

His

PROMISE

The BFF Pact

CASSI HART

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The BFF Pact

Cassi Hart

Published by: Cheeky Publishing LLC

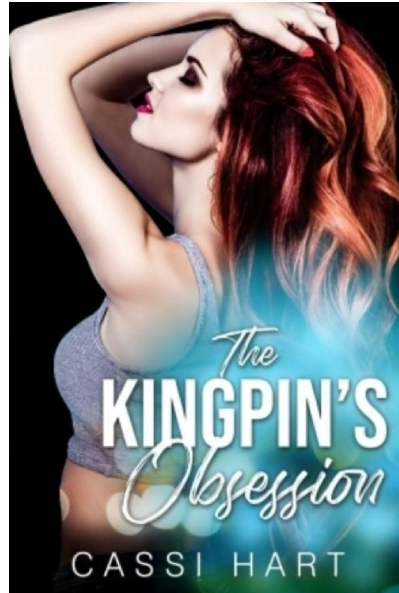
First Edition

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Free Book for You



Be the first to know about new releases,
join my list.

Dedicated to my vacation fund, I'm looking forward to somewhere hot to write my next series. Thank you for your support, enjoy!



Cassi H♥rt

Contents:

[*Free Book for You*](#)

[*Chapter 1*](#)

[*Chapter 2*](#)

[*Chapter 3*](#)

[*Chapter 4*](#)

[*Chapter 5*](#)

[*Chapter 6*](#)

[*Chapter 7*](#)

[*Chapter 8*](#)

[*Epilogue*](#)

[*Up Next...*](#)

[*More Books by Cassi*](#)

[*Free Book*](#)

[*About the Author*](#)

Chapter 1

Maci

I wave goodbye to my bestie as my parents' car turns the corner. I'm on my way to college, about to be miles away and without her for the first time in my life. Tears fill my eyes as I worry if I can make it on my own, surrounded by strangers, and with the stress of the heavy course load I insisted on signing up for.

"You'll be on the phone with her in a few hours," my mom says from the front seat, handing me a tissue. "It is a shame she's not going, though. She has so much talent."

"Which is why she doesn't need to waste her time with college," I say loyally.

Both my parents work blue collar jobs—well, my dad was laid off, but I'm sure he'll find something new soon. They think the only path to success is a degree, and I agree for myself, but my best friend, Wren, is a great artist and has an amazing internship lined up.

"She'll be fine. We've both got good strategies for the year."

"It's always good to set goals like that. You'll both be fine."
My dad smiles at me in the rearview mirror.

I smile back at him, tuning out their excited chatter while reciting Wren's and my self-improvement plans in my mind. Exercise, journal, read something educational every day, set goals and stick to them, and most importantly, don't get distracted by boys.

I fully intend to stick to my study goal to help me get through this first year at the top of my class. In addition to the goal Wren and I set together, I might have also written out a list of things I want to see if I can achieve. Some of them are standard, like avoiding the freshman fifteen, but ...

I have a top-secret goal I didn't really want to share with Wren, and certainly not with my parents. I want to see if I can find someone to lose my virginity to. It's not that I'm ashamed of being a virgin, far from it actually. I just feel like it's something I need to get out of the way. I want to focus on my dreams, after all. I'm not looking for love or anything, just someone nice enough and sweet enough that I trust them with my body. And then, when it's done, it's done. It's a milestone I can check off and not have to worry about finding time for later on.

When we arrive at the dorm, I stand my ground about letting my parents upstairs. We already visited a few weeks ago, and I know where my room is, have already met my roommate, and can carry my own duffel bag and backpack. I think they're just as excited about their new, child-free life, and they rush off with only a little insistence on my part.

So, this is it. I'm on my own for the first time. I keep my eyes peeled, checking out any prospects for my secret mission as I pass the common room and head upstairs. There are people everywhere, it's almost shocking compared to my quiet life back home. It's going to take me a while to get used to this, but at the same time, the atmosphere makes me excited to start this next step in life.

In my new room, I wave to my roommate, who already has her side mostly set up. There's another girl here, busily hanging a poster while an open suitcase spills her things all over my bed. I feel my face scrunching up and my stomach twisting as I look around the small double room. There's no room for a third bed.

"Umm, hi," I say.

My roommate looks at me with a flood of color on her cheeks. The other girl greets me cheerily and asks which room is mine.

"This one?" I say, forgetting my goal of being more assertive. She says the room number and tells me I'm mistaken. "No," I say more forcefully, taking out my phone to find my dorm details.

She has hers in my face before I can get to it. Sure enough, she seems to be in the right room, but my welcome email says I am, too.

"Go see the RA," she suggests, not budging. "His office is at the end of the hall. I'm sure he'll figure it out." She goes back to putting her underwear in my drawer.

My roommate shrugs. "I don't know what happened," she says, clearly not wanting to get in the middle.

I find the resident advisor's office easily enough at the end of the hall. His door is half-closed, and his hours are posted in huge black letters, right under his name, Kirk Underwood. His hours make it look like he's about to leave, but my impending homelessness is an emergency. I knock once and push through the door. Kirk's unfriendly look at me suggests he's not impressed with my intrusion.

“There’s something wrong with my room,” I say, backing up as he presses out the door to leave. No, I need help! I block the door, and he glares down at me.

“My hours are done for the day,” he frowns.

“I really do need help now. My room was assigned to three people, instead of two, which means I have nowhere to stay.”

Kirk’s gaze softens slightly, and he sighs. “I’m sorry, I can’t help you with that. You’ll need to go to Student Housing. Welcome to Danforth College.” He pushes past me out the door, leaving me standing in the now empty space.

Pulling out my phone, I look up a map of campus and find the Student Housing office is on the opposite side of campus. I groan at the thought of lugging my bags such a distance. I’m suddenly grateful my mom convinced me to pack light and just buy what I need later, and set off for the campus admin building.

Soon, I’m pushing open the door of the Student Housing office only to see a long line in front of a large counter where three people sit in front of computers. Apparently, I am far from the only one who is having trouble with their dorm assignment. For the next thirty minutes, I play a word game on my phone while I wait for my turn. When I’m finally called up to the counter, I approach a young man who looks to be only a few years older than me.

“Welcome to Student Services and Housing, how can I help you?” he asks in a lack-luster voice that suggests helping me is one of the last things he wants to do.

“Hi,” I say, forcing positivity into my tone. “There’s been a mistake with my room. It was assigned to three people, but it’s a double.”

He mutters something about being glad this is his last year and turns back to his computer. I watch his long fingers fly over the keyboard.

“Your payment never went through,” he said, turning back to me.

I lean against the counter. “No, that can’t be right.” I know things have been tough lately since my dad lost his job, but there’s no way my parents wouldn’t have taken care of my tuition, not without telling me at least. “It’s got to be a mistake.”

He shrugs. “You’ll need to talk to your bank.”

I look at my watch, then back to him. “The banks are closed already, it’s Saturday. What am I supposed to do tonight and the rest of the weekend? Where am I supposed to sleep?”

“I can’t do anything about the room situation until you sort out the payment. I guess you’ll have to go to a hotel or something.” Leaning around me, he calls over my shoulder, “Next!”

Left with no choice, I trudge out of the office, dragging my large duffel behind me. After hauling it all the way across campus once, I’m already exhausted. Now I feel defeated, too. I was so excited to start this new adventure, but it is quickly turning into a nightmare.

Once outside, I rush to the quad and drop down on a bench before burying my face in my hands.

Don't cry, don't cry, I tell myself. I'm an adult now, and I have to act like it. I consider calling my parents, but they're probably half-way home by now. Besides, what can they really do? The bank is closed. I have classes starting on Monday—I can't just go back home. Despite my best efforts, tears form in my eyes, and the sob I'd been trying to hold back breaks through.

