



My Best Friend's Silver Fox Daddy (Yes, Daddy #52)

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Category: Romance

Description: Can Marcus and Morgan resist the pull of their desires?

Morgan

The girl code has rules. They may be unwritten rules, but they're rules, nonetheless. They're as immutable as time and gravity. It's been that way since the dawn of time, I guess, passed down from woman to woman through the generations. And one of those rules is you don't sleep with your best friend's father.

It's a rule I have been struggling with since I was in high school. My best friend Kelsey's dad, a former pro basketball player and now coach of my university's team, is one of the hottest men I've ever met. He's everything I've ever wanted in a man, and that high school crush blossomed into something much bigger and much deeper as I've gotten older. I think it's safe to say that at some point, I fell in love with him. Deeply and madly.

But there are rules.

And in my job as the university's sports reporter, I find myself in Coach Hooper's orbit, and my resolve is tested. I know the rules. I know I should do everything in my power to pull myself back from the pull of his gravity. And the pull of my long-fostered feelings for him. If I give in to them, I'm going to lose my best friend, and my entire world will be turned on its head.

I know I need to resist. I just don't know if I have the strength.

Marcus

There are rules. There have always been rules. As a former pro ball player and current coach of my alma mater's basketball team, I've lived my life by the whistle. By the rules. There are things you can and can't do. It's a way of life I've been accustomed to since the day I picked up a ball. It makes life a lot easier to know and heed the rules.

The trouble is that not all those rules are written. Some of them straddle a gray area. Some might not see the problem with a particular action, while others will most definitely blow the whistle on

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MORGAN

I climb out of my car and smooth down my sundress.

It's short, but not scandalously so. Just enough to show off a little leg and make him think about what I've got underneath it.

I smile to myself and walk to the front door, and knock.

I shouldn't be teasing him this way, but I've had a crush on Marcus Hooper for as long as I can remember.

Of course, the fact that he's my best friend's father has made that a bit ... problematic.

Kelsey is horrified by my crush on her dad.

But it's not like I can help it. He's hot.

He's smart, funny, and there's just something about him that turns me on.

I can't count the number of my fantasies he's starred in.

It doesn't help that I've caught him looking at me.

When he does, I can see the gleam of desire in his eyes.

He always makes some excuse to get out of the room, but I've seen it all the same.

And I can't help but wonder how many fantasies of his I've starred in. Just thinking about it makes me tingle.

The front door opens, and Marcus is standing there in shorts and a t-shirt.

His hair is tousled, and his cheeks and chin are covered in salt and pepper stubble that I find incredibly sexy.

Six-three with a lean, fit body and broad shoulders, Marcus's hair is dark with flecks of gray, making him look distinguished.

He's forty-one, almost twenty years my senior, but he's got the body of a man half his age.

He's in incredible shape, which I guess is probably a prerequisite for our university's head basketball coach.

He blinks, startled to see me standing on his doorstep. "Morgan. Hey," he says with a small smile. "What are you doing here?"

"I left something in Kelsey's room," I say sweetly. "Would you mind if I just ran up and grabbed it real quick?"

"Uh, yeah. Of course."

"Thanks, Mr. Hooper."

I walk in and dash up the staircase, putting a little extra swish in my hips since I can feel his eyes locked on my ass. Might as well give him a little show.

“We’re all grown-ups now, Morgan. You can call me Mack,” he calls after me.

“Sure thing, Mr. Hooper,” I call back.

Kelsey left yesterday for a summer program abroad.

It was only later, after dropping her off at the airport, that I realized I’d left my recorder in her room.

As an aspiring sports journalist, I work for the university paper and need my recorder for interviews, so it wasn’t like I planned to pop in while her father was home alone. It’s just a happy coincidence.

I slip into her room and look around, trying to remember where I left it.

I spot it sitting on her nightstand, half-buried under her scarf.

Scooping it up, I turn around and a squeal bursts from my mouth when I see Mr. Hooper leaning against the door jamb, his arms folded over his chest. His golden-hazel eyes bore into me, making my heart skip a beat.

“Did you find what you were looking for?” he asks.

I hold up the recorder for him to see. “I did, thanks. I’ve got a couple of interviews today and I needed this.”

He nods. “That’s good.”

We stand in silence for a moment, just staring at each other.

The air in the room crackles with an awkward tension, and as his eyes roam my body,

I feel myself growing wet and warm.

Part of me wants to take him by the hand, lead him to his room—because let's face it, doing it in his daughter's room would just be weird—throw him down on his bed, then fuck his brains out.

I may be a virgin, but I've got a very good imagination, and I've watched plenty of porn.

I know I won't do that, though. I may have an active imagination, but I'm not an overly assertive girl.

Not really. In my fantasies, I'm practically a dominatrix.

But in the real world, I'm a bit shy and reserved.

Probably because I don't have much experience with men, and I'm terrified that if I make the first move, I'll be laughed at.

Kelsey tells me it's all in my head and that I just need to learn to go for it, but it's one of those things that's a lot easier said than done.

I clear my throat. "So, you've got the whole house to yourself for the next couple of months, huh? What are you going to do with yourself?"

I cringe inwardly when I realize just how that sounds. The double meaning in my words wasn't intentional, but when I see the flash of hunger in his eyes, I know it didn't need to be. Mr. Hooper runs a hand through his hair and seems to be trying very hard to control himself.

"Well, with the season coming up, I'm going to be pretty busy," he says. "Lots of

film to break down, practices to run. Coaching is a full-time gig and then some.”

Part of me is disappointed he didn’t ask me to spend the rest of the day banging like rabbits, but I know how silly that is.

“How’s the team looking?” I ask.

“Am I speaking to Morgan, my daughter’s friend, or Morgan the sports reporter?”

“Both.”

His smile reveals his dimples, which makes my heart flutter. “Well, in that case, I think we’ve got a pretty good group. They’re passionate, dedicated, they work hard, and have really sound fundamentals. I think this team can do some really special things this season.”

“It’s been a few years since our last championship,” I say. “Do you think this team can get to the top of the mountain?”

“I do,” he answers with a nod. “This is a really talented squad.”

I’d much rather be talking to him about all the filthy things we’re going to do to each other, but he seems to be in coach mode.

Mr. Hooper has always seemed happiest when talking about the game he loves so much.

He’s a gym rat through and through and was a budding superstar in the pros until a terrible knee injury took it all away from him.

It would be easy for him to be bitter and angry about how it all ended.

But he's not. He still sounds a bit wistful and nostalgic when talking about his time in the pros.

He loves the game, so he leaned into his job as a coach and is making the best of the hand he was dealt.

I love that about him. I love that he's always got such a positive, upbeat attitude.

I clear my throat. "Well, I got my recorder, so I should probably scoot."

"Got classes this morning?"

"I do."

For a fleeting moment, I harbor the hope that he's going to ask me to stay and spend the morning with him. Naked. But that's just wishful thinking.

"All right, well, have a good day today then," he says.

"You too, Mr. Hooper."

I slip past him, "accidentally" brushing his arm with my breast, and I swear I hear him groan softly as I do. I smile as I bound down the stairs, grinning to myself.

"Just call me Mack," he calls after me.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MARCUS

I roll the film back and watch the sequence again and take no more from it than the first fifty times I've watched this goddamn sequence.

I'm sitting in my office at the house, breaking down some film, so I have some things to talk to the team about at practice today, but my head is not in it right now.

All I can think about is Morgan. I shouldn't be thinking of her like this, but I can't deny that she has grown up to be an absolute stunner.

I'm not so naive that I don't know she's got a crush on me.

Has for a while. And I also know that move she pulled earlier, when she brushed her breast across my arm, wasn't an accident.

She's teasing me. Tempting me. And yeah, there was a big part of me that wanted to throw her down, push that sundress up, and fuck her silly.

It took every ounce of my strength to keep my hands off her because I know she would have let me do whatever I wanted.

The thing that helped keep me from giving in the most was the fact that we were in my daughter's room. Kelsey would be horrified to learn that I was fucking her best friend. And part of me thinks I should be horrified to even be thinking about her like that.

Giving myself a shake, I try to put images of Morgan out of my head and focus on the task at hand.

Our season is coming up, and I've got a team to prepare.

I watch the sequence on the screen and jot down a few notes, silently congratulating myself for doing my job.

It's not easy, though. Not when I've got the image of her in that skimpy little sundress and the feel of her full, round breasts against my arm bouncing through my head. But I manage to get through the film.

I'm sure I missed a lot, and practice today is probably going to be ragged as hell, but I'll figure it out.

I'll just have the team run some extra laps and tell them it's conditioning.

Yeah, that'll work. I lean back in my chair and scrub my face with my hands, then check my watch.

It's almost ten and I need to get myself together and get down to the gym.

Getting to my feet, I groan as I stretch my back.

I'm forty-one and still a relatively young man, but some days, I feel old as shit.

Having spent most of my younger years pushing my body to the limit.

In my day, I played all out and gave it everything I had.

That sort of beating day after day, year after year, eventually takes a toll.

I only got to play in the pros for a few seasons before I blew out my knee, but I was living my dream.

And it was all worth it. It's even worth the discomfort I feel to this very day.

I head upstairs, stripping off my shirt as I go.

Walking into my bedroom, I strip out of my shorts and drop everything into the hamper, then head into the bathroom and turn the shower on.

I give the water a minute to get warm, then climb in.

I turn my face up to the water and let it rain down over me, soaking in the warmth.

It seeps into my muscles, and thankfully, my entire body starts to loosen up.

As I stand beneath the gentle rain of warm water, my mind fills with unbidden images of Morgan.

I try to shut them out, but that only seems to bring more.

The harder I try to keep from thinking of her, the more I seem to be thinking of her.

And my body is reacting. With the sight of her in that little sundress fresh in my mind, my cock starts to thicken.

The memory of her breast brushing my arm, so full and round, stirs the heat deep within me, and it's not long before I'm rock hard and throbbing.

I reach down and take hold of my cock, squeezing it firmly as I begin to stroke myself.

It's not the first time I've fantasized about Morgan Hill.

I know I shouldn't, given our history. But at some point, I became aware of just how beautiful and shapely she became, and ever since then, I've been plagued with these unrelenting fantasies of having her every way imaginable.

A soft groan passing my lips, I close my eyes and picture her in that little sundress.

I pull her to me, feeling her soft, full breasts pressed to my chest as I trail my hands down her body, reveling in the swell of her hips and the feel of her soft, pale skin beneath my fingertips.

As I pump my cock in my fist, I feel her full, soft lips on mine.

Feel her tongue in my mouth, rolling languidly around mine.

The thought of her kiss and having my hands on her lean, supple body sends a shudder of pleasure through me.

In my mind, I see myself picking Morgan up and setting her down on a table, then pushing her sundress up around her waist. She has a playful smirk on her lips as she slips the straps down and lets them fall, exposing her breasts to me.

As I pump my cock fiercely, I imagine taking her tits in my hands, squeezing and kneading them as I flick her pert, pink nipples with my tongue.

Morgan's breathy moans ring in my ears. I see her full lips parted and curled up at the corners as she stares at me with blue eyes that sparkle dazzlingly.

Squeezing my eyes shut, I throw my head back as I picture sinking my cock deep into that wet pussy.

With my hand sliding up and down my shaft, I imagine what it feels like to be deep inside of Morgan.

I feel her legs wrapped around my waist, her mouth on mine, and her round tits in my hands as I fuck her.

