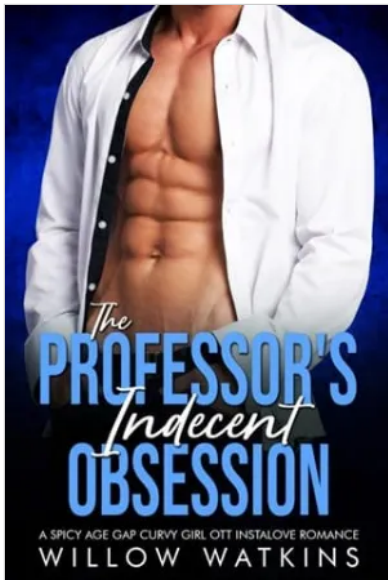




The Professor's Indecent Obsession (His Obsession #2)

Author: Willow Watkins

Category: Romance

Description: He found her filthy fantasies. Now he'll stop at nothing to make every one of them come true.

Roman Thorne doesn't do love. He's a bestselling author writing stories about justice, revenge, and survival from lessons he learned firsthand as a former soldier. He certainly didn't take a job teaching creative writing to fall head over heels for a student.

But the moment he opens a forgotten notebook filled with explicit stories starring him as the hero of one curvy young writer's wildest desires... everything changes.

Callie Dawson never meant for anyone to read her most private thoughts. Especially not the man who's consumed her dreams since long before he stood at the front of her lecture hall. But when she's asked to stay behind after class, she realizes her secret is out... and that her fantasy is about to become very, very real.

Roman is possessive. Obsessive. Utterly consumed by the idea of claiming his pretty little writer. And when he finds out a shady literary agent is using her for profit, he's ready to destroy anyone who threatens what's his.

Because she isn't just a muse. She's his future, and he'll protect her with everything he has.

Total Pages (Source): 10

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 7:14 am

Roman

“And that’s where emotional truth outweighs technical perfection. A flat plot can still cut deep if the character’s desire is real enough.”

My voice is steady. Controlled. The kind of practiced cadence that tells a hundred hungover undergrads I know exactly what I’m talking about.

And I do. I have enough published novels under my belt that I could teach this kind of thing in my sleep.

But today, I’ve said this same line three times.

My hand gestures toward the bullet points on the slide behind me. Half the students are already packing up, fingers tapping their phones or closing laptops with one hand while yawning behind the other. A few are still scribbling notes. I think one is asleep in the second row.

And none of them notice that my eyes haven’t stopped drifting toward the corner of the desk since I started talking.

The notebook is still there. Same place I left it before the start of the lecture, like a quiet, innocuous little landmine. Worn edges. Spiral-bound. The kind you’d find in a discount bin at the campus bookstore.

It shouldn’t matter. Shouldn’t still be sitting in the back of my head like a pulse I can’t shake.

But it is.

And no matter how many times I loop back to this final point, I can't stop thinking about the damn thing. The weight of it. The tension it's been feeding me since the second I picked it up yesterday and realized what filled the pages.

I take a breath and force my focus forward.

"Okay. That's it for today," I say, a little sharper than intended. "Email your second draft by Friday. Peer reviews start next week, so don't come in unprepared."

A wave of movement rolls through the auditorium. I raise my voice just enough to carry over it.

"Oh, and Callie Dawson, can you stay behind for a moment?"

There's a subtle shift in the air. A few students glance around curiously, but most are too busy packing up to care. The exodus begins, the low thrum of idle conversation echoing up toward the rafters as the students begin filing out.

I don't look for her. Not yet.

Instead, I walk slowly back to my desk and sink into the chair behind it, the familiar creak of the worn leather grounding me.

I reach for the notebook, fingers brushing the curled corner of the front cover. Then I flip it open.

Again.

I've read every word already, twice. But it doesn't matter. My hands move like they

have a mind of their own, flipping slowly through the pages, as if I need to feel them again to believe any of it was real.

It was just a forgotten spiral notebook left behind on the back row yesterday after my last class. I only noticed it because I always scan the room before locking up. An empty coffee cup. A crumpled gum wrapper. And... this.

I'd tossed it into my bag without thinking. I wasn't expecting gold. But I opened it before bed, anyway. Planning to skim it, and maybe return it if there was a name inside.

Instead, I barely slept.

I couldn't stop turning the pages as I fell into her words. The innocent-looking notebook was filled with filthy, raw fantasies, detailed and visceral enough that I'd had to wrap my hand around my dick and jerk off while reading it. Three times.

But it wasn't just the acts she described that made her words so addictive. It was the way she wrote it.

Emotion curling beneath every scene. Desire so potent it felt like a punch to the gut. There was longing in the lines. Worship. Obsession. Hunger.

And the kicker? Every single fantasy starred me.

Not just a vague professor. Me.

Even if she hadn't used my name, the descriptions would have been unmistakable. My build. My voice. My books. Even the small scar on my left cheek from that goddamn knife training exercise in Quantico a decade ago.

She knew me. Or thought she did. And I can't decide if that makes things better or worse.

What I do know is that when I turned to the inside cover and saw the name scribbled there in confident, looping handwriting - Callie Dawson - something inside me shifted.

Now I need to find her. I need to find the person with the filthy imagination and the talent to weave the kind of dirty fantasies that have kept me awake and hard as a fucking rock since I first opened the notebook.

The door clicks shut behind the last student, and silence falls.

I look up.

And there she is.

Standing maybe five feet from my desk, caught in that heavy pause between expectation and fear. One hand wrapped around the strap of her bag, knuckles white. Her wide, brown eyes are locked on the notebook in my hands, full of horror and realization.

But all I can do is stare.

Holy fuck.

She's... breathtaking.

Not in some polished, plastic, runway-ready way. No. She's all soft curves and flushed cheeks and nervous energy that rolls off her like heat.

Her body is built to be touched. Built for pleasure.

Full hips, plush thighs, a waist that begs to be held, and a generous ass that would fill my big hands perfectly.

Her breasts are round, heavy, straining just slightly against the thin cotton of her top.

Fuck, they'd look even better in my palms. Or wrapped around my cock. Or bouncing as I...

Jesus.

I drag in a breath through my nose. It doesn't help. She smells of something sweet, like vanilla and innocence. My cock responds instantly, swelling behind the zipper of my pants with painful urgency.

My jaw clenches. She's too young for me. I'm forty-three, and she must only be twenty. Not even old enough to drink. And she's my goddamn student. I should not be thinking these things about her.

And yet, one word keeps running through my mind, over and over again, in time with my pulse.

Mine.

My blood roars with the certainty of it. My entire body tenses with the weight of it.

She doesn't know it yet, but she belongs to me. Every inch of her. Every gasp. Every moan. Every filthy little fantasy she hasn't written down yet. I want them all.

I want her.

She shifts nervously, catching her bottom lip between her teeth, and it takes every ounce of control I possess not to growl aloud. Her gaze flicks up to mine, just for a second, and it hits me right in the chest.

There's something in her eyes. Shyness. Panic. Need.

My fingers tighten around the edge of the notebook, the pages crinkling slightly beneath the pressure.

This isn't just about lust anymore.

This is possession. Obsession. Destiny.

She wrote about me, and now... now I will write myself into every breath she takes.

And I'm going to start right here.

Right now.

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Callie

The silence is unbearable.

I'm standing just a few feet from Professor Roman Thorne's desk, and I swear the walls of the auditorium are closing in. The last student left a few moments ago, and now it's just the two of us. Him and me.

And that notebook.

He's flicking through the pages again. Leisurely. Like he's flipping through some light bedtime reading, instead of the filthiest, most humiliating things I've ever written.

My skin feels like it's on fire.

Every breath feels too loud in the stillness.

My legs are trembling, but I'm too frozen to run.

I want to speak, to explain, or deny, or disappear into the floor.

But I can't make my mouth work. I'm just...

staring. Staring at the spiral-bound notebook in his hands, where all my dirty little secrets are spelled out in black ink.

I remember the moment I realized it was gone. Yesterday, after class, I'd been in a rush and packed up in a hurry, distracted by the sound of his voice still echoing in my ears. I must have left it on my seat, the last row in the back.

I never thought he'd find it. Or read it.

My stomach twists violently.

He knows I've spent the last few months scribbling down detailed, explicit fantasies about him. Every filthy scene. Every sick, needy, breathless thought I've ever had about my professor, my idol, laid bare in that little battered notebook.

My heart is pounding so hard it's making me dizzy.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. He wasn't supposed to see any of it. The notebook was just mine. A private outlet. A way to bleed out the obsession I've been carrying around since long before I stepped into his classroom.

It started with the books.

I remember devouring one of his novels during my first year of college, staying up until dawn because I couldn't stop turning the pages.

It wasn't just the plot or the prose. It was him.

The way he wrote strong, complex men who could destroy an enemy one moment and cradle his woman with such tenderness the next.

The way he understood power, and surrender, and desire. The way it all felt so real.

When I found out he'd actually been in the military before becoming a writer, it made

sense. The way his characters moved, spoke, commanded, it was like they weren't imagined. They were remembered.

Then came the movies. I watched all the adaptations, some more than once. I'd pretend I was analyzing them for narrative structure, but really, I was watching the lead actors and wondering if he was anything like them.

And when I found his social media page containing videos he'd posted of himself discussing his books, I nearly died.

He wasn't just hot. He was devastatingly perfect.

Dark, gray-streaked hair. Broad shoulders.

That mouth. And of course, that voice. I've imagined him moaning my name or commanding me to do any number of filthy things countless times since I first heard his voice.

So, yeah. I became obsessed. He was already in my head, so I started writing him into my fantasies. I couldn't help it. The way he looked, the way he sounded... how could I not?

The notebook started long before he ever became my professor. Long before I saw him walk into that lecture hall on the first day of the semester, wearing that worn button-down and dark jeans, setting his coffee beside the podium like it was just another Tuesday.

But it wasn't another Tuesday. Not for me. It was the day my entire world tilted on its axis.

Seeing him in person, he was so much more than I imagined. More alive. More

powerful. More real.

And now, here I am. Standing in front of him like a guilty schoolgirl, too ashamed to speak, too turned on to breathe properly, while he sits there calmly flipping through the most explicit things I've ever written.

About him.

