



MY PROFESSOR
& Sweetheart

RS MCKENZIE

MY PROFESSOR
SWEETHEART

SWEETHEART ESCAPES

BOOK SIX

RS MCKENZIE



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CONTENTS

[Synopsis](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Want the rest of the series?](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Also by RS McKenzie](#)

SYNOPSIS

Jamie

What is fun?

Sure, I go out occasionally with my best friend and I have my MMA fights, but I've never put myself out there. I've never done anything unexpected. So when best friend tells me to sign up for this blind auction, I figure why not? I graduate this year and need to take a chance on something more. And that's exactly what I get. Will I be content to leave it at just this weekend?

Andres

Am I lonely?

My best friend told me I'm a lonely Daddy that needs a boy to spoil. It's been years since I've had one and I have to agree. She suggests an auction where I bid on a man that might like the kink or at least be open to trying. I don't expect to bid on my student. Is he worth breaking the rules for?

My Professor Sweetheart is a professor/student, forbidden relationship MM romance. It is part of the Sweetheart Escapes multiauthor series. It can be read as a standalone, but why not grab them all?

CHAPTER ONE

JAMIE



The knee to my rib hurts, but I saw it coming. I'm able to twist my body to avoid the brunt of it. An uppercut comes within an inch of my face and I shuffle back before another can be aimed at me. The roar of the crowd amps me up, signaling the dodge was a good move.

Across from me, my opponent, Vincent "Dash" Ingrid, is bouncing from foot to foot, shaking his arms out. He smirks and beckons me with his fingers, trying to goad me into losing my temper. Everyone knows that's not possible. Something major has to happen for me to lose my head during a fight. Returning a smirk that doesn't go past my mouth guard, I do what he wants and advance on him.

Dash thinks I've fallen into his trap, but he has a tell. When he sinks back on his right leg, I know he's putting his weight there to bring his left leg up for a kick. Honestly, I don't think he even knows he does it—it's almost like second nature. Luckily for me, I pay attention to my opponents and make sure not to fall for the same mistake twice.

On our circuit, we have the same opponent a few times a year, and this is my third time with Dash. The first time, he surprised me with his back kick, almost making me lose the fight on a knockout and not a judges call. The second time, he

barely missed my head when I caught on to what he was doing. He won't get me again. I've also been to a few of his fights and I've seen his weakness. He's an amazing fighter, fast as fuck—which is why we call him Dash—and has a good eye for weak spots in his opponents. Unfortunately for him, I don't have one.

Instead of backing away, I lean into where the kick will be aimed, letting him think he has me in his trap. When his legs lift, I duck and sweep his other leg from under him. I drop down to pummel him with a left and two rights, then spin around to put him in an arm bar. After a few seconds and a loud roar, Dash taps my leg, ending the fight.

Letting his arm go and rolling off, I scoot back over to grab Dash's hand. "You good, man?"

Dash smiles at me after he takes his mouth guard out. "I should have known you'd see that kick. Observant motherfucker." We laugh together and I give him a quick hug, helping him to his feet. He raises my hand in the air while the crowd cheers and I give him another side hug. "Your fucking arm bar is amazing. I'll come by your gym for some pointers, yeah?"

"Of course, man. I'll be there this weekend." Dash nods and walks back to his corner while I climb over to the top of the octagon, straddling the fence and waving at the crowd, hyping them from my fights finish and getting them ready for the next fight. My coach waves me over and I hop from the fence, slinging a sweaty arm over his shoulder.

"Great fight, Dr. Jekyll," Coach Rhoades says, making me laugh. My nickname fits, seeing as how when I'm not in the octagon, I'm nice to everyone, not wanting to argue or fight for any reason. Inside the octagon, though? I show my

opponents no mercy. It's something I'm passionate about, so I put all my effort into it. But after I graduate college, I'm going to leave the octagon and enter the workforce. Fighting is great when I want to be physical, and I've met some great people on the circuit, but it's not my future. I have six more fights and one more year of school before I'm off to work as a mechanical engineer.

So far, I've received three job offers, even though I won't graduate until the spring. My future is set, and it doesn't involve fighting, which is fine. It's something I wanted to do and I've done it. I have no regrets.

"Thanks, Coach," I answer, shaking out my stiff muscles. Time for a nice, warm shower until I get home, then a long, hot bath. The apartment I share with my best friend has a nice garden tub in the master bath that I'll put to good use tonight. "I'm going to take the weekend off from heavy training, yeah? That rib shot killed me." My fiery ribs throb as if they heard me, and I rub them gingerly.

Coach's eyebrows furrow and he nods. "Get over to the trainer and have them make sure nothing is broken. After that, ice, ice, ice."

"You got it." He gives me a quick side hug, then hustles back over to the octagon to help the other fighter he trains. There are two other fighters that train with me and it's very rare that we fight on the same night. But this was a bout that I had to take so I would have money for rent for the next few months. While it doesn't pay a lot, it's enough for me to live for a while. I'm a pretty popular fighter, so I get paid what I'm due, unlike a lot of amateur fighters. I'm lucky in that sense.

Scooting into the locker room, still rubbing over my flaming ribs, I literally bump into the third fighter from our

gym, Mal Lewis. He doesn't have a fight tonight, so I wonder why he's here, but I don't ask. Not my business. It's not like he'd tell me anyway.

Mal starts to apologize until he sees it's me, then curls his lip up at me. "Fucking watch it, *Jekyll*." He brushes past me, and I suck in a breath at the burn in my side, but don't complain or try to confront him. It's not worth it. No idea why he doesn't like me, but that's on him. I like everyone.

Forget a shower here. I need a long, hot soak before I plaster ice to my ribs. Pulling my bag over my shoulder, I head out to my car so I can get home. That bathtub is calling me.

My roommate, Richie, isn't home when I walk in—probably on one of the many dates he goes on from whatever dating site he logged onto recently. If it's one thing Richie does, it's date whatever person strikes his fancy. And there are many.

I refuse to focus on Richie's active dating and sex life and my nonexistent one as I sink into the tub full of piping hot water, my sore muscles relaxing immediately. Sighing at how good it feels, I sink lower and think about nothing in particular, letting my thoughts come and go so I can relax more. Relaxing is something I need to do, but don't do a lot of. With school, training, and fights, I'm always on the go. I wish I could be like Richie and have a social life, talk to people, and hang out with friends like a normal college student. I do hang out, but I don't party a lot because I need to keep in shape and eat healthy while I'm fighting. Drinking wouldn't fit into that diet. So I stay away from most parties. I've dated, but most of the guys I go out with get sick of coming third in my life—school first, fighting second.

Maybe I'll get around to it this year. As a senior, my courseload is lighter since I took summer classes my freshman and sophomore year. My parents downsized when I moved out for college. Instead of trying to squeeze in their two bedroom apartment and bunking with my kid brother, I stayed on campus to get classes knocked out and earn some money from fights. Beginning of junior year, Richie asked if I wanted to room with him, so that summer, I hung out for a few months, getting more fights and getting a side gig as a trainer for a few hours a week.

So yeah, this year might be the year I can find a man to date that won't be an afterthought. Or one that understands that I'm busy and might not be available all the time.

"Yo!" I hear Richie yell when he walks inside. I'm just getting out of the tub, so I shout where I am, and he makes his way back. Richie has seen me naked plenty of times and I'm not shy with my body. But still, I wrap a towel around my waist and step in front of the mirror, looking closely at my ribs for the first time.

"Fuck, dude. What happened?"

Richie makes his way over to me and presses lightly on the growing bruise at my side. I wince away from him and start drying myself off.

"Knee from Dash," I explain shortly, sliding my pants on. Underwear feels too restricting, so sometimes I go without.

"That fucker," Richie says with a laugh. He comes to my fights often and has seen me go up against Dash. Richie knows how lethal he is.

"Yeah. What's up? How was your date?"

“Man! It was amazing. You should have seen him. Tall, fucking stacked, dark brown hair that almost looked black. God, I think I met my future husband.”

Rolling my eyes at his antics, I brush past him on the way to the kitchen. This protein shake ain't gonna make itself.

Hopping on the counter, Richie continues. “I met him on Carousel the other night. That's what I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Dude, I've tried Carousel. No hits, remember?” Carousel is a popular dating/hookup app that I refuse to add a photo of any kind to, so I get no hits. While my body isn't something everyone has seen, *a lot* of people can identify it. I have a huge tattoo that goes from my shoulder down my ribs and onto my back of the mountains at sunset that is hard to crop out. I'd rather not find a hook up, honestly. I want something real, not to just fuck. Fucking is fine, it's fun and I like it, but I want depth.

Richie waves me away because he knows my issues, but don't think they're actually issues. “Yeah, but that's not why I mention it. They're running a blind auction for some LGBTQ charities. There's a free weekend getaway in it for you if someone bids.”

“Dude, what? Isn't that a little sketchy? You're meeting a stranger and you're supposed to go on a vacation with them?”

My roommate laughs like I'm thick. “Jamie, you do know a thing like background checks exist, right? And they vet the people who sign up. This isn't the first time they've done one and they've never had issues. I think this is like the tenth one or something. Anyway, you remember Julian? Kid we had Stats 101 with? That's how he met his boyfriend our freshman year.”

I do remember Julian. He left midway through our freshman year to move across the country with an older guy he met online. From the statuses and pictures I see on his Instagram, they're still together and adopted a dog.

