



Forbidden Valentine

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: What happens if everything you want is exactly what you shouldn't? Everyone is always making choices about your life, your body, and your future, but you want to give it all up for one forbidden man. Gunner Vega is the last man you'd expect to save you from your living nightmare. He's the last man you'd expect to wake up next to, but he becomes everything you've ever dreamed of. He's not just your professor, but now he's your savior. Your forbidden valentine.

This is a DARK romance in a shared world series. Readers discretion is HIGHLY advised.

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“Alright, next we are going to talk about the clitoris,” Professor Vega says, earning some chuckles from the other students. I just smirk and lean back in my seat. Professor Vega has a habit of calling on people who are not paying attention. I think he finds pleasure in torturing people and making them uncomfortable. Why is that so hot? Oh right, because I’m not the one who gets called out.

“Why take a human sexuality class if you are going to act like a twelve-year-old boy who just found their dick about everything?” I quietly ask Veronica. She is one of my dearest friends and a whole vibe. She’s fun but will kick ass if need be.

“Blaise, can you come up and circle the clitoris for us?” Professor Vega says to a guy who is too busy talking to his buddies.

“Uhm...” he stammers.

“Pretty high expectations, Vega,” Veronica says humorously. “You think Blaise knows where the clit is?”

“Bitch,” Blaise mutters under his breath.

“Ah, Mr. Lawrence. If you are going to call her a bitch, at least prove her wrong first,” Professor Vega says simply. “Come on up.”

Blaise grumbles as he gets out of his chair and reluctantly takes the marker from Professor Vega. He hesitates, but then circles the urethra, making Veronica and me burst out laughing. Blaise stares daggers back to Veronica, but she only grins at him.

“Alright. Alright. Settle down, ladies,” Professor Vega says to us. “Mila, come on up.”

“Me?” I ask, and he nods at me with a dampened smile.

“Don’t you know where the clit is, Mila?” Veronica teases, nudging my leg when I stand.

“Mmmm. I sure do,” I say with a grin. She winks at me, and I turn to get the marker from Blaise.

Professor Vega steps closer and wipes away the mark that Blaise made, but my breath hitches for a moment when the scent of his cologne hits me. Fuck, he is sexy, and he smells good. “Go ahead, Mila” he says coolly, stepping back.

“This is the clitoris,” I say, circling the correct spot. “Above it is the clitoral hood.”

“Good girl. What did Blaise point out?” Professor Vega asks.

“The urethra,” I answer.

“Wait. Is that where girls pee from?” Blaise asks, causing laughter to break out across the room.

“You’ve got to be fucking joking?!” Veronica asks with dry laughter.

“You can go sit,” Professor Vega says, taking the marker from me. “Good job, Mila.”

“Thank you,” I say, smiling at his praise.

“Veronica, this is a learning environment, and we are open-minded here, remember?”

Professor Vega says. “Now. What is the purpose of the clitoris, everyone?”

“Pleasure,” a girl answers.

“Correct. The clitoris’ one and only job is to provide sexual pleasure. The entirety of the vulva is considered to be an erogenous zone, and the clitoris is the most sensitive part. Now... it extends back into the body and wraps around the vaginal canal. Everyone, look at the diagram in your book. What do you recognize as part of the clitoris?”

“The G-spot,” a guy says.

“Yes, excellent job. The G-spot is a part of the clitoris. It is found a few inches inside on the top wall of the vaginal canal. This is a spot where the vestibular bulbs rub up against the wall of the vagina,” Professor Vega explains. “As a whole, the clitoris is the most efficient way for a person with these parts to reach orgasm. Branching off from that, here is a statistic for you to consider when on your valentine dates tonight... Seventy to ninety percent of biological females are unable to achieve orgasm from penetration alone. So, if you have sex with ten women and they all say they got there without help, statistically speaking, nine of them are lying to you.”

“Quick! Tell them toys are friends,” Veronica hollers.

“That is all I have for you today. Remember, you all have an anatomy test next week, so make sure you are prepared for that. Happy Valentine’s Day, be safe, and have fun,” Professor Vega says. Everyone stands and starts to leave, but I take my time. This is my last class of the day, so I am in no rush. I also just want an excuse to be around Professor Vega. I have a habit of doing this so I can be around him a bit longer.

“Bye, girl. Have fun on your blind date,” Veronica says with a smile.

“Mhmm. Bye,” I laugh and turn back to collect my belongings.

“Good job today, Mila,” Professor Vega says casually as he starts to straighten up the room.

“For finding the clit?” I laugh. “I did not need a textbook for that, but thank you. You make a good teacher.”

“So, I have been told,” he remarks with a smirk. My face heats with a blush, so I turn back to gather my stuff. “Ready for the anatomy test?”

“Uhm... yeah,” I say.

“That didn’t sound very confident,” he laughs. “What are you struggling with?”

Professor Gunner Vega is young, fit, hot, and single. I would bend over his desk in the blink of a fucking eye if he told me to. He is asking a serious question, but the truthful answer is that I am struggling to remember the various parts of the penis. How do I tell my hot as fuck teacher that I need help studying dick?

“Uhm,” I laugh.

“Come on. Spit it out,” he says.

“I... am just struggling to remember the technical names for the parts of the... male genitalia,” I say carefully.

“We can certainly go over it. Do you have plans?” he asks.

“What?!”

“Do you have plans? You look like you would rather leave,” he says.

“Oh... I have a date... a blind date... that I will happily skip to learn the distinct parts of the dick with you,” I say. When he laughs, my face goes white, and I am horrified that I just said that. “You know... I think I will just fail. Forget that just came out of my mouth.”

“Relax, Mila. I knew what you meant,” he says warmly. “Get with me after class on Monday and we can go over it, okay?”

“Right,” I say. “I’d rather have that conversation with you than Veronica, anyway.”

“Have fun on your date, Ms. Hart,” he says, his tone a bit more bitter when speaking about my date.

“Mmm. Unlikely. I have texted with him once and he sounds like the type you shouldn’t turn your back on,” I say as I walk to the door.

“I’m sorry?” he remarks. “What do you mean?”

“I just mean I have texted with him once, and he sounds like a creep. I am a terrible judge of character over text, so I will at least go to see if I am right,” I shrug.

“What restaurant?” he asks.

“Ollie’s,” I say. “Why?”

“I am meeting a friend down the road from there. The after-hours number is my cell. Call me if you need a ride back to the dorms, okay?” he says.

“I appreciate that,” I smile.

I leave the room and slowly make my way to my dorm. I graduate in a few months with a bachelor's degree in psychology. I have loved attending St. Valentines University. Colorado gets ridiculously cold in the winter, but I love it here. I am considering settling here since I have spent the last four years here anyhow. The university is styled from the old Victorian era and has been here for a long time. It is like a giant castle, but it's full of horny college students. I got lucky enough not to share a room with anyone this year, so I am far more comfortable than I have been previously. Nothing worse than a loud and annoying roommate that you do not have a good relationship with.

This campus. These people. I know there are things that go on here that are not exactly... holy. There are rumors and whispers of cults and even ghosts. There is an old ghost story that gets passed around that the founders of the school murdered their wives, only for them to then haunt the school. Some say there are reports of flickering lights and even books falling off shelves, but I have never witnessed it myself. I do my best to steer clear of nonsense and focus on my studies. I don't get involved with sororities, sports, clubs, or anything that doesn't fit into my degree. I came here for a reason, and I'm determined to not let anything distract me. That doesn't stop me from hearing the rumors, though. When the dean's niece went missing, there was a lot of speculation about what might have happened.

I have dated on occasion, but I focus on my studies for the most part. That does not stop me from going to an occasional party when I am free and hooking up, but I almost always come back disappointed and hung over. It is not worth my time when no one is willing to put in the effort. This time, I was conned into a blind date with a friend of a friend. Riley is not exactly my best friend, but I do not hate her. She introduces me to the worst people, so I do not expect this to go any different from anyone else she has tried to set me up with.

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No matter what the result is tonight, I am going to dress for me. I put on my favorite red dress. It is form-fitting but stretchy, so it is comfortable. It dips down in the front and comes almost to my knees. I pull the clip out of my hair, so my chocolate brown hair falls in waves down my back before I touch up my makeup. I decide to wear matching red heels and look in the mirror, I look amazing. I love getting dressed up, even if I just stay at home. It gives me confidence to exist and makes me happy. I know this dipshit will think I got dressed up for him, but I did not. If a man does not like me in my casual clothing, why in the fuck would I dress up for him or get naked? That is a moot point, because I am still dressed up. Although, I am not getting naked for him. If he already gives ick vibes off after three texts, like hell if I am letting myself be alone with him.

