







# Hidden Intentions (Quick Bites: MM Short Stories #3)

**Author:** *Gen Blackwell*

**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** A steamy short story.

Professor Parker is fucking hot.

The moment I saw him, I knew he was mine.

Mine to obsess over. Mine to fantasize about.

Mine to unravel until that high-and-mighty moral shell of his shatters.

He doesn't know I've uncovered his dirty little secret, but I have, and I know the truth . . .

He wants me too.

But I'm his student, and he's my teacher. It's forbidden. Unethical. Impossible.

Or so he thinks.

The impossibility only makes it more exciting.

Rules mean nothing to me. When I want something, I take it.

And I want him.

Hidden Intentions is a forbidden/taboo MM short story. Perfect for a quick escape under the sheets. While this book can be enjoyed as a standalone, reading the first two books in the series will provide additional background on some of the characters mentioned in this story.

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**Total Pages (Source):** 8

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:34 am*

Kevin

First fucking rule for impressing a crush: don't mess up.

And if you do mess up, fucking fix it.

I walked down another long corridor of the business school's faculty building, searching for Room N47. I could swear I'd been going in circles for the past five minutes. Every hallway was the same endless stretch of white doors and blue-black carpet. Fucking hell. Was this place designed to mess with people?

Okay, I'd admit, I didn't exactly frequent the faculty building. The farthest I'd ever ventured was the administration office on the first floor when I'd had to register for classes or drop off assignments.

I'd definitely never been to a professor's office before.

I should've checked the building map at the entrance before coming up, but whatever. Can't go back now. I was already running late for my appointment, and this wasn't a meeting I could afford to be late to.

I turned another corner, went down yet another long hallway, and voilà! There it was. Room N47, tucked in the corner between a wall and a staircase like it didn't want to be found. I would've walked right past it had I not been looking closely. The black numbers stood out against the wall beside the door, and beneath them was a polished stainless-steel plaque inscribed with the name Dr. Matthew Parker in elegant cursive.

A sudden wave of nerves hit me, tying my stomach in knots and making my throat go tight.

I took a deep breath and gave myself a mental shake.

This wasn't like me; I didn't get nervous—ever. But now my heartbeat picked up like a drumroll, and my palms started to sweat a little.

Why the hell did it matter so much? I clenched my hands into fists, willing the nerves to subside, and took another deep breath.

You already messed up impressing your crush once. Time to fix it.

That was about half the purpose of today's visit. I needed to make sure I was making the impression I wanted.

Especially when that crush was the man behind that door.

Figured it was only natural I'd be this nervous. He was the only one capable of throwing me off rhythm and turning my insides into a tangled mess.

From the moment I first saw him walking through the lecture halls of the business school, I knew I had to have him. I was in my second year then and might as well have been a shadow flitting past to him. He never noticed me. Not even when I lingered in the hallways, or walked a little slower when I knew he was near. There was even a time during my third year, where I managed a quiet "Hi," but he didn't even glance up from the phone in his hand.

But I couldn't let it end there. I refused to be invisible to him.

So I did what I had to do.

I switched majors from marketing to business management so I could qualify to take business law as an elective. There were only two professors who taught that course, and Professor Parker was one of them. It was a high-stakes bet, but hey, it paid off in the end. When I found out he was going to be my professor this semester, therefore officially off limits, my feelings only grew stronger.

I had to have Professor Matthew Parker. I absolutely had to.

And today was my last chance to really make it happen.

I know. It wasn't exactly "appropriate" to want your professor like that, but... whatever. You only live once, right? And there had always been something about the forbidden that made me rise to the challenge.

It also helped that he was pretty much exactly my type.

Men like him, soft-spoken and shy, always careful with their words, and too fucking proper with their clean-cut style, were always different in bed. Men like him were my type to a T.

I was like a shark when it came to spotting them, honestly. It was easy to find them in a crowd, and I'd make my move as soon as I found them.

It was always worth it.

They were either the craziest tops or even crazier bottoms.

I wondered which one Professor Parker would be.

Considering I didn't mind either, it made me want to unravel the man even more. Watching him behind the lectern whenever he taught had my cock going rigid in my

pants and made me lose my concentration on whatever it was he was teaching. I mean, how was I supposed to stay focused when all I could do was watch his every move?

I even attended all my classes because of him, though I hadn't been known as a regular class-goer before in my four years at Vanes University. I only went to listen to him speak and watch him like the creep I was. It was easier to fantasize when he was so close, and to imagine all the sinful ways I wanted to break that prim and proper shell around him.

Oh, my Professor Parker is so fine he could put a posh English gentleman to shame. The black hair, the obsidian eyes, the clean-shaven jawline, the impeccable way he carried himself... and oh, the rules.

Professor Parker was a stickler for following the rules, and sometimes I wonder when I became such a good boy for him. No missed classes, no late assignments, no phone use in class. Hell, this man had me bending all my fucking rules for him.

But my obsession had finally come to bite me in the ass. Here I was, standing in front of his office, about to plead my case over a major assignment I failed.

Very not impressive.

The assignment had seemed easy until I got into it and realized I should have listened better, or at least kept notes in the classes. My obsession with the teacher was clear, but my comprehension of the material was muddy at best.

I tried everything prior to this. I really did. I even went through the course material, but it didn't help. Maybe I should have gone for tutoring, but whatever.

Unless the tutor was a certain prim and proper professor, I didn't want it anyway.

I raised my hand to knock, but noticed the door wasn't fully shut. It was open a crack, as if someone had meant to shut it but hadn't quite followed through.

"Professor Parker?" I called before giving the door a slight nudge. I could already feel the blood rushing to my cock and I hadn't even seen his face yet. Just the thought of being in the same space as him was making my body go haywire. Out of control.

"Professor?" I peeped through the crack. The movement made him startle in his seat behind the desk as he lifted his head from the book he was reading, eyes looking a little caught off guard.

"Oh, come in."

I opened the door wide and stepped into the room. It was a small space. The navy-blue wallpaper made the room appear darker than it should on a Friday afternoon, and the contrast of that oak-wood desk with the blue was visually jarring. However, the man in the black turtleneck stood out like an anomaly—a good kind—the only exquisite piece in this rather dreary office.

He looked good, as always, even for a professor.

I must have stared for more than a second, because a tiny frown formed between his brows, making me even more conscious of being this close to him. I always wanted to be this close to him, but the setting was not the one I'd hoped for.

"Mr. Harding?" His voice was a low rumble that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

Among other things.

I cleared my throat. "Ah, yes sir."



He hummed, staring at me and tilting his head. He nodded toward the chair in front of his desk, urging me to take a seat as he pulled out a folder from the left desk drawer. My name was scrawled across the front. Wait... professors kept files on their students? I didn't know that. For a moment there, he'd had me thinking he found me fascinating enough to dedicate an entire folder to me. I knew that wasn't the case, but a guy could only dream.

I sat down, dropping my backpack next to me on the carpeted floor. Being this close, I could smell the woody notes with hints of vanilla he was wearing, and a scent that was inherently him.

I wanted to bottle it and bathe in it. That smell was intoxicating.

A heavy silence settled between us as he flipped through the papers in the folder with those thin, perfectly manicured fingers. I shifted in the cushioned chair, not because the chair was uncomfortable, but to adjust myself. My pants were starting to feel a bit too tight, and I blamed the cologne he was wearing for that.

His brows drew together in a slight crease as he looked at the papers. "How can I help you, Mr. Harding?"

"I wanted to talk to you about the policy analysis assignment," I said. I want to make sure you don't think I'm a complete idiot, because I'm obsessed with you and I want you to like me.

I didn't say that part, of course.

He didn't even look up, eyes fixed on whatever he was reading. "What about it?"

"My grade, sir, I'm not sure how that happened."

His lips turned down at the corners. “You have regular attendance in my classes. You come early enough to sit right in the middle, not too far back and not too close to the front. I make it a point to observe all my students to ensure they’re fully engaged in my class, and I’ve noticed that you’re always extremely focused. In fact, I was convinced you had to be one of my top students, simply based on the fact that you’re one of the most engaged.”

I swallowed, hearing the disappointment in his voice as he spoke to me.

It bothered me, that disappointment. I mean, I couldn’t change the fact that my academic performance was, across the board, mediocre at best. I knew my strengths, and school wasn’t one of them. I was just an average student, terrible at my courses, and I would’ve skipped most of his classes just like all my other ones if I wasn’t so into him. But now I was in deep shit.

I was hoping my attendance and the way I focused in class would earn me some kind of recognition.

But it wasn’t working. Clearly, this wasn’t the way to get him into my bed, not when I couldn’t even impress him enough to be the teacher’s pet.

Professor Parker looked up at me, meeting my eyes. “Mr. Harding, not only have you never scored above average in a test, but you also failed this assignment. You realize it’s worth fifty percent of your final grade, right?”

“Yes sir. That’s why I’m here. There is something we can do about it, though, right?”

His eyes narrowed. “What do you mean?”

“I could do it again and send it to you. Give me a deadline and I’ll get on with it,” I replied, flashing my best smile.

His eyes flickered to my lips for a split second, but I caught it. I always caught it when he did that, especially in class. The way he'd glance over to wherever I was sitting during lectures, like he couldn't help himself. How he only paced the aisle where my desk was, his eyes trailing over my face when he walked past. The flush that colored his cheeks when our gazes locked, even for the briefest second. And man, the vibe between us when I handed him my paper assignments? Intense. Like the air got heavier or something. One time, our fingers brushed, and I swear I heard a sound slip from his mouth. I called them micro shows, the subtle clues he left that had me convinced this man felt something for me. Wouldn't call it love or infatuation, but definitely, definitely ... something.

Something that I desperately wanted to explore.

He cleared his throat, shook his head, and smiled, the same bright, polished smile he'd flash after lectures when students swarmed his desk with questions. But this time, I could tell from that smile he wasn't going to hear me out about redoing this assignment.

"Here is what we're going to do, Mr. Harding." He handed me a sheet of paper from the folder. "Take this paper. Give it a good read, fill it out, and then send it to the head of department."

My brow furrowed as I read the header. A course withdrawal form?

My stomach did a little flip, but I kept my expression even... casual.

Fucking hell .

"I assume you're familiar with the process?" he asked.

I took my time glancing over words I didn't want to read. So, Professor Parker had

already decided my fate, huh? I wasn't worth saving, huh? Not even worth a second chance?

I placed the form back on his desk, ignoring whatever was going on in my pants. This man was being a dick to me? Why the hell would he do that?

"You want me to withdraw from the class? Why?"

"It's not about what I want, Mr. Harding. The problem is your grades. You're failing the class. With the late-semester deadline to drop classes coming up, I thought I should talk to you about your performance. My class isn't for all students, and you don't need it to meet your degree requirements."

No way. Absolutely not. "But this is my final semester. I have good attendance, and I've taken the tests and done my assignments on time."

He let out a heavy sigh. "You're barely scraping by in this class, Mr. Harding. Even if you ace all your upcoming assignments and the final exam, it won't be enough to pass since you failed this assignment. I think you should retake the class, perhaps in the summer semester, or take another elective that's less challenging for you. I've checked your records, and your GPA is one point eight. You need a two point oh if you plan to graduate this year, but if you fail my class, you won't be able to make that..." He trailed off, giving me a look that said my chances were doomed already.

"It doesn't look like you'll have enough points to reach the minimum GPA to graduate, even if you don't drop the class. If you keep going in my class, your GPA will only get worse."

God.