Rubbing the back of my neck, I agitate my protein shake to break up the clumps with the other hand. "Yeah, I don't know, man. He does seem happy. Let me look into it more and I'll think about it."

Hopping off the counter, Richie walks over to me and pats my back. "Give it a chance man. Who knows? I might sign up too."

Giving him a flat look, I raise an eyebrow and ask, "Didn't you just say you met your future husband tonight?"

Returning the look, Richie quips, "Haven't you heard of polyam, my friend?"

Shaking my head, I make my way to my room and pull up the app. Carousel looks like any other dating app out there—options to swipe left or right, mostly body pics and dudes holding up fish they caught or deer they shot. I eye the banner at the top that says, "Sweetheart Escapes Blind Auction". I roll my eyes at the originality and click on it anyway.

What it lacked in creativity on the banner, the site itself is the opposite. It's cute, made up of red, black and pink designs, hearts cropping up everywhere in the background. A banner that looks like it's blowing in the breeze is affixed to the top with the logo for the dating app, a carousel with a PRIDE flag atop it, at the end. I smile at it and look over the app. There is a tab labeled "Entrant" and another labeled "Bidder."

I'm not sure if it's a good idea or not, but I am considering it. Like I told Richie, it seems a little sketchy, meeting a

strange person from a site and spending days on end with them. Unlike Richie, I'm not adventurous like him. I don't think I would be brave enough. Then again, didn't I tell myself I would start being brave?

After my brush with death—literally—I told myself I wouldn't live my life with regrets. I would do what I want, be kind to everyone and not be afraid of anything. So far, I've done what I wanted—came out in high school when most people would have kept their sexuality under wraps, went to college to be an engineer instead of living off my parents, fighting, against the wishes of my dad. Living life with no regrets has paid off well. So yeah, why not?

Pulling in a deep breath, I let it out slowly and click the tab labeled “Entrant.”

The questions for the auction were a little weird, but also fun. I'd never done anything like it before, so I enjoyed it. The hardest thing to do was forgo a photo. I knew how it went down—I had Grindr. But I figured the auction would be different than that meat market. Not that Grindr didn't have its perks as a meat market. I found some hookups there that are actually good friends now.

I sat and contemplated for the better part of an hour before I said fuck it and uploaded a faceless pic. I'm not having my face plastered for everyone bidding to see.

The photo I select is one I took last month when I had some down time and Richie and I went to the beach. It's a pic I sent my mom, since she said I didn't get out enough. I crop my face and upload it, impressed with how my body looked. The gym is doing great things for my physique.

Before I can lose my nerve, I hit submit. The notification that popped up told me to expect an email a week after bidding

ended. I could wait a week to see what happened. A week is no time at all.

CHAPTER TWO

ANDRES



Nothing like being dragged to dinner when all I want to do is sit inside and play video games. Yes, I am a forty-two-year-old man, but video games have no age limit. That's what I tell Mama anyway. She goes on and on about how video games are for children and as a college professor, I should be doing better things with my time. She finds it crazy that as an academic, I would stoop so low as to want to play video games.

I pay that absolutely no mind. I'm the youngest professor with tenure on staff. I think I deserve to unwind with some video games at the end of the evening.

I grumble about my best friend and colleague of seven years, Kai, dragging me out on a Friday night when I had plans to pull an all-nighter with this new role playing game that came out three days ago. I've been waiting for the weekend so I can stay up late to play it and she's ruining my plans.

Walking into the restaurant, I spot Kai and walk over to her before the host at the front can ask if I want a table or to sit at the bar. I flop in my chair, giving her the eye and she throws her head back and laughs long and loud. I'm sure my face is the picture of irritation, but she doesn't care.

Kai and I met on our first day as professors and decided it was best to stick together until we learned the ropes, bonding over our newness. She teaches English Lit and I'm over in the math department, but that doesn't matter. We've stuck together since then and our friendship has only grown stronger. Kai is Afro Latina, giving us something else in common. As a Puerto Rican man, it doesn't hurt to have someone around that can relate to you in more than academics.

After letting her laughter—at my expense—die down, Kai shakes her head with a smirk on her face. “Hermano, don't give me that look. I wanted to see your pretty face tonight.”

I give her a deadpan look and she giggles again. While I have been called many things, pretty isn't an accurate description. I'm not ugly, but most would describe me as handsome. My features are strong and bold—sharp jaw, angular nose, full lips, high cheeks—far from pretty. But Kai likes to give me shit. Especially now that I let my hair grow out. It's a little past my shoulders and I have to admit that I take more than a while to get ready to make sure it's brushed out, shiny and it falls just the right way.

“Stop calling me pretty, loca. You're ruin my rep as a hard ass.”

“Yeah, a hard ass that stays locked in his house to play video games instead of trying to find a boy.”

Here we go. Kai and my mother will have me settled down with five kids and three dogs running around if they had it their way. Kai and her wife and boyfriend have two kids and wants everyone to experience the joys of parenthood. While I like kids, I'm not sure I want one. I'm a little old to not know if I want them or not, but for right now, it's a no.

Shaking my head, I grab the menu, trying to ignore Kai for a few moments. No such luck. “Come on, hermano. You need to put yourself out there. Derek is old news. You haven’t been out since you two called it quits. He wasn’t right for you. Hell, you told me he wasn’t. There’s no reason your boy should try to tell you what to do. That’s not how that works.”

Just like me, Kai is a part of the kink community and is well versed in how a Daddy/boy relationship should work. Derek was not a boy. He might have been a brat, but he was more of a Daddy in my opinion. He liked to have his way, but not in a bratty way. He liked his rules followed and that was the end of the discussion. It’s hard to be a Daddy when your boy wants the job. I told Derek this and after much consideration, he had to agree. We broke up on good terms, but Kai is right. He wasn’t the boy for me.

Giving up ignoring her, I look up at Kai and see the glint in her eyes. I make a noise in my throat and rest my forearms on the table. “How’s Mama doing?”

Kai tries to look innocent, but I’m not buying it. She and my mother have gotten close over the years and Kai probably talks to my mother more than I do. This isn’t the first time they’ve conspired together to try to find me a boy. My mother doesn’t understand me being a Daddy, but that doesn’t stop her from trying to play matchmaker.

After she sees that I’m on to her, Kai gives up the innocent act. “She’s fine. Wants you to call her soon. Anyway, it’s not about Mama. It’s about you and how miserable you are. You can’t hide it from me, hermano. I can tell.”

“Ugh. Why are the two of you like this?”

For the first time in a long time, Kai doesn’t laugh when I pick with her. Her face is serious and I sit up straighter.

Kai is rarely serious when we're discussing my dating life. She likes to tell me I'll end up alone with a houseful of cats. Now, though, she looks as if something is weighing on her. "Hermano, I want you to be happy. You haven't been in years. With each passing year, you laugh less and stay inside alone with your video games. There's nothing wrong with them," she rushes to say when I open my mouth. "It's just...you're so lonely."

Fuck me. Why do we have to have a heart to heart in the middle of a restaurant? "Kai. I'm fine. I'm good. I honestly don't think I'll find a boy and that's okay. I'm okay. I promise."

She maintains eye contact for a few moments, then nods. "In any case," she says, with a mischievous look on her face, "I have a great idea for you. You know how I told you Davina and I met Benito at a conference?"

I nod. Kai's wife, Davina, is an optometrist and has several conferences a year that talk about the advances in vision care and optical surgeries.

Kai looks a little nervous and licks her lips quickly before she says, "That was a lie."

My eyebrows go up and I lean in. "How did you meet? And why would you lie to me? I would never judge you."

Before she answers, our server comes over and takes our order. I just grab the special and will probably question my choices when it comes. Either way, I need the server to go away so I can get to the bottom of this. If Kai is one thing, she's overly honest with me, telling me hard truths that I don't want to face, but she doesn't give a shit. She will never lie to me without good reason, so I'm not upset. I just want to know why she thinks she has to lie to me of all people.

She takes a sip of her water, then leans in and says in a whisper. “We met him on an online auction.”

“A what?” I ask. I’m not sure if it’s funny or if I’m worried.

Sighing, she pulls out her phone and, after clicking a few things, slides it over to me. I pick up to see she’s opened Carousel, my favorite dating app. “Okay...this is a dating app.”

“Just shut up and look at the top, hermano.” Doing what she says, I look at the top of the app and see the banner.

“Sweetheart Auctions?” I ask and scoff.

“Hey! Don’t knock it. Click it and have a look around.”

I do as she says, clicking the banner. A paragraph pops up, explaining the auction, what it entails, the rules of the auction and the charity it donates to. I scroll more, looking at the questions and wonder if this is real. “What is your favorite expression?” “What color is your personality?”

Scoffing again, I give Kai her phone back. “Yeah, that’s not my thing. There’s no way they can find me a boy with those weird ass questions.”

Taking her phone, Kai shrugs. “They’ve changed over the years, but they do work. I’m not sure how they do it, but they tend to show you matches that fit closely to your specs first. You can bid on whomever you want if you’re the bidder, but the top ten they show are the ones they think you’ll click with. Benito was our third option and the one we thought fit us the best. As you can see, three years and two babies later, we were right. I think you should give it a shot. What could it hurt?”

I think back to what I saw on the site. “Upwards to five grand is what it could hurt.”

“Davina and I only bid two grand and also...please. Don’t give me that shit. I know you can afford five grand if you have to bid that high. And that money will be going to a good cause.”

“Just because I *can* doesn’t mean I *want to*.”