He clears his throat softly, and I flinch. But he doesn't speak. Just turns another page.

The silence stretches. My skin prickles.

But then he looks up from the notebook, right at me. His expression is unreadable, but his eyes... they burn. God, how they burn.

"You're an incredible writer, Callie."

I blink. Hard.

My lips part, but no sound comes out. I must've misheard him. My pulse is rushing too fast, roaring in my ears, swallowing his words and twisting them into something they can't possibly be.

"I mean it," he says, his voice smooth as silk. "Your prose is stunning. The rawness. The rhythm. The way you built tension..." He pauses, lips curling just slightly. "You didn't just write a fantasy. You crafted it. With detail. With feeling."

My legs nearly give out.

My entire face is on fire. I can feel the blush blooming from my chest to my cheeks, all the way to the tips of my ears. I duck my head, mortified. There's no hiding how

red I am.

My throat tightens. I don't know if I want to cry or crawl under a desk or kiss him senseless.

He taps his fingers gently on the closed notebook. "And I have to admit... you captured me perfectly."

I force myself to meet his eyes and immediately regret it. They're heavy with meaning. Intense. Devouring.

I stammer. "I... I'm sorry. I didn't mean for you to read that."

"I'm not sorry. Not in the least."

I can't breathe. My whole body is buzzing, and I'm torn between horror and disbelief and an almost painful swell of pride. The man who's inspired everything I've written for the last year is complimenting me. Complimenting my writing.

And I swear to God, I'm getting lightheaded.

Roman shifts in his chair, the movement casual but magnetic. "Have you written anything else?" he asks, softer now. Curious.

I nod slowly. "I... I've written a novel."

That earns me a spark of genuine interest. "What kind?"

"Dark academia. Romantic. A little tragic." I swallow. "It's about obsession. About two people who shouldn't be together, but can't stay away from each other."

His eyes darken. “Sounds familiar.”

My breath hitches.

“I’d like to read it,” he adds, his voice low and certain. “If you’d let me.”

“I...” My voice breaks. “Okay. I mean... yes. I’d love that.”

“Good girl,” he says, and I swear I almost come on the spot.

The air between us shifts. Becoming denser. Warmer.

“Which of your fantasies is your favorite?” he asks, his gaze unwavering.

My eyes go wide. “What?”

“I’m curious,” he says, his voice dark and hungry now.

“You wrote dozens. Some softer. Some not. Some with restraint. Some with none. So I’m wondering...

” His gaze drops to my mouth. “Which one kept you up at night? Which one caused you to slide your hands into your panties and play with your wet little cunt?”

I want to melt into the floor. I’m starting to realize that the real Roman Thorne is much bolder than the version of him in my imagination. Much more filthy.

So much hotter.

“I... I don’t know. Ummm, I don’t really have a... have a favorite.”

He looks at me like he doesn't believe a word of it. His gaze drags slowly down my body and back up again, heavy and knowing.

"You can tell me," he says, voice dipping even lower, "and we can act it out right now. Or..." He tilts his head, his mouth curving into something darker. "I can pick one. Either way, it's time for me to start making all your dreams come true."

Page 3

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Callie

My heart is going to explode.

I reach for the notebook, barely able to keep my hand steady.

He doesn't resist. He just watches me with a kind of heat that makes my insides flip.

Our fingers brush as I take it, and I swear something electric snaps between us.

Like a spark catching flame. I look at him, and he's already watching me like he knows.

Knows that I'm burning. That I want to burn for him.

I flip through the pages, pretending I'm not trembling. My fingertip lands on the one I was picturing the entire time he spoke. I can't look at him as I turn the book, pointing silently at the scene.

The one where I wrote about being on my knees for him.

His eyes drop to the page, scanning quickly. And then he lets out a low, feral sound that sends a shiver straight through me.

He pushes his chair back from his desk and swivels it towards me. "Get on your knees."

I don't even think. My body just moves. By the time he's finished the sentence, I'm already on the floor in front of him, breathless and aching and ready.

He leans back in his chair, legs spread wide, looking down at me with open hunger.

"Look at you," he murmurs, reaching out to brush his thumb against my lower lip. "So fucking eager. I can't wait to find out what it feels like to have these soft, pretty lips wrapped around my dick."

I lift my eyes. My throat is dry, my body wound so tight I can't even feel where I end and he begins.

"You should know that I've never..." I whisper, voice barely there. "This is my first time. Doing this. With anyone."

Roman stills. His entire expression shifts. Darkens. There's a sharp, possessive edge in his eyes now.

"How the fuck," he says, voice rough, "did you write those stories so well if you've never actually done this before?"

I blush hard. "I just imagined it. I thought about you and... made it up."

He groans, almost like he's in pain. One hand runs through his hair as he mutters something low under his breath. Then his eyes lock back onto mine.

"I'm glad," he says. "Glad I'm the first. The only. Because the thought of anyone else touching my pretty little writer makes me want to kill whoever dared to imagine they could have what's mine."

My breath catches. My core clenches.

God help me. If he keeps talking like that, I might combust on the spot before I even get a chance to taste him.

I glance down, trying not to let him see how weak his words make me. Trying not to beg for more. But my gaze lands on his cock, and the sight is enough to make me whimper.

Because the thing pressing hard against the fly of his pants is enormous. Long and thick and hard. He hasn't even freed it from his clothing, and I'm already more than a little intimidated.

But a whole lot turned on.

My eyes flicker back up to his, and the dark smirk I see on his face tells me that he knows exactly what I'm thinking.

His hands move to his belt, and his fingers undo the buckle slowly. With one hand, he undoes the top button of his jeans, then unzips his fly. He lifts his hips, pushing his pants and boxers down just far enough to free his massive erection.

The sight of his cock, thick and throbbing and bare, is like a punch to the gut. He's even bigger than I'd thought, and every cell in my body is begging for a taste.

He wraps a hand around his shaft and strokes lazily, eyes burning into mine. "Come here, Callie. Open that pretty mouth for me."

I can't breathe.

My heart is beating so hard I can feel it everywhere, in my ribs, my throat, between my legs. My thighs clench involuntarily.

This is real. He's real. And he's huge and beautiful and hard, and he wants me.

He wants me.

His other hand curls around the back of my neck, and I lean forward obediently, mouth open, desperate to please him.

The moment his thick cock slides between my lips, I moan. I can't help it. He feels amazing. Hot and heavy and silky smooth against my tongue. The scent of him is intoxicating, a mix of soap and clean cotton and pure male arousal.

I have to force myself to take it slow, easing down the length of him, inch by torturous inch. I want to take him deep, but I'm not sure I can, given his size. He's stretching my jaw almost to the point of discomfort, and he's barely halfway inside me.

He groans, low and rough, as I start to move, sliding up and down his shaft, sucking hard enough to make my cheeks cave in. His fingers tangle in my hair, guiding my pace, setting the rhythm.

I can't believe this is happening. I've imagined it so many times, and now I'm here on my knees, sucking Roman Thorne's cock while he looks down at me with an expression of raw, unabashed lust.

And it feels so much better than I ever thought it would.

My lips are slick, stretched around his thick shaft. His cock fills my mouth completely, and the feeling is utterly overwhelming. I'm losing myself in the sensation of him, in the taste of his skin and the low, ragged sounds he's making.

"That feels so good, baby," he groans, fingers tightening in my hair. "Your mouth

was made for me.”

He starts to thrust his hips, driving himself deeper, and I whimper around his cock, my own arousal flooding through me. I’m already soaked, my pussy clenching, begging to be filled.

Unable to resist, I wrap a hand around the base of his shaft, stroking what won’t fit in my mouth. His groan echoes off the high ceilings, sending a jolt of pleasure through me.

I’m doing that to him. I’m making him lose control.

His erection is hot and hard in my hand, and his skin is like velvet over steel. The muscles of his thighs are tense beneath my palm, and the knowledge that he’s enjoying this just as much as I am sends a rush of heat through me.

“Fuck,” he growls, his grip on my hair tightening. “You look so fucking gorgeous with your mouth full of my cock.”

His words are a dirty caress, sending shivers down my spine. I double my efforts, determined to make him feel as good as possible.

My head bobs up and down, and my jaw aches. But the way his breathing grows more labored and his cock throbs against my tongue is worth every bit of the effort.

“Keep going, Callie,” he moans. “But I want your other hand in your panties. When I blow my load in your pretty little mouth, I want you coming with me, baby.”

My cheeks burn even hotter. I’ve never touched myself in front of someone else before, and the idea of this perfect man seeing more of my body, seeing me completely vulnerable and exposed and coming for him, is both thrilling and

terrifying.

But I'm too turned on to resist, so I pull my skirt up at the front and slide my hand in the front of my underwear, whimpering around his hard flesh in my mouth when I feel how soaked the cotton is.

"That's it, baby. Show me how you like to touch yourself. Because, soon enough, it will be me making you scream with pleasure."

God. The way he talks. It's so filthy. So sexy.

I start to stroke myself, circling my clit in quick, tight circles, just the way I do when I'm alone in my dorm room and thinking of him. My pussy is dripping, and the feeling of my wetness slicking my fingers is almost enough to push me over the edge.

"Yes, baby. Make yourself come for me. Let me hear those sweet little sounds."

I'm panting around his cock, my hips grinding against my hand, and the world is starting to go hazy around the edges. Every inch of me is buzzing, and his hard length throbbing in my mouth and the scent of his skin and the sound of his voice are filling me up, making me drunk with desire.

I'm close. So close.

I can feel the pressure building inside me, coiling tight like a spring. Every nerve ending is singing, and the friction of my fingers against my clit is pushing me closer and closer to the edge.

I'm lost in the sensation, lost in him, and it's only a matter of seconds before I tip over the edge, moaning around his cock as the first waves of pleasure crash over me.

I can't help the sounds escaping my mouth as I come, the whimpers and gasps and cries muffled by his throbbing erection. I can't focus on sucking him anymore, can't do anything except let the waves of pleasure wash over me, my body trembling with the force of it.

"Good girl," he rasps, his voice hoarse with need. "You look so fucking beautiful when you come for me."

He thrusts his hips, and his cock hits the back of my throat, making me gag a little. I force myself to relax, letting him use my mouth, taking everything he has to give.

