



# Dirty Coach To Go

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Adult, New Adult

**Description:** Coach Mason changed my life, and it's time to show him exactly how much I appreciate it.

Tessa: I used to be a klutz. I was the unpopular outcast with frizzy brown hair who was always picked last for softball. But Coach Mason was behind me every step of the way. He made me feel good. Wanted. Cherished. And now, I'm giving him something precious in return.

Mason: Tessa's been off limits for so long. She's the proverbial high school tease with pouty pink lips and a sweet smile. But now, my ex-student is no longer a little girl. Tessa's a curvy college co-ed, back in town to visit her old haunts. But when she tells me it's her first time, will I resist? Or will I claim the gift she says is just for me?

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1

Tessa

The aroma of freshly baked bagels swirls in the air. I inhale the delicious scent and can't help but smile. Sure, working in a shop called the Bagel Bunch isn't my ideal summer job, but hey, at least I get all the free bagels I want. Plus, I get to work beside my best friend Nicole the entire summer, so it's pretty much a win.

Right now, the wave of customers who usually rush in at the crack of dawn to purchase their first meal of the day has subsided, leaving Nicole and I alone in the empty breakfast eatery. Her crystal blue eyes are as bright as a sunny sky as she probes me for answers about the year I just spent away at college.

"So, how was it living on campus? Tell me all about it! I need to know everything," she gushes as she awaits my answer like a child waiting to hear a bedtime story. She acts like my experience at Trinity University was some sort of fairytale, but I get it. While I was away from home, my best friend was stuck here. Nicole's still in Sunnyside taking classes at Evergreen Community College, and wondering about the big world out there. I don't have the heart to tell her that I didn't enjoy my freshman year away nearly as much as she thinks. I would hate to crush her fantasy about what it's like to be a co-ed at a four-year university, so I lie a little so as not to pop her bubble.

"It was pretty cool. The food there was my favorite part. Freshmen get unlimited meals in the cafeteria, so I'm pretty sure I gained the freshman fifteen," I laugh. It's true – I did put on some weight, but I don't mind. I've always been kind of curvy, so

a couple of extra pounds won't hurt me.

"I think you look great!" my friend says as she admires my curves. "I'm still a stick. I wish I had your shape. Maybe I need to go away for a year too so that I can gain a few pounds."

"You look beautiful the way you are," I reassure her. I'm surprised Nicole's considering gaining weight. Most girls our age are joining gimmick gyms and going on silly crash diets, but then again, the grass is always greener.

Besides, it's true that Nicole is gorgeous the way she is. She's never had trouble getting guys. In fact, boys used to drool over the long-legged blonde in high school, and her model-thin figure can't weigh more than one hundred and twenty pounds. She's always been skinny, which is why I'm shocked to hear her admit she's a bit envious of my recent weight gain.

"Everything you wear hugs your body just right," she gushes. "Look at how different we look in the same exact uniform." She tugs at the brown polo shirt that reads Bagel Bunch on the back with a tiny bagel on the front breast pocket. "Your curves look awesome, while I look like a streetlight in this gross brown shirt." I giggle and shake my head at my slightly over dramatic bestie.

"We're shaped different, but we're both total babes, and don't you forget it," I say with a wink.

"Speaking of total babes," she says. The sparkle in her eyes returns. "I bet there were lots of hotties at Trinity, weren't there?"

I honestly don't know how to answer that question. I mean, I'm sure there were a lot of attractive guys on campus, but none of them caught my eye. I went to a few frat parties, met the usual beer-chugging Greeks, and even stumbled across a couple of

jocks who evinced interest in me, but my relationships with them are strictly on a friend basis.

I didn't date anyone all year long. I just couldn't see myself with any of the young college boys my age. They're way too immature for me because someone else has been on my mind. Someone who makes me feel special, like I'm a real princess. I couldn't get him out of my head if I tried, but then again, I don't want to. And now that I'm back in town for the summer, I'm secretly hoping I get a chance to see him again.

"Well?" Nicole asks, interrupting my train of thought.

"Yeah, there were some hotties," I respond halfheartedly.

She squeals like an excited pig.

"You're so lucky, Tessa! It must have been amazing having a dorm room you could bring boys back to. I'm still sneaking guys in and out of my house through my basement window," she says ruefully. I roll my eyes. Nicole spent our entire senior year secretly letting Tommy Rogers slip in through the tiny opening, and it's a little sad that she's still up to the same shenanigans. Even more incredible is that her parents never found out, and apparently are still unaware of Nicole's basement sexcapades.

"Well, to be honest," I say. "I didn't do much hooking up." The truth was, I didn't do any. Boys in their late teens with faces covered in acne kind of gross me out. And don't get me started on how promiscuous male adolescents can be. My school was like a cesspool of horny young men trying to hump anything that walked. To me, that was even more disgusting than their acne prone skin. I want a one-woman kind of man, not an underage clown striving to be the next Casanova.

“Why not?” Nic whines. Luckily, her question can go unanswered because a hungry patron’s just entered the store.

“Good morning,” I chirp like a bird singing early in the wee hours. Perfect timing. I can’t let my best friend know therealreason I’ve avoided the guys on campus.

“Good morning,” our customer replies, her face stressed and her voice a bit monotone. “Can I have a bagel with light cream cheese?”

“Would you like that toasted, ma’am?” I ask.

“Yes,” she says in a clipped tone.

“Coming right up,” I say as I make my way over to the scrumptious bagels encased in a large storage container. I can see from the corner of my eye that Nicole is waiting for the order to be completed so that we can continue our conversation. She’s eager to learn everything there is to know about living on campus. But I hate to let her down because honestly, I didn’t enjoy my freshman year that much and quite often found myself homesick. Nicole would have thrived in my place. The social butterfly would have joined every club on campus, pledged a sorority, and dated every Tom, Dick, and Harry that came her way.

Clearly, not only are our bodies shaped different, but our personalities are different as well. She’s far more outgoing than I am. In high school, she was the captain of the cheerleading team and the president of our class. She was the pretty, popular girl everyone wanted to be friends with. By contrast, my high school experience was much different. I wasn’t popular; in fact, I was a bit of an outcast. I was the klutz who was always picked last in gym class. Although I don’t have an athletic bone in my body, I worked up the courage to try out for the softball team. Everyone who goes to Sunnyside High has to play at least one sport, so I couldn’t sit out.

So yes, I only played a sport in order to graduate, but it's okay because softball brought me closer to the one person who has always believed in me. The man who makes my knees go weak and my insides turn moist. I'll never forget him: Coach.

I spread a thin layer of cream cheese onto the flavorful, crispy bagel. I take my time, hoping Nicole will forget to ask about the unappealing boys who paraded around campus as if they were God's gift to women. I smear the soft white cheese more quickly once I realize the once expressionless customer is now tapping her foot with a slightly annoyed look on her face. I want to avoid Nicole's inquiries, but I'd hate to upset a customer. I package the toasted bagel into a brown paper bag and hand it to the anxious woman. In return, she tosses five dollars onto the counter.

"Keep the change," she says curtly before dashing out of the door. It slams behind her, leaving Nicole and I alone again.

"Sheesh, she was in a hurry," I joke, avoiding eye contact with my friend, but Nicole knows me far too well. She can see right through my ploy.

## Page 2

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“You’re not still hung up on the same guy from high school, are you?”

I pretend shock although of course I am, and of course she can tell. I hate lying to her, so instead, I’ve always chosen another route when it comes to my secret crush: complete silence.

I turn away from Nic’s interrogating stare, but she grabs my shoulders and looks deep into my brown eyes. “You are! Seriously Tessa, you liked him during high school and wouldn’t even tell me his name! Who is this guy that you can’t leave behind?”

I can’t tell my gal pal the name of the man who has left me completely lovestruck because if she knew, she’d freak out. Everyone in Sunnyside would. My feelings for him shouldn’t exist, but they do, and even being away hasn’t made them dissipate. If anything, his absence in my life has only made my heart grow fonder.

It sucks not being able to share the truth with Nicole, but she’d probably think I’m foolish. She would think my affection for him is just a silly crush, but it’s far more than that. I cherish our relationship, even though it’s not a romantic one. In fact, if we ever did become romantically involved, we’d be the talk of our small town. I mean, what kind of softball coach dates his former student? I’m eighteen, and it’s not like I’m at Sunnyside anymore, but our close-knit neighborhood would be in an uproar if that kind of a scandal broke out.

After all, it’s wrong to fantasize about a relationship with Coach Mason, but the way he used to look into my eyes as he showered me with words of encouragement made my heart skip several beats. He always knew exactly what to say when I was feeling down. His smile alone brightened my day. I would fix myself up, brushing my soft

curls behind my ear every time I passed him in the hallway, and he would flash that charming grin, sending butterflies fluttering throughout my stomach.

The softball team was made up of over twenty girls, nineteen of whom were far more athletic than I was. But Coach always made me feel important, like I was his number one player. There were times when I thought his feelings ran deeper for me than those of a mentor uplifting his outfielder. Sometimes I'd catch him looking at me as if there was something he wanted to say, like he was fighting back his own feelings as well.

But who am I kidding? He was the athletic director at my high school. The only feelings he had for me were appropriate ones, and nothing more. But still, a girl can dream.

"He's no one," I mumble.

"I'm going to find out who this guy is one day, Tessa. Just you wait and see," Nic says with a sly smirk on her face. I hope she never does; I hope no one ever does.

The glass door swings open again, but this time it comes a familiar face. It's Bobby Frazier. He's tall and brawny with freckles and a leer. I've never thought he was anything, but Nicole pinches me in excitement. She thinks Bobby is one of the hottest guys at Sunnyside. Handsome, don't get me wrong, but he's completely not my type. He's just another cocky teenage boy with his head stuck up his ass.

"Hey ladies," he cackles as he approaches the counter.

"Hi, Bobby!" Nicole sings with far more enthusiasm in her voice than she's had with any other customer all morning. "Long time no see."

"Yeah, it's been awhile. How have you been, Tessa?" he asks as he looks me up and down, making me feel like a juicy steak on a plate. He never looked at me like this



when we were in school together. I'm completely caught off guard by the way he's ogling me right now, but honestly, I'm a little turned off too.

"Pretty great. How about you?" I ask politely.

"I'm good. Freshman year kicked my ass, but hey, I survived," he says.

"Yeah? What school did you go to? I remember a lot of the top schools wanted you to play football for them," Nicole interjects.

"I ended up choosing Bowman University. Our team is number two in the country. I'm so good that I'll probably go pro in another year," he brags while managing to keep his eyes on me. The way he's gloating right now, you'd think he was staring at himself in a mirror and falling deeply in love with his own reflection. "Where did you girls end up going?"

Nicole's face turns slightly crimson. "I'm at Evergreen right now," she admits.

"Oh, cool," he says, brushing her off. His attitude annoys me mightily. "How about you, Tessa?"

"I'm at Trinity," I say as politely as I can to someone who basically just insulted my BFF.

"Cool. Your football team is D2, the division below mine." He's so full of himself, it's sickening. I was never impressed by jocks. A person's character speaks more to me than his ability to throw a pig-skinned ball.

"Do you want to order something?" I ask, still trying to be as courteous as possible. After all, he is a paying customer, and I am on the job. Regardless of how self-absorbed I think Bobby is, I still have to be professional.

“Yeah. Let me get a plain bagel toasted with blueberry cream cheese,” he orders.

“Good choice,” I say with a half-smile.

“I’ll get it!” Nicole chirps brightly. She scurries over to the storage container.

“So, Tessa,” Bobby says with a cunning grin. “Got any plans tonight?”

“Um...” Before I can get another word out, Nicole intervenes.

“Nope, she’s totally free tonight,” she says.

“Great.” He leans over the counter. “How about I take you out tonight? I can meet you at Barroom Burger at eight.” He’s so close I can see every pore on his face, not to mention the many pimples that travel from his forehead down to his neck. I’d rather be anywhere in the world tonight other than on a date with Bobby Frazier. I glance at Nicole. Her face is glowing as if she’s the one who was just asked out for burgers and fries. Her eyes are pleading with me to say yes, and although every bone in my body is screaming no, I agree.

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“Sure,” I say reluctantly.

“Cool,” Bobby responds as Nicole hands him his bagel. “See you then.”

“See ya,” I say as I watch the tall teenage boy make his exit.

“Bye, Bobby!” Nicole interjects just before the door slams behind him. “Oh my gosh! Bobby Frazier just asked you out on a date!” If only I were half as excited as she is. To be honest, I’m dreading the time alone with Bobby. I hope he doesn’t try to kiss me, or worse, try to make a move. The thought of those paws touching my skin makes me shudder.

“Yeah, I wasn’t expecting to start my summer off this way,” I mumble.

“I know. Isn’t it great?! You’ve only been back a couple of days, and you’re already dating the hottest guy in Sunnyside. This is going to be the best summer ever!”

“Yeah,” I laugh tonelessly. “So, anything big happening this summer?” I attempt to change the subject, hoping we can forget about boastful Bobby for right now.

“My parents are throwing a huge barbecue this weekend. The whole town is coming, including Bobby,” she says with a Cheshire cat smile. Great, it looks like I won’t be able to escape him all summer. Just my luck.

“Cool,” I say indifferently. I know Nicole is trying to be helpful by pushing me toward Bobby, but I’m not the slightest bit interested in him. I’d never go for such a show-off. It’s not manly to boast like that. Real men know themselves, and have no

need to act like braggarts. But it's to be expected because he's not a man; he's still a teenage boy. He's an immature kid, and that's that.

I stare at the glass entrance, wishing Coach Mason would walk through the door. His face is the only one I want to see, and hearing his bass voice would send chills down my spine right now. I know it's silly to fantasize about Coach, but he's the only one who makes my heart throb. This is more than a crush; I'm head over heels in love with him. I have to see my former coach before the summer ends because my body craves him. I don't think I can make it another year without feeling his warm touch on my skin. Even if it's only a pat on my shoulder, or a friendly hug, my form hungers for him ... and I hope he hungers for me as well.

2

Tessa

Barroom Burger is a staple in Sunnyside. Residents from neighboring towns travel to our small suburb just for the juicy patties that sizzle so nicely on the grill. Its craft burgers have made it one of the top places to eat in New York. When I was in high school, my best girlfriends and I used to always come here after a football game. Most of them would be too shy to indulge in the tender medium rare beef patties, but I couldn't resist ordering their famous double patty melt with a side of crinkle-cut fries.

That double patty melt is the only thing I'm looking forward to tonight. I agreed to meet Bobby at Barroom Burger because I knew that it would be crowded, as usual, and I haven't had one of their hamburgers since I went away for college. Hopefully, he'll be so busy stuffing his face that he won't have time to run his mouth. The last thing I want is to spend the next hour and a half listening to an immature teenage boy go on and on about his college football career.

Couples are scattered throughout the burger joint enjoying craft sandwiches topped with applewood smoked bacon, creamy mushrooms, and gooey mozzarella cheese. A whiff of the combined scents drifts into my nostrils. My rumbling tummy urges me to check the time on my watch. Lo and behold, Bobby is twenty minutes late. What kind of guy asks a girl out on a date and then doesn't show up on time?! I thought for sure I would be the one late; after all, I'm the girl, and I have a lot more primping to do.

Fortunately, Nicole offered to come over and help me get ready for my date with Bobby. If she hadn't, I probably wouldn't be half as dolled up as I am right now because I prefer more of a natural look. I've never been into the name brand makeup products my friends spent their entire allowance on. A soft pink lipstick and a little mascara is all I'm used to wearing, but Nicole painted my eyelids with a navy blue glittery eyeshadow and brushed my cheeks with a scarlet blush. She'd given my eyelids wings with her jet black liquid eyeliner, saying something about them helping me fly high on my date with the former captain of our high school football team. I feel uncomfortable with the many different colors swirling around on my face, and frankly, feel a bit like a clown.

I glance at the maroon-colored polish she slathered on my fingernails. The venomous color reminds me of blood, and I absolutely can't wait to take it off when I get home. I ball my hands up and place them in my lap. At least I feel comfortable in my favorite floral dress; it shows off all of my curves without being tight to the point that I can't breathe. It's the perfect dress to wear when you want to devour a double cheeseburger.

My stomach rumbles again, and I check the time once more. Bobby's thirty minutes late now. Maybe he won't show. If he doesn't, that wouldn't be a bad thing. I could just grab my meal to go, then go home and change into a T-shirt and some sweatpants. That idea actually sounds way better than being on a date with Bobby.

I stare at the entrance, contemplating whether or not I should be courteous enough to

wait another ten minutes for the tardy teen. Although my mind screams, “Get the hell out of Dodge,” something in my heart tells me to wait. I listen to the latter. The bell hanging from the top of the heavy door tinkles as a gust of wind flows into the crowded restaurant. For a second, I think it’s Bobby finally deciding to show up for our date. But it’s not. Instead, my heart stops for a few seconds as a familiar figure strolls through the door with the physique of a gladiator prepared to slay his opponent.

I want to rub my eyes to make sure I’m seeing correctly, but if I do, I’ll end up smearing the glittery eyeshadow Nicole decorated my eyelids with. The stance of his masculine body sends tingles throughout mine. It’s him. Coach Mason. I can’t believe he’s right here in front of me. His piercing blue eyes scour the restaurant, eventually locking onto mine. Juices flow from my cunt as I stare into the eyes of the one man who owns my heart. It’s been a whole year, but the softball coach still gets my pussy wet without having to lay a finger on me.

He looks just as surprised to see me as I am to see him. He flashes his pearly white smile, sending a wave of delicious chills down my spine. Gosh, this man is irresistible. I try to keep my cool as he strolls over to my table, but on the inside, I’m freaking out like any teenage girl does when her crush is approaching her. Now, I feel kind of embarrassed by the amount of makeup plastered on my face. Coach Mason has never seen me with a drop of foundation on, and he’s definitely never seen me in a dress. Part of the reason I chose to play softball was because we got to wear a lot of clothing as opposed to the skimpy shorts the volleyball girls put on. With curves like mine, I used to prefer to cover them up in high school, but being away at college has taught me to embrace my figure.

I straighten in my chair as the dreamboat moves in closer to my table. I run my fingers through my curls, hoping to God they’re not frizzy. Oh god, oh god, is this really happening? It seems almost like Coach is moving in slow motion as he approaches, and my body softens even more. I swallow hard as I stare at his broad

shoulders and solid pecs; he's in impeccable shape, as always. His rock hard physique probably has the strength of ten teenage boys. How a man can be this gorgeous is beyond me.

"Hey Tessa," he says casually, throwing me that charming grin.

"Hi Coach Mason!" I chirp with a wide smile spread across my face. Oh my gosh! I can't believe he's standing right in front of me! The last time I saw him was the night he chaperoned when Sunnyside High threw the seniors a graduation party. I remember hugging him tightly at the end of the soiree as tears streamed down my cheeks. No one thought anything of it; I guess they'd figured it was just an athlete saying her goodbyes to her old life. In reality, I was devastated to be leaving him in particular.

"It's so great to see you. You look beautiful," Coach growls, his blue eyes trailing over my figure. My heart races as I blush hotly.

"Thank you," I say with rosy red cheeks. Perhaps Nicole's makeup tricks paid off. After all, Coach doesn't take his ice blue eyes off of me for a second, making me feel like there aren't any other women in the hamburger establishment.

"How was your first year in college?"

"A little tough, but I made it through."

"Of course you did." He places a warm hand on my back, sending tingles through my veins. "There's nothing you can't do, Tessa. I've always told you that. No one can stop you, but you." He'd always told me that. Whenever I'd felt like giving up on anything, Coach would push me further. He never let me quit, and he encouraged me to try new things, even when they scared me. He taught me how to be comfortable with myself and how to go after the things I want, and for that, I'll forever be

grateful.

“You always know what to say, Coach. Thanks so much.” My heart is full, and my head is spinning. I’m so giddy that I almost feel drunk. If I were standing, I’d probably fall down. How does he weave this magic?



## Page 4

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But then Coach smiles.

“I miss having you on my team, Tess. It’s not the same without my star player,” he says lightly. Of course, I wasn’t really the star player of our team – in fact, I was probably the worst player on the team – but that never stopped the heartthrob coach from believing in me.

“I’m sure the team’s doing just fine without me,” I laugh breathlessly. As he stands beside the table, I inhale the aroma of his cologne. It’s his favorite scent; I even bought him a bottle for his birthday last year. It’s musky, masculine, and a total aphrodisiac. My insides feel like they’re melting.

Suddenly, a voice interrupts, jerking me out of my trance.

“Tessa,” snaps Bobby. Oh shit. I’d forgotten all about my dreadful date. Ugh.

“Oh ... hey, Bobby,” I say, practically choking on the words. I’m a bit flustered and still pretty wet. Being around Coach always got me hot and bothered, but I can’t let Bobby see me lusting after Sunnyside’s athletic director. That’s how rumors get started, after all. “You remember Coach Mason, right?”

“Yeah,” Bobby says while extending his hand out toward the older man. “How have you been, Coach?” Mason takes Bobby’s palm and smiles genially. I can’t help but notice how Coach towers over Bobby, even though the teen boy is a football player.

“I’m great. How are you? How’s college?” Coach Mason asks.

“Pretty good. I’m playing football at one of the top schools in the country,” Bobby brags. God. This again.

But Mason is kind.

“Good for you. Well, I need to get back to my date, but hopefully I’ll see you around, Tessa,” Coach Mason says as he places his hand on my back one last time. Sparks fly, but they’re cut short as jealousy courses through my veins. Date? What the hell?

Immediately, I’m crushed. Even though I know he must be popular with the ladies, it’s still awful to know that he has an actual date.

I turn and watch as Coach walks over to a table where a pretty blonde woman is seated. Shit. My heart sinks, and I feel sick to my stomach. While I’m stuck over here with Bobby, she gets to make kissy-face with the man my heart desires. I fight back tears as I sink into my chair.

“Do you know what you want?” Bobby asks with no real interest in knowing the answer.

“Yeah,” I reply with a lump in my throat. “A burger.” This date just got ten times worse.

“Cool. Me too,” Bobby says as he stares at his cellphone. He’s not making eye contact with me, and he didn’t even apologize for being almost an hour late. What a jerk.

“Are you ready to order now?” our waitress asks.

“Yeah, I’ll have the Texan Burger,” Bobby says with his eyes still locked on his screen, his finger moving in a blur. Our waitress rolls her eyes as she jots down his

order.

“Can I have the double patty melt, please?” I politely ask.

“Right away,” she says, flashing me a smile.

I glance at Coach Mason and his golden-haired date. They seem to be having a better conversation than Bobby and I are. She laughs hysterically as he tells her a story. He always has a funny anecdote up his sleeve; it’s just part of his charm. He could make the most serious nun in a Catholic school crack a smile.

God, I wish I was the one sitting across from him laughing at his witty tale. But instead, I’m sitting across from this acne-ridden boy, who seems to be more concerned with whatever is on his phone instead of me. Bobby hasn’t said a word since arriving, which is all the better, come to think of it.

Even worse, I can’t help but sneak glances at Coach Mason and his date. Who is that blonde? Does she know how lucky she is? Coach is probably the sexiest man alive and I’d love to see him naked. Is that what she’s going to be treated to later tonight? Envy fills my veins and I can feel my skin turning green. He’s so close, yet so far away.

But I have to suck it up because I have no other choice. After all, what can I do? Sashay right up to Mason’s table and blow him a kiss? Touch his knee suggestively under the table while sliding my hand higher? It’s totally inappropriate, but that’s what I’d love to do... and more.

3

Mason

I glance back at the buxom eighteen-year-old with the curls that spring with every step she takes. Damn, I've never seen her look so good. She's always been beautiful, but she's a woman now, and it shows. I can't believe she's on a date with that little turd, Bobby Frazier. I used to listen in disgust as he would gossip like a teenage girl in the locker room about his conquests. Tessa doesn't need a guy like that; she needs a man to nurture her and help her grow. That asshole would destroy her self-esteem.

I admire her voluptuous body from a distance. She's gained a few pounds, and she's wearing them flawlessly. I try not to stare too hard at my former student athlete, but I've always had trouble keeping my eyes off of that teenage tease. Out of all of the girls I've ever coached, Tessa is my favorite. Something about her is special to me. She has a light about her that the superficial women I've dated have never possessed.

I was hoping I'd run into my sweet softball star this summer, but I hate that our encounter had to be so brief. I guess it's a good thing that douche Bobby showed up or else I would've forgotten I was supposed to be on a date with Violet. The vibrant blonde seems to have no idea that Tessa has roamed through my mind for our entire date. I just couldn't shake the image of her in that floral dress out of my head. Whenever Violet wasn't looking, I'd snuck glances at the gorgeous brunette.

Wanting Tessa like this is wrong – she's my former student for crying out loud. But she's a grown woman now, a college student venturing off into adulthood. For two years, I fought my feelings for her because I couldn't blur the line of our relationship. The curvy teenager was just a kid, and I was her mentor, her guide. Her parents and the school had entrusted her to my care, so to fantasize about the girl was taboo. I'd never touched her, but I could feel myself falling for my softball player.

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The day she graduated was a bittersweet moment. I was happy she was going off to college and starting a new life, but my heart hurt not knowing when the next time I would see her again would be. Even miles away, my feelings never changed for the outcast with a lot of potential. She wasn't like the other girls who pranced around Sunnyside half-dressed for attention. She could be fully clothed and still take my breath away. The mature young woman could hold a conversation better than half of the middle-age women I've bedded. There's more to her than a pretty face and a phenomenal body. I've always known it.

"Are you ready to go, Mason?" Violet asks as she waits for me by the entrance. I nod indifferently. I wish I could stay a little longer to bask in Tessa's beauty, but Sunnyside's small, and I wouldn't want talk to get around that I was checking out a former student. It looks pretty bad when the athletic director of a high school is drooling over a teenage girl, even one as mature as Tessa.

I fling open the car door for my paper thin date. She's so skinny, she could hula hoop with a Cheerio. Don't get me wrong – she's beautiful. Just not my type. I prefer my women with a little more meat on their bones. Someone I can hold onto and cuddle with on a cold winter's night. Someone like the curly-haired softball athlete.

I shouldn't be thinking about Tessa right now. She's way too young. I'm old enough to be the curvaceous teen's father. I've never been the older guy who lusted after young girls like a sicko. My feelings for Tessa had come way out of left field. At first, I'd thought I was going crazy, always wanting to be around the bubbly beauty. Seeing her strut down the hallways of Sunnyside High drove me insane. I'd have to watch teenage boys make eyes at her while jealousy bubbled inside of me. When she joined the softball team, I could tell she had low self-esteem. I made it my mission to

motivate her and help her become the best version of herself she could be. Somehow, in the midst of me inspiring her, she worked her way into my heart with those big brown puppy dog eyes.