She sighs and shakes her head. “Just think about it? For me?”

“Fine,” I answer, knowing she won’t get off my ass if I don’t. Not that I’ll even get on and fill out the form. I’m not lonely. I’m not.

Then I change my mind. I *am* lonely. It’s hard to admit to myself, but I am. I crave intimacy more than anything physical, but I’m not really finding that on hook up apps. I want something like what my best friend has. Not only does she have an amazing wife, they have a great boyfriend that worships the ground they walk on and fathered their children. I don’t want the kids part, but I want to worship someone like that. I want a boy that I can make happy. A boy that lets me take care of him and be there for him. I want a boy on his back, calling me Daddy while I make love to his body after I’ve made love to his mind and soul.

Gritting my teeth at having to admit she’s right, I say, “Fine, Kai. I’ll do it. What could it hurt, right?”

She raises an eyebrow. “What about the five grand?”

“I said I’ll do it. Don’t be a dick or I’ll change my mind.”

Her smile is a mile wide. “It’ll be great! There are people there for everyone. If you list you’re looking for a boy, they’ll show you the ones with a shared interest first.”

“Let’s hope I won’t regret this,” I mutter and my best friend laughs at me.

We have a pleasant dinner, with Kai filling me in on the conversation she had with my mother about my lack of a love life.

When I get home, I figure there is no time like the present to check out this auction. If Kai is to be believed, it found her and Davina the man they plan to spend their lives with. I'm not sure there's a boy on there—especially one that will advertise his preference—but who knows? I didn't get to look at any of the profiles, as I had to set up my own first. Too easy.

I get to a question that asks about my kinks and I freeze. Is this auction to set up a love match or for people to get their rocks off? Do I even want a love match? I can have a Daddy/boy relationship without it being deep. It would be better if it was, what with the amount of trust needed between us, but I could handle if it weren't.

Throwing caution to the wind, I add that I'm a Daddy seeking a boy, select the option to have personalized matches based on my questionnaire answers, and hit submit. A notification pops up, telling me I'll have matches in less than an hour, so I turn on my television, distracting myself with video games.

I'm getting to an extremely hard level when my phone chimes with an email notification. Like a desperate, lonely teenager, I dive for my phone and see an email from Sweetheart Escapes. Heart pounding, I open the email and after being directed to the site, I start to scroll.

Man, oh man. All I see is *skin, skin, skin*. Not that I'm complaining, but there is almost an overload. On the first page, there are ten profiles and every one of their bodies look good. Not all of them are muscled. Some have cute guts, or nice round bellies or are slim with no abs. I can't go wrong with

any of them, body wise. I'm more interested to see if we match up in other ways, however.

I scroll down past the first and second profile, both saying they are vanilla and have no interest in changing that. Not that I would try. My kink is not someone else's and I would never try to make someone be my boy. I want them to want it.

The third profile looks promising. I look at the username and smirk. "Dr. J." I look at the age of the entrant and see he's only twenty-two. Weird that he would be a fan of seventies NBA players, but he must be. I read through his profile and see he's an avid reader, likes to hike and rock climb, as well as train at a gym. CrossFit?

When I glance back at his photo and see his body, I think I might be right. While he's not ripped like I am, he has a nice frame corded with muscle. He has a colorful tattoo on his ribs and I wonder more than anything what the man with the patience to sit through that piece looks like.

His kinks are listed as open. Open to anything? I'm not sure. If he was a boy, he'd have that listed, as I have. Not really sure about him, I scroll through the rest.

I can see that I would possibly have fun with a few of them on a weekend getaway, but I keep thinking about Dr. J. I want to know the story behind that name. I want to know what he trains for. I want to know what face belongs to that insane body.

Fuck it. I scroll back to his profile, click it and when the cursor is in the bidding box, I type in \$2,000. Before I can hit submit, I back space and instead type \$5,000. No one else will bid on Dr. J. For the weekend, he's mine.

CHAPTER THREE

JAMIE



The next week, Richie finally got me out of the house to the dive bar he likes to go to. I don't usually go out with him because I have to stay in my weight class. I don't have a fight for another few weeks and I have some wiggle room, so a few beers won't hurt.

A few of our mutual friends have joined us and it's actually a pretty good time. It's karaoke night, and Richie already went on stage to make a fool of himself. Unlike me, he's had several shots and a few beers. He's having fun and I'm happy for him. A little jealous, but when I graduate, I'll be giving up fighting, so I'll be where he is soon.

After his horrendous rendition of "Hit Me With Your Best Shot," he comes back over to the table, wrapping an arm around my neck. "That was fucking amazing!" he yells in my ear, making me laugh and wave my hand in front of my face, his beer breath a little brutal.

"It was something," I joke, laughing at him.

"Screw you. That was the best thing you've heard in your life." He winks at me and takes a shot, screwing up his face against the burn.

Slapping his back, I peel the beer he used as a chaser out of his hand. "That's enough for you, bud. You're a heavy son

of a bitch and I'd hate to have to drag you home.”

“Party pooper,” he says, but lets me take his beer.

This is the stuff I miss when I stay in the gym or in the house so much. Richie and I used to go out all the time, until I realized how much extra work I had to do to stay in my weight class or how fucking exhausted I would be when I went to the gym. This is a nice break.

Alice, one of our mutual friends, squeezes between me and Richie. “Since he’s not drinking it,” she says and chugs the rest of Richie’s beer. When she wipes her mouth, she looks over at Richie’s scowling face and feigns innocence. “What? It would have just gone to waste.”

I laugh at her ridiculous reasoning. I’m about to call her out on it when my phone beeps. When I pull it from my pocket, I see an email notification with the heading “Sweetheart Auction.” Heart beating fast, I slide my finger over the screen to unlock it, freaking out a little. What if it says no one wanted me? What if it’s saying more than one someone wanted me? Both thoughts are equally scary, especially since the questions were a little obscure.

When I got to the question “What color would you describe your personality?” I laughed at how unique the question was. Yellow would be the obvious answer since people call me sunshine. I’d like to think it’s because of the handsome white guy from *Remember the Titans*, but I’m sure it’s because of how I am—always happy. And maybe my last name has something to do with it too. Summers always makes people think of yellow.

Shaking my head to stop thinking about the questions, I open my email and see the headline “Get Your Bags Packed!” I inhale sharply, then a smile spreads over my face. Either the

answers to my crazy questions got a man to bid on me or the picture of my body. I didn't add my face, but I have a good body, why not show it off?

Before I can read the email, Richie snatches the phone from my hand, bobbling it in his drunken state. Rolling my eyes, I let him read the email. If I try to take the phone from his hand, he'll fight me for it, and I don't want to put my roommate on his ass. A quick flip to the ground would teach him not to snatch people's phones. I laugh and tell him my thoughts.

His lips curl up in a smirk and he gives the phone back. "Yeah, I know not to mess with you, MMA badass." Getting more serious than I thought he could while this drunk, he slides over to me and asks, "You nervous?"

"Little bit," I answer honestly. I'll be alone with a man I don't know, and I'll have to trust that he won't do anything crazy. While I'm a fighter, I don't like to think that I might have to use any moves on anyone outside of the octagon.

Clapping me on the back, Richie rests his forehead against mine briefly. He's always so touchy when he gets drunk—I've learned to live with it. "It'll be great, man. They have all kinds of safety measures and what not. You'll find a good man. Someone who appreciates you, ya know?"

Trying not to get choked up, I nod. "Thanks, bro."

Richie nods, then goes back to his side of the table. "Did you check the date?"

"No, bitch, you snatched the phone from me," I shoot back teasingly, making him laugh hard.

Alice looks at me quickly. "It's so weird to hear you curse. You're, like, an angel."

“Far from that, sweetheart,” I tell her with a wink and Alice shakes her head at my antics.

Pulling up the email, I skim and see that, since I asked for a date that doesn't interfere with the school year, I will be on my destination trip Labor Day weekend. Plenty of time to slow down on training and make sure I have my schoolwork done before I head out. Luckily, the school year will only be about two weeks underway before the long weekend.

As I thought, I had to drag Richie home, with him telling me how much he loves me, but “in a bro way,” he keeps repeating. I laugh at him and nod, getting him in bed without too much fuss.

I pull his clothes off and tuck him into bed, but before I leave, Richie calls me back. “Yeah, man?” I ask, standing in the doorway.

He swallows a few times, eyes closed, lying on his side. I think he's going to vomit, so I rush over and slide his wastebasket over to his bed. “I'm good man,” he says with a smile, eyes still closed. “I was wondering. Why did you sign up for the auction? I mean, I know I said you should, but why did you listen?” He opens his eyes and I swear they're too clear for his drunkenness. If I hadn't seen how much he'd drank, I would have thought he was faking.

Crouching in front of him, I meet his eyes. “I don't know, honestly. I feel like since I've been in school, I haven't done the college things I'm supposed to. I didn't party much, not many hookups, didn't experiment. I guess this is my last hoorah before I graduate and have to be a grown up.”

“I get it. I think it'll be good for you, Jamie. You draw people to you. You're fucking magnetic,” he says with a chuckle. “And it's not just because you're a pretty son of a

bitch.” I bark a laugh and stand to my full height of six foot three inches. “Seriously though. You’re a good man and whoever your date is will see that. Have fun, get some good head for a few days, and relax.”

That’s my cue to let him sleep it off. “Good night, you fucking weirdo,” I call over my shoulder as I shut the door, cutting off his drunken laughter.