Suddenly, I see two sets of feet stop in front of mine, I raise my head, wiping tears from my cheeks.

I meet the intense, dark gaze of a man who appears to be a few years older than me. He's tall and broad, dressed in a light blue shirt and dark jeans. Something about him screams authority. Next to him is Kirk, the guy who was supposed to be my RA, but I can't help letting my gaze flit back to the stranger.

"Did they get your room sorted out?" Kirk asks, pulling my attention away from his companion.

"No, I have to wait until Monday when the bank opens," I respond, trying to hide my sniffles.

"I'm Gage," the stranger says, stepping forward. "Kirk told me what happened with your room."

"I'm Maci," I say automatically.

"The same thing happened to me during my freshman year," Gage tells me. His eyes are a rich, chocolate brown that draw me in. He's magnetic. I have to remind myself not to stare.

"Your bank probably didn't release the funds. Once you call them, it'll be a quick fix."

I appreciate that he's trying to comfort me, but he hasn't said anything I don't already know. "What am I supposed to do

until then? I have class on Monday. Where do I go now? I can't bear bothering my parents about this, I don't want to worry them; I need to figure this out on my own," I sigh, not really expecting an answer.

"That's actually why I'm here," Kirk chimes in. "Gage owes me a favor."

Gage glances at his friend before looking down back down at me with an unreadable look on his face. "Look ... It can't be permanent, but you can stay with me for a few days while you get this all sorted out."

"Um, what?" I ask, confused.

After another of his long looks, he gestures for me to stand. "If you can be quiet, you can stay with me, but I'm on a really tight schedule, so we need to get going."

"I don't even know you!" I say, dumbfounded. Why would this stranger offer me a place to stay?

"Do you have a better option?" Gage challenges. Even though he's trying to be nice, he's also really cranky about it.

"Alright," Kirk says, raising both hands in a calming motion.

"I know you don't know me, either, but I can vouch for Gage. He's a grad student here and he has his own place off campus. He owes me a favor, and he's been in your shoes before too. He gets it."

When I hesitate again, and Gage huffs and adds, "It's not ideal for me either. I have a ton of studying to do, Kirk's right. I get it." He gives me a long look. "Unless you can convince someone to let you crash in their dorm room, I'm your best option. Hotel room prices right now are insane and it's not like

you'd be able to find a room anyway, with all the families in town dropping off their kids.”

He's right and I know it. Defeated, I nod and silently stand. Gage grabs my duffle bag and carries it for me. Kirk walks with us until we reach the dorms, then he veers off with a cheery wave. Gage grunts in his direction, clearly not pleased about the turn of events, even though he's the one that offered in the first place.

He walks me to his car and tosses my duffle bag in the back before climbing behind the wheel without a word. I quickly hop into the passenger seat, worried he might leave without me if I hesitate too long. The drive to his apartment building takes less than five minutes, and Gage leads me up an exterior flight of stairs to a second-floor unit.

To my surprise, it's a studio apartment, small, but clean. I suck in a breath at the sight of the lone queen-sized bed, but my tension eases when I see there's also a couch against the opposite wall. No need to panic; with how annoyed he's acting, it doesn't seem I need to worry about him making any unwanted advances. Despite my initial reaction to his appearance, this guy is definitely not someone I'm looking to befriend, let alone get entangled with.

He drops my duffle in front of the couch and motions me into the apartment, then he sits at his desk, cracks open a book, and proceeds to ignore me. I should be grateful, but anger simmers as I watch him blatantly pretend I don't exist.

Since Gage obviously has no intention of showing me around his apartment, I take a look around the small space.

I gasp at the sight of two floor-to-ceiling bookshelves lined with all the books I have on my list to read this year and others I haven't heard of, though they look interesting. There are not only business admin books that tell me we might have similar majors, but also biographies of important corporate leaders and productivity manuals.

I look over to Gage, debating whether or not I should try to talk to him. He's hunched over his textbook, and his shoulders are tight with tension.

Deciding it's probably best not to anger the person I'm relying on for a place to sleep, I help myself to a book from his shelf and move over to the couch, settling in for a long afternoon of reading. Maybe I'll even find a moment to get a head start on my study plan.

Chapter 2

Gage

I'm heading back to my apartment for a long evening of studying when I hear a familiar voice call out to me as I walk to my car. I turn to see Kirk, a good friend of mine, waving me down. He's a year behind me, but we've been in the same program for a few years, and because I'm still attending classes here in the grad school, we still see each other a lot.

I stop and wait for him to catch up, assuming he just wants to catch up a little before classes start on Monday. It's the sort of thing we all do after a summer spent doing different things; maybe he wants to ask how my summer internship went or something. When he reaches me, however, he has a pleading look on his face that tells me I won't like whatever it is he's about to say next.

"Hey, man," he says with a slap to my back.

"Kirk, how's it going?"

"It's move-in weekend, so you know, it's the usual nightmare of lost freshman and helicopter parents."

I groan in sympathy. Yeah, there's no way I could do it. I'm sure he only does it because of the free room and board.

"Anyway," Kirk continues. "Remember that favor you owe me for covering your ass last semester?"

Narrowing my eyes at him, I nod my head slowly.

"Well, I need to cash that in. There's a kid on my floor whose rooming assignment got screwed up. I sent her to Student

Housing, but you know how it is. She won't be able to do anything about it until Monday, so she won't have anywhere to go for the weekend."

Ouch. Student housing is stone cold. I know that from experience, but I can't help wondering why he's talking to *me* about it. "And why is that something you need to tell me?" I ask.

"Well, I kind of feel bad? She's just a kid, you know? And well, I know you're off campus this year, and I know you know what it's like to deal with Student Housing."

"Wow, really?" I know what Kirk is asking, even though he hasn't spelled it out yet. No fucking way am I letting this girl stay with me. "Can't she—"

"Dude, you know all the hotels are going to be full this weekend. I thought she could stay with you, just for a few days. I'd offer to let her stay with me in my dorm, but I can't risk my RA position if someone finds out."

There it is. "No way, absolutely not. I live in a studio apartment, and I have a ton of studying to do. I have to get top grades this semester. I don't have time to babysit some freshman."

Kirk's expression hardens. "You owe me. I covered your ass for that exam. If not for me, you would've failed your econ course."

Shit. He's right. I'd gotten food poisoning before finals last year and missed a crucial exam for my economics class. The professor only offered one make-up session, and if Kirk hadn't

given me notes for the classes I couldn't get to, I would've missed it.

"Fine, but after this, we're square," I say through gritted teeth.

Kirk smiles at me and throws an arm around my shoulders.

I'm taller than him by a few inches, so it's a bit awkward.

"Awesome! I knew you'd come around. Let's go see if we can find her. Her name is Maci, you'll love her. She's a business major, too."

I groan. Every year, I deal with a swarm of freshman who think a business major will be an easy way to a degree.

Inevitably, I have to deal with all their whining when they realize their courses require actual studying to pass.

Fortunately, this year, I snagged the TA position for the advanced undergrad courses. It's highly unlikely this Maci girl will be in any of the sections I'm teaching.

I follow Kirk across campus to the administration building, but thankfully, it doesn't take long to find her. He perks up after noticing someone and leads me across the quad to a bench with a person sitting on it, their head in their hands.

This must be Maci. She has a riot of dark curls that hide her face from view, but when we step up to her, she looks up and locks eyes with me. I'm nearly knocked backwards onto my ass.