“I really enjoyed myself tonight, Mason,” Violet whimpers as she sinks into her seat. I honestly couldn’t tell. The bony blonde barely ate anything all night. I was surprised when she ordered a grilled portobello mushroom wrapped in lettuce. I had no idea New York’s top burger joint even served that type of stuff. I couldn’t wrap my mind around the fact that she ordered a veggie wrap at a restaurant known for its grade A beef patties. To say I was bewildered would be an understatement. Apparently, she shuns red meat. She even gave me a speech about how animals’ lives are just as important as ours and that we shouldn’t eat them. I’m the type of guy who respects everyone’s beliefs, but the last thing I want to hear while I’m chowing down on a juicy hamburger is that I’m destroying the ecosystem. She even looked at me with disdain when I tossed a couple of french fries in my mouth. Complete turn off.

“Me too,” I lie. In all honesty, I would’ve preferred to be on a date with Tessa. It’ll probably never happen, but a guy can fantasize, can’t he? The former softball player had munched on a double cheeseburger at the restaurant, not the least bit bashful about her appetite. It had turned me on watching her enjoy every bite. I love a woman who likes to eat without any shame. Violet, on the other hand, had counted every calorie she ingested tonight. I’d rolled my eyes when she asked our waiter how many calories were in the diet lemonade. She’s as skinny as a stick, so she has no reason to watch her weight. If anything, she could stand to gain at least twenty pounds. Then maybe I’d be the slightest bit attracted to her.

She rambles as we drive down the faintly lit streets of Sunnyside. It’s hard to pay attention to what she’s saying because I can’t get the alluring teenager off of my mind. Shit. She’s all I can think about. I wonder if she still likes jelly doughnuts; I used to buy her one after every game. I think the other girls could tell she was my favorite, but they had no idea I was secretly in love with her. This is wrong. I need to

date women my own age, women like Violet. Sure, she doesn't get my cock rock hard the way Tessa can, but she has a pretty face and she's age appropriate. Tessa isn't even old enough to buy a beer yet. She's just a kid.

"Who's that girl you said hi to when we first got to the restaurant?" Violet asks, disrupting my thoughts of Tessa. I'm a bit caught off guard. She hasn't asked me about my flirtatious encounter with the brunette bombshell all evening. I clear my throat and try to respond as naturally as possible.

"She used to be on the softball team I coach at Sunnyside. She was my star player," I say.

"That girl used to play softball?" Violet chuckles. "She doesn't look like she could make it around the field." She continues to laugh as I shoot her a glare. One so scornful that my beaming eyes could have drilled a hole through her.

"I like my women thick. Gives me something to hold on to at night," I inform the cackling hyena. Her laughter abruptly ends, leaving us in a state of silence. Maybe I shouldn't have said that. I don't want her to think I'm attracted to Tessa. I mean – I am, but I don't want her to know that. "I think women who are comfortable in their own skin are the most beautiful women in the world, no matter what size they are." I can see her smirking from the corner of my eye.

"That's really sweet, Mason. You're a true gentleman," she says. It's true, I am. That's just the way I was raised. I was taught that women are to be treated with respect and that the man is supposed to protect his woman. Chivalry might be dead for some, but it's alive and well for me.

I walk Violet to her front door. She looks deeply into my eyes as she waits for a goodnight kiss. I know what she wants, but it's hard to kiss the petite blonde when I'm longing to lock lips with my shapely, seductive former student. I've been a

gentleman all night; maybe she'll think I'm just being chivalrous by not planting a wet one on her. She puckers her lips as I lean in, but I quickly wrap my arms around her tightly and bury her face in my chest. It's the nicest way I can avoid kissing her without offending her.

"Goodnight, Mason," she says as she walks inside of her townhouse.

"Goodnight, Violet." I know this is the last date she and I will ever go on. She's nice, but my heart is with someone else. Someone I can't seem to shake.

I try my best forget about Tessa, but she's so damn unforgettable. Her body looked scrumptious in that curve-hugging dress with her full double D breasts peeking out of the neck-plunging garb. I smack the side of my head, hoping to knock Tessa off of my brain. Fuck. I can't fantasize about a young, eighteen-year-old girl like this, but I can't help myself. Blood instantly flows to my dick whenever she's around. Even the thought of her makes my cock hard, like it is right now.

I glance down at the big bulge in my jeans. Not again. This always happens whenever I imagine those wide hips and plump ass. Come on, Mason, knock it off. The poor girl hasn't even peaked into womanhood yet. Besides, she looks at me like a mentor, someone she can look up to. She'd probably feel disgusted if she found out how attracted I am to her and that I love her as more than a former student. The girl has me in the palm of her hands, and she doesn't even have a clue.

I sigh heavily as I drive past her tiny cul-de-sac. Whenever her parents were busy with their plant store, I would drive her home from practice. Those were the only few moments we shared alone. There were times I almost told her how I felt, but I didn't want to scare her out of her softball uniform. She was only an innocent seventeen-year-old high school student, so I'd felt it best to keep my feelings to myself. But now, she's legal and no longer a student at Sunnyside. The busty brunette is full grown with a sultry body to match. Could a relationship with her be possible now?



Who am I kidding? Tessa is still off limits. If anyone found out that I was dating a former student who'd graduated only a year ago, I'd lose my job as the athletic director. No one would want me within ten miles of their teenage daughter. If I so much as held the hand of the college student, they'd run me out of Sunnyside with pitchforks and torches. I'd never get a job in physical education ever again, and my tenured career would be over.

I shake my head in an attempt to shake thoughts of Tessa out of my brain. I thought I'd be ecstatic to see her, but running into the pink, pouty-lipped teen has instead made my heart sink into the pit of my stomach. I doubt I'll sleep a wink tonight, and if I do, I'm sure Tessa will be frolicking through my dreams with those juicy double D's. My cock is still hard as a rock, and I feel horrible for allowing myself to become aroused by my former softball player.

Tessa has me feeling lovesick, and I can't picture myself with anyone else but her. She's the only one my heart beats for. She might be off limits, but that won't stop me from spending as much time as I can with her before she goes back to Manhattan. There's no way I'll be able to stay away from her, and honestly, I'm not even going to try. Maybe I can convince her to come to the last couple of softball games of the season. She can sit on the sidelines with me as I relish in her presence. It's innocent enough to where no one will suspect a thing. I'll do anything to surround myself in her essence.

4

Tessa

I awkwardly wait in Bobby's backyard as he makes sure the coast is clear. I don't really want him to sneak me into his parent's domain, but he didn't want our date to end yet. I guess he's having way more fun than I am. I agreed to come over because he paid for our food at Barroom Burger, but deep down, I feel like it's way too late to

hang out in Bobby's bedroom. I don't want to give him the wrong idea, especially when I was ready to skate away from our night out together before it had even begun.

He whistles from the back door, peeking only his over-inflated head out. His mating call makes my skin crawl. I might only be eighteen, but sneaking into a guy's house seems so high school to me. I'd rather date a man with his own place, that way I wouldn't have to worry about waking up his mom and dad. I reluctantly walk toward the door. I'll hang out with Bobby for twenty minutes, and then I'll come up with a reason why I have to head home.

His bedroom door creaks as he slowly opens it. That damn door is so loud I'm sure it will definitely wake up his parents. It wouldn't be completely horrible if Mr. and Mrs. Frazier caught me in Bobby's bedroom. They'd probably tell me it's too late for a young girl to be out and then drive me home, bringing our date to an abrupt end. Unfortunately, I hear their snores echoing in their bedroom as they sleep soundly.

The football fanatic's bedroom walls are covered in posters of his favorite all-American sports players. He also has his high school championship trophy proudly displayed on his bookshelf, which ironically lacks books. The aggressive pigskin sport is definitely his life.

"Have a seat," he says as he plops onto his bed. He pats a vacant spot next to him as he tries to lure me in. Little does he know his bed is the last place I want to be. Still trying to be courteous, I sit down next to him.

I wish I was with Coach Mason right now. He's all I've been thinking about since I saw him at Barroom Burger. I wonder if he's in bed with the skinny blonde he was with. My blood boils as I imagine the two of them canoodling each other. I should be the one he's holding tightly in his arms right now. I'd give anything to be with the manly man instead of this horny juvenile.

Bobby gently caresses my back. I roll my eyes as he touches me with his scrawny hands. How those little hands can catch a football is beyond me. Mason's hands are big and strong. They're the kind that you want to have grab you and never let you go. Bobby pulls me closer to him, and his steamy breath blows on the back of my arm. He twirls one of my curls around his finger. The act would've been sweet if he were actually someone I was interested in dating. But as I stare at the aggressive pimples scattered across his face and neck, I swallow hard to keep myself from barfing up the double patty melt I just ate less than an hour ago. Everything about Bobby grosses me out. I can't understand what Nicole finds so attractive about him. He's an arrogant asshole with acne seeping from his neck. I glance at my watch. Ten minutes down, ten minutes to go.

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“What’s on TV?” I ask. I figure maybe we can kill some time by watching a sitcom or a horror movie. Anything that would distract Bobby and take his attention off of me.

“Who needs TV when we have each other right here to keep ourselves entertained?” he asks with a devious smirk on his face. I don’t find anything about Bobby entertaining. The boring boy couldn’t even hold a conversation with me at dinner. That’s why I was a bit surprised when he’d asked me to come back to his place. He’d seemed as bored to death on our date as I was. But then again, from the stories I’ve heard, he isn’t the type that likes to do a lot of talking on dates; he’s more the touchy feely type. You know, the type of guy who only wants one thing.

My body tenses up as he slides his hand down from my back to my butt. Every bone in my body is screaming *Don’t touch me!* I don’t want him anywhere near me, can’t he tell? It’s not like I’m all over him; I even scoot toward the edge of the bed. Hopefully, he will take the hint, but teenage boys only think with the head between their legs and not the head on their shoulders.

“Where are you going?” he asks as he pulls me closer again. He moves my hair to side and kisses the back of my neck. Chills run down my spine, but not the same type of chills Mason gives me. These are the kind of chills you get when you’re skeeved out. He gives me a massage with his bony hands that I honestly could have done without. I want to jet out of Bobby’s bedroom and into Coach’s arms.

The brash boy turns me around and plants a disgustingly wet kiss on my lips. He sticks his long tongue into my mouth, and I gag a little, feeling sick to my stomach. I’ve only kissed one guy in my entire life, so I’m not an expert on the subject, but I

know this is not what kissing is supposed to feel like. I hate that I'm this close to the acne prone teen's face right now. I close my eyes so I don't have to stare directly at his oozing pimples.

I try to take my mind off of the messy make out session. I think about how great the physically fit athletic director's butt looked in those jeans tonight. His solid body moved through the burger shack gracefully, like it commanded everything else to move out of his way. I smile as I think about my sexy softball coach, but my sudden grin gives Bobby the wrong idea. He gropes my ass, catching me by surprise. His touch changes from caressing to harsh grabbing and rubbing on my curves. I can tell he's never touched a real woman's body before. He's used to undeveloped teen bodies that have barely made it out of puberty. Macho man Mason would know how to touch me just right. And he sure wouldn't be slobbering all over my face right now.

Bobby climbs on top of me, and his heavy panting makes it harder for me to breathe. The stench of his Texan burger pours into my nostrils. I want to stop him, but I really should be dating boys my own age instead of fantasizing about my former softball coach. I loosen up a bit. Maybe I can try to enjoy this moment with Bobby. He's not my type, but he's still kind of handsome, so I let his lips overpower mine.

He grabs my boobs with both of his paws; the awkward adolescent seems really into our kiss. I bite his lip as he roughly rubs my tits. He backs away momentarily but moves right back in for the kill. He slides his hand up my dress, and I practically jump out of my skin. I push his hand away, but he forces it inside the floral cloth again. He touches my dry cunt, then shoves his fingers deep inside, causing me to gasp in dismay. Typical teenage boy behavior – he doesn't even bother to get me warmed up first. He's revved up and ready to go, and that's all that matters to him. An experienced man would take his time and make sure I'm just as hot for him as he is for me. I'm not the slightest bit aroused; in fact, I'm completely turned off by Bobby. No matter how hard I try, I just can't get wet for him.

I fantasize about my super buff softball coach, and that gets my juices flowing like a river. I try to imagine that it's his sweet lips that are pressed against mine. For a second, this works. Pretending that it's his big muscular arms wrapped around me, I sink into Bobby's scrawny limbs as he presses his erect cock against my leg. I've never been this intimate with a guy before; to be honest, I'm still a virgin. My friends tease me about holding on to my purity, but I want to lose it to someone I love and to someone who loves me. That's definitely not Bobby.

I push him off, and he stares at me with confusion in his dark gray eyes. "What are you doing?" he asks. The prom king isn't used to girls turning him down. He's always gotten what he wanted out of them without hesitation, which is why he's genuinely puzzled right now. He leans in and kisses my neck with his sloppy lips.

"Bobby, stop," I say as I push the persistent boy off of me again.

"What's your problem, Tessa?" he asks, a bit flustered.

"I don't want to have sex."

"Why not?" he raises his voice, completely unconcerned about waking his parents at this point.

"Because I'm a virgin," I respond. This is true, but it's not the complete truth. Even if I wasn't a virgin, I still wouldn't want to have sex with Bobby. He grosses me out physically and mentally, which says a lot.

"So." He leans in and kisses my neck again, sending another flow of horrifying chills down my spine. "I'll be gentle," he says as if that's all I'm worried about. Like I want to lose a sacred part of me to someone who doesn't really know me.

"Bobby, stop!" I yell, hoping to wake his parents. I try to scoot off the edge of his

bed, but he grabs my arm and pulls me back into his sack.

“Stop being a bitch.” He climbs on top of me and whips out his stiff cock. The sight of it makes me freak out. Is he going to try to stick that thing inside of me? My heart pounds so hard that the sound of it drowns out my heavy breathing.

In a panic, I push Bobby with so much strength that he almost flies off of the bed. I jump up, grab my pale blue clutch, and dash out of his bedroom. I fly down the stairs like a bat out of hell, never once turning back to see if the handsy boy is behind me. I burst out of the back door of the Victorian style home, still in a state of panic. Crickets chirp as I run down what seems like a never ending street. There isn’t a single car driving along the smoothly paved road, so I run down the center where the lights shine the brightest, just in case Bobby isn’t too far behind me.

I never once stop to catch my breath as I sprint the five blocks from his house to mine. If he was behind me, I’m sure I’ve lost him by now, but I can’t chance it. Reaching the doorstep of my parents’ residence feels like sliding into home base; I’m safe. I allow my body to relax as I walk through the front door.

“You’re home late,” my father says, startling me. I didn’t realize the big burly man was sitting in his favorite recliner chair waiting up for me.

“Daddy, you scared me,” I say as my heart races. My going on dates is new to the both of us. In high school, I was always home by midnight, so it’s no wonder he’s a bit concerned that I’m strolling through the door at a quarter to one. “I thought you’d be asleep by now.”

“I couldn’t sleep, knowing you were out with that Bobby character,” he says. Bobby has a reputation around Sunnyside. Dads typically hate him because he has slept with almost all of their daughters. If my old man knew Bobby had just tried to deflower me, he’d probably fly into a fit of rage. Typically, my dad is the nicest guy ever. He

isn't a strict, overbearing papa bear that rules with an iron fist. He's laid back and loves to make people laugh. Everyone in town knows him as the funny guy who owns the plant store that's filled with exotic indoor trees and tropical flowers.

"Don't worry. Nothing happened, Daddy," I say to ease his nerves. I usually never keep secrets from him, but if I expose the whole truth, he would probably run down to Bobby's house and ring the boy's neck with his bare hands. I just want to forget about tonight and pretend like it never happened. Like it was just a bad dream.

My father wraps his arms around me, sending a wave of comfort through my body. No matter how old I get, my daddy's touch will always soothe my anxiety the way it did when I was a hollering newborn. He kisses my forehead. "I love you, kid. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Daddy."

I close my bedroom door behind me and sink onto the floor. Tears stream down my cheeks as the entire night flashes through my mind. I can't believe Coach was on a date with another woman, and I can't believe Bobby tried to sleep with me. Tonight was the worst night ever. I feel horrible on the inside, and all I want is for Coach Mason to make everything all better. He would know what to say. I wish I could be with him right now, but he's probably still with the pretty blonde from earlier tonight. It's not fair that I got stuck with Bobby and she got to be with the only man I've ever loved. While I suffered a sloppy make out session, she got to share a sweet kiss with my hunk. I wish these tears were washing away the pain, but my heart still hurts. I might have some competition, but somehow, I have to get Mason to see me as more than just his former softball athlete. I can't settle for little boys like Bobby Frazier. I'm a woman now, and I'm ready to be with the man of my dreams, no matter what.



Tessa

The morning rush clears out, leaving Nicole and I alone in the bagel shop. She's been waiting for this moment all morning. The giddy girl bounces up and down as she waits anxiously waits to hear about my dreadful date with Bobby.

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“So,” she says with an uncontainable grin. I can’t tell her how much I hated every second I spent with the obnoxious jock and how it broke my heart to see my former softball coach out on a date with a golden-haired woman. She wants to hear that I had an amazing night with Bobby and that we shared a passionate kiss, but that couldn’t be any further from the truth.

“I had fun,” I lie. I don’t know what else to say. If I tell her that he tried to pressure me into sex, my hot-headed best friend would show up on his doorstep and give him a piece of her mind. The tall, thin blonde might not look like it, but she’s very feisty when she wants to be.

“Did you guys kiss?” she asks. If you could call the way Bobby tried to devour my face a kiss, then yes. I shiver as I relive the moment in my mind.

“Yeah,” I admit half-heartedly.

“I knew it!” she shrieks. “How was it?”

“He’s not that great of a kisser.” At least I can be honest about that part. Her smile fades a bit, almost as if she’s disappointed to hear that the former football captain’s smooches aren’t as magical as she has imagined. I hate that I have to burst her bubble, but in my opinion, Bobby is the worst kisser in the world.

“Really? What was it like?” she asks.

“Extremely wet. I never knew one person could produce that much saliva,” I giggle. She laughs too, and suddenly I feel better about my horrid date. It’s easier to make

light of the situation than it is to wallow in my own sorrow.

“Are you guys going to go out again?” she inquires. I hope not. Hopefully, after witnessing me sprinting a marathon from his house to mine, Bobby doesn’t ever want to see me again. I’m pretty sure that I’m the first girl to ever turn him down, so the promiscuous playboy is probably too embarrassed to ask me out on another date.

“I doubt it,” I say. “I’m not really interested in him.”

“You’re so lucky, Tessa. You can have any guy you want. You get your pick of the litter,” she says. Her words surprise me. Up until recently, guys never really noticed me. The boys in high school always went for the skinny, pretty girls like Nicole. I’ve never had a boyfriend, and up until last night, I had never really been intimate with a guy before. Nicole is way more experienced than I am, and she has never had trouble reeling in boys. Besides, she’s not completely right about me being able to have any guy I want. The only man I really desire is Coach Mason, and he’s off limits.

“Are you kidding, Nicki? Guys practically throw themselves at you,” I giggle.

“Yeah, the loser ones. The boys at Evergreen are total scum bags. I wish I went to Trinity like you. The guys there are probably way hotter than the ones hanging around my school,” she laments as she leans against the counter.

“They’re not that much hotter, trust me,” I reassure her. I get that she wishes she could go away to college, but she isn’t missing out on much. My words don’t seem to settle my blonde bestie, though. She thinks that I’m the lucky one, but she has no idea how much I cried last night when I got home. I wouldn’t wish the pain I’m feeling right now on my worst enemy.

The bell above the entrance door chimes. Thank goodness for the bagel craving customer that just walked in. I was on the verge of telling my gal pal about how I’m

secretly in love with my old coach. Keeping this secret to myself has been the hardest thing I've ever had to do. The elderly man takes his time as he makes his way to the counter, striking his cane against the ground with every step he takes.

"Good morning, sir. Welcome to Bagel Bunch," Nicki sings like a chipper bird. For the moment, she seems to be back to her normal animated self.

"Hi. Can I have a plain bagel with onion cream cheese, lightly toasted?" the senior citizen asks with his raspy voice.

"Right away!" she says as she scurries off toward the bagel storage container. I feel horrible that my best friend is slightly jealous of me. In all honesty, I wish I could switch places with her. The only reason I chose to go to Trinity is because my parents wanted me to. They were so excited when they found out I got in that they told my entire family I'd be going there before I even had the chance to make a decision on whether or not I actually wanted to go. I felt pressured to go away to the Manhattan-based school because it was what my mom and dad wanted. My dad thinks I'll be the world's best accountant, but after taking a few accounting courses this past year, I can't see myself actually pursuing a career in the numbers game. I'd much rather open my own bakery someday.

When I was a little girl, my mom and I would make the fluffiest cakes and gooiest chocolate chip cookies every Sunday. I snuck a pastry decorating course into my schedule last semester. My parents have no idea I opted out of a required accounting class so that I could spend a few hours a week doing what I love. I'm always happiest when I'm baking, and I feel the most comfortable in a kitchen.

I feel like my parents are wasting their money on the over-priced university, but I don't have the heart to tell them that being an accountant isn't what I want to do and that I really just want to come back home permanently. They'd freak if they knew the fifty thousand dollars they just spent on tuition is going down the drain. Nicole

wishes she were in my shoes, but that's only because she doesn't know how unhappy I was all semester long, being away from my family, my friends, and Coach Mason. Contrary to what she thinks, I actually feel very unlucky right now.

"Here you go, sir." She hands the old man his breakfast. I want to open up to my girlfriend and tell her what's running through my mind, but I can't. I wish I could rest my head on her shoulder as we share a tub of strawberry ice cream and tell her everything. Maybe then she wouldn't envy me.

The elder's cane clunks as he makes his way out of the bagel shop. My stomach turns, and the truth rumbles in my stomach like vomit that's ready to project upward.

"Nicole, I—"

"Tessa, I'm sorry," she interrupts before I can say another word. "I didn't mean to make you feel bad. I'm proud of you; you're really coming out of your shell. I feel silly for being a little jealous about how great things are for you right now. You deserve to be happy."

"Trust me, you shouldn't be jealous of me, Nicole," I say.

"I can't help it," she admits. "You went away to college for a year, and you came back with this amazing body and a hell of a lot of sex appeal. Guys are drooling over you. You made it out of this small town, and now you're staying in New York City. You're living my dream life," she chuckles. Nicole always has fantasized about moving to the Big Apple. She said she wanted to grow up be Carrie Bradshaw. I was never much of a city girl, which is probably why I'm having such a hard time adjusting to the fast-paced environment. I cringed every time I took the filthy, rat-infested subway. The crowded sidewalks made me miss my small suburban neighborhood. I felt alone in the over-populated city and often wanted to catch the next ride back to Sunnyside.

“Sometimes, I wish I never went away to college,” the truth flows from my lips. “To be honest, I’m a little jealous of you. You get to be here with your family and our friends.”

She smiles. “I guess the grass is always greener on the other side.”

“I guess you’re right,” I say with a half-smile. I feel relieved that I’ve finally admitted out loud that I’m unhappy at Trinity, but I’m still holding onto another secret, one much larger than feeling lonely in the Big Apple. Nicole has been my best friend since the third grade. She’s kept every one of my secrets, even the really embarrassing ones, but can I trust her with this one too?

“Too bad Bobby is a shitty kisser. I guess you’ll just have to find another boy to have a summer fling with,” she says with a smirk. Little does she know I have absolutely zero interest in boys.

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“Yeah, I guess so,” I giggle nervously. I can trust Nicole with anything, except for this. My bosom buddy would think I’m insane for crushing so hard on the Sunnyside High staff member.

“Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll find someone at my parents’ barbeque. Everyone from our class is gonna be there, so you’ll see a bunch of familiar faces,” she says. There’s only one familiar face I want to see, though. I couldn’t care less about the boys we graduated with a year ago; I only have eyes for Coach Mason.

I know I shouldn’t feel this way about him, but he helped mold me into the young woman I am. If it weren’t for him, I’d still be the shy klutz I was during my first two years of high school. I grew because of him. Because he never gave up on me. He taught me how to love myself, and in learning to love myself, I fell in love with him. I’m young, but I don’t think I’ll ever be able to find that with someone else.

“Maybe your mystery man will be there, too,” she says. I blush at her mention of Mason.

“I doubt it,” I say. What are the odds that my handsome former coach would show up to my best friend’s barbeque? Slim to none. Sure, everyone in town knows the muscular athletic director, but he and Nicole’s parents aren’t exactly chums. He’s more acquainted with my folks than hers.

“You never know. The whole town is invited,” she says. I’d love to get another glimpse of his perfectly chiseled face, but would he bring the blonde he shared dinner with last night with him? My stomach knots up as I imagine his godlike body roaming Nicole’s backyard with the dainty little woman on his arm. I’d burst into

tears in front of everyone if I had to watch him with someone else again.

The thought of seeing Mason again sends butterflies fluttering through my stomach, but I love him too much to sit back and watch another woman throw herself all over him. I need to get him alone. I know it sounds crazy, but I have to tell him how I feel. I can't keep my feelings on the inside anymore, not after seeing him with someone else. He has to know the truth.

6

Mason

My eyes are locked on the busty brunette. I watch from my pickup truck as Tessa giggles like a school-aged girl with her best bud Nicole. The two were inseparable in high school. Nicole had often attended Tessa's softball games, cheering her on from the sideline. Seems like nothing has changed between them.

I had to see her again. Last night, she left me stunned by her beauty. Even without all of that makeup she had on last night, I'm still captivated by how gorgeous she is. The floral dress she wore drove me crazy with the way it accentuated every one of her curves. She doesn't look half bad in her Bagel Bunch uniform either. I heard from a few of my softball players that she'll be serving bagels all summer long. I'm not usually a breakfast kind of guy, but if ordering a couple of ring-shaped croutes can get me closer to Tessa, I'll take it.

She brushes a lock of coils behind her ear, revealing her sweet face. I managed to work up the nerve to drive over here, but I'm having trouble actually going inside. Usually, I'm a ballsy guy, the kind of man that can take on any challenge. Nothing much scares me, but for some reason, the young belle has me stuck, unable to make a move. All I can do is watch her from a distance.



The innocent girl gossips with her tall, blonde best friend. I wonder if she's telling Nicole about her date with Bobby. My blood boils as I think about the teen boy touching the once timid Tessa. Her year away at college has made her grow on the inside and the outside. She seems sure of herself now. Almost like she doesn't need my words of encouragement anymore.

Maybe she never needed me. What was I thinking? A young woman wouldn't want to date a guy my age. Even though I can't stand the kid, at least Bobby is the right age for the guys she should be dating. I should never have come here. I can't taint Tessa with my romanticized thoughts of her. She's way too young, and I'm old enough to know better.

I place my hand on the gear shift, ready to speed away from the bagel shop. But before I do, I glance up at her beautiful face, and my heart melts. I know it's wrong, but I can't fight my feelings. Fuck. I should never have let my feelings for her grow this much, but it's too late now. I'm in love with this woman.