How could he say these harsh words with that gorgeous face? I couldn't drop the

class even if I wanted to. My dad would never let me hear the end of it. He already had enough ammunition for his lectures about my lack of discipline, and dropping this class would just be handing him another loaded gun. Plus, we'd already made plans that I'd intern at one of the international branches of his insurance firm in the UK when I completed my studies this year. Changing that would be quite problematic. Aside from all that, if I was being honest, it was just too embarrassing for me. Hell, I didn't think I was doing that badly academically, and I hadn't expected to fail this paper.

One point eight?

Man . . .

"Sir, I cannot drop this class." I stared him dead in the eyes... pleading... asking for another chance to get things right. It wasn't like I hadn't even done the assignment. Okay, I did rush through it last-minute, but I did something, and I wasn't expecting to receive a fail for it.

"Looking at me like that won't change anything," he said, his voice a soft tone that made me want to hear him beg with it.

"Sir—"

"I'm sorry, but that wouldn't be fair. You're not the only student who failed this assignment, though your case is unique since you're the only one currently failing the class."

"Then that makes it even simpler, Professor, since it's only me who'd have to retake it. No one has to know."

He gave me an incredulous look as he gathered all the papers in the folder into one

pile. “That’s breaking a lot of rules, Mr. Harding. And if I start making exceptions, where does it stop? If I let you redo your assignment, then I have to let every student who failed any of my assignments do the same. There’s a reason these policies exist. They ensure fairness... for everyone.”

Eesh . So fucking proper, so goddamn disciplined. It made me want to get under his skin and make him go wild.

I wet my lips, watching his gaze track the movement. Another micro show. He was clearly attracted to me, yet he wanted me out of his class... away from him.

“You’re not even going to let me try?” My voice came out sharper than I intended, but dammit, I wasn’t about to just roll over and take this. Not after everything I did to be in this class. Not after the lengths I’d gone to to make him notice me. And now he wanted me to give up the class?

It was as if he was telling me to give him up, and I just couldn’t have that.

Hell, this was only making me more curious about him, because now more than ever, I wanted to know the man behind this mask of a professor.

“I can fix it. Give me another assignment, or let me retake it. Anything. Please”

His throat moved in a swallow and for a moment, it seemed he might be considering it.

“I... I can’t. You had your chance. I gave everyone enough time for this assignment.”

Frustration began to take over. “You can’t do this. I have good attendance and I passed the tests. Why should I withdraw from the class when we only have five weeks left? Just let me do the fucking assignment and get this over with.”

“I do not accept such language in my space—”

“Well, I’m sorry for cursing in your space, but one assignment shouldn’t ruin my life! I can’t drop the fucking course. My graduation is right around the corner and this would push me back one semester. You can’t do this.” It cannot end like this.

“As your professor, who has watched and interacted with all his students, I think this is in your best interest. I can’t just have you redo the assignment when you barely even know what the course was about.”

“I . . . You . . .”

“Yes, Mr. Harding?”

I wanted to wipe that little smile off his face. I looked down at the form once again and felt the pang in my chest increasing. This couldn’t be the way this ended. There had to be a way to get around the whole thing, but Professor Parker was being a dick about it. This wasn’t just about me impressing my crush anymore.

It was also about my entire future.

I hated it, the crawling feeling in my throat like I was about to lose something. And I’ve never lost anyone I set my eyes on.

I swallowed, staring up at him. “Professor Parker, please. I just need one more chance.”

“A chance for what?”

To impress you, dammit! And to graduate this year. And to be near you.

My mind spun. “I can redo the assignment. I might be an average student, but I can do it and get it right this time. Please, Professor.”

Hell. I’d get on my knees if he wanted. It wasn’t my preferred position, but I’d do anything at this point.

Professor Parker met my gaze, a stoic expression washing over his face as he shook his head with a sigh. “I’m sorry, Mr. Harding. The only choice you have is to drop the class and retake it next semester.”

Ugh!

I didn’t mean to, but in my frustration, I slammed my hands on the desk, making Professor Parker jump in his seat.

His eyes shaped into round globes and his nose flared.

“Get out.”

“I’m sorry, Professor—”

He stood abruptly, rounding the desk to stand next to my seat with a swiftness that made my pulse race. He snatched the withdrawal form from his desk and shoved it against my chest.

“Get out of my office. Now.”

Shit. I’d pissed him off.

I held his gaze, gripping the form as I rose, slinging my backpack over my shoulder. I should’ve walked straight to the door, left with my head down like a good



student—like his good boy—but something in me refused to back down. Some reckless instinct had me turning to face him instead.

The movement brought me closer than I realized. Too close. My chest bumped against his.

His breath hitched. I caught it again—the slight parting of his lips, the faint flush creeping over his cheeks. My pulse quickened, a low heat stirring in places it shouldn't.

His gaze slid to my mouth, and his tongue flicked out for the briefest second to wet his lips.

“Out,” he repeated, the bite in his voice gone. It came out softer now, almost shaky.

I tilted my head to the side, watching him watch my mouth. “You really want to get rid of me that bad?”

He hesitated. Just for a second. Just enough for me to see the flicker of something behind his eyes. Regret? Frustration?

Want?

He cleared his throat. “This isn't personal, Mr. Harding.”

It is for me. “I'm not filling out the form, sir.”

He swallowed. Hard. Eyes flicking up to meet mine before dropping back to my mouth.

What is your obsession with my mouth, Professor?

For one wild second, I thought about leaning in, just to see what he'd do. To see if that heat in his gaze would translate into something more.

He must have sensed my intentions because he took a step back, his chest heaving rapidly as if he'd just sprinted a mile. He spun on his heel, rushing to the door and yanking it open with such force that the hinges creaked.

“Leave, Mr. Harding.”

I let out a soft chuckle. Why did he run from me like that? Were the micro shows a little too obvious this time, huh, Professor ? I walked toward the door, pausing in the doorway as my eyes met his one last time.

“See you in class on Monday, Professor.”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:34 am*

Kevin

“Dude, you’ve been working on that paper for over two hours now.”

I barely looked up from my laptop screen as Tyler, my roommate, doused himself in my cologne for the third time. He was probably going out to meet some girl. Those were the only times Tyler would come and use my cologne and hair products because according to him, I had “the best shit.”

He could easily go out and find both style and scent, but he relied on me to do both.

I waved my hand at him. “Ay, easy on that.”

He chuckled and turned to face me. “Did you forget Sam’s party at the frat house tonight?”

Ah, that.

Sam was a friend of Tyler’s. They both played for the school’s baseball team. He’d hang out with us sometimes, and I’d end up tagging along with the team every now and then. Over time, I’d even made a few friends there. Sam was your classic party boy— always the life of the party, always hosting. Normally, I wouldn’t think twice about showing up to one of his parties, but tonight? Tonight, I had a different mission: finish this assignment and figure out how to make Professor Parker accept it.

I couldn’t believe it. The source of my attraction—and frustration—was a dick who couldn’t look past a few rules and make an exception for me, and it was times like

these I hated not having more authority to put people like him in their place. Being my professor must have made him feel that he truly had some power over me. Withdraw from the class? He's too funny. That was never going to happen.

So here I was, sulking and trying to redo his fucking assignment. There might not be any point, but I still held out some hope that he'd change his mind after reading the apology email I sent after leaving his office. That fiasco today hadn't helped my case, but I was banking on him showing me some mercy.

"I didn't, but I'll pass on this one," I muttered. "Gotta work on this paper."

Tyler scoffed. "When did working on an assignment ever stop you? Is it due tonight? All the boys'll be coming. Derek's bringing his roommate too..." He trailed off, a smile creeping onto his face. "The one you asked Sam about last time. What's his name again?" He snapped his fingers, trying to recall. "Kyle!"

Right.

I'd seen Kyle last week when I tagged along with Ty to practice. He was there to pick up another guy on the team, Derek. Apparently they were roommates, and usually rolled together like that. Kyle isn't my go-to type but I thought he was cute. I'd asked Sam about him, since he was a mutual friend, and for some reason Ty got it in his head that I had a crush on him.

It was so obvious to me that Kyle had his eyes set on his roommate. The way he looked at him was proof enough and my cue to back off.

Besides, I also had my eyes set on someone. An impossible endeavor, but when did that ever stop me? Heck, the sheer impossibility of it all was what excited me.

I had to fix this little misstep of a failed assignment and get back in Professor

Parker's good books. Well, at least I made some progress today. Small, but progress nonetheless.

We'd touched.

And I'd also discovered something interesting, too.

He'd reacted to me when our chests touched. And not in the way a professor should. The way his gaze had lingered on my lips... it had been begging me to kiss him. All the micro shows were adding up, and today the evidence had pointed to the fact that he wanted me too.

I should have kissed him in his office.

What if I had? Would he have liked it?

Would he whimper like a little bitch when my tongue fucked that prudish mouth of his?

Fuck.

My cock did a little twitch.

"Dude, you're smiling really weird right now," Tyler said, eyeing me like I'd grown another head. "Didn't know you were that into Derek's roommate. I can get his number for you if you want."

I shook my head, snapping back to the present. "Nah, it's not like that."

Tyler didn't look convinced, but he shrugged it off and turned back to the mirror, running a hand through his hair with more care than necessary. Yeah, he was

definitely meeting someone at the party.

After he left, I tried to focus, but my mind kept drifting. Every few minutes, I checked my inbox.

Nothing.

No response from Professor Parker.

Just as I was about to give up, a new email popped up, and my chest went tight at the sight of his name in the sender's line. I clicked it open, my pulse kicking up a notch, only to have every ounce of hope crushed by five blunt words.

Professor Parker: My answer remains the same.

Fucking prick.

An exasperated groan escaped my lips as I glared at my laptop screen.

So this was how it was going to be, huh?

I hadn't filled out the withdrawal form either. The second I left his office I'd crumpled that shit up and tossed it in the trash. So there goes that . There was zero chance of me dropping the damn class.

Why was I even stuck inside doing some tight-ass's assignment when he clearly didn't give a shit?

I was halfway through answering the first of three questions for this stupid paper, thinking Professor Parker would reconsider if he saw I was making an effort. But of course he wouldn't budge.

“Fuck all of this.” It was a fucking Friday, after all.

I pushed back from my desk and sprang to my feet, ready to do something, anything, to shake off this frustration. I was too annoyed to join the guys at the party at the frat house, but I needed to party alright—just not the kind with cheap beer and sweaty college kids.

I needed a good hole to fuck.

To relax.

And after that, I’d figure out what to do with that tight-ass professor.

Hell, all that thinking about the incident in his office and kissing him had my cock twitching again in my pants. A hand job and porn wouldn’t cut it tonight.

Grabbing my phone, I scrolled through my contacts. I had a few boys on a rotation when I needed to blow off steam, and tonight the lucky guy to have my dick was going to be...

Titus. An accountant I’d met when I first moved to New York for college. We’d kept it going over the years, no strings attached, just a mutual understanding for whenever either of us was in the mood. He liked it rough, which was perfect for my mood tonight.

I needed to ram this frustration out of me.

Hey

He texted back the next instant. I liked that about him. Never one to make you wait.

Yep. I'm down to fuck. I'm at the HoneySuckle

Meet me there?

Perfect. Straight to the point. Just how I liked it.

No games. No rules. Just understanding. This was already turning out great. We were on the same page, and I knew that because of his choice of drinking venue.

If he was at the HoneySuckle, that meant he was already looking to hook up with someone for the night. The bar had a reputation for that kind of thing, and was also a discreet spot, being out of town. Not many people knew of it.

I'll be there in forty. Be a good boy and wait for me.

Just as I stepped out of the Uber, my phone buzzed. It was a text from Titus.

Head's killing me. Had to leave.

Fucking great. My night just kept getting shittier. Now I couldn't even get a decent fuck. Clenching my jaw, I typed out a reply.

No worries.

Titus and I weren't close, and we weren't committed, so there was no other response I could give, even if I was disappointed. I shook my head, hating how everything was putting me on edge.

