conversation finally. “When the fuck did this happen? Congrats, by the way,” he added as a second thought.

I snorted. “It happened last night. She finally took me out the friend zone.”

“Oh, my God ,” Aura groaned, smacking my chest. “You friend-zoned me first.”

“ Actually ,” Dad said, making me grin because I knew he was about to take my side, “ everyone could see how Tye felt about you. You were the only person blind to it. If you’d given him even a hint of how you felt about him, he’d have claimed you years ago.”

“This is embarrassing,” Aura bemoaned, burying her face in my chest again. “Can we not discuss my love life?”

“Love ?” Mom questioned. “Should we be expecting a wedding invitation in a week then?”

I huffed. “Go away,” I muttered. “Seriously. I’m going back to sleep. You two are too cheerful for this early in the day. You’re intruding on my first day of being in a relationship. It’s rude.”

Mom scoffed. “You—offended? Fuck out of here, kid.” Aura laughed. I pressed a kiss to her forehead. “But yeah. Get some more rest. Don’t forget to hydrate and stack up on your protein intake today. Your coach is going to work you hard next week.”

I hummed in answer, letting my eyes slide closed again. “Bye,” I said, reaching for my phone.

“Rude,” Dad grumbled, making my lips quirk. “Bye, kids. No babies yet.”

“Oh, my God ,” I grunted. “Fuck all the way off.”

His cackle was the last thing I heard before the call ended. I tossed my phone back to the floor, then pulled Aura flush against me, tucking her head beneath my chin.

“Let’s go back to sleep,” I mumbled. “I’ll wake you up later when I get hungry enough.”

“Hungry for what?” she asked, her voice already husky with sleep. It always amazed me how she fell asleep so fucking fast.

“ Mmm ,” I hummed, a small smirk tilting my lips even though she couldn’t see it.

“We’ll see.”

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5

Aura

My fingers flew over the keys of my laptop as I listened to the professor drone on about psychopathy and what separates psychopathy from sociopathy. This portion of the class would be easy for me since both Tye and his mother were sociopaths. I had first hand experience with sociopaths, so passing this portion of this class would be super simple.

My phone vibrated in my lap, and I glanced down, spotting Tye's name on my screen. My lips twitched with a small smile as I picked the device up and used my thumb to unlock my screen so I could read his message.

Tye:

Meet me at the coffee shop in the student center when your class is over.

Aura:

Demanding, aren't you?

Tye:

Baby, don't be a brat. Just show up, yeah?

Aura:

Sure.

I put my phone back down, then went back to typing, trying to catch everything the professor said while also grabbing the notes from the powerpoint. He was a bit of a hardass professor and thought putting his powerpoints and notes on the student portal would give us an excuse to not pay attention in class or to just not show up at all, so if we wanted to get the information we needed, we had to be there and actively present, not just off in la-la-land.

My phone vibrated again, and I glimpsed down at it, seeing another text from Tye. Quickly, I snatched it up and unlocked my phone again, skimming my eyes over his text.

Tye:

I love you. See you in a bit.

There was no containing the smile on my face. Fuck, I couldn't believe he was mine . After years of pining after him and thinking he'd never want me in this way, he was actually my boyfriend. He'd made me the happiest damn woman alive last night when he'd confessed his feelings to me.

And to think, if we'd just been open and honest with each other years ago, we could've always had this. But I knew all things happened on their own time, and for whatever damn reason, we weren't meant to have this until now.

But at least I finally had it.

I just hoped he realized I was never letting him go.

Tye Jones was stuck with me for eternity.

* * *

Tye was leaning against the wall when I entered the student center. The building was crowded with students and professors grabbing lunches and coffees, but Tye, knowing I hated crowds, already had my coffee and a small food bag in his hand. Almost like he could sense when I entered the building, he lifted his head and turned, his eyes landing directly on me.

My belly swooped.

“Hi,” I breathed when I neared him.

He handed me my coffee—a caramel frappe with extra caramel—and the food bag before wrapping his arm around my neck and pulling me against him. Lowering his head, he slanted his lips across mine, kissing me slowly and thoroughly. I moaned, wishing my hands weren’t full so I could touch him.

A wolf whistle had him pulling back from me, and he nodded once at one of his teammates that was passing us. “Finally!” he cheered, grinning at Tye.

Tye snorted. “Finally is fucking right.” He turned us, heading for the doors on the other side of the building. “Make it known she’s forever off the market.”