I take a deep breath as I place my hand on the glass door plastered with bagel stickers. She's only on the other side of this door, but to my heart, it feels like she's a million miles away. I have to see her up close and hear her sweet voice. She's my drug, and if I don't get my fix, I think I'm going to lose it.

A bell rings above my head as I push the door open. The restaurant is filled with patrons, and the dining area is a bit chaotic. I file onto the end of the line, watching as Tessa maneuvers through orders without a breaking a sweat. She always knew how to handle pressure with grace. The bombshell doesn't even notice me. I still have time to slip out without her ever detecting that I was here, but I can't. I can't leave without looking deep into her alluring caramel eyes.

The crowd thins out, making it easier to admire the curvaceous teen. She does a double take as she realizes I'm standing here. I stare into her warm honey eyes,

unable to break my gaze. I know I'm not crazy; there are definitely sparks of electricity flowing between us right now. Can it be that Tessa has feelings for me too? She freezes where she stands, completely forgetting to hand a customer his bagel.

"Miss? Miss, my cinnamon raisin bagel?" the hungry customer asks, snapping us both back to reality. Tessa glances at the bagel in her trembling hand.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she says apologetically as she hands him his order. Her once pale cheeks now beam a crimson red. God, the girl is gorgeous. I try not to get aroused as I stare at her full breasts. In all my years of teaching, I've never seen a teen with her kind of body before. The high school girls I coach are all thin and undeveloped, but Tessa has the body of a woman. The kind of body I'd love to get my hands on.

With every other customer gone, I make my way to the counter. Tessa keeps her puppy dog eyes on me. I can't seem to break out of the trance we're locked into either. I swallow hard as I try to think of what I want to say. Sure, I could just say hi and place an order, but let's be honest – I didn't come here for a damn bagel. I came here for her.

"Hi, Coach Mason!" Nicole chimes as she slides in between untouchable Tessa and me. "Tessa, look! It's your old softball coach!" she adds. She doesn't mean any harm, and she genuinely seems excited to see me, but I wish she'd get the hell out of the way. Tessa and I made eye contact long before the bubbly teen noticed me standing here. And she's so tall that she completely blocks Tessa, making it impossible to catch another glimpse of the beauty.

"Hi, Nicole," I say politely. "How are you?" I generally like catching up with old students who've graduated, but right now, all I care about is Tessa. I wish the eager teenage girl would scoot to the side a bit so that I can stare in awe at my softball sweetheart.

“I’m good,” she says with a wide smile. “How’s the team without Tessa?” She finally moves out of the way, unveiling the curly girl behind her. Our eyes lock once again.

“The team isn’t the same without her,” I manage to blurt out. “She was my star,” I say sincerely. She still is my star, the one that lights up my world the same as the sun does the Earth. A sweet smile graces her face, and I find myself smiling too. But I shake the smile away once I remember we aren’t alone. The attractive blonde with the stilt-like legs is only a few feet away. She seems completely oblivious to the sparks that are flying between Tessa and me, which is a good thing. I can’t let it get around town that I’m making eyes at the young girl.

“The team is fine without me,” Tessa says softly. She’s so modest, it’s actually kind of sexy. She isn’t boastful. She’s just a humble hometown girl.

“No way,” the blonde chimes in. “You heard him; you were the star,” she says as she slings her arm around Tessa’s shoulders. The two share grins with one another. Tessa’s smile makes my heart beat a little faster, causing me to lose my senses. I want to grab her and hold the teen tightly as I kiss those smiling lips. She has no idea what she does to me.

How the hell is it possible that she makes the bagel uniform look so good? If I wasn’t already in the mood to eat one before, I sure am now. A bagel isn’t the only thing I have a taste for at the moment, though. If I could get Tessa alone for one minute, I would spread her open and drink every drop of her juices. The young girl probably tastes sweet, like a juicy piece of fruit. Thinking of being intimate with Tessa makes my cock a little hard. I try to drown out my filthy thoughts of my former athlete.

“What can I get for you, Coach?” Nicole asks. I wish she could get me five minutes alone with Tessa.

“I’ll take a plain bagel toasted with butter,” I say as I rub the scruffy hairs on my

chin. Hopefully, neither of the teenage girls notices my slightly engorged dick. When it's hard, it's impossible to hide. I don't want it to scare the inexperienced girls.

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“Coming right up, Coach,” Nicole says as her feet scuttle away. Finally, the moment I’ve been waiting for. Tessa bashfully looks at the ground.

“How did your date with Bobby go?” I ask. Hopefully, he was a gentleman to the young lady. She deserves nothing less.

“It was okay,” she says. Her words are a bit unconvincing. I know her well. Something is on her mind. Something is bothering her. “How was your date?”

“Not bad,” I say as I shrug my shoulders. “But I don’t think I’ll be seeing her again.”

“Really?” The brunette perks up. “Why not, if you don’t mind me asking?” Of course I don’t mind. I’ll tell her anything she wants to know. For her, my life is an open book.

“She isn’t really my type,” I admit.

“What is your type?” she asks as she twirls a lock of her luscious curls around her finger. The coy girl is unintentionally teasing me. I want to run my fingers through those long coils. I bite my lip as I try to keep my composure.

“I like curvy brunettes,” I say, hinting to her that my type is standing right before my eyes. She raises one of her perfectly arched eyebrows. She’s been my type all along.

“Here you go,” Nicole says as she hands me a brown paper sack. “A plain bagel toasted with butter, just like you asked.” This girl has the worst timing.

“Thank you,” I say graciously.

“No problem. Hey, Coach, do you have any plans this weekend?” Nicole inquires.

“No, I’m free all weekend. Why?” I ask.

“My parents are having a barbeque this weekend,” she says as she leans over the counter. “You should come! Everyone in Sunnyside is invited.” Tessa fidgets with the apron tied around her waist. She seems as caught off guard about the invitation as I am. I know the tempting teen wouldn’t miss her best friend’s barbeque for the world. I’ll go anywhere she goes.

“Sounds like fun. I’ll be there,” I say. Tessa flashes her gorgeous grin my way, sending my head spinning. Her smile gets me high, leaving me on cloud nine.

“Cool! And we have a pool, so bring your swim trunks,” the overly eager Nicole says. Tessa blushes again. I’m sure I’m blushing a bit myself. There’s a possibility I’ll get the chance to see all of Tessa’s curves in a form fitting bathing suit, maybe even a bikini. Fuck. My cock is fully erect at the thought of seeing a half-naked Tessa. I have to get out of here before they notice.

“Can’t wait,” I curtly say. “See you then.” I quickly dash out of the bagel shop, trying to keep my hard shaft out of sight. I hate that I had to leave without saying goodbye to Tessa, but I couldn’t let her see what my naughty fantasies of her had done to my body. My cock is as hard as a rock, and she did that to me.

I hop inside of my pickup truck and let out a gust of air. Shit, if I got this aroused just imagining her in a two-piece, I’ll probably jizz in my shorts when I actually do see her parading around in a slinky swimsuit. Maybe it’s not such a great idea for me to be around the enticing enchantress. It’ll be damn near impossible for me to hide my big, bulging cock in a pair of swim trunks. If the whole town does show up, word will

spread fast that I'm ogling a teenage girl, and I'll lose my job by Monday. I can't let that happen, but I can't miss out on a moment with Tessa. The summer isn't going to last forever, and eventually, she will be going back to school. I have to take advantage of every second I'm able to spend with her.

I rub my temples as I try to think of the sensible thing to do. I already agreed to go, but I could always back out at the last minute. I could say something came up and that's why I have to miss out. Who am I kidding? There's no way I'm going to miss the opportunity to see those wide hips and succulent tits in a bathing suit. I'd hate myself if I did. I'll just have to stay as far away from the young girl as possible.

I'll look, but I won't touch. Yeah, that's the only way. Being too close to her will instantly send blood flowing to my dick, and it will be solid within seconds. It might be torturous, but I can't miss this barbeque. I have to be around the woman I love.

7

Mason

Music blares from the Martins' backyard. The case of beer I'm carrying rattles in my hands as I nervously walk toward the tall white gate. I went over whether or not I should come here in my head a thousand times. I felt conflicted as I battled my feelings for Tessa with my need to see her. I finally gave in to my feelings and decided I'd rather risk everyone finding out that I'm in love with her than risk not seeing her again for the rest of the summer. The latter would be a much bigger pill for me to swallow. Besides, as long I don't stare too hard at her sexy body, I should be fine. Sunnyside is small, so I know everyone. There are enough neighbors here to keep me preoccupied and my eyes off of Tessa.

The Martins' backyard is filled with familiar faces. I see a couple of Sunnyside students splashing around in the pool. Tessa has to be here somewhere, but where?

Jane Martin clings to her husband, Alex's arm as the two make their way over to me. They both look like they've had a few beers already, as do most of the adults here.

"Mason, you made it!" Alex says with a welcoming smile. Anyone with a kid that plays a sport in this town knows who I am. Being the athletic director at Sunnyside High has made me a very popular guy around our small suburb. The jock moms and dads generally like me, but I'm sure their perception of me would change if they knew how I felt about a particular Sunnyside High alumnus.

"More beer!" Jane's eyes fill with excitement. A few more of these, and she'll be stumbling around their large backyard like a toddler who's just learned how to walk.

"Here, I'll show you where to put those," Alex says as he puts his arm around my shoulder. Wherever he's taking me, I hope it's within view of my taunting teen. I was nervous at first to run into her, but now I'm starting to get anxious as I look around the yard.

"You can put the case of beer right here," Alex says, pointing next to the grill. "Enjoy yourself." He leans in closer to me. "There's a couple of single moms here getting pretty drunk off of margaritas. I'm sure a guy like you will end up taking one of them home tonight." The single moms of Sunnyside don't interest me in the slightest bit. There's only one woman I want to take home tonight.

I scour the lawn as I sip a beer. I can't believe I haven't caught a glimpse of Tessa yet. Where could she be? Maybe she's up in Nicole's bedroom and the two are gossiping from a bird's eye view of the party.

"Coach Mason, it's so great to see you!" a familiar voice says. I cringe, knowing exactly who the voice belongs to without having to turn and look at her. It's Pam Nelson, an annoying booster for the Sunnyside's athletic club. Both of her daughters are on my softball team. The two girls have a lot of talent, but their overbearing



mother makes me regret ever letting them try out. She has her hand in everything to do with Sunnyside's softball team. You'd think she was the coach the way she tries to call the shots. Sometimes, I think she believes she's a part of the sports management.

"Hi, Pam," I say politely. I drink my beer a little faster. The yeasty beverage is the only thing that's going to get me through this conversation with the bossy redhead. I've learned to walk on eggshells with her. When she doesn't get her way, the spicy ginger turns into a fiery hot head. She's one of the single moms Alex was talking about.

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“Is this a new shirt?” she asks as she gently places her hand on my chest. I can smell the tequila on her breath, and I can already tell where this is going.

“No, I’ve had it for years. Are the girls here?” I ask, attempting to switch the conversation. She loves to brag about her girls, so hopefully, she’ll just ramble about them for a bit instead of hitting on me. Besides, Cindy and Rachel are friends with Tessa, so they might be somewhere hanging around her.

“Yeah, Cindy and Rachel are somewhere around here,” she says as she flings her hand in the direction of the rest of the attendees. For once, she seems unconcerned about her softball champs. “Cindy should be pitching way more. You have to keep putting her on that mound, Mason.” And she quickly reverts back to the pushy woman I’ve grown to know.

“We have three pitchers on the team, Pam,” I say gently. “Each needs to get a fair shot at tossing the ball.”

“You know,” she says with the look she gets in her eyes when she wants to flaunt around her self-appointed power. “I put a lot of money into Sunnyside’s athletic program. The girls have new uniforms because of the large donation I made. It would be a shame if those funds dried up.” She really knows how to be a bitch. In her mind, her kids are far more important to the team than any of the other girls. Luckily, they don’t have their mother’s poor sportsmanship. Contrary to what their bitchy mom teaches them, they understand that they are part of a team, and there’s no “I” in “team.”

I want to tell her to shove her money where the sun doesn’t shine, but I’d hate to

ruffle any feathers with the athletic club. Sometimes, I think the only reason she donates money is so that she can have a say in her daughters' sports careers. She couldn't care less about students having the best performance gear or about providing transportation to national championships. If it doesn't involve her ginger teens, it doesn't matter to this control freak.

"We wouldn't want that," I say with a gentle smile. "It would be a shame if our trip to nationals this year had to be cancelled because we didn't have enough money to get the whole team to Florida. Especially with this being Cindy's senior year," I retort. The hot head simmers down, realizing she has no control over how funds are allocated. Ceasing her generous donations could potentially hurt Cindy and Rachel.

"You're right," she replies, feeling far less superior. "We wouldn't want that." She huffs as she struts away. Thank God. Now that she's out of my hair, I can keep looking around for Tessa. Where the hell could she be?

"Coach Mason, how the hell are ya?" a voice from behind me asks, followed by a firm pat on the back. I turn swiftly, recognizing the tone. Roger Smith smiles wide with a cold one in his hand. His wife Elaine stands next to him, holding one of those damn margaritas. I peek around the two of them, hoping their beautiful daughter Tessa isn't too far behind, but she's nowhere in sight. Dammit.

"Roger and Elaine, I'm good. How have you both been?" I ask.

"Pretty good," Tessa's father replies.

"We haven't seen you since Tessa's graduation," her mother adds. That was the last time I'd run into the friendly couple. I had held onto Tessa tightly as her mom took a picture of the two of us saying cheese. I was smiling in the photo, but on the inside, I'd felt like my heart was breaking. I knew the moment in time that Elaine was capturing might be one of the last times I'd see her daughter. I didn't want to let her go, but I

had to. That was the last time I'd laid eyes on her until the other night at Barroom Burger.

"Yeah, it's been that long," I say. "Is Tessa here?" I ask nonchalantly.

"Yeah, she's right over there," Roger says without realizing his daughter is the sole reason for my appearance at this barbeque. He points toward the pool at a smoking hot Tessa in a red, revealing bathing suit. My heart pounds so hard that it almost pumps through my chest. Damn, she looks good as hell. I lick my lips as I admire her curves in the cherry red suit. The sweet apples below her neckline sit up high and perky. What am I doing? I can't drool over Tessa like this in front of her parents. If her father knew what I was thinking right now about his precious princess, he'd probably kill me. I shake the improper thoughts out of my head.

"She adored you, Mason," Elaine says. "You really helped her come out of her shell. She used to go on and on for hours about you."

"She did?" I hadn't realized the impact I had made on the young girl. It sounds like she cherished our relationship with one another just as much as I did.

"Of course," Roger chimes in. "High school was hard for her, but you really helped her get through it. Thank you," the grateful father adds as he places his hand on my shoulder. Her parents are appreciative of the way I helped their daughter blossom, but would they feel as thankful if they knew the lewd thoughts that go through my mind about their pride and joy?

"You're welcome," I say with a bit of guilt in my gut. Fuck, this is wrong. Teachers aren't supposed to fall in love with their students. Our job is to guide them in life and be role models for them. What kind of example would I be setting if it got around Sunnyside High that the friendly athletic director that everyone knows and loves has been secretly longing after one of his softball players since she was sixteen? She

might be an adult now, but these type of feelings don't just happen overnight.

I've felt this way about Tessa ever since I saw her parade across the softball field in a white tank top and a pair of black shorts a few summers ago during tryouts. As I watched her prance around with her catcher's mitt, I kept wondering how it was possible that a teen could have curves like that. Compared to the girls covering the bases, she was the only one stacked like a woman at the peak of her sexuality. From that moment on, she's slid through my mind every day. Now, her body is curvier than ever, and it drives me crazy that I can't touch her, at least not in the way I want to.

It's true that I helped boost Tessa's self-esteem, but our relationship wasn't one-sided. Around the time of tryouts her sophomore year, I'd started to question whether or not I was actually making an impact on my students' lives. I was feeling lost in my career, but Tessa had made me feel like I was fulfilling a purpose. Like my life had meaning. I was helping a young girl transform from a shy introvert into a social butterfly. She appreciated my pep talks and words of wisdom. Her big brown eyes would look into mine as if I was some sort of hero.

The Smiths make their way over to the Caseys, another well-known family in Sunnyside. Their son, Sean Casey, replaced Bobby as Sunnyside's football captain after he graduated. The two sets of parents laugh as they swap stories about work and their kids. With Roger and Elaine consumed in a conversation with Sean's parents, I use this opportunity to sneak glances at Tessa in that red swimsuit. Her body gracefully glides through the cold water. The lustrous curls on her head are soaking wet, along with the rest of her figure. Beads of water trickle down her exposed tits, and I can see her nipples piercing through the form-fitting suit. Fuck, my cock is bulging in my shorts. Tessa's alluring adolescent form is turning me on. I look away from her, hoping my engorged dick settles down.

I can't keep my eyes off of her for long. I know I shouldn't stare, but damn, the way she's filling out that bathing suit right now is unbelievable. She splashes around in

the water with her Goldilocks best friend as boys their age sit around staring. They make eyes at my Tessa, and my blood boils instantly. How dare they gawk at her? She belongs to me. They could never love her the way I can. Those teens only want to take one thing from her, but I want to give her the world. I want to make her feel special every day of her life. I can teach her what real love feels like and give her everything she deserves.

The boys, filled with raging hormones, stare on at the two young ladies lounging by the pool. Luckily, my wave of jealousy has softened my penis. She sweetly giggles as they joke around with the sultry brunette. I'm green with envy, wishing I was the one putting a smile on her beautiful face. Egotistical Bobby marches around the pool with his bird chest out. The other teenage girls swoon over him, but not Tessa. She seems completely uninterested in his boyish good looks. I guess their date the other night didn't go so well.

I watch from a distance as Bobby makes his way over to the ample teen in the red swimsuit. His hoity demeanor is sickening. I'd love to give that kid a piece of my mind. I can tell from here that he's burning up inside because she won't even acknowledge him. Hopefully, she isn't just playing hard to get and she genuinely is repulsed by the self-absorbed teen.

He creeps up behind her and unties the top of her bathing suit. She clenches the swimwear to her chest to keep her breasts from being exposed just in the nick of time, but not before I fly into a fit of fury. She pushes his pale white body into the in-ground pool, causing a big splash. She might've gotten her revenge, but now it's time for me to serve some justice myself. All I can see is red as I tread toward the teens. He laughs arrogantly as he swims to the edge of the pool.

"Bobby, you're such an asshole!" Nicole yells as she ties the red swimsuit back around Tessa's neck. I want to knock Bobby the hell out. His thin frame would crumble from one of my blows. Jane rushes over to Tessa, intercepting my steps.

“Honey, are you okay?” Jane asks, placing her hands on Tessa’s shoulders.

“I’m fine, Mrs. Martin,” Tessa lies. She glances at me and then quickly turns away. The young girl is embarrassed. All I want to do is comfort her and pulverize Bobby. He’s sitting along the side of the pool with a snide smirk. I want to smack that smirk clean off of his face, but I can’t touch the little shit because defending Tessa’s honor might make my feelings for her more apparent. I try to simmer down as Jane assuages Tessa’s embarrassment.

“What happened?” the concerned mother asks.

“I just slipped in the pool. I’m okay, I promise,” she continues to lie.

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“Okay,” Jane slurs. She’s probably too drunk to realize Tessa isn’t okay. “You kids have fun,” she says as she stumbles off. Nicole shoots Bobby an icy look. She looks almost as enraged as I am.

“Tessa, is everything okay?” Elaine asks. “Jane said you looked upset. What’s wrong?”

“I feel a little sick, Mom. I wanna go home,” Tessa says. No, she can’t leave. I haven’t even said hello to her yet. That jerk Bobby ruined everything.

“Are you sure, sweetie? We just got here a half-hour ago.” Hopefully, her mother can convince her to stay.

“I’m sure,” Tessa says. I’m burning up on the inside, wishing I could beg Tessa not to leave. But her mind is made up, with good reason.

“I’ll grab my things,” Elaine says.

“Don’t bother, Mom. I’ll just walk home,” Tessa says.

“Honey, you can’t walk home. You’re not feeling well, and you’ve been in the sun all day. I’ll just grab my bag, and we can go,” Elaine insists.

“Mom, you’re having fun. Stay. I’ll be okay,” she reassures her mother. Suddenly, a light bulb flashes in my mind.

“I can take her home,” I interject. The woman and her daughter turn toward me.



Tessa's face is still flushed from her interaction with Bobby. "I'd planned on heading out soon anyway, so it's no trouble. It'll be like old times," I say, hoping her mother agrees.

"You don't have to, Coach Mason," Tessa says, hanging her curly head low.

"Nonsense, go with Mason, Tessa. That's perfect! Your dad and I just met this really nice couple, and we aren't ready to leave yet," Elaine says.

"But, Mom--"

"No buts," Elaine interrupts. "Mason is going to make sure you get home safely, as always."

"Okay," the bashful teen says.

I keep my cool as she walks in front of me toward my pickup truck. Her hips are covered by a towel she's wrapped around her waist, but even with the cloth, her figure is still defined. I open the heavy door, watching her plump bottom sway as she climbs inside. She's doing it again – turning me on without trying. This innocent girl has no idea what kind of thoughts of her run through my mind. The naughty things I'd do to her if I ever got the chance. Maybe this is my chance.

I finally have Tessa alone and all to myself. This is the perfect time to tell her how I feel about her. Her parents said she used to talk about me nonstop. There's a chance that she feels the same exact way that I do. I have to take this risk. I have to pour my heart out to her and find out if there's a possibility she's in love with me too.

My juices are flowing between my thighs as I ride next to the heavenly smelling Mason in his monster-sized pickup truck. I wish he would pull over and kiss me passionately. The whole town is at Nicole's house, so no one would see. It was sexy the way he'd marched over to the pool after that asshole Bobby untied my bathing suit. The fury in his eyes made me want him in a way like never before. I was sure the immature boy was a dead man walking. Coach always tried to protect me. It's reassuring to know that he still has my back. The big, strong alpha male would have knocked the wind out of Bobby with one strike. That would've taught him to keep his hands to himself. When he offered to take me home, I wanted to scream with glee, but I was still feeling a bit embarrassed by what Bobby had done to me, especially since Mason had watched the whole thing happen. I wanted to crawl into a hole.

The ride from Nicole's place to mine isn't as far as I'd like it to be. I have at most ten minutes in the truck with my protector. I need to milk every second with him. I want to ask him if I'm the type of curvy brunette he's into. I never would have guessed that a man with a physique like his would be attracted to heavier women. Knowing that he likes women who enjoy eating makes me feel more confident. But I'm too shy to just ask my crush if he finds me attractive. Besides, flirting with him would be taboo. I can't lead him on; a relationship between us would destroy his career and reputation in our small town. Knowing this, it's still hard not to get all hot and bothered around him.

"So, how have you been?" he asks. His baritone voice makes me even wetter. Oh my gosh, I can't let my hormones get the best of me. He's the same age as my dad. I keep my eyes on the road and away from his smoldering hot body.

"Pretty good. How about you?" My voice cracks a little as I try to keep my composure. I wonder if he can tell I'm gushing over him right now.

"Can't complain," he says. "We keep running into each other," he jokes.

“Yeah,” I giggle. I didn’t expect to see my old coach this much so early in the summer, but I’m glad I have. After a year of being without him, I was long overdue for a dose of Mason.

“Do you like working at Bagel Bunch?” he asks.

“Yeah, everyone there is nice, plus I get to work with Nicole. And I get all the free bagels I want. It’s a pretty cozy job,” I say.

“That’s good. I’m glad you like it,” he says as he grips the steering wheel firmly. I wish it was my body he had his hands tightly around. His big burly hands would know how to handle my curves way better than Bobby’s tiny hands. But I can’t think this way about this grown man.

“The school year is almost up for you. Any summer plans?” I ask, trying to get the thought of him caressing my body out of my head.

“Not really. I’ll probably hit the beach a couple of times, but other than that, I don’t have anything planned. How about you?” he asks.

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“Same here,” I say. The truth is, I’ll probably spend the whole summer pining over him. Yearning after a man I can’t be with. While the other girls of Sunnyside are busy frolicking around with the boys our age, I’ll be wistfully wishing I could kiss the lips of the man I’ve fallen in love with.

“I’m sure you and Nicole will find some sort of trouble to get into,” he jokes. His smile warms my heart. If only he knew he’s all I could think about when I was away at school. I impatiently waited both semesters to be reunited with him again. I should tell him right now. But I’m too afraid that I’ll embarrass myself. He’ll probably think I just have a school girl crush. But this is more than that. This is love.

“Maybe,” I laugh. Suddenly, the bad mood Bobby put me in goes away. Coach always knows how to make me feel better. “Thanks for offering to take me home,” I say.

“It’s no big deal. I saw what Bobby did to you, so I know you wanted to get out of there badly,” he says. He’s like a superhero, ready to save my day.

“Yeah, he’s an immature jerk. He’s just mad because I wouldn’t let him get past first base,” I admit.

“Did he try something with you?” Mason asks with much more bass in his voice. He sounds like he’s ready to rip Bobby a new one. I’m a bit nervous to tell him the truth, but I’m kind of hot from his passion. I hesitate, but at the end of the day, I could never lie to those crystal blue eyes.

“He tried to pressure me into having sex with him the night we went out on a date,” I

confess. The fury in his eyes burns brighter than the sun. I've never seen him so angry before.

"That boy needs to be taught a lesson, and I'm gonna be the one to teach it to him," he says, seething in the driver's seat. His protective demeanor makes me swoon in the seat next to him. I bite my lip as I gaze at my gallant knight, who's describing how he plans to rush to my defense. I know Bobby is no match for the brawny man, especially while he's in this fit of rage. The puny teen's body would fall to pieces in the hands of Mason, and although I think Bobby should get exactly what he deserves, I don't want Mason getting into any trouble over me. If something happened to the softball coach, I would feel like it was all my fault.

"No, it's okay. I've got it all under control," I say. I think after I pushed him into the pool, he got the picture. He knows not to mess with me anymore. I'm usually not an aggressive girl, but Bobby is a pig. I couldn't let him get away with untying my bathing suit.

"He gonna get it the next time I see him. He has no right to touch you," Mason says, still in a rage.

"Thank you, but trust me, I won't be having any more trouble out of Bobby Frazier. Not if he knows what's good for him," I reassure him. He mulls over my words for a bit. Our ride together is coming to an end soon, and the last thing I want to talk about in our last few moments alone is the pigskin-toting teen.

"What did you end up studying at Trinity?" he asks.

"Accounting," I reply. "My dad thinks it's a good career path."

"But what do you think?" he asks, catching me off guard. No one has ever asked me what I want. If they did, they would've known numbers aren't my thing and that I

want to open up a bakery here in Sunnyside.

“I think I hate numbers,” I giggle. He laughs too, and his laugh warms my heart, sending butterflies fluttering through my stomach.