Once it is time to go, I step out of my dorm and walk down to meet my Uber. Getting a ride back will be a nightmare, but I can always walk home or carpool with someone else. Once I get in, I ride in silence to the restaurant bar combination. I am nervous as hell, and I just have a weird feeling in my belly. I know I do not want to be here but there is no rule that says I have to stay. I always remind myself that I do not owe anyone an explanation of my life.

“Hi,” I say to the host. “I am supposed to be meeting someone here. Last name is Jensen?”

“Yeah,” she smiles. “I’ll take you to the table.”

I smile politely and walk with her to one of the back booths. “Charlie?” I ask. He looks me up and down with a smile before standing.

“Mila. It is good to meet you,” he says, hugging me. I am not normally opposed to touch, but from him it is just plain awkward. “Sit with me?”

He motions for me to sit on his side of the booth, but I take a seat across from him so that I am not trapped. I can tell right away he does not like this choice. “It’s a wonderful night,” I say sweetly. “Do you attend St. Valentines?”

“I do,” he says, sitting back with a smug smile. “I’m surprised you don’t recognize me.”

“Oh, I keep to myself, so I don’t recognize many people,” I say simply.

“We had two classes together last year,” he says flatly. “I sat behind you in both.”

“Oh,” I say. Oops. “Yeah, I’m sorry. I am always super focused on my work. I don’t do much else.”

“Hmm,” he says. “What is your major?”

“Psychology. You?” I ask.

“Business administration. I am getting an MBA,” he says with a smug tone. He takes the last sip of his drink and then snaps at the server, putting an order into a computer nearby.

Did he just fucking snap at her? Who the fuck does that? “Yes, Sir?” she says warmly when she walks over.

“We are ready to order,” he says.

“Oh, are we?” I ask sarcastically. I haven’t even looked at the menu.

“She will have the grilled chicken salad, and I will have the six-ounce filet,” he says.
“Oh, and two glasses of your best red wine.”

“Just water, please,” I say sweetly. He gives me a disappointed look before handing her the menus. When she walks away, he smirks.

“What?” Charlie asks.

“Why did you order for me?” I ask.

“You looked that the type who would order a salad on a first date,” he says coolly.

The fucking audacity of this man. I know he just called me fat in a not-so-subtle way. I know I have a big ass, and my breasts are spilling out of my bra a lot of the time. Shit, I even have some belly fat, but I am beautiful. I am worthy of respect no matter my size and clearly not many people have an issue with it because I can still pull men and get fucked with just a few texts if I really wanted to.

“Mhmm,” I say simply. “I was actually going to order a burger, but thanks for assuming.”

“A burger?” he asks, raising an eyebrow at me.

“Yeah. Do I not look like the type to eat a burger?” I ask innocently.

“Here is your wine,” the server says as she sits it down. “And your water... How are we splitting the check tonight, guys?”

“Toge—” he starts to say.

“Separate please,” I say kindly.

“Not a problem, sweetie,” she says, clearly picking up on the vibe that I do not want to be here.

“What are your plans after dinner?” he asks, sipping his wine.

“Go back to my dorm and meet a friend,” I say.

“I was thinking you could join me at my place. My housemate is throwing a party,” he says. “Could be fun.”

“I don’t do parties,” I say. “Thank you, though.”

“We could just hang out in my room.”

“I also don’t go home with people on the first date,” I add with more hostility.

“Oh? Riley said you have sex casually. How is this any different?” he asks. When he sets his glass down, his hand bumps the saltshaker, and it crashes to the floor. He does not move to pick it up, so I do. This fucking man child is on my nerves and I’ve been here three minutes. When I lean back up and set the salt down, he is pulling his hand away from my side of the table.

This sick motherfucker. I can see a small bit of powder on the rim of the glass, and I look up at him in shock that he would be so obvious about trying to drug me. I look over at the server and I can tell that she saw because her eyes are wide, and she shakes her head at me as she stands with what looks like a manager.

“I think I should go,” I say. “I would say it was lovely to meet you, but it wasn’t. I really should not have even come out at all, so I am sorry for wasting your time.”

“Wait,” he says as I stand. “What’s wrong?”

I turn and glare at him before I pick up the glass and blow the powder off the rim. When he chuckles, I toss the water in his face and slam it down on the table.

“You bitch!” he gasps and shoots up from his seat. I quickly grab my bag and turn on my heels to get the hell out of here before he can react. The manager promptly steps between us so he cannot follow me, and I leave the restaurant.

“Fuck,” I sigh as I walk along the sidewalk. It is dark outside, so I do not want to hang out for too long. I pull up my app to Uber back to campus and see that the prices have quadrupled since I have been here. Fuck that. I will walk home with the grim reaper before I pay fifty dollars for a two-mile ride. It’s a straight shot down this road and it is lit the entire way, so I know I am okay. Campus security won’t like it very much, but they will be okay.

I get about a half mile down the sidewalk before I stop and rest my feet. This is going to be a long walk home, but I am going to keep looking at the app and see if the prices get cheaper. Before I go to move again, I text Veronica.

Date was trash. He was a dick and basically called me fat. Oh... Then the dumbass tried to drug me after I said I didn’t fuck random people. Left powder on the rim of the glass, so I knew not to drink it. Walking back now and checking prices for Uber. Love you.

As I go to find her contact to send it, I hear footsteps close by. Alarm bells start going off in my head, so I quickly tap her contact and send before slipping my phone into my bra. When I glance behind me, I see Charlie.

“Aw, shit,” I say as I walk faster.

“Aww. Why are you running from me, Mila?” he says as he gains on me. These heels have straps, so I can’t get them off fast, but if I run in them I’m going to have a

broken ankle, and I'll still get attacked.

"Leave me alone, Charlie," I say firmly.

"Leave you alone? Baby, don't be like that," he says as he grabs my wrist. I try to pull away, but he yanks me toward him, and I lose my balance. Like fucking clockwork, he wraps his arm around my waist and his hand covers my mouth before I can scream. I throw my elbow back and hit him as I try to slip away from him, but it's like he's immune to the pain.

"You think you are going to throw a drink in my face and just walk the fuck away?" he growls as he drags me into an alleyway between a closed nail salon and a print shop. "Someone needs to teach you a goddamn lesson on respect."

I scream and fight against his hold, but he doesn't budge as he pulls me behind a dumpster and out of the view of people. He slings me down to the asphalt. I scream as loudly as I can, "Help!"

"Shut the fuck up," he growls, as he straddles my legs. I start hitting him as tears flood my vision.

"Stop! Get off me. Someone help me! Please!" I scream through broken tears. He leans into me and covers my mouth again, pinning my head to the cold ground as he rips my panties off. I scream and sob against his hand as I hit him over and over. It's like the more I beat on his chest and try to push him off, the more fueled he becomes.

Charlie uses his knees to force my legs apart and a sickening feeling settles in the pit of my stomach when I fully realize that he is about to rape me. All because I rejected him. He spits into his hand a few times to coat his dick before forcing it into me with a grunt. "Not so fucking mouthy now, are you, bitch? You think you can reject me?" he grumbles as he slams his hips into me over and over. I am still hitting him and

trying to pull his hand off of my mouth so I can scream for help, but he lays his body weight on me and quickens his pace.

“This is my fucking cunt now. You are mine,” he growls. “Stupid fucking bitch... I would have been so good to you... All you had to do was drink the goddamn water.”

I give up on trying to scream and feel around for anything I can hit him with. I don’t want this. I want him to stop, but he just keeps going harder. He is grunting like a pig, and his sweat is dripping off of him and onto me. My hand lands on something long and skinny, so I use every bit of force I have and slam it into his side.

Charlie’s eyes go wide, and he stops moving. “Bitch,” he mutters as he wraps his hands around my throat and squeezes. When I can’t breathe, I panic and pull the object out before slamming it into him again. I do this over and over again until his body goes limp, and I can breathe again. I am still sobbing as I kick his body off of mine and crawl over to sit beside the dumpster. I pull my knees to my chest and hug my legs as I rock myself.

I feel hands on me, and I scream, but I am quickly pulled up from the ground and a hand covers my mouth. I keep screaming, but I finally hear his voice. “It’s me. It’s Gunner. Professor Vega, Shh. I’ve got you, Mila. Breathe.”