His fingers tighten in my hair, pulling hard enough to sting. I know what's about to happen, and the anticipation is almost enough to send me spiraling again.

"I'm going to come, baby," he grunts, his voice strained. "I'm going to fill that pretty little mouth, and you're going to swallow every drop like a good girl, aren't you?"

I hum my agreement, and the vibrations seem to push him even closer to the edge.

"Fuck, baby," he groans, his cock twitching. "Here it comes."

I feel the first hot spurts of his release hit the back of my throat, and the salty, bitter taste of him on my tongue is enough to make me moan. I swallow him down eagerly, loving the way he tastes, the way his body shudders as I suck him dry.

It's filthy and intimate and perfect, and I know, without a doubt, that this is the best moment of my life.

When he's finally spent, he releases his grip on my hair, and I pull away from his cock, gasping for air.

I can't believe I just did that. With Roman Thorne. The man I've been obsessed with my entire adult life. It was amazing.

He reaches down, hands hooking under my arms as he lifts me into his lap as if I weigh nothing. Now I'm straddling him, my face almost level with his, and we're so close I can feel his hot breath teasing against my lips.

"My god, Callie," he whispers, his voice husky. "That was... incredible."

My heart flutters. I've never felt more wanted or more proud. I made this man feel like that. Me.

"I'm not done with you, baby," he says, his dark eyes gleaming. "In fact, I think it's my turn to get a taste of you."

His mouth crashes down on mine, and his kiss is everything I imagined and more. His lips are firm and insistent, and his tongue invades my mouth, claiming me, owning me.

My whole body is humming, and the ache between my legs is almost unbearable. All I want is more. More of him. More of this.

His hands are all over me, exploring every curve through my clothes. He's kissing me like he's starving, and the feeling of his hard body pressed against mine is driving me wild.

But then his phone starts buzzing on the desk, and he mutters a curse word under his breath.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to take a raincheck on tasting you, baby."

That's the dean calling to remind me I'm supposed to be in a meeting right now.

But this is what's going to happen. You are going to email me your novel this afternoon while I'm busy, and when I get a chance, I will reply with my home address.

I should be home about seven-thirty, and I want you waiting at my house for me, okay?

And then we can continue this all night. ”

I nod, dazed, still floating somewhere up near the ceiling.

“Okay,” I say, my voice husky. “I can do that.”

“Good girl.” He kisses me one last time, soft and slow, and then sets me on my feet. “I’m looking forward to it. More than you can possibly know.”

I can't wipe the smile off my face. Not as I watch him adjust his clothes, not as I gather up my notebook and backpack, and not as I slip out the door of the lecture hall.

Tonight is going to be magical. I just know it.

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Roman

I barely remember the drive home.

All damn day, I've been walking around with her in my head. Her eyes, her mouth, her voice. The way she dropped to her knees like it was the most natural thing in the world. Like she was mine.

By the time I turn onto my street, I'm seconds from snapping.

My cock's been hard since I last saw Callie, and I've spent the entire faculty meeting biting my tongue and imagining her bent over my desk.

The only thing keeping me from spiraling completely is the thought of her coming to me like I told her to. Like a good girl.

She'd emailed me earlier, sending the manuscript of her book, and in return, I'd sent her my address. I know she's my student, and I'm crossing so many professional lines I'm bound to lose my job if anyone finds out. But I'm beyond caring.

It's not like I need the job to survive. My books and the movies made from them have made me more money than I know what to do with. So if I lose my job, I'll just spend my days with my cock buried inside Callie's pretty little cunt, listening to her moaning my name endlessly.

The thought of it is enough to make me seriously think about quitting.

And then I see her.

Sitting on the top step of my porch, legs tucked beneath her like she's trying to take up less space. Hair pulled back, lips bitten pink, wearing a soft little dress that clings to every perfect curve.

She stands when she sees me. Fidgets and fiddles with the hem of her dress like she might bolt. But she doesn't.

The second I lay eyes on her again, something unhinges inside me. My vision narrows. My hands curl into fists. My chest expands with a need so sharp it feels like a goddamn injury.

I need to make her mine. Now.

I kill the engine, swing out of the car, and stalk up the path like a man possessed.

Her mouth opens like she's about to say something, but I don't give her the chance.

I reach for her, and the moment my hands touch her waist, everything else disappears.

Her body folds into mine like we've done this a thousand times. Like she belongs here.

I crush my mouth to hers.

It's not gentle. It's not sweet. It's claiming. My hands lock tight around her soft curves and I haul her up against me, her legs wrapping instinctively around my waist. She gasps into my mouth but doesn't pull away.

She clings to me, her hands fisting in my shirt. Her body trembles like she's scared I

might vanish if she lets go.

As if I'd ever fucking leave her.

I manage to get my key in the lock one-handed, her weight balanced effortlessly against me. She's warm and soft and everything I've ever needed, but didn't know how to ask for. And now that I've got her here?

I don't think I can ever let her leave this house again.

Not until I've claimed every inch of her. Not until she screams my name and begs me to keep her. Not until she knows in her bones that there will never be anyone else.

My mouth never leaves hers as I carry her into the house and kick the door shut behind us. I devour every single little whimper she makes, claiming the sound for myself like I'm the greediest bastard in the world.

And when it comes to her, there is no end to my greed.

I stumble into the kitchen, the nearest room to the front door, bumping my shoulder viciously against the doorframe as I walk through it. But I'm so caught up in the taste of Callie's sweet mouth that I barely register the pain.

I place her back down on her feet, swiveling her around to face the kitchen table before placing a hand between her shoulder blades and pushing her forwards.

She goes willingly, bending over the table and gripping the edges in her hands.

"I'm so fucking glad you're here, baby," I say, my voice so rough I don't even recognize it as my own. "I've been waiting to taste your pussy all damn day. And right now, I'm feeling ravenous."

“Oh god,” she whimpers, and the soft, breathless tone of her voice sends another rush of blood to my already painfully hard cock.

I crouch behind her, sliding my hands up the back of her thighs, lifting her skirt with it until I catch sight of the little white cotton panties she’s wearing beneath her dress.

I can’t decide what takes my breath away the most. The innocence of the garment, the way the thin, wet fabric clings to the sweet little lips of her cunt, or the scent of her arousal.

Fuck.

“Are you... are you going to...”

Her words drift off, and I can’t help but smile at how shy my filthy little writer is when she’s not hiding behind pen and paper.

“I’m going to eat your juicy little pussy until you are screaming, Callie. That’s what I plan to do. Does that sound good?”

I trace my fingers along the seam of her cunt, then press a single fingertip against her clit. The gasp that escapes her throat is so delicious that I want to bottle the sound and drink it for breakfast every day.

“Yes,” she breathes, pushing back against my fingers. “It sounds so good, Roman.”

“Good girl. Just the smell of you is making my mouth water, baby. I fucking need to taste you.”

I pull my hand away from her pussy, savoring the disappointed whining sound she makes. But then I forget about everything else when I pull her panties down to reveal

the prettiest little cunt I've ever seen in my life.

“Fuck, baby. You are perfection. Absolute perfection.”

Before she has a chance to respond, I lean in and run my tongue from her clit to her opening, making her entire body jolt with the shock. She's soaked, and the taste of her explodes across my tongue.

“Oh fuck. That feels... so good,” she moans, her head falling back, and her eyes closing.

I grip her ass cheeks, pulling them apart so I can bury my face between her thighs easier.

She tastes like heaven, and the sound of her little whimpers and whines are a symphony to my ears. I lick and suck, fucking her with my tongue, making her squirm and pant and beg for more.

Her hips grind back against my face, and her hands scrabble at the edge of the table.

“Oh god, Roman. That's... please. Don't stop. Please don't stop.”

The way she begs, her voice high and breathless, makes my cock twitch. But the thought of leaving her unfulfilled is unacceptable.

My fingers dig into the plush globes of her ass, and I feast on her, lapping up every drop of her juices like I've been stranded in the desert for weeks and she's my first drink.

I can feel her getting closer, her whole body tensing. The moans and whimpers that fall from her lips are the sexiest sounds I've ever heard.

“Oh god. Oh god. I’m so close.”

Her thighs tremble, and her breathing grows shallow. And then her entire body convulses, and she screams my name.

“Roman!”

I grip her hips and hold her against my mouth, working her through the aftershocks. Her pussy floods my tongue with her sweetness, and I lap it up greedily, loving the taste of her.

When her body stops shaking, I kiss her lower lips softly, then rise to my feet. She’s panting, and her eyes are half-closed. I grab a handful of her hair in my fist and pull her up into a standing position, her back against my chest as I lean down to whisper in her ear.

“Earlier, I let you pick your favorite fantasy to act out. But now, I think it’s my turn to pick one. Will you be a good girl and help me act out that fantasy?”

“Yes,” she moans, her voice eager. “Which one was your favorite, Roman?”

That’s an easy question. I don’t even have to think about my answer. While all her little stories were hot, there has been one playing on a loop in my mind ever since I read it.

I dip my head, trailing kisses against the side of her neck. She shivers with each brush of my lips, her breath catching.

“I liked the one where you let me take you raw, baby, with nothing to protect your fertile little womb. The one where you begged me to fill you with my seed and get you pregnant.”

The ragged moan that falls from her lips makes my dick strain painfully against my pants. If I don't get inside her soon, I'm going to explode.

"Would you like that, baby?"

"Yes," she says, and her voice is a breathless whisper. "I'd love that."

"Fuck," I groan, grinding my aching cock against her ass. "I'm going to make you mine, baby. And I'm going to fill your perfect little pussy with so much cum that it won't take long for you to be carrying my baby."

She whimpers, the sound shooting straight to my throbbing erection. Unable to wait any longer, I turn her to face me and pick her up again, striding up the stairs to my bedroom.

The second we're through the door, I set her down on her feet.

"Take your clothes off. Let me see you."

She doesn't hesitate. Her hands are trembling as she strips out of her clothes, revealing the perfect, luscious curves beneath.

She's a fucking goddess. A vision. And the sight of her makes me desperate to claim her.

"Good girl," I growl, reaching out and running my hands over her bare skin. "You're so fucking perfect. And now, you're mine."

I reach around and pull her up against me, crushing her soft, full breasts against my chest. I claim her mouth in a hard, bruising kiss.

“Roman,” she moans, her nails digging into my arms. “Please. I need you.”