But I was here, so no point going back to the dorm. Time to find another fuck.

Damn you, Professor Parker . This was all his fault, and yet I couldn't get him out of



my fucking head, couldn't stop hearing that little gasp that left his mouth when I brushed against him. Couldn't stop wanting him. Still .

As I pushed through the bar doors, the smell of booze and cheap cologne greeted my nose. The place was packed, bodies pressed together on the dance floor under the dim neon lights, music vibrating through the floorboards. My gaze swept the room, trying to see if there was anyone around who seemed worth it. No point sticking around if nothing caught my interest.

A group of older men were crowded around the pool table, half drunk and goading each other as they took turns playing. Against the far wall, a couple were locked in a heated conversation that looked like it could end in either a fight or a kiss. All the cozy booths were taken, so it was either the dance floor, or perching against a wall until I found someone.

Maybe I should grab a drink first to lighten up my mood.

I scanned the bar area; it wasn't as packed. There was an empty seat in the middle of—

I stopped dead in my tracks as my eyes landed on a familiar figure hunched over the bar, fingers idly tracing the rim of his glass. His slim frame was swallowed by a large coat, and the high collar of the black turtleneck underneath it made him look even more closed off, like he didn't want to be here. His hair fell over his forehead, partly hiding his face.

Well, well, well. A slow smile crept onto my lips as my heartbeat kicked up a notch. Look what we have here. As if sensing me, he looked up in my direction, and our eyes locked.

The blood drained from his face as his whole body went rigid, his eyes growing wider

the longer he stared.

He let go of the glass and scrambled to his feet. My pulse started to race, anticipation coiling tight in my chest as he strode straight toward me.

But he didn't stop.

The brief moment as he walked past me to the exit made my face drop. It wasn't the fact that he ignored me, it was the look on his face that bothered me.

He was in too much of a panic.

My smile faded. "Fuck."

It wasn't a stretch to guess that my presence upset him, though I tried to think that maybe it wasn't personal. His expression didn't have anything to do with me particularly.

He just hadn't expected to run into one of his students here, at not just any gay bar but one that was popular as a hook-up spot.

That was all.

Shit.

He wouldn't actually think I was stalking him or some shit like that... would he?

I hoped not. This was pure coincidence. But damn if it didn't feel like the universe was handing me something on a silver platter here. This was the perfect opportunity I hadn't even realized I was waiting for.

Until now.

Thank you, thank you, thank you, whoever's looking out for me up there! I hadn't prayed in a long time, but it looked like someone up there still had my back.

I went after Professor Parker, cursing even louder at how fast he moved. By the time I stepped onto the sidewalk, he was already waving down a cab, tapping his feet on the concrete in frustration when the car he was trying to flag down went past him.

"Professor..." I called out, stepping closer. His back stiffened, but he didn't respond or turn to look at me.

"Professor—"

Before I could get another word out, a cab screeched to a stop in front of us, and he all but dove inside.

Too bad for him, I was faster. I slid in right after him, shutting the door.

His head snapped toward me, eyes wide with alarm. "What do you think you're doing?"

I bumped against him so he'd make more room for me. It seemed to work as he flinched away.

"Hello to you too, Professor."

His jaw clenched. "Get out."

"Nope." I stretched out in the seat, that reckless energy pumping through my veins with full force. "Funny running into you here, huh? I don't know, but it's feeling a lot

like fate or something.” I tilted my head, holding his gaze. “I mean, we still have something to resolve, don’t we, Professor?”

A muscle ticked near his temple. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” His voice was tight, but there was something else there... something shaky. “This isn’t...” He exhaled sharply, running a hand through his dark hair.

I leaned in, dropping my voice. “This isn’t what?”

The driver cleared his throat loudly before Professor Parker could respond.

“I ain’t got all night for a lover’s quarrel.”

Professor Parker jerked upright, his face twisting in horror. “Oh... oh, no! We’re not ...”

I couldn’t help but chuckle at how spot-on the driver was, ’cause yeah, this did feel like a little lover’s spat. Without thinking, I draped an arm around his shoulder, and he practically jumped, shock washing over his handsome face.

“Won’t you give him your address, Matt?” I flashed him a smile, watching as his gaze flickered—just like earlier in his office—right to my lips.

The use of his first name in short form instead of his title was a power move. We both knew it.

And by the way his pupils expanded, he liked it.

My cock twitched in my pants.

Fuck.

How did he get me so worked up without even trying?

“Come on. Your address,” I murmured, also watching those tempting lips of his, letting unholy thoughts race through my mind.

He swallowed deeply, his gaze shifting to meet mine. “Why the hell would I take you to my place?”

Now it was my turn to be shocked. I’d never heard Professor Parker curse before. I fucking loved this side of him. What else was he hiding behind his mask?

This was a good sign. Fantastic progress. He was now comfortable enough to swear around me, something he’d never do with any of his students. It made me feel special. A unique case.

A unique case that had a chance of becoming something more.

“The address, sir?” The driver looked at us through the rearview mirror, waiting for a response. Professor Parker shot me a glare and shrugged my arm off before rattling off his address to the driver.

The car jerked forward, merging into the traffic.

I leaned back, my heart still racing as a smile formed on my lips. Oh, Professor, you’re making this way too easy. All this drama and he still gave the driver his address. If he truly—emphasis on truly —didn’t want to take me home, nothing would have stopped him from resisting me harder or even stepping out of the car himself.

Ha ha. I see what you’re doing, Professor. You want to play the game of keeping your propriety even though your subtle cues scream otherwise. No need to worry. I’ll

accept the blame for tonight. I'll be the bad boy for you, so when you look at yourself in the mirror you can still believe the lie you tell yourself—that you don't want this.

I sighed, turning to face him. "So, do you go to HoneySuckle often?" I asked, waiting for a response but getting none. "I used to go there a lot, but you know, life gets busy."

His silence felt a little too loud. I paused, watching him closely. "You must be a newcomer to the bar, though, right? I would've spotted you long ago if you were a regular."

Instead of answering, Professor Parker met my questions with a cold blank stare, and I chuckled. This ride was going to be rather fun, and I was all for it. I wasn't going to back down. How could I when I could see the desire flickering in his midnight eyes, no matter how hard he tried to mask it. The micro shows were pinging all over his face. And judging by the way he was gripping his knee like a lifeline, I wasn't the only one feeling it.

He wanted me.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:34 am*

Matt

His chuckle made me scowl. I felt every bit like a cornered lamb waiting for the wolf to pounce. That mischievous glint in his eyes told me wouldn't let up.

What do I do?

Of all the people who could've seen me at the bar, it had to be Kevin Harding. It had to be the boy I was trying to purge from my brain with great effort. It had to be the one student who had me frustrated to the point that I needed relief, enough to show up at that kind of place.

He was right. I didn't go to the HoneySuckle often, but when I did it was for the same purpose as everyone else.

And seeing Kevin there had been . . . well.

I hadn't planned on that.

The whole reason I went tonight was so I could escape my thoughts about this student.

Not to find him there, and certainly not to share a cab with him.

And definitely, absolutely not to bring him back to my place.

Kevin was a reminder of a dark secret, a twisted kink I thought I'd buried for good.

At least until two months ago, when the spring semester began and he walked into my class.

It didn't help that he was jaw-droppingly handsome.

Tall, with muscles straight from my fantasies, dark-brown hair, and gray eyes that pierced straight into your soul, set behind hooded eyelids and thick brows. I won't lie, he caught my eye right away, but it wasn't his youthful appearance that did it. There was just something about him that drew me in, an aura that commanded my attention, and something dangerous. I recognized what it was after a few weeks and realized why I was so attracted to him. The signs had always been there. He might be young, but he exuded the presence of a Dom, perhaps without even realizing it.

He even projected that energy by just... being in the room. Kevin would sit right in the middle of class, in my direct line of sight where I could never ignore him. And he never looked away. Not once.

While his classmates took notes, glanced at their phones, or exchanged whispers, he only watched me . It wasn't passive or just observing. He was challenging me, daring me to meet his gaze. And when I did, I felt bare. Exposed. It felt like he could see right through the careful layer I'd built, peeling me open inch by inch with nothing but that sharp, unrelenting stare. And I could do nothing about it but let him.

He wasn't one of those who spoke up in class often. He mostly sat there, quiet but commanding . He never fidgeted, never looked uncertain. He just sat with that steady, unwavering confidence. It was impossible for me not to take note.

When he handed in an assignment in class, he didn't just slide it onto my desk like his classmates did. No. He placed it down with careful intention, lingering long enough for it not to be inappropriate but enough to make me aware of his presence.



Aware of his eyes still on me.

Aware that he was watching my reaction... waiting for it. Reminding me in the smallest, subtlest way, of who he was, and what he could do to me if I let him.

I wanted to. That look, the way he was constantly in command?

I craved it.

I shouldn't crave it. I couldn't crave it. He was one of my students.

Of course, I tried to resist. But today's incident in the office had me guessing he might have caught on to my feelings.

For the first time in eight years, he made me want to play again. To surrender completely. To be dominated, totally.

And it terrified me.

Like standing too close to an open flame, I knew the heat could consume me. I'd been burned before in the past, but it wasn't just one person who'd left me raw. It was a pattern. I'd let people in, hoping for connection, only to find myself hollowed out and discarded once the initial dopamine of a new romance faded. It was even worse when play turned into a chore, or worse, a weapon used to bend or break me.

Somewhere along the line, I swore I'd never let anyone have that kind of control over me again. I built walls—thick, impenetrable, safe.

But Kevin . . .

He made me want to break that promise. He made me yearn for that part of myself I'd

locked away. He made me want to embrace that side of me again.

I hadn't expected to crave him like my next breath. And in a cruel twist of fate, he just happened to be someone I couldn't cross the line with. Shouldn't ever cross the line with.

Hell, there were laws against this type of behavior.

So why was I risking it?

I nearly let it slip earlier today in the office. I almost gave in to these desires that shouldn't exist between a professor and a student. I shouldn't have such perverse intentions towards my student. And yet, I was slipping again.

We were about fifteen minutes away from my home. I should do the right thing and have the driver take us straight to campus, or anywhere else but my place. I should have resisted him harder. Hell, I was the adult here. I should have told him off, set the line.

But . . .

My gaze shifted to his mouth, and I hated myself for noticing how handsome he looked and how much I wanted that mouth on me.

He moved closer, his eyes locked onto mine, a slow, knowing smile spreading across his lips. He put his arm over my shoulders again and gave me a firm squeeze.

The heat that flared through me had me biting my tongue to keep from gasping at the intimate contact.

“Wh-what are you doing, Mr. Harding?”

“Oh, he speaks. I was beginning to worry I’d shocked you so much that you’d forgotten how to.”

That confidence. It made my stomach flood with butterflies. I tried to tamp them down, but they only fluttered higher, lodging in my chest and squeezing my breath tight. “What do you want?”

Kevin leaned in, and I stole a glance at the driver, worried he might be silently cursing us for acting like this in his car.

“Professor...” Kevin’s voice dropped mercifully low, meant for my ears alone. I appreciated his discretion for a split second, until I realized the feel of his breath on my ear was making me quake with need. “You were in that bar for a reason, just like me,” he purred. “We both wanted to find someone to hook up with, and now here we are, coincidentally going home together.”

I leaned back. “You forced your way into my cab.”

His chortle shouldn’t have sent a shiver down my spine, and I definitely shouldn’t have found the amused sparkle in his eyes so damn seductive.

“Right, but you don’t seem to mind, do you, Matt?”

Hearing my name on his lips again sent a fresh wave of heat through me, and Christ, it turned me on. It also reminded me of the lines we were crossing. I gripped the door panel.