I instantly relax and he uncovers my mouth. “I didn’t mean to,” I say tearfully. “I just wanted him to stop... I didn’t mean to. I swear I didn’t mean to hurt him.”

“What happened, Mila?” he asks, taking my face between his hands. “You texted me and said he tried to drug you?”

“Yeah,” I sniff. “I was trying to send the text to Veronica. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, love. What happened?” he asks again. He is holding my face so I can’t

look at Charlie's body. His hands are warm and it's soothing.

"I heard someone close, so I sent the text... I tried to get away from him. I tried, but my heels aren't easy to get off and I can't run in these... he wouldn't let go of me... I screamed and... he raped me... I just wanted him to stop, but he wouldn't. I... was trying to get him off me and I grabbed something. I hit him with it once and he started choking me. I panicked when I couldn't breathe and just kept hitting him until I could breathe again..."

"Shit. Okay... I want you to do me a favor, okay?" he asks. "I want you to stay right here. Do not move. I am going to get my truck, and I will be right back, okay?"

"Okay," I whimper.

"I mean it, Mila. You stay right here," he repeats, and I nod.

He disappears into the darkness, and I do what he says. I don't move an inch, and I just stare at Charlie's body. I am afraid he will get up and hurt me again, so I stay as quiet as possible, too. A few minutes later, a red truck backs down the alleyway and stops in front of me. The professor jumps out and comes over to me. "Are you hurt at all?" he asks as he fixes my dress. "You are covered in blood, my love. Is any of it yours?"

"N-No," I stammer. I feel out of my goddamn mind right now.

"Okay. Can you help me lift his body?" he asks.

"Shouldn't we call the police?" I ask.

"Mila, his father is an extremely wealthy man..."

“They’ll blame me,” I say, and he nods. “I’ll go to jail.”

“You’d be charged at a minimum,” he says. “Charlie Jensen raped a girl last year. When she spoke up, his dad got her expelled from school. We are past the point of the cops, okay?”

“I don’t want to go to jail,” I say, dropping my head. “I just wanted him to stop hurting me...”

“Mila, honey,” he says as he lifts my chin. “You have done nothing wrong, and you will not go to jail. I promise, okay?”

“Okay,” I say when I allow myself to actually see him. He is calm and collected. He’s not bullshitting me. “Let’s pick him up then.”

“Good girl,” he smiles. “You get his feet.”

Together, we pick up Charlie and toss him onto a tarp that is laid out. When the tailgate is closed, He lays out a blanket in the front seat of his truck. He picks me up and sits me in his truck before laying another blanket over me so he can buckle the seatbelt without getting blood on it.

“Professor...”

“Gunner,” he corrects me. “I am not your professor right now, Mila.”

“You’ve done this before,” I say confidently. He stares out the front window and we drive in silence for a while.

“Yes,” he says after a beat.

“Why are you okay telling me that?” I ask.

“Because you are an accomplice and we both know that bastard had it coming,” he says bluntly. “Want me to be straight up with you?”

“Please,” I say.

“I kill and dispose of people like him. Rapists, pedophiles, wife beaters, and people who hurt or kill innocent people,” he says. “I shave their heads, pull their teeth, cut them up, and feed them to my pigs.”

“I... don’t know if I should laugh, cry, or throw myself out of the truck,” I admit. “You’re... You teach human sexuality, Gunner. We talked about clits today.”

“Yeah,” he laughs. “Everyone has secrets, Mila.”

“Do the cops know?” I ask.

“Mmmm. Yeah,” he says. “The media calls me the...”

“St. Valentine Butcher,” I say.

“Mhmm,” he says. “I used to just cut them up and spread them out. Now, I have the pigs. A neighbor got sick, and I took them on... so now they clean up my messes.”

“Are you going to...? Do I have a better chance if I throw myself out now or...?”

“I’m not going to hurt you,” he says, flashing me a smile.

“I just killed someone,” I say.

“You did. Do you feel bad?”

“No. I just don’t want to go to jail,” I say. “Thank you for coming to help me.”

“You’re welcome, Mila,” he says gently.

“Why did you come so fast?” I ask.

“Because I knew you needed help.”

“No, I mean... Why do you care?”

“Honestly?” he asks, and I nod. “I... care about you. When you said you were going on a blind date, I was worried. You seemed nervous in a bad way, so I wanted to make sure if you took me up on my offer that I was there to help.”

“But why...”

“Because I like you, Mila,” he says bluntly. “Do you know how hard it is to sit in that class and talk about the female anatomy when all I can picture is you on my cock?”

“I... did not expect that to come out of your mouth,” I laugh.

“I can be a bit too blunt and abrasive, so please forgive me for not being... sensitive to the situation,” he says. “I do care, and it breaks my heart that he hurt you, but... I have to filter, I guess.”

“Oh... because you mentioned wanting to touch my female anatomy twenty minutes after a tiny dick predator raped me?” I ask.

“I don’t know how I feel about that wording,” he laughs.

“Wanna know a secret?” I ask.

“Sure.”

“I think you were literally made from angel tears. You are so damn attractive. I would let you touch my female anatomy, Professor Vega.”

“You, little missy, are a brat,” he says with a smile. “Anyone ever tell you that before?”

“Mmmm. No,” I say. “Well... you have.”

“I’m going to get myself in trouble with you, Ms. Hart,” he says with a tone I recognize, only now I know it’s flirty.

“Really?” I deadpan. “My rapist is in a tarp in the back of your truck on the way to become pig feed and you wanting to touch my lady parts is what you think will get you in trouble?”

“Alright. You’ve got to call it something different,” he laughs.

“Okay,” I smile. “You think that you wanting to try and fuck the brat out of me is bad, even though there is a dead guy in your truck?”

“Love, the dead guy isn’t the one in my classroom three times a week or the one I want to bend over my desk and fuck every time she makes an excuse to be alone with me... and for the record... There is no try about it. I will fuck the brat out of you,” he says seriously.

“Good luck,” I say with a grin.

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We stop in front of a barn and Gunner jumps out and comes around to my door. When he gets me out, he goes into the barn and brings back a cart. “We just need to get him on the cart and inside,” Gunner says. I nod and help pull Charlie off the tailgate and onto the metal cart. He is face up now and his eyes are wide open and foggy. “He looks nicer this way,” I say simply. “All the evil has escaped.”

“It’s with his soul in hell,” Gunner remarks.

We take him inside and Gunner starts to cut Charlie’s clothing off. Once he has him naked, he gets electric shears and starts shaving his head. I watch in awe as he carefully extracts each tooth. Once he is toothless, he pulls out the saw. He pauses to look at me, and I smile.

“This is going to be messy,” he says.

“I assumed it would be,” I say. He smirks at me before walking over to a cabinet and hands me a face shield. He puts on tall boots and a large apron before his face shield. “Aww, do I not get an apron?”

“You are already covered in his blood, so your dress will have to be burned,” he says bluntly.

“Oh... he ripped my underwear off,” I say.

“Are you telling me that because you will have to be naked in front of me in a second or because you don’t know where they are?”

“I don’t know where they are,” I confirm.

“In his jeans pocket,” he says. “It’ll burn with everything else.”

“Oh, good,” I say. “Carry on.”

I watch as he cuts Charlie apart, and this is probably the most therapeutic way to help a sexual assault victim find closure. It is so goddamn rewarding to watch him cut a chunk of his body off and toss it onto a pile to be fed to his pigs. Once he is finished taking the body apart, I laugh. “What?” Gunner asks me. I motion for the saw, and he laughs as he puts gloves on me first.

The last piece of him that I want to cut off is the offending appendage in this entire ordeal. I grab hold of his now flaccid dick and slice it off of his body. “Can I feed it to them?” I ask.

“You sure can,” he says. “Come on. One of them will let you hand feed it to him.”

“I love pigs,” I say happily.

“Me too,” he laughs.

I follow Gunner while he pushes the cart through the barn. I have Charlie’s severed dick in my gloved hand, and I’m happy. I’m not happy someone hurt me, and I know I will have emotions to deal with later, but he was an awful man who clearly made a habit of this of type thing. When we get outside the other door, I can hear the pigs.

“So, funny story,” Gunner says. “The last set of pigs I got are the youngest. There is a boy and a girl. I named the girl Charlotte and the boy Charlie.”

“Oh, how ironic,” I laugh. “Also, Charlotte was the spider.”