It's not like I haven't seen plenty of pretty girls on campus, but something about this one is different. Perhaps it's the way her green eyes almost glow with intelligence, despite the tears trailing down her cheeks, or the curves that will not quit underneath her snug t-shirt and the tight jeans I can't help but

imagine peeling down her long legs. Repaying this favor to Kirk might not be such a hardship after all.

But no, I don't do freshmen. Or undergrads, for that matter, not now that I'm a grad student. This girl has to be what, eighteen? I'm twenty-three. That's a recipe for disaster I don't need. I have to keep my grades up if I want to be hired on permanently where I had my internship after graduation. I don't need a distraction. And Maci is very much a distraction, biting her lip and trying desperately not to cry. Her gulping breaths make her t-shirt strain across her very nice tits. My hands curl, wanting to cup each heavy orb. Damn it.

Kirk asks her how it went with Student Housing, and it seems to have gone just as he'd expected. I introduce myself and try to be encouraging and sympathetic, remembering all too well that I'd found myself in a similar situation my freshman year when my scholarship money had been delayed. It's obvious that she's scared and has no idea what to do next.

She's confused when I tell her she can stay with me for a bit, but she finally agrees to come with me. I don't know why, but something in my chest swells at the realization that she clearly trusts me enough to come home with me. I push the feeling aside and grab her bag before leading her to my car. No distractions. No letting myself get distracted.

Once we're in my apartment, I make show of ignoring her. I have to study. This detour in my day has already taken a big chunk out of my study time. But I can't help sneaking glances at her reflection in my computer screen while I pretend to read the textbook in front of me. First, she looks over my books, then she pulls one off a shelf and sits down primly on my

couch, crossing and uncrossing her legs and driving me slowly insane.

I try to concentrate on my studies, but I sense her getting up from the couch and moving around behind me. At her soft intake of breath, I whirl around to glare at her. She's standing at my kitchen counter and has my summer internship welcome packet in her hands.

"This is really impressive," she says, eyes wide. "I'd love to work for them some day. I'm a business major, too."

I feel a surge of pride, but why should I care what she thinks of me? It shouldn't matter at all to me that we probably have a lot in common, based on how interested she looks in my books. I turn back. Ignoring her seems the best option, though she makes it nearly impossible. Her sweet apple scent is taking over my room and adding to my frustration. She smells freaking delicious.

"Can I borrow one of your books?" she asks. "I'm not really sleepy."

I turn around again with a sigh. She can't be ignored. "You already have," I say, gesturing to the book she left on the couch and watching as a blush crosses her cheeks.

"I meant one of those," she says, pointing to a collection of leather-bound classics on a top shelf. They're my favorite books, a gift from my grandfather before he'd passed away. I'm honestly surprised she'd have any interest in them.

"Go ahead," I say, hoping it will keep her quiet longer than the textbook she'd grabbed earlier seemed to. I watch as she moves closer to the bookshelf and stretches onto her toes to

reach one of the books. I should just get it for her, but I'm enjoying the view as her clothes strain against her lush curves and the hem of her shirt lifts to reveal a couple inches of smooth, creamy skin. That irritates the hell out of me, and I kick the step stool closer to her with a grunt.

She makes a face that nearly cracks me up as she climbs on the stool, but as she reaches again, it wobbles, and I notice it's on the edge of the rug. I jump as she teeters backwards with a yelp, grabbing onto the shelf to try to keep herself from falling. The whole bookshelf starts to come away from the wall on top of her. I grab her around the waist and pull her off the stool, twisting so that the avalanche of heavy books rains down on me instead of her.

"Oh my God," she says, breathless and grateful as she both apologizes and thanks me profusely. "I'll clean all these up. Don't worry. Go back to studying. I'm so sorry."

This time, I'm irritated with myself for not just getting the damn book for her and drop to my knees beside her to help gather up the bits of broken shelf.

She scoots closer to me, her eyes widening as she reaches for my shirt collar. The feel of her fingertips on my neck as she pushes it away almost makes me lose every last ounce of resolve. I recoil like she's a trap about to spring, my fingers closing over hers. We lock eyes, and I want to tell her to get out, to run before I break all my rules.

"You're hurt," she says softly, slipping out of my grasp to touch my neck again. She hops up. "Do you have Band-Aids?"

I stand and go to the bathroom, seeing in the mirror that one of the hard corners must have nicked me. "It's fine."

But she's already rummaging in the bathroom cupboard, coming out with a box of Band-Aids and a tube of antibiotic cream. "Oh, stand still," she says, reaching as I dodge her. "There could be splinters from the broken shelf in the cut. Let me fix you up."

Her tone is bossy, and I like it too much to resist. She stands on her tiptoes to reach my cut, finally asking me to sit down in a flustered voice. I walk out to the couch and sit, unable to ignore her anymore, and instantly regret it. She leans over to inspect my cut, giving me a closeup view of her perfect tits, the outline of her lacy bra showing slightly through her t-shirt.

"I, uh, need to undo a button," she says, fumbling with my shirt.

God, now she's undressing me? What have I gotten myself into?

Her soft touch as she dabs on the medicine and her gentle breaths on my neck drive me to want to touch her in return. Her curls tumble across her face, and she shoves the shiny strands away, making me want to reach for her hair and hold it back for her. And keep pulling until her chin tips back enough that I can kiss her. Shit, I really don't need this.

Just as I'm about to shove away, her hands slide to my shoulders, and she smiles down at me. "All done. I don't have a treat for you for being good, though."

I can think of a dozen things she can give me as a treat. And even more things I want to give to her. But she's a freshman, and I have work I need to focus on.

All I can see is her mouth, though, and those tits in my face. With a growl, I stand up so fast, I nearly knock her into the mess on the ground.

“I can’t study like this,” I snarl, stomping toward the door before I wrap my fingers around her waist and yank her onto my lap. “Get this cleaned up by the time I get back.”

I slam out of the apartment, climb into my car, and head back to campus, pissed at myself for losing control and being an ass to Maci for no real reason. To top it off, I stormed out without grabbing the books I need, so now I can’t even study.

Chapter 3

Maci

I'm so stunned when Gage goes crashing out of his own apartment that all I can do is stare at the door. Not just at his complete lack of gratitude over my first aid, I'm a little stunned by how he affects me. Being so close to him while I bandaged the cut he got due to me being so clumsy was disconcerting. Strange. I've never felt so flustered being close to a man before. I mean, it's not like there've been a lot of men in my life to be distracted by. Gage is the only one I've ever been that close to without being related to them. I guess I just didn't expect to be that unnerved, especially because he's been kind of a jerk so far.

Of course, it could be because he's so handsome. Pretty people can have that effect on anyone, I guess. But Gage might be too distracting, since I can still feel his strong, rippling shoulder muscles under my palms. And he smelled intoxicating, actually making me feel a little legless with his soapy clean aftershave. Maybe he could be the one after all?

No. I can't get involved with him. That has *bad idea* written all over it; I can't afford to lose valuable study time in the evenings by chasing after a man. More importantly, he's doing me a solid by letting me stay with him until I get my dorm room issues figured out. Him being a jerk just makes it easier to walk away from him next week, if I'm being honest.

Even after I put all the books in a stack, I'm still too worked up to sleep. I'm worried the credit card my parents gave me

won't work, so I gather up all my cash, which isn't much, and walk down the street to a little corner store we'd passed in the car earlier.

After taking longer than necessary to choose some snacks and a drink, I eventually drag myself back to Gage's apartment, not sure if I want him to be there or not. The flash of disappointment when he's not is quickly replaced with relief that I can shower in peace.

Once I'm clean and in my pajamas, I curl up in a ball on the couch with a blanket I snagged from Gage's bed.

Remembering I have to update Wren, I grab my phone and consider what to write. Nothing's gone to plan today—I didn't bother trying to study after the shelf incident—but I don't want to worry her or seem like a downer, so I tell her everything's great.