I picture us clinging together and feel her body writhing on the end of my cock as I pound myself into her.

My groans echo around the tile shower, and my body tingles as I jerk myself off.

I picture being deep inside Morgan, feeling how warm and wet she is.

Hear her moans and cries in my ears, and feel her quivering and shaking, begging me to give it to her harder as I fuck her.

Gripping my cock as tight as I can, I pound my cock as my breath grows ragged and my heart races.

Morgan's face, lined with ecstasy, flashes through my mind.

"Fuck me, Daddy," I hear her whisper in my ear.

A loud groan bursts from my mouth, and my entire body shakes as I throw my head back.

I feel my cock twitch then pulse as I erupt.

I keep stroking until I'm spent and my thick come is swirling around in the water before disappearing down the drain.

My body still tingling and images of fucking Morgan in my mind beginning to ebb, I lean my head against the cool tile of the shower and shake my head.

I shouldn't be having these fantasies about my daughter's best friend.

I shouldn't be having these fantasies about a girl literally half my age.

But I can't seem to stop them. She's a gorgeous girl, and I'm still a virile, red-blooded man.

Whenever I'm around her, I can't keep myself from thinking about fucking her.

About indulging in every filthy fantasy in my mind.

But sleeping with Morgan is a non-starter.

It has to be. For a laundry list of reasons, not the least of which is that she's twenty-two and Kelsey's best friend.

I don't think I'd be able to look my daughter in the eye if I gave in and let myself fuck Morgan.

No matter how much I want to. Which means, I'm going to have to settle for jerking off to the fantasies in my mind.

She's teasing and tempting me, all but asking me to fuck her, but jerking myself off to dirty thoughts of her is all that's going to happen. That's all that can happen.

"Fucking hell," I mutter.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MORGAN

“It smells in here,” he says.

“It’s a gym,” I reply with an eye roll.

“It still smells.”

I take a seat on the bleachers and watch the basketball team streaking up and down the court as they scrimmage.

Tony, my flamboyantly gay friend and the paper’s photographer, sits down next to me.

Unlike me, he’s not into sports, and clearly doesn’t want to be here.

But he’s doing me a solid by getting some pictures of the team for my article.

At least, that’s what I told him I need.

In reality, he’s giving me cover for being here.

While it’s true that I am putting a piece together about the team and need a few pictures to go with it, I’m here because I wanted to see Mr. Hooper.

Tony takes a few pictures, then gets to his feet and moves up and down the court, snapping shots of the players in action.

My eyes are fixed on Mr. Hooper. He's on the opposite sideline, watching his players carefully as he barks orders to them.

Every now and then, I catch him glancing my way and see his eyes lingering on me.

Hoping to grab his attention, I made sure to wear another sundress since I think they showcase my figure well. So far, it seems to be working.

"What are you doing?"

I tear my eyes away from Mr. Hooper and look up at Tony. "What do you mean?"

"Are you here to write a story or stare at Coach Mack?"

I feel the heat creep up my neck and into my cheeks. "I'm not staring at him."

He scoffs. "You totally are."

Running a hand through my hair, I turn away and try to cool my face down. Sitting here with neon red cheeks is doing nothing to bolster my case that I'm not here to ogle the coach. Tony erupts in laughter, doubling over like it's the funniest thing he's ever heard.

"You totally are," he says. "You're stalking Coach Mack."

"Shhhh," I hiss. "Keep your voice down."

I grab his hand and pull him down, forcing him to sit beside me again. That only makes him laugh even more, doing nothing to take some of the red out of my face.

"Relax," he says. "Not only are they not paying attention to us, it's too loud for them

to hear a word we're saying over here."

I turn back to the court and listen. Between the sound of the players yelling back and forth to one another, the sharp squeaking of their shoes on the court, and the music that's thumping, I suppose he's right.

Still, I'm not one to take chances. The last thing I need is for somebody to overhear Tony and start the rumor that I'm stalking Coach Mack.

I mean, I am. Kind of. But I don't want anybody else to know that.

"You really have a thing for Coach?" Tony asks, thankfully, in a lower tone. "I mean, he's fine and all, but isn't he a little bit too old for you?"

"Age is just a number."

"Yeah, a number that's more than twice yours."

"Not quite twice. He's only nineteen years older than me," I say quietly.

Tony claps his hands as he laughs, making me cringe. Even I know how horribly weak my counterargument is and swallow down the rest of my words. There's no sense in continuing to dig the hole I'm in any deeper than it already is.

"Girl, I've never seen a hair split so fine," he says.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah."

"I never knew you had a thing for Coach," he says.

"I have for years."

“Then why not tell him? He’s single, you’re an adult. Why not go and make that man yours?”

“Because Kelsey would freak the hell out.”

Tony purses his lips. “Yeah, I didn’t think about that. I can see how that might be a little problematic for her,” he says. “But it shouldn’t be. I mean, you’re already like family. Why not make it official by becoming her stepmom?”

He cackles and stomps his feet, drawing the gaze of a few of the players on the court.

I punch him in the arm. As I do, I notice Mr. Hooper turn our way.

Our eyes meet from across the court, and I feel my heart leap into my throat.

His eyes smolder, and for just a moment, I can almost feel him undressing me with his gaze.

It’s probably in my head, but I like to think he is anyway because it somehow justifies how wet I’m getting.

I give myself a quick shake and turn to Tony.

“Shut up,” I hiss. “You are enjoying this a little too much.”

“I really am.”

“I hate you.”

“No, you don’t.”

I laugh softly. “I do right now.”

Tony takes my hands and turns to me. “Girl, I know you love Kelsey, and she’s like your sister, but I can guarantee you she wants to see her dad happy. The man has not been with anybody since her mom died like, a thousand years ago?—”

“One, he is not that old,” I say with a grin. “Two, I know she wants to see him happy. I just don’t know if she wants to see him happy with me.”

“How can you possibly know that?”

“Because she literally asked me not to fuck her father.”

Tony winced. “Yeah, that seems pretty clear. So, why are you chasing this man if you know it’s going to piss Kelsey off?”

I shake my head. “I don’t know. It’s like ... I’m drawn to him. He just has this gravity that pulls me to him?—”

“Yeah, that gravity has a name. It’s called lust.”

“It’s more than that,” I say with a frown. “I can’t really explain what it is, but it’s not just lust. I mean, yeah, I want to sleep with him. But it’s more than that.”

Tony whistles. “Oh, girl, you are in trouble. You’re in love with him.”

I shrug. “I don’t know if it’s love?—”

“I do. And it is.”

My belly churning, I swallow the lump that suddenly rose in my throat. Could Tony

be right? Could I be in love with Mr. Hooper? I've always believed my crush on him was based on the physical. But could it be more? Could it be love?

"Girl, the best thing you can do for yourself is to get away from him. Find somebody else to take that virginity you hold so dear," he said.

"If you don't, Kelsey is not going to forgive you.

Not after asking you not to screw daddy dearest. Put the coach in your rearview mirror and move on to somebody who's more age-appropriate. And not your best friend's daddy."

Tony patted my knee, then got up and headed out of the gym, leaving me sitting there staring at Mr. Hooper, my mind and heart both spinning. Tony's words are smart. And he's probably right. But putting him in my rearview mirror is one of those things that's easier said than done.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MARCUS

After practice, I got myself cleaned up, finished some paperwork in my office, and headed down to the student union to grab some coffee before heading home for the night.

The sun had slipped below the horizon, casting the sky in the dark blue and purple shades of the oncoming night.

Campus is a lot quieter in the evening, with most people taking earlier classes, which is something I enjoy.

After spending all day in a gym with loud music and louder voices, I cherish the small bit of peace that settles over the campus when the sun goes down.

I hold the door for a couple of students who are coming out.

They give me a quick thanks, and I slip into the union after them.

The crowd is so sparse that I spot her the minute I set foot inside.

The blood in my veins immediately begins to warm, and I have to fight to keep myself from getting hard standing there.

Clearing my throat, I offer her a small smile and walk over to her table.

She turns her startingly blue eyes to me, her full, pillowy lips curling into a smile.

“You waiting for me?” I ask.

“Maybe.”

My chest tightens, as do my balls, as I stand here fighting off the waves of desire that are battering me.

I want nothing more than to bend her over the table and sink my cock deep into her.

I want to hear her moan and scream and feel her writhing against me.

Instead, I run a hand through my hair and clear my throat.

“I saw you at practice earlier. And now you’re here,” I tell her. “If I didn’t know better, I’d say you were stalking me.”

“That’s because I am.”

I laugh. “Is that so?”

She nods. “I am.”

“Well, I’m not sure whether to be scared of you or flattered.”

“Maybe a little of both.”

“Fair enough,” I say. “So, what has you stalking me?”

“I’m writing up a piece on the team,” she says. “I talked to some of your players today, and now I’d like to ask you a few questions. If you have the time.”

If I were smart, I'd tell her I don't have time and need to go. But as I look into those bottomless blue eyes and feel the heat coursing through my body, I know I'm not very smart. I'm a weak man who's letting my cock do all my thinking for me.

"Let me just go grab a cup of coffee," I tell her.

"Of course," she coos. "I'll be here waiting."

Something in her voice fans those flames inside me, the desire I feel blooming into a raging bonfire. Gritting my teeth, I walk over to the coffee shop and pick up our drinks then make my way back to the table and set them down.

"Thought you could use a refill," I say as I take my seat.

"That's sweet," she says. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"Are you sure I'm not keeping you from anything?"

Other than going home and jerking off in the shower to my fantasies about you, definitely not. The words sit on the tip of my tongue, but I manage to swallow them down.

"No, I'm good," I tell her. "Always happy to get some publicity for my team."

"Great," she replies. "Thank you for giving me a few minutes."

Morgan launches into her list of questions, and I answer as best I can.

I'm distracted by her, so I'm having trouble keeping my thoughts focused on the

interview.

I'm paying attention to know that she's very polished and very professional.

Knowing her ultimate goal is to be an on-air sports reporter, I'd say she's well on her way.

Her questions aren't gimmes. They're not softballs.

They're provocative and probing. She's insightful.

Unfortunately for her, I'm not a great interviewee on my best days.

I'm a gym rat, more focused on the Xs and Os than I am on being a polished persona.

It's made even worse today by the fact that I can't stop staring at her.

She has the longest legs I've ever seen on somebody who's five-two at most. They're toned, golden brown, and shapely.

My eyes trace them all the way up to where they disappear beneath her skirt, and I can't stop wanting a look underneath it.

Her breasts are full and round and strain against the top of her sundress, revealing a delicious amount of cleavage.

The tops of her breasts are enticingly creamy and white, in contrast to the golden brown of the rest of her body, and I catch myself fantasizing about getting her out of that sundress and taking a good, long look at her tan lines, imagining running the tips of my fingers over them first, quickly followed by my tongue.

“Are you all right, Coach?”

I raise my gaze to hers and offer her a small smile.

Judging by the look on her face, I’m sure she knows what was going through my head.

She bites her bottom lip as a shy expression crosses her features.

She quickly turns away. But I get the sense Morgan isn’t displeased by the thoughts I’m having about her. If anything, she looks excited by them.

I shouldn’t let her encourage me. Shouldn’t let myself be tempted by her.

She is, after all, forbidden fruit. If I ever gave in and Kelsey found out, it wouldn’t be good.

My daughter is my world, and I can’t do anything to hurt her.