“I know,” he laughs. “The one by the gate is Charlie. He will let you hand feed him. Don’t even attempt that with the others.”

Charlie the pig is pink, like the rest, but is the only one with massive scars across his back. “Hi, baby,” I say to the pig. “I have a special treat. Hmm?” I stick my hand through the gate and Charlie gently takes the severed dick from me and starts eating it. The sound is horrendous, but still oddly satisfying.

“What now?” I ask as I stand.

“Just start throwing the parts in. It’ll be gone within the hour,” he says, tossing a leg in. I shrug and pick up an arm to throw in. Bit by bit, we toss all of my rapist in with the pigs and stand back to watch them eat their meal. When most of it is gone, we go back to the barn and Gunner puts everything from the hair and teeth to the clothing in the bag before turning to me.

“Aww. It’s cold out here, Gunner,” I complain.

“I have to throw all of your clothes and everything you touched in the fire,” he says. “I have a water hose down here I can rinse you off with so I can wrap you in a blanket. Is that okay?”

“The alternative?”

“You walk through the snow up to the house naked,” he laughs.

“I’ll take the water hose, thanks,” I say as I take the gloves and face shield off. “Is this weird for you?”

“Not at all,” he says. “Want me to turn around?”

“You’re going to have to see me to waterboard me with the hose anyhow,” I sigh.
“Sorry. Normally I don’t have issues with my body but... He hit a nerve tonight.”

“Wanna know something?” Gunner says.

“Hmm?”

“So did we,” he says, making me smile.

“You are the most dangerous dork I have ever met, Gunner,” I say as I pull my dress off.

“You are...” he starts to say but stops when I am in nothing but my red lace bra. I unhook the back and let my breasts spill out, earning a satisfied grunt from Gunner. “So damn beautiful, Mila,” he says as he scans my body. He steps closer but kneels down and slowly unhooks the strap of my heel. When he moves to my other foot, it’s like he doesn’t want to take his hands off of me. I have never felt so wanted before, and it is addictive. The way he looks at my body and still sees me as a person is utterly intoxicating.

Gunner moves me over to a makeshift shower. When he turns it on, the cold water takes my breath away. I gasp and I am immediately breathing heavily as I try to feel relaxed and let the water rinse off the blood. I try to slow my breathing, but it doesn’t work. Gunner steps up and helps by running his hand across my body to wipe the blood off my skin. When his hands wipe down my chest, I gasp again when he gently squeezes my breasts. My nipples are hard against his palms, and he pulls back to rub them in gently circles. He continues down my belly and legs before shutting the water off and wrapping a thin fleece blanket around me. I am violently shivering to the point that I can hardly move, so he grabs the bag of things to burn and hands it to me before picking me up in his arms. I am still shaking as he carries me to the truck and for the entire drive up to his house.

When he parks, he comes around and picks me up and takes me inside. He doesn't stop until we get to the master bedroom, and he sets me on his bed. "Sit here and warm up for a second. I am going to handle the bag," he says.

"Okay," I reply softly.

I sit and wait for Gunner. He is only gone about ten minutes. When he gets back, I am warm, but still in the same place. "Let's get you clean," he says softly, offering me his hand. I nod and let him stand me up. We go to the bathroom, and he turns the water on to let it warm before turning to me.

"Thank you," I say. "For everything."

"You're welcome, Mila," he says. "I hope you know I am not trying to take advantage of you in any way. Okay? Consent very much matters to me and if I make you uncomfortable, tell me."

"I am not uncomfortable," I say sweetly. "Well... the cold water sucked ass, but your hands were nice."

"I just want to take care of you," he says. "In more ways than one, but right now I want to help as much as I can."

"I appreciate the help," I say. "And it's nice to feel wanted for more than just sex."

"What do you mean?" he asks. I suddenly stop and panic when I realize there has been no assumption made that he wants me for anything more than sex. I get the vibe that he does, but he hasn't said. "Mila?"

"I... made some assumptions based on what you were saying and... Just ignore me," I say, back-paddling.

“What assumptions?” he asks.

“That... you want me,” I say.

“I do want you,” he confirms.

“Yeah... but to what extent?” I ask.

“Mila, I am not sure I have the self-control to deny myself what I want when you are standing in nothing but a thin blanket in my bathroom,” he says. “I want every part of you. Every inch of your body, mind, and soul. I want it so badly; I am very willing to take it for myself.”

“Can you be blunt?” I ask.

“You belong to me now, love,” he says as he steps close and lifts my chin. “Everything from your cunt to your thoughts and everything in between... It’s mine.”

“Will you shower with me?” I ask softly.

“If I get in that shower and help wash your beautiful body, I’m fucking you,” he says bluntly.

“You better start getting undressed then,” I say with a sweet smile.

I step back and let the blanket fall to the floor, allowing me to stand naked in front of him. He immediately pulls off his shirt and works on his pants as he slips out of his shoes. In no time, he is standing in front of me naked and my mouth falls open.

“Holy shit, Gunner,” I say quietly. His cock is absolutely enormous, and he is pierced. Dear lord in heaven, he has at least nine barbells up the backside of his dick.

I can't stop staring at it. When he lifts my chin, he has a devious smirk on his face.

"Shower first," he says, and I nod. We get into the shower, and he takes to washing my hair first to get the remaining blood off me. When all the blood has been rinsed down the drain, he washes my body with soap. His hands are gentle as he cleans my body, and it relaxes me. He kneels down to wash my legs, and I wince when he touches my inner thigh.

"You're bruised," he says softly.

"He used his knees to force..." I say, but my voice trails off when he brings my foot up to prop on his knee. He gently kisses my inner thigh, and I sigh. "You're going to fucking wreck me, aren't you?"

"I'll relax you first," he says. "Everything moves at your pace."

"What if I want your pace?" I ask.

"Then you need a safe word," he says simply.

"Pig," I say, trying not to giggle. It breaks out of me when he lightly bites my inner thigh above the bruise. When he stands, he takes my face in his hands and gently kisses me.

"I want you to remember the gentler side of me and remember that no matter how rough I am, I will always respect you. If you say that word, I stop everything. Okay?"

"Okay," I say with a sweet smile. "Can I potentially ruin the mood and ask a question?"

"Yes."

“What about the school?” he asks.

“You graduate soon,” he says. “We keep our mouths shut, and nothing changes in class. But... I want you to stay here.”

“Now or when I graduate?” I ask.

“Now,” he says. “I can't protect you if you are in those dorms where I can't go. They have no control over where you stay. Keep your dorm and let your mail keep going there, but I want you here.”

“Okay,” I smile. “Can I tell Veronica?”

“Do you trust her?” he asks.

“With my life,” I say. “She is a good person.”

“If you trust that she will not get you in trouble, I will support it. I would like to be there when you tell her, though.”

“I can call her tomorrow and have her bring me clothes,” I say.

“Let's get you dry,” he says as he shuts off the water. He wraps me in a large fluffy towel before tying one around his waist.

Gunner gets me out of the shower and takes his time drying us and brushing my hair before leading me back to the bedroom. He takes the towels and tosses them in the hamper before turning to me.

“Lie on the bed,” he says simply. I do as he says and he sits beside me. “I'm going to ask you something, and I need you to be honest.”

“Okay,” I say. “Are you in any pain at all? Even discomfort?”

“No,” I say. “My body is sore, but I think that was just from trying to fight him off. My thighs hurt a little, but it’s manageable. Overall, no.”

“Are you on birth control?”

“Yes. I have an implant.” I tell him.

“Any reservations?”

“I just don’t want you to lose your job,” I say. “Otherwise, no.”

“I don’t play for fun. I play for keeps. If I say I want you, it’s because I can imagine us still being together long term. Does that bother you?”

“No,” I say. “I want a committed relationship where I can learn and grow with them. I’m young, but I know what I want and deserve.”

“What do you deserve, Mila?” he asks.

“Stability. Unconditional love and support. Faithfulness,” I explain.

“Does our age difference bother you?” he asks.

“You are thirty-five and I am twenty-two,” I say. “I am an adult, not a teenager. I can drink, smoke, and vote. I can decide who I want to fuck and for how long... No, it does not bother me. So long as you treat me with respect and you do not abuse me, I will be happy... I grew up with an abusive alcoholic father and a mother who tolerated it. I will not be like her, and I want peace. I was forced to grow up early, so I have no time for games.”

“Do you have any questions?” he asks.

“Does my age bother you?”

