



# Ms. Mosley

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**Category:** Urban

**Description:** Professor Nia’Rose Mosley finds herself drawn to the soon reformed bad boy, Prosper Shakur. But it isn’t just his rebellious nature that has her hesitant—he’s also her student.

**Total Pages (Source):** 12

# Page 1

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Prosper

“It’s been a whole week since I last saw you. Don’t play with me, son. You’re never too old to get your ass kicked. Come by the house so mama can lay eyes on you.”

As I maneuvered through the college building, I chuckled, listening to my voicemail. My T lady was something else. I made a mental note to get my ass over to her crib before she made good on her word. When the Queen issued a command, compliance was non-negotiable.

After locking my screen, I tucked my phone into my coat pocket and prepared to rush to my last class of the day. I was running about five minutes late due to talkin’ to my patna in the hallway. But when I rounded the corner, a familiar face halted me in my tracks.

It was my statistics professor, Ms. Mosley, just exiting the ladies' restroom. And as always, despite her polished appearance, she was disheveled. Her head was down, her nose buried in a tissue she had obviously grabbed in the restroom.

“You straight, Ms. Mosley?” I called out, making my presence known.

Startled, she looked up. “Prosper, hi. I... I am good.”

“It doesn’t look like it.” I narrowed my gaze at her bloodshot eyes. “Looks to me like you been crying.”

“Oh, no. Allergies.” She laughed nervously. “Just my allergies acting up this

morning. That's all."

"You said that last month." I pointed out.

One day last month, after she dismissed the class, I returned to ask a question about a homework assignment, only to find her in tears and the same excuse spilling from her lips.

"And I noticed this a few other times."

"Other times?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

I nodded. "One time was when you were walking to your car in a black pantsuit. The time after that, you were passing through the lobby, wearing jeans and Red Bottom pumps. The red on the bottom of them muthafuckas matched your lipstick perfectly. I'll never forget that shit."

There were a few more times I'd noticed, but I wouldn't dare mention those. Didn't want to frighten her pretty ass with my stalking.

"I'm sure a well-educated woman like you knows that if your allergies are bothering you this much, it's time to see a doctor for some medication."

For a while, an awkward silence hung between us until she broke it, deflecting.

"You're late getting to class, Prosper."

"I am. My apologies, beautiful." I countered, maintaining steady eye contact. But she didn't. She broke my gaze—always did. It was also something I peeped over time.

Taking a deep breath, Ms. Mosley smiled. However, I knew it was a facade, one she

reserved for the classroom, pretending everything was fine when it was clear she was struggling beneath the surface. As much as I studied her through passing, I knew the real. A nigga was obsessed.

“Please get to class, Mr. Shakur. I already have everyone taking notes. By the time I get back, they should be done. But you won’t be if you keep standing here.”

We fell into silence once more, my gaze drifting over her figure, admiring the way her fitted pantsuit accentuated her small curves. I never made an effort to conceal my attraction to her. Shit had been impossible to do since I started her class.

Ms. Mosley cleared her throat, a cue for me to concentrate on what she deemed more important. Yet in my mind, nothing could overshadow her significance. I couldn’t care less about those notes right now. In fact, I was more so wondering how her pussy tasted. Still, I made sure to give her the respect she commanded... the respect she deserved. Reluctantly, I tore my gaze from her hips and looked her in the eye.

“I’ll give you a few more minutes to get there and prepare. These notes are important, and I wouldn’t want you to fall behind and fail my upcoming test. It plays a significant role in your overall grade.” She fixed me with a firm look.

I smirked, realizing she was pulling rank on me. “Will do, Ms. Mosley. Will do.” With that, I walked toward the elevator.

A few minutes later, I reached the classroom and quickly jotted down notes from the information on the board, which included key concepts. We were set to analyze data sets that could influence decision-making across various fields, from business to healthcare. This was especially crucial for me as I was aiming to change my lifestyle and elevate the clothing line I had started.

I made a promise to my grandmother on her deathbed to break the generational curse

that seemed to afflict the men in the family. My promise to her was over two years ago. It took me a while to grieve after her passing. Plus, I had gotten into some trouble with the law. But once I was good, I got my shit together and found a manufacturing company.

Now, I was ready to take my vision to the next level. I planned to open a store, but first, I wanted to earn my degree to acquire the knowledge necessary to run a business effectively. Using my street credibility to sell my merchandise and managing a retail store were two completely different realms. If shit went well, I would open more locations.

By the time Ms. Mosley arrived, I had finished my notes and was ready for her lecture. As I expected, she had used the time I had to jot down the notes to pull herself together. There was no sign of her earlier distress. She had pulled her hair into a high bun, reapplied her lipstick, and switched from her contacts to her eyeglasses, perched on the bridge of her nose. And I was mesmerized all over again.

She had that timeless 90s kind of beauty. Short as fuck, slim yet curvy, with full lips and dark hair that gracefully hung down her back. Everything on her was real. From the hair on her head to that small round ass she carried behind her. Even her nails were natural—short and painted creamy white.

Another thirty-five minutes of engaging in classroom debate and class finally came to an end. I'd be lying if I said I was ready to leave though. I could see the front Ms. Mosley put up for the past hour beginning to crumble, and I was certain she'd be back in tears by the time we left. Call me crazy, but I hated the thought of leaving her like that. Whatever she had going on these last few months was really getting to her today.

Once we were dismissed, I stepped out but lingered around, making sure the area was clear of other students and faculty. It took about forty-five minutes, but it was worth

the wait. Knowing we were her last class of the day, I rounded the corner and quietly slipped back into the classroom.

Ms. Mosley was distracted, her back turned to the board as she cleared her elegant handwriting and engaged in a low conversation on the phone.

“Sis, I know it hurts. But make no mistake that this is his loss. You deserve so much better.”

The room was so quiet that I could hear the voice on the other end of the line, catching just the tail end of the conversation.

“Yeah, it’s just... hearing about it is one thing but to see it messed me up all over again. Not gonna lie.” Ms. Mosley whispered. “I’m going to pull myself together though.”

Interrupting, I cleared my throat, and she spun around on her heels.

“Steph, let me call you back. One of my students just stepped in.” She quickly swiped away her tears.

“Okay, I love you.”

“Love you too, sis.” After the call ended, she turned her attention to me. “Prosper Shakur... you keep sneaking up on me. How can I assist you this time?”

I took a seat at the front of her class, in a chair usually occupied by a quirky chick who just had to be up close to catch every detail.

“To let me mend that broken heart of yours.” I responded, tired of keeping that shit bottled up.

“Excuse me?” She snatched off her eyeglasses, her perfectly arched brows clashing at the center of her forehead.

“If you can fix those pretty ass lips to say ‘excuse me,’ it means you heard me, Ms. Mosley.”

She shook her head as if she were dreaming before tilting it to the side. I’m sure she was double-checking that we were alone, and no one was approaching.

“Mr. Shakur, I don’t know what has gotten into you. But I suggest you cut it out and head right back out that door. And I’ll pretend like I didn’t just hear you say that to me.”

“Or what?” I challenged as I made my next move.

I rose from the seat and walked over to her desk, sitting on the edge to close the annoying ass gap between us.

Three months.

Thirteen long ass weeks.

That’s how long I’d been struggling in this fuckin’ class, fighting to control my urges for her. Today , my suffering would come to an end.

“You gon’ report me? Tell these niggas I’m harassing ya? ‘Cause I ain’t going nowhere until you understand that I want you as more than my professor.”

“Listen—”

“Nah, you listen. I been on this earth for twenty-five years and I ain’t never in my life

met a woman as beautiful as you. I wanna take you out, Ms. Mosley.”

“Have you lost your mind?”

“No ma’am, I got all my good senses.”

Saying fuck it, I lifted my hand to her pretty face and strummed the redness of her cheeks with the tip of my thumb. And I noticed the breath escaping her lips, a silent release of the emotions she attempted to contain the moment she discovered I had returned to class. She was hurtin’—broken. But I was determined to be the glue that pieced her back together. Transforming that temporary smile into something lasting.

After a while, Ms. Mosley removed my hand and took a step back, as if the reality of the moment had hit her hard and she realized she shouldn’t be this close to me. Her eyes broke from mine and darted around the room nervously.

“P...prosper, I don’t want to have to report you. Bringing down a black man in a world that’s already stacked against him has never been my thing, and I’d like to keep it that way.”

I nodded slowly, loving her response. She had me hypnotized by the way she spat that shit. “I hear that, beautiful.”

She bristled at the compliment.

“So, please show me the same courtesy. This is my career... my livelihood. If someone overhears you speaking to me like this or sees you being this close, they could misinterpret things and report it. That could be disastrous for me. The rumors, the gossip... it could all destroy my reputation. All my years of hard work flushed down the drain because a lie always sounds better than the truth. Do you want to do that to me?”

I hesitated, biting down on my bottom lip. No doubt, I expected her to fight me on this. However, I did not prepare for her to respond with such intelligence. Ms. Mosley was lethal—both physically and mentally.

What I really wanted to say was... fuck this job. If she lost it, I had no problem with taking care of her for the rest of her life. You see, I had marked her as mine at this very moment, and being mine meant that working was a choice, not an obligation. Unfortunately, I knew she wouldn't be receptive to that, so I held back.

“Nah, the feeling is mutual. I wouldn't wanna bring any harm to ya, beautiful.”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:49 pm*

Nia’Rose

“Then please, stop what you’re doing.” I pleaded, feeling the seat of my panties grow moist.

My words might have been firm, but every inch of my body was betraying me, leaving me shaken to my core. Why was I allowing myself to slip like this? Why was I letting him get this close? I knew better. But as Prosper looked back at me with that hooded gaze, the answer became crystal clear. He was a sight for sore eyes—so captivating that he could make even the toughest woman bend, ready to risk it all. That woman was me.

For the longest time, I tried to avoid viewing him in that way, but now he was making it increasingly difficult. Tall, with rich dark skin, a tapered fade, and thick beard that highlighted the bottom gold grill in his mouth, Prosper undeniably was dreamy. And if we had met under different circumstances, I might’ve ignored our large age gap and fallen for his charm. It could’ve been just what I needed to relieve some of the pain I felt inside.

However, that wasn’t the hand life had dealt me. He was my student, and he had a record. I knew this because I learned that he had recently completed jail time and probation for a charge related to the possession of an illegal firearm just before the school year began.

The flashy, diamond-encrusted jewelry he wore hinted at the possibility that he might have been involved in something highly illegal to acquire it all. The Cuban chain around his neck alone was worth several times my salary. I wasn’t judging him, but

there was absolutely nothing I could do with a possible gangster either. I had worked too hard, dedicating myself through college to earn my degree, and I refused to jeopardize my job and reputation for a temporary thrill.

"Please," I begged once more before I agreed to something that could turn my entire world upside down even more. "You need to go."

With a resigned expression, Prosper pushed himself up from my desk. I was still reeling from his boldness of sitting there. Granted, I had sensed his crush on me but never in a million years did I think he would act on those emotions. I for damn sure never thought he would come off this strong either.

Then again, Prosper was crazy. I'd realized this when he went ape shit on another male student who had disrespected me quite some time ago. And I must say, even then, his boldness both intrigued and unsettled me.

Proving my point about his insanity, he stepped closer and placed his hands on either side of me, effectively pinning me against the board. His imposing figure loomed over my smaller frame, enveloping me like a predator cornering its prey. He whispered,

"In a perfect world, you would've agreed to let me take you out and I would've made you so happy that you'd forget whatever it is that fuck nigga did that keeps you in shambles. But I don't wanna get you in no shit, so I'ma fall back, for now ."

His words sent a shiver down my spine. There was a reckless sincerity in his tone, and for a moment, I could almost picture what he described—a night free from worries, filled with laughter and genuine connection. Something I hadn't felt in a while and severely needed.

My mouth parted to speak, but I couldn't seem to form one word. His top teeth that

were visible were perfectly straight and white, pulling me into a deep trance. This young man was absolutely beautiful. Rugged—but indeed beautiful. And his breath smelled incredible. Crazy work.

Prosper turned and walked away with those long, bowed legs and as soon as he disappeared from view, I released the breath I had been holding. Talk about shambles... he'd left my panties in disarray.

???

Later that night.

Martin: Can you pick up your phone for me?

Martin: That bitch told me she messaged you this morning and I just want to apologize to you, Nia.

Martin: So, you're just going to ignore me?

Martin: Come on. I fucked up but we're better than this. We can make it work. Just tell me where you at and I'll come by so we can talk.

Glancing down, I sighed, feeling a wave of frustration washing over me. All day the relentless barrage of text messages had lit up my screen. It was time to take a more definitive step. Instead of ignoring the thread as I normally did, I decided to block the number. It was a move I should have made long ago.

The moment I confirmed that the number was blocked, I lifted my wine glass and downed the last bittersweet remnants. With that behind me, I headed for a long, hot shower to wash away the tension. With so many things tossed my way, today had been rough.

Underneath the cascading water, I couldn't help but chastise myself for enduring my past relationship for as long as I did. Prosper was right. There was a fuck nigga that had left me heartbroken, and his name was Martin Johnson—my ex. The last few of the eight years we spent together I grappled with hurt, depression, and tears. Things had been decent between us until they weren't.

I had discovered his infidelities. The first time I forgave him, thinking, "People make mistakes," but this second betrayal was something I could not overlook. I firmly believed in the saying: fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me. I was quietly accepting that loss and moving on with my life.

Besides, this last affair of his had resulted in him getting a woman pregnant. This same woman messaged me this morning on Facebook, sending proof of her pregnancy—the ultrasound. She had reopened a wound that I thought I'd patched up pretty well. Something in her had to think I still wanted Martin because he was busy chasing me. She had a point to prove, but she didn't need to keep laying it on thick; I was truly done with him. There was nothing he could say or do to fix this. She could have his dishonest ass.

Still, it hurt like hell. To give someone your heart and your best years, only to be let down and forced to start over again. It cut deep. Deeper than deep. The betrayal and pain from it had me struggling to navigate this new chapter.

The news of the woman being pregnant truly devastated me because at thirty-six years old, I longed for marriage and children. Before the infidelities took place, I found myself questioning why Martin and I hadn't reached those milestones after so many years together. Now that I think about it perhaps this was God's way of saving me from an extra headache. I had seen the struggles others faced after breakups—how children and divorces turned them into messy affairs. Fortunately, I didn't have any baggage to carry.

After uncovering Martin's latest affair, I discreetly set my plan in motion to move on peacefully. Last week, he came home and found that I was long gone. No kids. No paperwork to navigate for a divorce, I had packed up all my shit while he was at work and settled into my new place.

I dried the fallen tear from my eye, picked up my bath sponge, drenched it in Sugar Vanilla Body Gel, and took my time scrubbing. As the suds washed away, my thoughts drifted to the latest situation I faced.

I still smelled a hint of Prosper's cologne. It no longer clung to me from him being so close, but it certainly lingered in my mind. And it wasn't just the scent.

The golds.

The tattoos.

His height.

His walk.

His complexion.

It was all engraved in my mind. I believed it should've been a sin for him to look that good and be my student. Mmm... I shook my head, trying to push him from my thoughts just as I had managed to get him the hell out of my classroom.

After my shower, I dried off and slipped into bed. Just five minutes into my loneliness, my hormones kicked in. It had been way too long since I had any intimacy. Once I discovered Martin's first affair, I put a stop to us having sex. It was likely why he cheated the second time. But did I care? No. He had fucked up, and it was on him to jump through hoops and make it right until I felt secure again.

However, he didn't improve the situation; he only made it worse. And so, here I found myself.

Feeling starved and deprived, I reached over to the nightstand and retrieved my trusty toy. Setting it to the highest speed, I parted my thighs, closed my eyes, and surrendered to the blissful moment. I bit my bottom lip as the deep vibrations sent my pussy spiraling out of control.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:49 pm*

Nia'Rose

The next morning, I found myself stuck in my familiar, disheartening routine. As Beyoncé's 'Lemonade' album played softly in the background, I alternated between wiping my tears and reapplying foundation. In between, I sipped my coffee, desperately trying to muster some energy. It frustrated me that this breakup had such a hold on me, constantly sending my emotions on a wild rollercoaster ride.

My phone rang cutting through the stillness in my apartment. It was my big sister, Stephanie. One thing she was going to do was check in every single day, sometimes two or three times a day. Especially now with what I was battling. Being five years older than me, she was fiercely protective. Since our mother passed away when we were very young, we were raised by our father, and she stepped into that motherly role and did it beautifully.

"Hey, sis," I answered, propping my phone up on the stand that rested on my vanity.

"Good morning, sis. You still over there putting on your face? Girl, you're gonna be late."

"Yeah, rough morning. Ugh." I sighed as I applied my mascara.

"I get it. It's okay."

"It's not. I'm so ready for this phase of my life to be over, Steph. I'm tired of crying like a little weak ass bitch."

She snickered softly before taking a sip from her coffee mug. “You’re not weak. You’re human, sis. You were with that man for eight years. Give yourself some grace. At least you left his ass. Most women get trapped in a vicious cycle because they are too afraid to start over. Let’s start focusing on the positives instead of the negatives.”

This time, a wide smile spread across my face. I loved my sister deeply; her strength and guidance were a constant source of inspiration. I had never encountered another soul as beautiful as hers. She was a successful Behavioral Health Therapist, and I knew her patients appreciated her just as much as I did.

“Thanks, sis. I really needed to hear that.”

“Of course, you know I got you always. So... enough of that. Why didn’t you call me back last night, bitch?”

I couldn't help but laugh at her sudden change in tone. The therapist hat had come off fast this morning. Stephanie had a habit of talking shit when she wasn't offering genuine support.

“Exhausted,” I gave her a half-truth. “I came home, showered, and fell asleep. My bad, girl.”

I normally shared everything with Stephanie, but this time I decided to hold back on what transpired yesterday with Prosper and how it had my head so messed up that I forgot to call her back. Why didn't I tell her? I hadn't figured that out just yet. Maybe because deep down, I wanted him too, and didn't want her to discover that part.

“Well, I can't dig in your shit about that. I'm glad you're finally getting some sleep.” She said, alluding to the restless nights I had when I first found out that Martin had a baby on me. Admittedly, I couldn't eat, sleep or think.

“Yes, Mother Teresa , so cut me some slack.”

We laughed as I applied a coat of Fenty lip gloss.

“Anywho, the real reason I called is that Shay and I are going out for drinks tomorrow night at this club she heard about Downtown. You need to get out of the house and join us.”

I thought about it for a moment before ultimately dismissing the idea. Shay was our godsister and whenever she joined us, our nights out turned into a loud, chaotic whirlwind. Whether it was the places she chose or her just getting tipsy and acting crazy, trouble was always on the horizon. Lord knows I love her with all my heart, but I just wasn't in the mood for that kind of energy right now.