Breaking her heart would absolutely shatter mine. It would be a pain I couldn’t bear.

I clear my throat. “So, did you have any more questions? Or are we done here?”

“Done with me so soon?” she asks with a flirtatious lilt in her voice.

“I just ... I have some things I need to do tonight,” I lie.

She frowns, disappointed. I would much rather take her home with me and spend the night playing out every filthy fantasy I’ve ever had.

But I force myself to think of Kelsey and how she would react.

Honestly, it's not wanting to see that look of disappointment on her face that keeps me from inviting Morgan back to the house. Instead, I get to my feet.

"I should get going," I say.

"Well, thanks for your time, Mr. Hooper."

I smile gently. "When are you going to call me Mack? Or if nothing else, then just call me Marcus. We're all adults here now, Morgan."

Her smile is radiant, her eyes sparkling. "It just feels strange. You've always been Mr. Hooper to me, you know?"

"I get it," I tell her. "But give it a try. It might come easier than you think."

"I'll try."

I offer her one smile, giving myself a last chance to drink her in before I go home and hit the showers. If I don't get myself off thinking about her, I'm not going to be able to get anything else done tonight.

"I'll see you later, Morgan."

"Count on it."

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MORGAN

It's been a couple of days since our meeting in the student union.

I actually wasn't stalking him. I was doing a little work on my article and running into Mr. Hooper there was just a happy coincidence, so I took advantage of it.

Not only did I get a couple of good quotes for my piece, but I also know I got under his skin at the same time.

The way he was looking at me, drinking me in from head to toe, got me so wet and hot that I had a hard time not squirming in my chair.

As it was, I had to go home and change my panties ... after getting myself off anyway.

Seeing that glimmer in his eyes told me all I needed to know.

Mr. Hooper wants me as much as I want him.

I'm sure it's fearing what Kelsey might think that's holding him back.

And I get that. It's been making me hesitate, too.

But I keep coming back to something Mr. Hooper said—that we're all adults now.

We're all grown-ups. And shouldn't grown-ups be able to enjoy each other without

being bound by our childish notions?

I know. I'm justifying it to myself. I have an uncanny ability to rationalize anything.

It's kind of like my superpower. And it's that superpower that has led me to stand outside Mr. Hooper's door.

My stomach is churning, and my hands are shaking as I raise my hand and knock on the door quickly, not giving myself a chance to back out.

I'm not the most assertive girl around, but something needs to give here.

I can't keep longing for something I'm never going to have. I need some clarity for my own sake.

"Come," Mr. Hooper's voice comes from behind the door.

Letting out a breath, I grab the door handle with my trembling hand and open it.

I step into his office and close the door behind me.

Mr. Hooper takes off his glasses as he looks up from his computer, and I can see the surprise on his face.

His eyes slide up and down my body, drinking me in, lingering first on my legs, then on my breasts.

I made sure to wear a cute skirt and top today, just to make his decision more difficult. It seems to be working.

"Morgan," he says. "What can I do for you?"

I pull a folder out of my messenger bag, slip a couple of pages out of it, and set them on his desk.

I lean close, letting my long, blond hair brush the back of his neck, and let him catch a nice hint of my perfume.

Mr. Hooper clenches his jaw, and I can see the heat creeping up his neck and spreading into his cheeks.

Not wanting to overplay my hand, I stand up, and he clears his throat.

“I thought you might want to see a preview of my article,” I tell him.

“That’s very considerate of you.”

I perch on the corner of his desk, hiking my skirt a little higher to give him a good view of my thigh.

Mr. Hooper licks his lips, forces himself to turn away, and picks up my article.

As he reads, I arch my back a little, thrusting my chest out a little more.

I can see him looking at me from the corner of his eye, and when I glance down, I can see his cock straining against his jeans.

My heart fluttering and my belly churning, I swallow the lump in my throat.

This is my chance to get some clarity. I’ve never done anything this bold before, and I’m terrified. But it’s now or never. My hand is trembling as I reach down and grab his cock through his jeans. Mr. Hooper is startled and jumps to his feet, a startled look on his face.

“Morgan, what are you doing?”

“What you won’t,” I say.

I slip off his desk and take a step toward him, but Mr. Hooper takes a step back. He’s trying so hard to do the right thing, but I can see just how hard he’s fighting his desire.

“You know there’s something between us, Mr. Hooper.”

“I know there is. But we shouldn’t?—”

I step forward and press my mouth to his.

Mr. Hooper’s body tenses, but as I slip my tongue past his teeth, he moans softly, and I feel his resolve crumble.

He pulls me to him roughly. His kiss steals my breath, and he pushes me back to the desk.

I squeak as he picks me up and sets me down on it, then falls to his knees before me.

My heart is racing, and my body is quivering as he pushes my skirt up around my waist and yanks my panties down roughly.

My eyes are wide with amazement that this is finally happening as he leans forward, and when the tip of his tongue, soft and wet, touches my clit, it feels like I grabbed hold of a live wire.

As he slides his tongue along my wet, swollen lips, I cry out.

Reaching down, I grab his hair, and as if I'm not in control of myself, I yank it hard.

He grunts but buries his tongue deep inside of me.

Still gripping his hair, I rock back and forth, grinding myself against his face.

The stubble on his cheeks tickles the insides of my thighs, and I giggle.

But when his teeth graze my clit, I shudder and moan as my body explodes with sensation.

Goosebumps prickle my skin, and my grip on his hair tightens.

I roll my hips, mashing my pussy against his face, and he continues licking and sucking me, his fingers joining his tongue.

“Oh yes, Mr. Hooper. God, yes, baby,” I moan. “Lick my pussy, Daddy.”

His growl rumbles against my lips, sending bolts of electricity through my pussy.

Getting myself off didn't prepare me for how amazing this feels.

I've never felt anything like this before.

He laps at my center like he can't get enough, pumping his fingers into me at the same time.

My entire body tightens around him, my breathing is ragged, and I can't seem to control myself.

I shake and writhe against him, the pressure building up inside of me growing more

intense by the moment.

And just when I feel like my body can't get any tighter, I suddenly feel weightless.

Like I'm falling. My grip on his hair tightens, and I hold him where he is, shaking almost violently as I come.

My voice shakes as I cry out and Mr. Hooper keeps eating my pussy, making me feel like I've got lightning shooting through my veins.

Slowly, my orgasm ebbs, and I let go of his hair.

He looks up at me with a smile, and when I see my juices glistening on his lips and chin, it reignites the heat inside of me.

He leans down and kisses me, letting me taste myself on his tongue.

My pussy feels like it's on fire, and I have never been wetter than I am right now.

Desperate to have him inside of me, I reach down and grab hold of his belt.

My fingers are clumsy, and I fumble with it.

A soft laugh drifting from his lips, he takes my hands off his belt, then quickly unbuckles his belt and gets his zipper undone.

Reaching into his pants, I gasp as I wrap my fingers around his long, thick cock.

It's the first dick I've ever touched, and I never imagined it would be so big.

Or hard. Honestly, I'm a small girl, and I'm a little nervous about having something

so large inside of me. But my desire drives me forward.

“I want to feel you inside of me,” I gasp.

I spread my legs wider as he steps forward, his hazel eyes burning into me. Still gripping his cock, I guide him to me, nestling the head of his cock between my slick, quivering lips.

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure, Mr. Hooper. I want this. I’ve wanted this for a long time.”

His mouth finds mine as he thrusts his cock into me. He swallows my cry as he stretches me open, and the hit of pain of having him inside of me is almost blinding. But as his rigid length slides along my slippery inner walls, the pain fades as a torrent of pleasure rushes through me.

“Oh my God, yes,” I moan.

He slips his hands around my waist and grabs my ass, pulling me closer to him.

He squeezes my cheeks hard as he starts to pump himself into me in a hard, steady rhythm.

Each thrust of his dick pierces my core and sends a brief pinch of pain followed by an intense wave of pleasure.

He’s so big that he stretches me open wider than I ever thought possible.

“You’re so fucking tight,” he grunts.

“Just for you, Daddy. Keep fucking me. Don’t stop, Daddy.”

His groan is low and hoarse, but his cock seems to get even harder as he buries it into me. He likes it when I call him Daddy. As the pressure builds inside me again, I lean forward and let my lips brush his ear.

“Give me your dick, Daddy. Give it to your dirty little girl harder.”

Just saying the words makes me feel like a dirty little girl, but I can’t deny that it turns me on to say them.

I heard it in a video once—a few of them, to be honest—and I’ve always wanted to play the role.

And judging by how hard his cock is and the intensity with which he’s fucking me, I can tell Mr. Hooper likes it too.

I squeak when he pulls me off his desk and turns me around.

He roughly bends me over the desk and pushes my skirt up again.

I turn and look at him over my shoulder as he plunges his cock into me.

As he thrusts himself into me from behind, he feels impossibly deep.

The pain is a little more intense, but so is the pleasure that washes it away.

Mr. Hooper reaches up and grabs my long hair then yanks my head back almost painfully as he fucks me.

“Yes, Daddy. Just like that.”

The sharp crack of his hand meeting my ass rings in my ear a moment before the sting of his palm on my cheek hits. I flinch, then moan, feeling more and more like a dirty girl and loving every moment of it. Mr. Hooper pulls my hair and pumps into me even harder.

“You are such a dirty little girl, Morgan.”

“Only for you, Mr. Hooper. I’m your dirty little girl. Fuck your dirty girl, Daddy.”

His cock swells, and he grunts, his rhythm thrown off.

A moment later, I feel him twitch, and then a low, gruff growl falls from his lips as he erupts.

His cock throbs, and I feel him shooting thick ropes of his warm, sticky come into me.

The sensation of him filling me up sends waves of electricity crackling across my skin and makes me cry out as I climax again.

Mr. Hooper holds onto my hips as I tremble and writhe, my orgasm taking my breath away.

My pussy is pulsing around his cock, milking every last drop of come out of his balls, and when he’s spent, he softens and slips out of me.

I stay where I am for a moment, bent over the desk, still trembling, trying to catch my breath, and savoring the ecstasy that envelops me.

My head is spinning, and I can’t keep the smile off my face.

I can't believe it happened. I can't believe it finally happened.

And it's better than I ever fantasized about.

I stand up and turn around. Mr. Hooper seems to be coming down from the endorphin high.

His face is pale, giving me a strange, worried look.

A smile on my lips, I put my hands on either side of his face and pull him down, placing a gentle kiss on his lips.

He melts into me for a moment before slowly pulling back.

"This is going to be complicated," he says.

"It doesn't have to be."

"These things always are."

"Because people complicate them," I respond. "We don't have to be like those people."

He offers me a smile but doesn't look very reassured. I pick up my panties and quickly slip them back on, then smooth down my skirt and my hair, trying to look as casual and nonchalant as I possibly can. When I feel I've put myself back together, I give him another peck.

"I'll see you later, Mr. Hooper."

"I think ... given what we just did, you can call me Mack. Don't you think?"

“We’ll see.”

I tip him a wink, then hurry from his office. My body is still tingling with the afterglow. With the realization I was able to cross something off my bucket list. As I make my way through the hallways, though, I already know he’s right.

This is going to be very complicated.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MARCUS

“What’s wrong with you today?” Mo asks.

I turn to him. “What do you mean?”

“You’re distracted today.”

“No, I’m not.”

He scoffs. “Yeah. You really are. I’ve never seen you so out of sorts at practice, man.”