CHAPTER FOUR

ANDRES



TWO MONTHS LATER

Unlike most professors, I like the start of the new school year. I love teaching fresh minds and getting to know my students. My classes are usually pretty small—ten to fifteen students tops. Not many people will enroll for Advanced Statistics unless they need it for their jobs and not just for a credit.

As I walk in, I see there are already two people there, talking and laughing. I skirt the back, walking to my desk, trying not to be noticed right away. The young brunette woman looks up at me with a smile, then her eyes go wide. She starts playing with her ponytail and I almost want to laugh. Maybe Kai had a point about me being pretty.

It's not the first time I elicited this response from my students, regardless of their gender. I don't pay it any attention because I set my boundaries. No messing with my students under any circumstances. There have been some men that made me look twice but I haven't crossed that line. So, her silent flirting doesn't make me take notice.

You ever experience those moments in your life where you want to eat your words? Where you say something, and you mean it at the time, but something happens and you wish you didn't say what you said? That's what passes through my mind when the other student's eyes lock with mine.

Wow. Just...wow. He's fucking gorgeous. Dark blonde hair, nice, wide hazel eyes, a straight nose, and those full lips that look so kissable that I almost want to make my way over to him to see if he can put them to good use against mine. His

face lights up when he sees me, like he knows me or he's happy to see me. Or just happy in general.

My hand freezes over my briefcase and we just stare at each other for...however long we stare. The only thing that breaks our eye contact is the young lady clearing her throat. "Good morning, Professor Ramirez. I didn't know you were our professor this semester." I'm not sure how she knows my name, but I pull my gaze away from the man who has me entranced and focus on her.

Clearing my throat, I say, "Your professor is out on paternity leave for the next twelve weeks. This would have been free time for me, but I wanted to help out. It makes his time home with his newborn easier if he doesn't have to worry."

That's the big reason I decided to help Miles Decker, my other best friend, out. And he promised me a nice steak dinner this weekend. I don't ask for much, just feed me and tell me I'm pretty. God, Kai is really getting in my head.

"I'm Jamie," the handsome, well-built man says, standing up to shake my hand. "I haven't seen you around. Are you new?"

Before I can answer, the young lady pipes up. "No, he's been here since, like, before we have. I've seen him around." Her cheeks pink and she puts her head down. "I'm Alice." Her voice is breathy and I want to tell her that, although she is beautiful, she's not my type. Her friend—Jamie—is.

When Jamie's hand meets mine, I hear him gasp softly and my eyes drop to his plump lips. "Professor Ramirez," I answer automatically and pull my hand from his quickly, wanting to get away from that jolt of awareness that went through me when his hand touched mine.

I watch him rub the back of his neck, then look up at me with shy eyes and a soft smile. “Good to meet you, sir.” Another jolt goes through me. Sir or Daddy works just fine and hearing it come from his mouth has me thinking things I shouldn’t.

“You, too.” I’m nervous, but I’m not sure why. I’ve met attractive men—attractive students—and they’ve never affected me. This Jamie is...I don’t know. Alluring. Even without doing anything.

Dropping my head, I open my briefcase and pull out some printed syllabi so I can hand them out when everyone gets in and seated. Most students don’t end up using them—throwing them out or leaving them behind—but I like to give them out so they won’t have an excuse when they don’t have assignments in or don’t read my late work policy.

After that, students start to pile in and everyone walks over to Jamie and shakes his hand or gives him a hug, grinning at him, and sharing short conversations. Who is this kid? Well, not a kid. He’s a senior, so he has to at least be twenty-one. Who is this *man* that has everyone talking to him like he’s their best friend? He gives everyone the same attention, treating them all with the same level of respect. It’s certainly admirable. I know a lot of people, but I’m not sure I can treat eleven other people the same way all around.

His voice is deep and smooth, his tone friendly and jovial. His eyes light up as he talks to everyone, and the people around him hang on his every word. Not in a follower sort of way, but in a way that shows they want to soak up his light. To get a small piece of the energy he gives off. I find that I want to join them, wanting to see what it is about this man that

makes him have such a good relationship with so many people.

Not going to happen. *He's a student, he's a student, he's a student.* Regardless of how many times I repeat it, I know I'll have to remind myself of that often. Good thing we'll only meet twice a week. That being said, Tuesdays and Thursdays are going to be hell.

“Okay, everyone. Have a seat, please,” I announce, walking to the front of the class. The classroom is set up with a few tables instead of desks. This class is already hard enough—I don't want uncomfortable desks to compound it.

After everyone is seated, I hand out the syllabus. “I know you were expecting Professor Decker, but he will be out for the semester. While this is his syllabus, the only thing you'll be adding is my number, office location and late work policy. I will be following his lesson plan and everything else will apply. Now,” I say, walking to the dry erase board. “Here's my cell number, in case you need to call me after hours about coursework.”

I add it to the board, as well as my office location and hours. “Please only call me for class related issues. Do not drunk text me.” That gets a light laugh from everyone. “It's happened before,” I add, making everyone laugh a little harder.

When I turn away from the board, I see Jamie has his hand in the air and I have to swallow thickly before I acknowledge him. “Yes, Mr...?”

“You can call me Jamie,” he answers easily.

“Or Dr. Jekyll,” a handsome Black guy that sits beside him says, nudging him in the ribs. Jamie looks at him with a grin

and shakes his head, not minding whatever joke they have.

“I call students by their last names. Gets you ready for the work force.”

“Summers,” he says, “Jamie Summers.” His name fits his sunny disposition. “I just have a question about the book you have listed. That’s the book we used last year for Stats 203. I’m not sure if that’s the one you want us to use again.”

“Actually, yes, that is the current book. If I recall, you stopped in Stats 203 at chapter seventeen. We’ll be continuing from there. I know it’s a little last minute to be putting out the books you need, but we didn’t get the chance to update before Professor Decker had to be away. If you still have the book, use that. If not, I have a few that some students left behind. Does anyone have issues with books?”

“I do,” Jamie says and dammit, I want him to stop talking so I can stop looking at him. He’s too fucking handsome and I feel like I stare at him way too long. “I gave mine away last year since I didn’t think I’d need it again.” He looks slightly embarrassed, eyes downcast and cheeks pink.

To save him from feeling any embarrassment, I nod and say, “Easy fix. I have one that you can borrow as long as you need it.”

He looks at me and nods, and the guy next to him nudges him again. “You can use mine this class. Will we be needing them, Professor?”

“Not today, Mr....” I need to get more acquainted with my students.

“Bryson Jett.”

After I make sure there are no more questions and no one else needs a book, I start the fun—and tortuous—part. “Okay,

time for icebreakers.” I love the groan I hear from everyone. Every class is the same and I relish how little students like talking about themselves. “Tell me your full name, where you’re from, your degree plan, and hobbies or what you do for fun.”

“I’ll start.” Of course Jamie will start. He’s a natural leader. But his lowered head earlier and how he looked at me like I gave him a gift when I offered him the book tells me he might have a submissive side he doesn’t know about.

“Great, Mr. Summers.” I perch on the table by the dry erase board and nod to him. “Let’s hear it.”

He turns to the class at large and I let out the breath that was pinned in my chest since he turned his amazing smile on me earlier. “I’m Jamie Summers, as you all know.” Everyone nods and smiles, humoring him, of course. “I’m from North Carolina. I’m going for a degree in mechanical engineering, and you all know I like to fight.”

“Dr. Jekyll!” Bryson says, with a smirk.

“Dr. Jekyll?” I ask, curious now.

Again, Jamie’s face goes pink and I love the blush on his cheeks. “That’s what people call me in the octagon.” An MMA fighter? I let my eyes trail over his body and yeah, I can see it. He’s solid, but not especially large. He looks in excellent shape, his shirt hugging his chest, and his jeans gripping his thighs in an obscene way. Well, not obscene. I’m just thinking obscene thoughts.

Everyone else goes through their icebreaker questions and I’m only half paying attention. My eyes keep going back to Jamie and his easy grin as everyone introduces themselves. I’ll

have to do my best not to let this student make me break my own rule.

Twenty minutes later, after I go through the syllabus and answer more questions about coursework, I decide to cut everyone loose. There's nothing else for us to discuss and I refuse to hold them here just to run out the clock on classes. Today will be the easiest class we'll have this semester.

I'm packing my briefcase up to go to my originally assigned class when I hear a throat clear behind me. Turning around, I'm shocked to see Jamie and I alone. "Yes, Mr. Summers?"

"The book? Did you want me to wait 'til next class or—"

"Oh, no. I'm sorry. My office is on the other side of the building if you want to walk with me. Or you can come by before my office hours are over."

He hitches his bag higher on his shoulder. "I'll come now. If you don't mind."

Yes, I fucking mind. I'm too confused with my thoughts about him to walk next to him. "Not at all. Let's go."

We make the walk in relatively awkward silence. The air seems too thick and heavy between us. Like something monumental is happening. It's not, but the butterflies in my gut don't know that. I'm not sure when the last time I had butterflies like this was, but I can't think too much about it. Jamie is my student and I will treat him as such.

"So...MMA?"

I look over at him and watch his eyes light up. "Yeah. Been fighting for a few years. You train?"

I huff a laugh. "Definitely not. I'm a little too old for that."

“That can’t be true. What are you? Thirty-one? Thirty-two?”

“Good man,” I joke as we enter my office. “I’m forty-two. I appreciate the compliment.”