What was it about this young man?

Those full lips of his curved into a smirk as he continued. “Since we’re already together, and since we both wanted the same thing out of tonight...”

Oh no. Don't you go there. Don't you—

“We might as well hook up,” he said with a shrug, so nonchalant it was as if he were suggesting grabbing coffee down the street.

Heat pulled south and I shifted in my seat. This was wrong on so many levels.

“I'm not sleeping with you,” I managed to bite out around the arousal clawing at my throat.

He gave my shoulder a squeeze. “Are you sure about that?” His fingers dug into my shoulder, through the layer of clothes, biting into my skin. The pressure wasn't enough to bruise, but enough to be felt.

Enough to make my breath catch.

Pain, sharp and sweet, shot through my arm, making my eyelids flutter for a brief second. A slow, shaky breath slipped past my lips.

He flexed his fingers, tightening his grip, and my body betrayed me. I pressed into the touch, chasing the sensation rather than escaping it.

“What are you doing?” I hissed, trying to hide the way my heartbeat quickened.

He cocked his head to the side, running a slow gaze over me. “You like the pain, huh?”

I refused to answer that.

Kevin leaned in again, pressing his lips against the outer edge of my ear. “Come on. We were both there to find someone to fuck. Unless you really don't know what that

place is notorious for.”

Of course I knew. The event in my office had me so riled up that I had to let it out. To be honest, I didn’t know what I was looking for when I went there. I just wanted to get rid of this frustration. But no way in hell would I admit that to him.

“What gives you the audacity to talk to me like that?”

He let his eyes drift downward, too slowly, too deliberately, and stopped at my groin area. Inside my throat suddenly went dry, and I swallowed, silently hoping Kevin wouldn’t notice the tightness in that region. I already knew I was sporting a semi but I just prayed it wasn’t that obvious. His gaze lingered there and only made things worse. The more he looked, the harder I became.

Damn it.

I brought my hands to cover my crotch, and Kevin laughed. So confident, so damning.

Of course he noticed it.

I had no idea what sparked his boldness, but he placed his hand on my thigh and met my eyes. I recognized what it was. A challenge, a statement . He was daring me to resist if I could. He curled his fingers, pressing them into my thigh. I bit hard on my bottom lip, refusing to let that betraying moan leave my mouth.

“I think you like it.” He leaned too close, his nose almost touching mine. “My audacity. You like it.”

He pinned me with those gray eyes, and the denial stuck in my throat.

I turned to look out the window, pretending the hand caressing my thigh wasn't affecting me, or that the tightness in my chest meant nothing. That I could still resist.

But . . .

I didn't move.

Didn't stop him. Didn't push him away.

I sat there, letting the heat coil low in my stomach.

"Matt . . ."

I cleared my throat. "How old are you?" I winced at how my voice came out—too tight, too strained. Too desperate.

"Twenty-one."

Jesus Christ. I swung back to face him. "You're barely out of your teens!"

The driver's eyebrows shot up in the rearview mirror, but I didn't care. I couldn't hide my shock.

Kevin was even younger than I'd thought. With the undergrad population being a mix of fresh high-school graduates and older students, plus the way he carried himself, I'd pegged him closer to twenty-four, maybe twenty-six. Not twenty-one.

"I wouldn't call twenty-one barely, Professor," he said, the corners of his mouth curling up. "And what's a little age difference gotta do with anything?"

"I wouldn't call a fifteen-year age gap little."

He shrugged. "I don't mind at all."

I shook my head, forcing down the lump that had lodged in my throat. "No... no... I can't—"

"Hey..." His fingers grazed my cheek as he angled my face toward his. "It's okay." His lips hovered above mine. "It's okay..." The words seeped into me like an aphrodisiac, stealing my breath and any shred of resolve I had left.

"Matt..." His breath ghosted over my lips, then his mouth brushed mine. Soft, just a whisper of contact.

I whimpered against him, stunned, my cock at full attention. His grip tightened, locking me in place as he captured my lips. He pried at the weak barrier of resistance I was putting forth, commanding me to open for him, and I... I did .

A soft snarl escaped him as his tongue slipped into my mouth. He tasted so good, like spearmint and debauchery, a forbidden fruit too delicious to resist. I tried to push back, but that only made me writhe against him, made me feel things I shouldn't be feeling. He was solid underneath the jacket and shirt he wore. Not sure when it happened but my hand had crept up between the small space separating us, to his chest... touching him.

Oh . . . fuck . . . no . . .

No . . .

I moaned into his mouth, helpless against the raging storm brewing inside me. He stroked against my tongue just hard enough to make me break into shivers. I was already on the edge of surrender, ready for him to have it.

Just when I was about to let him devour my mouth the way he wanted, he pulled back, forcing me to chase after his lips.

“Now tell me you don’t mind the age gap . . . Professor. ”

He was breathing just as hard as me, eyes dark with desire and mischief.

I swallowed against the tightness in my throat as my eyes bore into his.

He tapped a finger against my lips that were still tingling, still aching for more of that kiss. My tongue flicked out to wet them, inadvertently licking the pad of his finger.

His breath hitched. Then he pushed his finger past my lips, sliding it over my tongue, tracing it along the bottom row of teeth.

“You want more? Hm?” He pressed down on my tongue. “If you want more then take me to your bed,” he said, sounding every bit like the devil seducing me to taste forbidden fruit. “And... let me redo the assignment.”

I swatted his finger away with a scoff, reason creeping back in, but not fast enough. I was still reeling from that damn kiss.

“So there’s a catch?”

He chuckled, shaking his head. “No, not really. I want you either way. But...” He lowered his voice to a whisper. “Throw it in and I’ll make you come more than once.”

Heat crawled up my neck. Damn tempting. And the worst part? I was actually considering it.



“You don’t have to worry. This will stay only between us.”

I stared at his lips longer than I should have. What did this mean for me? Was this a one-time thing, or would there be more favors? Would I even want to stop after tonight?

Not sure what he read from my expression because the next instant his mouth was on me.

This time, the sounds that left my lips weren’t ones I could control.

His fingers trailed from my face to my neck, and each time his tongue stroked mine, he tapped against the pulsing spot in my neck. He pulled away from my lips only to bring us back together. I was out of breath, but he seemed to be the only oxygen I needed to fill my lungs. I felt drunk on him as he deepened our kiss, sucking on my tongue before pulling away.

I took ragged inhales as he stared at me as though he couldn’t look away from me. Another smile popped onto his lips, while I remained in a daze, mind completely fucked.

“What do you say, Matt?”

A charged silence passed between us.

“I don’t think we should do this . . .”

Even as I said that I knew it was just my brain trying to salvage the situation. My body, on the other hand, was in full agreement.

“This will be our little secret. Hm?”

My throat worked in a swallow as I looked at him again, unable to understand why I was so scared. He was just what I'd been searching for. He had the charisma and passion I'd been craving for so long, and right now the only thing I wanted to do was let myself get lost in him.

“Fine.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:34 am*

Matt

The car rolled to a stop, jolting me back to reality as I tore myself away from Kevin.

“That’ll be fifteen fifty, please.”

I fumbled for my wallet and shoved a handful of bills at the driver, not caring if I overpaid, before scrambling out of the car. He deserved the tip for putting up with our indiscretion. Kevin was already out by the time I rounded the back of the car.

We walked up the steps in silence to the main door of my townhouse.

I unlocked the door and felt Kevin right behind me as we walked through the dark entryway into the living room.

“Wow. Nice place you have here.” His gaze roamed the space. He didn’t say much, but I felt his eyes on me as I peeled off my coat. Having him in my space made it feel smaller. The room narrowed, until it was just Kevin and me.

He cleared his throat, shrugging off his jacket as well.

I hesitated. What now? Do we just get to it? A small chit-chat to set the rules of whatever this is? Hell, I had no idea how this was supposed to go, so I went with the first thing that came to mind. “You want to wash up first?”

He shook his head, reaching up to brush away a stray strand of hair that had fallen over my eyes.

My heart leaped into my throat. “Uh, maybe we should—”

“Kiss me, Matt.”

I couldn’t look. Couldn’t bear to turn my face to his. I stood there, shaking like a leaf, until strong arms closed around me. “Unless you changed your mind?”

Whatever words I had in my mouth died there as I shook my head. We’d already crossed too many lines, and some sick side of me—the part that had no sense of resistance—didn’t want this to stop. “Not here,” I whispered, my voice hoarse. The neighbors could see in quite easily through my windows. I looked at him, finally.

Then I sealed my fate. “Let’s go upstairs.”

He nodded and followed behind me. I could feel his gaze burning into my back as we climbed the stairs and reached my bedroom.

I flicked on the lights, but before I could step into the room, Kevin’s hands were already on me, holding my waist. He walked us into the room as the door clicked shut behind us, and his breath fanned the back of my neck, making the skin there prickle.

“If you want to back out, now’s your chance, Professor.” He spun me to face him. His pupils were blown wide. They’d turned into dark pools of intent and something else that made my heart pound.

“I don’t think I’ll be able to stop once we start,” he murmured. His hands slid down to my hips, fingers digging into my pants, hard enough for me to feel the pressure and bite of his nails.

Before I knew it, I was kissing him. He’d asked for it after all.

“Good boy.” He moaned into the kiss, his breath hot and intoxicating against my lips.

Good boy.

I let out a soft whimper as the words vibrated through me. How I missed being spoken to like that.

His tongue flicked against mine, drawing me deeper into the kiss as heat pooled low in my stomach, sending a jolt straight to my cock. I wasn’t prepared for the passion with which he devoured my lips, making me ache with need, wanting more... more of him.

Wrapping my arms around his shoulders, I pressed into him, my erection touching his hardness. I’d thought we were the same height, but he was a couple of inches taller. I had to raise myself onto my toes to chase more of that delicious friction.

“Mmph ...” I groaned into his mouth as I rolled my hips against him.

He pulled away from my lips, dragging his thumb across my bottom one with a quiet sigh. “You’re making me go crazy, Professor.”

He leaned in again, kissing me while his hands gathered my shirt, tugging it up over my head. When he pulled away, I couldn’t help but watch him as he stripped off his shirt. He took it off like he had all the time in the world and no one could make him go faster.

That confidence. That bloody, beautiful confidence.

It was intoxicating.

My eyes drank him in, from the sculpted chest and the ridges of abs, to the faint trail

of hair leading below his waistband. In one go, he pulled off his pants and boxers. His cock bobbed with precum glistening at the tip. It stood loud and proud, veiny and monstrous, with the virility of youth.

Desire hit me like a tidal wave with the need to have him in my mouth. Closing the space between us, I met his gaze. The hunger there was undeniable. I knew exactly what that look meant.

I dropped to my knees, and didn't miss the brief flash of approval that flickered in his eyes.

"Good boy." His voice was low and lust laced as he brought the swollen purple head of his cock to my lips, teasing them with gentle taps. "Open up for me."

I parted my lips without hesitation, my tongue darting out to taste him before he could push inside. The salty tang hit my taste buds and I groaned.

"That's it," he murmured, threading his fingers into my hair, gripping tight enough to send a shiver down my spine. I leaned into his hold, craving more, desperate for it. Inch by inch, I took him deeper, loving the weight of him in my mouth. Precum coated my tongue, the scent of him filling my nostrils.

He let out a harsh moan as his hips jerked forward. "So eager," he grunted. "You want this so bad, don't you?"

I hummed around him as my hands gripped his thighs, urging him on.

There was no point in denying it now.

I'd wanted him from the first day I saw him.

Having him now was a fucking dream, and I wasn't ready to wake up anytime soon.