“Didn’t you used to love baking?” I blush at his mention of my secret passion. He remembered. I’d told him that the kitchen was my happy place two years ago, and he remembered. I swear, he knows me better than anyone else in the world.

“I still do,” I admit.

“Then you should bake. If that’s what you really love, then go for it. You don’t want to live a life full of regrets because you never went after the things you wanted in life.” His words strike a nerve. Opening a bakery isn’t the only thing I’m considering trying my luck with.

“I wish I had the courage to go after the things I want in life,” I say. “But I’m afraid.”

“A beautiful girl like you has nothing to be afraid of. You can have anything and anyone you want in this world,” he pauses. “I’ll bet those college guys were all over you at Trinity,” he says. The truth is the boys there did flirt with me a lot, but none of them had interested me. None of them had compared to Mason. He’s the only one I’ve ever wanted.

“There were a few, but I wasn’t into any of them,” I admit.

“Why not?” he asks with a puzzled look on his face. I want to tell him that I’ve been in love with him since I was sixteen and that he’s the only man I want to be with. I want to tell him exactly how I feel, but I’d just die if he were to tell me that he doesn’t feel the same way. It would shatter my heart into a million pieces. I mull over how I want to answer this question. I can’t lie to him, but I also can’t tell him the

truth. I guess I'll just omit parts of the truth like I do with Nicole.

"Hmm," I say. "I think the guys at Trinity are too young and immature for me. I need a real man." I make light of my honest answer. He laughs again. If only he knew I wasn't joking.

"Understandable. Those young boys can be a handful," he says. He raises one of his bushy eyebrows. "What are you looking for in a man?" Without hesitation, I know exactly what I want. I mean, he's sitting right next to me after all.

"Someone who will protect me and be there for me when I need him most. A manly man with a huge heart who's loving and passionate. The kind of guy who builds me up with his words and never tries to tear me down. A hunk who only has eyes for me and loves me exactly the way I am," I blurt out in one really long breath. He's silent for a bit. Oh no. He must think I'm crazy. Maybe I should've just kept my mouth shut. My face is probably turning a bright red right now, which makes me feel even more embarrassed. I need to get rid of the awkward silence floating around in his pickup truck. "But maybe I'm asking for too much," I nervously laugh.

"I don't think you're asking for too much," he says, easing my nerves. "You deserve all of that and much more." Phew! For a second, I thought he was thinking I'm a complete psycho. "Maybe I can help you find the man of your dreams that you're looking for," he says.

"Maybe," I say half-heartedly. He is the man of my dreams. I don't need to look any further. Why doesn't he know? Can't he tell? I sink into the passenger seat as a wave of sadness comes over me.

His pickup truck slowly comes to a stop in front of my childhood home. My time alone with Mason is over, and I didn't tell him how I feel. This sucks. All I want to do is tell him I'm in love with him, but I'm too afraid. He's right; I need to get over

my fears and go after the things I want in life, starting with him. Here goes.

“Thanks for the ride home, Coach Mason,” I say as I gently place my hand on his shoulder. “You’re always looking out for me. I love that about you.”

“Of course,” he says, placing his hand on top of mine. “You mean a lot to me, Tessa.” My heart races as I stare into his ice blue eyes. God, this man is gorgeous. I feel tingly on the inside, and every bone in my body is screaming for me to kiss him.



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“You mean a lot to me too, Coach. You always have.” I hesitate but decide to go for it. “I missed you every day I was away at school.” My heart is about to beat through my chest. I can’t believe I just said those words to him, but he made me feel safe enough to say them. He always makes me feel safe.

“I missed you too,” he admits. Oh my gosh! Does he feel the same way about me? There’s only one way to find out. It’s risky, but the vibe feels right. In this moment, everything feels right.

I slowly lean in to kiss him. I close my eyes, just in case he rejects me. I would hate to see the look on his face if he pulls away from me. To my surprise, my lips are met with the sweetest kiss. My cunt instantly gushes. I can’t believe Coach Mason is kissing me! He places his hand on the back of my neck and pulls me in closer as we passionately lock lips.

In this moment, neither of us cares if anyone is watching. Every bottled up feeling I’ve ever felt for him is being released right now. I’ve waited for this kiss for two whole years, and now it’s finally happening. I feel like the luckiest girl in the world.

9

Mason

I look around to make sure no one can see me following the inviting teen into her home. Luckily, all of Sunnyside is still at the Martins’ barbecue; it’s almost as if we have the entire town to ourselves.

The curvy brunette grabs my hand as she pulls me inside of the house. I've fantasized about this for so long; I've even jacked myself off to the thought of being intimate with Tessa. I've always imagined how those curves would look without clothes, and now finally, I get the chance to find out.

The passionate kiss we shared in my pickup truck made my cock hard, and now I'm ready to stroke her sweet wet cunt until she bursts with pleasure. For years, I've waited for her, hoping I could one day hold her in my arms. She's legal now, so we aren't doing anything wrong. Any and all guilt I once felt has left my body, leaving nothing but the feeling of desire. My palms sweat nervously as she leads me down the hallway to her bedroom. Over the years, I've wondered what the inside of her room looked like. Were her walls covered in rock band posters, and did it smell sweet like lavender? Finally, my questions are about to be answered.

As she opens the door, the aroma of berries and cream hits my nostrils. Mmm, delicious. The walls aren't plastered in posters but instead are layered with photos of her high school days. Her queen-sized bed is covered in stuffed animals and fluffy pillows. With embarrassment, she moves some of the plush animals aside.

"Sorry, those are from high school," she giggles.

"Don't worry," I say as I pick up one of the animals. "There's nothing wrong with having a cuddly teddy bear to lie next to." She smiles as she slowly approaches me. Without hesitation, I toss the bear onto the floor and place my hands on her wide hips as I stare into her big brown eyes. Her body is still driving me crazy in that damn red swimsuit.

I wanted to kiss Tessa in my truck, but I couldn't work up the nerve to actually do it. I didn't want an unsolicited smooch to make the young girl feel uncomfortable. I would have hated to make her feel the same way that little shit Bobby made her feel when he tried to pressure her into having sex. It's not my style to try to force a

woman to do anything. I'm glad she made the first move.

She presses her soft pink lips against mine, making my dick rock hard. I want to toss her onto the bed and passionately make love to her, but her parents could come home any minute. But Tessa doesn't seem to care as she presses her bodacious body against me, making it hard not to bend her over and slide my shaft deep inside.

Then, to my surprise, Tessa takes the lead. She gently pushes me onto the bed and climbs on top of me. The girl knows what she wants, and I intend to give it to her.

"I have a confession," she murmurs, smiling shyly.

"What is it?" I ask. My dick's so hard now that not even the Pope could get me to stop. But Tessa's obviously nervous, so I make myself listen carefully. She takes a deep breath.

"I'm a virgin," she admits. Holy fuck. I didn't think she was very experienced, but I had no idea she was completely inexperienced. Guilt returns. Not only is she young, but she's never been touched by a man. I can't deflower her. I'd feel like I was taking advantage of the young woman. I sit up and look deep into her eyes.

"Tessa, we don't have to do anything if you don't want to. I would never take advantage of you," I say.

But she shakes her head.

"I want to do this. I want you to be the one who takes my virginity. I've been saving it for you," she admits shyly with sincerity in her eyes. I'm shocked that she's been waiting for me all of this time. Most girls are loose their freshman year of college because it's their first taste of freedom. But not Tessa. She stayed pure for me.

“Are you sure?” I ask to be certain. Coyly, she unties her bathing suit and the top slips off, revealing huge, succulent tits. Fuck, there’s no way I’ll be able to keep my cock in my pants now. Gently, I caress one of her beautiful orbs as she gasps and then tilts her head back with pleasure. Good, the girl is responsive. Slowly, I lean forward and suck on one of the hard pink crests. She tastes as sweet as I’ve always imagined. She moans softly as she grinds her hips on top of me. For a virgin, she sure knows what she’s doing.

I flip her over onto her back and pull the rest of her slinky swimwear off of her body. Her naked buxom figure reminds me of an Aphrodite statue, beautiful and what a real woman’s body is supposed to look like. Then I pull her knees apart, revealing that pink slit as she gasps.

“Oh!” she cries with surprise.

“I know,” I soothe, my eyes hot as I survey her gorgeous body. “It’s okay sweetheart. I’m going to touch you everywhere.”

I study the woman before me. She’s ripe and ready, and to my delight, her nipples match the color of her cunt. Groaning with desire, I bend my head to wrap my lips around her clit and stroke it gently with my tongue. She holds onto the back of my head tightly as I devour her. Her young body is ready to burst in my hands; I can feel it. She quivers as I continue to lick. This virgin is about to have her first orgasm, and I’m glad I’m the one who is going to give it to her.

I suck on her clit until her knees start shaking and she lets out a throaty groan. Then, her juices thicken and Tessa releases a sweet honey into my mouth while moaning so loudly that I’m afraid the entire town will hear. Her body collapses in my hands, but I’m far from finished. I pull down my pants, revealing a thick, long shaft. Her eyes grow wide as she stares at my enormous cock. The last time I was with a virgin was when I was one myself. I don’t want to hurt the girl, but I want thrust my massive

dick as deep inside of her as it will go.

“I’ll go slow,” I assure her. She nods, but I can still see a bit of worry in her eyes. I know it will hurt at first, but she’ll love the way I stroke her G-spot once the pain goes away. I rub her clit as I jack myself off, letting her get an eyeful of what’s coming. I want to thrust into her warm, wet cunt, but I have to take my time with her, and this is part of it. The visual is very important when it comes to preparation.

Luckily, Tessa is responsive. Her eyes are locked on my cock, and it’s having the intended effect. Her soaked pussy drips onto the head of my penis. It’s taking everything inside of me not to shove it inside of her at this moment, but I hold back. I have to ease my way in because Tessa is like a delicate flower, and I’d hate to do anything to hurt her.

Then, I look deep into her eyes. Her worry seems to be gone, and I can tell she trusts me. Slowly, I position my gigantic cock right at the entry of her tight, wet cunt. She gasps as my shaft parts the sweet pink and then enters, biting her lip as I take my time stroking her. Her gushing pussy makes it hard to not lose control and have rough, passionate sex. My dick is telling me to pound deep inside of her, but my heart is telling me to be gentle with my sweet Tessa. I try to hold my grunts in as I bask in the sensation of her dripping vagina. She moans, letting me know the pain has gone away and has been replaced with pleasurable strokes.

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Her unsuspecting parents could walk in at any moment. There's no way I'd be able to explain to Roger and Elaine why I'm in their daughter's bedroom popping her cherry. Usually, I like to take my time when making love, but I can't risk getting caught by the Smiths. My reputation in this town would be ruined, and my career would be over. Unfortunately, our first time being together is going to have to be a quick one.

But now that Tessa's enjoying my thrusts, I can pump harder inside of her pussy. I hold onto her hips firmly as I push harder and deeper. Her moans grow louder as she looks into my eyes, her own gaze shocked and delirious with pleasure. We're both in a state of ecstasy, and I'm on the verge of coming.

Then, she locks her generous thighs around my waist, keeping me in place. I stroke deeper, causing her cunt to gush hotly over my huge rod, and then it happens. Her eyes go wide as her fluids thicken once more, and her cunt clamps down on me hard.

"Mason!" she screams. "Oh god,Coooooach!"

That does it. The pulsing of her pussy forces me over the edge, and before I realize it, I'm ejaculating with a rush into her clutching channel.

"Fuck!" I groan. "Oh shit!"

I should have pulled out, but now it's too late. I'm bare and spurting my seed into her sweetest spot, even as her spasms drawn my semen deeper into that voluptuous body. She holds me tight, clutching my form to her as I pump mightily, giving her every last drop of seed.

Holy fuck. Did that really happen? We lie there, heaving and panting, unable to move. I kiss her passionately even with my dick still clutched firmly in her pussy. I never want to leave this bed. I could lie like this forever with her. How can the way we feel about each other be wrong? We're in love after all, even if our relationship is taboo.

I hold Tessa tightly in my arms before finally disentangling myself. Even though I don't want to, I have to get out of here. Her worried mother could walk in innocently just to check on her daughter. If she found me here in bed with Tessa, I'd be exiled from Sunnyside.

I pull away, and just stand there for a moment, taking in my gorgeous girl. Was there ever a sight so beautiful? She lies in the bed, curves damp, still exhausted from the sensual sex we just had. She stares at me with those big brown eyes, and for a second, I consider staying with her for a little bit longer. But then I realize that this is way too risky. I kiss her one last time before pulling up my pants.

"I have to go," I growl gently.

"I know," she replies. I brush a lock of her curls behind her ear, catching one last glimpse of her beautiful face. Dammit. I hate that I have to leave her. I want to hold her in my arms until we fall asleep together, but that's impossible right now. Instead, I press one last kiss to her lips before exiting her bedroom and closing the door behind me.

I creep out of the house, and then casually stroll down the street and hop into my truck. It seems like everyone is still at the Martins', but I couldn't take the chance of lounging around the Smiths' abode any longer. I can't help but smile as I think about how sweet Tessa tasted. Damn, she reminds me of a juicy strawberry. I'm the first man to ever touch her. That loser, Bobby, tried, but she saved herself just for me. Hopefully, my massive cock didn't hurt her too much; I wouldn't want her to feel

sore in the morning.

I hope this isn't the last time I ever taste her or make love to her. I need more of her in my life. This isn't just a summer fling. I want to spend the rest of my life with her. She needs to know exactly how I feel about her. I have to tell her that I've been in love with her since she was sixteen, from the moment I laid eyes on her. Tessa has my heart, and she's the only one who ever will.

10

Tessa

Ille in my bed naked, going over in my mind the amazing sex I just had with Mason. Oh my gosh! I can't believe it finally happened. I waited just for him, and I'm glad I did. I'll admit, I was scared at first when I saw how huge his cock is. I was afraid it was too big and would hurt too much for me to get any pleasure out of it, but boy, was I wrong. Mason took his sweet time with me and made sure I enjoyed every stroke of his enormous thickness. In fact, he made sure I came twice before he did. I had no idea an orgasm felt like that! Not only that, but he made my body shake as he sucked on my clit. My friends always told me sex was okay, but it felt like more than just okay with Mason. It was phenomenal!

My phone vibrates, bringing me back to reality. It's a text Nicole. I wish I could tell her that I finally lost my virginity to the man of my dreams. She would be just as excited as I am right now. The only problem is I can't tell her who I lost it to. Our tiny town can be so judgmental at times. If anyone knew I just had sex with Coach Mason, we'd be run out of town. My dad would lose his mind and probably try to strangle my former coach.

I text Nicole back and let her know I'm okay. I wouldn't want her worrying for no reason. In all honesty, now I'm kind of glad Bobby wouldn't leave me alone. Thanks



to him, I finally got some alone time with Mason. And boy, what a way to spend our time alone together.

“Tessa!” my mom calls from the front door. Uh oh, I can’t let her find me like this. She’ll wonder why I’m lying here naked in the huge wet spot in the center of my bed with a man’s semen oozing from my slit. I grab my night shirt and quickly toss it on right before my mom bursts into my bedroom.

“Sweetie, are you okay?” She lets out a drunk hiccup. Maybe she won’t notice the smell of sex in the air. Thank God Mason left when he did.

“I’m fine, Mom,” I say, shooting her an innocent smile.

“Oh honey, you look flushed.” She places her hand on my forehead to check my temperature. She has no idea my reddened complexion is the result of passionate sex with the Sunnyside gym teacher.

“Mom, trust me, I’m alright. I think I just had a little too much sun. Nothing to worry about,” I say. She steps back and takes a look at me. Oh no. Can she sense something is different about me? Can she tell I’m not the pure virgin she left home with only a few hours ago? Her intense stare almost makes me want to admit the truth before she even asks me a question.

“You really are growing into a beautiful woman, Tessa,” she murmurs as she places her hand on my cheek. I let out a sigh of relief. Good, she doesn’t notice that something has changed about me.

“Thanks, Mom,” I say as I nestle my cheek into the palm of her hand.

“You’re going to make someone a very happy man one day.” My mom and I have always been close. I think she’s fantasized about me having a boyfriend more than I

did. She hoped I would end up dating one of the many jocks in my senior class with full-ride scholarships to top universities. She was just as excited as Nicole was for my date with Bobby. My mother had flashed the biggest grin at me when she saw Bobby swimming in Nicole's pool earlier. She'd practically pushed me into the pool with him. I didn't tell her either about how handsy he had gotten with me. I didn't tell anyone but Mason.

"Hopefully, you're right," I say as I try not to think about the hot sex I just had. If she knew the naughty things my former coach just did to me, she'd be running around town trying to rally up the neighbors to banish him far away from Sunnyside. Then I'd never see him again, and that's my absolute worst nightmare.

"Of course I am, sweetie. How are things going with Bobby? I saw him hanging around you by the pool." Her question is innocent, but the mention of that creep makes my blood boil. I try to remain cool.

"He's not really my type, Mom."

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“Why not? All of the other girls around town think he’s a dreamboat. They were falling over themselves to get to him after you left.” This is probably true. I mean, for some strange reason, girls in this town love Bobby. Yuck! Not me, though. Even before he tried to take advantage of me, I never could get past the oozing pimples on his face and neck. And Lord knows, I can’t stand his cocky personality.

“I’m just not crazy over him like everyone else is,” I say. Hopefully, she’ll take the hint and drop the idea of me ever becoming Mrs. Frazier. Just the thought of that alone makes me want to hurl.

“Fine, but it would’ve been nice to see you dating someone. You were always a shy girl, Tessa. I just want you to spread your wings a little,” she says. I totally get what she means. I was never like the other girls in Sunnyside, sneaking around to see boys. My parents never had to worry about a guy climbing through my window late at night. I even went to senior prom alone. Part of the reason was because I’ve always been shy, but truthfully, it was also because I only had eyes for one person. After a couple of beers, I let Steven Jacobs kiss me a few months ago at a college party, but other than that, I stayed far away from little boys. From the first time I saw Coach, I knew I didn’t want anyone else. I just can’t believe I finally got him! I’m jumping for joy on the inside.

My mom would never understand the idea of me being in love with Mason. She and my dad and everyone else in our community would think he took advantage of me, but that couldn’t be any further from the truth. Up until an hour ago, he’d never laid a hand on me before. I had no idea he felt the same way about me. We both waited until I became an adult, so technically, we aren’t doing anything wrong. I know this deep in my heart, but my parents would totally have a heart attack if they knew the

truth.

I don't know what I'm going to do. I can't disappoint my parents, but I won't stop seeing Mason. How can I when I'm so deeply in love with him? People who are in love with each other should be allowed to be together, no matter what anyone else thinks.

"What if I wanted to be with someone that you and Daddy didn't approve of?" I inquire. She curls up her top lip. Uh oh, I know what that look means. It's the look mothers give when they're about to tell you how to live your life. It's the same face she would make if I told her I don't really want to be an accountant and that I'd rather open a bakery. I regret asking that question now.

"Well," she says with her upper lip still curled. "If he treats you right and makes you happy, that's all that matters. You have to do what makes you happy," she says unconvincingly. I'm not sure if she really means it, though. Parents always say things like that, but they already have their minds made up about how they want your life to go. Even if she doesn't completely mean it, her words send a wave of relief through me. She's right. I do need to do what makes me happy, and no one has ever brought me joy the way Mason does.

"Thanks, Mom," I say.

"Is there someone? Maybe a special somebody at Trinity?" she asks. I want to tell her I've found the man of my dreams, but I can't. She's expecting me to end up with a boy my own age, not Sunnyside's hot softball coach.

"Not yet, Mom," I lie.

"Well, I'm sure you'll get some action around here this summer. The boys at Jane and Alex's house were drooling over you. Your father wanted to give them a piece of

his mind, but I told him to leave it alone. You're young, but you're a woman now, and you've got the body to prove it," she says as she winks. I used to be really self-conscious about my body. I thought having curves was a bad thing, but my mom always told me that guys like curvy women and that one day I'd be glad that I wasn't born to be a skinny twig. She's bit curvier than me, and my dad goes crazy over her. In fact, half of the dads in Sunnyside do. My brunette mom is the very definition of a MILF.

Too bad I'm not interested in any of the boys who were drooling over me at Nicole's, especially not Bobby. I nod indifferently, hoping my mother can't see through my facade. I hate keeping secrets from the ones I love and care about. Maybe Mom and Dad wouldn't totally hate the idea of me dating my former softball coach. They know he's a good guy, and everyone in town adores and respects him. Maybe I'm overthinking this whole thing. I'm eighteen, and I've been away from home for a whole year. I'm definitely mature enough to be in an adult relationship.

"You're right, Mom. I'm a woman, and I need to be with a man. Alone," I emphasize. I hope that if I drop enough hints, she'll realize that my heart longs for something way deeper than what these teenage boys have to offer.

"Well, they all eventually grow up to be men, honey. You just have to give them a chance. Someone out there will step up to the plate and be the man that you need," she says, completely missing the signs I laid out for her. She still sees me with one of the bony boys around town instead of the fully grown macho man Mason. I can't just come out and tell her I'm in love with one of Sunnyside's faculty members; she'd have a cow. I guess, for now, my secret will have to stay safely between Mason and me.

"You're right, Mom," I say in an attempt to end the conversation.

"Good," she says, grinning. My mother is satisfied that I agree with her; that's all that

matters. Deep down inside, I don't want to wait until the childish ways of the guys my age disappear. But I'll tell her anything right now to get her to stop pressing the issue. "I made some chocolate chip cookies earlier. Do you want to come down to the kitchen with me to eat some?" she asks. She knows I'm a sucker for chocolate chip cookies; I always have been. I jump out of my bed without hesitation and follow her to the kitchen.

My mother places our porcelain cookie jar on the counter as I pour two tall glasses of milk. The sweet scent of freshly baked cookies fills the air. I'm reminded of how badly I want to bake my way into the hearts of Sunnyside's residents. Mason's words dance around in my head. He's right; I do need to go after the things I want in life. It's the only way I'll ever truly be happy. The joy I feel right now from taking a chance with Mason is indescribable. It was scary but definitely well worth it. He doesn't try to tell me what to do like my parents, or influence me like my friends. He accepts me for who I really am and wants the best for me. I'm never going to be able to find anyone else who completely gets me like him. I can't settle for the inexperienced guys at Trinity when I finally have the man of my dreams. I bite into one of the chocolate chip cookies, feeling satisfied not only by the delicious dessert, but by the feeling of knowing that at last, Mason is mine.

11

Mason

Words blur before my eyes as I reminisce about last night with Tessa. Shit, she tasted so sweet. The juices that dripped from the innocent girl left me craving more. I'm supposed to be going over insurance policies for the football team, but all I can think about is her. I rub my eyes, but my vision is still doubled. I can't make out a single sentence, but I can still see the voluptuous girl's curves swaying through my mind.

A knot forms in my stomach as guilt floods my brain. I took the pure girl's virginity;

I turned my former high school student into a woman. She visited me in this very office countless times. Sitting across from me, she would twirl her cinnamon swirl curls around her dainty finger, taunting me. God, even back then she would drive me crazy and make it hard to focus. I rub my eyes, but I can't get the image of her shapely figure out of my mind. How the hell am I supposed to get any work done?

My cock gets hard as I remember how wet her youthful cunt was. I cuff my wood with both of my hands, trying to reduce the blood flow. I'm at work, for crying out loud. I can't sit here fantasizing about a Sunnyside alumna when my current students could waltz into my office at any given moment. I glance up at a photo of my softball team from two years ago – Tessa's team. Her body looks amazing in the softball uniform, but then again, her body looks amazing in anything.

As I left her house last night, I felt like I hadn't done anything wrong, but now, remorse brews deep within me. Sure, she's grown, but I am supposed to be like a father figure to her. Our relationship should have never gone this far, but it has, and now, I don't know what to do. I should've fought my feelings, but that was damn near impossible. I'm losing my mind going back and forth about her. Half of me says to stay away from her, while the other half commands me to go after the woman I'm in love with. The inner turmoil is starting to become too much to handle. Being torn makes it hard to decide which way I want to go, but I finally make a decision.

Tessa's sweet lips silence any thoughts of me running from my love for her. That kiss last night had sent me flying, like a sling propelling me toward her. Now I feel like I'll never be able to fight my feelings for the girl. I wasn't trying to lead her on, but there's no way we can actually be together. The residents of Sunnyside would burn me at the stake. I would have to move all the way to the other side of the nation, maybe even outside of the country. I don't regret making love to her, but I'm ashamed that I couldn't control myself. She's so young, and her heart is precious to me. I don't want to do anything to hurt her.

I should've resisted the buxom teen, but her body beckoned me like a cat in heat, calling me as if a single touch from me would be a cure to her temporary illness. Her frame trembled in my hands as I devoured her candied cunt. I've never had trouble pleasing a woman, but I'd wanted Tessa's first orgasm to be special. I just hope my moment of weakness doesn't damage her. I loved every second of being inside of her, but after a night of sleep, I'm not so sure that making love to her was the right thing to do.

She's a college student with a bright future ahead of her. If anyone found out I crept into her bedroom while the entire town was celebrating the beginning of summer, they might get the wrong idea about her. Tessa was never fast like some of the other girls she graduated with. She never flaunted her body or threw herself at her male classmates. She was a virtuous virgin, untouched by the wandering hands of boys who are still wet behind the ears. Sleeping with a staff member from your alma mater is scandalous. People would talk, and I don't want to ruin her reputation. She's a good girl with a lot going for her; I'd hate to taint her image. I need to protect her by any means necessary.

I ruffle through the documents laid out before me. I can't get any work done with the alluring brunette on my mind. My heart is pleading with me to see her again, but I know there's no way I would be able to be in her presence without kissing her plump pink lips, both sets. I lock my fingers together and place them on top of my head as I recline back in my seat. I think it's pretty safe to say that I won't be getting any work done today. Tessa has taken over my brain and left me completely incapable of thinking about anything else.

A hundred reasons why I should stay away from her run through my mind, but despite every doubt, there's one reason why I can't – I love her. What kind of man deprives himself of the thing he loves the most? I can't be without her anymore; I had to wait three years just to finally kiss her soft lips. It was torture being around her but never being able to simply hold her in my arms. Never being able to kiss her or hold



her delicate hand. I had to let my feelings for her burn on the inside while I put up a front that she was nothing more to me than a student athlete, but she's always been more than that. Way more than that. She gave me a reason to get up and go to work in the morning, hoping I'd see her walking down the halls with her big frizzy curls. Teachers work long hours, but I didn't mind spending an extra three after school during softball practice because I knew I'd be with her. Even if we weren't alone, at least we were together.

Those moments I got to look deep into her eyes as I encouraged her to reach her full potential were moments I'll never forget. They were just as special to me as they were to the young teen. For those few minutes, we were vulnerable with each other. She'd spill her heart out to me about her insecurities, but I would always find the right thing to say in order to make her feel invincible. She has no idea the power she holds and the things she can accomplish, even after a year of being away at college. She's still doubting herself, thinking she has to become an accountant in order to please her folks. I want her to make her own choices and be happy living the life she wants, not the one her parents envisioned.