If I’m not mistaken, Jamie sizes me up, eyes lingering on my chest and bouncing over to my biceps. I do keep in shape, putting my overpriced condo’s gym to good use, but I don’t train like I’m sure he does.

Shaking his head slightly, he says, “That’s just as well. You won’t walk around with bruises just from training. See here?” He lifts his shirt so quickly, I can’t help how my eyes bulge as I take in his firm abs and obliques. He doesn’t notice, as he’s looking down. It’s only then I notice the angry bruise on his side. “Took a kick a few days ago while we were practicing strikes. I had a matching one a few months ago on the other side from the same kind of kick. Might be a lesson to keep my eyes open, yeah?” Jamie drops his shirt suddenly and looks up at me. Something niggles at the back of my mind, trying to push to the fore, but I brush it aside, shaking my head to resist the need to commit the image of Jamie’s body to memory.

Pretending I wasn’t just ogling a student, I turn around and open my file cabinet. “That’s a good lesson, or you’ll walk around black and blue.”

“Right about that. Thanks for this, Professor. I usually keep my books, but someone needed the book that couldn’t afford it.” His voice drops as he steps closer to me and says, “She needed it more than I did.”

Jamie seems like a nice guy for no reason. Like the type of person that says they’ll give you the shirt off their back and actually mean it.

“Don’t sweat it. Use it as long as you need and if you find someone else that needs it, it’s theirs.”

“Thanks Professor. See you next week.”

Ah, yes, it’s Thursday. Good. I can get a break from the handsome Jamie Summers. Though this semester will be hard, having finally met a student that makes me look more than twice.

I have my auction date in two weeks. Just two more weeks and hopefully, I’ll have someone that will have me thinking *Jamie who?*

CHAPTER FIVE

JAMIE



Hearing about hot professors and actually *having* one is crazy. Professor Ramirez is a walking wet dream. I would never cross that line, but it doesn't hurt to look and admire. Fingers crossed after my weekend date, I'll have someone else to occupy my thoughts and not my stats professor. It's already hard as hell—no pun intended—being in his class all day. I can't count the number of times my eyes drift down to his ass when he turns to write something on the board.

It's like I can't get the images of him out of my head. There's this draw to him that I can't shake. So I'm almost killing the bag in front of me with knee strikes. I'm going to be sore in the morning, but it's necessary to take my mind off things. The guy next to me, Buzz, strikes up a conversation and I'm shocked when he says he's in Florida on a date from the auction. He and his date are at some kind of convention that actually sounds like a blast. I mean, I knew other people signed up, but I didn't think I'd *meet* anyone that was on a date.

I joke with him about other people using the internet when he seemed just as shocked that I knew about the auction. He seemed to be a little down about his date, and that made me question if this was what I wanted. I asked him why he was hiding out in the gym when he was supposed to be on a date

and he seems deep in thought but doesn't answer. "Buzz?" I call, snapping him out of his trance. "You zoned out on me there."

He shakes his head as if to clear it. "Um...yeah. That's a good question. You know, this is all new for me." Buzz doesn't go into detail, but I can see the warring emotions on his face.

Just as if he was a friend from college or someone I've known for years, I place a hand on his shoulder. When Buzz looks at me, I hold his gaze and say, "Listen, things like this are scary. Putting yourself out there is scary, but that's one of the joys of life."

"Yeah," he whispers. Then he squares his shoulders and nods, eyes taking on a resolute glint. "Yeah, you're right. Thanks, Jamie. It was great to meet you, but I gotta get back... to my date," he finishes with an assured nod, marching out of the gym as if on a mission.

I watch him leave and wonder why it's so easy for me to help other people when I'm quietly losing my shit about my date and my professor. More my professor than my date. Because holy fuck, Professor Ramirez is the hottest man I've ever seen. How am I supposed to handle an entire semester with that ass in front of the classroom?

Well, his entire body. For him to be in his forties, he has an amazing body. I've found myself fantasizing about licking every inch of him, tasting him, touching him.

Growling in frustration, I knee the bag again, then snap a foot out and connect with the seams. "Fuck," I curse under my breath, dropping my foot to rub over the reddening area.

“Didn’t know Mr. Perfect had a potty mouth,” Mal snarks behind me.

Turning, I give him a smile because nothing he says bothers me. He’s called me variations of Mr. Perfect since we met. Not sure why he thinks that, but I won’t try to change his opinion. It’ll only frustrate us both. “Not perfect. Not by a long shot. Did you need me?” I ask.

Mal scoffs and walks past me. “There is no reason in this world for me to need you,” he throws over his shoulder.

A little taken aback, I watch his retreating form. One of these days, I will find out why Mal doesn’t like me. For right now, I have too much on my mind to dwell on it. My date is in a week and I’m more than a little freaking out. Working out hasn’t helped—usually the gym is my go to when my head is full. Right now, it’s doing nothing but making me more antsy.

I grab my bags and head out, hoping Buzz is getting the most out of his date. I’ll put myself in that mind frame, hoping to get the most out of mine. There will be someone that will call and check up on us since our date is in the middle of Colorado.

That makes me smile. Thinking about the fresh mountain air and some time away from Florida would be nice. I haven’t been to the mountains since I left North Carolina and I would be lying if I said I didn’t miss it. My date choosing the mountains is perfect. So maybe this date won’t be as bad as I think it’ll be.

The Thursday before my date it’s like the universe wants Professor Ramirez to be on my mind. Instead of him wearing slacks and a button up shirt like he does any other day, the professor comes strolling in with a pair of dark wash jeans that hug his thighs and when he walks past me, my eyes drift and I

catch a view of his ass. It's like those jeans are taunting me. Showing me what I want but could never have. Fucking hell.

Bryson elbows me and I look over at the knowing glint in his eyes. "What?" I ask, cheeks hot.

He leans close to my ear. "His ass does look good in those jeans but try not to drool anymore over it. You already have a puddle on your desk."

Quickly, I wipe my mouth and look down, then give Bryson the finger. No drool in sight, but he did catch me, so I might need to cool it on the staring.

"Mr. Summers, a word?" Professor Ramirez calls me and Bryson winks at me. Fucker.

Walking slowly to his desk, I paste a smile on my face. "Yes, sir?" I watch his eyes glaze and they drop to my mouth. My skin heats, and I find myself leaning into him. A laugh crops up behind me and I shake myself out of whatever haze I was in.

Professor Ramirez looks likewise startled at what just passed between us. "Sorry," he says, sitting down and running his hands through his lush black hair. Dammit, why do I notice everything about this man? "I umm...before class started, I wanted to ask if you could give me some pointers on a workout. I know it's not school related, but I never catch you after class."

Definitely not. I try to leave as quickly as possible so I'm not tempted to just...stare at him. What is wrong with me? I have never been this foolish for a man before.

Rubbing the back of my neck, I say, "Umm, yeah. I can do that. After the weekend, I can put something together for you."

"Great, thank you."

“You can come visit the gym I train at. We can work out there. I can get a feel for your body and what would work best.” Holy fuck, could that sound more suggestive? “What I mean is—” I try to explain, but the professor cuts me off.

“I get it. Most personal trainers need to work with their clients before they can draft a plan. I’m down with that. What gym do you go to and where is it? I would come this weekend, but I have plans. Next weekend work for you?”

“It does. I won’t be in town this weekend either, so it works out.”

“Oh yeah? Where are you—”

Before he can finish his question, Alice walks over to the desk. “I’m sorry, Jamie. Professor, can I speak to you? It’s about the assignment due Thursday.”

“It’s cool. Talk soon, Professor.” I head back to my table and slide beside Bryson. Blowing out a breath, I try to get my head in the game. Working out with my professor. My fucking hot professor that I can’t seem to get out of my thoughts. Looking at him hot and sweaty. Because of me.

Maybe agreeing to work out with him was a bad idea.

CHAPTER SIX

ANDRES



The morning of the vacation, my heart is pounding out of my chest. I've never been this nervous about anything—not since the first time I had a scene with a boy when I was twenty. I was in a kink club, not knowing what to do, but knowing I needed to feed that side of me. A cute twink my age helped me through it, and I was gone from there.

I'm getting that same heart pounding feeling that I had more than twenty years ago. I'm not worried about my safety, since the auction site has measures in place and I've gotten news that my background check was clean—as I knew it would be besides the two parking tickets it took me forever to pay. What I'm worried about is compatibility.

Being a Daddy makes it hard to find someone that's not in the lifestyle or who is looking for something specific. My date's profile said he was open to kinks, but does that include him being my boy? It's been so long since I've had someone call me Daddy and if I'm being honest, I miss it. Even if it's just for this weekend, it would be better than nothing.

My packed bags waiting by the door display my eagerness. I'm ready to get away for a bit and enjoy some nature. The itinerary emailed to me says we'll be staying in a cabin resort in Colorado that is owned and operated by a queer couple and

it's very queer friendly. There will be other couples there, but we have our own set of activities to choose from when we get there and can join others if we'd like. Depending on who this guy is and if we click, we might have our own things going on.

When my alarm goes off for me to get going, I scoop up my bags, take a deep breath and head out the door, not knowing what I'm walking into.

The drive to the airport is spent in silence, too many thoughts running through my head to pin one down. What will he look like? What will he *be* like? Will he want to be my boy for the weekend? Is he the least bit submissive? Will he ridicule me for being into kink? Can I suppress my urge to want to Daddy him if he's not into it? Will he allow me to Daddy him?

Dammit. So many questions and I have no answers for them. Having a PhD is definitely useless right now.