The door starts to creak open, and I stuff my phone into the couch cushions, pretending to be fast asleep. I wish I was turned away from the door so I can hide my face, but there's no rolling over now that he's inside. I keep my eyes shut and my breathing slow and even. He leaves the lights off, a small bit of consideration for me, so I feel safe in checking him out through my lashes.

However, it gets very difficult to keep my breathing under control when he suddenly removes his shirt. Even in the dim light coming through the window, I can see how shredded he is. So, he not only cares about his grades and has an amazing internship, one that may lead to having a job lined up before he's even graduated, but he also finds the time to work out. He's what any other girl my age would call boyfriend material.

But I'm not looking for a boyfriend right now. I just needed a place to sleep for the next few days.

He starts to unbutton his jeans, and I know I can't see what's under them without giving myself away, so screwing my eyes tightly shut, I roll over, burrowing into the cushions. My blanket slides off, and I almost groan. I certainly can't reach for it, but I feel miserably exposed. There's no possible way I'll fall asleep like this, with the hottest guy I've ever seen stripping just feet away from me. Why does he have to be so darn unpleasant? I can't ever give him the satisfaction of knowing I find him attractive, so I force it out of my mind. It's going to be a very long night.

Chapter 4

Gage

Even in the dark, I'm way too aware of Maci's curves under the blanket. It's not that late, but since she's already asleep, I don't want to turn on the light and disturb her, so studying is out. I yank off my clothes, knowing I'm too worked up to sleep, but not wanting to be driven out of my own apartment again.

She suddenly rolls over, and her blanket slips to the floor. It would have to be pitch black for me not to notice how the shorts she's wearing ride up as she nestles into the cushions. Now I'm faced with a full view of her lush backside and long legs, smooth and bare in the spotlight of the streetlamps through the window. My cock rises at the sight of her, and only my annoyance gets it under control. I don't need this. But I can't let her get cold, either. Her pajamas are way too skimpy for this drafty room. Way too skimpy for my sanity, too.

I grab the blanket and toss it over her, seeing her shoulders tense and her eyelids flutter. Leaning over, I can see she's not asleep at all. Well, good.

I snap on the light, both relieved and sorry when she jerks the blanket over her miles of silky skin.

"Since you're awake, I'll just get some work done. Finally."

I yank a t-shirt on and give her an angry look that should have her curling back into a ball, but she only stares right back at me.

“By all means, don’t let me bother you,” she says.

One of her top’s straps slides down her shoulder, revealing a soft mound of flesh my eyes hone in on. My fingers curl, aching to pull the strap further down.

Her cheeks heat up as I stare her straight in the eye. “You *do* bother me, Maci. And if you know what’s good for you, you’ll get back under your blanket and be quiet.”

Apparently, she doesn’t know what’s good for either of us, because she says, “I’ll just study, too.” She pops up, everything jiggling under her ridiculously tiny top. Is she actually trying to kill me?

I watch her pull a book out of her duffle bag and settle back onto the couch, pulling the blanket around her and disrupting my view. Looks like she never went back to whichever book she borrowed before the shelf fell. That should fill me with relief. It doesn’t.

“How are you going to study when your classes haven’t started yet?” I ask, even though I should ignore her.

“I already have most of my books,” she says, nodding toward the bag.

It does have several textbooks mixed with her clothes, and I’m impressed. I remember getting all my books ahead of time when I first started here, too.

“You’re a business major?” I ask, recalling what she’d said earlier.

She looks up and nods, a smile lighting up her face. “You too?”

“Working towards a master’s in Finance,” I tell her, sitting on my bed and opening my own book. “But I took a lot of those classes in undergrad.”

She lights up even more, plying me with questions about the professors. I can’t help but get drawn into her exuberance. It’s not often I meet someone who’s so passionate about something most people consider mundane. She keeps reading out passages and eventually hops up and plops herself onto the bed next to me to see what I should be studying. Her bare legs rub up against mine, since I stayed in just my boxers out of stubbornness. It’s my apartment after all, I should be able to be comfortable. I’m anything but comfortable now though, with her scent so close to me, her body heat melting into mine.

“I’ll never be able to understand this,” she says, looking up at me and biting her lip anxiously.

“Even if you take this class, it won’t be for a few years,” I say. “You seem pretty smart, I’m sure you’ll be fine.”

“Thanks, that’s actually nice of you to say.”

I’m no longer able to concentrate on anything but her eyes, her lips, and the way her breath seems to be getting more ragged. Her hand slides from the spot she’s pointing at in the book and down my thigh, blazing a heated trail until she rests it in her lap. Thankfully, the big book is in mine, or she’d see my iron cock bursting to get out of my boxers. Maybe she *should* see it, then she’d get back on the couch. Or maybe I should take that soft hand and guide it to ...

She tilts her chin up to me with a hint of a smile that chases away every last ounce of my resolve. I lean down, and our lips touch, soft and sweet, but igniting a fire in me I’ve never felt

before. My fingers tangle in her hair, tugging her head back so I can enter her mouth with my tongue and discover what she tastes like. With a sigh, her hands move to my stomach, tentatively rising to my chest.

What am I thinking? She's a freshman, a disaster waiting to happen if I so much as breathe in her direction. I should not be kissing her.

Somehow, I manage to pull away, ignoring her disappointed look. "You really should get back on the couch if you know what's good for you."

I should shove her away or get up and leave. There's a rickety old couch in the TA office on campus I can sleep on. But I can't make a move, only glare at her fiercely.

She looks up at me for a long time, her cheeks glowing as she traces her eyes over my body, lingering at how my textbook is still sitting awkwardly in my lap, covering up my throbbing erection. "I'm not sure if I know what's good for me anymore," she murmurs, looking away demurely.

There's nothing I can do but toss my book aside and haul her onto my lap, grinding her soft body against mine.

"God, Maci," I growl against her mouth. "Do you have any idea what I want to do to you?"

Chapter 5

Maci

I don't know how I went from hating his guts to straddling his lap and grinding against his hard body. Every word he'd spoken, every movement of his hands, even the way he'd kept glaring at me had gotten me worked up—I couldn't stand that he was so attractive and rude at the same time. Then he went and said something sweet. When he kissed me, I was done fighting it.

He gave me an out, but I didn't want to take it. So now, I'm in his lap. I press closer to him as his tongue invades my mouth. The way his hands move up and down my sides, his thumbs stroking my breasts with every pass, has me squirming against him. The bulge in his boxers rubs me just the right way, and I've never felt so alive.

The only thing that gives me pause is how much I actually like him after talking about our classes and finding out we have so much in common. I'm not supposed to get attached because I'm supposed to be figuring out my housing situation for the year. A man like him probably doesn't even want to get involved with an inexperienced virgin like me. What if he gets pissed off when he realizes how inexperienced I am? My nerves start to break through his intoxicating caresses, and I slowly push away.

“Wait a second,” I say miserably. “I need to tell you something, and I'm begging you ahead of time not to judge me too hard.”

He grins, melting my reservations. “We can go as slow as you like.”

He takes me by the hips and lifts me off his lap, laying me on his bed. His hand slowly eases up my thigh, and I let my eyes drift shut as I spread my legs for him. This feels much too good for it all to stop, but I have to tell him.

“I’m a virgin,” I blurt, looking at him fearfully for his reaction. “Please don’t hate me.”

His hand stills, and his smile fades. “Are you teasing me?” When I shake my head, he leans down, his mouth close to my ear, and his hand slowly starts moving again. “That doesn’t change anything for me, baby.”

“It doesn’t?” I say, and he chuckles darkly in my ear. The sound causes warmth to pool in my belly, and I forcefully remind myself that I can’t let myself get carried away with all the feelings bubbling away inside me.