The young woman doesn't see how much time she has ahead of her. She thinks she needs to make major life decisions right now, but she's young enough to move at her own tempo. I wish I had as much time left as her, but I'm twice her age. Holy cow. How can a relationship work between us when she's at the start of her life and I'm in the middle of mine? By the time the eighteen-year-old is ready to settle down, I'll be damn near sixty. What am I thinking? Sure, age was always on the table, but now that I really think about it, I can't rob her of her youth. She has so much ahead of her. I'm not old, but I'm damn sure not getting any younger. She's only a teen while I'm in my mid-forties. I mean, I don't look it, but I am old enough to be her father.

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Her real dad and the other guys my age all have salt and pepper hair or else no hair at all due to balding. I have a full head of jet black hair and not a wrinkle in sight. I'm pretty active, so I'm in great physical shape, and I never have aching bones like the other men I know, but I am in my forties. She's still figuring life out, but I'm pretty much set in my ways. With our timelines being galaxies apart, how can we ever meet on common ground? Maybe I'm reading too much into it, though, or maybe I'm just creating excuses about why it can't work because I'm afraid of the possibility of actually being with Tessa.

For years, I'd hoped that after she graduated she would tell me she loves me and we could finally be together. I pictured us getting married and having a bunch of babies with her big brown eyes and locks of curls. It was just a fantasy, but now there's a possibility that it could become a reality. When she leaned in for a kiss last night, I was shocked, but my lips had gravitated toward hers like a magnet. For a second, I'd contemplated pulling away, but those damn lips had me locked in. I couldn't break away if I wanted to.

I don't know what to do. I wish work would take my mind off of it all, but she's all I can think about. How could I fall this deeply in love with such a young girl? Part of me wishes she'd never joined the softball team that year, but if she hadn't, I would've never had the opportunity to fall in love with her beautiful soul. She completely has my heart, but life would be much easier if didn't. Maybe then I could focus on being the best coach I can be and worry about dating women my own age.

It's not like I'm one of those older guys who purposely dates young girls for fun, or because I'm afraid of women my own age. I never meant to fall for Tessa; I fought my feelings for years. When she joined the team, I was dating someone a few years

younger than me. In fact, the woman is actually still a teacher at Sunnyside. The brunette educator was nice, and we had fun together on our dates, but I didn't see a real future with her. I ended things with her shortly after I watched Tessa prance around the softball field in those damn shorts and tank top. My cock still gets hard remembering the way her full breasts jiggled as she ran across the field, and finally, for the first time last night, I got to suck on those juicy tits.

In the twenty years I've been teaching, I've never felt this way about any other student before. At the time my feelings were developing, I felt wrong and ashamed to think of a young girl that way, but Tessa has always been mature. During our conversations together, I would forget that the girl was only sixteen. She spoke like such an adult and thought rationally instead of like a self-centered, entitled teen. The mature young lady carried herself like she was already a grown woman, so that made it easy to forget that she was only in high school.

I know I shouldn't make excuses for why I lusted after a teenage girl, but I never made a move on her while she was still my student. In fact, even last night, she made the first move. That made me feel a little less guilty about kissing her. I wasn't forcing her or pressuring her into something she didn't want to do. She was doing it of her own free will. I love the way she couldn't keep her hands off of me. It made me feel like she had to have me, like she had been waiting for the moment as long as I had. We're drawn to each other. If that isn't love, then I don't know what is.

All of these years, I had no idea she felt any way toward me other than the way a student feels about her teacher. To find out she was saving her virginity for me lets me know how deeply she truly cares for me. Making love to her felt like a dream, the kind of dream you don't want to end because it feels so good. It's not just about the pleasure I felt when stroking her super wet cunt; it's the contentment I experienced as I stared into her eyes and made her body feel like it's never felt before. Her mellifluous moans had sent chills through my body. They still echo in my mind like a distant call, beckoning me to come back and satisfy her body again. I'd give anything

for another taste of her sweet nectar.

I can't be without Tessa; I think I'd go numb. My heart has never loved anyone like this, and my body has never craved another woman the way it does this temptress. I wish I could take her out on a date – we could sit and talk about the way we both feel about one another – but if the townsfolk saw us together, they'd send me running for the hills. Her father would probably try to kill me, and her mother's eyes would leak tears so heavy that they could wash away Sunnyside all together. A date around town is completely out of the question, but maybe I can take her some place far away from here. A place no one knows.

I own a beach house down the shore in New Jersey. It's far enough away from Sunnyside that we wouldn't run into anyone we know if we decided to go out in public together. We could spend a weekend at the beach snuggled up as we watch the waves roll in. I think a weekend alone together is just what we need to hash out our feelings and discuss where we plan to go from here. I'll whisk her away to a serene place where we both can feel comfortable opening up to each other.

Hopefully, it won't take much to convince her to come away with me. I just need some time alone with her, more than what I got last night. With the fear of her parents walking in at any second, we didn't get the chance to sit down and talk. The sex was awesome, but that's not all I want from her, and I need her to know that. I need her to know how deep my love flows for her. I'm not one of those young boys just trying to get into her pants; I'm a real man trying to love her the way she deserves. I want to take care of her and help her continue to grow into a woman. It's not going to be easy, but somehow, I have to at least try to see where things can go between us. I've waited three years just to hold her in my arms, and now I want to hold her forever. Letting go was extremely difficult, but hopefully after a weekend away together, I won't have to let her go ever again. Maybe she'll finally be mine.

Tessa

I inhale the familiar scent of Sunnyside High's hallways. It's only been a year, but it feels like centuries. Roaming the building makes me miss the very place I couldn't wait to get out of. I never really felt like I fit in with all of the other Sunnyside teens; I guess that's why I always gravitated toward my teachers. Of course, I had Nicole and a few other close gal pals, but I didn't really go to too many high school house parties or hang out with all of the popular kids. Sunnyside is small enough that everyone knows everyone, but I still found a way to hide from the crowd and stay out of the mix.

It's not that I'm antisocial or something; I've just always been shy. Remember the being curvy my whole life thing? I was always hiding in the back because of my size. When I was younger, I didn't appreciate my curves, but I started embracing them when I realized that women are supposed to be curvy, not walking sticks. I used to wish I was a fashion model's size. Magazines and TV made me think that was what true beauty looks like, but now I know differently. The way Nicole was going on about wishing she could put on weight lets me know that thin isn't in and that curvy women are beautiful. I wish I'd known that back when I was a student staring at all of the skinny cheerleaders from a distance and hoping I could look like them one day. Now, I adore every curve on my body and wouldn't change a thing about me for the world.

I miss my old high school, but that isn't why I'm here today. I've come for the man who has changed my life in so many ways. It might be risky, but I have to see him. I've replayed the moment that we kissed in my mind over and over again, like my favorite song. I can't get his lips out of my mind. Butterflies swarm in my stomach every time I think about that sweet kiss, a kiss I need to experience again. Maybe I'm crazy for coming here to his job, but he makes my heart go crazy. He makes me want to be wild and adventurous and take chances.

As I make my way down the hall, I see my freshman English teacher, Ms. Hunter. Rumor has it that she and Mason were a thing once. I loved her class freshman year, but seeing her now makes me feel a little tense. I mean, she was once dating the man that I love. She's the kind of teacher that all of the boys went crazy over. The hourglass-shaped teacher is young and pretty; I can see why Mason went for her, which makes me uncomfortable right now in this moment. A wide grin spreads across her face as she recognizes me.

"Tessa! Is that you?" she asks as she rushes over to me with her arms spread open. She was always nice to me and never gave too much homework. It would be really awkward and suspicious if I didn't embrace right now as well, so I go along with hugging her, but deep inside, I want to run away from my secret lover's ex.

"Hi, Ms. Hunter," I try to say with just as much enthusiasm as she exhibited, but I'm pretty sure I missed the mark. I've never been good at putting up a front.

"You look amazing!" she says as she admires the freshman fifteen I've put on.

"Thank you," I reply. I'm sure she'll ask me the typical questions teachers ask former students, but hopefully, the conversation won't last too long. After all, I did come here to see Mason, not to discuss my first year away at college with the Sunnyside staff.

"Glad to see you're back for the summer. Do you like Trinity?" she asks. At the end of last year, all of us seniors had something like a college reveal party in the cafe. We ate breakfast together and everyone shared what their plans were after graduation, like if they were going to college or to the military. Ms. Hunter had been there serving scrambled eggs and had heard when I announced I was going to Trinity, so it doesn't surprise me that she remembered that's where I've spent the last year. She's just trying to be nice, but I really don't want to talk about Trinity. To be honest, I really don't even want to go back.

“It was good,” I lie. No one ever really wants to hear the truth. Besides, if I couldn’t even tell my own parents that I was miserable at college, there’s no way I would ever consider telling Mason’s ex, even if she is my former teacher.

“That’s good,” she says. “We really miss you around here.” I think that’s just something teachers say when they don’t know what else to say. Maybe she does really miss me, but like I said, I never really stood out to anyone. Well, except for Mason. In her English class, I always sat in the back right corner, trying not to be seen. She never forced me to sit in the front, which was a good thing. She kind of just let me be, which is what I liked about her class.

“I miss everyone, too. It feels kind of weird being back here,” I admit.

“That’s because you’re a woman now. You left home and learned to see the world in a different way. You’ve outgrown this place,” she says. I think she’s right. I’m not the same little girl who rushed through these halls to get from class to class. I am a woman.

At first, when I walked through these doors, I had a bit of doubt about Mason and me dating. He’s way older than me, and he has a house and a career. I’m just an eighteen-year-old college student who’s still trying to figure everything out. I still can’t decide whether I want to stay at Trinity or tell my parents that I want to come back home permanently. I was feeling a bit insecure, but without even trying, my former English teacher helped me realize that I am mature enough to be with Mason. Age isn’t anything but a number – it doesn’t define who he and I are, and it shouldn’t negate our relationship either.

“You’re right, Ms. Hunter. It was great seeing you,” I say. I don’t want to be rude, but I want to get to Mason as soon as possible. He isn’t expecting me, but hopefully, seeing me will be a pleasant surprise for him. I want to stop by to thank him. I don’t think he truly understands what he has been to me. He may have cheered me on from

the sidelines, but the real reason my heart will forever belong to him is because he taught me how to love myself, even with my flaws. He helped me see that I'm perfect just the way I am, and for that, I will forever be grateful.

"It was great seeing you too, Tessa," she says as we go our separate ways. I anxiously walk down the hall toward the gymnasium. Hopefully there isn't a football player or a track star in his office taking up his time.

I stop in front of his office door and take a deep breath. I haven't been in this office in a year. I used to find little reasons to leave class to come down here and see him. I'd complain about a sore ankle or insist I had some important paperwork my parents signed to give to him. Anything to look into those ice blue eyes for a few moments. I'm nervous to go inside, but I didn't come all the way down here for nothing. I rushed over here from Bagel Bunch to really thank Mason for everything he's done for me, most recently for taking my virginity.

I gently knock on the door. "Come in," he says from the other side. Here goes nothing. I slowly turn the doorknob and walk into the office. He's looking through some papers and doesn't immediately look up to see who just walked into his office at the end of the school day. The glowing god has no idea I'm standing in front of him. His entire office smells like the heavenly cologne he wears, and I practically drown happily in the scent. I still can't believe we actually made love last night. My cunt drips just remembering the way he sucked on my clit. He made me feel like my body was about to explode, and when it finally did, my juices gushed into his mouth. He drank every drop without hesitation. I fan myself in an attempt to cool down the heat permeating from my hot and ready body.



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I clear my throat to get his attention. He looks up at me with a mixture of happiness and confusion on his face. “Hi,” I say softly.

“Tessa, what a surprise.” I push my puffy curls behind my ears, revealing my face. I want him to see the sincerity in my eyes. I want him to see how much I’m in love with him. “What are you doing here?” he asks.

“I want to thank you,” I say.

“Thank me?” he asks.

“Yes, for everything you’ve done for me,” I reply.

“Tessa, that isn’t necessary,” he says as he gathers all of the scattered papers on his desk and stacks them into a pile. “You don’t owe me anything. It was my job to push you to become the best softball player you could be.”

He doesn’t get it. I’m not here to thank him for being my softball coach. I’m here to thank him for being the one person who truly gets me and knows how to lift me up when I’m at my lowest.

“I do need to thank you,” I say as I walk over to his desk. Gosh, I hope I don’t smell like bagels. Sure, the scent is delicious, but what girl wants to smell like dough when she’s trying to be intimate with her significant other? I sit on the corner of his desk and stare deeply into his eyes. “I’ve never had anyone in my life believe in me that way that you do. Last night proved that you’ve never stopped believing in me. You’re still encouraging me to go after the things that I want, and I graduated a year ago.”

He's silent for a bit.

"It's because I care about you, Tessa. I want the best for you; I always have," he finally says. I smile, knowing he means every word. His warm laugh flows from his lips. He rubs his thumb across my chin and holds it up in the air. His stocky thumb is covered in flour. It must've gotten on my face at the bagel shop. "Bringing your work home with you?" he jokes. I giggle as I stare at his flour-covered thumb.

"I came straight here from Bagel Bunch. I should've stopped by my house to fix myself up," I say, adjusting my uniform.

"Nonsense, you look perfect right now, just like you always do," he says as I melt all over his desk. Man, those butterflies are back and in full effect, fluttering like they're trying to break free from my stomach. I hate the uniform that I have to wear to work because I feel like it makes my body look like an actual bagel, but Mason doesn't seem to mind. He's looking at me right now like I'm the most beautiful person he's ever seen, and that's causing my heart to nearly beat out of my chest.

How could this man be so perfect? I try to hide my smile, but he lifts my chin, making it impossible to keep my grin all to myself. His piercing blue eyes captivate me, making it impossible to look away. My pussy throbs as he stares deeply into my eyes, and I want to pounce on him right now.

"You're just saying that," I reply. My curls are frizzy, and just a second ago, my chin was covered in flour. Not to mention that I probably reek of yeast. I wanted to stop at home to wash away all of the bagel remnants, but I couldn't wait any longer to see him. I mixed up orders at Bagel Bunch all day because I couldn't stop thinking about him. Nicole thought I was sick or something, and she was right – I was lovesick. My body felt ill being away from him, so I rushed over to Sunnyside High to cure my ailment.

“I mean it. You always look beautiful to me.” He pulls me closer, sliding me across his desk toward him. Oh man, my heart is pounding, and my pussy is dripping all over his cherry wood workstation. Good thing he moved those papers out of the way or else they would be as wet as the ocean. I want him more than ever right now, but we’re at my old high school. The bell is going to ring any minute now, and students are going to flood the halls, causing a stampede. If anyone caught us here together, he’d lose his job for sure. But even with that in mind, I can’t stop myself from wanting to drop my pants down to my ankles and bend over so that he can slide his massive, pulsating cock inside of my soaking wet cunt.

He places his hand on cheek, and I nestle my face into his palm. Oh my gosh! What is he doing to me? I feel like I’m floating, but my posterior is firmly planted on his desk. My mind is racing with all kinds of naughty thoughts, and my heart feels like a balloon, so full that it’s ready to pop. His warm hand sends chills down my spine, and I shiver from his touch. God, I can’t stop staring into his eyes; it’s like they’re holding me hostage. Every hair on his head is perfect. Even his five o’clock shadow has a certain appeal to it.

“You’re so handsome,” I blurt out. He smiles, and for the first time ever, his cheeks turn a crimson red. I’ve never seen him bashful before; he usually has a hard exterior that makes him look like a tough guy or a bad boy, but somehow, my words have softened him.

“Thank you,” he says with his rosy cheeks still glowing.

“You’re welcome.” Handsome doesn’t even begin to describe how magnificent this man looks. His striking blue eyes and perfectly carved body create a puddle in my panties every time I lay eyes on him. Sometimes he doesn’t even have to be around, just the thought of him alone causes a river to flow between my legs.

“I feel so safe when I’m with you,” I admit. I’ve never felt as safe with anyone else as

I do right now, which is ironic because me being here right now is risky, but he makes me feel like everything is going to be alright. I don't know how this man does it, but he erases all of my doubts.

"I'll always keep you safe, Tessa," he says as he leans in for a kiss. Our lips lock, and he takes me to another world, one where there's no one else in it but us. My heart races from his kiss and from the fear that we might get caught. The rush of adrenaline through my veins turns me on and gets me all revved up to go. His fingers run through my curls as we make out in his office. Oh man, I'm so hot right now that steam is seeping from my heated body. I know it's probably crazy, but I want to do way more than just kiss. After all, I did come here to thank him. He's caught by surprise as I break away from our intense smooch.

"Did I do something wrong?" he asks. The gentleman's blue eyes have become a sea of worry. He mistakenly thinks I'm backing away because I want to stop, but I'm just getting started.

"I know you think I don't owe you anything, but I do-"

"Tessa, no, you don't," he says a bit firmly. He's humble and doesn't understand the magnitude of his role in my life. I gently place my finger on his lips, silencing the modest man.

"I do, and I need to thank you for everything you've done for me." I slide the basketball shorts he's wearing off of his muscular thighs, allowing me to see his swollen shaft through his boxers. The sight of his massive bulge makes my cunt throb. I can't wait to feel it inside of me again, but first things first, I need to do what I came here to do.

"What are you doing?" he asks nervously, but I don't say a word. Instead, I drop down to my knees and expose his engorged penis by removing his boxers. I've never

done this before, but I want to do it for him because he deserves it. “Tessa, we can’t. Not here.”

It’s too late. I’ve made up my mind, and I’m not changing it. I place my hands on his inner thighs and zero in on his gigantic cock. It jerks uncontrollably as I move closer toward it. My mouth waters, ready to taste him the same way he tasted me last night. I want him to be my first for all of my sexual experiences. Last night pleased my body in ways I had no idea were possible. I couldn’t imagine ever allowing another man to touch me the way he did.

“Tessa, you don’t have to do this,” he protests. His lips say one thing, but the head between his legs is telling me another. His erect dick is pleading with me to ignore Mason’s words and to suck on it like a sweet popsicle on a hot summer day.

I choose to listen to the latter and gently suck on his inner thigh, causing him to pant heavily. The big, burly man grits his teeth as he tries to keep from making any sounds. We only have a few minutes until the school bell rings, so I have to make this pretty quick. I go over in my mind the tips that Nicole gave me earlier in the day when I asked her nonchalantly how to make a guy come just by sucking his cock. She so freely gave me pointers, completely unaware that I planned on using every tip she gave me on Coach Mason. He grips the back of my head as I kiss closer and closer to his rock hard cock. I look up into his eyes, a bit nervous. This is my first time doing this, after all.

“You can stop if you want to,” he says. I love the way he puts my needs before his, almost like he cares about me more than he cares about himself. Bobby didn’t give a damn whether or not I liked the way he was touching me, but Mason doesn’t want me to do anything I’m uncomfortable with. I can’t stop now; he deserves it for the amazing man he’s been to me. I have to do this, I have to.

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Tessa

I ease his thick shaft into my mouth, trying my best to fit the large hunk of meat into my jaw. He grunts as his cock makes its way down my moist throat.

“Shit,” he says, panting as he entangles his fingers in my curls. I draw back, removing his engorged dick from my throat. My saliva drips down the shaft, making it as wet as my soaked cunt. His sugary skin tastes better than I expected, and I’m certain it has just become my new favorite treat.

I thrust my head forward, causing him to let out another grunt, this time louder. He grips my curly hair tighter, sending a sensational chill throughout my body. I must be doing this right because he seems to be enjoying every second of his cock hitting the back of my throat. A baritone moan escapes his lips as I swirl my tongue around the mushroom top-shaped head. I suction my lips around his dick as I suck and slurp vigorously, causing him to lose all control. He closes his eyes as he floats high on cloud nine. His hand slips up my Bagel Bunch shirt and plays with my nipple, sending tingles through my body. My soaking wet panties can’t hold anymore of the juices my cunt is secreting, and my throbbing clit is ready to feel his touch. One stroke from his tongue would cause it to burst and squirt out the milkiest come. I’ve got to have him right now; my body feels like it’s about to explode.

I pull away and drop my pants and drenched undies to the ground with haste, revealing my swollen, wet cunt. He lifts me into the air with his super human strength and lays me gently on top of his desk, the same desk I’ve sat at multiple times. This moment is so hot. I’m about to have sex with my former softball coach in his office at the high school I graduated from.

“You’re dripping,” he says as he admires my soaked pussy. His thumb caresses my clit, causing me to gush all over his desk. Oh man, the bell is going to ring any minute now, but we’ve come too far to turn back now. Both of our bodies are begging to climax and reach the point of satisfaction. I need to feel him inside of me, stroking until my come drips down his thighs.

“I want you,” I mewl. His crystal gaze gleams in the fluorescent light, shining almost like diamonds. Those eyes drive my heart wild, and now, both it and my cunt are throbbing simultaneously.

“Yeah,” he says, placing his hands on my hips and pulling me closer to the edge of the desk. “Is this what you want?” He slowly sticks the mushroom head inside of my deep, moist walls.

“Yes,” I moan as his oversized penis penetrates my every inch, taking my breath away. Holy cow, it’s huge – maybe even bigger than it was last night. I hold on to his waist as he miraculously makes his entire piece of wood fit inside of my tiny twat. My body jerks as he thrusts harder, hitting my G-spot with each motion.

“You feel so good,” he grunts through his teeth. Students stampede in the hallway, but all I can hear are my sensual moans and Mason’s huffs as his wooden workstation creaks, squealing louder than the both of us. His hand grips my neck firmly as I shiver in his hands. The powerful thrusts leave me powerless to his control as he nibbles my flesh. I try to hold back my moans, but they break through my lips like they are trying to break out of prison.

“Shh,” he says as he delicately places his hand over my mouth. “Not too loud.” He’s right, and I know better, but my body’s natural reaction refuses to be stifled. But like a child trying to resist a pile of sweets, I can’t help myself. He takes his hand off of my mouth and passionately kisses me as he strokes my soaking wet box. I have that exploding feeling again, the one right before I ooze milky white come. A few more

strokes, and my body bursts into completion as I bite my lip to keep from shouting to the rooftops.

“I want to taste you,” he says, pulling his come-covered cock out of my cunt. I can’t take my eyes off of the bulging veins – even his dick has unstoppable strength. He tosses my legs back and drops down onto his knees. I swoon on the desk, waiting to feel the lush strokes of his tongue on my thin, pink clit. He gazes at it as if he’s been fasting for days and I’m the meal he’s finally rewarding himself with. His hands grab onto my hips as he wraps his lips around the sliver of flesh between my second set of lips. I squirm as his tongue brushes my clit like it’s painting a picture. He holds onto my bottom half tighter to keep me in place.

I release moans into the atmosphere, breaking the silence in the office. I bite my lip again. It feels damn near impossible, but I have to keep quiet. If anyone catches us, we’ll be the talk of Sunnyside, and not in a good way. He raises my shirt, revealing my perky tits, and grabs each of them in his massive palms. His heavenly tongue swirls around my pearl as his thick thumbs flick my rock hard nipples. The combined sensations send my body flying, and I soar higher and higher, trying to reach my peak again. My come is still dripping from his mighty prick, but I can feel my body tensing as it prepares to squirt on his magnificent mouth. He stares deep into my eyes as he devours my sweet spot, and I feel so connected to him in this moment that I can’t hold back any longer. I’ve reached my peak, and I’m ready to climax.

“I’m coming,” I say as cream surges from my throbbing cunt. He sucks the sweet liquid from my glistening jewel, leaving not a drop behind. I quiver as I lie on the hot and steamy cherry wood, still recovering from the way his tongue lashed out.

“Bend over,” he commands. Without hesitation, I hop off of the desk and assume the position. His hands hold on tightly to my wide hips as he slides his dripping wet dick deep inside of me, thrusting harder than before. I grip the edge, holding on for dear life as he pounds me from behind. His hard blows shake my body as our skin claps



against each other.

“Go deeper,” I whisper, longing for every inch of his cock. He plunges deeper inside of my oasis and grips a handful of my curls in the palm of his hand. Our bodies clash with one another, creating a sound like thunder. Hopefully, no one can hear what’s taking place in Coach Mason’s office right now. The clamor of students rushing out of the school is a good cover up, but it won’t last for long. Luckily, it won’t have to.

“I’m about to come,” the Herculean man grunts as he heaves with every stroke. He plows harder until his body loses its strength as a stream of warm, gooey come jets inside of me. His jizz fills me up, satisfying every ounce of my body. His frame collapses on top of mine while we’re still linked with his cock buried inside of me. He pants heavily as his warm breath tickles the back of my neck.

His penis pulsates inside of me as it slowly loses its superpower. Then he pulls out, leaving a trail of sperm seeping from my pussy. The creamy come runs down my legs, creating a mess, but it’s one I enjoy every much. The chivalrous man grabs a handful of tissues and wipes his semen off of me.

We both get dressed again, marveling in the fact that we just made love in his office and got away with it. Phew, that was a close call. A student or a staff member could have walked in at any given moment. Luckily, they stayed clear of the beloved athletic director’s office long enough for us to finish our tryst.

He pulls me in closely and kisses my forehead. I smile at the feel of his soft lips against my skin. How is this even possible? I always fantasized about this kind of stuff with Mason, but now it’s really happening. It might be too soon to say so, but I think we’re both in love with each other. He hasn’t said it yet, but I can feel it. I can tell by the way he looks into my eyes like I’m the only woman in the world. My body turns to clay when I’m around him, so ready to be easily molded. When I’m in his hands, he’s in complete control, and I love it. He knows where to touch and where to

kiss without me even having to ask. Bobby couldn't find my hotspots if he tried, and he had.

"I should probably get out of here," I say, realizing we've been locked in his office for twenty minutes now and someone might be looking for the athletic director. I try to head toward the door, but he grabs me before I can take a step.

"Come away with me this weekend," he says as he sweeps me up into his chiseled arms. Is he crazy? Where can we possibly go that we won't be recognized by Sunnyside residents?

"Mason, we can't. Someone will see us," I insist. The last thing I need is for a neighbor to catch us in a public display of affection and go running back to my parents to tell them that my former softball coach is being inappropriate with me.

"Yes, we can," he reassures me. "I own a beach house in New Jersey. We can stay down by the shore for the weekend and have the whole place to ourselves. That way, we won't have to sneak around." Oh my gosh! I would love a weekend away at the beach with Mason! I honestly can't think of anything I'd rather do than spend a few days alone together away from our neighbors. "What do you say?" he asks.

"Yes!" I squeal louder than his cherry wood desk. A romantic weekend alone with this alpha male is exactly what I need. It'll be just the two of us building a flame together that will burn so brightly that no one will ever be able to put it out. I'll lie in his arms for hours, probably never leaving the bed. We can make love without the fear of being caught and without having to rush. It sounds like the perfect weekend with the perfect man, and I absolutely can't wait.