“No. I think you are mature for your age, but you are still twenty-two years old. I think you still have a lot of learning to do in life, but I have no qualms about being there while you learn. We are not so different in age that we live different lives. We are both homebodies that occasionally go out, but we both want peace... We will learn and grow together. If it doesn't work out, I am confident that we can go about things in a civil manner,” he says.

“I'm happy if you are,” I say with a soft smile. He returns my smile and leans down to kiss me, making me relax into the bed.

“I am,” he says as he moves onto the bed. “Has a man ever made you come?”

“No,” I say.

“But you have?” he asks as he gently spreads my legs to kneel between them.

“Mhmm,” I choke out. “I'm sorry.”

“Do not apologize, Mila. I am listening for the safe word, and everything is on your terms. Okay?”

“Just the safe word?” I ask, trying not to cry.

“Yes. Why?”

“Because I am going to panic when you start to fuck me, but I don't want you to stop if I say no,” I say. “I will use the safe word if it becomes too overwhelming or if

something hurts.”

“Mila, I don’t know what kind of people you have been with, but foreplay is important. You cannot put a cake in a cold oven and expect it to cook in the same amount of time,” he says.

“I am going to be really honest here, Gunner. The only thing I have done with foreplay is my boyfriend in high school finger fucked me once on the school bus and I got a UTI. If I have come, it is because I have done it for myself,” I say bluntly.

“Oh, sweet Mila,” he says as he leans down and kisses my chest between my breasts. “I’m about to show you a whole new world.”

Gunner gently kisses down my chest and belly before repositioning between my legs. When he gently flicks his tongue across my clit, I sigh. He teases me with soft licks and flicks as he starts to eat my pussy, pulling small moans out of me. Gunner gently pushes two fingers inside of me and I groan as he fills me. “Oh, that’s good,” I groan.

“Relax your body,” he says simply. I nod and do my best to relax. When he starts to suck on my clit, I groan deeply. It is not until he curls his fingers inside of me that I nearly come up off the bed. He immediately sucks harder, and I arch off the bed with a feral moan.

“Oh, dear God,” I yell out as my body naturally tries to twist. He adds a third fingers and pushes deeper before he makes the “come here” motion with his fingers.

“Fuck, you taste amazing,” he groans before burying his face back in my pussy.

“Oh, please make me come,” I moan. “Please.”

Gunner starts fucking me deeper with his hand and sucks harder, hitting every right

button I have. I am moaning and writhing on the bed with him, but he presses on my lower belly to keep me pinned. The man is practically ravenous as he eats me, and I am coming apart at the seams on his bed. I cannot form coherent words, and it sounds like I am speaking in tongues. My pleasure is fueling him, but he is keeping me right on the edge of insanity. I reach a point where it feels like I might die if he does not let me come. When it breaks, my body goes rigid and my back arches dramatically. A nearly silent orgasm shreds me from the inside out and only groans from deep in my chest can be heard.

When he finally pulls away, I am seeing stars and my brain hurts. Beyond all of that, a rush of emotion hits me, and I start crying. As if he expected it, he simply lies next to me and pulls me to his chest. “Shhh. I’ve got you,” he says softly as he rubs my back.

“I don’t even know why I’m crying,” I say tearfully. He chuckles and lifts my chin before wiping away my tears.

“Mila, sometimes after a massive release like that, emotions come with it,” he explains. “People can fall into something called subspace from a rush of dopamine and the crash after can be harder on some than others.”

“Wow. I learned a lesson and I got to come,” I say, making him laugh. “Good to know I’m not crazy.”

“Not crazy. Just orgasm deprived,” he says before kissing me. He tastes like me, and it flips something in my brain that makes me feel feral. I move up to prop up on my elbow and he grabs my waist to help me move on top of him.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck,” I panic. “Hold on.”

“Take a deep breath,” he instructs.

“What?”

“Do it. Take a deep breath,” he says. I give in and take a long deep breath, on my exhale he pulls me down on his cock.

“Oh fuck, Gunner, you’re too big,” I gasp.

“You can take it, love,” he says sweetly. “I’ll make sure you do.”

“Fuck, Gunner,” I whimper when he gets a tight hold of my waist and lifts his hips. I place my hands on the bed beside his shoulders for support and drop my head to his chest. When he starts to fuck me, he puts so much force behind it that all I can do is cry out my pleasure as he pounds into me.

Unable to get the leverage he wants; he rolls us and grabs the backs of my knees to fold me in half. He can reach so much deeper this way, and every brutal stroke feels like he is trying to fuck my soul out of my body. He is slamming into a spot deep inside of me that turns my brain to mush as rapid-fire orgasms flood out of me. I think it’s his animalistic grunts and growls filled with a gritty resonance that has me melting for him. This man has two sides to him. One side is what everyone sees. It is a kind and gentle man. He handles my bratty attitude in stride and is playful about his dominance... but then there is the other side of him. This is the side that is aggressive and uncaring about your pleas for mercy as he rails you into his bed. It is the side that you know will come out and punish you when you least expect it, but it is the part of him that you will crave the most. It is more than addictive or a simple horny craving, it’s a need on a primal level and I will do anything to get back to this feeling as often as I can.

“Fuuuuck, Mila,” he growls in my ear, making me whimper. “You feel so damn good... God, I’m gonna come.”

“Please, God. Come in me,” I moan.

“Fuck, I can’t wait to put my baby in your belly,” he groans. Something about his desire to breed me makes me want to rip the fucking birth control out right now and beg him to breed me. I would do anything for this man just to hear him moan my name like that again.

“Fuck, yes. Please,” I cry out. “Fuck, I’m coming. Oh, Gunner.”

He grunts and buries his face in my neck as he suddenly starts fucking me like a frenzied man, slamming as deep and hard as he can. My moans turn to screams, and I cling to him as he fucks me through our orgasm. He groans deeply into my neck as he fills me with his come. When I don’t let go of him, he settles to lay on my chest.

We are both breathless and unable to speak for a moment, so I rub his back and after a moment, he sits up and looks at me. “I have never had a woman do that,” he says.

“What? Come?” I ask with a smile.

“No, smartass. Comforted me. You were rubbing my back,” he says.

“Seemed like a nice thing to do,” I shrug. “You’d do the same for me, yeah?”

“Yeah,” he smiles.

“Okay, so what's the difference?” I ask. “You deserve comfort, too. You probably just fucked your own soul out doing all that.”

“You are incredible,” he says as he kisses me.

“You keep fucking me like that,” I say. “You’ll never be able to get rid of me.”

“Give me a few minutes. I’ll make sure you stay right here with me,” he says before kissing my chest. “Stay here.”

Gunner gets up and I stay where I am. He comes back with a wet washcloth to clean me. When he is done, he gets me under the covers before he lies with me. “Is the bag gone?” I ask.

“It is,” he says, pulling me to his chest.

“Where did it go?” I ask.

“In the furnace in the basement,” he says. “It’s ash by now. I will go check on it when you fall asleep.”

“Thank you,” I whisper.

“You don’t have to keep thanking me, Mila,” he says softly.

“If this hadn’t happened, do you think we still would have ended up here?” I ask.

“Yes,” he says. “I was just planning on waiting until after you graduated to fuck your soul out. We just need to be careful for a few months.”

“What happens if the cops come looking for Charlie?” I ask.

“They will, and it’s simple. You left the date because he tried to drug you. You texted me and I picked you up in front of the Green Cavern Bar. A buddy of mine owns the bar and will happily go with any story I tell him,” he says.

“How come?”

“Because he feeds scum to the pigs too,” he says. “He is the other half of the St. Valentine Butcher.”

“Can I meet him?” I ask.

“Yeah. We can go by there tomorrow. I already told him about the alleyway,” he says.

“When?” I ask.

“I called him when I went to get my truck.”

“I’m sorry for asking so many questions,” I say with a sigh.

“It’s okay. This is your ass on the line. Ask whatever you want to know,” he says. “We are in this together, but I promise you will never go down for it.”

“What do you mean?” I ask.

“If the cops somehow know that you were there when he died, just say that a man in a skeleton mask and all black clothing saved you, but you were afraid that telling the truth would make him come after you. They’ll know it was me and not question a thing further.”

“Why?” I ask.

“Because they know I only go after the guilty ones,” he says. “Try to rest, love. I’m right here.”

I close my eyes and snuggle into his chest. I quickly lose the fight against my exhaustion and fall asleep wrapped in my professor’s arms.