The pull on my hair tightened as he thrust his hips harder, hitting the back of my throat. The sudden force caught me off guard and I gagged around him, the sound raw and wet, but the way his eyes narrowed told me he loved it. He did that a few more times, going all the way to the back of my throat. The filthy, wet sounds that left my lips as I choked on his cock were uncontrollable. Saliva dripped from the sides of my mouth, landing between my knees.

"Wider," he commanded.

I relaxed my jaw as much as I could, desperate to take him the way he wanted. Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes as he pushed deeper, but I didn't pull back. Instead, I dug my fingers into his thighs, grounding myself, begging for more.

"Good boy," he groaned. "You're taking me so perfectly."

The praise excited me, despite the ache in my throat. His pace quickened, each thrust more demanding, and I struggled to keep up. Tears streamed down my cheeks, but the guttural sounds spilling from him as he fucked my mouth with his eyes fixed on me through a clouded gaze were worth every moment.

"You can take it, can't you?" he rasped, his voice shaky with need. "My perfect boy."

I nodded as best I could, my hands sliding up his thighs, holding on as he pushed me closer to my limit. The mix of control and surrender sent a rush of heat through me, pooling low in my belly, spreading to my balls and throbbing at the tip of my cock. Desperation clawed at me, and I slid my hand down to palm myself through my pants. The slight pressure sent me hurtling over the edge. I shuddered, waves of pleasure ripping through me as I spilled into my pants.

“Fuck,” Kevin groaned, tipping his head back. Every muscle of his abs flexed as he moved. “You feel so good. So fucking good.”

His movements slowed, a teasing roll of his hips now, and I coughed, gasping for air.

“You okay?” His fingers trailed over my jaw before he eased out, though his eyes still burned with hunger.

I licked my swollen lips, breathless. “Yes.”

His gaze drifted down my chest to the wet spot on my pants. A slow, knowing smirk curved his lips. “You’re such a cockslut, Professor.” He shook his head in mock disbelief. “Making a mess of yourself over a little dick play in your mouth, huh?”

I swallowed hard, my gaze dropping instinctively to the floor as something darker curled in my stomach. I couldn’t meet his eyes. Not for what I was about to ask of him next.

“What if I am? Would you punish me for that?” I lifted my eyes to his.

This... wasn’t an olive branch I was offering here. It was a matchstick.

And I was hoping he would provide the fire to light it up.

Kevin’s face changed, his eyes taking on a predatory glint. “And why would I do that?”

My cheeks burned with embarrassment. “I came without your permission. Would you punish me for that?”

I was half expecting shock and repulsion. Not everyone was into this kind of stuff. To



hope that he was might be... too much. But I sensed it in him.

He stared at me for one... two... three seconds. There was a flicker of something in his eyes. Whatever it was sent a bolt of heat through my chest.

He didn't look shocked. He looked amused, as if he already knew this part of me.

“Do you want to be punished for that?”

Warmth spread to my neck now, but it wasn't just from the embarrassment anymore. My spent cock did a little twitch back to life. “Yes.”

His chest rose with a deep breath. “Indigo. Use it when you need to, and I'll stop.”

The arousal that flooded through me almost made me moan.

Seconds later, it did.

His hand cracked across my cheek with full force, snapping my head to the side. A sound escaped me—half gasp, half moan.

Ah, it stung so bad.

Tears welled up in my eyes and I blinked them back as scorching heat spread across my face.

It felt so damn good.

My entire body burned with need and anticipation. Hit me again . . . please . . .

Slap.

“Who told you to have all the fun without my permission?”

Slap.

“Such a freaky little shit.”

Slap.

A cry crawled up my throat as my cock throbbed in my pants, harder now. The stinging pain only made the ache more intense.

I didn't want him to stop.

I wanted more.

Kevin's hand clamped around my neck. “You get off on the pain and the degradation, huh?”

My heart skipped a beat, adrenaline pumping through my veins as I met his heated gaze.

His fingers slid up to grab my chin with a punishing hold. He leaned down, a mere breath from my lips, his pointed gaze intent. “You do not come unless I tell you to, Matt.”

He seized my mouth in a brutal kiss, stealing my breath with it. Sparks set off inside me as my cock strained against my damp boxers. His tongue dove into my mouth, assaulting my senses in every way possible. He sank his teeth into my bottom lip, hard enough to draw blood. The coppery taste mingled with our saliva but he didn't pull back. The harder he sucked on my lip, the more the sharp sting fueled my arousal.

“Sorry,” I moaned into the kiss. “I’m sorry.”

He pulled back suddenly, separating our lips with a loud smack.

His eyes were dark, and it made me shiver.

“On your feet.”

I obeyed without hesitation. As I stood, his gaze dropped to my pants with a silent command. He didn’t have to say the words.

My fingers trembled a little as I worked the button of my pants open and pulled down the zipper. Sliding my thumb into the waistband of my boxers, I pushed both my pants and boxers down, stepping out of them as they pooled at my feet.

His eyes swept over me, dark and approving. I couldn’t look away from Kevin either. He was breathtaking, as stunning as a young Adonis, all raw beauty and unrestrained desire. His cock glistened with my saliva and precum, flushed and impossibly hard, like it could explode any moment. Knowing I’d done that to him sent a rush through my veins.

He made a tscking sound then let out a low chuckle. It was almost mocking, yet undeniably sexy. “You really want me, Professor.”

There was no denying it. Every inch of me betrayed the truth. I was drawn to him with a pull so intense it felt inescapable. This wasn’t just desire, or lust. It was a consuming need.

For eight years, I’d resisted this kind of play. I knew the devastation it could bring if trust and surrender were placed in the wrong hands. One wrong move and I wouldn’t be able to pick myself up again. That’s why most of my recent flings, though

satisfying, had been painfully vanilla. I always maintained my sense of control. But this boy...

He was dangerous. A walking, talking, career-ending bait.

Yet here I was, falling into his gravity, and I couldn't do a damn thing to stop it.

“How long?”

The question caught me off guard.

He tilted his head, studying me like he already knew the answer and was waiting for me to admit it.

“How long have you wanted me?” Kevin pressed, his tone leaving no room for evasion, and no opportunity to offer anything but the truth.

My throat tightened as my gaze fell to his feet, heat rising up my neck. “Since the first day of class.”

Laughter, low and deep, rumbled from his chest. “Wow, Professor. You are full of surprises today.” Just as quickly, his laughter faded, replaced by a smoldering intensity in his eyes that made my knees go weak. “Come here.”

I closed the distance between us without hesitation.

One hand snaked around my waist, the other closing around my neck again. His thumb pressed down on the carotid artery, and a shudder ran through me at the pressure. He tightened his chokehold and I whimpered, gasping for air.

“Take us both in your hand, Matt.”

I gripped both of our cocks, pressing them together, the slick, thick head of his rubbing against mine. He thrust into my hands and a jolt shot down my spine—intense, electric, nothing like when I touched myself. It was maddening.

I couldn't tear my gaze away from him or where our bodies met. It was so damn erotic, the obscene squelching sounds of dick on dick as precum leaked from our slits, coating our lengths.

He groaned with a pained look on his face as he thrust harder into my grip, each slick grind sending sparks everywhere.

My hips bucked on their own, faster, chasing more, anything to push me closer to that edge. My legs buckled under the pressure and he caught me before they gave out. His hand slid down my waist to deliver a sharp slap on my ass. I gasped as the hand around my neck tightened. It was almost too much.

My eyes squeezed shut as the sensation pulsed through me.

“ Kevin... ” I moaned through it, taking in as much air as possible.

Another hard slap landed on the other butt cheek, pulling a needy whimper from my throat as the sting turned into deep, aching pleasure.

“Don't lose your grip,” Kevin rasped, hot against my ear.

Black spots clouded my vision, and my head grew light from the mix of pain and pleasure. The room blurred into a hazy mist as I drew closer to the edge, teetering between restraint and letting go.

“Please...” I breathed against his face. My balls drew tight and my body wound so hard it felt like I might break. I forced my eyes open, finding his gaze already on me.

His pupils were blown wide, dark thunderstorms of lust.

“Please...” The word came out hoarse from my throat, barely audible.

“Please what?”

“Please can I have permission to come?”

He groaned as approval flashed in his hooded gaze. He let go of my neck, bringing both hands to my butt and pulling me against him. “Come for me, Matt.”

I squeezed my eyes shut as the throbbing in my cock reached its peak and I let go. Wave after wave of pleasure crashed through me. Thick ropes of cum spilled between my fingers, painting his abs and mine.

“There you go,” he whispered, his voice like smooth butter, coaxing me through the storm. “Give it all to me.”

His hips moved faster, driving against me with unrelenting need. Somewhere in the middle of it, my cum-stained hands had sunk into his hair and his lips had taken mine in another kiss. I clung to him, barely able to breathe, as the last waves of my orgasm racked through me.

“Ah, Professor,” Kevin gritted out, his breath coming out in quick short pants. His hardness rutted against my abdomen, spreading the semen from his abs onto me, the smell of cum filling my nostrils, and I wondered why he’d pushed me to come when he hadn’t. His cock was throbbing harder, coated in my cum and even thicker than before. It was unfair that he was simply edging himself while I had come all over us. Now I was desperate to see him break apart as well.

He pressed a kiss to the spot just below my mouth. “For someone with a hard

exterior, you're like fucking putty in my arms, Professor. And your cock..." The corners of his lips curled as he glanced down. "Well, I think your cock likes me very much."

I couldn't argue with that. I'd come twice, but it seemed my body wanted more if the little tingle in my groin meant something.

I nodded my head instead.

"Good. Because I'm not done with you yet." He smiled, so confident and so goddamn beautiful.

He claimed my mouth, sucking my tongue between his teeth before biting down just hard enough to make my knees buckle. The sharp blend of pain and pleasure left me gasping and lit every nerve like a damn Christmas tree. He knew exactly how to mess with my head and my body.

And I liked it.

Liked it too damn much, being strung out to the edge, completely at his mercy. I never thought I'd ever show this side of me again, but this boy was drawing things from me I never thought I'd do.

"I could kiss you all night," he whispered, his voice rough with need. "But I can't hold back any longer. I need to be inside you." He nipped my lip and let me go.

My body swayed slightly in the absence of his hold. He crossed the room to where his jeans lay on the floor, and my eyes followed his every move, every shift of his muscles, the curve of his back, the tautness of his ass as he picked up his jeans from the floor and rummaged through his pocket. He pulled out a long strip of condoms, and I couldn't help but wonder just what he'd planned when he walked into that bar.

“I have enough condoms to last us the night,” he said.

I eyed the strip. “You sure do. Seems like someone came prepared.”

He smirked, tearing one off. “Optimism, Matt. Ever heard of it?”

I smiled, feeling a lot lighter after my second release. “Yeah? Is that what you kids call walking around with a damn party pack?”

He laughed, his playful gaze running over me. The shift in our dynamic, the way he met me moment for moment, emotion for emotion, made my chest ache in a way that I did not wish to think about right now.

Kevin arched an eyebrow at me. “You gonna be helpful and grab me some lube, or do you prefer other means?”

I hobbled to my dresser and pulled out the bottle from a drawer. His eyes lit up as he took it from me, reading the label.

“Oh, it’s scented. Strawberry pound cake?” His brow lifted again, that naughty smile creeping back onto his lips.

“I like that fragrance,” I said, rolling my eyes. “I have an unscented one if you prefer that.”

“No, it’s fine... Interesting taste you have there, Professor.”

He sheathed his cock in a condom, dribbling the lube over his length and his fingers.

“Turn around.”



He stepped behind me. Cool fingers met my skin as he traced the tight ring of muscle, teasing me open with slow, deliberate strokes. One finger pushed in, stretching me just enough to make me gasp. I gripped onto the dresser.