My cheeks flushed as Tye led me away. “Forever, huh?” I questioned, trying hard to sound unaffected by his words.

“Yeah,” he said, pulling me closer to press his lips to my temple.

I handed him my coffee. “Hold that.” He took my coffee back, and I peered into the bag, groaning with hunger when I saw he’d bought me an iced lemon loaf. “ Fuck , I love you,” I moaned, reaching inside the bag to break a piece off. I shoved it into my

mouth, my eyes rolling back in my head when the sugar exploded on my tongue.

Tye snorted. “Did you eat breakfast?” he asked.

I’d stayed at my dorm the night before because it was closest to my first class of the day, and since my first class began at eight A.M., I didn’t want to have to get up earlier than usual. I hadn’t wanted to be apart from Tye, but he had to be up even earlier than I would’ve had to for his early morning run with a couple of his teammates anyway.

If I played sports and I had to get up early almost every fucking day, I’d have quit long ago.

“No,” I answered. “Got up too late, and I didn’t have enough time between classes.”

He sighed. “You should have told me. I’d have brought you something to class after my run.”

I shrugged. “Are we going to the library?” When he made a noise of affirmation, I smiled up at him. “You can just buy me something else from the cafe there. Better?”

He rolled his eyes. “Not nearly, but it’ll do.”

I laughed softly. “You’re such a grouch.”

He grunted. “And you’re a brat who’s hopeless at taking care of herself.”

I smacked the back of my hand against his chest. “Fucking rude.”

He spun me around to face him, and I stumbled, crashing against his chest. My eyes snapped up to his in alarm, and he lowered his head, bringing our faces mere

centimeters apart. “I can be fucking rude , baby. Want me to be?”

Jesus fuck, he could be intense when he wanted to be. He usually hid this side of himself from me, but Christ , it was hot when he let it out to play.

“Maybe,” I breathed.

A husky chuckle slipped from his throat and vibrated through his chest, echoing into my own from how tightly he had us pressed together. Leaning in, he sucked my bottom lip into his mouth, then sank his teeth into the flesh hard enough to make it bleed.

I fucking whimpered .

“Go find us a study room,” he growled, abruptly releasing me. “I’m going to get you food. Text me the room number.”

“Fucking tease,” I breathed when he stepped back.

He winked at me, a cocky smirk tilting his lips. “I’ll show you a fucking tease tonight. For now, we both have homework to do.”

“Asshole,” I griped as he began walking away from me, heading back toward the student center.

His deep chuckle floated through the air toward me. I lifted my hand to my bleeding lip, my core clenching when I pulled my hand away to find it dotted red with blood.

Fuck me .

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EPILOGUE

Tye

A ura tightened her arms around my waist, and her thick thighs squeezed my hips as we leaned into the turn I took, heading deeper into the mountains. We'd graduated college two days ago, and with my parents' help, I was surprising her with a three day vacation in a mountain cabin on a cliffside before she started her remote job as an online therapist on Monday.

When she was offered the job, she was so fucking overwhelmed with happiness, she'd cried . She'd been terrified we'd have to live apart more often than not since I got drafted into the NFL, but now, she could travel when I did and attend every single game in support of me.

When the bike straightened, she rested her head on my back, and her fingers curled into my jacket. I slowed down as I neared the driveway for the cabin I'd rented, and slowly, I made the drive up to the small vacation home. She lifted her head when I turned the bike off, and her gasp was audible behind her helmet as she took in the scenery.

The cabin was built from logs with forest-green shutters. The porch wrapped around the entire house, and there was a porch swing on the front porch. I knew from the advertisement and pictures that there would be rocking chairs on the back porch, which overlooked the valley beneath us.

"Tye..." she breathed as she tugged the helmet off. Getting off the bike, she slowly

spun in a circle, taking in the trees, the firepit off to the side of the house, and the wildlife scuttering through the underbrush. “It’s perfect .”

I got off the bike as well and tugged my helmet off, tucking it under my arm. “You like it?” I asked.

She nodded, her pretty eyes sparkling. “I’m fucking in love.” When she looked up at me, she smiled. “When you retire, can we live somewhere like this?”

I laughed and nodded. “We can live wherever the fuck you want, baby,” I promised. “Come on. Let’s go inside.”

I grabbed our small duffel off the back of the bike, then headed to the porch. After climbing the steps, I punched in the code for the door, then pushed the door open, gesturing for Aura to walk in ahead of me. Once we were inside, I toed off my shoes and set my helmet on the small table near the front door. Aura did the same, then headed straight for the sliding glass door that led onto the back part of the wrap-around porch.