“Um...I don't know. I've fallen behind on work. I've got a ton of papers to grade.”

“Girl, fuck them papers. You can do that Sunday after church. Come out and enjoy yourself with your big sisters. This is exactly what you need to get your mind right.”

“Sissss...” I whined, slightly annoyed. I wanted to stay in. My plans included getting some work done and then curling up in bed and watching TV.

“Have I ever steered you wrong, heffa?”

I rolled my eyes playfully. “Nope, but Shay ass has.”

Stephanie cracked up. “I won't argue with that. Still, you are coming. I'll be there at eight to pick you up. And don't even think about ignoring my calls and pretending to be asleep, 'cause I'll just use my spare key and drag your yella ass right on up outta there. We are gonna be shakin' ass on the dance floor with you dressed in your robe. I'm sure the niggas would love that. And who knows, you might just find a man

that'll do your body right and make you forget all about your troubles.”

“Girl, please. Daddy would have a fuckin’ heart attack if he found out I was in the club shaking my ass in this little skimpy ass robe.”

“Babyyy, what that man doesn’t know won’t hurt him. Wouldn’t be the first time we cut up behind his back.”

I laughed. “Ughhh, yes ma’am. See you then.”

“Okay, talk to you later, sis. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

A half-hour later, I pulled into my designated parking space. Grabbing my handbag and laptop case, I eagerly walked through the parking lot, ready to embrace the day ahead. Teaching has always been my passion, a calling I identified the moment at a very early age, playing school and pretending my dolls were students.

I entered the workforce at eighteen, starting as a teacher assistant at a local childcare center. This experience led me to teach in grade school, and ultimately to my current position at the college level after earning my master's degree. Each phase of my journey has not only deepened my love for education but also reinforced my commitment to shaping the minds of the next generation.

As I inched closer to the door, a Dodge Charger SRT glided into the parking lot. The booming sounds of Boosie Badazz & Mo3’s ‘One of Them Days Again’ blasting from the speakers caught my attention first. However, it was the striking matte black exterior and black rims along with the red brake calipers that truly captured my admiration.

To my surprise, Prosper stepped out wearing a fresh pair of Jordans and a nice black jogging suit. I figured it must be from his clothing line he had mentioned to the class before. The vibrant gold logo on the hoodie and pants was designed with elegance.

Suddenly feeling nervous, I averted my gaze and quickened my pace, hoping he wouldn't notice me. It felt like the universe was playing tricks on me—or perhaps the devil was busy. Despite having him as my student for months, I had never encountered him in the parking lot until now.

Shit.

Fortunately, he didn't have my class today, so if I could just slip past him...

“You ain't gotta speed walk past me, Ms. Mosley.” He called out, stopping me in my tracks. “Wouldn't want you to fall in ya pumps.”

Taking a deep breath, I turned around, scanning my surroundings before replying. “Hello, Prosper. How are you doing today?”

“I'm doing well now.” He replied with a smirk, shutting the car door and walking toward me as he tossed his backpack onto his shoulder.

But before he could get too close, I quickened my stride, trying to distance myself. It was futile though. Prosper swiftly caught up and opened the door for me to enter the building. I shot him a wary glance, silently begging him not to say anything out of line in front of all the people we were approaching.

“Thank you,”

“Always,”

As I walked into the building, I could feel his eyes fixed on my backside. I didn't have a huge ass but was often told for a girl on the smaller side, that thang poked. Prosper's foolishness continued until we reached the elevators. I cursed inwardly when I realized we were the only ones getting on.

Inside the small space, the scent of his cologne enveloped me, and I couldn't help but notice how amazing he looked. His coal-black waves were thick, glistening against his chocolate complexion. I also realized he had a slanted part that wasn't there yesterday, and I mentally scolded myself for recognizing every detail. He'd woken his fine ass up this morning and decided to go get a haircut as if it wasn't already perfection.

"You look so beautiful, mama." He complimented once the doors closed. "You don't belong in this generation of women."

I shot him another glance, this one more pointed.

He chuckled, his large hand flicking his nostrils and I did not miss the VVS Cuban Link Bracelet hanging from his wrist. "What's the problem, Ms. Mosley?"

"You," I replied, secretly clenching my thighs together in the Pencil Skirt I wore. Why the fuck would he call me mama? "Didn't we just have a discussion about your actions yesterday?"

"Yeah, we did. I can't help the shit though. You beautiful, and I think you should be told that every moment of the day." He shrugged nonchalantly. "I've held back long enough."

"Prosper, you don't take my class today. Why are you going to the third floor?" I cut his shenanigans short, realizing he hadn't pressed a button for a different floor.

Our private community college had an intimate layout, and I shared the floor with only one other teacher. I was pretty sure Prosper didn't take Ms. Lopez's class, since she and I were very cool and often wandered into each other's rooms throughout the day to chat. I had never seen him in there.

He smirked mischievously, a hint of his grill glinting. "Because I wanna spend time with you, and unfortunately, this is my only way to do so. For now, at least."

We locked eyes, sharing an intense moment. Just as I was about to put him in his place, the elevator came to a stop and the door slid open.

On the other side, a group of students leaving Ms. Lopez's class was waiting to get on. Thanking God for the small crowd, I made my escape, leaving Prosper behind.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:49 pm*

Prosper

After my last class, I left school and drove to a privately owned gym I frequented for both workouts and business. Upon entering, I headed straight to the back room to change. Because this was a business meeting no other customers were present. When I returned to the front, the owner was already waiting for me by the equipment, as usual.

“P,” he greeted me with a nod as we slapped hands.

“Santana... How you feelin’, fam?” I plopped down on a bench to begin my workout.

“Shit...I’m alive. Can’t complain.”

“I feel you,”

“You been good?”

“Hell yeah,”

“Cool, I got an issue that needs to be solved.”

“I’m listenin’.”

Santana Rossi was more than just a gym owner; he wore many hats. In addition to managing the gym and a recording studio, he served as a major drug distributor across Texas. Niggas had their own crews, but they all sourced their product from

him. Our connection traced back to his late grandfather, Maverick, and my grandfather.

My grandfather was one of Maverick's enforcers, and as he got older, he trained my father, who eventually passed on the skills to me to step into that role. Aside from the inherent risks, I had no complaints about the position within the organization. At just twenty-five years old, I was raking in more money than niggas twice my age.

The room fell silent as we worked out. Once Santana was done, he said,

"I got a muthafucka trying to make his way into another territory without permission. He's stepping on one of my best buyer's toes. I need you to send a message to prevent a war from fuckin' up my bread. But most importantly, I need niggas to remember how things are supposed to go. Understand?"

"Understood."

That meant he wanted me to make an example out of him. A reminder that anyone wanting to switch up and serve elsewhere had to get his blessings first. Santana ultimately controlled the entire board, and there were severe repercussions for not following his guidelines. He wouldn't hesitate to cut off someone's entire supply line—or worse, their entire bloodline. It was a dangerous game.

"Cool, I'll send the details right after this session."

"Bet." I lifted the weights.

"P, one more thing."

"Sup?"

“I need you to handle that tonight . I’ll throw an extra for the inconvenience. I know it’s last minute.”

“Say less,”

An hour later, I pulled up to my crib. I knew the sound of the garage door rising would have my dog on high alert. Sure enough, as I entered through the door, there he was, wagging his tail. My foot barely touched the floor inside before he jumped up, eager for attention.

After deactivating the alarm, I bent down to give him the affection he was so eagerly begging for. Had I been anyone else, shit would’ve gone a lot differently. Black was good until he wasn’t. He was trained to kill and protect just as much as he was trained to love. I always said, if a nigga rolled up in here, he’d better come prepared for war. Black would slaughter his ass before my bullets could.

“Down, boy,” I instructed, and his legs immediately dropped back to the ground. “Sup?” I lowered myself to the floor and extended my hand.

With a loud bark, Black tapped one of his paws on my fist, giving me a dap. This was our usual greeting. My lil nigga was smart. I’d had him since he was a puppy and trained him well.

“That’s my boy.” I rubbed the top of his head before standing up. “You been straight?”

Again, he barked.

“Aight, let’s roll so you can handle ya business, mane. I got shit to go handle.”

He made a noise in response; a certain sound that let me know he wasn’t happy about

me just getting home and leaving again.

“I know, I know. Pops been real busy lately. But as soon as I’m done getting this degree and my wife , we gon' be back to regular programming. Might even fuck around and give you a sister or brother to play wit', ya feel me?”

He barked once more as if he understood, and I chuckled.

I removed his chain from the hook on the wall and clipped it to his collar. With Ms. Mosley on my mind, I headed outside for a walk with Black. Together, we strolled the area for about twenty minutes before I took him to a nearby park. With barely anyone around, I let him roam wild with a toy, giving me some time to sit down and stalk Ms. Mosley’s Facebook page.

I’d been keeping tabs on her ever since I got her full name off my schedule. That’s how I initially discovered she had a man. Their photos had long since vanished, though. Good for him, considering I’d been contemplating taking his bitch ass out just to clear the path. I scrolled through her profile for about ten minutes, studying every photo as if I’d never seen them before.

Once I felt satisfied, I exited the app and rushed back home. I filled Black's bowls with food and fresh water before heading upstairs to get dressed. With a gloved hand, I retrieved my gun from the safe, ensuring the silencer was securely attached. Then I rolled out just as quickly as I’d come in.

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The next day, I awoke to my phone vibrating relentlessly on the nightstand. Since it was Saturday and I didn’t have any classes, I opted to sleep in. After the long days I’d had during the week, I needed the rest.

“Yeah,” I answered, eyes still closed and agitated as hell.

“Sup, bro? Been callin’ yo’ ass all mornin’.” My best friend, Peanut, said.

“For what? I’m tired than a muthafucka.”

“I’m tryna make sho you straight. Yo’ T lady been blowing me up looking for you. Thought something happened to yo’ ass last night. I know you had that job.”

“Fuck,” I opened one eye and scrolled through my screen. Sure enough, I had multiple missed calls and voicemails. “Ah, shit.”

“Told you,” Peanut chuckled. “That’s yo’ ass, nigga. She been on my line talkin’ shit.”

“I’m already knowin’. Ain’t no point in calling her back. Gotta get my ass around there.” I quickly stood up, sliding my feet into my Nike slippers.

“Hell yeah. Well, now that I know you straight, I’ma ‘bout to bust this U. Need to hit up this club and make sho shit straight for Josh tonight. You still coming through, right?”

“Fuck, that’s tonight?”

“Figured yo’ ass forgot.”

“Don’t trip. I’m on it. See y’all niggas tonight.”

“Bet.”

As soon as the call ended, I took care of my hygiene and made my way to where my

Queen resided. It didn't take me long since she only lived about fifteen minutes away. Black and I stepped through her door and found her lounging on the couch, feet propped up, engrossed in the TV. He wasted no time taking off, barking.

"Oh, my goodness. Come here, baby." She said to him, pulling him into her arms. "Feels like forever since your big-headed daddy brought you by."

I let them have their moment before I chimed in. "Sup, ma," I spoke, handing her roses and kissing her cheek. That was my way of easing any potential wrath.

"And where the hell have you been?" She snapped. "I been calling you, son."

"I know, my bad. I was asleep. Had a long night."

"I been told you to get around here to see me though, Prosper. If you were ever home, I would come to you, hell."

"I know, ma. I apologize. You been aight?"

"Yeah," She eyed me with a mix of scrutiny and affection before bowing her head and examining her flowers further. I could tell they softened her up a bit. "Thank you for these, baby. They are beautiful."

"You know I got you."

"Mmhmm. Let me find out you don't wanna spend time with your mama no more, boy."

I chuckled at her spoiled ass. She often feigned hurt when I let more than a week go by without coming over. After she and my father divorced, it had always just been the two of us, and she missed me staying here.

“Never that. Charge it to my busy schedule, never my heart. It’s been hectic for me.”

“Understandable,” she nodded, giving me another once-over. “It’ll all pay off in the end. I’m so proud of you. I know your nana and cheatin’ ass daddy are looking down, proud too. Especially nana. You’re keeping your promise to her.”

“You know I ain’t breaking no promise to Nana. And stop talkin’ about my pops, woman.”

“Yeah, yeah. May his soul rest in peace.” She waved me off.

I lost my father to brain cancer when I was twenty-two. All that work he put in these streets; you’d think a bullet had his name on it. But nope, it was a tumor that took him out.

“What you been up to?”

“Work, then I came straight home. I’ve just been sitting here relaxing. I’m tired myself.”

“That’s ‘cause you been working too hard.” I shot her a firm look.

She winced as she adjusted her small feet on the recliner. “Ain’t that the truth. These damn things hurt like hell. Some days, I feel like I’m going to need a wheelchair to get around.”

“Keep tellin’ you to stay off ‘em. Retire and let me take care of you.”

“Boy, please. What am I gonna do all day at home but be bored out of my mind?”

“Pick up a hobby. Workout... find a show to binge...go shopping. Something.” I

argued.

My T lady had been working at a local market since before I was born. She started as a cashier and worked her way up to general manager of the entire store. Earlier this year, I had told her she could retire and let my bread take care of her.

However, she wasn't having none of that. Mary was an independent woman who preferred to take care of herself, though she never wanted for anything anyway. Even before I grew up and started making my own money, my father would break her off. He was a lousy husband, but a great father and provider—let her tell it.

“I have a hobby. Drinking my wine while workin’ on my crossword puzzles. But I can’t see myself doing that all day.”

“Then find somethin’ more. Your feet are swollen.”

“Boy, leave me alone. I’m not retiring.”

“And you call me hardheaded. I wonder where I get that shit from.”

“Your damn daddy. Now, hush. How’s school going? You been missing. Catch me up.”

“Great,” I said, blushing like a fuckin’ lame before I could catch myself.

“Great, huh?” She grinned, curiosity lighting up her face. “Boy, school’s never been great to you. You’ve always hated it and skipped. Only went to college ‘cause nana stayed on your ass. Who is she ?”

We both laughed, knowing I stayed flirting and pursuing. A pretty face had always been my weakness. But this time was different for me. I wanted more than just to

fuck. Ms. Mosley didn't even have to spread her legs for me off the rip. Something in me just wanted to take her out and spoil her pretty ass while getting to know her on a deeper level.

“Yeah, I've never seen you like this about school. It's got to be a girl involved.”

I shook my head, giving her a look. “She bad, ma.” I admitted.

“Mmhmm, I believe you. She got to be truly special to have you grinning like that. What's her name?”

“Nia'Rose,”

“Nia'Rose? Ooh, that's different and pretty. Have you made your move yet?”

“I tried,” I kept it real.

My T lady and I were like best friends; I could talk to her about anything. It wasn't the first time we shared insights into our love lives. When I was growing up, we had one rule: don't bring anyone home unless we were serious about them. She established that rule to prevent different men from coming in and out of my life, and I respected her so much for that shit. Despite the grudge she held against my father for consistently breaking her heart, she stood firm on the belief that I already had a father and didn't need another one.

Her brows dipped. “What lil chicken head done turned my son down 'cause aht aht.”

We laughed in unison.

“I won't hold you. She shot me down for good reason. I'm puttin' in that work though.”

“Hmph, well okay then. I ain’t never heard you talk like this. She must be a really good girl.”

“She is fasho.”

“Okay,” She smiled. “Well, in the meantime, you still have mama to take care of you. Do you have anything to eat at home? I cooked a little something. I can fix you a plate.”

“Nah, my fridge empty. I was planning to grab something on my way to the club tonight. I’m meeting Peanut and them in a few hours. It’s lil Josh’s birthday.”

Without missing a beat, my T lady shot up and headed into the kitchen. I knew it was pointless to tell her to stop and that I could fix my plate. Her ass wouldn’t listen.

“How old lil Josh turning?” She questioned from afar. “I talked to Peanut this morning, and he didn’t even tell me it was his birthday.”

“Nineteen, so you know we gotta show out.”

“Oh lord. Well, make sure to tell that knucklehead I said happy birthday. It feels like just yesterday y’all were all running around my house getting into trouble. Time flies by so fast.”

“Yep, will do.”

“And please watch your liquor intake, son. If I wake up to news that you hurt because you done flipped that car over, I’ll blow up Peanut, Lil Josh, and that entire goddamn club.”

“Now how you gon blow them folks up ‘cause I done fucked up?”

“You heard what I said.”

I chuckled, shaking my head at her dramatics. “I got you, woman.”

“Enjoy,” she said, handing me my food. The spaghetti she made smelled good as fuck. “And big boy is staying with me tonight.” She glanced down at Black. “You okay with that, baby? We can snuggle up and watch movies while daddy goes out to trick. I got everything you need here.”

Black barked, hopping onto the couch next to her as I dug into my meal. The warmth of the food and the comfort of being home felt good as hell.

“Say,” I said to Black once I finished, and he dropped from the couch to the floor to meet me in the center of the living room.

Squatting down to his eye level, I told him, “Be good, aight?”

He barked as I patted the top of his head.

“And if anyone comes in here fuckin’ with ma, you...” I slid a finger across my throat, gesturing for him to take their fucking head off.

Again, he barked, standing firmly, as if he understood every word.

Once I finished lecturing my boy, I set aside a stack for my T lady before I left, encouraging her to treat herself tomorrow to a pedicure and anything else she desired.

???

It didn’t take long for me to head home, freshen up, and switch rides. Tonight, I opted for my slab; I had been eager to show off the new paint job on this muthafucka. This

was the perfect occasion to do so.

I arrived at the club around eleven o'clock, pulling up to the curb. After hopping out, I tossed my keys to the valet.

"How are you doing today, sir?" One of the guys asked.

"I'm straight. Just don't fuck up my shit. Otherwise, my night takes a deadly turn, ya feel me?" I shot him a glare, and he nodded nervously before sliding into the driver's seat.

I watched him drive off as I stepped inside the building. My best friend Peanut had paid the owner extra to let us enter through the side, so we couldn't be searched.

"Sup," I slapped hands with Peanut before turning to his younger brother, Josh. "Happy birthday, lil bro."

"Appreciate you, bro. What you got for yo' boy?"

"This nigga... that's all he cares about," Peanut shook his head, watching Josh rub his hands together in anticipation. "I'm worn out from putting all this shit together. If I'd known you just wanted cash, I could've given you that shit and stayed at the crib tonight."

"No shit," I agreed, reaching into my pocket and pulling out two stacks. "Here you go, nigga. Damn."

"Appreciate you, bro. Good looking out."

"Always."

Peanut and I had been best friends since elementary school, and our families were just as tight. I considered Lil Josh like my little brother too; blood couldn't make us any closer. Even though Peanut and I were deep in the streets, he'd turned out to be a decent kid. While I made money taking niggas heads off, Peanut moved work for Santana.