After dismissing the team, I’m sitting in the gym with Maurice Coyle, a former teammate and current assistant coach. He’s also my best friend. Has been since high school. Mo and I have been through the shit together, and there’s nobody in this world I trust more.

“Seriously, bro. That was the most raggedy ass practice I have ever seen you run. Ever,” he says. “What’s up with you?”

What happened with Morgan the other day was incredible.

It lived up to every single fantasy I’ve ever had and then some.

And ever since it happened, I haven’t been able to get it—or her—out of my head.

She's been on my mind every minute of the day.

I've had to stop myself from calling her for a repeat performance since I know what happened cannot happen again.

As it is, I'm going to feel guilty as sin whenever I look into Kelsey's eyes.

"Bro?"

I sigh. "You ever do something you really wanted to do but knew you shouldn't, and then you can't stop thinking about wanting to do it again, even though you know you can't?"

"Yeah. I always feel that way when I have a second piece of pie."

We share a laugh, and Mo nudges me with his elbow. He's always been the kind of person who can lighten the mood, and I appreciate that about him.

"Seriously, what's going on, Mack?"

I take a drink of water, letting the cool liquid soothe my parched throat, then screw the cap back on and cup the bottle in both hands.

If there is one person I can talk to about this, it's Mo.

As I try to get them out, I find the words stuck in my throat.

I take another drink, trying to swallow down the lump keeping me from speaking, and let out a long breath.

"So, you know that reporter for the school paper—Morgan Hill?" I finally ask.

Mo nods. “Yeah, she interviewed me the other day.”

“Yeah, she’s my daughter’s best friend. They’ve been tight since they were kids.”

My voice trails off, and Mo stares at me for a moment, waiting for me to go on. But when I don’t, the implication in my words seems to sink in, and his eyes widen as his mouth falls open.

“Bro, really?” he asks.

“She’s been flirting with me for a while,” I explain. “The other day, she showed up at my office to give me an advance copy of her article, and it just happened.”

“In your office?”

“In my office.”

“Damn. That’s kind of hot. I can’t remember the last time Shandra and I got after it in a freaky place like that,” he says.

“I love my wife with everything in me, but we’ve been married for twenty years now, and we stopped doing that high school shit a while ago.

Truth is, I wouldn’t mind a little sexy time adventure now and then. ”

I laugh and shake my head. “Sounds like you just need to introduce it, brother. Take the reins and lead her down that path.”

“I may have to try that sometime,” he replies. “Now, back to you and this reporter?—”

“You mean my daughter’s best friend.”

“Right,” he says. “So, what’s the problem?”

“Kelsey is going to flip out if she ever finds out what happened between us.”

“She might. But she also might realize you’re a grown man who needs some companionship,” he says. “I mean, it’s been a long time since Evie passed, and you haven’t even been on a date since.”

I shrug. “My focus was on the job and on raising my daughter.”

“Right. And now your daughter is grown. She’s a strong, intelligent woman, so maybe it’s time for you to take care of yourself for a change. And maybe you’re not giving her enough credit. Maybe she’ll be okay with it.”

I wince. “Yeah, I’m not so sure about that. I mean, it’s her friend.”

“And you are all adults,” Mo says.

“Not sure that’s going to make a difference.”

Mo turns and stares at me for a long moment. “Tell me something,” he finally says. “Do you like this girl? I mean, is it more than just a physical thing?”

Having been on the verge of a meltdown over sleeping with her, it’s a question I haven’t given a lot of thought to.

But I think I recognize that there’s something different about Morgan.

She’s sexy as hell, of course. But she’s intelligent.

Kind. Funny. There's something about her I feel connected to.

I don't understand it, but whenever I'm around her, I feel something stirring inside of me.

And it's not just a desire to fuck her. It's something deeper.

I shake my head, trying to push those thoughts away.

Those kinds of thoughts are dangerous. They'll lead me down a path I shouldn't dare step foot on.

Most of all because everything is so jumbled in my head right now.

Like Mo said, I haven't been with anybody in a really long time, and part of me wonders if I'm confusing the desire I feel for Morgan with something more simply because she's paying attention to me.

Because she wants me. It's an easy thing to confuse, and the last thing I want to do is launch into something, then figure out it's not what I really want. I don't want to hurt Morgan.

"If you care about this girl, then why not pursue it?" Mo pushes. "You're both adults. You're both capable of making your own decisions."

We're both adults. It's ironic simply because it's something I said to Morgan when encouraging her to use my first name.

I have to admit, hearing her call me Mr. Hooper while we were fucking felt filthy and incredibly hot at the same time.

He's right. We are both adults and capable of making our own decisions about who we spend time with.

In theory, it shouldn't be an issue, but for the fact that my daughter is her best friend.

"Kelsey will understand," Mo says as if reading my mind. "I know for a fact that she wants you to be happy, bro. I do too, if I'm being honest. Maybe if you're getting laid on the regular, you won't be such a dick sometimes."

I laugh. "Thanks for that."

"Seriously, if you care for this girl, pursue her. We only get so many chances to be happy," he says. "Don't let this one pass you by."

"Thanks, Mo."

"I got you, bro. Always."

He's given me a lot to think about. A lot to process. Even as it all spins around in my mind, and I consider pursuing something with Morgan, I don't know if I'm going to be able to overcome the biggest hurdle.

My daughter.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MORGAN

“D ammit,” I mutter, pushing away from the table.

It’s hard to focus on this stinking paper I have to do when my mind is running wildly with the memories of being with Mr. Hooper in his office.

All I have to do is close my eyes and I shudder, feeling his kiss, his hands on my body, and his long, thick cock so deep inside me.

If I knew it was going to be like a drug and that I’d be suffering from withdrawal after not hearing from him for a couple of days, I might have reconsidered seducing him.

Okay, probably not, but still. There’s a small piece of me that’s a little hurt he hasn’t called.

I think that piece expected that he, too, would be jonesing for another hit of what I have.

That he’d be suffering the same kind of withdrawal that has me shaking and sweating like a fiend.

At the very least, I’d been hoping he’d call just to check in on me or something. I don’t know.

It’s stupid, I know. I told him it was people who overcomplicate things, and here I

am, overcomplicating them.

I know I gave him the impression it was a casual, one-off sort of deal.

He can't be blamed for believing me when my actions all implied this was a no-strings-attached, good-time-only fling.

That's the impression I wanted to leave him with, so he wouldn't feel pressured to act in a certain way with me.

And to alleviate him of any guilt he might have.

What I didn't factor into my grand plan is who will alleviate my guilt?

I betrayed Kelsey by sleeping with her father.

I promised her I wouldn't do anything with Mr. Hooper, and the minute she goes out of town, I seduce him.

I'm a terrible friend. I'm a horrible human being.

But this is something I've dreamed of and fantasized about for so long, I just couldn't help myself.

I couldn't deny myself what I wanted. And now, because of my lack of restraint, I am burdened by my guilt.

A knock at the door draws my attention, thankfully pushing all those thoughts to the back of my mind. At least for the moment. I walk to the door, and when I open it, my heart immediately leaps into my throat as my stomach lurches so hard it's painful.

“Mr. Hooper,” I say. “W-what are you doing here?”

“We need to talk, Morgan.”

“Um. Yeah, okay.”

I step aside and let him in, then close the door. I look down at myself and grimace. I’m wearing nothing but a pair of boxers, a t-shirt that exposes my midriff, and pink, fuzzy slippers. My hair isn’t even done. I have it tied up into a messy bun atop my head.

“I’m sorry,” I say. “I wasn’t expecting anybody?—”

“You look fantastic,” he replies.

“I don’t.”

“You really do,” he says.

He stands in the middle of my living room, drinking me in, his eyes hungry, his cheeks slightly flushed, telling me that he truly believes what he’s saying.

The heat quickly rises from my neck into my face, and I turn away, quickly turning off the TV—not that I was watching it anyway.

It’s just background noise. I start to straighten up the books and the papers scattered around the table and surround my laptop.

“Sorry for the mess. I was just working on a paper?—”

Before I finish my sentence, Mr. Hooper pulls me to him.

Startled, I turn my face up to him, and the heat in his hazel eyes steals my breath.

He leans down and kisses me. My heart racing, I melt into him, sliding my arms around the back of his neck and rolling my tongue around his as he slides his arms around my waist and crushes me against his body.

His cock is already hard and pressed against my belly, and I gasp, my entire body quivering.

With a low growl, Mr. Hooper pulls my t-shirt up.

I raise my arms, allowing him to take it off.

Never taking his eyes off me, he tosses my shirt aside.

His eyes glitter with desire, and he licks his lips in anticipation.

I'm floored that this is happening again.

I thought that what happened between us was a one-time thing and would never be repeated.

But the intensity of his kiss has my head spinning, and tells me Mr. Hooper has been thinking about this as much as I have.

As he quickly strips off his shirt and starts pulling his pants down, I kick off my slippers and shimmy out of my shorts.

A small grin curling his lips, he pulls me over to the couch and sits down, pulling me on top of him.

I straddle his lap and lean forward, my hair cascading down around our faces like a curtain.

It feels like we've shut out the world around us and only the two of us remain.

"I can't stop thinking about you," he says, his voice low and gruff.

"I can't stop thinking about you either."

"I know this is wrong, but I can't stop wanting you."

I shake my head. "This isn't wrong."

Moving before he can rethink all of this, I lower myself onto his rock hard cock, taking him into me inch by glorious inch.

And when I'm seated on him, I kiss him again, forcing my tongue past his teeth as I wait for the pinch of pain to subside.

It soon does, and I'm left with nothing but the pleasure that's lighting me up inside.

My body tingles, and a shaky smile touches my lips.

"Are you all right?" he asks.

"I'm amazing," I say.

Moving slowly, I roll my hips, sliding up and down on his cock, the friction of his hard shaft gliding along the inner walls of my sex, sending electricity through my veins.

Throwing my head back, I bounce up and down on his staff, grinding myself down on it, taking him deep into me.

Mr. Hooper leans forward, cupping my breasts.

He sucks on my hard nipples, flicking his tongue over them, making me moan.

He slips his hand around the back of my neck and pulls me down into another kiss as he slaps my ass.

The sharp sting floods my body, heightening the pleasure of having him pierce the very center of me.

We roll and writhe together, our bodies moving in a perfectly sinuous rhythm.

Goosebumps prickle my skin, and I can't seem to stop the smile on my face.

He's staring at me with an expression of awe, his eyes burning with desire.

He looks at me like I'm the most beautiful woman he's ever seen.

Like I'm a living work of art. And it makes me even wetter.

"You feel so good, Mr. Hooper," I say, my breath wispy.

A low groan passes his lips, and a strange expression touches his features.

He stares at me like he knows he shouldn't enjoy hearing me call him that, but enjoys it anyway.

Like, really enjoys it, if his cock twitching and growing even harder is any judge.

I thrust myself up and down, harder and faster, drawing a long, sensual groan from him.

He swells inside of me, and he clenches his jaw, the veins in his neck standing out as he tries to hold himself back.

My body is alight with sensations, almost too many to handle.

My cries are stuttering, and my heart feels like it's beating out of my chest. My stomach tightens as I feel him right on the brink, and when he presses his head back against the couch and cries out, I feel my pussy gripping onto him tighter as I thrust myself down on him one last time.

Mr. Hooper explodes. As I feel the rush of his warm, sticky come filling me up, I throw my head back and cry out his name.