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I scream and sling myself out of bed, but Gunner catches me before I can get too far. My entire body is trembling as he pulls me back into bed and against his chest. “It’s okay. It was just a nightmare,” he says softly.

“H-He was hurting me. I just wanted him to stop,” I sniffle.

“I know, love. You’re okay,” he says as he holds me tightly against his body. “You are safe now, Mila. He can’t hurt you anymore.”

“Fuck, it felt so real,” I sigh. “What time is it?”

“It’s about ten,” he says. “Veronica has been blowing your phone up all morning.”

“Ah. Yeah,” I say. “I should call her.” He leans over and grabs my phone off the nightstand to take it off the charger. Right as I go to call her, she calls me.

“Hey,” I say, answering the call on speaker.

“Hey, where the fuck are you? Are you okay?”

“Yeah. Sorry I didn’t text you. It was uh... crazy,” I say.

“Was your date with Charlie Jensen?”

“Yeah, why?” I ask.

“He is missing. His dad is losing his goddamn mind,” she says. “He wants to talk to

you, but no one knew where you were.”

“So, I left the date early because he straight up tried to drug me. The server and manager saw. I... texted someone and they came and got me.”

“Who?” she asks.

“I need you to do me a favor and I’ll explain everything in person, okay?”

“Uh. Okay,” she says.

“I need you to bring me some clothes,” I say. “I can text you the address.”

“Girl... Who did you go home with?” she asks.

“If I tell you, you need to keep it to yourself. Okay?”

“Okay. Okay. Tell me,” she says.

“Gunner Vega,” I say slowly. Gunner chuckles when she squeals in excitement.

“Please tell me you fucked him. Please,” she says happily.

“Veronica,” I say. “You’re on speaker.”

“I do not give a fuck. Did he fold your little ass or no?” she asks.

“Yes,” I say, laughing when she squeals and claps.

“Fuck yes, girl. He has been looking at you like he wants to bend you over his desk for ages. I love this,” she says. “I’ll bring you clothing, then you’ll tell me why you’re

being evasive about dick breath?”

“Yeah, I will. Just... Please, keep the information to yourself. Okay? I am serious,” I say.

“I got you. You know that. Text me the address and I’ll be there soon,” she says. When we get off the call, I hand my phone to Gunner to send her his address.

“I’ll give you one of my shirts and we can go eat something,” he says, kissing me.

We go to the kitchen, and he sits me at his kitchen island before going to his fridge. I watch as he pulls out what he needs to make an omelet. He is lost in his own world as he prepares and begins cooking. It’s amazing to watch him do everything.

“You enjoy cooking,” I remark.

“I do. I used to cook a lot with my mom,” he says. “She taught me almost everything I know.”

“You look like you get lost when you are cooking,” I say. “I wouldn’t say I suck at cooking, but I do have an issue with overcooking everything. I’m afraid of poisoning myself, so everything is just a little overdone.”

“Well, I like my eggs overdone,” he says. “Wet eggs are gross to me. I’d prefer to just add hot sauce.”

“Same,” I smile.

Gunner prepares our food before coming around to sit with me. We eat in silence, but he has his hand on my thigh. He is gently stroking my leg and it’s making my pussy ache to be filled.

He glances over at me and smirks when he sees the state that I'm in. "You okay, Mila?" he asks innocently.

"I'm going to need you to bend me over your couch or something," I say seriously.

"Finish eating," he says with a grin.

I do as he has asked, and I finish eating my food. After, he takes my plate and rinses everything off and puts it away in the dishwasher. Before walking out of the kitchen, he pulls me close and kisses me deeply. "You are a wonderful cook," I say.

"You've only tried my eggs, but thank you," he chuckles.

We walk into the living room and as I walk around the couch to sit, he pushes me over the arm and pushes his fingers into me. "My love, you are already dripping," he says as he pushes deeper.

"Oh God, I love your hands," I moan. I have my head in my arms as he fucks me with his fingers. As soon as he pulls out, he grabs my hips and suddenly slams his cock into me. I scream out "Fuck!" He chuckles as he starts pounding into me.

"God, you are so fucking tight," he grits. "This is my sweet little cunt. You want that?"

"Fuck. Yes. Oh God, it's yours. Please, fuck me hard," I beg.

Gunner suddenly quickens his pace and shoves deeper as I scream into my arms. It feels so damn good to be used by him. My moans are unhinged and damn near feral and only get louder as he rails me into his couch.

"Oh fuck. I'm coming. I'm coming. Oh, Gunner! Please!"

He growls as he grabs a fist full of my hair and pulls my head back as he goes harder and harder until it finally breaks, and we both come together. By the time he pulls out of me and has me stand, I am dazed.

“You, Sir... are fucking amazing,” I pant.

“So are you, my love. So are you,” he says sweetly before gently kissing me.

I am curled up in Gunner’s lap, laying against his chest. We are both watching television when the doorbell rings. I go to jump out of his lap, but he holds me in place. “Own it, Love,” he says. “It’s open.”

“Aww. Isn’t that cute,” Veronica says. “Here is some clothes for you. Hey Vega.”

“I have been inside your friend, Veronica. Just call me Gunner outside of class,” Gunner says as he turns the television off.

“Well, Gunner... If you hurt my girl, I’ll cut your face off and wear it as a Halloween mask,” she says sweetly.

“I’d like to tell you she’s joking, but she’s probably not,” I say to him with a smile.

“I won’t hurt her, but it would make a killer costume,” Gunner remarks.

“You’re such a smartass,” I laugh. “Come sit down, Veronica.”

“What’s up?” she asks, sitting next to us.

“I...” I start to say but tear up. “Fuck.”

“Want me to tell her?” he asks softly.

“Uhm... please,” I say.

“Last night, after she left the date, she meant to send you a text but sent it to me. She was then essentially dragged into an alleyway and raped by Charlie. At some point, she was able to get a hold of something and start hitting him with it. He started choking her, so she kept hitting him with it until he finally stopped. That something was a tent spike, and he died,” Gunner explains. “He was brought here and cut up to be fed to my pigs.”

“Wait. You have pigs and I have not met them?” she asks. “Sorry. Murder. Continue.”

“The story that we are telling is that I got to her before he did, and she came home with me to stay in the guest room,” Gunner explains. “Worst-case scenario, we say that the St. Valentine Butcher was the one who saved her, and she was afraid to tell the truth.”

“You sound like you... have experience,” she says carefully.

“Because I do,” he says. “I trust her, and she trusts you, so... know that I am the butcher. I will make sure Mila does not have any issues with this.”

“What happens if they know she stayed here? Isn’t that against the rules?” she asks.

“Not directly. I have opened my home to students before when they drink too much to go back on campus,” he says.

“I’ll just skip the part where I got folded like a towel in his bed,” I say with a smile.

“So, let’s recap,” she says. “You got raped, killed the fucker, and then your hot professor helped hide the body before fold fucking you in his bed?”

“Basically,” I say.

“Cool. I still want to meet the pigs,” she says with a smile. “Also, I am so sorry that happened, Mila. Truly. The fucker got what he deserved.”

“You’re not mad?” I ask.

“No. If I had known he was your date, I would not have let you go. He is creepier than Blaise,” she says. “His dad is all sorts of freaked out right now though. You might want to address that.”

“Yeah,” Gunner sighs. “How about this? Get dressed and ride with Veronica to campus. I’ll go to my office, and you come straight to me. If anyone comes looking for you, we can just be recapping for the exam. Just say you would feel more comfortable to not talk to them alone and I will be there.”

“Okay,” I sigh. “Thank you, Gunner.”

“I’m going to bend you over each time you thank me,” he says as a warning.

“Thank you, Professor Vega,” I say with a grin.

“I’ll save that for your next anatomy lesson,” he says with a wink.

“Oh hey! You make it into the top ten percent?” she asks.

“Violently so,” I answer. “More than once.”

“Good. You deserve some decent dick,” she says. “Get dressed and we can go.”

I stop by my dorm to get my books before I walk across campus. Things are in chaos

today. I do not stop and acknowledge anything because I do not want to talk about it. I am getting looks, but I act as casually as I can.

When I get to Gunner's office, he immediately pulls me to his chest. "Everything will be okay," he says softly. "I promise."

"Just chaotic today," I sigh.

"Let's get set up like we are studying appropriately, okay?" he says, and I nod. Gunner kisses me before we lay out books and make it look like we are being appropriate. When we are set up, he stands behind me and places my hands on the desk. We are facing the door so we can tell if someone is coming. He pulls my pants down just enough to give him access before pulling his cock free.