"Good," he says, sounding a little relieved. His arms pull me closer, pressing me against his chest. I listen as his heart thumps loudly, racing just as fast as mine. Our thuds are almost in sync, like a duet harmonizing in a grand performance. His

intoxicating scent takes over, leaving me incapacitated and completely at his will. I know I shouldn't stay any longer, but God, he makes it so hard to leave. I wish he could hold me forever, just like this, but practice starts soon. The girls are probably in their locker room right now, changing and getting ready to hit the field. If I hold him up any longer, they'll be wondering where their coach is, and they might come looking for him.

"I have to go," I say even though I don't really want to. God knows I don't, but another second could be the difference between us running away for the weekend and Mason being run out of Sunnyside.

"I know." His melancholy tone puts a gloomy cloud over my heart. He doesn't want this moment to end either. Damn, it's only Monday. How the hell am I supposed to make it all the way to Friday? These next couple of days are going to be torture as I patiently wait for our escapade. I'll have to find a million things to do just to keep my mind off of the trip Mason has planned for us.

Luckily, I'll have Bagel Bunch to keep me distracted, and I'm sure Nicole will have plenty of stories to tell me about her most recent hook-ups. I don't know how I'm going to keep this secret from the blonde. We usually spend our weekends together at the mall, so I'll have to come up with something to explain why I'm disappearing. And I'll need an excuse for my parents too. I guess that's what I'll be doing for the next couple of days, coming up with little white lies to hide my major secret love affair.

Our lips gently touch one last time, and tingles course through my body as a never ending river flows between my legs. I'll have to toss this pair of panties straight into the wash. Mom would have a fit if she saw my come-filled undies with the little pink hearts on them. There's no way I could say a little teenage boy got me this super wet. This is clearly the work of a grown man who knows exactly what he's doing. I'm still a bit weak in the knees for him, but I have to get out of here. I stare up into his

mystical eyes one last time, and he peers into mine as if he's looking into my soul. Those eyes have super powers, I'm convinced. They have the ability to make me fall deeper and deeper in love with him.

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“Goodbye,” I whisper softly.

“Goodbye,” he says as he releases me from his stronghold. I stare at the spot on his desk where we nearly burned a hole through the cherry wood and smile to myself. Every time he tries to get any work done, he’ll remember this day. That thought alone makes my body hot all over again. There are a few more things I’d like to try with him, but I’ll save them for this weekend.

I wrap my hand around the smooth doorknob and glance back at my handsome gladiator one last time. His tall stature and broad shoulders make the warrior look like he’s ready to seize and conquer my body all over again. I have to leave now before he hoists me into the air and pens me against the wall covered in softball photos.

I close the door behind me and scurry down the hall. I can’t let any of my former teammates see me leaving Mason’s office, not while it’s currently doused in the aroma of sex. I finally repaid the gentle giant for everything he’s done for me. His cock jerked as if the thick veiny muscle was having a spasm and the only relief for his pain was my moist mouth. My lips alone made the macho man moan as I satisfied his every need. He knows now how thankful I am and that I’m willing to do anything to please him.

As I bust through the double doors of Sunnyside, I feel free. For so long, my feelings for Mason were trapped deep inside of me, causing me to feel like a prisoner in a dark dungeon. Being chained to my secret and not knowing if the way I felt was one-sided has driven me crazy for the past three years. I roamed the high school hallways, hoping Mason would drop a hint that he cared about me as more than just a student, that there really was something that linked us besides softball. Sparks have been

flying between us since the moment we met, and now, every question that ever ran through my teenage mind about him has been answered.

14

Tessa

“Oh my gosh! You have to tell me everything!” my best friend chirps as she flops onto my bed. Her eyes are just as wide as her smile, and she looks like she can hardly contain herself.

“There’s nothing to tell,” I say softly, but the girl knows me like the back of her hand. She squints her bright blue eyes, but a beam of light still makes its way through those slits, reminding me of the flashlights that TV detectives shine on their suspects when they’re interrogating them. She draws her head back as if she’s got it, but even a private investigator could never guess I’ve been secretly sleeping with Sunnyside’s athletic director. If anything, she probably thinks I’m sneaking around with that pimply Bobby Frazier.

“Something is up with you, Tess. I just know it,” she says with her cocked to the side as she observes my every move. “Your skin is glowing brighter than the sun, and you’re even walking differently. What’s his name?” Crap. How can she tell just by looking at me that I’m lost in a deep sea of love? God, it must be written all over my face that Mason has me wrapped tightly around his finger.

“There’s no one-”

“Oh, there’s someone,” she interrupts. “But the question is who? And why are you keeping him a secret from me?” Her eyes glisten, and I see a wave of sadness fall upon her. I feel terrible about keeping my relationship with Mason a secret from her. She’s my best friend, and has been since elementary school. We’ve always shared

everything with each other, so I get why she's upset that I'm hiding something from her. The poor girl looks like her dog just died. I have to tell her something to rid her of her current sadness, but what? I sure can't tell her the truth. I rack my brain for a bit and then blurt out the first thing that comes to mind.

"It's this guy from Trinity," I say. "You wouldn't know him," I quickly add. She's never set foot on Trinity's campus, so she has no way of confirming or denying my story. This is the safest answer I can come up with that will satisfy her need to know what's changed about me while simultaneously protecting my secret love affair. Her eyes fill with light again as she perks up from her gloomy state. She gasps in excitement, appearing pleased with my response.

"Oh my gosh, Tessa! What's his name? What's he like? Does he have any hot friends?" The inquisitive girl bombards me with questions that I don't have any answers to, seeing as how this guy is completely made up.

"He's um...tall. With jet black hair and ice blue eyes," I say as I imagine Mason. "And his name is Mike."

"Are his friends tall, blue-eyed cuties too?"

"Some of them, but most of his friends live out of state in places like Utah and Nebraska."

"Damn, I was hoping you could hook me up. Oh well. I'm just glad you're finally getting out there! It seems like you really like this guy."

"I do." Now that she thinks I'm dating someone from Trinity, I can use that as an excuse as to why I'm going away. "And his parents have a beach house down in New Jersey that he wants to take me to this weekend. Just the two of us." She squeals like a cute little pig, and our excitement fills my bedroom like the wind in a hot air

balloon. I can talk about Mason; I just can't reveal his true identity. To Nicole, he'll be known as Mike.

"Tessa, are you gonna do it? Are you gonna have sex?" Nicole has been anxiously waiting for someone to pop my cherry ever since she lost her virginity our sophomore year of high school. She has no idea that I held on to it for one special person, or that I was finally deflowered by that particular man a few night ago after her family's barbeque.

"Maybe," I say, feeling a tad bit guilty that my virginity is gone and I didn't share the details of my special moment with my bestie. I could tell her that the magical event happened down by the shore when I come back from my beach trip. After all, I'm sure Mason and I will be having a lot of hot dirty sex near the coastline, so I'll have a couple of stories to satisfy her insatiable need to know the details of my dating life.

"Oh, Tess, I'm so proud of you!" she says as she wraps her arms arounds me and squeezes me tightly. I'm glad I could share some of the truth with her. Nicole is the best friend anyone could ask for, so it burns me up on the inside to keep secrets from her. I don't know how much longer I can hold this in. If she knew how long I've been in love with Mason, she would probably be happy for me that I finally got him. She's never been judgmental, and I've always been able to count on her. I want to tell her the truth, but how? This isn't just a crush anymore; I boned my former softball coach.

Whoa, it still feels surreal. Her ears would be wide open for every tidbit of that story, but how do I tell it? I can't just come out and say, Hey, I had sex with Coach Mason twice. Knowing her, she'd want every naughty detail of the rough sex session that occurred in his Sunnyside office. Maybe one day I can tell her.

"Would you ever date an older guy?" I ask randomly. She thinks for a little while, seeming unsure of her answer.



“Yeah, I guess,” she says. “I went on a date with a guy in his late twenties a couple of months ago. My parents kind of freaked about that.”

“Is that why you ended things with him? Because of your parents?” I ask.

“Hmm. No, it was because he was a jerk, but I don’t think that had anything to do with his age. I didn’t really care that my parents didn’t like how old he was. I don’t think age is a big deal,” she says.

“Really?”

“Yeah, it’s just a number,” she says, shrugging her shoulders. “Besides, sometimes a girl needs a guy who’s mature.” She’s so open about dating older guys, and I had no idea she felt this way. I feel like I can tell her the whole truth, but I don’t think that right now is the time. Mason and I still need to talk about what’s going on between us first before I can disclose any information to my girlfriend. But hearing Nicole say age doesn’t matter lets me know that she’ll be supportive of my relationship with Mason, even if the rest of Sunnyside isn’t. As long as I have her on my side, I know I’ll be alright.

“I think you’re right,” I agree.

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“Are you gonna take any lingerie down to the shore with you?” she asks, still stuck on the idea of someone finally popping my cherry.

“Do you think I should? I don’t really own any.” Most of my bras and panties don’t match and are covered in hearts, stars, and polka dots, which isn’t sexy at all. But I do want to throw on something that will drive Mason wild, something that will make it impossible for him to keep his hands off of me.

“Absolutely! You need something that’s going to show off every one of those curves. Something with lace and straps that he can untie.” Straps do sound exciting; it would make me feel like I’m a gift he’s opening on Christmas day.

“Where would I find something like that?” I ask.

“The mall, duh, silly. Come on,” she says as she pulls me off of my bed. “I know just the place. We’ll find you something that will make your body go va-va-voom and make you completely irresistible.”

We fly down the stairs of my parents’ domain, creating a whirlwind. My father glances up from the newspaper he’s reading. “Is everything alright, girls?” he asks with concern in his voice.

“Yes, Daddy. We’re just going to the mall,” I say.

“Okay, have fun,” he replies as his eyes shift back to the sports section.

We dash out the door and hop into Nicole’s periwinkle sedan. I’m excited to find

something that accentuates my curves and hypnotizes Mason, putting him in a trance. He's never seen me in anything lacey or strappy before, so I can't wait for him to see me in the enticing attire. Nicole speeds down the freeway, just as eager as I am, with her pedal to the floor. The mall isn't far from my childhood home, and both of us are anxious to rummage through the lingerie racks. She turns into the Sunnyside Shopping Center parking lot with haste, and we practically hop out of her vehicle before the car even comes to a complete stop. We rush through the double doors and enter the shopping paradise.

"This way," she says, yanking me by my arm through the mall. We come to a stop in front of a brightly lit store with curvy mannequins dressed in lingerie. I admire one that's wearing a lavender lace set with a matching mesh robe. It's sexy, yet simple. Perfect for my first time dressing in lingerie.

"This one," I say, pointing at the pretty purple set.

"I think you'll look great in it," she says with a gigantic smile on her face. "Come on." The shop smells like expensive perfume when we walk inside. I head straight to the rack where the lavender set is hanging and grab my size. I'm grinning so hard that it feels like my cheeks are going to get stuck this way. Man, Mason is going to lose it when he sees me in this little number. In fact, I'm sure he'll rip it right off of me as soon as he sees the lavender lace sensually hugging my curves.

I pay for the seductive purple outfit, and we make our way out of the mall. I'm glad Nicole is being so supportive of my relationship, even though she doesn't know every single detail. She's a true friend and has even managed to add her own little touch to my secret getaway. The lingerie suggestion she made just might intensify the heat between me and my alpha male this weekend as we have hot, steamy, passionate sex.

A beam of joy bursts from my body as Nicole and I walk in the warm summer sun toward her car. Her energy matches mine, and we both smile from ear to ear as we

chit chat about the amazing weekend that lies ahead of me. I'm yearning for the moment I hop into Mason's pickup truck and slam the heavy door shut. In less than a week, we'll be on our way to the Jersey shore, just the two of us, ready to make memories that will last me a lifetime.

My heart flutters at the thought of being held in his strong, manly arms again and feeling his soft lips pressed against mine. I haven't had many kisses in my life, but his have definitely been my favorite. I twirl one of my curly locks around my finger as I fantasize about the romantic evenings we'll spend together walking along the sandy beach as the sun sets. My heart beats profusely, and I wonder if my gabbing bestie can hear the thudding sounds it's making within my chest. As we sit by the water, I'll open up and tell him everything I've been feeling for last three years. My love for the masculine Mason is deeper than any ocean or sea, and it floods my heart to the brim until I can no longer contain it. If I don't pour out my feelings soon, I just might drown in them.

15

Mason

She looks beautiful as she rides in my pickup truck next to me in the passenger seat. Her perfectly polished toes dangle out of the window as she rests her head full of curls on my shoulder. The voluptuous brunette hums along to the song faintly playing on the radio. The aroma of berries and cream drifts into my nostrils as I inhale her essence. Damn, she smells delicious and completely edible; I can't wait to devour her again. A traffic jam has packed the highway and made it damn near impossible to make it to the shore. The air conditioner in my truck cools down the hot teen, making our long car ride a little bit more bearable.

"Thanks for taking me away for the weekend. I haven't been to a beach in forever," Tessa says.

“Me either,” I lie. The truth is, I snuck down to my beach house after work yesterday so that I could clean and make the house presentable for her. I picked up some red and white roses from a nearby florist and sprinkled the petals throughout the house. I even bought enough groceries to last us all weekend, including a box of jelly donuts. I can’t wait for her to see the beautiful scene I set inside of the house. I have candles in every room waiting to be lit so they can release their fragrant aromas. Hopefully, she adores my display of affection. I might not look like it, but I’m actually a pretty romantic guy. I love catering to women and making them feel like they are the only woman on the planet. I want to make Tessa feel that way because in my world, she’s the only one I see.

“I can’t wait to feel the sand between my toes,” she giggles. Her cute little laugh brings a smile to my face, making me want to kiss the pink lips it emerged from. “And I’m long overdue for a tan.” I admire her porcelain skin from the corner of my eye. She doesn’t need a tan; she doesn’t need a thing. The lovely belle is stunning just the way she is.

“You’ll have plenty of time to soak up the sun. We can do whatever you want this weekend,” I say.

“You mean it?” She flashes her award winning smile, turning my heart into putty. This girl has me in the palm of her hands, and that’s exactly where I want to be. Those pools of honey that stare into my eyes will always convince me to let her have her way.

“Of course,” I say as I grab her soft hand and lock my fingers into hers. She nestles her sweet-smelling head against my huge bicep, and I kiss the top of her dome. Suddenly, the traffic jam has turned into an opportunity bask in Tessa’s glory. The slow moving cars have created a safe place where she and I can express how we feel. “I want to tell you something,” I say.

“What is it?” she asks as she sits up like she’s preparing herself for some sort of tragic news.

“Tessa,” I start off. “You mean the world to me. You’ve made me into a better man, the type of man that I want to be for you. I want to show you how special you are to me, and I plan on doing that this weekend.” A smile crosses her face, and she leans in and plants her lips onto mine. The girl’s kiss instantly gives me a boner. Shit, we’re in the middle of traffic on the highway. I try to focus on the car in front of me, hoping my cock will settle down. If I look at Tessa, I just might pull over and do her on the side of the road. I keep my hands on the steering wheel and away from her curvaceous body.

“You mean a lot to me too, Coach ... I mean, Mason,” she giggles again. “I spent the last three years hoping I’d get the opportunity one day to kiss you, even if it was only once in my life. At first, I thought I was crazy for feeling this way, but it’s good to know you feel the same. I’ve never wanted anyone as badly as I want you.” My beating heart pounds like a drum in my ears. What can I say? The girl has a way with words. I’m probably blushing right now, but I don’t even care. The only thing that matters is Tessa, my beautiful Tessa.

She rests her head on my bulging arm again, filling my nose with her lovely aroma. Her soft coils brush against my neck, tickling my skin. I lay my head on her fluffy curls and stare at the flooded freeway ahead of us. Being stuck in a line of cars isn’t the ideal way to spend a Friday afternoon, but as long as I’m with Tessa, I don’t really care what we’re doing.

“I love this song!” she exclaims as she springs up and turns the dial, raising the volume. The cars slowly pick up speed, and we cruise down the road. The winds flows through her curls as she sings along to the song playing on the radio. Her soulful voice sends chills down my spine, and I feel like I’ve fallen victim to her melodious vocals. I had no idea she sang like an angel; she even looks like one as her

hair blows in the air. I glance back and forth between the rhythmic singer and the overpopulated highway, finding it hard to keep my eyes on the road. She notices my stare and halts her belting, leaving only the song's original singer caroling the tune. The musician's notes don't hold a candle to the ones Tessa was hitting. This woman's potential never ceases to amaze me, and I honestly believe there isn't a thing in this world she can't do when she puts her mind to it. She blushes, but she has absolutely no reason to feel embarrassed right now.

"Why did you stop?" I ask, hoping for an encore.

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“I felt silly because you were staring at me,” she says softly with her head tucked down. I place my hand underneath her chin and lift her rosy face.

“I couldn’t stop staring because your voice was mesmerizing,” I confess. Her eyes perk up, and her sheepish demeanor suddenly disappears.

“Really?” she asks in a state of disbelief.

“Yes,” I say, hoping to convince her to croon a few more lyrics. My prayers are answered as she softly begins to sing over top of the whiny voice coming through the stereo. The chills return, and my body shivers as she plateaus and shifts octaves. I could listen to her angelic voice all day long.

I zoom into the driveway of the heather gray beach house, not wanting to waste a moment of our time together. Her cheeks are filled with glee as she smiles from ear to ear. Seeing her this excited makes me a little nervous. I want this weekend to be perfect for her, so I can’t screw anything up. I hop out of the driver’s seat and swing around to her side of the car, holding her hand as she jumps down to the ground. As I grab our suitcases from the trunk, she admires my bulging muscles. I flex them a little bit just to tease her, and she falls for my bait, flashing a grin.

I slowly unlock the front door, hoping my efforts prove fruitful. I take a deep breath as I flick the light switch on, revealing the spectacle I’d rushed here after work to create. She gasps as her jaw drops, and a wave of relief comes over my body.

“Mason, did you do this for me?” she asks, already knowing the answer to her own question.



“Of course,” I say as I drop our suitcases by the door. She turns toward me, and those glowing cinnamon bun eyes make me sweet on her.

“I love it, thank you,” she says with sincerity. The petite brunette stands on her tippy toes as she kisses me with her soft pink lips. Damn, those lips make me want to toss her onto the couch and make her call out my name as I stroke her soaking wet cunt. But I’ll save that for later.

“You’re welcome. Are you hungry?” I ask, trying to keep my hands off of her at least until after dinner. I want to feed her first and then feel her body tremble in my hands as I thrust my solid piece of wood deep inside of her.

“Starving,” she says as she places her hands on her stomach.

“How about baked chicken, garlic butter scallops, and parmesan asparagus?” My stomach growls at the mention of the spread I plan to cook for her. I chuckle, and she giggles as well. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

“That sounds delicious! It’s a definitely.”

“Good. You make yourself at home while I whip everything up. And if you’re hungry now, there’s a box of jelly donuts in the kitchen with your name on it.”

“You remembered.” Her eyes light up, followed by a huge grin.

“Of course I did. I used to watch you eat jelly-filled pastries after every single game. There’s no way I could ever forget your favorite snack.”

I grab her hand and lead her into the kitchen. She instantly spots the box of donuts and seizes one, plopping onto a stool and munching on it. I open the fridge and take out all of the ingredients I’ll need to make Tessa a home-cooked meal.

“Need any help?” I hear her ask from over my shoulder.

“No, I’ve got it,” I reply. I don’t want her to lift a single finger on this mini vacation. I want to cater to her every want and need, leaving nothing to be desired. She watches as pots and pans clank in my hands and munches another jelly donut as I cook a warm meal for her growling belly.

I hope I’ve thought of everything. I don’t want to miss a beat. I want to profess my love to her this weekend, so everything has to be just right. She knows she’s special to me, but I need her to know how deeply in love with her I truly am. The girl has her name stamped across my heart, but she doesn’t even know it. I have to tell her before the summer ends and she goes back to Manhattan for another year of school.

I pour two glasses of white wine, one for me and the other for Tessa. She may be under twenty-one, but she’s definitely mature enough to handle a glass of aged grapes. Plus, I’m sure she was introduced to a beer or two at the college parties she went to.

“Cheers!” she says as she clanks her wine glass against mine and then takes a sip of the fermented beverage. She holds it with class, almost as if she’s done this before. “Mmm, that’s really great wine.”

I place a generous plate in front of her, and she inhales the savory scents on the dish. Then I light the candle between us. The flame glows as it burns brightly. It highlights her gorgeous face as I stare at her from across the intimate table.

“I hope you like it. I’m not really a chef, but I tried,” I chuckle nervously.

“I bet it’s delicious,” she says. The curvy young lady takes her fork and digs into the plate without any coyness. She loves to eat and doesn’t try to hide that one bit. I’m glad she’s not the type to count every calorie. She closes her eyes as she chows down

on the baked chicken. A moan releases from her lips. “This is so good.”

“Really?” I don’t usually cook, and most of my meals I pick up from takeout restaurants, but I wanted to do something special for Tessa, so I took a chance and threw an apron on.

“Yeah, really,” she giggles. I smile as I watch her indulge in the dish I cooked for her. I’m so focused on her that I forget to eat myself. “Your plate’s getting cold,” she laughs again. God, that laugh does something to me. Her harmonic chuckle makes me want to kiss her plump lips. I laugh as I stuff a forkful in my mouth. To my surprise, she’s right – this isn’t half bad.

The roaring ocean breaks the stillness of the night. She stares out at the raging sea from the back porch as I wash the dishes. She watches the waves crash against one another as I look on at her silhouette in the moonlight. The white dress she’s wearing gracefully blows with the wind, showing off her curves from every angle. She reminds me of Helen of Troy – the most beautiful woman in the world that thousands of men had gone to war over.

I dry my hands and walk up behind her goddess-like figure. I place them on her lovely hips and stare at the ferocious sea right along with her. The crashing waves are actually pretty soothing. A storm is brewing, but for some reason, I feel calm here with her. She turns toward me and kisses me with those juicy lips.

“I’m glad I’m here with you,” she says. The girl makes me grin uncontrollably.

*Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:35 am*

“I’m glad you’re here too.” The gleaming moonlight, combined with the several glasses of wine in the pit of my stomach, convince me that the time is right. I push her curls behind her ears, exposing her delicate face. She doesn’t have an ounce of makeup on, but she still looks stunning. She’s a bombshell without even trying. “Tessa, there’s something that I’ve been meaning to tell you.”

“What is it?” she asks. I swallow hard as I work up the courage to say the words I’ve felt for years now but have never had the nerve to say.

“Maybe it’s too soon, but I have to say it.” Here goes nothing. “I’m in love with you, and I have been since our first away game your sophomore year when I sat next to you on the bus because you were sitting all alone. I told you stories that made you laugh so hard that your big beautiful brown eyes leaked tears. The day I heard that laugh, I realized it was a sound I wanted to hear for the rest of my life.” The words fall out of my mouth thanks to the wine I gulped down. She stares at me intensely without saying a single word. What could be going through her mind? Shit, did I just blow it? I probably scared the young woman with my burst of words. One less glass of wine would have saved me from the humiliation of exposing my feelings too soon. What was I thinking?

“I’m in love with you too,” she finally says, gripping my hands tightly in hers. “I realized it the day I was waiting for my mom to come pick me up in the rain, but she was running late, so you offered to give me a ride home. I was still down about tripping over my own feet the day before at our game as I ran to catch the ball. I was so embarrassed I’d caused my team to lose that I thought about quitting, but you wouldn’t let me. In the car, you told me that I was star and that I shouldn’t let one mistake cause me to give up. You convinced me to stay on the team and made me

believe I could do anything,” she says with tears in her eyes.

“You can do anything,” I reassure her. “Tessa, you have the potential to do anything you set your mind to. I promise, I’ll always be here to encourage you whenever doubts run through your mind. I’m never going to give up on you, Tessa.”

We lock lips again, and my uncontrollable heart tries to beat out of my chest. I pull her close, holding her tightly in my muscular arms as if afraid of letting her go. Her knees become weak from our intense smooch, but I catch her, holding her body up against mine. She runs her fingers along my back as I kiss her like I’ll never get another chance to feel her soft lips again.

The passionate peck sends blood rushing to my once dormant cock. A gust of wind blows around us, but it isn’t strong enough to cool down the heat between Tessa and me. She claws my back as I cause her to swoon in my arms. This girl is ready; I can feel the steam spewing from her hot, moist cunt. I lift her into the air, and her eyes plead with me to save her, like a damsel in distress. I know exactly what this maiden needs. The waves continue to crash against one another as I carry her into the house. Lightning cracks the night, and as the thunder roars, I know the sea and the sky won’t be the only ones howling tonight.

16

Mason

Music chimes from a merry-go-round as the eager children riding around on colorful horses in a circle cheer with glee. Behind the monotonous ride is a line of teenagers waiting to get on the Ferris wheel. Among the adolescents is Tessa, standing out in her royal blue sundress. I watch her from a distance, and occasionally she makes eyes back at me, teasing me with her sexy little grin.

We've managed to keep our relationship under wraps for a month now, hiding it from everyone we know. It's been easy hiding within my man cave, but right now, it's pretty damn hard to keep my distance from this woman I've lain with so many times. Somehow, I have to fight this urge to scoop her up in my arms and kiss her in the middle of Sunnyside's annual graduation fair. Every year, the town celebrates its recent graduates by hosting a week-long celebration with rides, games, and a hell of a lot of food. Last year, I watched Tessa discreetly as well, but this time, we're both keeping an eye on each other.

The neighborhood boys gawk at her from the back of the line. They can look all they want, but she belongs to me, so they'll never get a chance to touch her. Those kids could never make her body shake as she bursts into completion the way that I can. I know her body inside and out, far better than anyone else.

"Mason, good to see you," Roger says as he plants his hand firmly on my upper back, catching me by surprise. Holy shit, did he just witness me ogling his precious baby girl? My nerves are a wreck as I turn toward Tessa's father, but his wide smile soothes my anxiety. The unsuspecting papa bear has no idea his daughter has been sneaking out of their house every night to come stay with me. If he had any sort of inkling, his eyes would be full of rage instead of the friendly glow they have about them right now.

"It's good to see you too, Roger," I say, almost choking on my words. He might not know the truth about my relationship with Tessa, but I still feel nervous in his presence. I wonder if he knows I'm hiding something. I guess that's just my own personal guilt festering inside of me.

"It's been a while. I think the last time we ran into each other was at the Martins' barbeque," he says. A massive lump in my throat prevents me from swallowing. That was the same exact night I took his daughter's virginity and turned her into a woman. "Did you end up taking home any single moms that night?" he jokes as he lightly jabs

my ribcage with his elbow.