My body shakes wildly, and my heart stutters as my breath is driven from my lungs.

He grabs my hips, thrusting himself upward, driving himself into me as he comes.

It touches off bursts of sensation inside me.

With his hands on my hips, we remain locked in that position, seemingly frozen in that moment in time as we tremble together.

It takes a moment, but my breath finally returns, and my heart slips back into its steady rhythm once more.

Feeling boneless, I slump forward, pressing my forehead to his.

Mr. Hooper stares into my eyes, a crooked grin upon his lips.

We linger in the moment, relishing the feelings of light, glowing energy that envelops us.

“This isn’t what I intended when I came by,” he says.

“I think it worked out just fine.”

He laughs softly. “Yeah, so do I.”

Still straddling his lap, I lay my head on his shoulder and breathe in his musky, masculine scent.

Mr. Hooper trails his fingers through my hair and down my back, gently stroking me.

The tips of his fingers leave trails of warmth on my skin and make my heart swell.

I can’t help but feel like something has shifted between us.

I can’t explain it. I don’t even really understand it.

But it feels like there’s been some fundamental change in our relationship.

He may have come here to tell me this couldn’t happen again, but something changed for him.

Maybe it was just lust. Desire. But I don’t think so.

I think whatever it is goes deeper than that.

He leans forward and presses a kiss to my forehead.

I nuzzle closer to him, relishing the feel of his body, so taut and warm, against my own. This is definitely getting complicated.

But I like it.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MARCUS

“This place is nice,” she says.

“It’s one of my favorite sushi spots.”

We get up from the table, full after a terrific meal.

It’s been a couple of weeks since I showed up at Morgan’s place, fully intending to tell her we couldn’t see each other like that again.

Heading over to her apartment, my resolve had been firm.

After thinking about it and everything Mo had said, I decided I couldn’t do it.

I couldn’t do that to Kelsey. But the moment I arrived and saw her standing in the doorway, I felt my resolve begin to waver.

And when I looked into her bright blue eyes, it collapsed completely. I had to have her.

Since then, we’ve been seeing a lot more of each other.

And not just to screw. I guess it’s fair to say we’ve been dating.

Something changed inside of me. It wasn’t just physical.

It was more than that. It was deeper. When I was looking into her eyes that night, I just felt something shift.

I've known this girl for a really long time, and I've always known what kind of person she is.

That night in her apartment, I really saw her.

The blinders came off, and I saw Morgan for everything she is.

And that sense of connection I felt for her—that I denied myself for so long—only grew stronger.

I don't know yet how I'm going to explain this to Kelsey, but I've been happier these last couple of weeks than I have in a very long time.

I've felt a lightness and joy that've been absent from my life for years. I hope she can understand that.

I've gotten a few looks when we've gone out.

It's pretty obvious she's considerably younger than I am.

But Morgan has never once made me feel weird about it.

She's never teased me about the age difference or made me feel like this thing between us is anything but right.

And when we're out and she notices those strange, disapproving looks on the faces of other people, she usually doubles down by kissing me or doing something else that seems to scandalize other people, which is something she finds funny.

I'm not going to lie, the age difference still feels strange to me.

She is literally half my age, and there's some part of me that thinks I should feel guilty about that.

I have to remind myself that Morgan is twenty-two years old.

She's a fully formed adult capable of making her own decisions about who she wants to spend time with.

And frankly, I'm glad she wants to spend time with me.

"Thank you for dinner," she says.

"You're welcome," I respond. "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

She slips her arm through mine as we walk out of the restaurant and make our way over to the valet stand. I'm just about to hand over my ticket when I realize I'm missing something. I give my pockets a quick pat-down, then turn to Morgan and give her a half-shrug.

"I forgot my phone at the table," I tell her. "I'll just go and grab it and come right back."

"I'll be here," she replies.

I plant a gentle kiss on her forehead, then turn and step away.

Pulling the door open, I step back into the restaurant and make my way back to our table.

The busboy is arriving at the same time I do and hasn't taken anything off the table yet, thankfully.

My phone is still sitting there, so grab it and head back through the restaurant.

When I push through the door and back out onto the sidewalk, I see a guy looming over Morgan.

I can tell by the way she's standing, arms wrapped protectively around her midsection and shrinking away from him, that she feels threatened.

The guy is leering at her, and though I can't hear what he's saying, I've got a pretty good idea.

I step quickly and put myself between them, glancing over my shoulder at her.

"You all right?" I ask.

The flush of relief on her face is immediate, and she nods. "I'm fine."

"You mind, pops?" the guy in front of me sneers. "I'm trying to talk to her."

I turn back to him. He's a lean, fit kid.

About my height and in pretty good shape.

He's got brown hair with a stylishly tousled look, green eyes, and a strong jawline.

He also has that smarmy, entitled air of a spoiled frat boy who grew up rich and got whatever he wanted. Including women. I hate guys like him.

“She’s with me,” I say, my voice low and gruff. “So, you can just move along.”

He stares at me blankly for a moment, then erupts in laughter. “She’s with you?” he asks, leaning around me to look at Morgan. “Is this your dad?”

“Fuck you,” she hisses.

The smirk still on his face, the guy shakes his head. “Wow,” he says. “So, what, is this like a sugar daddy arrangement or something? I mean, no offense or anything, but you seem way too old for a piece as fine as that.”

I step forward, my eyes narrow, jaw clenched, and my hands balled into fists. “You really need to learn some respect.”

“You going to teach me, old man?”

“Yeah,” I say. “I am.”

He says nothing for a moment and just stares back at me. It’s then that I see the first glimmer of fear in his eyes, which confirms my initial thought about him. He’s a bully. All bluster and bravado, but when you step up, he wilts.

“You going to do something?” I growl.

He licks his lips and clears his throat. He tries to recover and puts a cocky expression back on his face, but I can see right through it. He scoffs and waves me off.

“Keep her, pops,” he says. “She ain’t worth it.”

And with that, he turns and strolls away, joining a group of his buddies standing farther down the street.

They laugh and seem to be giving him shit.

I've got no doubt he's already spinning the story, telling them he didn't want to beat up a senior citizen or whatever bullshit he wants to spew. I don't really care.

I turn back to Morgan. "You okay?"

She nods and turns her bright blue eyes to me. She looks grateful. And also, like nobody has ever stood up for her before, which I find profoundly sad.

"Thanks to you, yeah," she says.

I take her hand in mine and place a gentle kiss on the back of it. "Ready to go?"

She stands on her toes and pulls me down into a kiss. "Thank you," she said, her expression serious. "Thank you for doing that."

I hold her gaze for a long moment, offering her a small smile and pulling her to me tightly. "I'm never going to let anything bad happen to you, Morgan. Ever."

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MARCUS

After a long shower, I pull on a pair of sweats and a t-shirt and pad down to my office.

I drop into my chair and look at my phone, tempted to text Morgan and ask her to come over.

It's been a couple of days since the night at the sushi bar, and I find myself missing her.

But she has exams to study for, and I have some film to break down, so I don't.

Our first game is quickly approaching, and I feel as unready for it as I've ever felt for any game.

The past few weeks have been a whirlwind.

But I've been having more fun than I've had in a long time.

Morgan is an incredible girl. I think I've always known that, but being able to see her now, in this more intimate light, I'm seeing things in her I never let myself see before.

More than that, I'm feeling things that feel so foreign to me.

She's opened doors in me I thought were long closed and sealed shut forever. And

she's done it so effortlessly.

The pull I feel towards Morgan is so strong that I can't ignore it.

And when I do try to ignore it, those feelings only seem to get even stronger.

She's got this gravity that pulls me to her.

A gravity I can't seem to fight. I pick up my phone, fully intending to text her, then quickly drop it again.

I can't. I've got work to do. More importantly, she's got work to do.

The last thing I want is to get in the way of her studies.

I drop my phone into the top drawer of my desk and quickly close it.

Out of sight, out of mind. After that, I open my laptop and call up the film I want to break down.

Before I can get into it, the doorbell rings.

I'm not expecting anybody. Frowning, I get to my feet and head out of my office and to the front door.

I open it and pause, speechless for a moment.

"What are you doing here?" I ask. "I thought you had exams to study for."

Morgan drops her bag at my feet and smiles. "Brought it with me."

I laugh. “Study date, huh?”

“Maybe.”

She walks into the house, closes the door behind her, and locks it. She turns back to me and I cock my head, looking at her quizzically.

“Why are you wearing a long coat?” I ask.

She bites her bottom lip flirtatiously, and her eyes glitter as she shrugs out of her coat, letting it fall to the floor.

She steps out of the coat and stands before me, wearing nothing but heels and a matching set of stockings, panties, and bra.

I swallow hard as I drink her in, feeling my arousal already stirring.

My eyes trace the swell of her hips and breasts and soak in her smooth, creamy skin.

All thought of breaking down film is driven from my mind, replaced by images of the night ahead of us.

She holds her arms out and turns in a circle. “What do you think?”

Morgan squeals as I scoop her up and cradle her in my arms. I kiss her as I walk upstairs and carry her to my bedroom, laying her down gently on the bed. Braced on her elbows, she looks up at me, her eyes alight with desire.

“You’re overdressed,” she says.

“I am.”

As I quickly strip out of my sweats and t-shirt, she slips out of her bra and shimmies out of her panties. She's just about to take off her heels and stockings when I put my hand over hers.

"Those stay on," I say.

She smiles brightly. "Naughty."

"You bring it out in me."

I crawl on top of her, bracing myself over her.

Leaning down, I kiss her, relishing the feel of her warm, velvety tongue rolling around mine slowly and passionately.

Our kiss quickly grows more heated and my cock grows rigid, aching with need.

I plant a line of kisses down her neck, circle her nipples with my tongue, sliding the tip of it down her flat, taut belly, then tickle her clit.

She gasps and moans as I taste her, reveling in the feeling of her sticky, warm juices on my face and her silk stockings rubbing against my cheeks.

I lap at her center, making her squirm, using my fingers and tongue to quickly bring her to the pinnacle.

Morgan clamps her thighs around my head, a wail bursting from her lips as she thrashes and writhes beneath me.

"I'm coming," she cries. "I'm coming so fucking hard, Daddy."

Morgan yanks my hair so hard, it makes me wince, but I keep licking her sweet little pussy, unable to get enough.

The taste of her is intoxicating. But she slowly releases her hold on my hair, and her thighs loosen.

I look up at her and lick my lips, savoring the last bit of her nectar.

She trembles, but her eyes shine with need.

“I need you inside of me,” she gasps.

A grin upon my face, I flip her over onto her belly and climb up on top of her.

As I kiss the back of her neck, I slip my cock into her.

She is such a tight fit that Morgan gasps.

But her pussy is so wet that I’m able to slide deep into her.

Her soft moan is like music to my ears, and I take a moment to savor the feeling of her tight, wet grip around my shaft.

Slowly, I start to move, gently thrusting myself into her, the feeling of my dick sliding along her wet, slippery walls sending sparks of electricity shooting through my body.

Her whimpers become cries as I increase my pace, pounding myself into her.

Grabbing a handful of her hair, I pull her head back.

The sharp crack of my hand slapping her ass echoes around the room. Morgan yelps and moans salaciously.

“More, Daddy,” she cries. “Harder, Mr. Hooper.”

It should freak me out to hear her call me that.

I should tell her to stop. But the truth of the matter is that hearing her call me Mr. Hooper while I’m buried deep in her tight, wet pussy is filthy.