"Fuuuuck," I groan when he grabs my hips and pushes into me.

"We've gotta be fast and quiet, love. Ready?" he asks. I put my hand over my mouth and nod, knowing he is about to destroy me. He draws out and slams back into me, making me whimper. He instantly finds a pace that is unbelievably hard and fast. The sound of our bodies colliding is the only thing that sounds through the room.

I whimper and moan as he pounds into me. He has this ability to pull these small, rapid-fire orgasms out of me before one big one when he comes. Even without coming, it's fucking amazing.

"Better come, baby. Don't want to get caught, do you?" he asks.

"It's so good. God, please. Harder," I beg. He pushes me over his desk and shoves deeper with a growl, moving faster and harder. Everything breaks all at once and my orgasm drags him down, making him groan deeply as he pushes deep.

“Fuck, that was risky as hell,” he grunts as he pulls out of me.

“Very,” I laugh breathlessly as I stand. He grabs tissues and helps clean me before we fix our clothing. “I definitely need you to do that again soon.”

“I fully intend to lay you out on my desk and eat your pussy like it’s my last meal,” he says as he kisses me hard. “Let’s actually sit down and study, okay?”

“Okay,” I smile. “It smells like sex in here now.”

“I’ll fix that,” he laughs. When I sit across from his desk, and he opens his office door and cracks his window before sitting at his desk. He sits back and works on something separate as I focus on my notebook.

A knock at the door has me snap my eyes up to Gunner, but he stays calm. “How can I help you, Mr. Jensen?” Gunner asks simply.

“I need to speak with Ms. Hart, actually. Do you mind coming with me?” he asks as he comes around to look at me.

“Uh... I’d prefer to stay here and talk,” I say. “Can I help you with something?”

“Yes. You had a date with my son last night, and he hasn’t been seen since. I would like to know where he is,” he says with an accusatory tone.

“Not sure,” I say with a frown. “I left the blind date early when he tried to drug me in front of the entire restaurant.”

“How dare you say that about Charlie? Where is he?” he demands. “Where is he?”

“Sir, I don’t know where your son is. What I do know is that several other people saw

him do it and he left powder on the rim of my glass. Now, I don't know about you, but that sounds like the end of a date to me," I say. "I left the restaurant and texted Professor Vega because I didn't feel safe after your son did that."

"And?"

"And... he picked me up outside of the Green Cavern bar," I say. "I stayed in his guest room and now I am here studying for a test that I would like to not fail. Do you have any other questions?"

"The police are going to get involved, little girl," he starts to say.

"You can direct their questions to me," Gunner says. "I can vouch for her state of mind and her whereabouts last night. I do not think it is proper that you interrogate the girl that your son tried to drug. This is not the first time he has done something like this and the list of accusations is not exactly short."

"I don't know what you did to my son, but I will find out," he says to me as a threat.

"Let me know if there is anything I can do to help. I am sure you must be worried," I say simply.

"You could start by telling the truth," he says.

"I am," I say. "Your son tried to drug me after I rejected his advances, so I left the date and texted Professor Vega."

"Here is the text with the timestamp, if you are curious," Gunner says, holding up his phone.

"Do you really think it's appropriate for you to be allowing female students to be

staying at your house?" he asks with a frown. "What would the dean think?"

"He is aware that I have opened my home to students who feel unsafe or are too intoxicated to return to campus. It is widely known that I will help students where I can," he says. "The only thing inappropriate here is your son's actions and your attitude. If you are concerned about your son's whereabouts, I suggest you go to the police and file a missing persons report."

"I have," he frowns.

"And what did they tell you?" Gunner asks, sounding curious.

"They said he was an adult," he says. "I won't let this go."

"Mr. Jensen, he is your son. I may not be a parent, but I do understand your desire to protect him. We would do anything for those that we care about," Gunner says. "If I hear anything, you will be my first call. Okay?"

"Okay," he says, glaring at me.

"Have a good day," Gunner says dismissively. When Charlie's father leaves the office, we sit in silence for a while before Gunner gets up and shuts the office door.

"He's not going to stop," I say as he hugs me.

"There is nothing to find. The guy cleaned the alleyway I told you about, Jude. He had a bit of a situation himself with Veronica, but he helped make sure you were good," he says.

"Yeah, she told me about that on the way to campus," I say. "Blaise was a fucking creep, so I am glad that has been taken care of. Can Jude be trusted?"

“Yeah. Jude and Veronica are... very similar,” he laughs. “He’s a good guy.”

“What now?”

“Now... You get your car and come back to the house,” he says with a sweet smile. “Just remember that we always have to leave campus separately and arrive separately. Once you graduate, we can be public if you want.”

“We can play it by ear. I do not want to trigger his dad anymore than I already have,” I say.

We are curled up on the couch watching a movie. Gunner has been typing on his phone for a while now. It seems important so I do not interrupt. Spending the afternoon with him has been wonderful. The longer I am around him the harder I fall.

“So... we might have a problem,” Gunner says as he sets his phone down.

“What?” I ask.

“So, Jude was checking in on Charlie’s father. It looks like he is just as bad as his son. He thinks that there is a good chance that Charles is going to try and come after you,” he explains.

“Like legally?”

“No, baby, like how Charlie did. Jude didn’t explain much, but he said that he is going to handle it,” Gunner says.

“By ‘handle it’ you mean murder him and feed him to the pigs?” I ask.

“Yeah,” he smiles. “Jude and Veronica are handling that right now. They will be

down at the barn sometime tonight or tomorrow.”

“Oh... So, they are a thing?” I ask.

“Yeah. Veronica is being a bit of a pain it seems, but they’re working it out,” he says.

“By a pain, I think you mean to say that she’s being a fucking brat, and he’s trying to break her,” I laugh. “It is about time someone broke that girl. He is in for a fight, though. She is mouthy.”

“Hmm. Kinda like another brat I know,” he says with a grin as he pulls me into his lap.

“I have far too much clothing on for you to be calling me a brat,” I tell him.

“Why don’t you fix that for me then,” he says, challenging me.

“Why don’t you make me, Professor Vega,” I say with a flirty smile.

“Love, toys are my friends. If I have to make you, you will be unconscious by the time I am done with you,” he warns.

“Prove it,” I say, kissing him.

Gunner stands and grips onto my ass as he carries me through the house to drop me on our bed. He immediately starts yanking my clothes off as I giggle and play fight with him. Once we are naked, he flips me to my belly and disappears into his closet. When he returns, he pushes something into me that sits firmly against my clit and G-spot. He wraps his belt around my thighs to keep the object firmly inside of me before moving me so that I am bent over the bed. My feet are not touching the ground, but I know exactly what he is about to do when I hear the bottle of lube.

“You are way too fucking big to be in my ass,” I say.

“Trust me?” he asks.

“I do...”

“Then just relax. I will not hurt you,” he promises. I nod and relax into the mattress. When the toy inside of me comes alive, it viciously sucks my clit and vibrates against my G-spot. I moan loudly and grip onto the blanket as he holds onto my hips.

“Oh, God! Gunner,” I yell out. Just when I think he might be easy on me, he suddenly slams the full length of his massive cock into my ass just as an orgasm breaks free. His speed is immediately relentless and all I can do is scream into the blanket as my professor pounds me into our bed. This is what fucking fantasies are made of.

I am learning so much right now about myself. One, I love his cock. Two, I love pain. Him slamming into my ass like that isn’t exactly comfortable. It hurts but it fuels something inside of me. The pressure is intense, but pleasure is still explosive.

Gunner continues to violently pound into my ass and just as my orgasm breaks again and we both start to come; a flood of warmth rushes out of me alongside a deep groan from both of us. He strokes a few more times to drain himself deep inside my ass before pulling out.

“Jesus, you are incredible,” I pant. As he takes the toy out of me and stands me up. I turn to see that he is grinning.

“We’ve made a mess, it seems,” he remarks proudly.

“You are like a sexy forbidden valentine,” I say before kissing him.

I do not know what the future holds for us, but I do know that we will travel this path together. I have never been so certain of a decision in my life. Everything I have ever done has been controlled and manipulated by everyone else, but this is my choice. I am giving myself in my entirety to Gunner Vega and together, we will throw ourselves headfirst into this relationship, giving it our all from the very beginning. Until I graduate college, he can be my forbidden Valentine.

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Four Months Later

“You ready?” Gunner asks me as he checks his tie in the mirror.