He chuckled, his free hand gripping my hip, keeping me steady. He licked the shell of my ear, his voice dropping to a low whisper. “Move your feet apart for me, Professor.”

Arching my back, I parted my feet wider.

He added another finger, scissoring them, working me open for him.

“Look at you,” he growled into my ear. “Taking my fingers so perfectly. You know what’s coming next, don’t you?”

I nodded, panting, too lost in the heat pooling in my belly to form any words.

His teeth scraped my shoulder, and a shudder ripped me apart. I barely had time to recover before a third finger pressed in, stretching me wider.

Another gasp spilled from my lips when he curled them onto my prostate. My head tipped back, resting against his chest as I rocked back on his fingers, desperate for more, for deeper, for everything.

“That’s it,” he murmured. “Get that slutty hole nice and ready for me.”

With each word, he drove his fingers in harder, slamming into that sweet spot until my vision blurred.

“Kevin—” His name was a breathless plea, half formed, half swallowed by the sensations unraveling me from the inside out. Pleasure spread from that spot to the

tips of my toes, breaking me into shivers. I clenched around his digits, chasing after more.

Then he pulled his fingers out, making me whimper at the loss. Grabbing my hips, he lined himself up. The blunt head of his cock pressed against my hole, and I gripped his hands to brace myself.

“Breathe,” he said, the only warning I got before he pushed in.

I gasped at the breach, my muscles stretching to take him. He filled me inch by inch, forcing me open until he was sheathed to the base. My fingers clawed at his hands as the burn left my breath coming out in harsh pants.

Kevin groaned. He pressed his forehead against the back of my neck. “Tight as fuck.” His grip on my hips tightened.

Each thrust forced me onto my toes as he drove into me. Oh, how I’d missed this—the ache of being filled. Stretched. Claimed.

I scrambled for balance, nails digging into his skin as he rammed into me, going deeper with every thrust.

“Ah, fuck!” he hissed, breathing hard down my neck. “Fuck. Fuck.”

He shifted his stance, gripping the back of my thighs and lifted me off the ground like I weighed nothing. The shock had me kicking my legs before instinct made me lean back into his chest, holding onto his arms for dear life. “Put me down!” My voice cracked somewhere between panic and arousal. In my thirty-six years, I’d never been picked up like that, and certainly not while speared on a dick.

“I’m going to fall, Kevin!”

“Hold on,” he gritted out, adjusting his grip. He started walking toward the bed, keeping me impaled on his cock. With each step, he dragged me down his length.

My sphincter clamped around him and he groaned.

“You can take it. Relax for me, Matt.”

He winced, pulling out halfway, then slammed home, knocking the breath from my lungs. A strangled moan ripped from my throat, pleasure and pain blurring into one. My cock throbbed, precum dripping from the tip, wetting my abdomen as it swung with each punishing thrust.

Everything was exactly what I wanted. All of my fantasies. All of my darkest needs.

Fulfilled.

By him.

He dropped me onto the mattress and crawled on top of my back, pinning me down with his weight. Nudging my legs apart with his, he lined up his cock against me and pushed in. I gasped, gripping the sheets between my fingers as shockwaves ran through me. His thrusts were reaching deep, hitting my sweet spot, dragging my cock against the sheets.

The double stimulation sent fire racing through my veins, every thrust pushing me deeper into the mattress, every drag against the sheets winding me tighter. It was too much and not enough all at once, my body caught between pleasure and desperation.

“Fuck,” I choked out, pushing back against him, chasing more of it.

His fingers clamped around my wrists, pinning them into the mattress as he drove

into me.

“You feel so fucking good, Professor,” he growled, his thrusts becoming more urgent. He leaned down, bringing his face close to mine. I met him halfway, our lips locking in another scorching kiss, swallowing both our groans with it. The obscene sound of his body slapping against mine as he fucked me echoed through the room, making everything feel more heightened.

His nails dug into my wrists, hard, making my whole body tremble under him.

“Kevin . . .”

“Yes?”

“Permission to come.” I winced. The pain and the buildup had me teetering on the edge of another orgasm.

“Don’t . . . not yet . . .” he panted.

My eyes rolled into the back of my head. I couldn’t hold it. My body was out of control.

I clenched around him.

“Ah, shit!” Kevin growled. His hold around my wrists tightened as his thrusts lost coordination. “Come!”

My body trembled as I came a third time, muffling my moans into the pillow. Kevin pulled out and flipped me onto my back, straddling my chest. His eyes burned into mine as he tore off the condom, bringing the tip of his cock to my lips.

I met his heated gaze, still reeling from my orgasm as he pumped his cock, dragging the head along my mouth, smearing precum against my lips.

“Fuck,” he gritted out when I flicked my tongue over his slit, and his cock jerked. His body tensed, muscles going taut as warm cum shot into my mouth. He came undone with a loud grunt.

I swallowed it down like it was the most delicious thing in the world, savoring the salty-sweet taste and the way his whole body shuddered in the aftermath.

A string of curses spilled from his lips as he looked down at me, eyes hazy, heavily panting, chest glistening with sweat.

“You’re something else, Professor.” He traced a thumb along my bottom lip before leaning in, capturing my mouth in a long slow kiss.

I must’ve lost myself in the daze and drifted off because the sound of a wrapper tearing caught my ears, and my eyes opened just as the mattress dipped with Kevin’s weight.

“That was it for the first round. Are you ready for number two, Matt?”

Stunned, my brow furrowed. You’ve got to be kidding me.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:34 am*

Kevin

The first thing I saw when I woke up was Matt's face, his features soft in the dim light. It was still dark outside. I glanced at the alarm clock on the nightstand. Five a.m.

I let out a deep breath, leaning back on the pillow to get a good look at Matt. Man, it finally happened. I'm so fucking lucky .

I wasn't one to sleep over after a hookup because what was the point? But sleeping in the same bed with Matt was a different story. It felt like a dream I never wanted to wake up from. Hell, I could see myself waking up to him every day.

Freaky little shit. I knew it. Men like him always had a dark side. I'm happy he was comfortable enough to trust me with it. Just thinking about everything we did last night already had my body heating up. It was the best sex of my life. No lie. Paired with his voice, always so prim and proper, begging me to let him come?

Yeah.

Best. Sex. Ever.

I pulled him closer, and he stirred, his soft snoring making me smile. Fuck. I even liked the way he snored.

I snuggled up against him, letting his warmth lull me back to sleep.

When I finally came to, Matt was setting a toothbrush on the nightstand. It was bright outside.

“Hey...” I greeted him, stretching. “How come you’re up already? Did you sleep well?”

His face had a slight flush, but I wasn’t sure if it was from the memory of how much he enjoyed our time together or something else. Shyness maybe?

“I did. I was just setting this down for you to brush your teeth with. You can also use any of the towels in the bathroom. I washed your clothes and hung them in the closet, so you can wear them after you’re done, or you can...” He paused briefly as he swallowed. “You can wear anything of mine you find in the closet that would fit.”

I smiled, watching as he avoided making eye contact. Maybe I was overstepping boundaries, but I didn’t care in the slightest. I reached out and pulled him down on me. He gasped before landing on my chest with a huff.

“You can’t do things like that.”

“Really? You didn’t seem to mind any of the things we did last night,” I whispered, placing kisses along his jaw.

Beneath the T-shirt and sweatpants he wore was a body I wanted to hold against me for as long as I could, but it seemed Matt wasn’t one for morning affection. He peeled my hands off and pulled himself to his feet. He huffed again, giving me a pointed look.

“Don’t do that.”

“Do what?”

Whatever he wanted to say died in his throat when I threw the covers off, my naked body and morning wood on full display.

“What was that, Matt?”

He closed his eyes and dragged in a deep breath. “Brush your teeth and come downstairs,” he said before turning on his heels and hurrying out of the room. Running away from me. Again.

I shook my head, smiling. Was he aware I could go after him and remind him in more ways than one of all the things we did yesterday that he was now shying away from?

I’d hoped he would ditch the formality and jump my bones in bed, but a man like him wasn’t that spontaneous. He probably lived according to a rule book he couldn’t let go of.

I hurried to the bathroom to freshen up, eying the hickies Matt had left on my chest during round two as I brushed my teeth. Or was it during round three rather?

Yep, it really did happen. I loved seeing his marks on me. It felt like he’d branded me as his or something. And damn, I liked it. I liked it a lot.

I showered quickly, then slipped into the silk robe I’d found in his closet before heading downstairs

The aroma of pancakes, eggs, and bacon greeted my nose and I smiled. When did hooking up end with a breakfast date? Well, it couldn’t count as breakfast since it was almost noon, but whatever, I’d take it as it was . A brunch date, then. Did he treat all his hookup dates like this or was I a unique case?

I really hoped I was.



“Smells great,” I commented, walking over to the kitchen island, taking in the white granite countertops and dark wooden cabinets accented with gold handles. I slid onto one of the stools just as Matt turned to me. He eyed the robe I had on like he hadn’t told me I could wear any of his things. Without saying a word, he slid a plate toward me and topped it with a generous serving of eggs.

Well, I definitely needed all the protein after the way he emptied me out last night. The pancakes, butter, and bacon were on different platters, neatly arranged.

“Coffee or juice?” he asked.

“Juice.”

Matt poured me a glass of orange juice and placed it beside my plate before settling onto the stool next to me with his own plate, his eyes looking everywhere but at me. Before he dug into his food, he took a deep breath and leveled me with a look.

“I need you to know that this doesn’t change your schoolwork. You only get one chance to redeem yourself with the assignment.”

“Not five?”

He blinked, clearly thrown. “What?”

“I made you come more than once, Matt. Shouldn’t you take that into consideration as well?”

Matt’s eyes went wide in what looked like pure horror before he broke into a coughing fit, slapping his chest. He grabbed his glass of water, downing it between wheezes, then turned to glare at me when he finally relaxed. I bit my lip to keep from laughing out loud.

“That was never an objective,” he said hoarsely, clearing his throat. “And for the record, we were equally pleased from what I recall.”

I chuckled, turning my body to face him properly. “Oh, do tell. Tell me all about what you recall. Especially the pleased part.”

A muscle ticked in his jaw. “You’re ridiculous.”

“And yet you’re hanging on my every word,” I teased, tilting my head. “Go on, don’t stop now. Paint me a picture of this mutual... pleasure.”

He groaned, dragging a hand down his face. “I don’t know why I let you do this to me.”

“‘Cause I’m irresistible,” I shot back, unable to suppress my smile. “And you like it.”

His eyes narrowed, but the corner of his mouth twitched upward. “You’re insufferable.”

That was it. I broke with laughter, clutching my sides as he rolled his eyes at me. He watched me for a moment, a small smile tugging at his lips, before he sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Kevin, I need you to understand. The assignment must be submitted by Monday at eight a.m. No later than that because there won’t be any more chances for you to redo it.”

“Of course! Monday. Eight a.m.”

“No exceptions.”

I nodded, wishing he could believe me when I said I would do it. I didn't want to disappoint him either.

"And you need to score at least a B on all your classwork going forward," he added.

"Aye, Professor."

"I'm serious."

"Trust me. I keep my word. I started the assignment as soon as I got back to the dorm after our meeting, and I'll start going in for tutoring."

Matt's shoulders relaxed slightly as he began digging into his food, letting out a soft moan as he took his first bite of pancake. "That's good. What's inspiring the sudden commitment to your studies?"

"Do you have to ask?" I winked.

He rolled his eyes. "I hope there's something more than that."

I shrugged. "There is. My dad runs an insurance firm with branches in Scotland and Northern Europe. I'm supposed to intern at the Scotland branch after graduation, then I'll fall right into the company as planned."

"That's very lucky," he remarked dryly.

I held up my hands. "Hey, nepo baby me all you want, but for me it's normal."