“What do you need, baby?” I murmur against her lips. “Tell me what you want.”

“I want you inside me,” she breathes. “Please. I can’t wait any longer.”

“Fuck.”

The last of my control snaps, and I begin tugging my clothes off, not caring where they land. I need to be inside her, and I need it now.

“Get on the bed and spread your legs, baby,” I growl. “Let me see that pretty pussy.”

She does as I say, and I stand at the foot of the bed, looking down at her. Her pale skin is flushed pink, and her pupils are dilated. Her hair is a messy halo around her head, and her lips are red and swollen from my kisses.

She looks like a fucking dream, and the sight of her waiting for me like this is enough to make my balls ache.

I climb onto the bed and settle between her spread thighs, bracing myself on my elbows as I hover above her. She reaches up and cups my cheek in her palm, and the touch is so tender and intimate that it almost undoes me.

“Please,” she whispers, her eyes searching mine. “Make me yours, Roman.”

“Fuck,” I growl, pressing my forehead against hers. “You’re already mine, Callie. But now, I’m going to make it official by breeding your sweet little cunt.”

I reach down between us and line the tip of my cock up with her slick entrance. She’s so wet, and the feel of her slick heat against the blunt head is almost enough to make

me lose control.

I take a deep breath and thrust forward, sinking into her velvety warmth.

She moans, her eyes rolling back in her head, and the feel of her tight cunt gripping my cock is like nothing I've ever experienced before. It's intense and overwhelming, and I have to fight the urge to spill inside her immediately.

"Fuck," I growl, gritting my teeth. "You're so fucking tight, baby. So fucking perfect."

"More," she whimpers, wrapping her arms and legs around me and pulling me closer. "Please, Roman. More."

Unable to resist, I keep pushing slowly inside her, watching the way her face twists with the pain of being filled so completely even as she grips my ass cheeks to try and pull me deeper.

When I'm fully seated inside her, our bodies pressed together from chest to thighs, we both groan in unison. It's the most intense sensation, and I know that nothing else will ever come close.

"You're so fucking tight, baby. It's like you were made for me. Like your perfect pussy was built to take my cock."

"Oh, god," she moans, her nails digging into my back. "Please, Roman. Move. Please."

Unable to deny her anything, I begin to move. Slowly at first, but then faster, harder, my hips slamming against hers.

She cries out with every thrust, her body rocking with the force of my movements. She's a vision, her breasts bouncing, her mouth open, her eyes squeezed shut.

I've never seen anything more beautiful.

The feel of her cunt squeezing my cock is too much. I know I'm not going to last long, but I need her to come again first. Need to feel her clamping down on me as she loses control.

"Touch yourself," I growl, gritting my teeth against the pressure building inside me. "Make yourself come all over my cock, baby. I want to be dripping with your sweet honey."

She hesitates for only a moment, and then reaches down between our bodies, her fingers finding her clit. The sight of her touching herself while I'm buried deep inside her is enough to make my vision blur.

"Yes," I hiss, gripping her hip tightly. "Just like that, baby. Faster."

She speeds up, her breath coming in sharp, gasping pants. Her whole body is tense, and her pussy is clenching around my cock.

"Oh god," she moans, her hips jerking beneath me. "I'm so close, Roman."

"Come for me," I growl, driving into her hard and deep. "Come all over my cock."

She cries out, her back arching, and her pussy clamping down around me. It's enough to push me over the edge, and I bury myself inside her, my cock pulsing as I spill my release.

I hold myself deep inside her, needing to fill her up, to mark her as mine. My dick

twitches, pumping rope after rope of cum into her unprotected womb.

“That’s it, baby,” I whisper, my lips brushing against hers. “Take it all. Take everything I have.”

Her eyes are wide and dark, and her mouth is open in a silent scream. Her cunt ripples around me, milking every drop of cum from my balls.

“Fuck,” I groan, my head dropping to rest against her shoulder when I’m spent.

She’s still shivering and shaking, her body trembling with the aftershocks of her orgasm. She’s clinging to me, her hands and legs wrapped around me, her nails digging into my back.

“Now you’re really mine, baby,” I growl low into her ear. “And when you start growing big and round with my baby, everyone else will know it, too.”

I bring my lips to hers, kissing her tenderly. Her body melts into mine, and the only thing that matters is how perfectly she fits against me. How right it feels to have her in my arms.

She’s mine, and I’m never going to let her go.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 7:14 am

Roman

She's asleep beside me, soft and still and fucking perfect, and I'm ruined.

The sun hasn't fully risen yet. There's just a hint of light slipping through the blinds, golden and quiet.

The room is hushed, holding its breath, like even the world knows not to interrupt this moment.

Callie lies curled on her side, facing me, lips parted slightly as she dreams. Her lips still look red and swollen from all my hungry kisses, and all I can think is that she is mine now.

I should sleep. I haven't closed my eyes all night. Not once. Not after the first time I took her. Not after the second. Not after the third, when she fell asleep with her hand still wrapped weakly around my wrist like she needed to tether herself to me even when she was unconscious.

But I can't sleep.

Not when I have her story in my hands. Her heart bleeding across the glowing screen of my phone.

I'm halfway through it when it hits me, when the first real crack appears in the armor I've been dragging around my whole goddamn life. Because I expected it to be good. I expected passion, heat, wild imagination. Maybe some rough edges, maybe

something young and a little raw.

What I didn't expect was this.

It's beautiful.

Every sentence is like a thread tugging directly on my ribs. Her prose is lyrical, intimate, fucking fearless. Her characters bleed the way real people do. Her heroine is soft, smart, stubborn, and is a clear reflection of her, even if she doesn't realize it. And the way she writes about love?

Christ.

It's not naive. It's not cutesy. It's aching. Slow and bruising and devotional in a way that grabs me by the throat and doesn't let go.

I feel her in every line.

Not just her talent. Not just her voice. Her.

The way she aches. The way she dreams. The way she wants to be seen, to be chosen, to be claimed.

And not just in the bedroom, though that part is there too, thick and molten between the lines.

She writes about love like it's a holy thing. Like it ruins you. Like it demands every piece of who you are and gives you something even more terrifying in return.

I've never read anything like it.

I've never felt anything like this.

I look over at her again, still sleeping, lashes fanned across her cheeks, hair tangled over my pillow. I don't know what I ever did to deserve to have her in my bed. Don't know how I'm supposed to let her walk out that door when morning comes.

Because something's shifted inside me. Something massive and irreversible.

I can't live without her. Her heart. Her mind. Her body. Her brilliance.

It's that simple. That terrifying.

She stirs beside me, soft and slow, and the sound she makes punches the air right out of my lungs.

"Mmm... Roman?"

Just a breath. Just my name. But my whole body locks up like she whispered a spell.

She stretches, lashes fluttering as she wakes, her arm sliding across my stomach like it belongs there. Her cheek nuzzles into the pillow for a second before she blinks up at me, eyes hazy and wide, and then she smiles.

That sleepy smile. Sweet and rumpled and a little shy.

I can't take it.

I toss my phone aside without looking, without thinking, and lean in to kiss her. I don't even give myself the space to say good morning. My mouth finds hers like it's been waiting its whole life for the chance.

It's not rough. Not demanding.

It's reverent.

Thank you , I want to whisper into her skin. Thank you for existing. For dreaming. For writing that story and then sleeping in my bed like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"I read the whole thing," I murmur when I finally pull back, just enough to breathe. My hand cradles her jaw, thumb tracing the soft curve of her cheek. My voice comes out rough, wrecked. "Your book. I couldn't stop."

Her brows lift slightly, lashes fluttering as she blinks up at me. "Really? All of it?"

Her voice is thick with sleep, warm and raspy. There's surprise there, and something like wonder, and I feel her body shift closer, instinctively seeking mine.

"Every word. You..." I can barely get the words out. I don't even know where to start. I press another kiss to the corner of her mouth, then to her temple, then to her shoulder as I pull her closer, tangle her up in me. My palm rests over the curve of her hip like I need it there to breathe.

"You're brilliant, Callie," I murmur. "I don't even have the words. Your voice... it's so clear. So true. And the way you write about love... fuck. You've got something real. Something people are going to feel in their bones."

She flushes instantly. I feel the heat of it under my fingertips, blooming across her chest, up her neck. She tucks her face against my throat, like she needs to hide.

"I... wow. Thank you. I don't..." she laughs a little, soft and disbelieving. "I don't even know what to say."

“You don’t have to say anything, baby,” I whisper, threading my fingers through her hair and stroking it back from her face. I shift so her body fits more snugly against mine, my hand dragging down her back, splaying across her spine. I can’t stop touching her.

She tilts her chin, just enough for our eyes to meet, and I swear to God I could drown in her.

“I’ve wanted this since I was a kid,” she says suddenly, quietly. “Being a writer. Seeing a real book with my name on the cover. I used to draw little covers on construction paper and staple the pages together. My mom still has them.”

My heart fucking aches.

Of course she did. Of course she dreamed this deeply, this earnestly. She’s full of dreams, and I’d give everything I have to make them come true.

And I’m not even just talking about the filthy ones anymore.

“You’re going to get there,” I tell her, fierce and certain. I press my lips to her knuckles, one by one. “Not just a book. Not just published. I’m talking book tours. Bestseller lists. Movie deals. You’re going to blow them all away.”

Her eyes shimmer with something soft and stunned. “You really think so?”

“I know so,” I say, my voice rough with it. “And anyone who tells you otherwise is an idiot or a coward.”

She lets out a breathy laugh, the sound barely a whisper between us, and tucks her head beneath my chin. Her fingers glide over my chest in slow, absent circles, like she needs to keep touching me the same way I need to touch her. Like she needs to

prove we're real.

"I, um..." Her voice is muffled, but I feel the shift in her breathing. A small flutter of nerves. "I actually already have an agent."

I can't stop the grin that spreads across my face. Of course she does.

Her head tilts up. "I wasn't sure if I should say anything yet. I mean, I don't even know if it'll work out, but... he really seemed to believe in it."

"That's incredible, Callie," I say, brushing her hair behind her ear. "I'm so fucking proud of you."

She nods, the smile on her face blooming like morning light. "I sent it out to a few agents a couple of months ago, just on a whim. He got back to me almost immediately. Said it's the most exciting debut he's read in years."