“Almost,” I say. When he turns, I push him back to sit on the bed before kneeling in front of him.

“Love, we have to go soon,” he laughs.

“Better come fast then, Professor Vega. You would not want me to be late for the last day of class with you?” I ask as I pull his cock free.

“Sucking my dick does not mean I will pass you. You still actually have to know the parts of the dick,” he laughs.

“I am appalled at the accusation, Gunner. I am just trying to get some last-minute studying in,” I grin. Before he can say anything, I take him down my throat and suck hard, making him groan deeply. He gathers my hair in his hand as he guides me down on his dick. He does not force me, but I want him to. I go slower and slower until he finally grunts his disapproval and stands and grips onto my head.

“Little brat,” he grumbles before he starts to fuck my throat hard and deep. I sit back on my heels and let him take me just how he likes. This is a happy day because after class, we will officially no longer be professor and student. He has opted to start his own practice for sex counseling, and I will be working for him. I am so excited to start our lives together, and this is just one of the many ways I like to thank him for helping me that night.

No one has seen or heard from Charlie Jensen, Charles Jensen, or Blaise Lawrence since the weekend of Valentine's Day. No one seems to miss them either. They were horrific people who did terrible things. They got what they deserved, and everyone knows it. The theory on campus is that Charlie and his father skipped town when there was proof that he could not hide when he tried to drug me. No one seems to give a shit about Blaise.

I have my hands on his hips, gently stroking his skin as he violently thrust down my throat. He says that it is a mind fuck when I do things like that, but I think it is adorable the way he melts for me. When he starts to come, I greedily drink him down and do not stop sucking until he forces me off of him.

"Christ, woman. I am going to be thinking about that fucking mouth all damn day today," he says as he pulls me up.

"Think about how you are going to bend me over your desk again after class," I say sweetly, going up on my tiptoes to kiss him.

"I'll be hard if I think about that," he says.

"No pitching tents in class, Professor Vega," I giggle.

"You are so silly," he laughs.

"Can I tell you something?" I ask.

"Absolutely."

"I want to get my birth control removed," I say carefully.

"Oh, pretty girl, I am going to fucking breed you if you do that. I want my baby in your belly," he says matter-of-factly.

“I want to get it taken out and I want you to breed me,” I say. “I want forever because I am in love with you. I am in love with us. I am not afraid to admit that I have fallen for you.”

“Baby,” he says, cupping my cheek. “I fell for you the moment you texted me. I love you too, Mila.”

“Let’s go to class,” I say happily, kissing him once more.

We go through our usual routine, where he helps me to my car, and I drive to campus. No one has ever questioned where I have been staying or with whom. In part, I can understand how our relationship is forbidden. I don’t think everyone could separate school life from home life, but we do. When we are in class, he is not my boyfriend. I am simply a student, and he helps me at the same standard as everyone else. That’s not to say that he doesn’t help me study, but he doesn’t give me the answers.

I have been so determined to not end up like my parents that I’m so calm natured when it comes to arguing. I refuse to raise my voice, even when I’m mad at him. It’s only happened once, and it was a misunderstanding and lack of communication for both of us. We talked through things and then fucked like wild animals. We never go to bed mad at each other and we always make time to talk about the important things. That doesn’t stop him from fucking me nearly unconscious multiple times a day. I think my favorite part is when he fucks me in his office before class, because then I sit there for the entirety of the lesson with his come inside me. A few times, he has managed to immediately take me back to his office so that he can lay me out on his desk and eat my pussy to clean him out of me. The first time he did it, I was so taken aback that it was incredibly hard for me to come. When he did get me there, he then proceeded to make me come three more times before stopping.

I’m so fucking in love with this man that I would do anything for him. I knew from the moment he showed up in that alleyway that being with him would be forever. He is an incredible man, and I want nothing more than to grow old with him. I know

someone would say that he took advantage of me, but he didn't. We communicate, and he always ensures that I am well aware that I'm not stuck with him. He ensures that I have independence, but that doesn't stop him from watching me closely to make sure that I am safe. That alone is the most amazing thing anyone has ever done for me.

Gunner and Veronica are my entire life and I am so incredibly lucky to have the support I do from the both of them. In the end, I know it will always be us and the incredible life that we have built. I think my favorite part is how well Veronica and Gunner get along. I was afraid that he would find her immature and abrasive, but she is the furthest thing from it. She is the strongest woman I have ever met, and it feels truly like a blessing to be her friend

When I get to campus, I check my mail at the dorm before going to class. Gunner is sitting at the desk in the front of the room lost in his laptop.

"Hey," I say to Veronica as I sit down.

"Hey!" she says happily. "How are you?"

"Great," I smile. "I... am getting my birth control taken out..."

"Oh my God!" she squeals loudly.

"Shhh," I laugh and smack her arm.

"Ladies," Gunner says simply, not looking up.

"Sorry, Professor Vega," I say sweetly.

"Kiss ass," Veronica whispers.

“He has to be nice. I sucked his cock an hour ago,” I whisper back, making her grin.

“I am going to pass out the tests. I’ll be walking around, so keep your eyes on your own paper,” Gunner says as he stands. “When you finish, I will grade them immediately. If you get a passing grade, you are officially out of my class. Does anyone have any questions?”

When no one answers him, he starts to pass out the test. He intentionally gives me my test last to ensure that it is not one that I have seen him working on before. I flip open the test and start, confident that I know the material.

I take my time and go through each question. When I get to the section about anatomy, I have to fight back the urge to laugh. I very much know the parts of the anatomy now. Gunner is a smartass and makes me tell him all of the different parts as he touches me or has me touch him. It’s oddly helpful to have hands on experience, but it also makes me incredibly horny knowing what I am associating with these questions. As I am labeling the penis chart, Gunner walks past and nudges me. When I look up at him, he simply winks and walks on. My face heats with a blush as I continue working on my test.

I get through the entire test and go back through my answers before I look up. About half the class is done and has left the room already, so I stand and go to the front. “Are you done, Mila?”

“I am,” I smile.

He smirks and takes my test from me before scanning it in so the computer can grade it. I see the screen come up and say that I passed, and we both grin.

“Congratulations, Mila. You are no longer my student,” he says.

“Mmm. What a shame,” I grin. “See you after class?”

“Oh, absolutely,” he says as he stares at my body in a way that makes it obvious to everyone that something is going on. “Have a seat and wait for the others to get done.”

I sit in the chair beside his desk and wait for everyone to get done. One by one, they all complete their test, but no one is leaving. It is like they are waiting to see what he is going to do and why I am still sitting here. Veronica intentionally takes her time completing the test, but eventually it gets done and brings it up to Gunner.

“Congratulations, Veronica,” Gunner says as he stands. “Didn’t expect to have quite the audience for this.”

“Oh, shit!” Veronica says happily when Gunner walks around his desk and offers me his hand. When I gently place my hand into his, he pulls me up and grabs my face to kiss me hard. The few remaining students whistle and clap, almost as though they had seen something between us all along.

“Let’s not put on too big of a show,” Gunner says to me. “Care to join me in my office?”

“Oh, absolutely,” I say, already drunk on the look he is giving me. “I could definitely go for an anatomy refresher.”

“Awe. Come on. We all want the refresher,” Veronica says teasingly.

“I’m sure Jude will be happy to give you a refresher,” he laughs. “Have a good summer, everyone. I have some personal things to attend to now.”

Gunner all but drags me out of the room and into his office. I shut the door, and he immediately picks me up and lays me across his desk. He is moving like he has a limited time as he pulls my panties off and spreads my legs. “Fuck, I love this pussy,” he groans as he buries his face between my legs. I grip onto his hair and moan as I

arch off his desk, not caring if anyone hears now. He sucks on me hard and pulls an orgasm out of me in record time. He does not even move my body as he pulls his cock out and slams into me.

“Oh, Gunner!” I cry out.

Mid-stroke, he leans over and grabs something out of the drawer of his desk before he lays it on my chest. I groan and fumble with the small box but smile when I see it’s a ring. “Marry me, Mila. Be my wife.”

“Yes! Oh, God! Yes. I will marry you,” I say happily with a moan as he pushes in deeply. He smiles sweetly before bringing my legs to his shoulder and leaning in to rail me harder. My forbidden Valentine is no longer forbidden, my valentine is now my husband-to-be, and everything has fallen into place. I could not be happier. It all started with a horrific date and clicking on the wrong contact. No matter how much Charlie took that night, Gunner gave it back to me.