My eyes flutter shut again as his fingers find their way under my shorts. He kisses me gently, nudging my mouth open with his tongue as he runs his finger along my slick heat. My hips jut up off the bed at the sensation.

“No, it doesn’t. I want to be the first man in this tight, wet cunt.”

“Gage,” I whine, pressing my hips into his fingers.

His fingers stop working their way under my shorts, and he begins to ease them down my hips. I wriggle to help him, so eager, I can barely breathe. The feelings he’s awakened inside me are almost too much to handle. My mind is blank, my heart is racing, and every touch sends firebolts straight to my core.

“Say it. Say you want me to make you feel good.”

His voice rolls over me as sinuously as his fingertips.

“Please,” I gasp. “I want you to make me feel good.”

When my shorts are off, he smiles and kisses his way up from my ankle. I tremble with anticipation, and he laughs softly when he reaches the top of my thighs.

“Has anyone ever licked you here?” he asks, his tongue swiping at my swollen nub. I nearly jump out of my skin, and he takes my hips to still me.

“No,” I sigh. “Keep going.”

“You sound like you’re having trouble focusing, Maci,” he says, his tongue moving slowly up and down my slippery folds.

He’s not wrong. I can hardly focus on anything in this moment but the sensations he’s drawing out of me. “I don’t know what to do or say,” I admit, embarrassed at my obvious inexperience, and cover my face with my hands.

He pulls them away. “Whatever you want. Whatever feels good.”

“It all feels good,” I say, but let my hands wander to his soft hair, enjoying the feel of the strands through my fingers as he lowers his head again.

“Just wait.” His tongue moves along my center, slow, then fast. He plunges inside me, and I cry out, my hips jerking as I moan way too loudly. The sight of his head bobbing between my legs as he licks my most private place has me captivated. He leans back, looking up at me as I nearly tear his hair out.

“Your juicy little pussy tastes delicious, Maci.”

I can't answer, because the next swipe of his tongue sends me over the edge. Absolute bliss explodes from where his tongue is circling, all the way to my toes. I wrap my legs around his shoulders and squeeze as a high whistling sound escapes from my throat.

"Go ahead and scream, baby," he says.

I shake my head, still dazed. He's doing me a favor letting me stay here. I don't want his neighbors complaining. "That was amazing," I whisper.

With a laugh, he begins kissing his way upward, shoving my top aside to take my breasts in his hands, then kisses each nipple. I drift away again as he rolls one nipple between his thumb and finger while his other hand snakes back down between my thighs.

"Your body is perfect," he says, kissing along my neck and pausing at my slack mouth. "The way your little nipples rise for me, and oh my God ..." We both sigh as he sinks his fingers deep inside me. His forehead drops to my shoulder. "Your pussy is so fucking tight."

I press into his questing fingers, wanting him deeper. He told me to do whatever I wanted, so I reach between us and slide my hand beneath his waistband, grabbing his big cock that's straining against his boxers. I gasp with shock. It's much bigger than even his huge bulge led me to believe. So hot and smooth as I stroke it. There's moisture at the tip, and when I roll my thumb across it, he stills.

"You like that?" I guess. He nods, his fingers pushing and stretching me. "I don't think ..." I trail off, embarrassed.

“Don’t worry,” he says, kissing me again as he eases his fingers in and out. “Your pussy is so wet for me, every inch of my cock will fit you perfectly. This time, when I make you come again, you will scream.”

I shiver and pull him closer, spreading my legs wide. “Take me now, Gage,” I plead. “I want to feel what it’s like.”

“What what’s like?” He raises a brow, his dark brown eyes locking with mine. “Tell me how much you want my cock inside you for the first time.”

“That,” I say, my cheeks blazing, but my body desperate for him. “Yes, yes.”

He eases away, then strips out of his boxers and climbs on top of me. I lock my legs around his hips and look between us to see the dripping head of his thick rod nudge against me. He leans down to kiss me deeply as he slides in hard and fast, holding me tightly when I yelp.

“The pain will ease in a second,” he promises. “I’m going to make you feel good again.”

Already the slight sting gives way to that building pressure that I know will end with me seeing fireworks. I cling to him, my hands trailing down his sides and up his rippling abs as he moves. First, so slowly I start to whine and beg for more, then harder, deeper, and faster until his promise is fulfilled, and I can’t help but scream out his name.

He keeps going, riding out my orgasm with his eyes screwed shut and finally collapsing against me with a soft roar.

“Coming inside your virgin pussy is like heaven,” he gasps with a smile.

“I sure thought it was, but was I too loud?” I ask, hardly able to hear over our thundering heartbeats.

“Not loud enough,” he teases, cupping my face and kissing me sweetly.

My heart starts to melt, and I try to concentrate on our sweaty bodies pressing together. I can feel his cock stiffening against my stomach, and my excitement overrides my silly heart.

“Does this mean we can do it again?” I ask, reaching for him.

“Again and again,” he promises.

I wake up with a start, snuggled in Gage’s arms, the sun blazing through the curtains.

Oh no, this is ... nice. Too nice. I have a housing issue to deal with and a study goal to crush. Even though I wrote down that I wanted to lose my virginity, I didn’t expect it to happen so soon, if at all.

I look down at Gage’s sleeping face, no longer gruff or serious. It takes all my willpower not to wake him with a kiss. Instead, I slither away and quietly make my way over to the little kitchen. As I search through the cabinets for coffee grounds and mugs, I think about everything that happened last night. There’s an ache between my legs and soreness in my muscles that bring a smile to my face. Gage and I had taken turns waking one another throughout the night, so I’m worn out in the best way this morning.

My thoughts swarm to Gage's touch and how it brought me to life. How I want more. But I know I can't have it. I have to stick to my plan to become a successful business owner. To distract myself, I grab my phone to update Wren, taking a long time to decide what to tell her. It seems like she's having some trouble with her new internship but is trying to stay positive. I don't want to bring her down with the trouble I'm facing I don't want her to think I've given up on staying accountable. I text her a quick update.

Super busy, but I'm feeling optimistic about everything!

She texts back a few minutes later. *Yay! You're doing great!*

I hope to prove her praise right.

Chapter 6

Gage

I wake up alone and look around for Maci. I don't see her, but I smell coffee and her bag is still next to the couch. I sit up and look toward the bathroom, noticing that the door is closed. Sure enough, a moment later, Maci steps out wrapped in one of my towels, her dark curls hanging wet around her shoulders.

I smile at her and hold out a hand. She hesitates for a moment, then approaches the bed and laces her fingers with mine. I pull her into my lap and bury my face in her hair. She smells like my body wash, and it sends a wave of possessiveness I've never felt before coursing through me.

"Good morning," I say with my lips pressed to the smooth skin of her shoulder.

"Morning," she replies in a breathy voice.

Slowly, I peel the towel away from her and take in the beautiful body beneath, her gorgeous, full breasts, flat stomach, and round hips. I trace the line of her curves with my fingertips as I press kisses along her neck and jaw before finally taking her lips. We stay that way for several minutes, trading lingering kisses and whispered words. Sunlight streams through my thin curtains, casting a soft glow on Maci's skin. I could spend hours mapping her body with my lips, tongue, and hands.

Just as Maci presses down against my hard cock, we're interrupted by a shrill sound. My alarm. Grabbing my phone, I

silence it, then groan as I realize I've lost valuable study time ... *Again*. This is becoming a common occurrence with Maci around, but I push the frustration away. It's Saturday, so I don't have to show up to any classes, but I'm still supposed to meet with the professor that I'll be working with this semester to go over the syllabus and what he'll need from me before everything starts on Monday.