I park in long-term parking and grab my bags to head inside. When I'm at the desk to check my bags and get my ticket, the agent does a double take at the departure. "Sir, if you don't want to miss your flight, you have to be at your gate in the next five minutes."

Shit! I grab my ticket and race for security. Luckily, it's pretty early in the morning, so there are only about ten people ahead of me. I bounce on the balls of my feet, so the few people that notice step to the side and allow me to slide past them. Nodding my thanks, I rush past, pulling off my belt as I walk to the front. Before I step through the scanner, I glance to the left and I think I see a familiar face, but security waves me through and I lose him in the crowd. I don't have time to analyze it before I'm through and I'm jogging off to my gate.

Just before the doors shut, I skid to a halt before the ticket agent and hand them my ticket. “Just made it,” the agent says, chuckling softly.

“Yeah, just.” I grab my ticket and hustle on the plane, nodding to the flight attendants and the pilot that’s still standing at the front of the plane with a cup of coffee in hand. I wish I had time to grab one as well, but my nerves are all over the place. It’s just as well that I don’t have caffeine. I’d probably burst out of my skin.

I find my seat and see that my eyes weren’t playing tricks on me. “Mr. Summers,” I say when I see him a few rows back. He said he was going away this weekend, so he’s probably on a connecting flight. With his warm tan and blond hair, he looks like the type to spend time in California, surfing and soaking up the sun on the beach, even though there are plenty of beaches in Florida.

“Professor,” he says a little too brightly at six in the morning. “Your plans are out of state too, huh?”

“Yep. I’m going to—”

A flight attendant cuts off my comment with an announcement for the inflight instructions. I face front and watch the demonstration, not really taking it in. When it’s over, I turn to face Jamie and see him deep in conversation with the brunette sitting next to him and I sigh. Of course, he’s with someone. I don’t even know if Jamie is into guys for me to hope that he’ll notice me.

Scoffing, I turn around and drag my phone from my pocket. I plug in my headphones and turn on my favorite playlist, wanting to get a small nap before we land. Staying up half the night stressing meant I got very little sleep. I plan for the weekend to be packed with a lot of physical activity—

hiking, kayaking, maybe some working out, depending on my date. From the look of those abs in his photo, my date seems to be in amazing shape.

The flight is two hours, but it feels like I was only asleep for a few minutes when my seat mate taps me to let us know we're landing. I straighten in my seat and nod my thanks, putting my phone away to get ready for landing.

I didn't have a carry-on, so I try to make my way to the front without pissing people off. Most people are gracious and let me move ahead. The few that don't are so close to the front that I don't mind waiting.

At the baggage carousel, I see an older gentleman with a sign that says Sweetheart Escapes and a nervous smile crosses my face. Holy fuck. Here it is. I collect my bags and walk over to the man, holding my hand out. "Andres Ramirez. Nice to meet you."

He smiles at me and grips my hand in a firm grasp. "Hank Maynard. So, I got you. Now we're waiting for—"

"Jamie Summers," I hear a small voice say behind me. I stiffen, then turn slowly to see Jamie standing behind me, hands in his pockets with a look of disbelief on his face.

No. No no no. This can't be right. There's no way the universe is this cruel to have my date be my *student*. The same student I've been drooling over since I saw him sitting on the edge of the table in a class I'm not even supposed to be teaching.

Jamie recovers quicker than I do and flashes a shaky smile at me. "When you said you had weekend plans, I didn't think they'd be my weekend plans too."

I shake my head, trying to think of something clever to say, but nothing comes out. I open and close my mouth like a fish and I know I look foolish. Nothing I can do about that because I'm struck dumb. My mind wanders to places it definitely shouldn't—all I can remember is Dr. J's profile saying he's open to all kinds of kink.

Fuck! Dr. J. Not a basketball fan. Dr. Jekyll, his octagon nickname. I am fucked.

Instead of watching me gawk at him, Jamie moves around me to our escort. "I'm Jamie Summers. Nice to meet you. Where to, sir?"

Shaking myself, I tune in to the conversation, curiosity winning out over my incredulity.

Our escort smiles at us and says, "On behalf of Sweetheart Escapes and Smooth Getaways, we want to say thank you for joining us and we hope you enjoy your stay. Your weekend will be spent at the Hammer Ridge resort. There will be an itinerary in your cabin when we get there and you'll be able to choose your own activities. This is a fairly busy time, so you have a choice between group activities, activities tailored for you, or you can go off on your own—all three options are highly encouraged."

"Sounds awesome," Jamie says with a grin, tossing his bag over his shoulder and following behind Hank. "Can we meet the owners? I'd like to thank them for this kind of inclusive resort."

Hank's laugh is clear and merry. "Well, you're talking to one. My partner, Bruce, and I opened this resort eighteen years ago just for the inclusion factor. So, you're welcome."

“Oh man! That’s so cool. Tell me...” Jamie and Hank get to talking about how they started the resort and why they chose Colorado and I only half listen. I try not to, but my eyes drift over to Jamie and down to his ass like there’s a magnet attached to his back pockets. I really shouldn’t be ogling a student.

Maybe for the weekend, we don’t have to be student and professor. And I’m not his real professor. I’m just filling in.

Scoffing, I shake my head at my attempts to justify wanting to fuck my student. Maybe not just fuck him, if I’m being honest. There’s something about Jamie. Something bright. Something happy. Something...drawing me to him. I’m not sure what it is, but it’s there.

Hank leads us to a black town car and opens the back passenger door for us. Jamie slides in and looks at me with a grin. “Come on, Professor. Let’s go see this view.” He’s practically bouncing, his face aglow with anticipation. Against my will, my lips tilt up into a smile. It might be contagious.

As he’s driving, Hank points out landmarks, places we can go if we want to venture out on our own and the mountain trails he can drive us to if we don’t want to hike the ones that are near the resort.

It’s beautiful here. The air is crisp and clear and the noise I’m accustomed to in Florida is absent. It’s nice. I close my eyes and soak in the quiet, wanting it to last forever.

But it doesn’t. All too soon, we’re turning up a gravel lane and in a booming voice full of excitement and joy, Hank says, “Here it is! Hammer Ridge resort.”

I open my eyes and hide a gasp. It’s beautiful. As we crest the hill for the main cabin to come into view, the mountain

backdrop is breathtaking. It seems like the cabins are canted to face the mountain on one side and get a view of the sunrise on the other. The cabin has a cute little porch with chairs beside the door, where anyone could sit out and enjoy the sunrise bracketed by fir trees.

Jamie pats my arm softly and asks, “Have you ever seen anything like it?”

“Never,” I tell him honestly. The mountains of Puerto Rico are gorgeous, but they aren’t snow-capped with what looks like a blue haze around them. This is a view I don’t think I’ll ever get used to. And enjoying this view with Jamie? I don’t think I’ll have seen anything so beautiful.

CHAPTER SEVEN

JAMIE



This place is insane. The trails, the fresh air, the cabins...the company. What are the odds that the man that bid on me is Professor Ramirez. The man I've been fantasizing about for weeks.

I can't stop myself from taking sneaky glances at him while he checks out our surroundings. He's the perfect view. His full lips, dark hair, straight nose and warm brown skin capture and hold my attention. His eyes are dancing with happiness as he listens to Hank talk about his resort and I try to hold on to that memory. I'm pretty sure this will be the only time we'll have together, since I'm his student, so I need as many memories of this weekend as I can store up.

Hank pulls in front of a cabin that's hidden behind the main lodge and turns to us. "This will be home for the next few days." He gets out of the car and rounds to the trunk, grabbing our bags. "This cabin actually has access to an intermediate trail if you two are hikers." Hank inclines his head to a patch of trees and I can just make out the beginning of a trail. My body thrums thinking of the burn and exertion from a good hike.

"I love to hike," I say, hopping the few steps to the porch, spinning around, and leaning on the banister. It really is

beautiful here. The perfect location for a private getaway.

“Same,” Professor Ramirez adds, grabbing our bags from Hank so he can unlock the door.

The interior of the cabin is really nice. It’s got that open concept with the living room, dining room and kitchen sharing one big space. There are bookshelves here and there, made of dark teak wood, a warm color that brings life to the room. The microfiber couches are blue with brown pillows, giving the room a very comfortable and relaxed feel. All the appliances are brand new, gleaming, and ready for use. A vase of peonies sits on the kitchen island and I walk over to give them a sniff. I’ve only ever seen them on television—this is my first time smelling them.

I turn around to Hank, who’s standing beside the door with a wide grin. “So, what do you think?” he asks.

Professor Ramirez speaks before I do. “I think it’s great. This is amazing, really. Thank you for having us.” I nod in agreement.

Hank walks over to one of the two doors on the right side of the cabin. “Here’s the bedroom. There are double beds in there, so you don’t feel obligated to share. The couch also has a pull out if that works better.” The bedroom is made of the same dark wood as the bookshelves, with dark purple bedding. There are two dressers, set across from the beds, but no television in sight. Between the beds is a nightstand with a lamp and an old school alarm clock resting atop it. The closet is open and bare aside from the hangers dangling inside.

I’m pleased there are double beds, so Professor Ramirez doesn’t feel like he has to cuddle with me. I would love to cuddle, since I haven’t had cuddles in fucking forever, but oh well.

“Thanks, Hank. When do the trails open?” I ask, bringing my bag to the room where the two men still are.