"My nigga," Peanut handed me a bottle he'd been holding. "We celebrating more than just Josh tonight. Cheers to gettin' this money, ya feel me?"

"Fasho," I agreed, popping the bottle open and taking it to the head.

"I got a lil somethin' else for you, bro." He nodded towards a couple of girls he'd brought along. "Check it."

"Yeah?" I glanced over.

"Hell yeah. Nice, right?"

I slowly surveyed them from head to toe before shrugging, unimpressed. "Shit...they straight. I seen better though. A lot better ." They did not have shit on Ms. Mosley.

Peanut laughed. "Damn, ol picky ass nigga. Bring yo' ass on and quit complaining."

For a while, I sat and chilled, tuning out the crowd of bitches in the section. They were on dick hard tonight, but I wasn't moved. And as if the universe knew where my mind truly was, I spotted a familiar face stepping into the club half an hour later.

Thinking my eyes were playing tricks on me, I quickly stood for a better look. And sure enough, it was Ms. Mosley, wearing a dress that had certain parts of her body completely exposed.

Fuckkk . I thought as I caught a glimpse of the large rose tattoo adorning her back. I nearly lost my muthafuckin' mind seeing her like that.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:49 pm*

Nia' Rose

Finally entering the club with my sisters, we headed straight to the bar. I settled onto a stool, eager to order a drink to help lift my spirits and ease my nerves. I didn't want to ruin the night for us, but the men here were already starting to agitate my soul. They'd been hounding us since we stepped out of the car.

"Hi, give me a Dirty Martini, please." I requested.

Stephanie and Shay ordered the same. As we waited for our drinks, we soaked up the music. They were jamming tonight. 'Somebody Loves Me' by PARTYNEXTDOOR & Drake was playing. I swayed my head, slowly coming to life. I loved this song.

"You good, sis?" Stephanie leaned over to check on me.

"I am. If I could just get my drink, I'd be ecstatic." I fibbed just a little.

"That's the spirit." She laughed, playfully kissing my cheek. "Wait, we're in luck. Here they come."

"Ooh, yes. Hand 'em over." Our godsister Shay chimed in, thanking the bartender.

We started with martinis, enjoying the smooth flavors before moving on to a few shots. By the time we finished, Shay's energy had picked up even more and she was eager to get to the dance area.

"Come on, y'all." She said, rolling her hips to the beat.

Stephanie nodded, but I shook my head no. “I’ll catch up later, y’all. I’m good right here for now.”

“Oh, hell nah. We brought you out to have fun, sis. Don’t be a party pooper.”

“I’m not. Just give me a little more time to chill. My damn feet hurt from standing up in class all day.”

Shay playfully rolled her eyes and smacked her lips. “Fine, but you better be ready by the time we come back.”

“I hear you,”

Smirking, I watched them strut off in their heels and by the time they reached the dance floor, another drink was on its way to me. After another successful shot, I could feel the effects kicking in even more. I sat there vibing alone, honestly having a decent time at that point. That’s until a guy sat down next to me, his lustful gaze irritating me all over again and killing the good vibes I’d developed.

“How you doin’ tonight, Sweetheart?” He asked after his observation.

Not wanting to be rude, I glanced over at him and offered a cute little fake smile. “Hi, I’m good.”

‘ I’m good ’ meant several things and I hope he took a hint. He seemed decent enough, but I wasn’t interested in entertaining anyone at the moment.

“Bet,” he grinned, obviously not giving a shit about my dry response. “Let me get you another drink and make the night even better. Maybe I can get a dance with you too.”

“I appreciate the offer, but no thank you.” I spoke more firmly this time, preventing him from calling the bartender over.

His brows furrowed. “Damn, it’s like that?”

“It’s like that. But again, I really appreciate the offer.” I maintained my composure, hoping he’d finally take the hint and let it go.

“Damn, what’s with the snappy ass attitude? You think you too good to dance with me or some shit?” The muthafucka did the complete opposite.

Feeling a surge of annoyance, all politeness went out of the window, and I shot him a look that told how I truly felt. But just as I was about to go off, I was enveloped by a familiar scent of cologne from behind me. Immediately, my words got caught in my throat as I felt a wave of anxiety overpower my anger.

I did not want to believe the universe was conspiring against me like this. I had hoped it was just another guy wearing the same scent I associated with Prosper. But then... I heard his unmistakable deep voice.

“Say, she said she good. But since you feelin’ so fuckin’ friendly tonight, let me get that seat.”

Slowly, I turned to my right, and there he was—Prosper Shakur, standing draped in diamonds. He wore even more than usual, which said a lot since he was never seen without jewelry at the college. Tonight though, he did not keep it light. Four chains hung around his neck, while a Cartier adorned his wrist. A few rings sparkled on his fingers, completing his look.

“Excuse me?” the guy said, his brows furrowing in confusion. He looked just as stunned as I felt.

“You excused, nigga. Move .” This time, Prosper was more aggressive as he stepped closer.

With bated breath, I watched the guy hesitate, his gaze shifting to the side of Prosper, where a gun was tucked away. His stance revealed a slight shift in his coat, and the club's lighting caught the chrome, making it glisten. And I couldn't help but wonder how the fuck he got it in here. Security checked thoroughly at the door.

“Aight,” the guy said nervously, raising his hands in surrender. “You got it.” Within seconds, he walked away.

Once he was gone, I shot a look back at Prosper. I didn't know whether to be terrified or turned on seeing him in this light. Unfortunately for me, it was the latter that I felt.

“You look so muthafuckin' good tonight, Ms. Mosley.” He said, studying me.

All I could do was shake my head. “Prosper...”

He smirked as he sat in the seat that the guy had just vacated. As soon as he settled in, I stood up, ready to escape. I needed that push to join my sisters. Them heffas had clearly forgotten about me. What I didn't expect was for Prosper to rise too, pinning me against the bar with his weight. And it was like *Déjà vu*.

“Nah,” He whispered to me gently. “You ain't runnin' from me tonight. I need to talk to you.”

“Prosper, please...” My words slurred a bit as I stared up at him, pressing my hand against his chest.

He held my gaze for what felt like an eternity, then leaned in, speaking with authority into my ear.

“You ain’t at work right now, so chill out and sit back down so we can talk.” He flicked his nostrils, nodding his head toward my stool.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:49 pm*

Prosper

“I’m sure you know that I’m off duty right now. Which means we have nothing to talk about.” Ms. Mosley said, yet she took a seat.

I knew then that this was where she wanted to be. She was just fighting it. I returned to my seat, chuckling. “You so mean, but I love that shit.”

"You're totally out of line talking to me like this."

I nodded. "You right, but I don't wanna be."

"Want to be what?"

“If pursuing you is wrong, I don’t want to be right.”

Silence enveloped us, with ‘No Chill’ now playing throughout the club.

"Why you sittin’ here alone?" I asked, knowing she had walked in with two females earlier.

"My sisters are dancing."

“So, why you ain’t?”

She rolled her eyes at my question, then glanced around. I’m sure she was trying to see if someone was watching us.

“I’m just not in the mood.”

"You need to let that hurt go. You way too beautiful to be out here pouting and shit over a dumb ass nigga.”

"Why do you always talk to me like you know my life, like you know what I'm going through?"

"Cause you have that same look my T lady had when my pops cheated on her, and she was going through a divorce. Shit tore her into pieces.”

Not only did she wear the look, but I had also overheard her sister on the phone when I approached her in class that day. Coupled with stalking her Facebook, I had it all figured out. She didn’t need to know all that, though.

"It's inappropriate for us to be talking like this, Prosper.”

"I ain’t never been a nigga that followed rules, Ms. Mosley.”

“Trust, I see.”

“But I do respect you, so I try to let you be while you at work, like you asked of me. Right now, though? I can't."

"But you haven’t given me much space there either."

"I said, try ." Silence hung between us yet again as I signaled for the bartender. "This shit fate.”

"Fate?"

"There are over thirty clubs and bars downtown, yet we both ended up here tonight. God put us both here for a reason."

I had a relationship with the man above, no doubt. But I won't front. I brought Him into it because my Facebook sleuthing had also shown me that she faithfully attended church on Sundays. She was a God-fearing woman, and a nigga like me desperately needed to be saved. Just then, the bartender came over. I ordered my favorite and asked for whatever she had been sipping on.

After she walked off, Ms. Mosley stared off into space, ignoring me. I let her have her peace, not wanting to be too pushy. A few minutes later, the waitress returned, and I settled the bill. Ms. Mosley and I continued to sit in silence, sipping our drinks while soaking in the music. That was until her sisters approached.

"Sis, girl... we done gave you enough time. You ready?" One questioned before glancing over at me. "Oh, wait a minute. Are we interrupting something?"

"No," Ms. Mosley quickly said, shaking her head. "This is..."

"Prosper," I interrupted her, feeling like she was about to introduce me as her student. They didn't need to know that shit so she could try to downplay my role in her life. She had me fucked up. I'm her nigga.

"Oh, wow. Well, hello there, Prosper." The other woman chimed in who looked more like Ms. Mosley, just a few shades darker. "Is my sister giving you a hard time?"

"She is actually. I been tryna talk to her for thirty minutes now and not having much luck."

Both women giggled. "Forgive her. She just got out of a relationship, so she's a bit of a meanie."

“Shay,” Ms. Mosley scolded, shooting her a warning glance.

Shay snickered. “Well, there goes my introduction. I’m Shay, and this is our sister Stephanie.”

“Nice to meet you, ladies.” I nodded at Stephanie. “Not tryna pressure y’all sister; I just can’t seem to walk away from her beauty. It’s got me in a trance.”

“Oop, okay then... Not you over here mackin’ on my little sister. I love to see it.” Stephanie said, raising an eyebrow. “You’re quite handsome. If I may ask, how old are you?”

“25,” I replied.

Both women exchanged big smiles, clearly finding the moment endearing. Ms. Mosley, however, maintained a serious expression. It was evident that my age had stirred some feelings in her. Sensing the tension, I decided to stand up to leave and ease any discomfort.

“But hopefully, I’ll see you again before the night’s over and I can get a dance, beautiful.” I walked away, leaving her sisters talking and blushing in the background.

An hour later, I found myself back at square one, in the section discreetly watching Ms. Mosley's every move. While my niggas were busy entertaining bitches whose names they wouldn’t remember by morning, I was plotting my next move on the woman of my dreams.

Tired of watching niggas attempt to flock on her, I rose to my feet and headed back down the steps before she made me catch another charge in this bitch. Once on the dance floor, I made my way through the crowd and behind her.

Spotting me, Shay giggled while Stephanie offered me a half smile and watched closely. I could tell she was ready to step in if Ms. Mosley rejected me. Still, I was determined, softly backing her body into mine.

“What the he—”

“Don’t act like you didn’t know this was me.” I whispered against her ear. “I know you recognize my scent.”

“And what makes you think that?”

“I can see how you fidget when I’m only a few inches away. You know when I’m near.”

Guilt flickered across her face as she fell silent.

“Can I dance with you?”

Her body shifted from tense to relaxed, then back to tense, and finally relaxed again. Relaxed when she noticed it was me, tense because it was me.

“Calm down before Stephanie walks over here and beat a nigga ass. She’s watching.”

To my surprise, Ms. Mosley burst into laughter. “Y...you will n...not leave me a...alone.”

That’s when I realized she was quite drunk, her words slurring. She was aware enough to know who I was but buzzed enough not to care too much.

“Aye, hold up... I just heard Durk just dropped some fiya with Jhené. Check it out.” The DJ announced, and shortly after, ‘Can’t Help It’ erupted through the speakers.

The ladies in the club went wild.

“I don't usually be apologizin'. For some reason you got me smilin'. This is how I was raised so tell your parents I'm not violent. This is how I was raised I'm from the trenches, I can't hide it.”

“I can't leave you alone.” I admitted, my gaze fixed on the side of her face as she swayed. “No matter how hard I try.”

The lights above the dance floor illuminated us, deepening my admiration for her beauty. I leaned back slightly to get a better look at the tattoo on her back and loved what I saw. It added another layer to her allure. Honestly, the shit made a nigga's heart flutter, and that feeling was foreign to me. From what I could see, it was her only tattoo.

Ms. Mosley didn't respond; she just went with the flow, her eyes half-lidded. Her body felt amazing against mine, and before I could catch myself, my dick rose long and hard.

“Okay, wa... wait. Um...”

The feeling of it slowly brought her back to reality. She attempted to pull away, but I tightened my grip on her.

“Chill, mama.” I pleaded softly. “I apologize. I promise I ain't tryna disrespect you. It's just what you do to me... how you make me feel.”

“Prosper...”

“Please.”

To my surprise, her body relaxed, and she resumed dancing.

“You smell good, baby. And I love this tattoo on you. Shit is sexy as fuck.” I told her.

Her chest rose and fell as she struggled to maintain her breath. “Stop callin’ me that. I’m not your baby.”

“You are ‘cause I say you are.”

“You know, I’ve grown to learn that you are crazy, Prosper.”

“Diabolical ‘bout ya.”

Ms. Mosley fell silent, but her hips continued to move. This time, I didn’t disrupt the moment; I let her body communicate what her words couldn’t. The way she melted into my arms told me she felt the connection too. By the next record, I noticed both of her sisters were occupied, so I turned her around to face me. If she slapped my ass, Stephanie wouldn’t notice and intervene.

Ms. Mosley did not object, but she tried her hardest to avoid looking into my eyes. Sick of that shit, I did something about it. But just as I hooked her chin, gunshots suddenly broke out, plunging the club into pure chaos.

Muthafuckas were running, ducking, and screaming at the top of their lungs. As I turned my head in the direction that I heard gunfire coming from, Ms. Mosley pushed from my grasp and took off. Without hesitation, I hurried after her and fucked around and stumbled near a table, slicing my hand against a jagged piece of glass from a broken bottle. Pain shot through my palm, but I pushed that shit aside.

Finally catching up, I instinctively covered her with my body as I reached for my gun. She continued to scream but I kept my focus, guiding her through the madness.

Once we reached the rear of the club, I took a moment to check on her, ensuring she was alright.

“What the hell?” She questioned, her body trembling as she began to fully come to. “Oh my God. Where are my sisters?” She tried to go back around the corner, but I stopped her.

“Aye, nah. You can’t go back that way; it’s too fuckin’ chaotic.”

She thought about it before glancing down at her wrist. “W... where is my clutch?”

“I’m not sure. You probably dropped it while running. Just calm down.”

“I can’t calm down. Someone just got through shooting, and I can’t find my sisters or my phone. I need to make sure they are okay.”

“Aight, you know their numbers by heart?”

“I do,”

“Bet, you can use my phone to call ‘em. Come on.” I escorted her through the same side door that me and my niggas had entered through earlier.

Ms. Mosley's panic slowly subsided as she followed me. I kept my arm around her, ready to protect her if need be. After getting her into the parking lot, I checked our surroundings, ensuring everything was clear before pulling out my phone. Swiftly, she grabbed it and began making calls back-to-back. Unfortunately for her, it seemed no one was answering.

“Shit,” she cursed, glancing around the lot. “Neither of them is picking up.”

“I’m sure they good.” I said, reassuring her.

She nodded, her eyes narrowing as they shifted to my hand. “Your hand is bleeding.” She pointed out.

I glanced down, and sure enough, blood was gliding down my hand and onto my gun, reminding me of the damage the broken glass had caused. Before I could do anything to stop the bleeding, my niggas rushed out of the club one by one, hauling ass. They moved quick tucking their guns away, but I caught that shit and realized that we were part of the problem.

“Hold on, mama. This my people.” I said to Ms. Mosley before I walked over to Peanut. I wanted to create as much distance as possible so she couldn’t overhear us.

“You good, bro?” He questioned before looking me over. “Oh, shit. You hit? Where the fuck that blood coming from?”

“Nah, nah. Just cut my fuckin’ hand. I’m straight.”

“Damn, aight. A nigga was worried. I couldn’t find your ass.” He glanced over my shoulder and noticed where I had been. “Who’s that? She pretty as hell.”

“Mine, so watch yo’ eyes, nigga.”

“Oh yeah?” He smirked.

“Did you get the keys from ole boy?” I shifted the conversation.

“Fasho,” he said, handing me mine and nodding toward the back where the valet guy had parked our cars. “Make sho you hit me once you home so I can put you on game. Josh drunk ass got into it with a nigga.”

“Bet,” We parted ways, and I walked back over to Ms. Mosley.

“My sisters still not picking up. I can’t just stand here. I have to go find them.” She told me.

“Aight, come on.” I took her by the hand.

“What? Why this direction?” She asked, confusion etched on her face as I guided her to the back of the parking lot.

“Get in the car, and I’ll drive you around to the front. You ain’t finna walk around after muthafuckas was just shootin’.” I told her as if it wasn’t just my niggas doing the shooting.

Ms. Mosley sighed, visibly weighing her options before finally giving in and climbing into the passenger seat. Once she was safely tucked away, I slid into the driver’s side and wrapped my injured hand with a shirt I had in the backseat. Gun resting on my lap, I drove around to the front of the club.

“You see ‘em?” I asked her, scanning the area as well.

“No, and I can’t remember exactly where we parked down here.” She sulked, rubbing her temple. “Damn it. I should’ve never had all those drinks.”

After an entire hour of driving through downtown, I finally pulled over to a vacant lot and broke the news to her.

“Look, I’m gonna have to bring you home. We’ve been to damn near every lot I can think of down here and can’t find them.”

She immediately shook her head. “No. No. That’s not a good idea.”

“Well, leaving you isn’t happening. And the club is flooded with the laws by now, so going back there ain’t an option for me. I just got off probation.”

“This is crazy.” She blew an air of frustration. “I can’t go home with no phone, Prosper. I just moved into my place and haven’t had time to get a landline connected. I have to be able to keep trying to call my sisters, at least.”

“You can have my phone for the night. Just keep calling until they pick up.”

“What? No. I can’t take your phone.”

“Well, you coming to my crib wit’ me then? You can keep using it there.” I eyed her, hoping she’d say yes.

Instead, she cut her eyes at me. “Absolutely not.”

“Aight, then. I got another phone. Don’t worry about it. I’ll get it back from you another day.”

Reluctantly, she leaned back in the seat and gave me directions to her place as I pulled off.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:49 pm*

Nia’Rose.

Nervously, I fidgeted with my nails as we pulled into the gates of my townhome. I was on edge for several reasons. One, I had to catch a ride with my student, and now this man had the code to access where I rested my head. To make matters worse, neither of my sisters still wasn’t answering their phones. I told myself that if they didn’t respond by the time I changed, I’d jump into my car and race back to the club. I was worried sick.