"I have to go. I have a meeting on campus," I tell Maci. She moves to climb off my lap, but I grab her hips to hold her still. "Will you stay here and wait for me?"

"Do you want me to?" she asks.

I raise my hips, pressing my erection into her and making her gasp. "What do you think?"

She giggles. "I suppose I could hang around. It's not like I have anywhere else to go anyway."

"Right," I say, remembering how we got here in the first place. "I suppose I should send Student Housing a thank you." At her confused expression, I add, "If they hadn't screwed up processing your payment, I would never have met you."

She smiles at me. "I suppose there is a silver lining to being temporarily homeless," she asks, the smile falling away to a look of uncertainty. "You're still okay with me staying the weekend?"

"More than okay. I'm looking forward to it, but I really do have to get to this meeting."

I let her go and follow her off the bed. After a quick shower, I'm dressed and heading for the door. Maci meets me there with a thermos of coffee. I take it from her gratefully and drop

a kiss to her full lips. “I won’t be gone long, maybe a couple of hours.”

“I’ll be here,” she says as I walk out the door.

As I’m backing my car out of my parking space, it occurs to me that I could get used to waking up to Maci every morning. I’ve no sooner had the thought than I push it away.

She’s a freshman, I remind myself, glancing at the clock on the dashboard. And a distraction I can’t afford. Focus, Gage.

Focus.

Still, the taste of her lingers on my lips, and memories of last night play in my head as I turn my car toward campus, already eager to get this meeting over with so I can return to my apartment ... and Maci.

Chapter 7

Maci

The rest of the weekend flies by, and I'm shocked at how quickly I've gotten comfortable sharing Gage's small studio apartment. Aside from his meeting Saturday morning, we've spent the entire weekend together. But now, it's Monday morning, and our time together might be nearly over.

I push myself up to a sitting position and look over at Gage's sleeping form. He's lying on his stomach, his hair falling into his eyes, and I have to stop myself from pushing it back so I don't wake him. I think about all the things we have in common and how much fun the weekend was. But I have to remember why I'm even at college in the first place. Why *he's* at college, too. We both have dreams we're chasing, and it's unclear if we'd be able to chase them at the same time while staying in each other's lives.

I slip out of bed quietly and start to gather my things into my duffle bag. The Student Housing office opens in an hour, and I should have just enough time to get there to get my dorm situation sorted before my first class. After zipping my bag closed, I cast one last glance at Gage. I feel a spike of guilt at leaving him without a proper goodbye, but I'm afraid if he wakes, I'll end up begging him to let me stay. I can't do that to myself.

I can't do that to him.

A little while later, I'm walking out of the Student Housing office, dejected. Despite my calls to my bank and the proof they gave me of my housing payment, I still don't have a dorm room. I was told to come back that afternoon, so I'm left hauling my duffle bag around campus to my classes.

My first class of the day is an advanced course in financial planning. During my senior year of high school, I'd taken a few classes that gave me college credit hours, so I was able to skip the prerequisites and go straight to the advanced course. Despite my interest in the subject, however, I struggle to get excited for class to start. I'm distracted by the stress of my continued housing problem and thoughts of Gage. The image of him sleeping in bed this morning, warm and relaxed, is stuck in my mind. Memories of the weekend play through my head, and I have to squeeze my thighs together in an effort to relieve some of the needy ache I feel.

To distract myself, I decide to pull out my planner and review my goals, remind myself of why I'm here and what my focus should be. But when I open my bag, I can't find my planner. Frantically, I begin to dig through my bag, certain it has to be here somewhere.

The whispered conversation of a couple girls in front of me catches my attention, pulling me away from my search.

"I was supposed to take this course last year, but it was full."
A pretty blonde wags her eyebrows at the girl next to her. "I don't mind too much, though. Gage is a tough TA, but he's gorgeous, and once you learn his rules, he's not so bad ..."

Could they be talking about *my* Gage? He's a finance grad student and a TA ...

The girl next to her giggles and agrees about how hot he is, like we're all still in high school. These girls are clearly older than me, probably juniors or seniors. I can't exactly disagree about his looks, but I frown as I'm hit with a wave of jealousy and possessiveness at the thought of these girls throwing themselves at him.

"He kind of seems like an ass," a third girl chimes in. "He's the TA for my nine o'clock seminar, too. The entire hour, he sat at the front of the lecture hall and just glared at us. Didn't say a word."

The first girl shrugs. "He's probably a little checked out since he's about to graduate and go on to be a millionaire business mogul." It's clear she's the head of his fan club, and I struggle to keep my mouth shut.

Suddenly, movement at the front of the hall catches my attention, and I look up to see Gage entering the hall and carrying a stack of papers which he passes to the professor as she starts her lecture. The conversation I'd just overheard finally sinks in. Gage is a TA. Gage is *my* TA.

As if he's got a sixth sense for my presence, Gage's eyes catch mine and our gazes lock, freezing me to my seat. An emotion that looks like anger crosses his face as he stares me down, pinning me in place with his eyes. In my peripheral vision, I can see the girls in front of me look from Gage to me and back curiously, but they don't say a word.

Finally, I manage to break free of his stare. I gaze down at my desk for the rest of class, frantically trying to decide what to do. Is he mad at me for leaving without saying goodbye? Should I try to talk to him after class? What will this mean for

me? Will I have to *drop* this class? Questions race through my mind in a never-ending loop, and I barely hear the professor when she dismisses the class.

Sensing a presence at my shoulder, I look up to see Gage standing over me, expression hard and indecipherable. “Can we go somewhere and talk?” he asks quietly.

Yes, please, that’s the only thing I want. Well, it’s not the only thing; I want to have him in my life while also succeeding at my studies. But no, I cannot go somewhere quiet and secluded to talk to Gage, because I’ll throw myself at him, and compromise the dreams we both have for ourselves. I jerk away and shake my head, then grab my things and rush for the door.

I spend the rest of the morning wondering desperately what he’d wanted to say to me before I’d panicked and ran.

Chapter 8

Gage

Why didn't she wake me up before she left?

Why do I even care?

I can't keep lying to myself. I know why. We'd spent an amazing weekend together, getting to know one another in and out of bed. Maci is everything I'd never dared hope for. She's sexy and smart, driven and determined. At some point over the weekend, I'd made up my mind that Maci was mine—I wasn't letting her go. But then she left before I had the chance to tell her how I felt, taking all her things with her. It's like she'd never been there, and the thought hurt me more than I thought possible.

Then I'd found her planner kicked halfway under the couch.

I'd opened it to see if she had her course schedule written down, hoping I'd be able to find her later. What I'd found instead was a list of goals, mostly innocent things like studying in the evenings and exercising. But one goal on her list stuck out from the rest. Losing her virginity.

Was that what our weekend had been about for her?

Completing some goal for her freshman year?

The thought had me seeing red. Hours later, when I'd walked into the lecture hall and locked eyes on Maci, I'd still been furious, but the sight of her soothed an itch in me that I hadn't realized I'd been feeling.

Then she'd run away from me.

It's been a long time since I thought about trying to date someone, since normally I'm consumed with my schoolwork and busy with my jobs. Nothing is different; in fact, it's worse. She's a student in one of my courses. There are rules against relationships between TAs and their students, so why can't I stop thinking about her?

I need to talk to her. No, I need to get my shit together, and get my grades up so that I can make sure my summer internship turns into a full-time job after graduation. I don't have time for a relationship. I should be angry that she used me and distracted me.

But as angry as I am, I still can't get her off my mind. I can still feel her soft skin, smell her apple shampoo scent, taste her pussy on my tongue. God, my cock gets hard as I sit through yet another lecture, and I'm grateful for the desk I'm hidden behind, otherwise the entire lecture hall would have a front row seat to the effect Maci has on me whenever I remember sinking into her tight, virgin hole or the way she gave everything to me.