Dirty. And I fucking love it. I slap her ass again, drawing a moan from her that rings in my ears.

My balls tighten, and the pressure builds inside of me. I know I won’t last much longer.

Grabbing her by the hips, I roll Morgan onto her back and brace myself on my arms above her.

She spreads her legs, inviting me in, and I lean down, kissing her with the heat of my passion as I bury my cock inside of her.

She gasps and groans as I thrust myself deep.

I pound myself into her in a hard, steady rhythm, and I’m mesmerized, watching her full, perfect tits bouncing as I do.

Her bright blue eyes are locked on mine, and her lips are slightly parted, a look of pure rapture on her face.

A grunt slips through my gritted teeth, and I feel the heat in my face as I try to hold

back.

Try to stave off the inevitable. I want this moment and these feelings to last. I'm not ready for them to end.

But the friction of her tight pussy, gripping my shaft harder than a fist, is pushing me to the brink, and I can't hold myself back.

"Fill me up, Mr. Hooper," she moans. "Come inside of me, Daddy."

And that's all it takes. That sort of filth coming out of such a sweet, innocent face pushes me over the edge.

My cock swells, and I throw my head back, moaning loudly as I burst. My cock throbs and pulses, shooting my thick, hot seed deep into her.

And as I fill her up, Morgan's body tenses and shakes.

She calls out my name and digs her nails into my forearms as she writhes beneath me, as she orgasms. Her pussy contracts around me, making the fit even more snug as she milks every drop out of me.

Our breathing ragged, our hearts racing, we remain locked together as the warm glow of our union burns brightly around us.

Morgan looks up at me with those wide blue eyes of hers and a strange look on her face.

She reaches up and lays her hand against my cheek, and I lean into her.

Feeling myself soften and slip out of her completely, I flop onto my back and stare up

at the ceiling, my head spinning, and a smile on my face.

Morgan lays her head on my chest and traces lazy circles on my stomach with the tip of her finger as I gently stroke her back.

Wrapped in a contented silence, neither of us speaks for a long moment.

She finally raises her head and looks at me, a flirty smile on her full lips and tired eyes.

She kisses my chest and lays her head back down.

It's not long before she slips into the slow, steady breath of sleep.

I lean down and kiss the top of her head.

I don't know what this is or where it's going. All I know is this girl has awakened something in me I thought was long dead and gone. And I love her for it. All I know is that I think I love her.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MORGAN

I slowly emerge from the depths of a sound sleep and feel the smile stretch across my face.

The comforting firmness of his body is pressed to mine, his muscular arm wrapped protectively around my waist, and his breath warm on the back of my neck.

I smile and nuzzle closer to him, savoring the moment.

Somehow, this all just feels too good to be true.

As if I'm going to wake up and realize this is all just another one of my fantasies.

I don't even recall falling asleep. All I remember is a wonderful evening with Mr. Hooper.

My mind is pleasantly muzzy, but I do recall that at some point, I woke up to him taking off my heels and stockings and tucking me under the covers.

I remember lying there for a couple of minutes, secretly pinching myself just to make sure the past few weeks hadn't been some kind of fever dream. But no, it was real.

I like that he had me leave my heels and stockings on while we had sex last night.

It was naughty. And if there's one thing he's done, he's helped me open up a bit and explore sides of me I've only ever fantasized about.

I never really thought I'd be bold enough to indulge in those things I secretly want and enjoy.

But he brings it out in me. He's helped me open doors inside myself I never even knew existed.

As I lie there, basking in the images and sensations, I briefly consider waking him up for an early morning round.

Before I can do that, I feel a strange weight on my chest. There's a sudden heaviness in the air that dumps a load of adrenaline into my veins.

That strange energy cuts through all the pleasant memories that had been flowing through me, pushing them to the back of my mind and sealing them away.

Goosebumps prickle my skin and the hair on the back of my neck stands on end.

I know what that feeling is. I'm being watched.

Sitting bolt upright, my eyes are still blurry, but I make out the figure standing at the foot of the bed.

I rub my eyes and give myself a small shake, and my vision slowly comes into focus, and the blurred figure comes into sharp relief.

And as it does, I feel my heart drop straight into the pit of my belly, and I start to tremble.

"Kelsey," I say. "I ... I, uhh..."

My voice is quaking as hard as my body. My mind is spinning so hard, I can't latch

onto a single coherent thought, let alone give voice to it.

Her face is dark with rage and etched with betrayal.

Mr. Hooper stirs beside me as he comes awake.

When he sees the alarm on my face, he sits up beside me and groans.

“Honey,” he manages.

“Are you two serious right now? Really?” Kelsey spits.

Beside me, I feel a quiver pass through his body. “Honey, I-I thought you weren’t due back for a couple of weeks yet.”

“Really? That’s what you’re most worried about right now?” she screeches.

Kelsey stands with her hands planted on her hips, narrow eyes burning with rage, shifting back and forth between me and her father.

My stomach clenches painfully, and my heart flutters faster than a hummingbird’s wings.

Kelsey and I have been friends all our lives, and to see her glaring at me with undisguised contempt is tearing me to pieces.

“So, what, you waited for me to leave town then started fucking my father?” she growls, fixing me with a glare that burns a hole through me. “Or has this been going on behind my back for a while now, and you’ve both just been lying to me?”

“Honey, nobody’s been lying to you,” Mr. Hooper says evenly. “What’s going on

between Morgan and me, it just happened. Recently.”

“And I’m supposed to believe that? She’s been wanting this since we were in high school!” Kelsey howls. “And I’m supposed to believe it just spontaneously happened?”

“It’s the truth, honey.”

I grimace, knowing that’s not exactly true. If I’m being honest, once Kelsey left for England, I hunted her father. I had an agenda. And me lying naked in this bed beside him is the culmination of my plan. The guilt is like an ice pick in my heart.

“She’s half your age, Dad,” Kelsey hisses. “What were you thinking?”

Mr. Hooper sits with the sheets around his waist, not daring to get out of bed, knowing he’s as naked as I am.

His neck turns red, and the flush creeps into his cheeks as he seems to realize it.

He looks completely lost. And it’s my fault.

All of this is my fault. Kelsey turns back to me, rage twisting her features.

“And you. I cannot fucking believe you. I asked you more than once to not go after my Dad,” she growls. “But you just couldn’t help yourself, could you? You had to take what I asked you not to take. You’re a selfish bitch, Morgan!”

“Kelsey—”

“No. I don’t want to hear it,” she cuts me off with a vicious sneer. “You and I are done, Morgan. Do you hear me? We are fucking done. I don’t ever want to see you

again.”

“Please, Kelsey,” I plead. “Give me a chance?—”

“Get the fuck out of this house, Morgan!” she shouts. “Get out and don’t ever think about coming back here again! Ever!”

Kelsey spins around and dashes out of the room, slamming her father’s door behind her.

A moment later, I hear her bedroom door slam and can picture Kelsey throwing herself down on her bed and sobbing wildly.

All along, while Mr. Hooper and I have been together, in the back of my mind, I always knew this was a possibility. Hell, maybe it was an inevitability.

She’s right. I am a selfish bitch. She asked me for one thing, and I ignored it.

I was so focused on getting what I wanted that even though I knew Kelsey would be hurt, I didn’t care enough to not do it.

I put my own wants and desires over the feelings of my best friend.

I’m not just a selfish bitch. I’m a horrible friend and an even worse human being.

Tears spill from the corners of my eyes as I slip out of bed and quickly gather up my clothes. I just pray Kelsey doesn’t come out of her room while I’m doing my walk of shame in nothing but heels and a trench coat. Salt in the wounds much?

“I should probably go,” I say.

“Yeah,” he replies and runs a hand through his hair. “Listen, I’m sorry?—”

“You have nothing to be sorry about. This is my fault.”

My tears blur his face. Before he can say anything more, I turn and flee the house.

By the time I get behind the wheel of my car, I’m shaking so hard, I don’t know if I’ll be able to drive.

But I start my car and pull away quickly.

I probably deserve to be in a terrible wreck for what I’ve done to my best friend in the world.

As I turn the corner and drive away from the house, away from Mr. Hooper, I feel my heart crack and shatter like brittle glass.

MARCUS

Kelsey hasn't come out of her room for almost two days.

My every knock goes unanswered, as does every text I've sent her.

If I hadn't heard her sobbing, I might have thought she slipped out of the window like she used to do when she was in high school.

She thought I didn't know, but I always did.

I had a long talk with her then-boyfriend about it, and he assured me there was nothing untoward happening, that they were just hanging out.

I told him to make sure it stayed that way. He did.

It's been almost two days, and she hasn't been out while I've been home.

I know she's hurt. I know she feels betrayed.

And I feel terrible for that. But having had the last couple of days to reflect on it all, and of course, after a long conversation with Mo, I've come to realize she's behaving like a child rather than the twenty-two-year-old adult she is.

Even worse, Mo has made me see that I'm coddling her like she's still a child.

He helped me realize that by catering and capitulating to her feelings, I haven't

helped her grow and mature.

It's time that changes. It's time I begin treating my daughter like an adult and have difficult conversations with her.

Not that it's going to be easy. She's been my world for a very long time, and my life has been tailored around her.

Switching that up isn't going to be easy.

But it is, I see now, very necessary. To that end, on my way home from practice, I picked up some In-N-Out—her favorite.

Call it a bribe to grease the wheels of communication.

Her car is in the driveway when I get home, and the house is silent when I walk in.

A sure sign she's still upstairs in her room—or maybe that she scurried back to her room when she heard me pulling in.

Walking into the kitchen, I flip on the lights and see an empty glass in the sink, and know it's the latter.

She's only coming out of her room when I'm gone. Very mature.

Although I'm still very sympathetic to Kelsey's feelings, the more I think about it, the angrier I get.

But that anger is mostly directed at myself since I know her behavior and immaturity are mostly my fault.

It's not just that I've made her the center of my entire world, but that I've given her tacit permission to run my life.

In anything I've done, my first thought has always been, how will Kelsey feel about that?

How will that impact my daughter? In that way, I've given her a lot of influence over my life and how I choose to live it. That is my fault.

Putting all the food on a tray, I carry it upstairs and knock on the door.

I hear her shuffle inside, but she doesn't say anything, fully expecting me to go away again.

Instead, this time, I open the door, give it a push, and let it swing inward.

Kelsey looks up from her phone and immediately scowls at me.

I swallow down the ball of emotion sitting heavy in my chest.

"I didn't say you could come in," she hisses.

"My house. I can walk into any room I want," I tell her. "It's time we had a talk."

I step into the room and set the tray down on her desk.

I put her Double Double and fries onto a plate, walk over, and set it down in front of her.

She stares at it for a moment and turns her nose up.

I give her a shrug, walk back to the desk, and drop into her chair.

I unwrap my own burger and take a big bite, watching my daughter, who remains on her bed, legs crossed, arms folded over her chest, a dark, angry glare on her face.

As I sit back in the chair and pop a couple of fries into my mouth, Kelsey's eyes drift to the burger on the plate in front of her.

I can practically hear her stomach growling from here.

She unwraps her burger daintily and takes a bite, refusing to meet my eyes.

We just sit there eating in silence, not looking at one another for a couple of minutes. It's ridiculous.

Finished with my burger, I ball up the wrapper and drop it into the bag. I pop a couple of fries into my mouth and wash them down with soda.