“Thanks for everything,” I said to Prosper as he came to a complete stop. “I’ll get your phone back to you right after I go to Verizon tomorrow.”

The situation was far from appropriate, but I couldn't overlook the fact that he had been a true gentleman, ensuring I made it home safely.

“You don’t have to rush with the phone. I ain’t trippin’.”

Just then, his phone rang, breaking the awkward silence that was forming between us. I glanced down and saw Shay’s number flashing on his screen. I answered immediately.

“Sis,” I deeply exhaled in relief.

“Girl... sis! I am so glad it’s you. Where are you?”

“I made it home.”

“What? How?”

“Once I couldn’t find you guys, I got a ride from someone I knew at the club. I’m okay, just was worried about you and Steph. I was about to head back there now that I’m near my car.”

“No, no! Stay home. Too much going on out here. We’re fine. We were just freaking out when we couldn’t find you. The damn cops came and cleared the club. They wouldn’t let anyone back inside. Me and Steph left our phones in the car. We just came and got them. Where’s your phone?”

“I lost mine. It was inside my clutch. The strap must’ve slipped from my wrist when I was running. Those gunshots scared the hell out of my ass.”

“Don’t remind me. Girl, that was crazy.”

“Yep, and just so we are clear, I’m never going out with you chicken heads again. I swear every place you pick ends up being crazy, Shay.”

“Damn, I know, right? Ugh. I’m starting to think I’m cursed.”

We both laughed.

“I’ll get a new phone tomorrow and call you guys.” I promised her.

“Okay, make sure you do.”

“And you’re safe at home, right?” Stephanie’s voice chimed in from the background.

Knowing how overprotective she was, I decided to FaceTime. When she answered, I said,

“Yes, sis. I promise I’m fine.”

She breathed a sigh of relief seeing me. “And who you said brought you home, again?”

I snickered, knowing she remembered my earlier explanation; she was just trying to see if my story would change. To her, that meant potential danger.

“Someone I ran into that I know. I promise I’m good.” I downplayed.

“Okay, I love you. Call me as soon as you get your phone, Nia.”

“Will do. Love you too.”

After ending the call, I glanced back at Prosper and placed the phone inside his cup holder. “Guess I don’t need this after all.”

“Nah, you still need it.”

“I know my sisters are safe, and I’m going to the phone store first thing in the morning. I don’t need it.”

“Look, it ain’t safe for you to be home alone all night without a phone. You either keep it, or I’ll take you to my place until the phone store opens.”

“Quit threatening me with your place. That’s not happening.”

“And neither is you giving up the phone.” Prosper reached down, grabbed the phone, and placed it back on my thigh. “Shit,”

As he winced, I realized he had accidentally grabbed it with his injured hand. The

phone was now smeared with blood. My gaze then drifted to his wrapped hand, and I suddenly remembered I hadn't asked what caused this.

"What happened?"

He shrugged. "Chasing after you, I stumbled into a table. Shit had broken glass on it."

"I see," I replied, my concern growing. "You must've cut it pretty badly. It's soaking through your shirt."

"It's all good. And...worth it. I wasn't about to let shit happen to you."

Looking into his eyes, I felt a spark of something I couldn't quite understand. We held each other's gaze until I broke the tension of whatever the hell was brewing between us and reached out to unwrap and carefully examine his hand. Why? I'm not exactly sure what compelled me to do this.

"Your next stop should be an emergency room. You need to have a doctor look at this ASAP."

"Nah, I'ma just go home and clean it up myself."

"You can't just clean this up yourself. The wound is way too deep."

"I ain't got time to be sittin' up in no hospital. I'm straight."

"Don't be ignorant," I said as I examined the blood loss further. "The bleeding hasn't stopped. I'm pretty sure you'll need stitches."

"Stitches?"

“Yeah. I mean look at it.”

Prosper glanced down, nonchalantly. “Shit... it don’t look that bad to me.”

The look on his face told me that he wouldn’t go to a doctor, no matter what I said. Typical hood nigga; he truly did not give a fuck.

“You’re really not going to go to a hospital no matter what I say, are you?”

“Nah, I ain’t even gon hold you, mama.”

“Okay, Prosper. What if I stitch it? After all you did for me tonight, it’s the least I could do.”

His eyes shot up from his hand to me, and his black ass started grinning like he’d hit the lottery. I instantly regretted my genuine kindness.

“What you know about stitching, Ms. Mosley?”

“A lot, actually. I was taught as a teenager.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. It’s either stitches or you let that thing stay open and get infected. A severe infection can lead to permanent scarring or worse—amputation.”

“A nigga ain’t trippin’ ‘bout no scarring, but I ain’t tryna lose my fuckin’ hand.”

“Well,” I shrugged, leaving the ball in his court.

“Aight, say less. Let’s do it then, baby.”

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Prosper.

“Don’t call me that.” Ms. Mosley warned, frowning.

I admired the scowl, thinking she was sexy as hell when she was irritated. “I love callin’ you that though.”

She sighed in defeat before saying, “I’ll bring everything down and get you cleaned up. Then you go, okay?”

“Aight,”

After watching her safely walk into her place, I backed into a nearby parking space so that I could make sure I saw her clearly when she stepped back out. It took her a minute and I began to think she had changed her mind and decided to leave my ass out here, looking goofy. But the joke was on her because I wasn’t going nowhere. She had me worried that something might’ve happened in that muthafucka.

Just as I was about to go knock on her door, I saw her come out with a first aid kit. As she locked her door, I noticed she had changed her heels to neutral-colored Crocs, pinned her hair up, and put on her glasses.

“Thought you forgot about me,” I said as she slid into the passenger seat.

“No, couldn’t find my glasses.”

“You just losing everything tonight, huh, beautiful?”

“Prosper, let me see.” She smacked her lips, ignoring my flirtation.

Handing her my hand, I watched as she began to clean and prep it. Her touch was soft as fuck, and the warmth of her manicured hand against mine made it difficult for me to maintain my composure. Soon, I felt my dick hardening again.

Thankfully, the light in the middle of the car only illuminated my hand, drawing her focus solely on the wound. After cleaning it, she retrieved the needle and thread. But just before she started, I reached into the cupholder, grabbed my Styrofoam cup I was sipping on prior to the club, and settled back in my seat to relax.

“That’s not a good idea.” She cut her eyes at my cup.

“Why not?”

"You're drinking Lean, which contains codeine and is very dangerous. Not to mention, you've lost blood. This puts you at a higher risk of getting into an accident."

“Nah, I’m straight.”

“Prosper,” she stared at me, worried.

“You really care about my well-being, huh?”

She rolled her eyes. “I’m just a good person.”

We stared at one another before I broke the silence. “I promise not to finish it, aight? Just sippin’ to alleviate the pain.”

Nodding, she went back at it. I didn’t even realize how deep the cut was until I watched her get me together. About thirty-five minutes later, I was straight.

“Who taught you to stitch, baby?” I questioned curiously, but she remained quiet.

“So, we back to the quiet game?”

“When you address me properly, I’ll speak.”

“Who taught you to stitch, Ms. Mosley.” I gave in, only for the moment though.

Pausing as she applied the gauze to my wound, she glanced up over her glasses and said,

“My father. He’s a surgeon.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s dope but weird as fuck. I mean I get he’s a surgeon but what’s the reason you needed to know that? He just decided to teach you that shit out of the blue or there was a purpose?”

A faint grin tugged at the corner of her lips, but she quickly concealed it. “You have a very potty mouth, Mr. Shakur.”

“You don’t like that, baby? I can change it.”

“Jesus,” She huffed, visibly defeated.

“There was a purpose. One day, Steph cut her leg badly while we were camping. I watched my father stitch it up, and he noticed my interest. From then on, he made it a point to practice with me. Honestly, he taught us many things because he wanted us to be self-sufficient. I can change a tire better than a man.”

“I think that’s dope,” I nodded my head, applauding her pops. He sounded like a good nigga. “But wasn’t needed.”

“Why not?”

“Cause one day you would meet and marry me, and when you mine, you don’t touch tires. In fact, you hardly touch anything at all. I do everything for you.”

She shook her head. “Alright... I think my kindness tonight has you confused. Let’s get something straight. I’m not yours and will never be yours.”

I leaned over the console, closing the small gap between us. “Was it just kindness when you let me hold you in that club? Or was it you genuinely feelin’ me? ‘Cause even your body told me you were mine.”

Her brows dipped. “No, that was me drunk, and I can admit that it was totally out of line. But I promise it won’t ever happen again.” She released my hand and grabbed her kit to leave. “Good night, Prosper.”

“Nah, hold up, mama. I didn’t mean no disrespect.” I hurriedly reached for her as she opened the door, purposely allowing another wince to escape me. I pretended as if the pain from my wound was more intense than it was.

“Fuck,” I laid it on thick.

“You need to ease up on that hand.” She fell right into my trap, her eyes brimming with concern. Ms. Mosley had a heart of gold; I had noticed that too over the past few months of her being my professor.

“Those stitches can bust if you’re not careful.”

“Yes, ma’am.” I fell in line before she took off on my black ass for real.

“Prosper, what else do you want? I really need to go.”

"Just wanted to let you know that you forgot your keys." I dangled the keys I had discreetly taken from the cupholder earlier near my chest.

“Now, how you gonna get inside your crib without ‘em?”

Her nose flared.

“Or better yet, how will you get around tomorrow?”

“Give them here.”

Ms. Mosley tried to reach for the keys, but I quickly concealed them near my left side. If she wanted them, she’d have to come across my lap and take them, which was exactly what I craved for her to do.

“Prosper,” she called, hesitating to lean over and collect.

“Hm?”

“What are you doing? Just give me my goddamn keys.”

A grin spread across my face at the sound of that. “I see I’m not the only one with a potty mouth, Ms. Mosley.”

“Just give me my keys.”

“I will... after we talk more.”

“I’m done talking to you.”

“Don’t be like that wit’ me. I won’t keep you long.”

Realizing I wouldn’t give in, she eventually slammed the door shut. “What do you want to talk about?”

I watched as she began to pick at her nails, trying to mask her nervousness. It hit me that she had gotten them redone. “I love that color on you the most.” I told her.

“What do you mean, the most?”

“You often rotate between pink, black, and white polish. I’m telling you that I love black the most on you.”

“And why is that?”

“It’s my favorite color and you look good as hell in it.”

She nodded, chewing on the corner of her lip. “You pay that much attention, huh?”

“I do,” I made clear, taking things a step further. “I’m taking you out next weekend.”

“Come again?” Her head whipped around to face me.

“Yeah, Friday at 7 PM, to be exact. So, wear a black dress for me.”

“Prosper, I already told your psychotic ass I’m not going on a date with you.”

I chuckled at the insult. “Deep down, you want to, though.”

Ms. Mosley grew quiet on me, battling with her emotions. I could see the tension written all over her face.

“Nia’Rose,” I called out, using the name from my class schedule to grab her attention as I draped my arm around her headrest.

Nervously, she glanced up at me, and I leaned in closer, catching the faint scent of the martinis she had been sipping.

“You know I appreciate you for taking care of me tonight, right?” I thanked her.

“No problem.”

I noticed her heart rate quickening against her exposed chest from my proximity.

“So, let me show that appreciation.”

“How?”

“Let me take you out and spoil you, mama.”

"I can't do that, Prosper."

“Why not?” I then traced a line from her bottom lip down to the center of her neck and across the curve of her breast, which sat up beautifully in her dress. Shit was certainly out of line, but I couldn’t help myself. Like a moth to a flame, I was drawn to her.

“Stop,” she said, gently pulling my hand away. But it wasn’t a gesture of discomfort; it was a sign of her desire, mingled with a fear of crossing boundaries. If she had truly been angry with my actions, I’m sure she would have struck me and exited the

vehicle long before now.

“You know why.”

“Is you being my professor the only reason you won’t?”

She shifted, twirling a piece of her hair. “There are others.”

“But is that the biggest reason? ‘Cause I’m positive the other shit can be worked out.”

Silence hung heavily between us.

“Keep it real with me. It’s just us here. No need to put on a front. I promise I won’t tell a soul.” I pushed.

“It’s not you telling that frightens me, Prosper. It’s the thought of you discovering the truth and fighting even harder for me that gives me pause.”

“What’s the truth?” I hooked her chin. I was finally getting somewhere... we were getting somewhere.

“Your presence makes me weak.”

“The feeling is mutual, baby.”

She shut her eyes. “And because of that, I can’t have you fighting harder because I just might cave.”

“Answer my question.”

“ Yes ,” she opened her eyes, her voice barely above a whisper as if admitting it

brought her a sense of embarrassment. “You being my student is the biggest reason I can’t do this. So, can I have my keys so I can go on about my way?”

I released her as my gaze wandered into the darkness beyond the window. I was plotting my next move.

“Prosper, can I have my keys now?” She repeated.

Loving the way my name rolled off her lips, I played nice, lifting the keys into the air.

Ms. Mosley eyed them, took a deep breath, and reached over my lap. That’s when I seized the moment. She was right. Now that I knew the truth, I would fight harder with the hope that she’d finally fuckin’ break.

My lips crashed against hers, and her body melted into mine like she had already anticipated my move. I started with a gentle peck. When she didn’t pull away, it deepened into something more, me capturing her bottom lip and hungrily sucking on that muthafucka. The soft whimper that escaped her made my dick hard as a rock again. However, for a quick second, I felt her body stiffen on me as if she were having second thoughts.

“Relax, baby. Don’t paint me to be that kind of nigga.” I begged her to let go of her reservations, to embrace the chemistry that was so potent between us.

“What do you mean?”

“Paint me as if I’m taking shit from you. I want you to open up to me. Show me you want me too, ‘cause I know you do. I can sense it.”

“I do want you.” She let slip.

“Then show me.”

She surrendered with a nod, parting her lips. The tip of my tongue sought hers and I licked repeatedly before fully claiming it.

“Mmmmmmm,” she moaned, and in that instant, her body was mine again.

Not giving a fuck about these stitches, I placed one hand on her ass, squeezing while the other slid down the straps of her dress. As the fabric fell away, her breasts revealed themselves, and I couldn't help but whistle at the sight.

Ms. Mosley was likely a C-cup, and her large brown nipples contrasted beautifully against her lighter skin, bringing out the dawg in me. Leaning down, I latched onto one while my hand slid up her dress. My fingers hooked the center of her panties, exploring until I eased two into her.

“Ahhhh,” she gasped, arching her back and rocking against my hand.

Captivated by the sound of her wetness, I withdrew my fingers and brought them to my nose, savoring her scent as she watched me intently. Highly satisfied, I tasted every drop she produced, and then gently slid back inside her. Her pussy immediately responded, clamping down as if it had missed me in that brief moment.

This time, after collecting her arousal, I freed myself from my pants and used it to stroke as I refocused on her breasts. I pleased us both repeatedly until the urgency became overwhelming. I craved more. I needed her tight ass pussy wrapped around my dick, and I needed it now.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:49 pm*

Nia’Rose

With my back arched and my head tilted upward, I reveled in the sensation of Prosper's mouth against my skin, my hand gripping the back of his head. But then, he broke our connection for the second time, leaving me feeling a deep ache from the abruptness. My eyes searched his, confusion furrowing my brows.

“C’mere,” he ordered, tilting his head slightly to signal me to come sit on his lap.

I lowered my gaze to the massive, veiny pole that poked between his legs, glistening with my essence. At that moment, I understood the sudden pause; Prosper needed more. He needed to connect with the source of where those juices were created.

I also understood that in that moment I had fucked up, letting things go way too far. However, I refused to turn back now, especially not after seeing what he had to offer me.

“My God...” I whispered as I examined his length... his thickness...his discoloration. Prosper was blessed with way more than just his good looks.

Before I knew it, I was swept up for moving too slowly and gently placed on his lap. I’d never admit it to him, but his take-charge attitude was incredibly attractive to me. Swiftly, he reclined his seat all the way back as I adjusted my trembling legs on either side of him. Once I was settled, he leaned in close, kissing and exploring every inch of my body with his hands. He took his time too.

“You tense again, mama. You don’t want me?”

Prosper looked up at me with the most seductive gaze I'd ever encountered, forcing me to be compliant.

"I do,"

"Aight then. Fuck I tell ya? Show me." He followed up with another kiss on my neck, and my body immediately obliged to the peace and warmth he was offering.

By the time Prosper finished exploring me with his lips, my dress and thong had been torn away by his slick ass hands, leaving me completely exposed in his slab. Yeah, he was certainly a criminal.

What the hell, Nia? I chastised myself as I watched him remove his shirt and then roll on a condom that he'd retrieved from the console.

"Let me feel that pussy, baby. I know this muthafucka feel as good as it tastes." He said beneath me, regaining my focus.

Prosper was stroking his dick and licking his lips as if he were dying to have me, and that was all it took to push my better judgment aside. He looked so damn good. In a moment of reckless behavior, I lifted myself and then lowered my pussy onto him.

"Shit," we both hissed, caught in the overwhelming sensation of our bodies connecting.

Unprepared for what he offered, my body froze in place halfway and Prosper quickly stepped in to assist. He placed his hands on my hips, slowly easing me down his girth while kissing me hungrily. His thickness stretched me wide. The sensation was a mix of both pain and pleasure as I adjusted to his size.

"Yeah, this shit good as fuck," he growled, pausing momentarily. "Why the fuck yo'

pussy so tight like this, Nia?” His upper lip curled.

I couldn't even answer him. I was too busy whimpering.

Once he was buried deep, we both had to take a moment to steady ourselves. I could feel what he felt; my walls clung to him perfectly, almost as if my pussy had been designed just for him. The intensity was driving me wild, and he hadn't even started to move yet.

Gripping my ass cheeks, Prosper began to slowly glide me up and down his dick as we locked eyes. We soaked up the moment together, both of our mouths parting. I was sure he felt the same disbelief I did; we were really doing this, and it felt amazing.

“You feel so fuckin’ good to me. You mine fasho.” Prosper professed, leaning in to bite my neck.

The combination of his words and the sensation of his grill sinking into my skin sent shivers down my spine.

“Ahhhhhhh,”

“I feel good to you, Nia?”

“You do,” I promised him, lost in a state of pure ecstasy.

“Tell me that shit then.”

He tore into my flesh again.

“I can feel you all over me, and you feel sooo good, Prosper.” I cowered, wincing.

“Fuckkk,”

Prosper changed the pace, slamming me down onto his rod with rapid intensity. I screamed so loudly from the powerful impact that I feared the neighbors might hear and call the police. He must have had the same concern because he quickly placed a hand over my mouth, all while still rearranging my guts.

The car shook with each and every thrust, the windows were now ridiculously fogged and the sound of our bodies colliding drowned out the low screw music that had been playing.