If only she wasn't also interesting and fun to be around. Every time one of my professors says something insightful, I want to share it with her, knowing she'll hang on to every word. I want to tell her how difficult, but engaging, my internship is, how much I want to work for the company.

Later that afternoon, I see her in the cafeteria, as beautiful as ever in a green sundress, carrying her tray to an empty table. Normally, I just get my meal and head back to my office, but I'm not missing another chance at talking to Maci. This time, she's going to listen.

I catch up to Maci and take her tray out of her hands, fighting back a smile at her look of shock. “Come with me,” I say.

She huffs in annoyance, but I don’t give her the chance to respond before heading for a secluded table in the far corner.

I sit down, but she stands awkwardly at the side of the table, ringing her fingers. I take her hand and tug her down next to me. It doesn’t take much, and I see a hint of a smile on her face as she sits close enough for our thighs to touch.

“What do you want to talk about?” she asks, taking a bite of her lunch and refusing to look at me.

I decide to get right to the point and pull her planner out of my bag, tossing it on the table between us. Her eyes go wide, and her gaze shoots to me. She gulps nervously, but doesn’t say a word.

“Is this all it was to you? Was I just a convenient way to shed to your V-card?” I demand, jabbing a finger against her planner.

Maci pales. “No!” she shouts loud enough to have the students closest to us turning to look. In a quieter voice, she continues, “No, that’s not at all what it was about. Gage, I-I ... This weekend was everything to me. It’s true I was a virgin, and that I was thinking about losing my virginity when I made strategy for this year, but that isn’t why I slept with you. Honestly I forgot that I even set that goal. I was trying to make it less important, so that it wouldn’t distract me. But then you happened. You made me feel so good, better than I could have ever dreamed. I was with you because I wanted you.” She lowers her gaze and looks at her fingers before adding in a barely audible whisper, “I still want you.”

I take a deep breath. Her words are everything I'd been hoping to hear and more.

I lean down to take her mouth, and her lips drop open eagerly for my tongue. Her hands slide up my chest as I wrap my fingers in the fabric of her skirt. As soon as the kiss begins, she jerks away.

Her face flames, and she swallows hard, looking everywhere but at me. "You're my TA. We can't."

She tries to pull away, but I don't let her get far. "Did you mean it?" I ask. "Do you really still want me? Do you want to be mine?"

She hesitates, and I lean forward to run my nose along her neck and whisper into her ear, "Because I still want you."

She releases a shaky breath. "Y-yes, I want you. But we can't, what about your grades? Your potential job wants them higher, right?"

"We can," I tell her, pulling back to look in her eyes. "I'll talk to Professor Jorgensen and ask her to give me a different section. As long as we reveal our relationship at the beginning of the semester, it doesn't break any rules. And as for studying, we can hold each other accountable. You still want to study two hours a night right?"

Maci looks down at her planner and then back at me with hope in her eyes before surging forward to press her mouth to mine.

Our kiss turns heated, and the whoops and whistles of students remind us that we're in public. Maci buries her face in my neck, clearly embarrassed. I rub her back soothingly but still as a thought occurs to me.

“Did you go to the Student Housing office this morning?”

“Yes,” she says, speaking into my neck. “They said all the dorms are full and told me to come back this afternoon, that they’d have something figured out for me.”

“Stay with me,” I blurt out without thinking. But as soon as the words leave my mouth, I realize how right they feel. I want Maci with me. Always.

She looks at me for a long moment. “You want me to live with you?”

“Yes,” I say without hesitation.

A brilliant smile spreads across her face, but falls almost immediately. “You don’t think it’s too soon?”

“I know how I feel about you, Maci,” I say, taking her hands. “But if you aren’t ready, we can go to the office and see if they can find you a dorm.”

She chews her bottom lip for a moment, and the movement has my cock stirring in my pants. “No, I’ll stay with you. I want to be with you,” she finally says.

Warmth and joy spread through me, and I wrap my arms around Maci, hugging her tight. “How many more classes do you have this afternoon?”

“I’m done for the day. What about you?”

“I’m finished too, no classes or TA things for the rest of the day. What do you say we go home?”

Maci smiles shyly and nods, allowing me to pull her up and lead her from the cafeteria. The trip back to the apartment feels like it takes forever, though it’s less than twenty minutes.

The moment we're inside, I grip Maci's waist and back her toward the bed. Her head tips back, eyes wide, as I claim her mouth. She softens against me, her fingers curling in my shirt as her tongue tangles with mine.

I step back and pull her dress over her head, running my hands down to cup her lush ass beneath her panties and spread her cheeks. "I can't get you off my mind, Maci." I lean close to nuzzle her neck, my rock-hard cock pulsing as she sighs. "The way your tight little virgin pussy took my cock, the way I made you scream. How wet are you right now?"

"Touch me and find out how wet you make me, Gage."

With a groan of desire, I lift her and lay her on the bed. Once she's on her back, grabbing for my head to push me between her thighs, I decide to tease her. Instead of ripping off her panties and plunging my tongue into her wet heat, I start slowly kissing my way down her neck. With how badly I'm shaking, it takes me a couple attempts to snap open her bra. Her ripe, round tits spring free, and my cock is screaming to be inside her tight little body, but the way she writhes and moans beneath me keeps me strong.

Each nipple gets attention before I kiss further down her smooth belly, which rises and falls as she pants for me. Her legs tremble when I make it to her panties, and I take them in my teeth, easing them down. Lifting her hips to help me, she tangles her fingers in my hair.

"Gage," she sighs. "I've been thinking about this nonstop since you first ..."

"Since I first licked you here," I finish for her, laving my tongue down her slit and pushing deep inside her.

“Yes, I can’t concentrate. The things you did to me were so good.”

“I’m going to do them all again,” I promise.

She wraps her legs around my shoulders and raises to meet my hungry mouth. When she bucks against me and cries out, I know there’s no getting her out of my system. She’s the only woman I want.

I slowly move away from her swollen clit and smile up at her. “I’m going to fuck you now. I need to be inside this pussy.” I sink my fingers into her. “I need to make this body of yours mine.”

“Already is.” She grabs for my cock, and I rise to settle between her legs, looking down at her beautiful body.

“I’m the only man who’s ever been inside your sweet little pussy,” I say. I want to demand that I’ll be the only one forever, but she distracts me with a tight squeeze of her fingers, guiding me toward her slippery opening.

“You’re the only one I want,” she tells me urgently.

It knocks me for a loop, how much I need her, and I shove deep inside her tight channel, famished for the feel of her body. I’m so starved, all I can think about is coming hard with the feel of her pulsing around my cock. I fuck her fast and rough, finding her clit with my fingers.

“Come for me,” I command. “Let me feel how tight your little pussy can squeeze my cock.”

Her scream is instant, her orgasm rocking me as she bucks and digs her fingers into my shoulders. I finish off with a shout,

filling her with my seed until I'm spent. I fall onto her, barely registering anything except her heat wrapped around me.

"That was intense," she says. We untangle ourselves, and she rests against me, still breathing heavily.

I pull her closer. "I love you, Maci."

She hides her face against my shoulder, but I can feel her smile. "I love you, too."

"Good answer," I say, moving to kiss her.

Epilogue

Maci

10 years later ...

I sink into my favorite chair after getting home from another hectic day as CEO of the wellness company I started four years ago, after finally completing my master's degree. I'm so exhausted today that it feels like my bones are made of oatmeal; I only remember that it's my birthday now that I have time to check my personal messages and see the slew of well wishes from friends and family. Wren even sent me a video of her kids singing happy birthday, and my heart aches from how cute they are.