"I suppose it is," he said with his voice taking on a pensive tone. "So, your family's based in the UK?"

“My dad is currently there, but we’re from and based in Philadelphia.”

He nodded. “I see.”

We continued to eat in comfortable silence, like it was normal.

However, there was nothing normal about the way I watched him like a pervert. Even as I ate, I couldn’t look away. After last night, whatever I felt for him had deepened to another level. I wanted to know more about him. What was his childhood like? What made him tick? What kept him up at night? What were his plans for the future?

I wanted to know everything about him. And I wanted him to be mine.

Mine.

What did that even mean? I wasn’t the relationship type. My first and only was at sixteen, and since then it had been nothing but casual flings. Nothing serious.

But one night with this man had me reconsidering everything.

Matt was perfect for me. Every part of him just fit. We could really have something here; I knew it in my bones.

Now I just needed him to see it too.

“You’re staring, Kevin. You need to stop doing that.”

I smirked, sipping my juice. “No can do. How can I stop looking at the hottest professor on campus?”

“Hottest?” He snorted, shaking his head. “You’re only saying that because we slept

together.”

“Believe me, I thought you were the hottest long before I saw what was under those clothes.” No one else on campus had caught my attention so effortlessly, and I couldn’t tell if that annoyed me or made me want him even more.

His eyes widened for a fraction of a second before he looked away, but the slight pink that colored the tips of his ears didn’t go unnoticed.

Matt ignored my comment, focusing on his food while I kept the conversation going. He eased up as our conversation progressed, even though his clipped responses made it sound like he wanted me out of his house. But—and it was a big but—I knew better. The look in his eyes said the opposite. His pupils were dilated and he had a weird obsession with my mouth, sneaking a look at my lips whenever he got the chance. Micro shows .

He didn’t want me to leave just yet... and he wanted me to jump his bones again.

I opened my mouth to say so, but he cut me off.

“Have you already made plans for your travel?” he asked, finishing the last piece of his pancake.

Ah. I see. Small talk it was, then. “Yep, that’s one of the reasons I couldn’t sign that fucking withdrawal form.”

“Language.”

“Oh, come on.” I rolled my eyes. “Aren’t we way beyond that?”

Matt simply arched his brow. What a tight-ass. Adorable and annoying at the same

time.

I sighed, returning to the conversation. “I’ll be gone for three months, five at most.”

He shifted in his seat, looking down at his now empty plate. “I see. You won’t be around for long, then.”

Something in his tone made me pause. Was that... disappointment? Was he sad about that?

I leaned toward him. “Don’t worry, I’ll be back before you miss me too much.”

He straightened up, fixing me with a scowl. “Who says I’ll miss you? Or that this will go any further?”

I chuckled, shaking my head. Oh, he had no idea. This wasn’t over. I had every intention of keeping this going. The problem was how to bring it up so he wouldn’t freak out.

My mind ran through the ideas.

“I think I might like you, Matt.” Too direct. He’ll never want to see me again.

“What do you think about us being a thing?” He’ll shut that down in a heartbeat.

“Let’s date?” Instant fail.

Yeah, I didn’t have a lot of options at the moment. Instead, I chose to stick to something a little more... normal.

“So, what made you decide to become a professor?” I asked, changing the subject.

He looked relieved I didn't push about him missing me.

"Well, at first, I considered going into business to help manage my parents' law firm—"

"Law firm?" I cut in. "I can't picture you in that setting."

He smiled. "They don't practice anymore, but my sister and brother followed in their footsteps. They're starting their own firm in Boston."

"That explains a lot. Family of lawyers, no wonder you're such a stickler for the rules."

He chuckled, his face brightening up in a way I'd never seen before. Damn, he was handsome.

I cleared my throat, forcing my gaze back to my plate before I stared too long. "What made you switch to academia?"

He shrugged, swirling the coffee in his mug. "I think teaching has always been my true passion. After a year at my parents' firm, I realized I hated it, so I went back to school for my graduate degree and became a teaching assistant. Eventually, I decided to pursue a career in higher education." He met my gaze. "Though I'm not sure I'm doing a good job if my student is failing."

Right.

"It's the first time I've ever had a failing student."

"Wow." I swallowed the pancake in my mouth. "Must be really disappointing."

He snorted. "I really hope you start taking your studies seriously, Kevin. You have so much ahead of you."

I nodded, then reached across the table for his hand. He flinched at the unexpected touch, but I didn't let go. "Of course."

Our eyes locked for more than a beat and I fought the urge to pull him closer. I wanted to kiss him. Hell, I wanted to do many things to him... drag out this moment so it never ended.

"I know this is none of my business, but I wouldn't be able to bear it if I didn't ask. Do you have a partner or someone you're seeing?"

"None of that. I'm single," Matt replied, pulling his hand from mine to grab his coffee mug. He took a slow sip. "Why would I sleep with you if I was with someone?"

I shrugged, watching him over the rim of my own glass. "People do things they don't understand all the time. It wouldn't be the first or the last time."

He huffed. "You would've gotten involved with me either way."

"I would have. As long as you wanted me as much as I wanted you."

His eyes met mine and I didn't like the look in there. Like I'd disappointed him again or something.

"That's called cheating."

Of course he would think that. I faced him again, not wanting him to get the wrong picture.



“Matt, it wouldn’t be cheating because the second you choose to be with me, whoever you’re with has to go. I don’t share.”

His throat worked in a swallow as his grip tightened around his coffee mug. For a moment, I thought he might argue, but he didn’t.

I picked up his empty plate and mine and headed to the sink.

“You can just leave it. I’ll wash them later.” Matt said behind me.

“Nope. You cooked. The least I can do is help you clean, sweetheart.” I gave him a wink and he smiled back, shaking his head. I could swear I heard him mutter insufferable before he picked up his phone to browse through.

He was still busy on his phone when I finished up. There was nothing left but the dawning realization that it was time for me to go. I excused myself from the kitchen and hurried upstairs. Once I got to the bedroom, I closed the door and leaned against it. There was still a lot I wanted to say to him, I just didn’t know how to bring it up without freaking him out.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:34 am*

Matt

Sweetheart.

This boy and his audacity. I tried to focus on the text I'd received from my brother, but I still couldn't shake off Kevin's effect on me. What the hell did he do to me? One night of passion and here I was, spiraling like a lovesick fool and questioning everything. Better to nip it in the bud before it becomes something else, not to mention all the codes of ethics I've broken.

I looked down, willing myself to stop thinking about Kevin and to answer my brother.

Tell Sussie I'll be in Boston next month. Something important came up.

I rolled my eyes. It was a classic Finn move. Always dumping his mess on me to fix when it came to him and our sister. Knowing him, "something important" probably involved some messy situation.

Tell her yourself. Aren't you supposed to be at the opening event this Wednesday?

I can't. I already cancelled my flight.

Oh, come on. What now?

I'll tell her. Just... not yet. She's going to kill me.

That's because you deserve it.

I know. I just need a little time to figure things out. Can you give her a heads-up that I'm not flying over tonight?

I hit the call button. Predictably, he didn't pick up.

Are you in trouble?

Sorry. Can't talk now. Still in bed.

At this time?

Yeah. Had a special guest over.

And this "special guest" is why you're delaying Boston?

Yeah. It's a long story that I can't explain via text right now.

I know it sounds crazy, but he's... I don't know. I want to spend a bit more time with him before I make the big move.

What reason should I give for the one-month break? You know Susan will ask.

Tell her I'm with the love of my life.

You're joking, right?

I'm not.

Stop messing around. Susan needs you.

I'm not messing around.

Please handle her for me. I've blocked her for now so she doesn't blow up my phone, but I'll send her an email later today. I'll Zoom in for the opening event. It'll work out fine.

I sighed, already knowing I'd be stuck doing damage control when Sussie inevitably called me to rant.

Alright.

Before you go, I do have a question.

Is there a federal law against professor-student relationships? I know of state and institutional ones.

The pause between my message and his response felt like hours.

Oh, god.

What did you do?

If you're doing what I think you're doing, PLEASE, brother, LEAVE NO DIGITAL FOOTPRINTS.

How long has this been going on?

I hesitated, thumb hovering over the keyboard. The last thing I needed was Finn knowing about Kevin, but of course, he knew me too well to know I wouldn't ask that kind of question if I wasn't in that kind of situation, or contemplating it.

We only slept together. Last night.

He's in his last semester. Five weeks left to finish his program.

You think he'll be discreet?

He says he will.

You believe that?

I think so.

You must really like him if you're putting your career at risk for him.

I stared at the message. There was no denying Kevin was already under my skin in ways I couldn't—or wouldn't—admit. Did I want something more with him?

I . . . don't know.

Then what the hell are you doing? No other person could do it for you?

It's not like that.

What is it, then? You want to keep this going?

Look, it's none of my business. I'm not aware of any federal law but I can look into it. Should I be concerned? Is he blackmailing you?

It will only be an issue if he claims you forced him or manipulated his grades to get what you want.

Nothing like that.

So consensual, then. If both of you can lie low for the next few weeks, it shouldn't be a problem. It will only be bad for YOU if you get caught.

If it's a one-night thing, then end it. Take your leave and go on a vacation.

I'll see you in a month. Don't get in trouble.

Sussie will kill you if she hears of this.

Me: You better not breathe a word of this to her.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:34 am*

Matt

The young man standing before me had made me question my sanity more than once since our interaction yesterday. I'd wavered between wanting to pull out my hair and wanting to kiss him madly. I could excuse my behavior as letting desire cloud my judgment last night. I could say I'd been too frustrated to even think straight. But what excuse would I give for what he was asking of me now?

Our agreement ended yesterday after we had sex and I allowed him to redo the assignment. But continuing this... whatever it was between us? The two weren't related, but they did mark bookends on our interactions. For us to do more, to have more, would be impossible. It would mean sneaking around, hiding in shadows neither of us belonged in. Risking my career, and potentially his studies. Everything.

I couldn't let him jeopardize his education just to be with me. And what did it say about me if I encouraged it? I should know better.

I pulled my face from his hand and already missed the heat from his skin with that single act. I wanted to lean back into his touch, but I couldn't.

I shouldn't.

It was bad enough I had to bear the thought of never having him again, but now living with the fear of being exposed was another thing.

"This was a one-time thing, Kevin. It can't and shouldn't happen again," I said, keeping my voice steady even as my chest ached.

He looked like he'd just been slapped across the face, and I couldn't bear it. I shifted my gaze away, but he caught my chin and turned my face back to him.

His eyes searched mine for a moment, growing more serious.

"Am I speaking to Matt or my professor right now?"

"I can't be one without the other," I murmured.

He tilted his head. "Okay. I see it. But I still don't get why we can't do this. You liked it, right?"

"I did," I admitted, not willing to hurt his feelings by claiming otherwise. Not willing to lie to him, ever.

"Then we simply don't get caught," he whispered, clasping my cheeks in his palms. "We stay careful and we only meet here. I won't do anything to put this on anyone's radar, Matt."

"We shouldn't . . ."

"We shouldn't or you don't want to? You need to tell me, Matt, and mean it. Not just with your words because I look beyond those. You need to do a better job of convincing me that you don't want this, and I'll leave you alone. I won't ever bother you again beyond this assignment."

That was my cue to end this. After all, it was just sex. What made him so special? I've had plenty of that. He scratched an itch, nothing more. Plus, he was young, with his whole life ahead of him, and I was just another conquest in his book.

That should be it, right?



I wanted to believe that was the case.

“We can’t do this, Kevin. Not ever again. Last night was a mistake.”

“A mistake? Really?” he scoffed, shaking his head like I’d said something ridiculous.  
“We were both consenting adults.”

“It shouldn’t have happened.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s wrong.”