Drawing his hand back, Prosper slapped my ass cheek hard.

“Oooh, c...careful.” I managed to say before my eyes rolled into the back of my head. “Y...your stitches.”

“You think I give a fuck about these stitches right now?” He replied, smacking my ass again before inserting his middle finger into my butt.

“Ohhhhh myyyyy,” my stomach tightened.

“Fuck, cum on this dick.” He recognized the sign.

And my body responded, releasing waves of my honey. Loudly, I cried out, drenching him.

After I came, Prosper instructed me to get into the backseat. Without complaint, I obeyed, crawling back and waiting for him. But he surprised me when he joined me in a way I hadn't anticipated. Instead of sitting down for me to get back on top, he had something else in mind.

His Cadillac CTS wasn't a bedroom, but it was spacious and Prosper got the job done. He got on his knees on the back floor, spreading my legs in the air, and buried his face in my pussy. He devoured me, licking and sucking as if I were the last meal he would ever eat.

"Mmmmm, ahhhh, Prosper." I couldn't help but moan his name when he spit on my clit, then latched on to it.

"Say my shit louder," he commanded, pausing to kiss the insides of my thighs.

The heat of his breath heightened my senses, giving me the urge to comply. "Prosperrrrrr,"

"Hell yeah," he nodded, diving back in.

Prosper must have been eating my pussy for twenty minutes straight before I finally surrendered to him again. I had to give it to him. He was a selfless man, wanting to make sure I was highly satisfied before he got his. And after I came, he rose, pinning his body against mine.

"I just wanna please you, mama." He said, guiding his dick back inside me.

And I moaned on impact, ecstatic to feel it again. "You are pleasing me. You feel so good inside of my pussy." I couldn't help the dirty words that flew from my mouth.

With one of my thighs lifted on his shoulder, Prosper stroked at a steady pace while offering me his tongue to suck on. And when I finished clearing my essence, he rested his head in the crook of my neck as he pushed deeper, creating a sense of intimacy that both frightened me and made me feel soft inside.

I was caught between the thrill of the moment and the aftermath of what this could

bring. Prosper wasn't just fucking me like a nigga who just wanted pussy for the night. No. He was fucking me as if I was indeed his and he owned this pussy for life.

"You're so dangerous, Prosper Shakur." I couldn't help but say, overwhelmed by how good he felt.

"Neva to you though. To you, I'll always be a good nigga, Nia'Rose."

"My goodness..."

Hanging on to his every word, I rubbed his back with one hand while the other gripped the nape of his neck. He was a sweaty mess, but I did not give a fuck. In this instance, I craved every bit of this chocolate goodness.

I found myself offering Prosper comfort as if he were truly my man. I kissed and massaged him while he fucked me down. As wrong as this shit was, it felt so right. So right that I spread my legs even wider for him and rested one foot on his window, heightening his excitement at my flexibility.

He fucked me harder.

He fucked me deeper.

The fucking was so good that I began to drool. Prosper didn't hesitate to lick it from the corner of my lips either. At some point, he slowed down his movements as he stared deeply into my eyes. There was something about the way this young nigga always looked at me that ignited a fire in my soul, making me weak.

Right now, with my titties pressed against his chains, I felt powerless to consider the consequences of our actions. I was too lost in the heat of what we were sharing. My hips moved in a circle instead, perfectly matching his intense rhythm.

“What you doing to me, Nia’Rose?” He questioned, his eyes low and droopy with passion.

“W...whatever it is you’re doing to me.” I replied breathlessly, feeling our connection intensify as the moonlight beamed down upon us.

He opened his mouth to respond, but his words got tangled in a deep grunt this time.

“What?” I asked him, kissing his jaw as it tightened. The dick had me all in.

“I’m nuttin’,” he confessed, pinning my thighs even deeper into the peanut butter seats. “Fuckkkk...” His grip was so tight that he left marks all over my thighs.

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After our passionate encounter, I sank into the couch, lost in deep thought. Sleep was the last thing on my mind. Somehow, Prosper had not only charmed his way into my panties but into my home as well. He had asked to use the restroom, and before I knew it, he was sitting right next to me. Awkward, was an understatement.

As Prosper stared at me, my thoughts raced with how I would get him to leave. I had crossed a line, and now I was back at square one. A bundle of nerves, fearing the repercussions this would have on my career if anyone found out.

“So, you just gonna ignore me?” He asked, stopping me from picking at my nails.

Removing my hand from his, I turned to respond to him, but a soft knock at the door made me freeze in confusion. The sound surprised Prosper too, and he looked at me quizzically.

“Expecting someone?” he asked with squinted eyes.

“No,” I whispered, glancing nervously at the clock on the wall.

Without hesitation, Prosper reached for the gun tucked in his waistband. “You okay with me getting i—?”

“Sis, it’s me,” Stephanie called out, cutting him short.

My heart dropped as I listened to her knock once more. I shot a glance back at Prosper.

“Shit, it’s my sister,” I whispered.

“I see that,” he replied, unfazed.

“Can you go inside my bedroom and wait there? I’m sure she just came to check on me.”

“You want me to hide, baby?” He questioned, his expression intense. “I’m a grown ass man.”

“It has nothing to do with us being grown, Prosper. I don’t want her seeing you here for my own personal reasons.”

Another knock echoed through the door, this time harder. “Sissy, open up, or I’m calling the police. I can’t find my goddamn key.”

“Prosper, please.”

“Aight, calm down.” He got up, doing as I asked.

After he closed the bedroom door, I sprang up to unlock the front door. As I did so, it

hit me that I was still without underwear, thanks to Prosper having torn the ones I wore to the club in half.

“I’m coming,” I called, trying to sound normal though I was nervous.

I did not need my sister to see Prosper again and ask a million questions. Granted, I was grown as hell. But I couldn’t decide which would be more embarrassing: her thinking I had a one-night stand with a guy I barely knew or her finding out that I actually knew him, and he was my fuckin’ student.

I fumbled with the lock, clearly taking too long for Stephanie’s liking. As soon as the door swung open, she barged in. I shouldn’t have been surprised she popped up; it was so her to do so.

“Sis, girl. What the hell are you doing here so late?” I asked.

“I had to make sure you were okay.” She replied, looking me over.

“I just bet you did. I told you I was fine over the phone.”

“Yeah, but I had to be sure. You’re out here hitching rides and shit. A muthafucka ain’t gonna kidnap you and make you tell me some bullshit to keep me from thinking you’re in danger.”

“Steph, please. No one has kidnapped me. I told you to stop watching that damn Criminal Minds. It’s got you paranoid and overthinking everything.”

I plopped down onto the couch with my blanket, and boy, did I regret it. My pussy and legs ached so much that I bit down on my bottom lip to ease the discomfort.

She laughed, easing up. “Mmhm, whatever. Tonight was crazy. I just had to confirm

with my own two eyes.”

“It was, but I’m okay. Now that you see, you can go home, heffa.”

“Not you kicking me out.” She snickered, heading toward the kitchen. “And what’s that smell in here? Smells so good.”

Inwardly, I cursed myself for letting Prosper in, fully aware of the scent she was referring to. It was the same intoxicating fragrance that often left me weak in the knees and had me sprawled out in the backseat of a slab like some lovestruck teenager just an hour ago.

“What does it smell like?” I asked, playing dumb.

“Chile, a fine ass chocolate man. That’s what.”

And is. I thought but laughed instead, trying to keep my composure.

“Let me find out you brought that fine ass youngin’ from the club home with you.”

“Bitch, hush. No.” I lied straight through my teeth. “Must be my new Mahogany Teakwood candle. I got the intense kind this time.”

“Girl, I haven’t been to Bath & Body Works in ages. I remember it smelling like cologne, but damn, I don’t recall it smelling that good. I might just have to snag one from your stash.”

“No, ma’am. I don’t have any extras, so go home. And what you in my kitchen for?” I hurriedly changed the subject.

“Ugh, someone had too many drinks at the club. You real cranky.” Stephanie rolled

her eyes. “I just need to get Shay an energy drink. She’s gonna kill me. She told me your ass was fine, but I insisted on us driving all the way here anyway.”

“And for nothing,” I added.

“Yep, but oh well. I’d rather be safe than sorry. She can fuss all she wants. You bitches wouldn’t be alive today if it weren’t for my ways.”

She was right. One summer, many years ago, I wanted to go swimming while she had a headache. She told me to stay put until she felt better, but I ignored her and went with Shay and a few of her friends, and I nearly drowned. Luckily, Stephanie had come to the neighborhood pool to check on us and caught me just in time. And the number of sticky situations she’d gotten Shay out of had become countless.

“No argument there, ma’am.” I told her.

As she moved around the kitchen, I silently counted down in my head. She grabbed Shay a Red Bull and herself a pack of Fruit Snacks.

“Okay, okay. I’ll get out of your hair. Goodnight, my love. And no church for me tomorrow, unfortunately. I’ll be in bed all day. My head is throbbing. Kiss Daddy for me and tell him I’m sorry.”

“Alright, love you.” I hugged her.

“Love you too, sis.”

Once Stephanie was gone, I locked the door and walked into my bedroom. Prosper was sitting on the edge of the bed, his large hands clasped, looking so damn good.

“Hey,” I said softly.

“Sup,” he replied, chunking his head up. “Mahogany Teakwood, huh?” he joked. “My T lady loves that shit.”

I offered a half-smile but did not indulge in the banter. Truthfully, now that everything had settled, I felt uneasy about my actions.

Pulling me by the hand, Prosper guided me between his legs. To my surprise, I didn’t object. However, I did feel the need to share my thoughts as he abruptly lifted my dress over his head, taking a sniff of my scent.

Whew, stay focused, Nia’Rose.

“Tonight was good.” I couldn’t help but be honest with him and myself.

“Tonight was great ,” he corrected, kissing my landing strip.

“It was but this can’t go any further, okay?”

Removing my dress from over his head, Prosper looked up at me, perplexed. “What you mean?”

“Exactly what I said. Again, tonight was amazing. If I’m being honest, it was just what I needed. But it can’t happen again.”

“After what I just felt, I’m not tryna hear that shit, Nia.” Prosper squeezed my thighs.

In response, I cradled his handsome face in my hands, my thumb tracing the small tattoo beside his eye. My goodness, he was so handsome... so rugged...and so off-limits.

“In a perfect world, we would’ve met under different circumstances. You’d chase me,

I'd finally break, we'd have incredible sex, and I might be open to whatever you're trying to offer me beyond tonight. But that's not the case for us, Prosper. We have to be realistic about this. I can't let one night of passion cloud my judgment. You are my student." I borrowed his words from class, attempting to persuade myself more than him.

He sighed before nodding. "I understand that, but—"

"But nothing. You care about my livelihood in some capacity, right?"

"I cared about ya period before I even understood why, Nia'Rose."

Closing my eyes, I had to bite my bottom lip to stop myself from kissing his sexy chocolate lips. The way the light caught his golds was intoxicating, and I felt the heat rising in my chest. But it was really how Prosper carried himself that did it for me more than anything. He often spoke with a maturity that belied his age, his words thoughtful and measured.

"Well, if you care about me as much as you claim you do, you wouldn't want to risk putting my livelihood in even more jeopardy. I worked so hard for my career."

Silence hung between us for a moment before he shook his head. "Damn, you gonna pull that on me again, huh?"

"You have to go," I said, my voice firmer this time.

Disappointed, he sat there for another five seconds before rising to his towering height. "Are you sho, baby?"

"Positive," I replied, trying to sound resolute, though my body and newfound feelings begged him to stay. Despite what I often told him, I absolutely loved when he called

me 'baby.'

"Aight, but only on one condition." His gaze connected with mine.

"What is it?"

Bending down to reach my ear, Prosper drew me closer and whispered,

"You let me feel you all night."

I promise on my mother's grave that I was about to say no, however, my words got caught in my throat when I felt his tongue slip into my mouth and his large dick pressing against me. We shared a deep, passionate kiss with his hand gripping my throat, and I found myself weak for him all over again.

"You give me all night wit' ya, and I'll let you be, aight?" He negotiated, lifting my dress and squeezing my ass cheeks. "Aight?" Then he lowered himself to his knees, kissing my core.

"Okay," I nodded, helplessly. "Okay."

He positioned me on the bed, spreading my legs wide and asking me to hold them in place. And as I complied, he quickly shed his clothes and applied another rubber. When he returned between my thighs, a gasp of pleasure escaped my lips. This time, we had more space and light, allowing me to watch him vividly as he savored every inch of me.

"Name fits you well, Nia. You smell so good." He said, rubbing his nose against my slit before licking it again. "Just like a rose."

My body trembled in response.

"And it's so fuckin' beautiful. When you had this pussy waxed, did you know it would be for me?"

I couldn't help but leak.

He slipped two fingers inside me, moving in and out while teasing my clit with the tip of his tongue. He maintained this rhythm for a while before varying the pace. When he simultaneously targeted my G-spot, the pleasure intensified, and a wave of sensation washed over me, creating an overwhelming feeling as if I had to pee.

"Ohhhh, wait. Prosper, wait." I tried to push his head away, but he wouldn't budge.

"Nah, you said I could have you all night, baby. Lay yo' pretty ass back down."

"But it feels like I have to pee."

"So pee then." He sucked on my pussy lips, coaxing me further.

Caught off guard by his encouragement and unable to resist his strength, I found myself forced to stay still and surrender to his passion. Moments later, fluid shot from me in a way I had never experienced before.

"Ahhhhhhh."

Prosper whistled, looking up at me, his beard drenched. "Well, would you look at that."

"I'm so sor—"

"You just squirted all over me. I love that shit. Ain't no need to be sorry."

After eagerly cleaning up my mess with his tongue, Prosper removed my dress and flipped my body over, positioning me on all fours. With protection already on, he pressed my face into the comforter and entered me with vengeance. The way I instantly creamed, you'd think it had been ages since I last had him. But no, it was just that I was as eager as he was for this next round.

Balls deep, Prosper fucked me. It seemed to me that he was seasoned at this shit.

“Ooooooooooh,”

“Fuckkkk,” he groaned, drowning out my loud howls. “I don’t give a fuck what you say. This pussy mine, Nia.”

“Mmmmm.”

“Shit’s mine,” he pounded into me harder, leaving me no choice but to agree.

“Yes.”

“Say it.”

“Every inch of my pussy is yours, Prosper Shakur.” I went along with his fantasy for the night.

“That’s what a nigga knows.” He slapped my ass cheek before slowing his rhythm.

Finally able to catch my breath, I lifted my head and glanced back at him, instantly mesmerized once more. His marked and sculpted physique was a masterpiece. As his dick massaged my g-spot, his eyes locked onto mine, coaxing out words from me that I desperately tried to suppress.

“You look so good.”

He smirked at the compliment, his hands roaming all over my backside as he deep stroked me. “And you look so beautiful while taking this dick.”

“Prosper.”

“Hm?” He licked his lips. “What is it, mama?”

“I don’t even know.”

He chuckled, gripping me by the throat and pulling my back against his chest. He kept his pace while offering me his tongue. I noticed he loved doing that. Being a kisser myself, I couldn’t resist taking hold of it. We shared another long, deep kiss, but this time it was sloppy, fueled by desire and emotion.

“Open your mouth wider for me.” Prosper commanded, yanking my head down by my hair.

And I did.

He spat into it, and to my shock, I swallowed without complaint. I had never done anything like that before. He had unlocked a new kink. My pussy grew even wetter.

“You taste good, hm?” he asked, referring to my juices he collected earlier.

“Yeah.”

“That’s why I can’t keep my mouth off of ya, baby.”

As soon as the words left his lips, I pulled him back in for another passionate kiss.

Once again, I was all in.

“Damnnn,” Prosper moaned against my lips, still fucking me from behind. “I’m ‘bout to nut, mama.”

“Me too.”

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The next morning, I woke up and, after half an hour of fussing and rebandaging Prosper’s wound, I finally managed to get him out of my place. I quickly took a shower and got dressed, opting for my navy blue Stratosphere Suiting Stripes Pant Set.

I sleeked my hair up into a neat bun, not having much time to flat iron it. In a rush to hit the phone store before the second service at church began, I left right after putting on my pumps. Out with the old and in with the new, I decided to change my number, hoping for a fresh start.

After leaving Verizon, I arrived at church just in time and spotted my father waiting in his truck. I smiled and gathered myself, despite the lingering ache in my body from the night with Prosper. I quickly popped two Tylenol Extra Strengths with a bottle of water, reapplied my lipstick, and stepped out. As soon as I did, I regretted not taking a page from Stephanie's book and staying home. My thighs were sore as if I’d just finished an intense workout. In a way, I suppose I had.

“Baby girl,” my father greeted me with a warm hug. No matter how old we got, we would always be his baby girls in his eyes.

Franklin Mosley was an upstanding man, an exceptional heart surgeon, and a pillar of the community. He embodied the essence of Black excellence, and I felt incredibly

fortunate to call him my father. Did I also mention that he was a God-fearing man?

“Hey, daddy,” I replied, feeling comforted by his presence. He looked so handsome in a nicely tailored suit, his salt-and-pepper hair freshly cut.

“Your sister isn’t coming today?” He asked, glancing inside my car window for a glimpse of Stephanie.

“No, she told me to tell you she’s so sorry. She isn’t feeling too well.”

“Ah, okay. Anything serious I should be worried about?”

“No, just a bad hangover.” I kept it real, and he chuckled.

“Let me guess. Y’all stepped out last night.”

“Yep, with Shay .”

“Ah, man. Enough said.”

We shared a laugh, both knowing that Shay partied just as hard as her father—his best friend.

“I’ll call and check in on her later. How are you feeling?”

He stared me down, attempting to gauge whether I was still grappling with heartbreak.

“Um, I’m actually just fine today, daddy.”

“That’s my girl. Let’s gone and get in here.”

As we walked side by side, catching up on our busy week, I was reminded of the other reason why I couldn't take things further with Prosper. We were from two completely different worlds. The night we shared would have to stay buried in my mind...

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:49 pm*

A month later.

Nia'Rose

It had been another long day filled with lecturing and grading papers while my students took their tests. Feeling restless, I decided to take a break and enjoy a few sips of my tea. While breaking, my gaze inadvertently drifted to Prosper's old seat. I say "old" because, for the past two weeks, he had vanished without a trace. I hadn't seen him at all.

Initially, I thought Prosper might have dropped my class to escape the cold shoulder I had given him following the passionate night we shared. However, after finally checking with a few of his other professors earlier today, I learned that he had stopped attending their classes around the same time as well.

With a heavy sigh, I took another sip of my tea and tried to refocus on my work. Once all my students had finished testing, we discussed the expectations for an upcoming project due soon. By the time class ended, my thoughts were in turmoil, thinking where the hell could Prosper be.