"So, are we really just going to sit here not talking to each other?" I ask.

"What is there to say?"

"Well, you can start by telling me why you're so upset that?"

"That you're fucking my best friend?"

"It's a little more than that, Kelsey."

"Oh, what, are you in love with her?"

I wash down the words on the tip of my tongue with another drink. She's not quite

ready to discuss the complex emotions involved with all this. I want us to clear the first hurdle before we get into that conversation.

“What I’m saying is that we’re ... dating. I mean, we’ve seen a lot of each other the last couple of weeks, and?—”

“Yeah, I can tell by what I walked in on.”

I roll my eyes and do my best to temper my frustration with her. “Kelsey, I like Morgan. She’s a great girl and?—”

“And she’s half your age. Literally.”

“She’s an adult. As you are,” I tell her. “It’s time you start acting like it.”

She recoils like I slapped her. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“It means that you’re not a little girl anymore,” I tell her. “Locking yourself in your room and pouting like a child is a little immature, don’t you think? If you have a problem with me seeing Morgan, talk to me like an adult. It’s time you grow up.”

“Fine,” she says. “I have a problem with you seeing Morgan.”

“All right, why?”

“Because she’s my best friend,” she hisses. “Or, at least, she was.”

“Kelsey, I’ve been alone a long time. Mostly because my focus has always been on you.

And I don’t regret that. I’ve wanted to give you all the love and affection of two

parents since you've only had me," I tell her.

"But you're grown up now and you don't need me as much.

And I'm still alone. With you doing your own thing now, I think it's all right for me to start living my life and look for happiness.

To look for something more. I think I deserve it. "

"But why Morgan?"

I sigh. "I ... I don't know. We just connected. It's not something I was planning or seeking, but she and I started to talk, and we just found a connection between us."

Tears spill from her eyes, and she turns away for a moment. She wipes her hand over her face and sniffs loudly. Slowly, she turns back to me.

"I think I deserve to be happy, Kelsey. And to have some companionship," I tell her softly. "I'm sorry you're upset it's Morgan, but she makes me happy. She fills a piece of my heart I never thought would be filled again."

Kesley lowers her gaze for a moment, seeming to be considering my words.

A strange expression crosses her features as if she's thinking about what I said for the very first time.

It's then that some of the anger fades from her eyes, and an expression of sadness crosses her face.

She slowly raises her head. "I didn't realize you were lonely, Dad. "

I shrug. “I wasn’t. Not really. I mean, I’ve got my team, and more importantly, I’ve got you. But I know it won’t be long before I don’t have you anymore.”

“You’ll always have me,” she says softly. “But I do think you deserve to be happy. I want you to be in love and know that joy again.”

“I’m sorry it’s with your friend.”

“You love her, don’t you?”

“I do.”

The words make her flinch, but then a slow smile touches her lips. “I’m not going to lie, it’s weird.”

“Do you think this is easy for me?” I respond with a chuckle.

“Maybe it’s because you’ve known her for so long that it made it easy for you to fall in love,” she says. “You’ve seen her at her best and at her worst.”

“I have. And maybe there’s something to that. Maybe you’re right.”

“I’m sorry, I never thought about things from your perspective. I’ve been selfish,” she says. “I’ve never thought about everything you sacrificed for me?—”

“And I would do it again,” I tell her. “Happily. You’re my world, Kelsey.”

She slips off her bed and walks over, slipping her arms around me. I lean into her as she squeezes me tightly.

“I’m sorry, Dad,” she whispers, her voice quavering. “I want you to be happy. I want

you to be in love. And if it's with Morgan, honestly, I can't think of a better woman."

"Thank you, honey," I say. "That means more to me than you know."

She stands up and offers me a shaky smile. "It's going to take some getting used to, but I'm happy for you guys. I know you'll treat her the way she deserves."

"I will," I promise.

"Good," she replies. "Now, if you'll get out, I need to clean myself up."

"Where are you going?"

She offers me a crooked smile. "To do a little more growing up."

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:59 am

MORGAN

“Are we okay?” I ask.

“Yeah. We’re good,” Kelsey replies.

“Do you promise?”

“I swear it,” she says. “And I’m sorry for the way I reacted. I was being a bitch.”

“You have nothing to be sorry about. I can’t even imagine what that must have been like to walk in on,” I tell her.

Her lips twist wryly. “I’m not going to lie, it was shocking.”

“I’m sorry for that.”

“You don’t have anything to be sorry for either. My dad and I talked it out, and I can see how much he cares about you and how happy you make him. Just saying your name lights him up in a way I’ve never seen before.”

“I feel the same way about him.”

“I want that kind of happiness for him,” she tells me. “And I want that for you, too.”

Tears well in my eyes. For a moment, the emotion is too thick, clogging my throat and rendering me totally speechless.

Kelsey takes my hand and gives it a squeeze. “Just make sure you’re good to him. He deserves somebody good to him.”

“I promise.”

She pulls me into a tight hug and gives me another smile. “Okay, so, are we on for brunch tomorrow? I want to tell you all about England.”

“I can’t wait to hear everything.”

I walk her to the door, and before she goes, Kelsey throws her arms around me again.

I hug her just as tightly, relieved to have all the drama behind us.

I wasn’t expecting her to come here to apologize.

But she told me about her talk with her dad, and I could see just how much she took his words to heart.

I’m glad for that. Not just for me, but for them as well.

It feels like their relationship might grow and enter a whole new phase.

Of course, she’s always going to be his daughter, but maybe now, she can see him as more than that.

“I love you, girl,” she says.

“And I love you back.”

With another smile, she departs, and I close the door behind her, a smile on my face.

I'm so glad we've worked it out. Having Kelsey angry with me had torn a hole in my heart.

I walk into my small kitchen, grab a bottle of water, and lean against the counter for a couple of minutes, letting the rush of adrenaline-fueled emotion subside.

Having sufficiently calmed myself down, I walk back to my table, fully intent on sitting down and finishing the paper I've been working on.

Before I can, there's a knock at my door.

Thinking it's Kelsey and that she forgot something, I bound over and open it quickly, only to find Mr. Hooper standing there.

"What are you doing here?" I ask.

"I came to see you."

"Kelsey gave us her blessing."

"I know," he says. "How do you feel about that?"

"Over the moon."

"Me too," he says. "And I thought I might take you out tonight to celebrate."

"Yeah?"

"Anywhere you want to go."

"Oh, that's a long list."

He grins. “Well, let’s start knocking those places off the list tonight.”

“Sounds like a plan,” I tell him. “Mind if I just take a quick shower first?”

“By all means.”

Standing on my toes, I give him a quick peck on the lips, then bound into my bathroom and start the shower.

Once clouds of steam begin billowing from behind the curtain, I slip inside and smile as the warm water cascades down over my body.

I can’t keep the smile off my face. It’s been a good day.

One of the best of my life, if I’m being honest, and I can’t possibly be happier.

Kelsey giving me her approval means the world to me.

More than that, it lifted the massive black shadow of guilt off my heart.

As I turn around and lean my head back, letting the water pour through my hair, the curtain slides open and a very naked Marcus Hooper steps in.

I take a moment to stare at his lean, toned body, savoring every well-muscled angle and plane.

My gaze lingers on his long, thick cock, which is already standing up.

I bite my bottom lip and raise my eyes to his.

“So, dessert first, is it?” I ask.

“Dessert? This is just an appetizer.”

He sweeps me into his arms, crushing me against his hard body, and presses his mouth to mine.

His tongue fills my mouth, and he swallows my whimper.

I shudder as the tips of his fingers trail across my skin, leaving furrows of heat in their wake.

As our kiss deepens, I reach down and take his cock in my hand, squeezing it tight as I give it slow, gentle strokes that make him growl deep in his throat. It’s a sexy sound that drives me crazy.

Mr. Hooper leaves a trail of kisses down my neck, his hands cupping and kneading my breasts.

I feel myself growing impossibly wet. He kisses me again as he slides his hand down my belly and slips it between my thighs.

I moan softly, my entire body growing taut as he deftly strums my clit with his fingertip.

A moment later, he plunges two fingers deep into me, and I cry out his name.

He kisses my mouth as he fingers me with a slow and deliberate rhythm.

He pulls his fingers out of me and slips them into his mouth.

Watching him taste my juices off his fingers makes my legs weak.

My heart jumps into my throat, and I'm more turned on than I think I've ever been in my life.

He smiles as he reaches forward and turns the shower off.

Before I can say anything, he scoops me up and carries me into the bedroom.

He lays me down on the bed, and I spread my legs as he climbs on top of me.

Mr. Hooper kisses me as he slides his cock into me, drawing a low, breathy gasp from my mouth.

We kiss again as he starts to move within me, his long, thick shaft sliding against my slippery inner walls.

My body is alight with sensation, and I'm covered in goosebumps.

A maelstrom churns in my belly, and I stare into his hazel eyes, seeing the powerful emotions coursing through me reflected in his eyes.

Our eyes lock, and our bodies move in a slow, sensual rhythm that has me shaking from head to toe.

This isn't like before. We're not just fucking.

We're not even just having sex. There's an intensity burning between us that feels different.

It feels more emotional. Like the bond and connection we've formed these past weeks are deepening.

Growing stronger. And as I stare into his eyes, I can see Mr. Hooper feels the same thing.

He kisses me again, his strokes slow and strong inside of me.

With each thrust of his cock into me, my body tingles.

My skin feels warm to the touch, and my head spins.

Gripping his arms, I hold onto him as he drives himself into me.

I lock my ankles behind his back, pulling him closer to me, taking him deeper into me, desperate to consume this man—and be consumed by him.

He's everything I've ever wanted in a man and so much more.

"You feel so good inside of me," I gasp.

"You feel amazing," he responds softly.

I yelp and giggle when he flips me over without warning, so I'm seated on top of him.

I lean forward, planting my hands on his chest to brace myself and begin rolling my hips, sliding up and down on his thick, hard cock.

My eyes are still locked onto his, the intensity of his gaze never wavering as I ride him.

Mr. Hooper's hands slide up and down my body.

He squeezes my breasts and my ass, and grabs my hips as he thrusts himself upward to match my downward thrusts.

We move together, our bodies in perfect rhythm, and electricity crackles across my skin.

“You feel like you were made for me,” he says.

“We were made for each other.”

I sink down onto him, sliding his cock as deep within me as I can take him.

My body explodes in sensation, and I quiver, a long, loud cry bursting from my mouth.

I tighten around him and feel weightless as my orgasm crashes down over me.

He grabs my hips and pulls me down harder, thrusting himself even deeper.

His cock swells, and his body tenses. A moment later, his moans of pleasure mingle with mine as we come together.

I fall forward, my hair cascading down over him as I writhe on top of him, savoring every moment of our shared orgasm.

His cock pulses inside of me, filling me with his warm cream.

As my pussy quivers around his shaft, squeezing every last drop of his spunk out of him, I stare into his hazel eyes.

Our breath is ragged, and my heart is thundering in my chest, beating so loud in my

ears, I'm sure he can hear it.

As he softens inside of me, a smile crosses his lips.

I lie down on top of him, nuzzling my face into his neck, and he strokes my back.

He places a gentle kiss on top of my head and wraps me in his arms, pulling me hard against him.

Raising my head, I look into his eyes again and see the torrent of emotions coursing through me reflected back at me.

"I love you, Marcus," I say.