“God. Stop...” He shook his head. “That’s bullshit and you know it.”

“You’re my student. It’s against our school rules.”

He smirked, but there was no amusement in his eyes. “Excuses, excuses. Some schools allow it.”

“Very few do. And only if the professor isn’t grading or influencing the student’s academic standing in any way.”

“So, it’s not entirely wrong, is it?” Kevin stepped closer, all serious and eyes narrowed. “I’ll drop the class.”

“Kevin . . .”

“I’ll drop the fucking class if you tell me you want this.” His stormy eyes penetrated mine.

I swallowed hard, my throat suddenly dry. “You can’t just—Kevin, that’s not the point.”

He needed this class so he could step onto the silver platter his future offered for him.

His jaw tightened, a muscle ticking near his cheek. “Then what is?”

I took a shaky breath, my pulse hammering. “Even if you drop the class, I’m still a professor. You’re still a student. It’s still... inappropriate.”

“Inappropriate,” he echoed, the word rolling off his tongue like it disgusted him. “You really believe that?”

I didn’t answer. I couldn’t.

Kevin exhaled sharply, raking a hand through his hair. “Fuck.” He turned away for a moment, then back, his gaze softer but no less intense. “Look, I don’t regret it. Not a second of it. And I don’t think you do either.”

I closed my eyes, willing my heartbeat to slow. But it didn’t.

“Tell me I’m wrong. You liked it,” he challenged.

I opened my mouth, but nothing came out.

“Last night. You liked it. You want me as much as I want you. You’ve been wanting me since the first day of class!”

Heat crawled up my neck, burning my face. “Kevin . . .”

I couldn’t figure out what he was thinking. There was a twinkle in his eyes as he

stared at me, brushing my cheek again. His touch wasn't supposed to send so many sparks rushing through me. He was just like any other man I had fucked in the past, so why was it making me yearn for him again?

“Say the words, Matt.”

“I . . . I can't.”

“Why not? Why are you acting like last night didn't make you almost lose your mind? You wanted it so bad that you begged for more, or do you need me to remind you of that?”

There was no need. Even if my mind ever forgot, my body would certainly remember. I sighed, looking away from him.

Kevin let loose a small laugh. “You're being so shy it almost feels like you're a different person. I think we're remembering this differently, so let me tell you what I saw. You liked it, every fucking thing we did yesterday, Matt, you can't even deny that. I remember all of it. You want this as much as I want you.” His voice dropped lower. “Don't you?”

Shifting my gaze back to him, I worked the lump that had lodged in my throat. Scenes from last night replayed in my head, making my face burn.

He was right.

This pull between us was dangerous. Reckless. I'd woken up this morning tangled in confusion, trying to convince myself it could never happen again. But deep down, I was lying to myself. The thought of Kevin walking away, of never feeling his touch again, left an ache in my chest that was getting hard to ignore.

I couldn't fight this anymore.

Not after the lines we'd crossed. Not after everything we did last night. Like a moth to a flame, I was drawn to him. To his confidence, that bratty yet self-assured charm. Being near him made the safe walls I'd built around my heart feel smaller and thinner. He made me believe that maybe, just maybe, the fire wouldn't destroy me this time.

I was tired of pretending I didn't want him. And I would hate myself more if I let him walk away.

My resolve crumbled with each breath as my chest rose and fell.

"I do."

Kevin's face lit up like a bulb. He wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me flush against him. "Then why should we allow a bunch of rules to get in our way, hm? Why can't we explore this... See if it can become something more?"

A shiver went down my spine when his gaze dropped to my lips. There was heat in his eyes. Intent. It hit me then that this had been his intention all along. To make me his, and to make me accept what I wanted. Him.

"Fine."

His grip tightened. "Just fine?"

"We can... keep this arrangement going. I want to keep it going."

I didn't refuse it when he pressed his lips against mine. And just like that, it was last night all over again, when I didn't know what the hell I was doing. His teeth sank into

my bottom lip as he let out a groan. My muscles tensed, a flurry of sensations shooting straight to my cock. I pressed into him for relief, and he turned our bodies, pressing me against the island. My breath came out in short gasps when he slipped his hand into my pants.

“Kevin,” I moaned when his fingers wrapped around my cock.

“How long have you been this hard for me? Hm? Since we ate? When I went to get dressed?”

“Since I woke up.”

“Fuck.” He cursed under his breath before tugging my pants down and getting on his knees. His warm breath ghosted over my length and I gripped the edge of the island. A gasp slipped past my lips when he took me in his mouth, and my head tipped back as he sucked my cock into his moist heat.

I looked down at him and our eyes locked.

There was a promise in the way his eyes spoke to me as he took me deeper, a silent reassurance in the most tender way he could deliver it. We’re going to be okay.

His teeth grazed my length and my thighs shook. He hummed around me, and the vibration sent me over the edge.

“Kevin.” I choked out his name, my body jerking as pleasure crashed over me in violent waves. My knees gave out, and I doubled over him, trembling as I spilled into his mouth with a strangled cry.

This was addictive. This was more.

But it wasn't just that.

Kevin and I... we fit together in a way that I didn't fully comprehend. Letting him go would've been the right thing to do, but I couldn't bring myself to.

That left me with one choice . . .

I'd have to find a way to do the right thing to keep him.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:34 am*

Kevin

Monday Morning

7:45 AM

I hit send, exhaling as my assignment disappeared from my class portal screen, officially submitted to Matt. I followed up with a quick email to let him know. Hopefully, I'd get a better grade this time around. But more than that, I was excited for today's class.

A quick shower. A car ride with Tyler. And by nine a.m. I was seated in the lecture hall, my knee bouncing under the desk. Waiting.

For Matt.

Every time the door creaked open, my head snapped up with my heart skipping a beat, only to sag in disappointment when it was just another student coming in for class.

The scene from Saturday's brunch date played in my head, and I caught myself smiling like an idiot. Matt had agreed to our little arrangement, but from the way my heart reacted every time the door opened, you'd think he'd agreed to be my boyfriend.

Boyfriend.

Huh.

Patience . . . patience . . .

9:30 AM

Still no Matt.

The restless energy in my limbs now had me uneasy. Pulling my phone from my pocket, I scrolled to Matt's contact. He'd been so damn reluctant to give it to me at first, muttering something about "no digital footprints." I had to find a creative way to get it in the end— by not giving him permission to come the second time in my mouth until he gave me his number.

Worked like magic.

Coming to class?

Submitted the assignment this morning. Did you get it?

The door flung open and the room went silent. My breath hitched as I perked up.

It wasn't Matt; it was his teaching assistant.

"Good morning, everyone," she chirped, putting the stack of papers she was holding down with a loud thud. "Sorry for the delay." She turned to fully face the class. "Professor Parker has taken a short emergency leave due to personal matters. In the meantime, I'll be taking over on his behalf for the remainder of the semester."

My heart dropped to my stomach.

What?



A short emergency leave?

Matt never mentioned anything about taking a leave. Not on Friday. Not on Saturday when I slept over again.

I barely heard the whispers around me as she continued. “I’m sure you all have questions, but I assure you, this change won’t affect your coursework. I have an updated syllabus with my contact information—”

I wasn’t staying for this.

I shoved my phone into my pocket, grabbed my backpack, and snatched a copy of the new syllabus on my way out.

Did he change his mind about us? Was that why he took a leave of absence? Maybe he really did have an emergency and it just happened to coincide with everything, but still... I couldn’t shake the feeling that I’d had a hand in it.

I headed straight for his office.

Locked.

I spun, panic beginning to build in my throat. I looked up and down the hall.

No sign of him.

No messages from him either, though I saw my texts had been read.

Fucking hell.

Without thinking, I opened my ride app and typed in Matt’s address. Uber said fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes of hell, waiting, and the ride to his place was equally as

painful. I didn't know what to think. Was this his way of ghosting me? After everything?

By the time I stood outside his door, my pulse was a hammering mess. I pressed the doorbell, following up with a hard knock on the door.

Just as I almost gave up, thinking he might not be home either, I heard footsteps on the other side. The door swung open.

Matt stood in the doorway, in his khaki pants and a black turtleneck, looking very alright for someone who had my emotions all twisted up like a pretzel.

What's with him and black turtlenecks?

"Kevin?" His gaze flickered over me as his brows drew tight. "What are you doing here? Don't you have class?"

"Why weren't you in class today? Your TA said you took a leave for the rest of the semester. I—" I ran a hand through my hair, frustration mixing with concern. "I went to your office. You didn't answer my texts. What the hell is going on?"

Matt sighed, opening the door wider. "Come inside."

That had to be a good sign, right? If he was ending things, he wouldn't invite me in.

Right?

I stepped inside, barely giving him a chance to shut the door before I grabbed him, wrapping my arms around him.

He stiffened—just for a second—before melting into me.

“I’m sorry. Should’ve told you,” he murmured against my shoulder.

“No shit,” I grumbled, pulling back. “You got me worried for a minute.”

Matt’s expression softened as he met my gaze. “I took the semester off because I couldn’t do it.”

Something in his tone made my chest tighten. “Do what?”

“Continue like nothing had happened.”

My stomach dipped. What the hell was that supposed to mean? “Are you... breaking up with me?”

Matt scoffed, a short chuckle escaping as his brows lifted. “Kevin, we’re not in a relationship.”

“Not yet,” I shot back, narrowing my eyes. “So if you’re breaking up with me, do it now. Rip the damn Band-Aid off.”

He blinked. Then his lips parted but no words came out. Instead, he let out a breathy laugh and shook his head. His fingers traced my jawline, sending a shiver down my spine. I bricked in my pants the second he touched me, but he was touching me at least. That had to be a good thing, right?

“I’m not breaking up with you , whatever you mean by that,” he said. “After what happened between us, whether we like it or not it’s unethical for me to continue to be your professor. I don’t want to get you in trouble, or myself for that matter.”

I exhaled. “I could’ve dropped the class, you know.” If Matt had told me he was still uncomfortable, I would’ve withdrawn from the class. For him. I could deal with the fallout from my father later.

“No need for that anymore.” A small smile tugged at his lips. “I want it this way. I’m happy for it to be this way. It’s not like I quit. I’ll resume in the fall semester.”

I studied his face, searching for any doubt, but found none. “You don’t regret it?”

“I don’t.” His gaze held mine. “And I want to explore this. Whatever this is between us.”

Something inside me clicked into place.

This was it.

This was fucking it.

I crushed my mouth to his, pushing him against the door, pouring every ounce of relief, want, and frustration into the kiss. He moaned against my lips, and I grinned.

I ground into him and felt his hardness pressing back. How long had he been hard for me?

My freaky, perfect gentleman.

Matt slowly pulled back, his lips flushed and swollen. His eyes were hazy, dark with naughty intent.

“Want to go upstairs and punish me for making you worry?” he murmured.

Fuck.

I’m so gone for this man.

“Yes,” I rasped, already backing him toward the stairs. “Anything you want.”

His kiss flooded me with more than just arousal.

Matt loaded that kiss. I felt his emotions, and they made my heart beat out of my fucking chest... because they matched mine.

I smiled as he pulled me close.

First fucking rule for impressing a crush: don't mess up.

And if you do mess up, fucking fix it. I think I did fix it, so... check.

Second rule for impressing a crush: fuck him senseless... double check.

Third rule? Make him yours, exclusively... almost check. I think we're heading in that direction. Last weekend and this morning were in my book, progress extraordinaire. Five more weeks and I'd be done with my studies here at Vanes U. Five more weeks of bending the rules and secret rendezvous, and I'd have him the way I wanted.

Free. Unapologetic and openly mine.

Final fucking rule for impressing my man?

Loving him into oblivion.

THE END

Thank you for reading Matt and Kevin's story.