A beat of silence stretches between us as I keep my expression soft, open. I stroke slow lines down her spine, and she melts even further against me, totally unaware of the tension beginning to twist low in my gut.

She heard back from him almost immediately?

"I've got a meeting with him tonight, actually," she adds. "He made a reservation at Ardelle's. You know, that super fancy place downtown?"

I nod, pressing a kiss to the top of her head. "Sounds like he's serious."

"He is. He said he's pretty confident he can land me a deal with one of the Big Five."

My jaw flexes before I can stop it. Something about all of this feels off.

Her manuscript is stunning. There's no question about it.

But I've been in this industry too long to ignore the details.

Manuscripts don't usually get picked up within days.

Weeks, maybe. More often, months. And even then, this kind of confidence?

From a real agent? They know better than to make promises they can't keep, no matter how good a manuscript is.

"Hey," I murmur, playing it off like an afterthought, "what's his name?"

She doesn't hesitate. "Gideon Marks."

I nod slowly, lips brushing her temple. "Nice."

But I've never heard that name in my life, and I've heard of all the agents worth working with.

I don't say it out loud. Not yet. She's glowing. Hopeful. So fucking happy. And I won't be the one to dim that. Not unless I have to.

But I'll be looking him up later. And if I find out this man turns out to be anything less than what she deserves, I'll make sure he regrets ever reaching out to my girl.

She sighs against my chest, like she could stay there forever. God, I want her to. I want to lock the door and keep her in this bed for days. To feed her, touch her, make her smile, make her whimper, make her forget the rest of the world even exists.

But then she shifts slightly, stretching with a sleepy groan, and murmurs, "I've got to

get ready. I've got an early lecture."

I stiffen. Just for a second. Then I bury my face in her hair, dragging in the scent of her like I can breathe it into my bloodstream. "No," I mumble. "Don't go."

She laughs, and the sound is sweet, breathless, a little apologetic. "I have to..."

But before she can say anything else, I flip her onto her back and kiss her like I'm starving.

Because I am.

Because I know I won't be able to touch her again for hours and it physically hurts to imagine being apart from her for that long.

She gasps, then melts. Her fingers dive into my hair, her lips part beneath mine, and she's kissing me back like she feels the same desperate ache. Like leaving this bed is just as hard for her as it is for me.

I slow it down only when I feel her heart pounding against my chest. I rest my forehead to hers, breathing her in. "I'm going to miss you today."

Her eyes soften. "I'll miss you too."

"I want you back here tonight," I say, my voice quiet but firm. "After your meeting. Come straight here."

She smiles, so bright it punches the air from my lungs. "I can't wait."

She slides out of bed, naked and flushed, with marks I left scattered over her skin last night. She looks like mine.

She is mine.

And as she disappears into the bathroom with a sleepy smile tossed over her shoulder,
I grab my phone again.

Gideon Marks.

I'm going to find out exactly who the hell this man is.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 7:14 am

Callie

The restaurant is all glass and gold, like a beacon to the extremely wealthy clients that frequent its dining rooms. I hover just outside the entrance, half-hiding behind a planter overflowing with something green and manicured, and try not to let the nerves win.

My dress is the best one I own. Slate blue, vintage-inspired, a little frayed at the hem if you look too close. When I'd left my dorm room twenty minutes ago, I'd thought I looked pretty enough not to stand out too much in a place this nice.

But now? Watching sleek-haired women in expensive heels and designer tailoring float through the restaurant doors without a second glance, I feel like a paper doll in a world made of silk.

I cross my arms over my chest, my signature move whenever I'm feeling self-conscious, and try to stop thinking about Roman.

It's useless, though. He's everywhere. In my body that still aches in the sweetest ways, in the best places.

In my head, his voice playing on a loop.

And in my heart, which seems to have lost all sense of timing and logic.

The way he looked at me this morning was devastating. Hungry and raw, but also soft and awestruck, like he couldn't believe I was real.

And that's the problem, isn't it?

What if this isn't real? What if this is just sex to him? A fling. A spark that will fizzle as fast as it caught fire.

What if I'm just a novelty? What if he saw my filthy stories and thought I'd be willing to let him do anything to me? And all I've done is prove to him that he was right.

The thought hits harder than I expect. I blink fast, throat tightening. I shouldn't care. I barely know him. But I do care. Stupidly, deeply, recklessly.

I take a breath. Try to pull myself back to the present. Focus on why I'm here.

My agent said this meeting was important. That he's got real movement happening on the manuscript. "Big five kind of movement," he promised. And tonight's dinner is part celebration, part strategy session. At the nicest restaurant in town.

It's nice of him, I guess, bringing me somewhere this fancy.

God knows I couldn't afford it myself. I've been living on cheap coffee and microwave rice bowls for the past two months, scraping the bottom of every budget just to pay for all the fees that apparently come with getting a book published.

My bank account has been in the negatives more than once this month since I sent the manuscript out, and every time I look at the red numbers, the anxiety claws a little deeper.

But Gideon has promised big things. Once my book has been accepted by a publisher, all my money worries will be gone. All the debt, all the stress, all the panic attacks that keep me awake night after night, they'll all be a thing of the past.

Or at least, that's the hope.

"Callie!"

I turn, and there he is. Gideon Marks, grinning widely like a politician, already moving in for the hug before I can fully register him.

He smells like something expensive; sharp and spicy, aggressively masculine; and there's just...

too much of it. Like he stood in a cloud of cologne and spun around until he was coated head to toe.

His smile glints too white, and the gold rings on his fingers catch the light like they're trying to make a statement.

Everything about him is just slightly too much.

"You look absolutely ravishing," he says, holding me by the shoulders as he pulls back to get a look at me. His eyes skim over my body in a way that makes my skin crawl, and I fight the urge to step away.

"Hi, Gideon," I say, aiming for cheerful. Polite. I press a smile to my lips, even though my nerves are tangling tighter by the second. I wish I knew why I always felt this way around him. "Thanks for meeting me here."

"Are you kidding? I wouldn't miss a chance to see you, Callie." He winks, then offers his arm like we're at some kind of gala. I take it because I don't know what else to do.

Inside, the *maître d'* seats us at a private table near the back, all low lighting and

velvet booths. Gideon slides in across from me, already waving down the sommelier before I can even get my napkin in my lap.

“I’ll take the 2016 C?te-R?tie,” he says smoothly, not glancing at me once. “Something bold for a bold night, am I right?”

I nod, even though I’ve never heard of it. The wine list looked terrifying, and now I’m grateful he’s promised to pay for everything tonight.

“So,” he says, resting his elbows on the table and steeping his fingers like he’s settling in for something serious.

“Big, big things happening, Callie. That manuscript you gave me? It’s gold.

Pure, emotional, marketable gold. I shared it with a friend of mine who works with a few major publishers, and he went fucking wild for it.

He said there’s nothing out there quite like it. ”

My shoulders loosen a fraction. The praise helps. Maybe I was just overthinking things. Maybe he’s just... an eccentric industry guy. There are a lot of those, right?

I fold my hands in my lap and smile again. “I’m really glad you think so.”

“Oh, I don’t think so,” he says, leaning forward, eyes gleaming. “I know so.”

His voice lowers, like we’re co-conspirators in something brilliant and rare. “And that’s why I wanted to meet in person. I’ve got a plan, Callie. A real one. You’re not gonna be stuck in some slush pile, praying for scraps. You’ve got a voice that deserves a spotlight.”

My heart lifts a little, but it's cautious. Bracing.

He leans back in his chair, stretching his arms like this whole thing is just too exciting for his body to contain.

"So here's what we do. We get a custom cover designed, with bold colors, professional typography, real polish.

Something that stops an editor in their tracks when they open your file.

The big five? They get thousands of submissions a month.

You've got one shot to stand out. You with me? "

I nod slowly, unsure. "Okay. That makes sense..."

"Exactly!" he says, as if I've given him a green light. "I've got a guy. He's the best. Normally charges five grand minimum, but I got him down to two for you."

I blink. "Two... thousand?"

He waves it off like it's nothing. "A steal. For what you're getting? Totally worth it."

I stare at the tablecloth, heart thudding. "I... I can't afford that."

He pauses. Tilts his head. "Didn't you say you really want to be published?"

"I do," I say quickly, guilt prickling at my throat. "But I've already skipped meals for this. I've taken on tutoring jobs, late shifts. Every spare dollar I have goes into my writing."

He nods sympathetically. “Maybe your family can help you out?”

I glance up. “No. My dad left a year ago and my mom’s been struggling to take care of my younger siblings ever since. This book was supposed to be my way to help my family out, so Mom wouldn’t have to worry anymore.”

His smile tightens just slightly, but he recovers fast.

“Look, I think it’s great you want to do this for your mom,” he says smoothly, lowering his voice like we’re sharing something intimate now. “This isn’t ideal. But maybe... we can work something out.”

His hand touches my arm and I freeze.

His fingers linger, too familiar. Too comfortable. His eyes drag over my face with a calculated slowness, and my skin begins to crawl.

“I could front the cost for you,” he says, voice low. “And you can pay me back. Not in money. In... other ways.”

My stomach plunges.

“What?”

“You’re gorgeous, Callie. Bright. Talented. I believe in you. And all I’m saying is, there are... options. Ways to repay a favor that don’t involve emptying your wallet.”

My whole body goes cold.

I try to move my arm. His grip tightens just slightly, and he’s still smiling like nothing’s wrong.

“Don’t look at me like that,” he says, laugh soft but off. “I’m trying to help you here. You said your mom’s barely scraping by, right? You want to help her or not?”

I go still. Every nerve in me buzzing with disbelief and shame and a flicker of fear I didn’t expect.

“Let go of me,” I whisper.

But he leans in closer, and his voice is syrup-slick now. “Don’t be na?ve. You think some publisher’s gonna hand you a six-figure deal just because your story’s sweet? The world doesn’t work like that, sweetheart. If you want to succeed, you’ve got to put in the work.”

My breath comes fast and shallow. My heart is pounding. My chair scrapes faintly as I shift back, trying to create even the smallest distance between us.

And then, from across the restaurant, a familiar voice cuts through the low murmur of conversation.

“Get your hands off her.”