His laugh is a deep rumble in his chest. "There it is," he says, obviously pleased with the sound of his name falling from my lips. "And I love you, too, Morgan. With everything in me."

He kisses me again. It's slow and sweet and tender. I can feel the depth of his emotion in his kiss, and it takes my breath away. I've never felt more cared for than I do in that moment. More than that, I've never felt safer. I never thought I could feel for somebody the way I feel for him.

Marcus has shown me things and made me feel things I never thought possible. He's made me feel loved. But perhaps the most important thing he's shown me is how to let myself be loved. I place a gentle kiss on the end of his nose, drawing a soft laugh from him.

"I have an idea," I say.

"Tell me."

“Let’s go finish that shower we started,” I say. “Then order in tonight.”

“I love the way you think.”

Taking his hand, I help him off the bed and lead him into the bathroom, fighting the urge to pinch myself yet again and simply accept that this is real. I glance over my shoulder just to make sure he’s still there, just in case.

MORGAN

Three Years Later

After the game that gave them the conference championship, I gather with the rest of the reporters for the post-game press conference.

The locker room is just down the hall from the press room, and we can hear the wild and raucous celebration echoing down the corridor.

It's the team's third title in the last four years, but my first time back at my alma mater.

They won the title the year after I graduated and have been building a dynasty since.

They've become one of the nation's elite programs. After graduating, I started working for the local paper's sports department.

My first assignments had me covering local high school games, which was fine.

I had to pay my dues. I put my nose down and focused on refining my craft and building a reputation as a solid reporter.

And it worked. After three years in the game, there was an opening after one of the old timers retired, and I was bumped up to the beat for the college I attended.

This isn't the end goal for me. Eventually, I am going to make the transition to on-air

talent for the networks, but for now, this is a good step up the ladder while I continue honing my skills.

After about half an hour, the players began trickling in for their postgame interviews.

They sat and answered all questions, but it was clear they were itching to get back to celebrating with their teammates.

I got a lot of good material. They all offered up solid quotes for my piece.

But if I'm being honest, it's not the players I'm there to interview.

A smile crosses my face as Coach Marcus Hooper emerges and takes his spot at the podium on the dais at the front of the room.

I catch his eye as he gives his brief, scripted remarks.

The corners of his mouth tip upward, a small smile touching his lips, but he doesn't break character.

Once he's finished his statement, he opens it up for questions.

He points to a reporter for the local station first.

"Go ahead, Jack," he says.

Jack gets to his feet and asks his question, wanting to know about Marcus' game plan heading into the matchup with another perennial national power.

As he delivers his answer, Marcus' eyes keep drifting to me, and I feel my heart swell.

For the past three years, we've been living together, our relationship growing and getting better every single day.

He's patient with me. He encourages me to keep reaching for more.

And when I'm down and feeling sorry for myself, he gives me the kick in the backside I need to keep going.

He coaches me. But more than that, he simply loves me.

He instinctively knows when I need a hug, rather than a coach's lesson, when to speak, and when I just want to be heard.

And he does all this while, at the same time, building the most successful basketball program in the history of our school.

The man truly amazes me each and every single day.

Just when I think I can't possibly love Marcus any more than I already do, he proves me wrong.

There really is no bottom to the love I have for this man.

And whether it's at home or from the podium where he now stands, whenever his hazel eyes meet mine, I see that same depth of love reflected back at me.

For almost an hour, he stands at the podium answering questions.

On more than a few occasions, his players burst in to hug and celebrate with him since he's not in the locker room with them.

Marcus is beloved by his players, current and former, and they are not shy about expressing that.

I know how much he hates doing the press thing, but he does it to put a brighter spotlight on his players and his program.

I admire that about him. It's never about him, and it's always about them.

That's reflected clearly in the way he answers questions, always highlighting their achievements rather than his own.

"All right, does everybody have what they need?" Marcus asks. "Are there any more questions from anybody?"

The crowd of reporters checks their notes and looks around at each other.

Most of them shake their heads. They've all gotten what they needed to file their stories.

I made it through the entire presser without asking any questions, knowing I would get the quotes I needed from him at home later.

It's the privilege of living with the coach.

I wanted to be here, though, to support him on his big night and to go out and celebrate with him after.

As the reporters are all gathering their things and starting to pack up their equipment, Marcus lingers at the podium and raises his hand.

"Before you guys go, I actually have something else I want to say," he says. "If you

don't mind indulging me for a minute."

Everybody stops moving, some of them seeming to smell a story in the air.

There has been a lot of buzz in recent weeks about other, more prestigious schools around the country courting Marcus, trying to lure him over to their program.

Success builds demand. And as one of the most successful college coaches in recent years, there is a demand for him.

But he hasn't told me about taking any job offers.

He hasn't even seemed to give any of the offers he's receiving serious consideration.

He tells me he's happy right where he is.

So, I am as in the dark about this announcement as everybody else.

My stomach turns a somersault inside of me as I brace myself.

If he did end up taking another one of those jobs, he would be moving away.

I can't imagine he'd take the job without talking to me about it first.

I let out a small breath and try to quell the churning in my belly. Marcus stands at the podium, giving everybody a chance to get settled again. When silence falls over the room, he gives them all a grateful nod.

"Thanks for the time, guys. I always appreciate the job you all do," he says. "Tonight, my team is celebrating another title, as am I, but I want to celebrate something else as well."

The reporters exchange curious glances. Nobody knows exactly where this is going, and there's a certain tension in the air.

The sense that he's accepted another coaching job seems to be growing among the crowd as everybody sits forward, expectant looks on all their faces.

Cameras are recording, and reporters are all holding their recording devices out, anticipating the announcement of his departure.

Marcus turns and looks at me, a small grin quirking the corner of his mouth upward. He steps off the podium and walks over to me. My heart stops dead in my chest when he pauses in front of me and turns to the crowd.

"Tonight, I want to celebrate this incredible woman," he says. "For the last three years, she has been my rock. She's been by my side, and she has made me the happiest man on the planet."

The crowd of reporters all smiles, but the looks of curiosity on their faces grow.

Marcus pulls something out of his pocket and drops to a knee.

I clap my hands over my mouth, my eyes wider than saucers as he opens the small, black box in his hands.

There's an audible gasp from the crowd around us, and the tension in the air changes and grows thicker.

"Morgan Hill, you make every day better than the last. And I want to spend the rest of my life with you," he says. "I love you. Will you do me the honor of being my wife?"

The room is silent, the air crackling with tension, and tears spill from the corners of my eyes. As his eyes bore into mine, I nod wildly.

“Yes,” I say. “Yes, I’ll marry you.”

His eyes shimmer with tears. A wide smile on his face, Marcus gets to his feet and slips the ring on my finger.

The room erupts in cheers and applause as he sweeps me off my feet and spins me around, both of us laughing.

He presses his mouth to mine and kisses me deeply, and I can hear the whir and click of cameras going off all around us.

I hold my hand out and admire the ring. “I just have to say, this is better than a championship ring.”

“And I have to say, you make me feel like a winner every day,” he says, wincing. “That was really corny, wasn’t it?”

“Really corny,” I say with a laugh. “But I love you, Mr. Hooper.”

“And I love you, baby girl.”

MARCUS

Five Years Later

“So? How are we feeling today?”

Morgan shoots me an exasperated look. “Do you really want to ask me that right now?” She looks at herself in the mirror and frowns. “This suit is horrible, right? This is not the right thing to wear on my first day of filming.”

“I’m pretty sure they’re going to have a wardrobe they want you to wear on set,” I respond. “I don’t think you’re going to be wearing what you roll up in.”

“No?”

I shake my head. “No. And they’ll have people doing your makeup too.”

She puts her hand to her forehead. “Right. You’re right. They told me that,” she says. “I totally forgot. My God, where is my head at today?”

I pull her to me and give her a soft kiss. “Relax. You’re going to be amazing.”

She blows out a long breath. “I’m glad one of us thinks so.”

“Think so? Oh, I think three of us know so,” I say, gesturing to our two kids.

Our little girls, Riley and Savannah, are parked on the bed, grinning up at their

mother.

Riley is three, and Savannah is eighteen months, and they are a handful.

But along with their mother, these three women are my heart.

They are my world. And so, when Morgan got her big break, it made sense for me to step away from coaching for a little while to take care of my girls.

I'm now a stay-at-home dad, and Morgan will be fulfilling her dream of having her own sports talk show.

She gives me a shaky smile. "I wish I felt better about this, babe."

I take her by the shoulders and give her a soft kiss. "This is the culmination of all your hard work. This is your dream. It's what you've always wanted to do," I tell her with a quiet laugh. "I remember hearing you talk about having your own sports show back in college."

"I'm just ... I'm scared," she says. "What if I fail? What if I get in front of the cameras and absolutely fall apart?"

"You're not going to fall apart. And do you know how I know that?"

"How?"

"Because nobody is more prepared to do this job than you are," I tell her. "You have been working hard and training for this your entire life."

She takes my hands in hers, and I notice they're trembling.

In all the years I've known Morgan, I have never seen her this rattled before.

I've never seen her doubt herself. She's one of the most self-assured and fearless people I know.

Always has been. Seeing her this shaken is strange to me.

It's a completely new side of her. It hasn't happened very often in our relationship, but this is one of those times when she needs me to be strong for her. When she needs me to be her rock.

"Babe, this is your chance to grab hold of your dream. Not everybody gets that chance?—"

"But I've got you and the girls," she says. "I'm living my dream."

"This is all just one part of your dream. Having your own show is what you've been dreaming about your entire life," I tell her. "Don't let your fear make you miss out on it. The girls and I aren't going anywhere. I'm going to be home with them. Now is your time."

A small, sad look crosses her face. "You're giving up your dream for mine."

I shake my head. "I've lived my dream for a lot of years.

I've done everything I wanted to do. I'm good," I tell her.

"Staying home with these two rugrats—that's my dream.

Seeing you succeed and achieve everything you've always wanted is my dream.

I want this for you. It's your time, Morgan. Grab your brass ring and run with it."

She turns her bright blue eyes to mine, and they're filled with a thousand emotions.

They shimmer with tears, and she gently lays a hand on my cheek.

“You really are the sweetest,” she says with a warm smile. “How did I ever get so lucky?”

“I ask myself that same question every day.”

She slaps my arm playfully, which gets the girls laughing like it’s the funniest thing they’ve ever seen.

I pull Morgan into my arms, slipping them around her waist, and hold her tight.

She stares up at me, a smile on her full lips.

I just look into her eyes, letting her feel my strength, my belief in her.

And slowly, her trembling fades. The fear drains from her eyes, and I see that confidence I’ve always seen in her.

“There’s my girl,” I say.

“Thanks to you. You give me strength.”

“Always.”

I honestly never knew life could be so good.

I’ve got the woman of my dreams and two little girls who have taken my heart.

Every day is better than the last, and even now, years after we first got together, Morgan is still teaching me things about myself I never knew.

She's still opening doors inside of me I never knew existed.

Thanks to this amazing woman in my arms, I see the world differently. I see myself differently. And I wake up every single day with a sense of joy that was uncommon in my life before her. I wake up every single day excited to see what it holds for me. For us.

"I love you, Mr. Hooper," she says.

"And I love you back, baby girl." I give her a gentle kiss. "Now, go do your thing. You've got this. And I've got you. Always and forever."

Her smile is radiant, and her eyes gleam with joyful tears. "Always and forever."

The End

Thanks for reading!