“Now. We have bear spray in the cabinet here,” he says, walking to the other closed door, which is the bathroom. It’s huge, with an extra-large bear claw tub. A tub the Professor and I can fit in with plenty of space left. Must have been custom made.

The cabinet he’s talking about is actually an armoire that’s decked out with towels, washcloths, extra body wash, deodorant, some hair gel, and other necessities we could need.

He reaches to the top shelf and pulls down a large can. “This is bear spray. Have you used it before?” We both shake our heads. He gives us a crash course in using the bear spray and puts it back. “Not likely you’ll need it, but better safe than sorry.” He walks to the door and turns back to us. “If you need anything, pick up the landline and dial star seven. It’ll ring in the main lodge.” With a wave, he leaves.

Professor Ramirez and I look at each other awkwardly, not really knowing what to do now that we’re alone. The fact that it’s *him* is really driving me insane.

I look over at him and he grins, rubbing a hand over his neck. “So, Mr. Summers—”

“Jamie,” I correct him.

“Jamie,” he says, inclining his head. “As long as you call me Andres. For the weekend, anyway,” he says with a wink. God, a wink. “So, Jamie. Do you want to go for a hike? I’d like to see what this area has to offer. I’ve never been hiking in cooler weather.”

“No?” I ask, sitting on the couch. The professor sits down across from me and leans forward, giving me his undivided

attention. “Where did you hike?”

“Nowhere in the states. My sisters and I used to hike El Toro Trail in El Yunque and Cueva del Viento. We’d go when the weather was mild and we wouldn’t sweat our asses off.” He chuckles, sitting back and crossing his ankle over his knee.

It’s my turn to lean forward. “Sisters? How many?”

“Three. All younger and all pains in the ass.” His smile tells me he doesn’t mean it in a bad way. “Sofia is the next oldest after me. She’s also a professor, but in musical arts. Isabella is next. She’s a business owner and chef back in Puerto Rico. And Camila is the baby. And lets us all know it.”

“What does she do?” I’m very interested in learning more about Professor Ramirez. It’s been a while since I met someone that interested me so quickly. Maybe because I’ve been wanting to get to know him since I laid eyes on him. Something about the professor makes me feel like I want to be in his orbit. I’m not sure what it is, but whenever he opens his mouth, I want to sink in front of him and listen. Not sure what that means, but I’m going to roll with it for the weekend.

His rich chuckle has me sitting up straight, trying to hide how my cock starts to thicken. That’s a weird reaction that I’ve never had with anyone else. Maybe it’s the older man thing or how sexy he is or how his energy is so large and encompassing. Whatever it is, sign me up.

After I finish drooling, I tune in to what he’s saying. “She’s in school. Working on her third major because my parents support her indecisiveness. She’s smart but wants to do so much. With a little direction, I think she’ll find her way.” He grins over at me. “How about you? Siblings?”

“A little brother, yeah. And I mean little. He’s eight.”

Andres chuckles, sitting back against the couch. “That’s... um...that’s...”

“My parents are gross, you mean?” I offer.

“Not gross. My youngest sister is twenty-six. Just means your parents are still very much in love. Or at least active.”

I shudder at the thought of them being active at anything other than exercise. “Okay, new subject please.” He releases another one of those heart stopping chuckles. “We can hike, but can we wait a few hours? It’s cooler here, so going in the afternoon won’t be too bad. I’m wiped after not napping on the flight.” I smile at him and he returns it slowly, but it comes.

“A nap does sound good. I’ll take the couch. It’s extremely comfortable.” He sinks into it and gives me a sleepy smile.

“Sounds good.” I get to my feet and head to the room. When I’m undressed and under the blankets, I stare at the ceiling. I’m on a weekend date with Professor Ramirez. Holy fuck, when the stars align, they align.



The nap was much needed. I wake up feeling refreshed and ready to take that hike. I had a hard training session yesterday since I planned to take the weekend off. Taking a hike probably isn’t the best idea. I haven’t been on one in a few years, so I know I’ll be working muscles today that I haven’t in a while.

I change into more comfortable clothes and find my tennis shoes. I should have gotten some hiking boots, but I didn’t

think my date would be as active as me. As it stands, I have gym clothes to hike in. Oh well. At least I'll be comfortable.

When I walk into the living room, I see that Andres is already dressed and ready. His nervous smile is endearing and my heart does flips. "Hey. How was your nap?" he inquires.

Flopping on the couch, I stretch my legs out and watch him lace up his shoes. "Good. Yours?"

"Didn't sleep much. I just needed about thirty minutes to recharge. Do you know they don't have a television in this cabin?"

I raise an eyebrow. "No? Wonder why."

"Hank said it gives the occupants time to talk and spend time with each other. Not a terrible idea unless you spend time with each other by watching movies."

"Good thing I have my laptop with a bunch of streaming services downloaded, in case you want to watch something."

"We'll see." Andres stands up and I discreetly admire his thick body. For him to be an older man, he's in fantastic shape. Not that men over forty can't be in great shape, but men in their forties shouldn't look like this. Especially not when we're alone on top of a mountain. "I think there are plenty of things to do for the next few days without TV."

After packing a bag with water, snacks, and other supplies, including bear spray, we walk out the back sliding glass door instead of walking all the way around through the front door. I spot the fire pit leaning against the wall and figure that's one thing we can do instead of watching TV—sitting out while we watch the stars and talk more about our lives.

The trail is nice. It's as clear as it can be with roots snaking through every now and then. The trees aren't too close

together, so I don't feel like I can't find my way out of it if we step off the trail. We don't talk much for the first twenty or so minutes. The scenery is gorgeous, and Andres seems to be taking it in just as I am.

We come to a clearing in the trail that looks like a well-used campsite, with logs and large rocks circled around an old fire pit. There's a break in the trees there with a beautiful view of the mountain we saw when we pulled up.

Breathing heavily from the steep incline, I put my hands on my hips and just stare at the beauty of the mountain. Can't get a view like this in Florida.

Andres comes to stand beside me, striking a similar pose as me. "This is a gorgeous view. The blues and grays here," he says as he points to the horizon in front of us, "they're vibrant and seem almost alive." Andres breathes in and smiles. "This is relaxing."

I tilt my head and try to see it how Andres described it. Vibrant and almost alive. When I zone out and just take in nature, I can see what he means. It's like the mountain is dancing with activity, even though I can't see it. I can practically feel the energy and peace of the mountain in front of me. Yeah. Vibrant and alive.

Smiling, I nudge his shoulder. "I see it. You have a good eye for that."

Andres shrugs. "I wouldn't say that. I'm used to being around naturaleza. Nature," he says when I give him a look. "Where my family lives in Puerto Rico, you step outside and have a beautiful view of the nature around you. This reminds me of home, with a cooler climate."

I love how warm his voice sounds when he talks about home and family. It colors his tone and weaves into his words. It's clear he loves both very much.

After admiring the scenery a little longer, I turn to the campsite, hopping from log to log, holding my arms out to keep my balance. Before long, Andres joins me, and I watch him move around with ease.

"Who was that girl you were with?" He makes no noise as he hops behind me, and I fall off a log because I'm staring at him over my shoulder.

"Girl?" I hop back on, doing silly little dances on the thinner logs.

"On the plane." Andres has his eyebrows down, wobbling a little on the log I just jumped off of. "You were talking to her before takeoff."

"Oh, yeah. I don't know. I met her on the flight. Name's Maggie. She was going to visit her husband and was afraid of flying. I talked to her so she wouldn't think about the flight. That's why I needed a nap. I usually sleep on my flights, but I didn't want her to be left alone, ya know?" There's a strange look on Andres face, but he looks away before I can decipher it.

"That's really nice of you."

"It's nothing," I answer. It really wasn't a big deal. Maggie was a nice woman, a newlywed on her way to see her husband, a soldier stationed at Fort Carson. Her hands were shaking when I sat beside her, but as soon as I struck up a conversation, she calmed down. Flying sucks for some people, so I kept her talking until landing. She was a chatter, gushing about her husband. It wasn't a hardship to listen to her.

“It’s a lot,” Andres says, grabbing my hand after he jumps off the log. I didn’t even know he was beside me. He moves so quietly. “You made her flying experience a good one just by keeping her company. That’s something she’ll remember for the rest of her life.”

I shrug, not really knowing what to do with the praise. It really wasn’t that big a deal. I like talking to people, I like to make people feel relaxed. “Maybe. Or she’ll forget all about me when she’s with her husband. Either way, her flight was fine, and she could talk a mile a minute. Nice lady.”

“You did a good thing, Jamie. A really good thing.”

The whole time we were talking, he doesn’t let go of my hand. It’s warm and weighty and feels so good. Why is my head all messed up about my professor?

Shaking my head, I feel my face heat and, on impulse, I clutch his hand tighter. “Maybe on the flight back, I can talk to you. Or...sleep on your shoulder?”

Andres squeezes my hand and nods, his eyes roaming my face. “That sounds like a good plan.”

Taking a leap, I ask the burning question. “Is this just a weekend thing? Should we just enjoy the time we have here and go back to student-professor when we get home?”

He lets go of my hand and it feels cold. I tuck it into the pocket of my shorts and step back. “We’ll have to, Jamie. Even though I’m not your permanent professor, I *am* your professor. You could lose your scholarship and I could lose my job.”

“So, we’ll just hang out this weekend and pretend we’re not...friends?”

He sighs and runs a hand through the lush waves of his black hair. “I don’t know the answer to that, Jamie. What do you think?”