The fact that he hadn't informed any of us that he would be away for an extended period raised a red flag for me. In the few months I had gotten to know him, I learned that he was genuinely committed to earning his degree. To me, that meant something could be wrong.

Turning on my computer, I sat there for what felt like an hour, telling myself not to look up his name. My anxiety was through the roof, and I feared that someone might

be monitoring my actions; searching for him could raise suspicions. But then I recognized that it was just my guilty ass conscience gnawing at me for fucking that man. I had every right to figure out why my student was missing class. Once I came to that realization, I managed to calm down and type his name into the school database.

Prosper Alonso Shakur's name, accompanied by his student photo, appeared instantly on the screen. But to my surprise and dismay, I was met with the news that he had transferred to another campus. Stunned, I sat there for another ten minutes, trying to process the information, before finally collecting my belongings and heading to the first floor.

The elevator ride felt interminable as I was overwhelmed with conflicting emotions. Part of me wanted to celebrate finally freeing myself from Prosper and the hope that my secret could fade away with him. Yet, another part couldn't shake the sadness of potentially never seeing him again. By the time I reached my car in the parking lot, I took a deep breath and somehow managed to let the situation go.

Fifteen minutes later, I pulled into the lot of my local Walmart and treated myself to a few snacks, including a bucket of ice cream. Once home, I took a quick shower and then climbed into bed. I buried myself under the covers and turned on the TV.

With *Saw* playing in the background on the big screen, I ate my ice cream and tuned in. I planned to watch the entire series. It was my favorite. Not too sure what that said about me, but it would never get old to me.

An hour into the movie, there was a knock at my front door, disrupting my peace. Believing it was Amazon delivering the new kitchen décor I had ordered, I jumped up, eager to receive my package. However, I was completely taken aback when I swung the door open to find Prosper standing there, holding vibrant red roses in one hand and a Saks Fifth Avenue shopping bag in the other.

“I’ll be a few weeks late, but better late than never, Nia’Rose.” He said to me.

With bated breath, I stared up at him, swallowing the last of the ice cream in my mouth.

He looked incredibly handsome, wearing a stylish black sweater from his clothing line paired with jeans. The Jordans on his feet appeared as if he had just pulled them out of the shoebox for the very first time today.

“Can I come in?” he asked when I didn’t respond.

I nodded yet was convinced I had fallen asleep and was dreaming.

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Prosper

"W...what are you doing here, Prosper?" She stammered as I walked through her crib.

"Prosper?" she called again when I didn’t respond.

"Sup, beautiful?" I replied, taking a seat at the foot of her bed.

"I only said you could come in, not that you could come into my bedroom."

"Baby, listen. We ain’t got time for the back and forth today. We got a movie to catch at ten. Get dressed, and we can talk on the way."

Nia stood there, flabbergasted, her hands filled with my gifts. I referred to her as Nia now because that Ms. Mosley shit was behind me. I had made sure of that. The following Monday after our night together, I put in a request to switch to a different campus. Since I met all the qualifications and the new campus had room for me, they

finally accepted my admission.

If Nia thought she was going to give me that good ass pussy and then easily get rid of me, she had another thing coming. I was on her ass real bad.

"Okayyy," she shook her head as if she was dreaming. "This is unacceptable. I mean, besides the fact that I already told you no to a date, you shouldn't be popping up here. I could've been seeing someone and had him over."

The image of another nigga in her home...in between her legs... flipped a switch in me, bringing out a side I never wanted her to see.

"Nia, I would hope you wouldn't wanna fuck with me like that and have me slittin' a nigga's throat after I'm trying so hard to turn my life around." I told her and meant every fuckin' word. I'd tear this bitch up.

I had already been struggling for a month with withdrawals for that pussy, and I was not in the mood for any bullshit.

Her eyes bulged as she stared at me in disbelief. "Goodness, you're really crazy."

"Crazy enough to strip ya down and put that black dress on you myself."

"Black dress?"

"Yeah, it's in the bag. Decided I'd buy you one instead." I revealed.

Setting her roses down, Nia grabbed her bag and rummaged through it. She pulled out a Givenchy dress and a pair of heels. I wanted her pretty feet out.

After surveying both, she sighed. "Prosper, this is all crazy. I told you to let me be

and you agreed.”

I stood up and walked over to her, pulling a jewelry box from my coat pocket. With a swift motion, I opened it and clasped the necklace around her neck before she could protest. Muthafuckin’ diamonds danced violently; she effortlessly matched my drip.

“Ain’t nothin’ crazy about me knowing what I want and making moves to get it. You made it clear I couldn’t move forward with you because I was your student. Well, I put in work so that I’m not no more.”

I planted a kiss on her shoulder, feeling her body melt against mine as we gazed into the mirror attached to the dresser.

“Two weeks felt like two years. I missed seeing your pretty face, Nia’Rose. I lied. I can’t let you be.”

“Mmm,” was her response as her fingers traced the diamonds of the necklace, and I couldn’t help but notice the fresh coat of black nail polish on her hand. “This is beautiful, Prosper.”

“Just as beautiful as you. I got you matching earrings.” I kissed her cheek, revealing another small box from my pocket.

“Thank you,” she said as I handed them to her.

“You don’t miss seeing me?”

When she didn’t answer, I turned her around to face me. She could remain quiet all she wanted, but her eyes never lied to me.

“You ain’t wonder where I was these past few weeks?”

She just stared at me, clearly contemplating whether or not to tell the truth.

“Be real wit’ me.” I pushed.

“Yes,” she admitted with sudden sadness in her tone. “I finally searched your name today. The system said you switched campuses.”

“I did that for you. You understand that, right?”

Nia nibbled on the corner of her lip as she nodded. “But that doesn’t change our history. If someone of importance finds out, my reputation would still be at stake.”

“I want you to hush that shit up, aight baby?”

“Excuse me?”

“There’s a way for us to handle this so that situation never arises. The first step was me getting the fuck away from that campus and changing who you are to me. Now, we can take things slow, privately. Just me and you. Don’t none of them muthafuckas gotta know our business, ya feel me?”

Still appearing hesitant, Nia glanced down at the box of earrings I had placed in her hand earlier, then looked over at the flowers and the dress sprawled across the dresser.

I hooked her chin, bringing her face back to me. “Nia’Rose... please.”

“Okay, Prosper.” She caved in. “Okay,”

An hour later, she stepped out of the restroom, wearing the dress I had purchased for her. Shit fit like a glove, hugging her petite curves perfectly. Her hair, which had

been in a high messy bun when I first arrived, now hung down her back, straightened. Just the way I loved it.

“You look good as hell,” I said, admiring her. Waiting that hour for her to get dressed was worth it to me.

“Thanks. So, where are you taking me again?”

“IPIC Theaters in The Gallo.”

“That’s pretty far from us.”

“I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable, worrying about running into anyone. Hopefully, being on the West will help you relax and enjoy the night with me.”

She nodded, sitting at her vanity to put on her heels, but I didn’t let her finish the task. Within seconds, I was across the room, kneeling before her.

“These are gorgeous. How’d you know my size?”

“Went through your closet the last time I was here while you were asleep.”

“Oh, wow.” She shook her head, but didn’t bother to fuck with me about my snooping. At this point, I’m sure she knew what it was with me when it came to her.

Once I got her straight, we headed out. Inside my new whip, I played some tracks I thought she’d enjoy. But she was quiet, focusing her attention on the scenery as we cruised down the freeway.

“What’s on your mind?” I asked her.

“Nothing,” she shrugged.

“I can tell it’s something. Your vibe off.”

She smacked her lips. “Well, excuse me for having an off vibe. I mean, you did just show up at my house uninvited and drag me out of bed.”

“That’s true,” I chuckled, switching lanes. “Sorry for my actions.”

She shot me a sideways glance. “Are you really?”

“Nah.”

She laughed and glanced around, a habit she had picked up since we climbed inside.

“This is a nice Range Rover, Prosper.”

“Appreciate it, baby. I just got it.”

“Do you sell drugs?”

I raised an eyebrow at her. “What kind of question is that, Nia? You the FEDS too?”

She sighed, waiting for an explanation.

“Nah,” I denied, but it was clear she didn’t believe me. “I’m not lying to you, I promise. So, just sit back and relax, aight?”

Nia’Rose.

After two hours with Prosper, I could honestly say I was having a great night with him. The horror film he had chosen was a good pick, and the upscale restaurant he brought me to was even better. I couldn’t remember the last time I had been on a date, so I truly appreciated his effort. In my last relationship, the fire had long since died, and even before that, Martin wasn’t romantic.

“You having a good time?” Prosper asked as we waited for our food.

“I am, actually. You did a really good job. Loved the movie you picked, and seafood is the key to my heart. Now the question is, how did you know I liked both?”

He chuckled. “You used to have seafood delivered to the campus often from different spots.”

I laughed too. “You paid attention to that as well, huh?”

“It ain’t shit you did that I didn’t notice. As for the horror movies, I went through your watch history too that night at your crib.”

I laughed, but I secretly hoped his craziness wasn’t the kind that would land me on the news as a missing person.

“Well, you did great.”

“Bet,” Prosper smiled, pride lighting up his handsome face. It was adorable to see

him soften like that. “Tell me more about you.”

“It’s not much to tell.” I shrugged.

“Whether it’s a lot or just a little, I wanna hear it.”

“Well, let’s see. I lost my mother when I was very young to breast cancer, so my father raised us. It’s always just been him, me, and Steph. He never remarried.”

“Thought you had two sisters.” Prosper said, raising an eyebrow as he sipped on his drink.

“I do. Shay is my god-sister, though. Our fathers are childhood best friends.”

“That’s wassup. What else?”

“I’ve been teaching since I was six.”

“Six?” He questioned, his thick brows crashing together.

I snickered, recalling the memories. “It all started with my dolls.”

Prosper chuckled, nodding his head in understanding. “I see. You were born for that shit. You bomb.”

“Mmhm,” I smirked, skeptical. “I don’t know if you’re saying that because you got my goodies or because you truly think that.”

“Nah, I genuinely think that. You taught me a lot in ya class, mama.”

I nodded, feeling a bit more at ease with the drinks we had ordered.

“What about your love life?” he pressed.

“Um, I was with my ex for eight years. It didn’t work out obviously. There was constant infidelity on his end.”

“You still want that nigga, though?”

“Hell no,” I replied, shaking my head. “I stopped wanting and loving him long before the relationship ended. My needs weren’t being met. He lost me mentally long before it became physical.”

“You sho?”

“I’m positive.”

“So, you haven’t been thinking about him? Crying?”

“No. And to be clear, I never cried over him. I cried about all the time I wasted and the betrayal.” I swallowed the lump forming in my throat, feeling the weight of those memories.

“I hear you,” he said, locking eyes with me.

“What about you?” I asked, happy to hear his story and change the subject.

“I grew up with both my parents. They divorced when I was sixteen though. Just like your dumb ass ex, my old man was cheating. But still... he was my nigga. We were just as close as I was to my T lady. I lost him right before I lost my nana.”

“I remember you mentioning your nana in class one day. I had no idea you lost your father too. Sorry to hear that.”

“Appreciate you. Sorry for your loss as well, beautiful. But she’d be proud. Your old man did well. You turned out amazing.”

I found myself blushing. “Thank you. That’s sweet of you to say.”

“It’s the truth.”

“So... are you a cheater, Prosper?” I asked, not expecting him to be honest; I was just extending the conversation.

“I ain’t never wanted to take a chick serious until I met you, so I don’t have any exes or past relationships to be able to tell you that. But what I can say is a nigga worships the ground you walk on, and if you give me a real chance, I ain’t doing shit to jeopardize having ya, Nia’Rose.”

I froze, not expecting such a beautiful response. I could feel the sincerity behind his words, and it left me both surprised and touched.

We stared at one another, the connection between us palpable, until Prosper broke the stillness, amplifying that intensity that had formed.

“I want to take you home with me tonight, baby.”

Tingles ran through me as I glanced at the clock on the wall of the restaurant. It was the way he expressed himself that did it for me.

“Home with you?” I asked, though I had heard him loud and clear. I felt a rush of nerves.

“Yeah. That’s cool with you?”

“Hmm, well...”

“Well, what? You safe with me. I won’t bite unless you ask me to.”

I laughed. “Prosper, please. We both know you will bite whether I want you to or not.”

He laughed as well, a genuine sound that made me feel lighter.

“Please,” he begged, playfully clasping his hands together.

I offered a half-smile as I weighed my options. “I guess that works. But you have to bring me home in the morning. I have to go meet with my sister around noon. It’s important.”

“No problem,”

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With bated breath, I stepped into Prosper’s home, still in disbelief that I had even agreed to come. His place was extremely nice, inside and outside. The scent that filled the air was heavenly, just like him. I didn’t get too far before my eyes landed on the most stunning dog I had ever seen.

“Roof !” The Doberman barked, bounding toward us.

“Oh, my. You have a dog?” I asked, smiling.

“Sup, boy,” Prosper greeted as the dog jumped up at his leg. “Yeah, this my lil man, Black.”

“Wow, he’s certainly not little. And he is so beautiful.” I said, admiring the glossy black and brown fur that shimmered under the light. The gold Cuban Chain Link around his neck was even more stunning.

“Down, boy,” Prosper commanded gently, patting Black's head. “You know the rules. Go speak.” He chunked his head, gesturing for him to come to me.

And he did, wagging his tail enthusiastically. A lover of animals, I immediately squatted down to introduce myself and began to pat him. He seemed to really take to me. So much so, that when I stood to follow behind Prosper, Black trotted right after me. Anytime I stopped, he would stop too, and when I sat down on the couch, he plopped down beside me, gazing up at my face with his tongue hanging. The sight made me laugh.

“Is he always this sweet?”

“Only to those he knows. I guess he even recognizes how special you are.” Prosper retrieved Black’s leash from a hook on the wall. “I’m going to take him for a walk. I’ll be right back.” He told me.

However, when he called for Black, he ignored him, pissing him off.

“Nigga, get out my woman’s face and bring yo’ ass on.”

I laughed, watching as Black quickly hopped from the couch and fell into submission.

Later, when Prosper returned, he fed him, and as soon as Black finished his meal, he plopped down right in front of me on the floor. Prosper settled beside me, draping an arm around my shoulder. For some time, we just chilled and watched TV. Without knowing the situation, one would’ve thought we were one big happy family. It was both strange and heartwarming to me, especially when Prosper lifted my feet onto his

lap and took his time massaging both.

He was rough around the edges, but his soul was beautiful. I could see it in his actions—the way he cared, the little things he did. His mother and nana, whom he always spoke so highly of, had done their thing raising him.

“I see you went with black on your nails again.” He broke the silence between us, staring at my toes.

My cheeks flushed. “I always choose black, pink, or white, remember?” I deflected his observation.

“True, but this whole month has been black. When I left campus, they were black. I notice you got a refill since then, and yet you didn’t change the color.” He looked at me, wearing a knowing smirk. “I wonder why.”

“Shut up,”

He chuckled, reaching for his glass.

After downing the Hennessy, Prosper leaned in, planting kisses along my neck. I could tell the liquor made him horny. He’d been drinking since we were at the restaurant.

“What are you doing? I thought you wouldn’t bite unless I asked you to.” I said to him, inhaling the mix of the cologne and weed that clung to his body. It was clear he had smoked during his walk with Black.

“I said I wouldn’t bite, ain’t say shit ‘bout kissing.”

I laughed, tilting my neck to give him better access. “Mmm,” I moaned when he

slipped two fingers inside of me.

After collecting my juices, Prosper raised his hand to his nose, inhaling deeply before licking them off.

“Why do you always have to smell it?” I asked, playfully rolling my eyes. He was so nasty.

“Cause it smells good,” he replied, his expression serious as he clenched his jaw. It was as if my scent enticed him.

“Let me show you my bedroom, baby.” Prosper lifted me off the couch, commanding Black to stay put.

“And don’t come up unless I tell you too, lil nigga.” He warned with his pinky, the diamonds on his ring sparkling under the glow of the chandelier.

Upstairs, I was greeted by candles and rose petals scattered around the bedroom, creating a romantic ambiance. Suddenly, I understood why Prosper had paused to unlock the bedroom door with a key; he didn’t want Black to come in here and harm himself while he was here alone.

“You did this for me?” I asked, surprised.

“Of course. I brought you here, didn’t I?”

I nodded, realizing how silly my question had been. I took a moment to study the decorations. After all those years with Martin, I couldn’t recall a single instance when he had done something like this for me. Valentine’s Day and birthdays were typically marked by a simple kiss followed by whatever gift. But my love languages went beyond just gifts; they encompassed quality time and acts of service. In such a short

time, Prosper had mastered the art of expressing them effortlessly.

“Nia,” he called, gaining my attention.

“Yes?”

“I ain’t never done this before, and I definitely never brought no woman to my crib, ya feel me?”

“Understood,” I replied, silently honored. “You could’ve burned your place down though, Prosper.”

“I have a camera in here. I was checking, plus my neighbors are cool. Nice lil old folks they be home all day. They would’ve gotten Black for me if something happened. Trust me, I had it covered.”

“What if I didn’t want to come here? That would’ve sucked.”

“Nah, it’s all good. I would’ve just done it again on another day.”

“Who said there would be another day?” I teased him, maintaining a straight face.

“Don’t fuck wit’ me, Nia’Rose.”

Prosper gripped my throat and planted a kiss on my lips. Afterward, he undressed me, and I didn’t mind one bit. When he started to remove his own clothes, I found myself mesmerized all over again, having forgotten how incredible his body looked.

Once his boxers hit the floor, he walked over to where he had placed me on the king-sized bed. But before he could climb on, I met him at the edge. I pressed my forehead against his chiseled abs, catching us both off guard. My heart raced wildly inside my

chest because of what I planned to do to him.

Lifting my head, Prosper asked, “What you tryin’ to do, baby?”

At times, I couldn't tell who was older—me or him. The boldness he carried made it seem as if he was the one with more life experience.

Driven by desire, I chose not to answer. Instead, I decided to show him. Using my hand, I guided his mushroom-shaped tip into my mouth and began to suck gently, letting my actions speak louder than my words ever could. With the wonderful night he planned for me, he was so deserving.

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Prosper

“Fuckkk,” I groaned in disbelief as I watched Nia suck my dick.

I couldn't believe this shit was actually going down, but I was grateful. Her head was on point. She took her time taking in every inch of me, slurping slowly. I didn't mind the pace at all; in fact, the rhythm was perfect, making my toes curl in my socks. I was convinced that she was telling me how much she loved me with her mouth. I loved her ass too.