I look around the house, expecting to see evidence of some surprise. Gage always makes such a big deal about my birthday, even though I myself forget it half the time, but there's doesn't seem to be anything amiss, at least in this room. It's just me and the chair and the shelves of books we've accumulated over the years. Honestly, he's been even busier than me the last few weeks; his own company is in the midst of a merger that promises to help both companies serve more people more effectively. That he's forgone his annual birthday celebration for me means that he's giving it his full attention, and the thought makes my heart swell with affection. I'm so proud him and how he pours himself into everything.

I doze off in my cushy chair for a while, only to wake up to my husband's feathery kisses along my jaw, just the way he knows I love. I wrap my arms around him, energized by the

power nap, and kiss him back. I'm determined not to bring up my birthday and make him feel bad. He's been working so hard, and it's not like twenty-eight is a big milestone or anything. He pulls me out of the chair, and I see suitcases in the hall over his shoulder.

"Do you have to go back overseas for the merger?" I groan. It's bad enough he forgot, but I don't even get to spend the night with him?

"No," he says, a mischievous smile curling his lips. "The merger is a done deal."

I shout with happiness and throw myself into his arms to congratulate him. With a laugh, he whirls me around and plops me down near the doorway. "These are for your surprise birthday trip to Honolulu."

At first, I shriek with happiness. I've always wanted to go to Hawaii, and now he's making it happen. But then, I wilt. "I don't know how I can possibly swing it with my schedule right now," I say.

"I've been working with your assistant on this top-secret mission for weeks," he says with a grin. "I know you love a good secret mission, so we made it happen. The next ten days are completely free and belong to me, gorgeous. Just sun and sand and—" He grabs me and pulls me close, his hands curling around my backside as his tongue swipes between my lips. "Lots of this," he murmurs against my mouth.

The idea is so intoxicating, I push him down and back onto the floor and start pulling at his clothes. "I thought you forgot because you were so busy," I admit.

He grabs my hands and keeps me from opening any more shirt buttons. "I'd never forget my wife's birthday," he says, offended. Then he laughs as I keep reaching for his shirt. "We don't have much time. We need to get to the airport."

"We can join the mile high club too, then," I say, straddling him and grinding against his hard cock. "I need this now."

"It's your birthday, baby."

"Damn right." I say.

He pulls my head down for a kiss while his fingers find my clit. There are far too many clothes between us, and I jerk away, pulling on his shirt. He hoists my skirt up to my waist and yanks my panties aside, stroking my swollen nub. I'm already soaked and ready for him, and his touch only makes me more impatient. I forget about his shirt for the moment. His still-ripped abs can wait. His cock strains at the front of his suit pants, and I eagerly get them open to wrap my hand around his thick shaft. It pulses in my hand, a bead of moisture pooling at the tip. I wriggle out of his grasp and slip down his body, taking his full length in my mouth.

His groan drives me to suck him hard while he runs his fingers through my hair. "It's your special day," he gasps. "Let me ..."

I reach up my hand to shut him up, sliding two fingers into his mouth. "This is exactly what I want to be doing," I say. "You know how much I love sucking your huge cock."

His eyes roll back, and he kisses my fingers while I greedily slide my mouth up and down his slick shaft. I'm aching for him by the time he grabs my arms and pulls me back up to straddle him.

“Enough,” he growls. “I only want to come inside your tight little pussy.”

I barely have time to gasp before he’s sheathed deep inside me, and I grab his shoulders and hang on while he lifts my hips, pounding me from below. I find my senses and take over, riding him with all the abandon of our years of love for each other. I capture his gaze, and he pauses for a moment, squeezing my hips. I lower myself to kiss him, finally giving in to the bliss he always gives me. My moans get louder as he refuses to let himself go, only wanting to drive me further over the edge.

I rear back and scream out my pleasure just as he shoots his seed deep inside me. He doesn’t know about my secret birthday wish yet, but I hope it comes true.

He’s still gasping for air when I gently slide to his side and rest my head on his shoulder. He turns to kiss me, and I wipe a bead of sweat off his brow. I love him so much, and he’s given me everything, except ...

“There *is* something I’d really like,” I say, feeling a bit shy for the first time in ten years.

“Anything,” he says. “It’s your birthday. Anything you want.”

I lean up on my elbow to see his reaction when I confess what’s been missing in our perfect life. “I want a baby,” I say. “I’m twenty-eight now, and I think it’s time. I’m ready to cut back on my time at the office, and the daycare I’ve implemented here for employees has been a huge success. I’d love to take advantage of it,” I joke.

I search his eyes, praying we're on the same page. But of course, we are. We always have been.

"I can't wait," he says, lifting his head to kiss me. "Let's do it again, start working on it right now."

I laugh. "What about the trip?"

He looks at his watch, eyes widening. "Damn, I almost forgot. We need to get to the airport."

"The mile high club awaits," I laugh, jumping up.

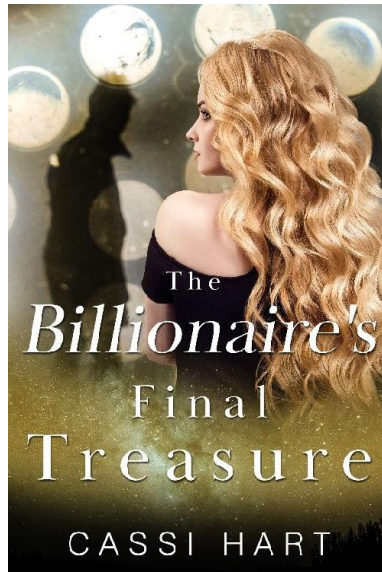
"Absolutely, and we won't stop until you're pregnant." He pops up and starts straightening his clothes.

"I can't wait, Gage," I tell him, hurrying to fix my skirt and make sure my blouse is tucked back in.

"Neither can I." He grabs my hand and pulls me toward the hall, as eager as I am to get started on our exciting new future.

~The End

Up Next...



Kori

It's hard finding things to look forward to when you're as broke as I am. Between caring for my sick mother and trying to make it to cosmetology classes, I don't have any time for anything else. I do have a new secret guilty pleasure, though. The other night, I saw someone break into an apartment across the street. I didn't feel bad; all of the people who live in this part of town are so wealthy and don't care about those less well off than them. But I want to know more about this stranger. What is he doing? Why is he doing it? More importantly, why did he return to the scene of the crime?

Finn

What I do in my spare time is ill-advised at best, and yet I continue to do it anyway. The thrill it gives me to break into the homes of the rich and privileged is like nothing else I've ever felt. But a night or two ago, someone saw me. A girl, sitting on the fire escape of the building across the street. Even after hiding, she could still see me. And yet, no one ever arrived to stop me. I was so intrigued, I violated my personal rule about returning to a target building a second time. I can't help it. Her eyes on me are more thrilling than the crimes I commit in the name of justice. Why do I care so much about impressing her?

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The Kingpin's Obsession

Alice

I saw something I shouldn't have, and my life is in danger.

The police won't listen, and I have no choice but to seek help at Benedetti's, a bar known for its criminal clientele. But I'm barely inside the door before a dark eyed devil drags me back out and demands to know why I'm there. I shouldn't trust him, but I don't have a choice when he's the only one willing to help me.

Too late, I learn who he really is, and now I'm left to wonder... when this is all over, will he save my life only to break my heart?

About the Author

Cassi lives to write brazen OTT, insta-love, short stories, about possessive alphas and the women they love. Stories that will leave you satisfied, and maybe blushing a little. Cassi loves pedicures, being pampered in any way possible, her darling golden Princess, amazing coffee, and traveling too anywhere warm.



Cassi H♥rt