I wipe sweat beads from my forehead with the back of my hand. Fuck. Can he tell that I'm sweating profusely because I'm a nervous wreck right now? The poor guy doesn't have a clue that I have hot, rough sex with his daughter every single night. I would never have thought the newly active teen would have such an insatiable sexual appetite, but she can't seem to get enough of my deep strokes.

"Yeah, it's been that long," I chuckle nervously. "But I actually ended up going home alone that night." Technically, this isn't a lie. I had dropped Tessa off at their home and then headed to my pad alone.

"You'll get them next time," he says as he pats my back again, nearly knocking the wind out of me. Oh shit, maybe he does know. "Tessa's somewhere around here." He turns his head and looks in the opposite direction of where she's standing.

"I'm sure I'll see her strolling around with her friends soon," I say as if I haven't been staring at her this entire time. Elaine makes her way through a crowd of bustling teens and over to us.

"Mason, it's so great to see you," she says as she clings to her husband's arm. "I never got the chance to thank you for driving Tessa home the day of the Martins' barbeque." Here she goes mentioning that damn barbeque too. A knot forms in my stomach as Tessa's parents continuously mention the night I snuck into their daughter's bedroom and turned her from a pure white virgin into a hot and horny sex fiend. I wish they would stop talking about that night, not just because I feel guilty, but also because I'm getting aroused from remembering how innocent her body was until I slid my thick shaft into her gushing box.

"It's no big deal, Elaine," I say.

“You were always so helpful when it came to her. Thanks for always giving her a little bit of special attention,” the grateful mother says. I have to get the hell away from Tessa’s parents. They wouldn’t be so thankful if they knew about the special attention I’ve been giving their princess lately. “Where is Tessa?”

“I don’t know. I’ve been looking for her,” Roger says as he continues to look in the direction opposite of the Ferris wheel.

“Oh, there she is!” Elaine says as she points over at her daughter. “Mason, why don’t you come say hi?” She yanks my arm, pulling me toward the royal blue dress hugging Tessa’s curves. Dammit, if I get any closer to the siren’s beckoning body, I just might lose all control and fervently kiss her in front of all of Sunnyside. Roger follows closely behind as his wife drags me toward their daughter.

Tessa’s eyes widen like a deer caught in the headlights as she sees her mother hauling me over to her with her father in close proximity. Panic sweeps across her reddened face. She probably thinks her parents have found out about us and are about to expose us to all of our neighbors. I wish I could tell her everything is alright and that our secret is still safe, but I can’t right now.

“Tessa, look at who it is!” Elaine shrieks. The beauty queen teen locks eyes with me, and I try my best to reassure her not to worry. My eyes seem to convince her to allow her panic to flee.

“Hi, Coach Mason,” she says softly as she stares at the ground, hiding those warm amber eyes from me. Boy, is it hard to control myself around the irresistible girl. I need to feel her, just for a brief second. Just the touch of her cute little hand in mine will suffice, but I can’t get too close to her. Any display of affection would cause an uproar at the graduation carnival.

While other couples are canoodling on the Ferris wheel and in the spinning teacups,



Tessa and I have to leer at one another all the way across the festive grounds. This is the closest I've been to her all afternoon, and even still, I can't actually touch her. She's like an exhibit of a work of art, something beautiful that I can admire but will get in a lot of trouble if I touch.

"Hey, Tess. It's good to see you." I greet her as if I haven't seen her in a while, when in reality, she was just in my bed a few hours ago, purring like a kitty as I licked her pussycat.

"Hey, Coach Mason!" Nicole chimes in. The bubbly blonde seems to always be full of energy.

*Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:36 am*

“Hi, Nicole. How’s your summer been so far?” I ask as I try to keep my eyes off of Tessa. She isn’t playing fair by wearing that damn royal blue dress. The tempting teen knows an outfit like that will drive me wild, transforming me into a beast that can’t control his primal instincts.

“Pretty good. How about yours?” she asks. I try to focus on her tall best friend, but my eyes keep wandering back over to Tessa. Is it obvious that I just want to take her in my arms and kiss those luscious lips? Hopefully, her parents can’t tell or else all hell will break loose.

“That’s good to hear. Mine has been okay so far,” I say. “It’s been good seeing all of you.” I try to make an exit, but Elaine refuses to let me go. She holds me in her clutches tightly, and I feel like I’m being held hostage.

“Tessa, don’t be rude. Aren’t you going to give Coach Mason a hug?” her mother asks. A touch from the youthful beauty would send shivers throughout my figure and a flow of blood to the tool in my pants. The hard-on I’d get from her warm body would scare the teen girls in line with her away. I want to feel her in my arms, but I know the result of her touch could expose our relationship.

“Mom, stop it,” Tessa says as her plump cheeks suddenly become scarlet. The shy girl looks up, and our eyes meet, casting everyone else at the carnival out of my thoughts. She runs her fingers through her soft coils and tosses her hair to one side. I’d give anything to hold a handful of those sweet smelling curls right now. Gravity and Elaine are both pulling me toward Tessa right now. I have to get away from this girl before it’s too late.

“But honey, he means a lot to you. There’s nothing wrong with showing someone that you care about them,” Elaine says.

“Daddy, she’s embarrassing me,” Tessa says, trying to hide her flushed face. Her mother doesn’t mean any harm – she knows me and her daughter have always had a close relationship – but Elaine has no idea that our relationship has changed since Tessa graduated high school.

“Elaine, stop. You’re embarrassing her in front of her friends,” Roger says.

“It’s alright,” I chime in. “I’ve got to run anyway. Enjoy the carnival.” I bolt away from the group and disappear into the crowd like a thief in the night. Shit, that was close. A simple hug could have turned into a passionate kiss between us.

I rush to my pickup truck and hop in without looking back. If I stay any longer, I might run into the sensual young woman again. And the next time, I might not be able to resist her. Besides, my stomach was turning as I looked into her parents’ eyes, knowing that I’ve been sleeping with their daughter.

It isn’t just sex between me and Tessa, though. I actually love the girl and want to spend the rest of my life with her. But how? How can I ask her father for her hand in marriage when he looks at me as a friend? Her mother used to bake me the most delicious cookies and bring them to Tessa’s softball games. They trusted me, and now I’m sneaking behind their backs to be with their one and only daughter. They would never forgive me if they knew the truth, but I don’t want to keep hiding behind closed doors. I’m a man, and I want to show the world that I’m in love with Tessa. Sunnyside may not accept it, but I really don’t give a damn. She’s the one I love, and she’s the one I want to share the rest of my life with, no matter how anyone else feels about it.

Mason

My pickup truck zips down the road as I speed to Tessa's abode. I glance over at the two bouquets of roses sitting on my dashboard and wonder if I've completely lost my mind. If I have, it's far too late. I'm in route to go after the woman I love and to sing like a canary to her parents about our secret affair. I can't keep loving her only in the nighttime; I need to be with her during the day, out in public.

I've grown resentful of the couples I see holding hands as they walk through the park and the ones who share candlelit dinners at restaurants I want to take Tessa to. I'm sick of hiding our love in the shadows of the night. She has no idea I'm speeding down the street like a madman to get to her house. If she knew, she would probably try to stop me. That's why I picked her up some roses; hopefully, they'll help her forgive me. The other bouquet is to sweeten up her mother right before I break the news to her unknowing parents.

My sweaty palms grip the steering wheel firmly. There's no turning back now; I'm doing this. I have to. I rehearsed my lines before I pulled out of my drive so that I could make sure I got everything right. This is a delicate situation. No one ever wants to find out that their daughter has been secretly dating her former teacher. Especially when they've trusted me to be alone with her so many times, but I never touched her until she was legally an adult. Be that as it may, her father won't want to hear any excuses, and her mother will weep a river. Hopefully, the bouquet of roses I am bringing will help soothe the woman's pain.

I turn down the Smiths' street, and it seems to be filled with an eerie silence. I shudder at the thought of Roger's reaction. I'm sure the angry father will take a swing at me, but I'm much stronger than he is, so I should be able to hold him off. But I cross my fingers in the hope that we won't come to blows; I know it will hurt Tessa if we do. As I come to a stop, I see that both of her parents' cars are in the driveway. I park in front of their home and try to collect my words together. I know I practiced

before, but it's game time now, and I can't fumble a single sentence. I have to show her parents that I'm the right man for her and that my love for her is real. I know it'll be hard for them to believe at first, but I think I can convince them that they can trust me with Tessa's heart.

I look up at their daughter's bedroom window. To my surprise, she's looking down at me with wide eyes. She motions toward me in an attempt to keep me from doing anything rash. She knows why I'm here; after all, she knows me better than I know myself half of the time. I listen to her signals and wait in my truck as she disappears from the window.

She reemerges as she bursts through the front door, slamming it shut behind her. She dashes toward me like a wild woman running through the wilderness and jumps inside of my truck.

"What are you doing here!?" she asks frantically. It's just my luck that she spotted me before I had the chance to ring her doorbell. A few more seconds, and this conversation would've been taking place inside of Elaine's well-decorated living room.

"I'm here to tell your parents the truth," I confess. I didn't think it was possible, but her eyes grow even wider as fear takes over her body.

"No, you can't do that." She glances at the front door to make sure her curious mother and protective father aren't standing close by watching.

"Tessa, it's time. We've been sneaking around for over a month now. They need to know." It's impossible for her to hear me with all of the panic ringing in her ears.

"Tessa, look at me," I say as I grab her shoulders. "Everything is going to be alright."

"No, it won't. My parents will kill me if they find out I've been sneaking around

behind their backs. It will break my mom's heart if she finds out the truth."

"We can't keep sneaking around," I insist.

"Just a little while longer, please. I'll tell them when I'm ready, but not right now." Her eyes plead with me. Doesn't she understand that I just want to be with her the right way, without all of the creeping around in the dark?

"Tess, I can't keep this a secret much longer. I'm ready for everyone to know the truth," I say.

"But I'm not." She isn't lying; I can see it in her eyes. I don't want to rush her, but I hate having to sneak around like a teenage boy. I'm a man who isn't afraid to admit what he wants, and I want – no, need – Tessa. Even flustered, she looks absolutely gorgeous. I seize her breathtaking face and kiss her zealously, creating steam hotter than a July day. She forgets that we're in front of her parents' home and passionately locks lips with me as I grab a fistful of those curly locks. Her gentle hand caresses my face as we make out on the Sunnyside street, neither of us giving a damn if a neighbor sees us. It's almost as if we're the only two people left on a desolate planet. Our chests thump against one another as our hearts try to break free to get to each other. Heavy breathing is the only sound that breaks the silence surrounding us. God, I love this woman. Her passion drives me insane and makes me want to throw her over my shoulder and carry her into my bedroom.

She breaks away from our hot and steamy kiss, realizing that her parents could catch us in the intimate moment. Fuck. My dick is swollen and ready to erupt inside of her drenched cunt. She fixes her hair in the mirror and takes a deep breath as she tries to gain her composure. She is just as hot and bothered as I am, but she knows that nothing can happen right here in front of her childhood home.

The log in my pants is way too hard for me to go inside and have a rational

conversation with Roger and Elaine now. Tessa's mother would notice the massive bulge in my pants and pass out from the sight of it. Her father would think I was just using his hot young daughter for sex, but that couldn't be any further from the truth. Sex with Tessa is amazing, don't get me wrong, but what she does for my heart and soul is what keeps me on a leash for her. She brings me the kind of happiness that no other woman has even been able to provide for me. What we have is deeper than a sexual attraction; this woman has captured my heart.

*Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:36 am*

I lean back in my seat and take a deep breath. She looks over at me with those big brown eyes and grabs my hand. Right now might not be the moment to tell them, but we still have to tell her parents the truth, no matter the outcome.

“What about your career?” she asks. “It’s important to you.” She’s right. Next to her, my job is the most important thing in my life. Keeping kids physically fit and encouraging them to be their best have been my goals for the last twenty years. I still want all of that, but if it came down to it and I had to choose between my career and Tessa, I’d choose her, hands down.

“It is, but so are you,” I reply.

“When everyone finds out, they’ll run you out of Sunnyside, and you’ll lose everything you’ve worked for. I can’t be responsible for that, Mason. You’ve worked so hard your whole life.” She’s right. I have put in a lot of work to get where I am today, and I’m proud of myself, but what does all of that mean if I have to spend the rest of my life alone? I’d rather choose her over everything.

“I can live without being a gym teacher, a softball coach, and even Sunnyside’s athletic director. But what I can’t live without is you.” The speechless pouty-lipped brunette stares at me in astonishment, like she can’t believe her ears, but I mean every single word. “I’ll wait until you’re ready to break it to your folks. I’ll wait as long as you want me to, but eventually, you do have to tell them, Tessa, because I plan on making you my wife one day.”

I take ahold of her hand and kiss it ever so softly, sending electricity coursing through both of us. She takes one last look at me before hopping out of my truck. I watch as



she adorably stumbles back to her house, still kind of weak in the knees. Things didn't go the way I'd planned, but I'm still satisfied with the outcome.

I take off in my pickup and head back to my house alone. The drive seems longer than usual, and my mind drifts the entire ride. Tessa was right – if I had gone inside of the Smiths' lovely home, I would've lost everything, maybe even Tessa. After the residents of our small suburb drove me out of town, her parents would have forbidden her from seeing me ever again. I'm so madly in love with her that I want the whole world to know, but my rash behavior could've abruptly ended things between us.

I pull into my driveway and stare at the roses on my dashboard. Tessa was in such a state of panic that she didn't even realize they were sitting right in front of her. What have I gotten myself into? I'm in love with a woman that I'm not supposed to be in love with, and if anyone finds out, it could ruin the both of us. But even with that in mind, I still can't be apart from her. I don't regret falling in love with the teenage girl because she's opened my heart in ways that I never knew were possible.

Maybe in a few years, it won't matter that the athletic director fell in love with his former softball player. By then, the initial shock of it all will have died down, and Tessa and I will be happily married with a couple of babies that have her big brown eyes and curly locks. I'll sit back and remember the nights that Tessa used to sneak through my back door, and the stigma will be nothing more than a distant memory.

18

Tessa

I slide the lavender lace thong up my thick thighs. The last time Mason brought me to his beach house, I didn't get the chance to wear the sexy lingerie I'd bought with Nicole for him. In fact, I didn't wear much of anything that weekend. But this is our last weekend together before the semester starts and I have to go back to Trinity, so I

thought I'd make it special for him.

I really don't want to leave my hometown again, but what else can I do? My parents are expecting me to graduate in three more years with a bachelor's in accounting. I don't mind my humble roots, but they so badly want me to have a white collar career, and I still haven't worked up the nerve to tell them that that's not what I want.

I brush off the thought of my return back to campus and focus on my weekend away with Mason. I peek through the bathroom door and gaze at him lying on the bed. Then I look in the mirror and take a deep breath as I adjust the lace bra covering my huge double D boobs. I sure hope he like this little get up; I bought it just for him. I've never worn anything like this before, so I'm not even sure if I have it on the right way. Hopefully I do, or else I'm going to make a fool of myself.

I take one last breath as I swing the door open, revealing my attire to Mason. His perfectly chiseled jaw drops as he admires my half naked body. He sits up, still stunned by how gracefully the lace hugs my curves. I guess I made the right choice when I picked this set out. I seductively walk over to the bed, swaying my hips with every step. He can't take his eyes off of me; I've never felt so desirable in my entire life. I crawl onto the bed with my back arched like a cat approaching her prey. He licks his lips, ready to taste every inch of my vanilla scented flesh.

Our lips meet. He holds my body in his clutches and pulls me closer, as if he's afraid I'll escape. I plant my bottom on his already erect cock and grab hold of his strong neck as we share a heated kiss. He takes a brief recess from our romantic smooch to admire my figure once more.

"Holy shit, you look amazing," he says as his eyes gravitate toward my colossal tits. He gently nibbles on them as I grind my wet cunt on his swollen piece of meat. The sensation makes my lubricated hole yearn for a stroke of his thick shaft. Moans erupt from my lips as he sucks on my tit, rotating his tongue around my nipple. This man

knows exactly how to touch me in order to get me soaking wet. He seizes my ass with both of his oversized palms and squeezes my cheeks tightly. A waterfall flows from between my thighs, and I long for him to take one single sip. I grab his hand and place it down below so that he can feel the liquid spilling out of me.

He looks deep into my eyes as he plays with the wet flesh between my legs. Come drips all over his fingers, leaving them soaked in my juices. The rugged man tosses me onto my back and stares down at my semi-naked frame as if my body is a foreign land he plans on conquering. He pulls off the lavender thong and flings it across the room, leaving my pink, throbbing cunt exposed. A smile sweeps across his face as he delights in the way it glistens in the candlelight.

“Touch it,” I beg him. He raises an eyebrow as he looks down at me with a cocky smirk. He knows my body is craving the slightest touch from him.

“You want me to touch here?” he asks, glancing down at my swollen flesh.

“Yes, please. I need you,” I say as I lie on my back, waiting to feel his fingers massage my pink, wet clit. The tease takes his time as he taunts me. His fingers slide down my inner thighs, finally making it to my slippery snatch. I grip the sheets as he vigorously rubs the sliver of flesh between my second set of lips. I close my eyes as I drift into another dimension with him, traveling through both space and time.

Without warning, he replaces his fingers with his swiveling tongue, causing my body to jerk. My eyes open, and I look down as I watch him satisfy his appetite. He drinks from my never ending fountain of youth, swallowing every drop. My lips can’t contain my moans, and they pour out of my mouth. Luckily, no one else is around to hear me hit soprano notes as he sucks my clit dry.

“Please, don’t stop,” I plead with him. My thighs lock around his neck, making it impossible for him to leave this position. He alternates between licking and sucking

my pearl more intensely, bringing me closer to climaxing. My figure trembles, and I feel like I'm about to explode. "Oh, Mason!" I croon as I give in and release my sweet nectar into his pleasuring mouth.

My legs shake as I try to come down from the high I was just on. He drops his boxers and reveals the brick he was concealing in his pants. I stare at the hunk of meat, ready to thank him for the way he just made my body erupt. I crawl off of the bed and drop down to my knees as I prepare to please him in any way I can. He lifts my chin right before I engulf his manhood, and he caresses my cheek with his thumb. His piercing blue eyes make me feel all tingly inside, and we both smile as our eyes connect. Sheesh, he doesn't even have to say a word, and he still makes my heart skip a beat. Those eyes alone get me every time.

I encase his shaft between my lips and allow it to slide deep within the depths of my throat. The strapping man grunts as his shaft glides in and out of my mouth. I rotate my tongue around the head of his penis, causing him to grab hold of the back of my head. He thrusts himself forward, making his cock slip deeper down my throat. His grunts turn into heavy moans, and I know he's on the verge of coming, but I'm not finished with him just yet.

I jump onto his lap and slide my dripping cunt down his erect pole. As soon it hits my G-spot, I instantly lose all control. I wrap my arms around him as I rock my hips back and forth, attempting to come again. Our moans harmonize with one another, creating a beautiful symphony.

"How does it feel?" his baritone voice whispers in my ear, sending chills down my spine.

"It feels so good," I moan, barely getting the words out. Each stroke makes me damn near stutter.

“Yeah?” He strokes harder, causing me to howl like a wolf in the night. “Is this what you wanted?” he asks.

“Yes,” I holler at the top of my lungs. Oh my gosh, his powerful thrusts are making my body shake again. Making love to this man feels like heaven on Earth.

*Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:36 am*

“Bend over,” he commands as he tosses me onto the bed once more. I’ll do anything he says. Without hesitation, I get on all fours and shove my face into a pillow. He grips my hips as he plunges into my sopping cherry. Sweet juices drip down my inner thighs as he strokes my insides, causing another eruption to occur. My muffled moans are contained by the pillow my face is buried in.

“Mmm, you’re coming,” he says as he thrusts harder, pounding me from behind. His blows make my body so weak, I completely succumb to his will. His moans intensify as he digs deeper inside of me, and I can tell he’s almost ready to come. His body stiffens and his heavy breaths warm my lower back. “Oh shit,” he murmurs as he shoots his warm gooey sperm inside of my belly. His body crumples as he falls by my side. We both huff and puff as we try to catch our breath.

He takes me up in his arms and kisses the back of my neck, sending chills down my spine again. I nuzzle against his sturdy frame as he holds me closely. The soothing aroma of lavender and chamomile swirl in the air and completely calm me. I could fall asleep like this in his arms. I turn toward him and kiss the center of his chest. He moves my hair out of my face, and I can see clearly into his eyes like a cloudless sky.

“You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” he says as he caresses my cheek with the back of his burly hand. His words make my heart melt; I even choke up a little bit. How did I end up getting so lucky? Mason’s the perfect man, inside and out. He caters to my needs and makes me feel like I’m unstoppable. When I’m with him, it’s like I’m on top of the world, and I love every second of it.

“And you’re the sweetest man I know,” I say with twinkling eyes. “I’m so lucky to have you in my life. Your love for me amazes me every day. You’ve made this the

best summer ever.” It sucks that I have to leave him in less than a week. Manhattan is two and a half hours away from Sunnyside. With that kind of distance, we won’t be able to see each other every day anymore. I don’t think I can function without him. Getting through this school year is going to be hell.

Most of my friends are excited to return back to their dorm rooms, but I dread the thought of stepping foot back my campus. I don’t want to go if I can’t take Mason with me. I’ll never make it without him. I try not to think about the fact that we’ll be what seems like light years away from each other. Instead, I try to enjoy just being cradled in his arms right now.

“You’ve changed my life, Tessa, and made old things seem new again. You are the breath of fresh air that I needed. It’s going to be hard being so far away from you, but I know we can make this relationship work,” he says with confidence. I want to believe him, but since we started our love affair, we haven’t spent a day apart yet. My body will go weak and a cloud of sadness will hover over me until I can be with him again.

“I hope you’re right,” I say as I burrow my face in his chest.

“Trust me, no matter how far away you are, my love for you will never change,” he promises. My doubts slip away, and I allow myself to believe his words.

“Okay. I trust you,” I say. His lips brush against my forehead, and I feel safe lying here with him. Somehow, we made it the whole summer without anyone finding out about our hidden relationship. There were a few close calls, but we were able to keep things under wraps.

I ended up telling Nicole that I’ve been secretly crushing on and having sex with our town’s beloved Coach Mason. At first she thought I was joking, but once she realized I wasn’t laughing, my bosom buddy went into a state of shock which rapidly shifted

into acceptance. She even covered for me a few times when I wanted to sneak over to Mason's place by telling my parents that I was sleeping over at her house. Having her to talk to about everything is a major weight off of my shoulders. I felt ten pounds lighter once I finally shared the truth with her. Like I imagined, the former cheerleader has been nothing but supportive of my relationship. It's really great to have her to count on, and I'll miss both her and Mason like crazy when I head back to the city.

I close my eyes and block out all of these bad thoughts as I try to focus only on the here and now. Mason's cologne permeates the room, and I bask in the wonderful scent. No matter what happens from here on out, at least I'll always have this summer in my memories. I'm scared to leave him behind, but he promises that everything will be alright. He has never broken his word to me before, so I have to trust him. I listen to his beating chest and fall asleep to the rhythmic drum of his heart.

19

Tessa

Mason ties an apron around his waist, and I can't help but stare at his cute butt underneath the straps. I watch from his kitchen nook as he pulls ingredients out of the fridge and pantry. He's been cooking for me every night since our first trip to his beach house a couple of months ago, and I must say, he's gotten better with time.

These past few months have been a dream, but tomorrow, I wake up and head back to Trinity. I can't believe time has flown by so quickly. It seems like just yesterday I bumped into the softball coach at Barroom Burger. That date with Bobby was the worst date I have ever been on in my life, but if I'd never agreed to meet up with the handsy teenage boy, I wouldn't have gotten the opportunity to see Mason. That night changed everything, so I can't really complain.



My parents decided to host a goodbye dinner for me earlier, and they invited all of my friends. I feel bad that I didn't really eat much at the soiree my mom and dad threw me, but I wanted to save enough space in my belly for one last dinner with Mason before my mother packs up her SUV and takes me back to New York City.

After my going away dinner, I had Nicole drop me off here at his house. I was so excited to see him that I jumped into his arms and started ripping his clothes off. I had to have him right there in that moment. We made love on his living room couch until we both climaxed. Our bodies lay entangled within one another until he heard my stomach growl, and that's when he jumped up to cook me a nice hot meal.

He spoils me with love and affection and tends to my every need, leaving me wanting for nothing. I thought men like him only existed in fairytales. Every day, I fall deeper and deeper in love with this man, and I can't imagine my life without him. I want to marry him and raise children with him right here in Sunnyside.

I've had tomorrow's date marked on my calendar for months now, but the closer that day gets, the harder it becomes to say goodbye. Now it's knocking on my door, and I don't want to let it in. I've started a life here with Mason, and I can't just walk away from it all. Maybe he was right – I should've told my parents sooner. If I had, they couldn't make me go back to college. If they'd tried, I could've just moved in with Mason, but then my folks would have hated him for sure.

I was hoping this summer would never end. I got used to sneaking out of my house and creeping into Mason's through the back door. I gained a couple of pounds from his home-cooked meals, but he still tells me I'm beautiful every single day. And I can't even begin to imagine going a whole year without feeling his touch. Oh my gosh, I think I'll lose my mind. There are so many things I'm going to have to give up and go without. How am I going to get through all of this without him by my side to cheer me on? I fake a smile as he places my dinner in front of me, but of course, he can tell that something is up.

“What’s wrong?” he asks. I don’t want to tell him the truth because I don’t want to ruin the mood. We just had hot, passionate sex, and now we’re having dinner together. I can’t bring up the fact that I’m leaving and shift the mood from intimate to melancholy.

“Nothing,” I lie, but he can see right through my disguise. I can’t hide anything from this man. He stares at me intensely as he reads me from front to back. I might as well give up; he’s going to figure it out sooner or later. “I’m just sad because I’m leaving tomorrow. It’s no big deal,” I say as I dig into the scrumptious plate.

He takes a deep breath as he searches for the right words to say, but I think even he is stumped right now. He reaches across the table and grabs my hand.

“We’ll get through this,” he says. I want to believe him, but I’m standing on shaky ground right now. This is the last night I’ll get to fall asleep cradled in his arms before I’m swamped with accounting courses again. I don’t want to show him how worried I really am to head back to the city all alone, so I nod as if I completely agree with him. I just hope our relationship can survive this. I take another bite of the pan-seared salmon, wanting the food to comfort me.

“Another Mason masterpiece,” I say as I indulge in the dish.

“Why thank you,” he chuckles. He’s so sure that everything is going to work out. This confident man doesn’t have a single doubt in his mind. I wish I could be more like him, fearless and ready to take on anything. He loves a good challenge and doesn’t mind working hard to get what he wants. That’s how he ended up getting the athletic director position. Those extra hours he put in with students making sure they reached their full potential had paid off. He’s passionate about his job, and that’s why I didn’t want him to risk his position on account of me. I would hate myself if it was my fault that his job was put on the line. He loves his students so much, it’s actually kind of sexy. It turns me on when he talks about his plans for the upcoming school

year because he speaks with such vigor, and I can see how devoted he is to improving the lives of his students. He's a good man with a lot to offer, and I don't want to lose him.