Once she had all ten inches of me hostage, her eyes traveled up to mine. She relaxed her throat, and her movements quickly morphed into something more frantic and passionate.

“Fuckkkk. Shit, Nia.” I tightened my grip on her long hair, trying to gain control before I came too quickly.

However, she was determined to turn up the intensity. That good girl shit was tossed out of the fuckin' window. She was a freak tonight...my freak. She ate up my precum as if she was starving... like I didn't just feed her pretty ass.

As she shifted her rhythm, she added an unexpected touch, bringing her hands into play. She massaged my balls just as softly as she sucked my dick. And just as I tried to recover from the feeling of that, she brought both hands to my base, twisting and stroking in perfect harmony as she sucked me sloppily. She thought she had it, but at some point, she began to gag. That was it—she sent a nigga spiraling.

“Where you want this shit?”

With my mans stuffed in her mouth, Nia hummed loudly with tears pouring from her eyes, and I took that as she wanted me to finish down her throat. I wasn't wrong—she swallowed every drop without complaint.

As soon as she finished, I pressed my body into hers, gently spreading her thighs apart. She had made her face up so pretty for me that I couldn't bear fuckin' any other way than missionary.

“Ooh,” she hissed as I teased her, rubbing my head up and down her soaking wet slit. Pussy was drippin' for me and it got me back hard quick.

“I can't wait to feel it inside of me.” She admitted, kissing my lips and then neck.

“You gon let me have ya like this?”

“W...what?”

“Are you gon let me make love to you without a rubber, Nia?” I asked, my patience thin.

I wanted to feel her raw so bad that my dick throbbed from anticipation.

“Make sure you pull out, okay?” She said, the beat of her heart changing against my chest. The look in her eyes told me she was nervous, but down.

Nodding, I slid into her, eager to feel the difference. “Ah, shit,” I said immediately as I intruded. It felt like heaven on earth, an overwhelming rush that left me breathless. This shit was new to me. I had never gone without protection.

“Pussy missed me, baby.” I kissed her as her walls embraced me.

“Yesss, so much.”

Holding her body close, I stroked Nia nice and slow. I wanted to show her how much I missed her too. I kissed on her neck before sucking on her titties. Pausing momentarily, I ate her pussy too, and came back up again, sliding my dick back into her.

“Uhhhh, ahhhh,” she cried out, drenching me.

Felt like a nigga was on cloud nine as I stroked her. The blunt I had smoked earlier had me elevated but the pussy took me to a whole different level of comfort.

“Gawd damn,” I growled, literally drowning in her ocean.

Maybe missionary was a bad idea after all. Nia made me too weak in this position. Looking at her pretty face and titties while her walls suffocated me was all too much to handle. Resting on my elbows, I closed my eyes tightly, trying to focus on some other shit before I came again. But my plan didn’t work. The sound of her moaning and soaking up my dick fucked me up even more. I felt like a virgin.

“Hold up. Quiet down for me, baby. Please.” I had to plead with her, tapping her thigh. “You gonna make a nigga break that promise and nut in you. Ain’t never fucked without a rubber before.”

“Okay,” she said, and we paused all movement to kiss. Emotions I had never felt before flowed through my body as she sucked on my lips.

After I got myself together, I began to stroke again, locking eyes with her, trying to gauge her feelings. I wanted to know if she felt the same as me.

Her eyes were watery, her lips were parted, and her eyebrows furrowed with pleasure. If I couldn’t figure out anything else, I knew for a fact that my dick felt good to her.

“Prosper,” she called, her body trembling.

I knew from experience she didn’t want shit; she was just caught up in the moment, so I kissed her forehead gently.

“You so beautiful,” I told her, cherishing the bomb ass connection that was blossoming between us.

“Oooohhhh, uhhhhhh... Prosperrrrer.” She said louder this time, her eyelids collapsing.

“Shitttt, you just came all over my dick, baby.” I recognized the increase of her moisture immediately.

Nia cried, her eyes low, and it pushed me over the edge to see her so satisfied.

“Fuck, baby.” I stole a couple more strokes before I pulled out and shot my seeds on her stomach.

Prosper

“This isn’t how I imagined my life to go at this age. I wanted to be married by now with my first child.” Nia broke the silence between us. We had been lying down, trying to catch our breaths.

I glanced over at her, realizing she was even deeper in her feelings. I shook my head, hoping she wasn’t about to start trippin’ on me. I had to get her ass together real quick because she wasn’t leaving my side anytime soon.

“Where that come from?” I questioned her.

She shrugged. “I don’t know. Just thinking. Guess I can’t believe I’m falling for a man who’s eleven years younger than me and was once my student. Life is so funny... and scary as hell.”

“None of that other shit matters. The only thing that matters is I wanna give you what you want ‘cause I want that too. I wanna be married and have me a lil one.”

“I mean I get that, but you’re only twenty-five years old, Prosper. We are on two different timelines. Ain’t no telling when you’ll be ready for those things, and that’s understandable.”

“I’d take yo’ ass to Vegas and marry you today if you’d let me. We can plan a bigger wedding in the future.”

She laughed until she saw I didn’t. “You’re serious.”

“Hell yeah,” I pulled her onto my lap, adjusting my head on the pillow. “I was just tellin’ Black last month that I was gonna give him a sister or brother.”

Nia thought that shit was so funny. She fell out laughing again, playing in my muthafuckin’ face.

“You’re crazy, boy.”

“I ain’t no boy. I’m a man, baby. And I know what I want in life. I want you and to make ya happy. Whatever that looks like. Let’s do it.” It was a bold proclamation, but in that moment, it felt right, just like everything else between us.

Gripping her waist, I lifted her and slid her down me, not allowing our bodies time to recover from the last round... not giving her time to get stuck in her head.

“Oooh,” she winced. “Jesus, do you ever get tired?”

“Nah,” I kept it real with her. “This the only time you ever have to worry about my age showin’.”

Nia offered me a half-smile as she caught my rhythm, winding her hips. We fucked like this for a while. I didn’t want much from her at the moment, only for her to listen to me and be receptive.

While she took control, riding me effortlessly, my hands roamed up to her breasts, massaging both. All I could think about was how much milk I was going to suck out of these pretty muthafuckas when the time came for her to carry my baby. The thought fueled my desire even more.

“You don’t even realize how much I want you, Nia’Rose,” I told her, infatuated.

“Uhhhh,” she moaned, tossing her head back. “How much?”

“So much that I applied to a fuckin’ campus over forty minutes away from my crib just to have you. So much that I’m ready to drop another bag with my jeweler just to secure you. That’s how much.” I tugged at the diamond necklace I put around her neck.

“Secure me,” she bit down on her bottom lip, nodding. “Mm, I like the sound of that. I love security. I just wanna feel...” Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as I slammed her up and down my dick.

“Feel what, mama?” I paused, popping her on the ass to bring her back to reality.

That shit didn’t work though; she just creamed harder. Nia was a nasty muthafucka once she let her guard down. I gripped her throat, squeezing.

“Ahhh,”

“Feel what?”

“I...I just want to feel safe. Like I’m making the right choices.” She wore her insecurities on her sleeve, and I cherished her vulnerability. It made her all the more real to me.

“Choosing me is you making the right choice. I wanna give you the world. Real talk. You just gotta stop worrying about that other shit and let me.”

“I have to let you,” she whispered, more to herself than me.

“You have to let me,” I repeated, abruptly lifting her in the air.

“Prosper, what the fuck are you doing? Why would you stop?” She grew frustrated the moment we detached.

I smirked at how she feigned for me before guiding her body upward and lowering her pussy onto my mouth. The shift in dynamic only intensified the moment, and I could feel the connection between us deepening with every lick I provided.

“Mmmmmm,” another moan fell from her lips.

Her thighs damn near suffocated me, but I didn’t give a fuck. I ate her up until she came hard on my face. Beard dripping with her essence, I flipped us on our sides, digging in her from the back.

“Shit might not be ideal to you. But I’mma marry you, then you gon’ have my baby, Nia. And I ain’t tryna hear shit else about it, understand?”

“Uhhhhhhh,”

I put my hand around her throat, gradually tightening my grip with each stroke since that seemed to be the only way she fuckin’ listened.

“Say it.”

“I understand.”

“Tell me you gonna have my baby after I marry you.”

“I’m going to have your baby.”

“You promise me?”

“I... I promise you, Prosper.”

Pulling out, I nuttet on her butt.

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Nia’Rose

Around nine a.m., I awoke to my alarm and a faint smell. Lifting my head to locate Prosper, I noticed the empty side of the bed—he was gone. Suddenly, a bark pierced the silence, and I glanced down to see Black sitting on the floor, looking up at me. I couldn't help but laugh.

I’m assuming as soon as Prosper granted him the okay, he came straight to me. He had a toy near him that told me he had been there for a while, playing.

“Good morning, Black. How are you?” I spoke as I silenced my phone.

He barked twice in response, wagging his tail.

“I’m okay, I guess. Where’s your daddy?”

Instead of giving me a clue, Black crawled closer, and I took that as my cue to give him some affection. He clearly craved my attention. After we shared a moment, I decided to get out of bed, put on one of Prosper’s t-shirts, and find him myself. As I descended the stairs, the delightful aroma that had stirred me from sleep intensified. I recognized the scent of something delicious. Sure enough, I found Prosper in the kitchen, cooking what looked like omelets.

“Wow, you can cook,” I said to him, surprised.

“Hell yeah,” he replied, glancing over his shoulder at me. “My T lady didn’t fuck around when I was growing up. She told me it wasn’t a gender thing. I needed to know how to cook for survival.”

“I see,”

“You know how to cook?” he asked.

I shook my head immediately, a bit embarrassed. “Unfortunately, no.”

“You telling me you can change a tire but don’t know how to cook?”

“Yeah, it sounds crazy, I know. But Steph did all the cooking when we were growing up. She spoiled me, so I never learned.”

“That ain’t no issue. Ya man knows how to cook.”

I felt myself blush as I slowly took a seat at the bar, watching him. He had my pussy so sore that I was going to need a warm bath with Epsom Salt before I went to meet with Steph. Once he was done, we headed back upstairs to his balcony. Like him, I devoured the omelet, leaving no crumbs behind—it was delicious.

“You always get up this early to cook?” I asked Prosper, who was gazing at the view.

“Nah, I just wanted to share a moment with you before you left me.”

“Prosper,” I stared at him in amazement. “You’re truly a good guy.”

“That’s what I been tryna tell your strict ass.”

We shared a laugh before I grew quiet, bowing my head in deep thought.

“So... wassup?” he asked.

“Wassup with what?”

“You mine or what? I know how I feel ‘bout ya, but I need to hear from your mouth where you stand.”

“You truly ready after just one date?”

“I was ready the first time I saw your pretty face in that classroom, Nia’Rose.”

I smiled, again. I couldn’t seem to stop. He had a mouthpiece on him.

“We need to discuss something else.”

“What’s that?”

“What all do you do for money?”

“I don’t do what you think I do, mama. I told you I don’t sell drugs.”

“So, you’re telling me you make all your money from selling your clothing line?” I asked, rhetorically. My common sense told me he didn’t.

“Nah,” he was honest. “Not all of it.”

“Is the other thing legal?”

He shook his head no. “But I can’t tell you exactly what it is until I know for a fact that I can trust you, ya feel me?”

“Well, whatever it is... is that a long-term thing for you? I mean, I can’t be getting caught up in anything, Prosper.”

“I know that. I’d never put you in a position to get caught up in my shit. And to answer your question, nah, I promised my nana before she died that I’d stop. I’ve been saving as much as I spend. On top of that, I plan to open a store to sell my clothing line after I get my degree. And who knows, I may be able to open more one day.”

His determination shone through as he spoke, and I admired his ambition despite the bad.

“Okay,”

“You got your answer. Now, give me one.” Prosper leaned over, stroking my cheek. “Are you mine?”

Nibbling on my bottom lip, I said,

“We will see about the title.” I answered, trying to remain cautious. “But I do really like you and with that being said, I’m not interested in anyone else. My body is yours.”

“Shit...I can work with that.”

A few hours later, Prosper and Black had driven me home. He walked me inside and did something I never expected from him—he placed two bankrolls on my bar counter.

“W...what’s that for?” I asked, in shock.

He shrugged, looking both serious and incredibly handsome. “Whatever you want to use it for.”

“What? Are you serious? How much is this?” I examined the money.

“Ten bands,”

“Prosper, what? Ten thousand dollars?”

“Shit... what? You need more?” He reached into his pockets, but I stopped him.

“No. No. I don’t need more. Geesh.”

We locked eyes as I moved to the center of the living room to where he stood, wrapping my arms around his neck. In all honesty, he made me so happy.

“You’re insane,” I stood on the tips of my toes, whispering against his ear.

“You’ve become a nigga’s soft spot. I just wanna make sho you straight.” He said, nuzzling his face into the crook of my neck. I could sense just how smitten he was. “You gonna let me come through later?” he asked.

“Yeah,” I replied eagerly, squeezing my pussy muscles. I knew what came with that and I couldn’t wait to feel him again. “I’ll call you when I get hom—”

My words were abruptly cut off when Stephanie walked through the front door. I had completely forgotten we had planned to meet here to ride to our destination together.

We all stood there awkwardly for a moment until she broke the silence.

“Oooh, I knew it,” she said, shaking her head and giggling. “Talkin’ ’bout Mahogany

Teakwood. Baby, I knew you brought his ass home that night, or should I say he brought you home. I'm calling Shay. That heffa owes me some money. She swore you didn't have it in you."

I couldn't help but laugh as my eyelids fluttered down in embarrassment. But this time, it was her teasing that had me uneasy.

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"So, you really like him, huh?" Stephanie asked as we sat in the busy food court of the mall.

We had just left the building she was considering for her private practice, and since she decided it was time to take the plunge, I wanted us to celebrate. We were grabbing a bite to eat before doing a little shopping. With the money Prosper had given me, I was excited to treat us both.

"I do. A lot." I answered.

She blushed. "Awe, that's so good, sis. I'm really glad you're stepping out of your comfort zone and giving him a chance. You seem so happy today. For that, Mr. Prosper gets a ton of cool points from me."

"Yeah, there's a lot that scares me though. One is the age gap and the fact that I'm falling for him so quickly. I don't think that's normal, Steph."

Of course, there was more to the story, but I chose to keep the rest to myself. If Stephanie knew everything, we'd be here all day with her trying to counsel me. It was the therapist in her, and honestly, I wouldn't blame her for wanting to get inside my head and figure out if I was okay for fucking around with my ex-student, who was also a damn criminal. I was risking everything for Prosper.

I couldn't imagine being on the outside looking in at my situation; I would definitely judge. But the truth is, I wasn't just infatuated with a man who was good in bed. It was his actions and kind heart that truly had me hooked.

She laughed. "Sis, don't worry about all that. You seem to genuinely enjoy him. Remember Daddy said he and Mommy were the same way. Sometimes, when you know, you just know. Just give it a real chance, okay?"

Her words resonated, bringing a sense of comfort and reassurance. It was true that there was something special about what I felt for Prosper, something that drew me in despite the uncertainties.

"Yeah, I hear you. I am."

And I was. Putting aside my worries, I decided to go with the flow and see where things with Prosper led. I was convinced as long as I took my time, I would be fine.

My time with my sister flew by, and before I knew it, I was back home. After grading papers, I texted Prosper, giving him the green light to come over. He replied that he'd be here as soon as he finished his shower.

Pulling out the sexy gown and thong I had just purchased from a boutique at the mall, I decided to take one myself. I planned to surprise Prosper by greeting him in it and showing him exactly where some of his money had gone. But not even fifteen minutes later, I heard a knock at the door. I couldn't believe how quickly he had arrived.

Knowing I wasn't quite ready to abandon the water, I grabbed a towel, wrapped it around my body, and tiptoed through the house to answer the door. When I opened it, a smile broke across my face as Prosper stepped inside.

“Wassup, baby?” he said, leaning in to kiss me.

“Hey, you smell so good,” I told him. “I’m almost done in the shower.”

“You good. Don’t rush.” He replied as I headed back to the restroom.

I resumed washing with my favorite body moisturizer, getting lost in the sensation of the hot water cascading over my skin, melting away my tension. I was so absorbed that I didn’t even notice Prosper had come in. The sound of the shower door opening and sliding shut snapped me back to reality. I turned to face him, gasping at how incredibly good he looked. The sight of him naked would never get old to me.

“W... what are you doing in here? I thought you already showered.” I said, eyeing the thickness between his legs.

Prosper shrugged. “I did, but I want to shower again wit’ you.” He kissed my shoulder as he took the sponge from my hand and started to wash me. “How was your time wit’ ya sister?”

“It was good. She finally settled on a building for her private practice. She’s a therapist.”

“Cool, that’s dope.”

“What did you do today?”

“Slept then took Black to the park. Chilled after that.”

“Mm, okay.” I closed my eyes, savoring the sensation of his touch. “You got here so fast.”

“Cause I been waiting by the phone for you to hit me, Nia’Rose.”

God, I loved it when he said my entire name.

Prosper lathered my entire body before gripping my throat gently and guiding me under the water to rinse off the suds. Since I had already started washing my hair, I didn’t mind being soaked. Once my back hit the wall, my face had enough space from the water to open my eyes.

“You look so fuckin’ good.” He said, eyeing me while biting his bottom lip.

“Come closer,” I urged, pulling him under the water with me.

Prosper bent his head down and kissed me passionately as I wrapped my arms around his neck. In that moment, I felt my soul leave my body. It’s as if fireworks were exploding in the background. The way his touch and kisses ignited something within me was intoxicating, making me crave more of this connection that felt both thrilling and terrifying at the same time.

Pausing, Prosper rubbed the tip of his nose against mine, a sincere look in his dark eyes as he squeezed my ass cheeks. He was a goddamn menace, yet so gentle with me.

“Crazy as fuck about you, mama.” He voiced, water pouring from him.

His words sent a flutter through my chest, and I nodded, feeling the same way that he did. “I’m crazy about you too.”

Strategically, I planted soft kisses on his beard as I reached my hand between us and latched onto his dick. He groaned and I could soon feel the heat radiating from him. His eyelids shut and his head fell back as I stroked him.

“You’re so big, baby.” I said, my lips brushing against his neck as I kissed him softly there. The sweet endearment that finally fell from my lips felt so natural.

Prosper groaned, his stomach tightening as his body quivered from the pleasure and it turned me on more to see him react that way. As my mouth parted against his, I lifted my leg, positioning my foot against the shower wall. Back and forth, I rubbed my pussy against his hardness.

“Fuckkkk, that shit feels so good.” He quickly assisted, gripping my thigh for me and circling his waist.