“Oh, my fucking God ,” she choked out when she stepped outside.

I followed, watching as she leaned on the railing to look down the cliff. I pressed in behind her, bracing my arms on either side of her. “Like it?” I murmured, leaning in to press my lips to her neck.

She nodded. “It’s so fucking beautiful, Tye.” Turning, she leaned back against the railing and gripped my leather jacket, tipping her head back to look up at me. “Thank you.”

“I’d give you anything in the world so long as it made you happy,” I reminded her. Leaning in, I pressed my lips to hers in a soft, slow kiss. “And if living in a home like this makes you happy, baby, I’ll buy us a piece of property in the mountains and build

a small cabin on it so we can live there in my off-seasons.”

Her lips parted with surprise. “Really?” she finally breathed.

I nodded. “Really, baby. The world, remember?”

She laughed quietly. “You spoil me.”

“Not enough,” I muttered, leaning in to kiss her again. My arms banded tightly around her, and I coaxed her lips apart so I could dip my tongue into her mouth, tracing the dips and curves. She moaned, pressing our bodies so tightly together, I couldn’t tell where her body ended and mine began.

“If you don’t slow down,” I grumbled, ripping my lips from hers to press kisses along her jaw, “I’m going to fuck you right here against this railing without doing what I meant to do first.”

“Whatever you were going to do can wait,” she breathed, pushing my jacket off my shoulders.

A husky laugh spilled past my lips as she kissed me again. My jacket thumped to the floor behind me. “What if I was going to ask you to marry me?” I asked, groaning when she began attacking my neck and pushing my shirt up my torso.

“You already know my answer would be yes, so if that’s what you were going to do, put the ring on my finger after you fuck me, Tye.” My shirt hit the porch next.

And I fucking pounced.

Gripping her hair in my fist, I yanked her head to the side, licking, sucking, and biting at her neck. My other hand quickly unfastened her jeans, and I shoved them down her thighs. She kicked them off and shoved them aside somewhere, getting them out of

our way.

I peeled her shirt over her head and tossed it behind me, then spun her around to face the railing of the porch. She sucked in a sharp breath, and her fingers clamped around the metal railing as I sank my teeth into the back of her neck. “Tye— fuck ,” she panted, her head falling forward.

“You wanted me to fuck you,” I reminded her, my voice nothing more than a guttural rasp. I quickly unfastened her bra, and it fell down her shoulders. She caught it before it fell over the railing, and she tossed it behind us. “So prepare to get fucked, baby.”

I yanked her hips back, then quickly unfastened my jeans. Shoving her thong to the side, I slid deep inside of her. She choked on her moan as she rose onto her toes from the force of my thrust. I growled, leaning over her and sinking my teeth into her shoulder. “ Fuck , baby,” I growled.

“No condom?” she panted.

“Nah,” I breathed. “We’ve graduated. Now, I’m going to breed this tight fucking cunt until your belly is swollen with my baby.”

She whined, pushing back on me. “Then do it,” she panted. “ Wreck me , Tye.”

She sure as fuck didn’t have to tell me twice. I shoved her down by her neck, making her bend over the railing. Banding one arm around her hips because I would never truly put her in danger, I began to fuck her, rutting into her like a beast. Like a dog who just found a bitch in heat.

“Tye!” she cried out. “Oh, fuck. Fuck. Fuuuuck ,” she sobbed, her pussy already tightening around me.

I grinned, but it was purely feral. “Take it, baby,” I snarled. I pressed hot, open-

mouthed kisses to her back, occasionally biting her just to drive her over the edge over and fucking over again. If there was one thing my woman loved, it was the pain I caused.

“I need you to come one more time,” I growled into her ear before sucking the lobe into my mouth. When I sank my teeth into the sensitive flesh, she shattered, her raw scream echoing over the valley. Snarling, I thrust into her two more times before my hips fell off-rhythm and I spilled inside of her.

I pulled her away from the railing, and we sank down to the porch. She slumped forward, her hands pressed to the wooden planks, and she panted as she tried to catch her breath. I peppered kisses along her abused skin, my breathing just as ragged. No amount of exercising would ever prepare me for hot and heavy sex with Aura.

“I love you,” I breathed, my voice ragged.

She nodded. “D—” she sucked in a heavy breath— “Ditto,” she croaked.