We clear the table and make our way to his bedroom. I crawl into bed beside him and intertwine my body with his. We stare into each other's eyes without saying a word, but nothing needs to be said in this moment. He runs his fingers through my hair as I fall deep into those crystal blue pools of his. I never want to leave this bed, but by this time tomorrow, I'll be back in Manhattan, tossing and turning on the stiff mattress in my dorm room.

My eyelids become heavy, but I fight to keep them open. I can't fall asleep yet; I need a few more hours with him. The protective folds over my eyes flutter as I struggle to stay awake, and I can feel myself giving in to my sleepiness. His lips touch mine, and his kiss puts me to bed.

The sky is dimly lit by a half-risen sun. Mason's truck comes to a stop a block away from my parent's home. This is it. This is where we say goodbye. I try my best to hold back my tears, but the drops leak from my eyes like a facet. He wipes my tears away, but they just keep flowing. I told myself I wasn't going cry, but now that the moment is here, I can't help myself. I bury my head in his chest, and he holds me as I weep.

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“Shh, it’s okay,” he says, but it’s not okay. I have to pack my bags so that I can leave for what’s going to seem like forever. It isn’t fair that I have to be away from him for so long. I should be able to stay with the man that I love and not be forced to go off and work toward a career I don’t even want. He kisses the top of my head as he gently strokes my back with his hand.

I wipe away my tears and try to pull myself together. I have to sneak back into my house before my mom and dad wake up, so I can’t sit out here wallowing in my sorrow.

“I need one last kiss,” I say. Mason places his hand under my chin and leans in for our final smooch. He sends those butterflies fluttering through my stomach as always. The goodbye kiss causes another stream of tears to run down my cheeks, making it even harder to get out of his truck. “I don’t want to leave,” I confess.

“It’ll only be for a little while, and we’ll talk every day on the phone. It won’t be so bad. You’ll see,” he says. I whimper as I attempt to believe him. He dries my eyes, and I stare into his one last time. They pierce right through my heart.

It’s one simple word, but I can’t get it out. It’s stuck on the tip of my tongue, trapped inside of my mouth. The sun is hanging high in the sky, and my parents could wake up and check my room any minute now. I have to get it out, whether I want to or not. Somehow, I muster up the strength to say it.

“Goodbye,” I say with my tears still streaming. He takes a deep breath, and his ice blue eyes melt into puddles. He manages to keep the drops from falling, though, staying strong for the both of us.

“Goodbye, Tessa,” his bass voice breaks. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” The words flow right out of my mouth. I sigh heavily as I open the car door and hop down from his truck. I wipe at my tears and quickly walk up the street to my house. I have to get into bed and pretend like I slept in it last night. I got away with sneaking around all summer, so I can’t get caught now. I jog up the front porch steps and take one last look back at Mason. He watches from his truck as I creep through the door and then softly close it shut behind me.

I tiptoe up the stairs to my bedroom, trying not to make a sound. My parents’ room is as silent as a grave. I sneak past their door and dip into my sleeping quarters. I crawl into my bed and lie there in a somber state, wishing there was an answer to all of my problems. I should be packing, but I can’t move. I can barely breathe, not without Mason. My heart is in pain, and it feels like it’s about to burst.

“Good morning, sweetie,” my mom says as she softly knocks on my bedroom door. “Ready to head back to school?” The answer is absolutely not, but I can’t tell her that. She looks around the room in disappointment. “Oh, Tessa. You haven’t even packed yet.”

“I’m working on it, Mom,” I say, still lying in bed hopelessly. Like the mama bird that she is, she swoops down to save her baby nestling. She curls up next to me and strokes my hair.

“Honey, what’s wrong? I’ve never seen you look so down,” she asks. Her comforting touch urges me to be vulnerable with her. She’s my mother, so I should be able to open up to her.

“I’m not sure about going back to Trinity,” I admit.

“What do you mean? I thought you loved it there?” She seems completely puzzled.

“It’s not what I want anymore.” In all reality, it was never what I wanted. Accounting is my mom and dad’s dream for me, but I never desired a life full of financial records.

“Don’t you want a good career that pays well? Your daddy and I always dreamed of you becoming this big shot successful woman who lives in New York City, like the ones you see on TV. You have the potential to be great, Tessa. You don’t want to throw it all away, do you?”

I don’t care about some fancy career and lavish lifestyle in the Big Apple. I’m a small-town girl in love with a man who lives miles away from the bustling streets of Manhattan. I wish she knew that, but I can’t tell her everything right now. If I did, she would probably think Mason is the only reason why I want to stay in Sunnyside, but the truth is, I never wanted to leave home in the first place. If she knew how much I hated my freshman year, maybe she would think twice about sending me back.

“Mom, I can be successful doing something else. You and Daddy do just fine at the plant store. I don’t have to join Wall Street just to make an honest living,” I say.

“We want better for you. Yeah, business is booming, but it took a lot to get there. I don’t want to see you struggle the way we did when your daddy first opened the shop. You need a promising career. After all, isn’t that what you want?”

I want to stay here in my hometown with Mason and marry him someday, maybe even have a bunch of his babies. And I want to open a pastry shop that all of the Sunnyside patrons rush to when they’re itching for a sugary treat. That’s all I really want, but that answer might drive my mom berserk, so I nod at the loving woman and pretend to agree with her.

“Good,” she says as she lifts my torso. “Now, let’s pack.” I reluctantly roll out of bed as she begins to fold and toss articles of clothing into a suitcase.

It looks like I'm going back to New York City, whether I want to or not. I pack up all of my things and check to make sure I haven't left anything important behind. Then it hits me that I'm leaving the most important person in my life here in Sunnyside. Daddy tosses my suitcase into the back of mom's car, and it takes everything in me to not burst out into tears. There's a lump in my throat as I climb into the passenger seat. If I break down crying, I'll have to tell my parentseverything, and I can't do that, so I stifle my emotions. I choke back my tears and hold my head up high. As Mom pulls out of the driveway, I cling onto Mason's words for dear life.

20

Tessa

Isink further into the wooden desk I've been sulking in for the last hour and a half. Time is dragging, and I feel like this class is never going to end. My mind drifts as thoughts of Mason drown out my professor's never-ending drone. I've been back in school now for two weeks, but I can't seem to focus one bit. I feel lost wandering around the familiar campus. Nothing makes sense anymore, and I spend most of my time in bed crying over Mason. We talk on the phone every day, but I miss seeing his face and falling asleep in his arms. The last two weeks have been so torturous that I'm not sure I can make it through twosemesters. I feel like I'm losing my mind without him.

All of my classes this semester are accounting courses, and I hate every last one of them. God, I wish I had the nerve to tell Mom and Dad that I don't want to be here. I'd rather be at home with them and my friends, but most of all with Mason. I miss the forehead kisses he showered me with all summer long, and I miss the way my alpha male would seize me in his arms and clench me to his chest as I felt his love radiating from his body. Now, my nights are spent alone on a cold, stiff mattress. I dream about him every night, and when I wake up, a wave of grief crashes into me once I realize he's miles away.

My mind is even starting to play tricks on me. I swore I saw him a few days ago inside of the neighborhood deli buying groceries, but my heart was stricken when I ran up to the man with my arms wide open and discovered that it wasn't my beloved Mason. I felt horrible, and when I got back to my dorm room, I curled up into a ball on my bed and cried my eyes out. I miss him so much; I just wish I could look into those oceanic eyes again and swim in his love.

Students dash out of the classroom, alerting me that the professor has wrapped up her lesson. I take my time gathering my belongings and drag my feet out the door. My head hangs low as I walk along the campus trail. The sun is shining brightly in the sky, but I feel like a rain cloud is following me around. I just want to hurry up and get inside my dorm room so that I can lie around in bed for the rest of the day.

I know I should try to cheer up, but nothing makes me happy anymore. My happiness is all the way in Sunnyside, two and a half hours away from here. My feet scuffle against the concrete as I brush past members of the student body. I haven't made a single effort to make any friends this semester, nor have I gone to any frat parties with beer kegs. All I want to do is be alone and away from any college age boys who think they might stand a chance with me. There's only one man my heart desires, and that man is Mason.

"Tessa," a familiar voice calls out to me, sending chills down my spine. I recognize that baritone voice immediately; it belongs to the man I love. Is my mind playing tricks on me again? I quickly turn in the direction the voice came from and find the most handsome man in the world standing in front of me. A haggard Mason lingers on the sidewalk with a bouquet of pink tulips in his hand. His chiseled chin is covered in a rugged beard, and he looks like he hasn't slept for days, but the man is still absolutely gorgeous. My heart races as I pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. A smile takes over my face once I realize I'm wide awake. I charge toward the drained-looking man and jump into his arms. He hoists me into the air without batting an eye. God, it feels so good to be in his arms again.



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“What are you doing here?” I ask as he twirls me around. The brawny man sets me down on the ground gently.

“I had to see you,” he confesses. “Being away from you was starting to drive me crazy. I couldn’t sleep, and I couldn’t eat.” The burly man does look like he might have lost a few pounds.

“Me either,” I admit. “I’ve been depressed here without you, Mason.” I place my head on his chest. “I want to go back home and be with you.” I listen as his heart pounds in his chest. I know he wants the same thing, but he would never ask me to leave college to be with him.

“I’m here now. Let’s try to focus on that,” he says as our eyes link, creating a force of static electricity between us. Whoa, I can literally feel the sparks flying. How in the world does he do that? He’s right; in his arms, nothing else matters. I get lost in his eyes, and for a second, I forget that we’re standing in the middle of a bustling college campus. I shy away from being intimate with him out in public, but then I remember Sunnyside is miles away, so I can be as affectionate with my lover as I want right now. We canoodle in the quad, and my knees turn to jelly as he lays one of his infamous forehead kisses on me.

“I can’t believe you drove all the way to Manhattan just to see me,” I say as I entangle my fingers with his. I missed these hands so much, and I longed for his touch every day we were apart.

“I couldn’t stay away any longer. Being without you is the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do.” I can see the agony written all over his face, and it makes my heart sink to the

pit of my stomach. I knew he missed me, but I didn't know he was suffering this bad. This isn't healthy for either one of us; we're both in agonizing pain.

In his arms, I feel safe, and I can't imagine ever being away from him that long again. It was only two weeks, but it felt like an eternity of damnation. I got through freshman year just fine, but that was before I felt his love pour all over me. I was already contemplating not coming back to Trinity at the beginning of the summer, but falling so deeply in love with Mason had sealed the deal. This isn't where I want to be; I want to go back to my small town and be with him.

"It shouldn't have to be this way, Mason," I say with my ear still pressed against his heart. The soothing sound of its beat drowns out the noisy Manhattan streets, and for a second, I almost feel like I'm home again.

"It won't always be this way, baby, I promise." He's right, and I know it, but I'm so scared about what's going to happen next. When he leaves, I'll be all alone again here, and the pain will feel like I'm dying. When he leaves this campus, he'll be taking my heart with him, leaving behind a hollowed chest. I won't be able to survive without him. A tear streams down my cheek, and with haste, he brushes it away with his thumb. The protective man is quick to catch my tears before they completely fall. His gentle caress on my cheek is exactly what my body has been craving, a simple touch from the man that I love. He flashes that contagious pearly white grin, and soon, I find myself smiling through my tears.

"Let's go inside," I say as I pull him toward my housing complex. He follows me without hesitation; I'm starting to believe he'll go anywhere I go just so he can be with me. I knew since the first day I laid eyes on him that we were drawn to each other like magnets, but now our connection has grown deep. We've formed a bond that no one can break.

I'm a bit nervous for him to see my dorm room. I've been so depressed without him

that I haven't even bothered with unpacking my suitcase. My walls are barren, with only a calendar that I used to mark the days until he and I are reunited hanging on them. And my pillow is probably still damp from the teardrops I cried all through the night and into the morning. I unlock what has felt like my own personal dungeon and flick the light on, revealing how pathetic the mini apartment looks. He doesn't seem to mind how bleak and bare the dorm room is, though; in fact, I don't think he even notices. Ever since he spotted me on the campus sidewalk, he hasn't taken his eyes off of me. He eases over to me and swaddles me in his arms and his love. His arms are the safest place on this planet; with him, I feel like no harm can come to me.

"God, I missed you," he whispers almost as if he didn't mean to say it out loud.

"I missed you too. I don't know how much longer I can do this, Mason. Every day gets harder and harder," I confess.

"Baby, you can do it. You're strong enough to do anything." He believes in me, but I don't have the same faith in myself. Everyone keeps telling me that this is what's best for me, but I know it's not. I know what I want in life, and although I was scared at first to go after it, now I'm willing to take the risk. I don't want to be an accountant, and I don't want to wait for the gawking teenage boys to mature, like Mom said. The Big Apple isn't for me; my heart belongs to Sunnyside, and that's where I belong.

"I want to tell my parents about us," I blurt out, shocking Mason. "I wasn't ready before, but I'm ready now."

"Tessa, your parents won't approve. They'll think I brainwashed you." Suddenly, he's the one who thinks we should keep things under wraps. My parents won't approve and will probably freak out, but I don't care. They should want me to be happy, and Mason brings me joy like I've never experienced before.

"They'll get over it; everyone will. And then we can finally be together without

worrying about getting caught all of the time,” I say.

“It’s not that easy, Tess. What about my job? The Board of Education won’t approve of me dating a former student. How will we survive if I lose my job?”

“We’ll find a way. Our love is strong enough to withstand anything.” Maybe I sound young and naive right now, but I honestly believe that Mason and I can make it through anything. Once people see how truly in love we really are, they won’t judge a softball coach for falling for his former student.

“Tessa, I don’t know,” he says as doubt trembles in his voice.

“Don’t you love me?” I ask, even though I already know the answer.

“Of course I do. I love you more than anything else in this world,” he professes.

“So be with me, and anything that comes our way, we’ll get through it together.” I can still see the doubt in his piercing eyes as he becomes speechless. My thumping heart is about to beat out of my chest as I wait for him to say something. Anything. He can’t give up on me now; we’re too deep in this.

I seize the alpha male like Joan of Arc, ready to conquer the man that I love. I pull him close to me and hold him in my clutches, ready to change his mind. My hands gently caress his big, strong back as our lips fervently touch. Our intense kiss shakes the Earth, and I can feel mountains moving. Passion pulsates through us as our hearts beat in sync. My jelly knees can’t hold me anymore, and I swoon, nearly descending to the ground, but my valiant man catches me in his brawny arms. I retract my lips to see if his mind has changed.

“I know you felt that,” I declare. A kiss like that only happens once in a lifetime. His sparkling eyes look straight into my soul, seeing past every doubt and obstacle that

may come our way.

“I felt it, Tessa.” His lips brush against mine as he strokes my hair. “I felt every bit of it.”

“Please, we have to tell them,” I plead. Silence fills the dormitory again, and a knot forms in the pit of my stomach. Time seems frozen as I wait for him to open his mouth. Once my parents find out the truth, we can be open about our relationship, and then it won’t seem suspicious when I take the train back to Sunnyside every weekend to stay with Mason. This is the only way our relationship can work, so I need the man to at least give me a nod so that I know it’s alright to tell them. He takes a deep breath as I brace myself for his answer.

“Okay,” he says, as time finally resumes. “I’m ready if you’re ready.”

“You mean it?” My eyes swell with tears as my voice cracks.

“Yeah, it’s time. I don’t want either of us to suffer the way we have over the last two weeks ever again. I’d rather put it all out there and see what happens. Like you said, whatever comes our way, we’ll get through it together.” He gently kisses my hand, and a swarm of butterflies travels throughout my body. He lures me to the stiff mattress, and we climb onto the twin-sized bed together. It’s tight, but that just makes it easier to press my body against his. I inhale his intoxicating cologne as we cuddle on the cot, and I can honestly say this is the most comfortable I’ve ever been in this bed.

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I don't know what's going to happen when we get back to Sunnyside, but I know that Mason and I can weather any storm together. He's my rock. He keeps me grounded, and he's strong enough for the both of us. It won't be easy, but I know deep in my heart that it will all work out. A love like this doesn't happen every day, and I wouldn't give it up for the world. This dauntless man captured my heart when I was sixteen, and he's held it in the palm of his hands ever since. His eyes gleam in the dimly lit dorm room, promising a bright future ahead of us. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with him.

### Epilogue

#### Mason

Christmas lights twinkle on my roof as we pull into the driveway. Tessa gasps at the spectacle of decorations splayed in the front yard and hanging from the top of the house. I know how much the holidays mean to her, so I wanted to go all out and surprise her with her very own winter wonderland.

"Mason, it's beautiful!" she cheers.

"I'm glad you like it," I say.

I fling the door open and grab hold of Tessa's delicate hand to help her out of my pickup truck. She takes her time, but I can't complain. I threw salt down on the icy driveway before I left to pick her up from Trinity, but the driveway still might be a little slippery. I don't want her to fall, especially while she's toting around a swollen belly.

Her protruding stomach was a surprise to both of us, but it's one we don't regret for a second. She took the pregnancy test in my master bathroom, and we both sat on the tile floor as we waited for the results. The positive test made us both jump for joy. I'm finally going to be a daddy.

The last few months have been heaven, but we have faced some obstacles. When we finally told Roger and Elaine about our love affair, they were enraged and accused me of corrupting their precious baby girl. And then, it didn't help that suddenly their teenage daughter was knocked up. I was so sure they were going to drag my name through the mud, but Tessa had managed to calm their rage. They still have their doubts about our relationship, and Roger won't even look me in the eye, but Tessa thinks all of that will change when they meet their grandchild. I hope she's right, and I really hope our baby is just as beautiful as her mother.

I was able to keep my position as the athletic director at Sunnyside, seeing as how the Board of Education couldn't prove that I had actually done anything wrong. Tessa is an adult now, and nothing happened between us when she was still a minor. But I do hear whispers every now and then when I'm out grocery shopping. Hopefully, after our baby is born, the gossip will die down.

I cuff her hand in mine as we walk past the lawn decorations. She admires the reindeer and elves prominently displayed in the yard, which makes me feel appreciated. I never feel like my efforts go to waste when it comes to her. Her bright grin makes it all feel worthwhile.

"Careful," I say as I help her up the front porch steps. She only recently started showing, but I still want to keep her and the baby protected. I'm probably driving her crazy with all of my safety precautions, but I can't help it. This is my first baby, and I don't want to mess anything up. I've always wanted to be a dad, and now, it's finally happening. Tessa has made me the happiest man on Earth.

I follow her closely into the house, carrying her suitcase. She has temporarily dropped out of college because of the pregnancy, and now she's going to stay here with me. Her parents aren't thrilled about that either, but she is grown and can make her own decisions. I'm ecstatic that I get to come home to her every single day now. We're starting our life together, and it feels so good.

"I have something to show you," I say with a grin on my face.

"What is it?" she asks curiously.

"It's a surprise. You have to close your eyes." Her eyes light up before she even knows what the surprise is.

"Okay!" she says with her eyes shut. I place my hands over them just in case she tries to sneak a peek. We slowly walk up the stairs, carefully taking each step. I take a deep breath at the top of the stairs and gently kick one of the bedroom doors open with my hands still covering her eyes.

"Are you ready?" I ask nervously.

"Yup!" she chirps.

"Okay." I take my hands off of her eyes. "You can look now." She gasps as she looks around the decorated nursery.

"Oh, Mason," she says as she places her hands over mouth. It took me hours to paint the walls pink, and I nearly lost a limb trying to put that damn crib together, but it was all worth it just to see her reaction. She looks around the room in astonishment. "There's even a rocking chair to put her to sleep in and books to read her at night." Her eyes fill with tears.



“Don’t cry, baby,” I chuckle. But it’s too late; tears are running down her plump cheeks.

“It’s perfect,” she sobs. I hold her in my arms and wipe away every single tear.

“Anything for you and our baby.” I kiss those soft lips and feel the sparks fly between us. If she wasn’t already pregnant, this kiss alone would make me want to put a baby inside of her. Our kiss turns from an innocent peck into a steamy smooch as she makes it impossible to keep my hands off of her. She presses her body against mine, sending a flow of blood to my manhood. We used to have sex every day, but I’ve backed off recently because of the pregnancy. My cock is pretty huge, and I don’t want to do anything to hurt the baby. Tessa insists I won’t, but I’d rather be safe than sorry.

“Come on,” she says, pulling me out of the nursery. I know what she wants – it’s written all over her face – and I want the same thing too. Her hips hypnotize me as I follow her into our bedroom. Thanks to the baby, they’ve spread out a little more. I’m so aroused that I can barely wait until we get inside the room. I want to bend her over right here in the hallway and stroke her insides until she moans my name as she comes.

She starts to undress as soon as she walks into the bedroom. I admire her figure as she strips naked. That poochy belly adds to her natural sexiness, making me want her even more. I seize her in my arms and carry her naked frame to the bed. She’s soaking wet already, and I can’t take my eyes off of her glistening cunt. Her dripping flesh is ready to feel every inch of my dick stroking it.

She grabs my hand and uses my fingers to rub her swollen clit. Sweet symphonic moans slip from her lips as she delights in the sensations I’m giving to her. Her pretty, pink clit is calling my name, begging me to lick it until a waterfall gushes from between her legs. I give in, but I never really could resist anyway.

I gently push her legs back, trying my hardest not to bump them against her stomach. I spread her lips open, completely exposing the pink sliver of flesh. She watches me with delight, anticipating the moment I tongue her pearl. A river has already started to flow between those juicy thighs, and I can't resist tasting her cream. I wrap my lips around her clit and suck the flesh, causing her body to jerk.

"Are you okay?" I ask as I back away.

"Yes, I'm fine," she says, pulling my head back between her legs. "Don't stop." I listen to her command and continue to lick, switching the direction my tongue moves as I stroke her clit. She moans louder than I've ever heard her moan before as her body quivers in my hands.

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“Do you like it like that?” I ask in between licks.

“Yes,” she moans. The sounds coming from her mouth remind me of an angel playing the harp, heavenly and divine. She runs her fingers through my hair as her body shakes in the palm of my hands. She plays with her tits, flicking her nipples in sync with my tongue strokes.

“Mason, I’m about to come,” she moans. My pulsating cock eagerly waits for climax. I apply more pressure with my tongue and lick her kitty a bit hard. It drives the girl insane, and she claws my upper back and shoulders. Her throbbing clit is ready to burst; I can feel it. She’s almost at the peak of her mountain, and I want to take her there. Her moans intensify, and I feel her body trembling as she finally climaxes. I suck the fruity juices out of her dripping cunt. She catches her breath as she comes down from her high. The moon illuminates her body in the still winter night. Her curves still drive me crazy, and her newest ones make my giant heart melt. She looks absolutely beautiful, yet she has no idea.

“What?” she giggles, noticing my stare.

“Nothing,” I say as I gently kiss her lips. She looks down at my jerking cock and licks her lips. She pulls down my pants and slithers to the end of the bed. I know exactly what’s on her mind. She teases me by kissing the head of my penis; the girl knows how badly I want her to slide it into her moist mouth. She licks it, still teasing me with a grin on her face. “Please,” I beg.

“Anything for you,” she says. I grit my teeth as she wraps her soft, plump lips around my cock. My toes curl as she sucks my shaft, allowing it to slide down her throat. I

move her hair out of the way so that I can admire her beautiful face. The glowing girl is absolutely gorgeous, and she knows how to please her man.

“Shit,” I say as she deep throats my entire penis. I hold onto the back of her head as I thrust myself into her mouth. She handles it like a champ, never once gagging. “Lie down,” I say, ready to penetrate her.

She lies on her back with her legs up in the air. I want to shove my cock deep inside of her, but I have to keep the baby in mind. I slowly push her legs back and gaze at her glistening pussy. My penis jerks at the sight of it. I gradually slide a few inches of my rock hard tool inside of her. I gently stroke her drenched cunt, trying my best to not go too deep.

“Deeper,” she begs.

“I don’t want to hurt the baby,” I say.

“She’ll be fine,” she tries to reassure me. I hesitantly thrust all of my manhood inside of her, causing her to bite her lip.

“Are you okay?” I ask.

“Yes. Don’t stop,” she utters. I pump harder, enjoying the sensation but also worrying about our baby. She digs her nails into my skin as I hit her G-spot. She’s loving every stroke, and I finally give in and give it to her rough. I grunt as I splash in her wet sea; she’s so wet and tight.

“Turn around,” I command. With haste, she’s on all fours with her back arched in the air.

“Not that one,” she says as the tip of my cock touches her sopping hole. I know where she wants me to put it; she loves hot, rough sex, and I love giving her what she

wants. I spread her juicy cheeks and ease my way into her back door. She gasps as I slowly slide my wood into her ass. I take my time so that I don't hurt her.

"Is this what you want?" I ask.

"Yes," she moans as I stroke deeper and deeper. I hold on tightly to her meaty cheeks as I thrust harder. The tight, tiny hole brings me closer to coming.

"You feel so good," I grunt. I can't hold it in anymore; my body is ready to erupt. "Tessa," I moan, clenching her ass cheeks as a stream of hot milky come squirts inside of her derriere. I collapse on top of her with my cock still inside of her round bottom. We try to catch our breath, both of our chests heaving in the moonlight. I lie beside her and trace her curves with my fingertips.

"You're going to be a great daddy," she says with sincerity. Man, I hope she's right.

"And you're going to be the best mother in the world," I say, meaning every word. I couldn't have chosen a better woman to start a family with. Her heart is bigger than anyone else's I know, and she knows how to take care of a home. "Our daughter is really lucky to have you as a mom."

"She's lucky to have both of us," she says with a soft grin.

"This is all I ever wanted, Tessa. I waited so long for you and a baby, and then everything happened so fast, but I'm glad it did. You changed my life," I profess.

"I know. It's crazy how everything happened, but I've never been happier. My life is so much better with you in it," she says. Those warm pools of honey have me stuck like I'm on a sticky trap. I'm hers for life.

Her parents might be against it, and the Sunnyside residents may think our relationship is inappropriate, but none of that matters when I'm holding her in my

arms and staring into those big brown puppy dog eyes. In moments like this, the only thing that matters is us, and now our baby. Nothing in the world can come between what we share. Our bond is unbreakable, and our love is indestructible. I'll never leave her, no matter what. She's about to be the mother of my child, and soon enough my wife, whether anyone else likes it or not.

She nestles her body up against mine, and I wrap my arms around her, keeping her and our baby safe and warm. Life has changed drastically, but it has all been for the best. I finally have the woman that I love, and we're starting a brand new life together and bringing a child into this world. Even with the whispers around town, I don't regret falling in love with her for one second. The feeling I get when I'm with Tessa makes everything right. The love I have for her and our unborn child is indescribable. I feel invincible when I'm with her, and I know our love will prevail and get us through anything.

THE END