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 7:14 am

Roman

I slam the car door without bothering to lock it. My pulse is a roar in my ears, my steps too fast, too loud across the slick sidewalk. I don't care that people stare as I throw open the restaurant doors. I'm not here to be subtle. I'm not here to be civilized.

I'm here to destroy the motherfucker who tried to con my girl.

The second I got the callback from Dave, one of the sharpest literary agents I know, I knew something was wrong. "Gideon Marks?" he'd said, voice flat. "That guy's a bottom-feeder. Blacklisted. Total scam artist. You better tell your girl to run."

He sent me links, receipts, screenshots—complaints from authors he conned out of thousands. Promises of publishing deals, just like he made to Callie. Always followed by invoices, excuses, and then silence once he'd got everything he could. And in one case, worse.

An accusation of sexual assault.

My vision's gone razor sharp now. My body locked tight with cold, focused rage.

Then I see her.

Back corner of the dining room. A white-linen table. A man leaning in with rings flashing and his hand wrapped around her wrist. And my Callie is recoiling, shoulders tense, eyes wide with something that makes me want to kill.

She doesn't see me yet. But I see everything.

I storm across the floor, ignoring the startled glances, the ma?tre d's sharp voice. My fists are clenched. My jaw's grinding.

"Get your hands off her," I shout before I even reach their table.

The man jerks back instinctively. Good. He should be afraid.

Callie gasps softly and slides out of the booth to stand behind me. I feel her hand on my back, but I can't look at her yet. I'm locked on him.

Gideon tries to recover. Smiles, all oily charm. "Excuse me, who..."

"You're Gideon Marks," I say, voice low, deadly calm. "Agent, conman, and fraud. You've got half a dozen formal complaints against you for impersonating industry contacts and soliciting fees under false pretenses. You're not even legally registered with the AAR."

I don't mention the other accusations. Not while Callie is listening. What's she's finding out now is bad enough.

His mouth opens. Nothing comes out.

"I know every legitimate agent in this city. And you? You're a fucking parasite. So if you ever contact her again, I'll have my lawyers on you so fast your scammy little empire will implode before lunch."

He sputters. "I think you're misunderstanding..."

I take one step closer. Drop my voice to a snarl. "Try me, and my lawyers will be the

least of your worries.”

His face drains of color, and I don’t give him another second. I turn to Callie.

Her eyes are wide and shining, that fear still lingering in them. But when I offer her my hand, she doesn’t hesitate.

I curl my fingers around hers and say, low and rough, “Come on, baby. We’re done here.”

She presses into my side without a word, and we walk out of that place like it’s on fire.

I don’t stop to look back. Don’t speak. My body is humming with fury, vibrating with it. But she’s shaking beside me, soft and silent, and that’s what reins me in. That’s what keeps me from turning around and ripping that bastard’s head from his neck.

The second we’re in the car, I start the engine, one hand white-knuckled on the wheel. The other finds hers without hesitation. She’s cold and trembling. My grip is probably too tight, but she doesn’t let go.

The silence is thick. Only broken by the sound of her trying not to cry.

She’s making those awful, stifled gasps, like she’s trying to swallow all her feelings down. I hate it. I hate it more than I’ve hated anything in my goddamn life. Her quiet tears are worse than any scream.

I don’t say a word. Not yet. Because I know if I open my mouth now, it’ll come out wrong. Too rough. Too sharp. And I don’t want her to think this rage boiling inside me is her fault.

I should have got there sooner. I should never have let her walk into that meeting alone. But it had taken me longer than expected to get all the information I'd needed. As soon as I knew what a piece of shit Gideon was, I'd rushed straight to the restaurant.

But I hadn't been quick enough. That fucker put his hands on my girl.

I glance at her out of the corner of my eye.

Her face is blotchy and pale, streaked with the remnants of mascara.

Her bottom lip trembles as she wipes her cheek with the back of her free hand.

She doesn't say anything, but the sound she makes, small and broken, is enough to cleave me straight down the middle.

Every protective instinct I have is howling. My foot is heavy on the gas. I want to get her home now, where I can wrap her in a blanket and press her to my chest and swear to her that nothing like this will ever touch her again. Not while I'm breathing.

We're almost there.

I get her home as quickly as I can. Once we're inside, she drifts to the couch like she's being drawn by gravity and collapses into it, her dress crumpling around her, shoulder's caving in like she's too tired to hold herself up.

I cross to her slowly and drop to a crouch in front of her, careful not to crowd her. My hands rest lightly on her knees.

"Tell me everything," I murmur.

She doesn't respond for a second. Her eyes are distant, glazed. And then, all at once, her chest heaves, and she lets out a small, broken sound that breaks my heart.

"My dad left last spring," she says, voice so small it barely exists. "Just packed a bag one night and never came back. My mom... she didn't know what to do. She's trying to work all the hours she can around raising my three younger siblings by herself. My little sister's only six."

Fuck.

"Mom doesn't ask for anything," she goes on, her lip trembling. "But I know the bills are piling up. The mortgage. Groceries. School fees. I try to send her money whenever I can to help her out."

I take one of her hands gently, but she doesn't seem to notice. She's on autopilot now, tumbling down the slope of everything she's been holding in.

"When Gideon reached out, I thought that would be the end to all our financial worries. But then he started asking for money," she whispers.

"Editing costs. Formatting. Proofreading. Cover design. Submission packages. He always made it sound urgent, like if I didn't pay right then, I'd miss the opportunity. So I found the money."

"How?" I ask, my throat tight.

She laughs softly, but there's no humor in it.

Just a razor's edge. "I sold most of my clothes. I've only got a few things left now.

Stopped buying groceries for a while. I haven't eaten three meals a day in months.

I sold my headphones, my tablet, all the things I saved up for before college.

I just... I kept thinking if I could publish the book, it would be worth it. ”

She finally looks at me, and the pain in her eyes is devastating. “That book was supposed to help them. I was supposed to help them. And now it’s gone, and I’ve got nothing left.”

It’s like being punched in the chest.

She’s been slowly bleeding herself dry while trying to help the people she loves. She’s been suffering in silence, starving and sacrificing and drowning in guilt, while I’ve been clueless.

“I’ve failed them,” she whispers, and that’s what breaks me.

“No,” I say, sitting beside her, taking both of her hands in mine. “Look at me.”

She doesn’t, so I cup her face gently, tilting her chin until her eyes meet mine.

“Real agents don’t charge authors. Ever. That bastard was a scam artist, plain and simple.”

Her brows knit together. “But he seemed so...”

“Convincing. I know. That’s how they work. But in this industry? Authors don’t pay up front. You get an advance from the publisher. The agent takes a cut of that, a percentage. They make money when you do. Never before.”

She blinks at me, taking it in like she’s hearing it for the first time.

“You didn’t fail your family,” I tell her, my voice soft but firm. “You’ve been fighting like hell for them. You’re smart and brave and selfless, and he targeted you because of that. Because you shine.”

Her eyes fill again. But this time, she doesn’t look away.

“I’m going to take care of it,” I promise. “All of it. Your mom. The house. The bills.”

“Roman...”

“I mean it. I’m sending her enough money to pay off the mortgage.

To cover whatever she needs for a long time.

Your little siblings will have everything they need.

And you...” I squeeze her hands, holding her gaze “...you will never go hungry again. You won’t spend another second wondering how you’re going to make ends meet. ”

She shakes her head, overwhelmed. “It’s too much. You can’t just...”

“Yes I can. And I’m going to. Because you’re mine, Callie,” I say, low and rough. “And I take care of what’s mine.”

That’s what does it.

She folds into me like she’s been waiting to fall for years. Her arms slide around my neck, her body trembles in my lap, and the sobs that break from her chest this time aren’t sharp or panicked or hopeless. They’re soft. Releasing. Relieved.

I hold her. Just hold her. One hand at her back, the other smoothing through her hair.

She's quiet for a long time and her breathing slowly evens out, little tremors easing with each pass of my hand down her spine.

Then, barely a whisper against my throat, "Roman?"

"Yeah, baby?" I pull back enough to look at her. Her cheeks are damp, lashes clumped with tears, lips trembling with leftover emotion. And she's never looked more breathtakingly beautiful.

"Thank you," she says. Her voice is raw. Thick with the weight of everything that's happened today.

"You never have to thank me, Callie," I tell her, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "I'd do anything for you. Anything."

Her eyes are shining again. "But why? Before yesterday, you didn't even know I existed, and now you're doing so much for me."

"Because," I say, pulling her in until her lips are a breath from mine, "you're special, baby. I knew it the second I started reading the stories in your notebook, and it only grew more obvious with each new thing I learned about you."

She bites her bottom lip, and the gesture is so goddamn sexy. My cock jumps, but I ignore it. It's not about sex right now. It's about her.

"I love you, Callie," I murmur. "It hit me so hard and fast, but that doesn't make it any less real. I knew the second I saw you that you were meant to be mine. That you were made for me."

She gasps softly, her eyes widening. "You love me?"

I smile, a warmth spreading through my chest. “So much, baby. More than I thought was possible. You’re in every thought. Every breath. You’re a part of me.”

“I...” she trails off, her eyes bright, cheeks pink. “I love you too, Roman. So much. This feels too good to be true, like a dream, and I’m terrified I’ll wake up.”

“It’s not a dream,” I assure her. “I’m here. I’m real. And you’re never getting rid of me. I plan on spending the rest of my life proving just how serious I am.”

She smiles, her eyes filling with happy tears, and fuck, the sight is like a fist around my heart. I’m fucking helpless for this woman.

But the moment is interrupted by a loud rumble, and it takes me a moment to realize it’s coming from Callie’s stomach.

She flushes and covers her belly with a hand, laughing sheepishly. “Sorry. That was bad timing.”

“Not at all,” I say, laughing as I stand with her in my arms. “We are going to fix that, though.”

I carry her down the hallway before setting her gently in one of the chairs at the kitchen table. Leaning down, I press a gentle kiss to her forehead.

“You’ve neglected yourself for too long trying to take care of everyone else,” I say. “But I’m here now. And I’m going to make sure you always have everything you need.”

Her face flushes, but she doesn’t argue. Just watches me quietly as I move through the kitchen, sleeves pushed up, pulling ingredients from the fridge and cabinets.