Both in complete bliss, we let out soft moans. He was right; the friction felt amazing. As usual, I was the first to break, my juices leaking onto him like a broken faucet. I would never fully understand how I was trying to please him, yet he ended up pleasing me even more.

I became so wet that he accidentally slipped inside me, and we cherished the feeling until he pulled out and returned to the foreplay.

“Can’t stay inside ya or I’m a get you pregnant a lot sooner than you want me to.”

Nodding in understanding, I let him continue to rub against me. While feeling his dick would always top anything else, I couldn’t deny that this experience felt extremely good too. When I sensed he was near, I turned around, guiding him to rest against the wall instead. I could tell he needed the support, his breath coming in heavy pants.

With him anchored there, I took over, the warm water cascading down around us as I jacked him off. I kept at it until he muttered that he was cumming. Swiftly, I dropped to my knees, took his dick into my mouth, and allowed him to cum down my throat.

It was a moment of intimacy that would be forever sketched in my memory. A moment that was electric and left us satisfied and breathless.

Two weeks later...

Nia'Rose

Brandy's album played softly in my bedroom, filling the space with nostalgia as I hurriedly dressed for my night out with Prosper. Having stayed an extra hour at work for a staff meeting I'd completely forgotten about, I was running behind schedule.

Tonight's outfit was cute yet comfortable: a cropped blouse paired with flared jeans. We were planning to grab some food and then head to a skating rink. I couldn't wait to see Prosper's face. I missed him. His late classes at the new campus on Tuesdays and Thursdays often meant he didn't make it to my place until I was already asleep.

With yesterday being Thursday, I felt deprived. It had only been two weeks since we'd taken things to the next level, but in that short time, he had hooked me.

After getting myself dolled up, I quickly packed my bag since we agreed to head to his place later. Just as I zipped it up, I heard a knock at the door. Grinning, I opened it to find Prosper waiting for me. Before I could swing the door wide enough, he stepped inside and pulled me into his arms, enveloping me in his large frame.

"I missed you," he mumbled, kissing my lips.

"I missed you too," I replied, taking in the scent of Marijuana and Sauvage.

"You look beautiful."

“Thank you.”

“You packed your bag?”

“I did, handsome.”

“It’s about time we get you some shit for my place instead of you always having to pack, don’t you think?”

“We’ll get there. It’s only been two weeks, baby. Give it time.”

“Damn, aight. My fault for rushin’.”

I snickered at our dynamics. Prosper often wanted to jump headfirst into things, while I had to be the one to calm him down and remind him to approach with caution. I supposed it was just part of having such a significant age difference.

“It’s okay. I appreciate you always considering me.”

“Of course,” he kissed my forehead before finally turning me loose.

I made my way to the back, grabbed my bag, and we headed out for our night. Inside the car, the heated seats welcomed me. With spring still in full swing, the nights could get a bit chilly in Texas. Prosper had learned how I felt about the cold and always made accommodations for me. He was the kind of person who typically kept the air conditioning at sixty but adjusted it whenever he knew I would be around. I loved that about him too.

“How was your day, mama?”

“Good, but long. I’m exhausted,” I yawned.

“You always exhausted. You wanna reschedule the date? We can grab our food and head to my spot.”

“No,” I pouted, sticking out my bottom lip. “I want to get out of the house. It’s okay.”

“You sho?”

“I am. How was your day?”

“Decent. It’ll be even better when I end the night in you, ya feel me?” He winked, and I laughed at his shenanigans.

Fifteen minutes later, we arrived at Burger Park, a little food spot in Prosper’s hood that he claimed to love. He ordered us burger baskets and two blue raspberry slushies. While we waited, he sold a few new pieces from his clothing line to people he knew, as well as curious passersby who thought his stuff looked nice. I couldn’t help but admire him for making his money, but I also felt a bit uneasy. All sorts of people were walking by, including some that looked like crackheads.

Jesus . I wasn’t judging; I was just observing.

Luckily, everything went fine, and we made our way to the skating rink after eating. I wasn’t sure why I let him talk me into this either. He said it was something he enjoyed in his younger years and promised it would be a good vibe.

Once inside, we bypassed the lengthy line because Prosper knew the owner well. They chatted for a few minutes before I watched him slide the older man a thick wad of cash. The guy then dapped him up and got our sizes for the skates.

I wasn’t surprised by their interaction. I’d learned that although his parents were financially well-off during his childhood, Prosper’s mother inherited her home from her parents, which meant he grew up in the hood. He knew all the best spots, and

everyone seemed to know him.

When we retrieved our skates, my nerves crept in. I hadn't skated in years and hoped I wouldn't fall flat on my face in front of all these people; it was super packed.

"Why did I let you talk me into this? I'm too damn old to be skating, Prosper."

"Baby, chill. You ain't old at all and you damn sho ain't too old to skate. Look around. People of all ages and different walks of life come here."

"Like you," I teased. "The big bad gangster on skates."

He chuckled while lacing my skates, giving me a chance to glance around at the mix of older folks mingling with the younger crowd.

"If I bust my ass, I'm going to get you." I threatened.

"Now we gettin' somewhere. That's the real problem, you scared."

I shot him a playful glare and whispered,

"If I bust my ass, no goodies for you tonight, sir."

Prosper whistled as he helped me up from the bench. "Well, shit... we can't have that. Come on. I got you."

He held my hand as we stepped onto the rink. I started a bit shaky, but to my surprise, I wasn't as rusty as I thought. By the third lap around the rink, I was channeling my teenage self again. Smiling, I watched Prosper as he effortlessly blended in with the crowd. He moved with such smoothness on the skates that it was hard to keep up.

Once I got comfortable, he pulled me into his arms, and we caught a vibe to the beat

of “Her Way” by PARTYNEXTDOOR.

“I didn’t know you were this good, baby.” I said against his ear.

“I told you me and my niggas used to come here often.” He bobbed his head to the beat.

“I know, but you’re really, really good.” I smiled as he spun me around, gliding gracefully across the rink.

“You ain’t too bad either, baby.”

I wrapped my arms around his neck as we hit another turn. The lights eventually dimmed, and I got lost in the moment. This was so dope, and I was glad I didn’t shoot the idea down like I initially wanted to.

“I’m really feeling you.” I blurted out to Prosper, all in my feelings.

“You been saying that to me all week. When you gonna act on those emotions, mama?”

“I am acting on them. I’m with you every day, ain’t I?”

“That ain’t enough for me no more, Nia’Rose.”

I stared at him as he effortlessly guided me around upcoming traffic. The rink had gotten even fuller just that quickly.

“I need you to be my lady.” Prosper added, and I thought it was so cute.

I blushed, realizing I wouldn’t be taking my time with him after all. He made it way too hard. “Okay,”

“For real?” He asked, shocked.

“Yeah, okay.”

“Bet,”

Blocking out the world, we skated for an hour, enjoying our little bubble before deciding to take a break. I was super thirsty and craving a snack. As I sat at the snack bar, waiting for our drinks and nachos, Prosper stepped away to use the restroom. He had been holding it for quite some time, refusing to leave me alone. Eventually, I managed to convince him that I was okay and to go.

I was sitting peacefully, minding my own business, when a familiar face approached and took a seat right next to me. My eyes widened at the sight of him.

“Nia,” Martin greeted me, equally shocked to see me.

I didn’t respond; I was far from happy to see him.

“Hey,” he then reached over and gently rubbed my arm.

“Don’t touch me,” I frowned, snatching away.

He sighed. “I know it’s been a while and you’re still mad at me, but—”

“Martin, what the hell are you doing here?”

“It’s my nephew’s birthday. We’re out celebrating. I spotted you over here and wanted to come speak. Who are you here with? Never knew you enjoyed skating.”

I glanced across the room and spotted a few of his loved ones, including Lil Ronnie, the birthday boy. It dawned on me that today was indeed his birthday. I figured they

chose this area because Martin's younger sister stayed down the street in some affordable apartments. She was a single mom, still trying to get her life together.

"It's none of your business who I'm here with," I replied with venom. "And for future references, I don't fuck with you. So, when you see me out, please don't ever feel the need to speak."

With that, I tried to stand, but Martin gripped my arm, stopping me from walking away. It wasn't a harmful grip, more like how Prosper often grabbed me when he commanded my attention. But Martin wasn't Prosper, and the shit irritated me.

"Get your hands off me." I told him.

"I know you're mad as hell at me and rightfully so. But you just up and left without talking to me first, baby. We could've worked through our problems."

"You must've bumped your head if you think I'd work things out after you had a damn baby on me."

"That was a mistake, Nia."

I considered telling Martin he was a pathetic ass nigga, and that this wasn't his only mistake. However, I knew that engaging with him would imply I still cared. And I didn't. So, I rolled my eyes and tried to walk away again. But he grabbed me once more.

"I said to get your fucking hands off me." This time, my words came out more fiercely, causing his anger to flare.

"So, you want to throw eight years down the drain over some bullshit?! I made her ass get an abortion. Had you not changed your number, I could've told you that."

Martin raised his voice, drawing attention, and I instantly grew nervous when I noticed a tall, dark figure approaching from my peripheral vision. I tried to walk away again to restore the peace, but his grip tightened. And that was the worst mistake he could have ever made.

“Say, nigga. You must’ve woke up wit’ suicide on yo’ mind.” Prosper charged in, just as I expected he would.

Taken aback, Martin released me. He tried to stand up and address him, but before he could react, Prosper landed a hard punch, sending him crashing back down. The force was so strong that Martin toppled over with the stool.

“What the fuck?!” He exclaimed in the ground, his eye already starting to swell as he staggered to his feet.

“Prosper, let it go. It’s okay. Calm down.” I urged, rushing toward him and holding his chest.

“Nah, watch out, baby.” He gently moved me aside, drawing his gun.

By now, a crowd had gathered, and I was becoming increasingly uncomfortable. “No. Please. I promise it’s okay, baby. Let’s just go.”

Just as I was calming Prosper down, Martin decided to provoke him further. “So, you’re dating young niggas now, Nia? You stooping that low?” he taunted, then shifted his focus to Prosper again.

“You got that first punch, bro. You caught me off guard. But what’s up now? Put that gun down. You young niggas always quick to pull your gu—”

My heart sank as Prosper swiftly reached his long arm out, grabbed Martin by the back of his locs, and brutally slammed his face into the counter that he’d just

managed to stand by. The move was so quick that I barely registered it.

“You young niggas what?! I’ll tear yo’ bitch ass up in here, whether it’s with my fists or bullets, nigga.” Prosper spat in a rage, and I almost didn’t recognize him.

Granted, I had seen him confront others before, but this time he was filled with a fury I had never witnessed. The man standing in front of me had morphed into a complete monster.

A few of Martin’s cousins rushed over, likely intending to intervene, but Prosper quickly redirected the gun in their direction, forcing them to stand back. My heart raced, leaving me terrified and speechless.

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Prosper

The drive back to my place was silent. I didn't need to ask Nia how she felt; I could sense her tension. My recent actions had shaken her, making her second-guess what I was trying to build with her. By now, my anger was long gone, and I felt like shit for scaring her.

“What you wanna eat, baby?” I asked, knowing she hadn’t had a chance to finish her nachos at the rink.

“Nothin,” she replied. “I’m fine.”

“You sho? You haven’t eaten.”

“I’m fine, Prosper.” Her tone was sharp.

Reluctantly, I passed all the restaurants, hopped on the freeway, and headed toward

my place. I told myself that if she got hungry later, I could whip something up. I was tired as fuck and didn't feel like cooking, but for her, it was whatever. I'd do anything to put a smile back on her face.

Once we were in the garage, Nia said,

"It's late, and we were closer to your place, so that's the only reason I didn't push you about taking me home. But in the morning, I'd like you to drive me."

"Thought you were staying wit' me for a few days."

"I changed my mind."

Running a hand over my face, I sat back in frustration. "What did you expect me to do? The nigga put his hands on you, Nia."

"Prosper, sometimes it's not just about what you do but how you do it. Striking him is one thing, but pulling your gun in a public place is a big no. If you weren't cool with the owner, the police would've been called, and you'd be in jail again. That's not okay, especially with me on your side. I'm not saying you were wrong to defend me, but it was excessive. You need to get that anger under control. You already have a record."

"To you, it seems excessive, but to me, I'm protecting the both of us when I pull my gun. Where I come from, niggas have lost their lives 'cause someone couldn't handle getting their ass beat. Plus, his people approached me, and I didn't know what they were on."

"I hear you," she said, pinning her hair up with a clip she pulled from her purse.

"I still worry the police might contact you."

“Don’t worry about that, mama,” I reassured her.

“I don’t want you stressing over this. No one’s calling the cops in the hood, and the owner has my back because I saved his business a few years ago. I helped him out wit’ some bread when he ran into some financial troubles. He a man of his word. He not gone say shit.”

“It’s Martin I’m worried about. He can be arrogant and play tough publicly, but he’s not the same as you. He might decide to press charges.”

“Don’t worry ‘bout that nigga either.”

“That’s easier said than done, Prosper.”

Her disappointment was deeper than anger; I could see it in her face as we got out of the car. Black greeted her at the door as soon as she opened it. They shared a moment before she headed upstairs to shower.

Wanting to give her some space to cool off, I focused on taking care of Black. I took him for a long walk, fed him, and then bathed him. When I was finished, I noticed Nia was on the couch in the living room, her eyes glued to the television.

“Why’d you come down here?” I asked her.

“Just needed some space. Not really in the best mood.”

“You know I have another room upstairs, right? I can sleep there while you take my bed. You don’t have to be on the couch, baby.”

“I know. I’m fine here with Black.”

“Understood.” I leaned down and kissed her forehead before heading upstairs.

After grabbing my clothes, I stepped into the shower to freshen up. I lingered there for about thirty-five minutes, replaying the situation in my mind, trying to figure out how I could have handled that shit differently. But honestly, no other solution came to me. That muthafucka had me fucked up.

Wanting to apologize again, I headed to the living room right after my shower, but I noticed Nia had fallen asleep, petting Black, who was dozing beside her. The sight tugged at my heart, and I hesitated, not wanting to disturb her peace.

Glancing at the clock, I noted it was 11:45. I had time to handle something quickly. Back upstairs, I shot a message to my private investigator, then slipped into a black jogging suit and put on my gloves. Grabbing my gun, I headed to the garage and started up my motorcycle.

After gathering the information I needed, I found myself at Martin Johnson's residence. When I initially broke in, I noticed that, despite the late hour, he still hadn't returned home. An hour passed, and he finally showed up, looking like hell, with two black eyes and swollen lips. I had done a number on him. And as soon as he flicked on the lamp, I was on his bitch ass again. He wouldn't get a chance to press charges.

Because Nia would know it was me, I had no intention of killing him. But by the time I was finished, he'd be too fuckin' terrified to ever utter my name to anyone.

???

Nia'Rose

I awoke to the sensation of my panties being gently slid down. My eyes slowly fluttered open, and the sight before me nearly made me jump out of my skin. But as the moonlight streamed in through the massive window, clarity washed over me. I recognized Prosper's eyes peering at me through the holes of a ski mask. That dark, hooded gaze was unmistakable.

"W... what the hell are you doing?" I questioned him, my heart racing—he was insane.

"About to eat yo' pussy, then fuck you until you forgive me for my sins." He replied, lifting the ski mask slightly.

"Prosp—" my voice faltered the moment his tongue connected with my clit. "Oooh," I moaned, my body trembling with pleasure. "Where's Black?"

"I put that nigga up."

"W...why are you wearing a ski mask?" I managed to ask, feeling confused.

I knew he could be something else in the bedroom; however, he had never taken things this far before. Maybe because I was livid with him, he felt the need to try something new.

With a dripping beard, Prosper paused for a moment and said,

"You wanted to know what I do for my paper. Well, I take care of problems, baby. I get paid to dead issues."

Still in a state of confusion, I moaned while glancing down at him. I noticed he was dressed in all black. "And why do you have that on? Did you leave?"

"Yes,"

"To go where?"

"To make sure yo' ex doesn't press charges."

"Oh my Go—" I tried to sit up and push him away, but he rose, pinning me to the

couch with his body.

I was at his mercy as he slid down his pants and boxers, easing himself inside me. The warmth of his bare skin sent my eyes rolling into the back of my head, overwhelming me with sensations that both thrilled and confused me. I was caught between desire and a whirlwind of emotions all over again. Before I went to sleep, I had promised myself that I would pull back from him before I got tangled up in some bullshit. But now... oh, goodness, now... I found myself wanting to have his baby.

“I promised to always keep it real with you, mama.”

I nodded, as I wrapped my arms around his neck and he hooked my thighs over his arms. He did promise me that. The night before, while fucking me, he whispered a million promises in my ear.

“I could’ve hidden this, but I don’t wanna keep shit from you.”

“What did you do?”

"I didn't kill him, but I made sure to ease your worries, ya feel me?" he said, his voice steady and reassuring.

“I want you to be carefree. You ain't gotta worry 'bout that nigga ever saying anything else to you. You ain't gotta worry about him going to the cops.”

His words lingered in the air, leaving me feeling both protected and uneasy.

“B...baby.” I struggled to gather my words as he moved deep inside me, making it hard to think.

“I’ll work on my anger for you. I promise, Nia.” He kissed my neck. “But you have to understand, I’ll neva let a nigga disrespect you and get away with it.”

All I could do was nod my head as I whimpered, lost in the pleasure he was giving me. He felt so good that I couldn't possibly argue with him at that moment.

"I'm your man, and it's my duty to protect you."

He found my G-spot, stroking it repeatedly, and I gasped,

"Ahhhhh..."

My pussy responded eagerly, foaming around him.

"You feel so good, mama." He softened, showering kisses on my neck and face before his lips crashed into mine.

As I clung to the fabric of his long-sleeve shirt, I kissed him passionately, momentarily forgetting about the chaos of the night.

"You forgive me?" Prosper asked, breaking our kiss and pulling out, leaving me breathless and craving more.

He teased me, rubbing his tip against my slit. I knew what he was doing—trying to weaken my resolve so I would forgive him. Call me stupid, because it was working.

"Baby, put it back in," was all I could manage to say as I glanced down at the precum glistening on him.

"Tell me you forgive me." He sucked on my neck, gliding his head in and out. Just when I thought he would go all the way in, he would pull back.

"Please."

"Tell me then." He ripped open my robe, burying his face in my titties and sucking.

He knew just how to push me over the edge. “You just became mine. I can’t lose you over one mishap.”

“I forgive you... plea—”

I couldn’t even finish my sentence before he was deep inside me again. With my legs lifted in the air, I cried out Prosper’s name, expressing how much I forgave him as he fucked my pussy brutally and choked me out. Because I truly did. I wasn’t going anywhere, no matter how much of a dangerous game we played...

The end for now...