She stays quiet while I cook, and her silence is soothing. The softest background music to the sounds of pots and pans.

It doesn't take long to make a simple stir fry. But when I see her eyes light up at the first bite, I make a vow to myself to always do whatever I can to make her happy.

To show her how loved she is.

To give her the life she deserves.

The best life.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 7:14 am

Callie

The plates are rinsed, and I'm curled up on the couch with a blanket over my lap. My eyelids are drooping, my limbs heavy, almost like this is the first time I've been able to relax fully in a while.

Roman comes back into the room, shirtless now, his jeans riding low on his hips. He pauses in the doorway and just looks at me for a moment. There's something gentle in his eyes. Something fierce, too.

"Come shower with me, baby," he says, quiet but sure.

He holds out his hand, and I take it without hesitation. He guides me up the stairs, flicking on the bathroom lights, turning the water on. I watch him quietly, not speaking. There are no words right now.

He turns and reaches for the zipper on the back of my dress. A slow, careful drag. It slides down, baring my skin, the fabric falling loose around me. He doesn't stop until the whole dress pools at my feet. Then he turns me to face him, his eyes raking over me.

The way he looks at me makes my body flush, warmth unfurling in my stomach. Like I'm the only woman in the world. The only woman he could ever want.

His fingers skim my sides, his touch making my breath catch, goosebumps rising on my skin. He cups my face and brings our mouths together, the kiss achingly soft. My lips part on a sigh, and his tongue sweeps inside.

I melt.

He reaches behind me, unclasping my bra before sliding the straps down my arms. Then his hands are sliding into the waistband of my panties, pushing them down until they are around my ankles. I step out of them, kicking my discarded clothes to the side. The whole time, his mouth never leaves mine.

His tongue explores. Dips and strokes. His kiss is patient and unhurried, as if we have all the time in the world. As if he could do this forever and be perfectly content.

When his mouth finally leaves mine, he doesn't pull away. Instead, he drags his lips along the line of my jaw. Nips the tender flesh of my neck. Sucks my earlobe between his teeth, nibbling just hard enough to make my pulse race.

I reach out, unbuttoning his jeans, pushing them down his hips. He lets me, kicking them off when they pool at his ankles. He steps out of his boxers too, his cock springing free, thick and hard.

Then he scoops me up, his strong arms cradling me, and I'm weightless. Breathless. He settles me down on the edge of the counter and his hands find my knees, gently prying them apart.

"The shower can wait just a little longer," he growls against my lips. "First, I want to do things to you that will get you dirty enough to need it."

He kisses his way down my neck, my chest. He takes a nipple into his mouth and sucks, rolling the other between his fingers. My back arches, and my fingers sink into his hair. He nips the tight bud before moving on to the other.

"You're mine, baby," he groans, cupping both breasts in his hands and squeezing them together. "Every inch of this gorgeous body. You know that, don't you?"

I nod, and he gives each nipple a little bite.

“Say it,” he demands, voice a low growl.

“I’m yours,” I breathe.

“That’s right,” he rasps. “Mine.”

He kisses and sucks his way down to my stomach, over the soft flesh that I’ve always been so self-conscious of, but that seems to make him crazy. He presses his face there, kissing, worshipping, and it sends a rush of heat between my legs.

I’ve never felt so beautiful. So wanted. So desired.

“Roman,” I whisper.

He looks up at me, his eyes hot and dark.

“Touch me. Please.”

I spread my thighs a little wider, and he takes the hint, dipping his fingers through my slick folds. His eyes stay locked on mine as he swirls around my clit, then plunges one finger deep inside me.

I gasp, clutching his shoulders, trying not to dig my nails in.

“This pussy is mine, too, baby,” he growls. “No one else will ever touch you here. Do you understand me? Nobody else will ever feel the pure heaven I feel when I sink my dick into this perfect, pretty little hole.”

I moan softly and nod. “No one but you,” I whisper.

His possessiveness is like a drug. It turns me on so much, it almost scares me.

“Good girl,” he praises, his tone almost reverent, and then his mouth is moving back up to my breasts, licking and sucking and biting.

I can’t breathe.

He adds another finger, thrusting and curling them inside me, rubbing that spot that makes me see stars. And when his thumb moves to my clit, it’s too much.

My head falls back, a moan tumbling from my lips, and my climax hits like a wave. My muscles clench, and I cry out his name, clinging to him as he coaxes the pleasure from me, wringing out every last drop.

When I come back down, my legs are shaking. Roman’s still watching me, his eyes full of desire, a small smile playing at his lips.

“God, you’re so fucking sexy,” he says, shaking his head. “I’m going to make you come all the time. As much as you can take. On my fingers, on my mouth, and most especially on my cock. Your orgasms are mine, too, and I want to feel every single one of them, baby.”

I’m panting, trying to catch my breath, when he pulls my ass to the edge of the countertop. I wrap my legs around his waist, and then he’s lining himself up and pressing inside, filling me, stretching me, and it feels so good that my eyes roll back in my head.

He groans, low and rough, burying his face in my neck. “Fuck, baby,” he pants. “You feel too good. Like fucking heaven.”

His hips move slowly, grinding into me, and I moan, clutching him tighter.

“This is where you belong,” he says, voice hoarse and ragged. “Right here. In my house. In my arms. With my cock buried deep inside your sweet little cunt. Letting me fill you with my cum so I can plant my baby inside you.”

I cry out, arching into him, loving his filthy mouth. Loving that he doesn’t hold back. That he tells me exactly what he wants, what he’s thinking, without hesitation.

“Oh god,” I moan, too turned on to be able to say anything else. My entire body is buzzing with pleasure as his thick cock glides slowly in and out, stretching and rubbing against every sensitive spot inside me.

“That’s right, baby,” he murmurs. “Your body was made for me. You were made for me. We’re going to make babies together, you and I. I’m going to give you a whole fucking baseball team, Callie. That’s how badly I want you. How much I need you to be mine.”

I cry out, my head falling back, and he kisses my throat, sucking gently, licking his way up to my ear.

“You want that, baby? You want me to put a baby in your belly?”

He places a hand on my stomach, rubbing it softly, possessively.

“Yes,” I pant, moaning as he speeds up his pace. “I want it all, Roman. Everything you said. All of it.”

His mouth crashes down on mine, and we lose ourselves in each other. The sounds of our bodies coming together are loud and slick and wet. I can feel the pleasure building inside me, growing and growing.

And when it explodes, when the orgasm bursts inside me, it’s too much.

It's bigger and more intense than anything I've ever felt before.

Roman's mouth swallows my cries, his hips never slowing, pounding into me.

And then his whole body is going rigid, his cock swelling and throbbing, and he's groaning into my neck, emptying himself inside me.

"Oh fuck, baby," he groans, voice thick and low, still pumping into me, drawing out the pleasure for both of us.

After a few moments, when we can both breathe again, he lifts me in his arms, his cock still inside me, and carries me into the shower.

The hot water pours over us, washing the sweat from our skin. And the whole time, he's holding me close, stroking my back. Kissing the top of my head.

And I know that from this day forward, everything is going to be okay.

So much better than okay.

Because we have each other.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 7:14 am

Callie:

The sun is warm through the tall café windows, spilling golden light across the table like someone poured honey over everything. Outside, the street is quiet, birds chirping, leaves dancing in a breeze that doesn't quite reach us inside.

Roman's across from me, sprawled comfortably in his chair like a man who owns the world and knows he's already given me the best parts of it. His plate is half-finished, the corner of his mouth still tipped in amusement from the last thing he said. Something about my irrational hatred of cucumbers.

"I'm telling you, they taste like lies," I say, spearing a rogue slice he snuck onto my plate and flinging it back onto his with exaggerated disgust.

He grins wickedly at me. "That's slander. Cucumbers are crisp little angels, and you just lack the palate to appreciate them."

"Crisp little demons," I mutter.

And then he's sliding a fork across the table, this time with a perfect bite of my own sandwich perched on it. "Try this instead. No cucumbers. Scout's honor."

I narrow my eyes. "Were you ever a scout?"

"Not officially." He winks. "But I'm deeply committed to honorable feeding practices."

I lean in, lips parting, and let him feed me the bite. His eyes follow my mouth as I chew like I've just performed an act of erotic art instead of just chewing a very ordinary sandwich.

"Better?" he asks, voice low and lazy.

I nod, smiling around the mouthful. "Okay, yeah. That bite was pretty great."

"See?" He leans back, arms crossing behind his head, the motion pulling his T-shirt tight across his chest. "You just needed a good man to fix your life one bite at a time."

I laugh, but God, he's not wrong.

The strangest part of today is how light I feel.

Not just physically, though my body does feel lighter somehow, like I've finally stopped dragging an anchor behind me.

No, this is deeper. My chest doesn't hurt when I breathe.

My thoughts don't race like they're trying to outrun disaster.

For the first time in a long time, I'm sitting still. Full. Safe.

It's only lunchtime, and already the day has given me more than some months of my life have.

Roman insisted we skip classes today. "Mental health day," he said while tugging a sweatshirt over my head this morning, then kissing the tip of my nose. "Non-negotiable after everything Gideon put you through last night."

I'd tried to argue. Briefly. He kissed me quiet.

And now here we are. In this sun-drenched little café, laughing over sandwiches and mock cucumber wars.

It almost feels like a dream. But it's not.

Because before we came here, before we even thought about food, Roman took me straight to his lawyer.

The meeting was fast and surgical. Roman laid out everything Gideon had done. I watched the lawyer's expression sharpen with every page of receipts, every screenshot, every voice memo. The longer we sat there, the more real it became.

There's a case. A strong one. Fraud. Coercion. Financial misconduct. Emotional exploitation.

Roman was terrifying in that meeting. Not in volume, because he barely raised his voice, but in focus. In that quiet, burning authority that wrapped around me like armor.

I shook through half the meeting, but Roman never let go of my hand. Not once.

And after, when I was barely holding myself together, he brought me to the bank.

That's when he did it.

He sent my mom enough money to cover the mortgage, to buy groceries, to take care of my siblings. Enough to breathe again. I doubt mom will have to work again until my youngest sister is an adult if she doesn't want to.

The relief was overwhelming. It still is. No more skipped meals. No more pretending I'm okay when I'm not. Both me and my mom will be taken care of, and I'm so damn grateful to him that I can't even put it into words.

I stare at him across the table, his hair a little messy, sleeves pushed up, long fingers tapping idly on the edge of his plate.

I smile, and for the first time in months, I feel whole again.

He's mid-sentence, something about setting up a meeting for me with one of his publishing contacts who owes him a favor, when my phone buzzes on the table between us.

I barely glance at it at first, assuming it's spam or a university alert I'm still too stubborn to unsubscribe from. But then my eyes catch the name of the sender and the subject line.

I go still. My breath catches so sharply it makes a sound.

"Roman..." I whisper, voice suddenly paper-thin.

His head snaps up. One look at my face, and he's already leaning across the table, brows pulled tight in concern. "What is it?"

I turn the screen toward him with trembling hands. "It's an email. From one of the agents I queried forever ago. I thought I'd never hear back. But..."

He scans the email and his eyes widen.

"Holy shit," he says, grinning like I just dropped the moon into his lap. "Callie, that's real. She's one of the biggest in the business. And she wants to represent you."

I blink at him. “It’s not another scam?”

He laughs, his face shining with joy. “No, baby. That’s as real as it gets.”

The screen blurs as my eyes well up. Again. I press the phone to my chest, shaking my head like I still don’t believe it.

“I didn’t think they’d ever respond.”

Roman reaches for my hand, threading his fingers through mine. “They responded because you’re that good. Your book is stunning. You’re stunning.”

I let out a laugh that’s more of a sob. “God, I’m becoming a crier.”

He brings my hand to his lips, kissing each knuckle with exaggerated reverence. “You’ve earned every tear, baby.”

I wipe my eyes, still smiling, still floating somewhere far above the café floor.

He leans back just slightly, gives a little nod toward the server, and like magic, the guy appears.

“We’ll take the check,” Roman says smoothly.

I blink. “Wait, what? I haven’t even finished my...”

He leans close, the air between us suddenly charged. His voice drops to a low murmur. “We’re going home.”

I blink again. “Why?” I ask, even though my heart is already galloping ahead of the answer.

He brushes my hair behind my ear, fingers lingering at the nape of my neck. “Because you just landed a top-tier agent,” he says softly. “And I think the best way to celebrate would be in my bed, with your thighs wrapped around my head, and you screaming my name in ecstasy.”

My whole body flushes. Heat rushes to my cheeks, to my chest, to places lower.

He grins like he feels it, too.

I bite my lip and nod. The bill is paid in less than a minute. And then we’re up, out, hand-in-hand.

The breeze greets us as we step into the sun-drenched street, but all I feel is him.

Roman.

Steady. Solid. Mine.

The future unfurls before us like an open book.

And I can’t wait to write every page.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 7:14 am

Roman

Eight months later:

The last creative writing class of the semester wraps with the usual shuffle of backpacks and half-muttered goodbyes. Students move down the aisles of the lecture hall, each one dropping a final assignment on the desk in front of me before making their escape.

I offer the same quiet “Thank you” to each of them, nodding like the picture of professional composure.

Crisp white shirt, sleeves rolled, ink on my knuckles from where my pen exploded earlier. Classic. Predictable.

Until her.

She appears at the very end of the line, waddling just a little beneath the weight of the baby she’s about to bring into this world. My baby. Our baby.

Callie’s wearing a fitted black dress that hugs every curve she used to be shy about, her belly round and heavy, her breasts full and luscious.

Her hair’s in a braid over one shoulder.

Her engagement ring catches the overhead lights like a flash grenade, and she does nothing to hide it.

It's like she's proud of it. Of me. Of us.

I can't even speak when she steps up and places her paper on the stack. Instead of turning away, she leans in just a little, mischief glowing in her eyes like a lit match.

"Enjoy this one, professor."

She grins and walks away with a slow, deliberate sway of her hips that makes my pulse throb in my neck.

I sit there, jaw tight, trying not to make a sound as every part of me wakes up.

Fuck.

Even after eight months with her in my life, I still can't believe I've been so lucky.

We found out she was pregnant less than a month after I made her mine, and I'd dropped straight to my knee and asked her to marry me.

I'd had the ring for two weeks before that, and I'd only been waiting for the perfect time to give it to her.

No time had been more perfect than the moment when she'd come out of the bathroom, her face streaked with happy tears while her smile lit up her face, telling me that a part of me had already taken root inside her.

Of course, she'd said yes without hesitation.

Now she lives with me, her first book about to hit the shelves. It's blown up already, with many reviewers calling it the most anticipated debut of the century. My woman is going to be a fucking huge success and I can't wait to see it.

And as soon as the semester ends, and our baby has arrived, we're flying out to see her family. Getting married there. Just like she always wanted.

It'll be small. Intimate. And absolutely perfect.

And we haven't heard another word from Gideon Marks after he agreed to pay Callie a huge sum of money in an out of court settlement.

Hopefully the fucker has learned his lesson and won't try that again, but just in case, I've made sure to spread the word about him far and wide in the publishing world.

I reach for the stack of papers, still half-lost in thoughts of Callie. But I can't resist glancing down at the top sheet, smiling to myself when I see her familiar handwriting.

The title catches my attention instantly: Extra Credit.

I blink slowly, then start reading.

The first paragraph alone is enough to make my grip on the paper tighten. By the end of the second, my dick is painfully hard.

There is no mistaking who this story is about, even though she hasn't used names. It's us. In explicit detail.

Jesus.

The professor with a reputation for being cold and unreadable. The student who's been testing his patience all semester by wearing clothes that show off every goddamn delicious curve of her body. And the office hours meeting that turns into anything but professional.

And then there's the last paragraph, where fictional Callie is spread across my desk, begging me to breed her all over again because she wants to feel full for days.

I close my eyes and inhale slowly. Exhale even slower.

I stand abruptly, paper clenched in my hand, blood already pounding with dark, feral heat.

The hallway outside the lecture hall is mostly quiet, a few voices echoing in the distance. I scan the corridor like a predator searching for prey.

And there she is, leaning against the wall across from the classroom, scrolling on her phone like she didn't just hand me porn about us as her final assignment.

My pregnant, radiant, utter menace of a fiancée.

She looks up as I approach, a soft smile tugging at her lips. "Read it already?" she asks, voice innocent.

I don't slow my pace. Don't blink. Just stalk towards her with single-minded intent.

"You are a filthy little tease," I growl, the words hot and low.

She shrugs, and her smile widens a little more.

"I just wanted to make sure you still find me attractive," she says sweetly. "After all, I am about the size of a beached whale these days."

My snarl is barely restrained. "You're the sexiest thing I've ever seen. I'm still just as addicted to you now as I was the first time I saw you. Maybe more."

I step in close, crowding her against the wall, pressing my palm to the curve of her

belly.

She sucks in a soft breath. “Maybe you need to prove it,” she says, her voice little more than a whimper.

I take her hand and drag her down the hall. My office door slams shut behind us. The lock clicks into place. And whatever little restraint I had, disappears completely.

I push her back until she bumps against the edge of the desk, her face flushed, her eyes already hooded with lust.

“You want me to prove it?” I murmur, pressing myself against her.

“Yes,” she gasps, arching her back as I bring one hand up to cup her heavy breast.

“You want me to show you exactly how crazy you make me?”

“God, yes.”

I lift her onto the desk, pushing aside the books and pens and papers that are in the way, and then I’m tugging her panties down her legs, spreading her wide and stepping in between her thighs.

My cock strains against my slacks, aching and ready. But I don’t pull it out. Not yet. Instead, I grind the hard bulge against her pussy, feeling the wet heat of her through my pants.

“Feel that, baby?” I ask, moving my hips slowly, teasing her. “That’s what you do to me. Every single day. I can’t think about anything else. All I want is to bend you over the nearest flat surface and fuck you until you scream.”

She moans, her head falling back, her breath coming in shallow gasps. “Please,

Roman.”

“Please what?” I ask, tugging her dress up and over her head, throwing it carelessly on the floor. “Tell me what you want, baby.”

She arches her back, offering her bare breasts to me. “I want you,” she gasps. “Please. Make me come. I’m so wet, Roman.”

I lower my mouth to her nipples, sucking and licking, biting just hard enough to make her cry out. My cock throbs in response, and I can’t hold back any longer. I unzip my pants, freeing my aching cock, and slide it along her slick folds.

“You want this?” I ask, pushing the tip just inside her.

“Yes,” she moans. “Please.”

I want to tease her more, drive her just as wild as she drives me when she tortures me with those filthy little stories. But I can’t wait. The lure of her tight, wet little cunt is too strong to ignore for long.

So I thrust into her, hard and deep, making her cry out.

“This is what you do to me, baby,” I growl, pulling out and slamming back into her. “You make me lose control. You make me so fucking crazy for you.”

Her nails dig into my shoulders, her eyes locked on mine.

“Yes,” she moans, her breath hitching with every stroke. “God, Roman. Yes.”

I fuck her harder, deeper, my hands gripping her hips tightly. The sound of our bodies coming together fills the room, echoing off the walls.

“Look at you,” I whisper. “My perfect girl. So sexy. So beautiful.”

My hands roam over her swollen stomach, her heavy breasts, her thick thighs. She is a goddess, a siren, a temptation that never fails to drive me wild.

And when her orgasm comes, crashing through her, she is a fucking revelation.

Her body goes rigid, her mouth open in a silent scream, her eyes rolling back. And then she’s shaking, crying out my name, her cunt clenching around my cock, drawing me into the maelstrom with her.

“Fuck,” I groan, my own release barreling through me like a runaway train.

I bury myself inside her, emptying myself in hot spurts, marking her, claiming her, giving her everything she wants.

We stay there for a moment, panting, gasping, lost in the aftermath of pleasure. And when I finally pull out, I can’t help but stare.

My cum leaks from her cunt, dribbling down onto my desk, and I’m already half-hard again just from the sight.

“Goddamn, baby,” I murmur. “You’re incredible.”

She giggles, and when I drag my eyes up to her face, she’s smiling shyly at me. “Okay, you proved it pretty well,” she says, her voice still breathless.

“Oh, baby,” I growl. “I’ve barely even started proving anything yet.”

Her smile widens, and she lets out a sigh that is pure satisfaction.

“I love you, Roman.”

“I love you, too.”

And I always will.