I sit down on a log and wave for him to sit as well. When he does, I drag in a deep breath and let it out slowly. “I think we’re adults. I think we can do what we want. You spent God knows how much money for this weekend, so I say we make the most of it. I mean, what are you looking for? Maybe I can be that for the weekend. You joined the auction for a reason. Tell me what you want and I can be that.”

That was a mouthful, but I mean it. Three days isn’t a long time, but it’s enough to give him what he paid for.

Andres gets a contemplative look and his eyes roam my face. “I don’t think you would be into what I want.”

Now my interest is piqued. “What’s that? You’re not into, like, clown porn, are you?” I don’t think I’m adventurous enough for that.

Andres laughs. “No, Nothing like that.” He tilts his head to the side. “You know what a Daddy is, Jamie?”

I sit up straighter. “Like the kink?”

“Yeah,” he says slowly, assessing me. “That’s what I am. Your profile said you were open to kink, but that’s not a kink people really explore.”

Is that a kink I’d want to explore? I’ve never thought about it. I picked open to kink on my profile because I don’t know what I’m into. I haven’t done a lot of dating and the dating I did was vanilla. Mainly hook ups, getting off and getting out. The one boyfriend I had wasn’t into kink.

No reason not to see if it’s something I like. “I don’t want to make it seem like this is a game to me. It’s your life. It’s

what you're used to in a relationship. Are you content with that for just a weekend?"

Andres is silent for a moment, looking out at the beauty of the mountain before he answers. When he finally does, it's not what I was expecting. "I've wanted you since the moment I laid eyes on you. So, if I can get a weekend of you being my boy," he says, looking over at me, "I'll take it. If you want to."

"Really? Wow. Umm," I say, racking my brain for what I want to say without it sounding stupid. "What do I do? Are there...rules?"

He looks taken aback, like he didn't expect me to agree. "There are. You're in charge here. Whatever limits you have are the limits I'll adhere to. I won't do anything to make you uncomfortable or push any boundaries. What are some things you don't like?"

I shrug. "Not sure. I haven't done much. Just vanilla shit, honestly. What are some things you like?" If I know what he's into, I can go off that and try to be what he wants this weekend.

"Well," he says, sliding closer to me. "I like to spoil my boys. I like to give them what they want." He's close enough to touch, and I lean into him. "I like my boys to feel good, any way I can." Again, he slides closer to me and I can feel the warmth of his body. "I also like to punish my boys when they earn it. I don't want them to earn a punishment, but when they do..." his voice trails off and he trails a finger down my arm, making me shiver. What he's saying, it's...everything. "I like spanking their ass red."

Without thought, I press my lips to his. I almost pull away, but Andres wraps an arm around my back and holds me in place. I groan and he takes that opportunity to push his tongue

into my mouth. I shove my hand into his hair—that lush hair I’ve been dying to touch for weeks—anchoring him to me so I can explore his mouth. I finally find out what my professor tastes like. He tastes amazing, intoxicating. Fuck, is one weekend going to be enough?

Breaking the kiss, I slide away from him and look away. “Sorry. I should have asked if I could kiss you.”

“It’s okay, Jamie. I don’t mind.”

“You’re a Daddy? So that’ll make me your…”

“Boy,” he answers, and I feel a thrill go down my spine. Just one word. One single word and I’m almost rock hard. I’ve never had that kind of reaction to a word. Not even the word “blowjob” coming out of a man’s mouth while he’s on his knees in front of me.

I swallow past a lump of nervousness. “Okay. I think… I think I can do that. For the weekend.” I finally look up at him and his eyes are so full of longing. What does he want? Me? This fantasy for the weekend? “I can do it.” I paste on a smile to cover the nerves about diving into a kink I’ve only heard about in passing. I’ll try to be the best boy Andres has ever had this weekend.

This weekend, I’ll be the perfect boy.

CHAPTER EIGHT

ANDRES



We walk back to the cabin hand in hand. It wasn't like we thought about it. When we stood to head back, our palms just found each other's. Intimacy like this is what I miss. Even something small like holding hands. Talking. Kissing. Touching. I haven't had it in a while. Too long.

When we step inside, we alternate taking showers so we can go shopping for groceries. Hank offered to take us into town to have a romantic dinner that comes along with the vacation package, but we opted to stay in to cook. Jamie told me about this recipe he got from his mother that I'm dying to try. So, we take a rideshare to the supermarket.

Walking down the aisle, pushing a cart loaded with groceries is something I haven't done with another person in years. Something so simple, but it means so much. I guess Kai was right; I needed this.

"So," Jamie says, brightly, picking up a few onions. "Tell me your favorite dish from back home to cook. Wait, can you cook?"

I place a hand to my chest as if wounded. "Ouch, Mr. Summers," I quip.

"Jamie, remember?"

“I remember. Yes, I can cook. My mother wouldn’t have it any other way. There are so many dishes, I can’t choose. Arroz con pollo, empanadillas, mofongo, pionono. All of it is delicious.”

“Yeah? I’d like to taste any of those. If you would cook for me someday.”

I sigh because that’s not likely to happen. We have tomorrow and the day after and I have plans for dinner tomorrow. “Jamie. I wish I could promise you that. I really do, but after this weekend...”

He nods, though he looks a little sad. “I understand. I’m sorry I asked.”

I grab his hand to keep him from walking from the produce section. “No, don’t apologize. I wish it could be different, Jamie. I wish it wasn’t so complicated. If I weren’t your professor, it wouldn’t matter. But anyone could say that I’m playing favorites and you could get in trouble for that.” He tries to cut me off, but I talk over him. “Jamie, let’s just enjoy the weekend. And maybe in a few months, if we’re both interested, we can see what happens. But I won’t jeopardize your future for my needs. We’ll enjoy this weekend and then we can see what the future holds *after* you graduate.”

We stare at each other, and I will him to understand that while I’m thinking about my job, he has more to lose than I do. They can’t take away my degree or my tenure. They can take away his future if he’s caught with a professor. I want nothing more than Jamie Summers, but it is a fantasy that can wait until it’s safe.

Jamie sighs and pushes the cart down the aisle. “I agree with what you said. Back in the woods. It was the same for me.” I send him a questioning look and he gives me a wide

smile. “You said you’ve wanted me since you saw me. It was the same for me. It was...something. I’m not sure what it is about you, but I feel drawn to you. I’ve never felt that way about anyone.”

Why does he have to tell me something like that when I just told him we can’t have anything past the weekend? I’ll still be his professor when we leave here. I’ll still know that he wants me as much as I want him. I better make this weekend good.

“You really want to know what it’s like to be my boy for the weekend?” I ask, changing the subject.

Jamie looks over at me, grinning. “I would. I’m not sure I’ll be any good at it, but I want to make you happy. Not just for the money you spent. I want to give you what you want this weekend since we won’t have any others.”

“Okay. First lesson,” I say, stepping closer to him so I can gently plant a kiss on his neck. He shivers against me, but otherwise tries to keep his composure. We are in public after all. “When we’re not in public, you’re to address me as Daddy.”

Jamie’s eyebrows knit together. “Like when?”

“For example, if I ask you a question, you answer ‘yes, Daddy’ or ‘no, Daddy,’ Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy,” he whispers and I groan.

“When we’re not in public,” I remind him, sliding past him so he can feel my half hard cock. “You don’t know what that does to me.”

Jamie is a tease. He rubs back against me, brushing his ass against my dick. “Sorry, Daddy.”

Again, I groan. “Second lesson. There will be punishment if you don’t listen.” I drop my voice and lean close to his ear. “Punishments can be anything from writing lines to spankings. You want to be spanked for not being a good boy?”

Jamie gasps and he gives me the impression that he might be a natural if his hooded eyes are anything to go by. “No... Professor,” he breathes and I’m so close to telling him I don’t give a fuck about dinner, get him back to the cabin and on his knees that I can almost taste it.

“We need to get this shopping done before I have you in the aisle for everyone to see. And I don’t think I want anyone else to see you on your knees.”

“Fuck, Andres.” He peeks back at me. “Is that what I call you in public? How often will we be in public? I think,” he pauses, shy and unsure, “I like calling you Daddy. What does that mean?”

I shrug, trying for nonchalant. “Doesn’t have to mean anything.” We continue walking down a few aisles so Jamie can get dinner ingredients. “Could mean you’re figuring out a new kink. Could mean you’re a natural submissive. Or you want to make the most of this weekend. Whatever it means, I like that you like it. I like hearing it.” He sends a grin my way and I fight not to stare, lest I run headfirst into a display.

“What else do I need to know?” Jamie asks, adding some spices to the cart. “Do you like, spank me for no reason? What if it hurts or I don’t like it?”

Unable to resist, I pull him back to me, wrapping an arm around his waist. I feel his abs flex under my forearm and I feel my cock lengthening behind my zipper. Fuck, why is that so hot? I’m used to my boys being smaller, almost whip thin and more fem. Jamie is the opposite and I find him just as

attractive as I would my usual type. Guess I can stop saying I have a type.

After I kiss along his neck, I answer his questions in a low voice. “No, I would never spank you for no reason. You would have to earn a punishment, and even then, it might not be a spanking. I may have you stand in the corner to think about what you did. I could have you write lines. Anything that would correct behavior. If you don’t like something we do, be it discipline or otherwise, you use a safeword.”

“I’ve heard of those,” Jamie says, nodding like he’s taking mental notes.

“Good. A safeword can be anything, but it should be something you don’t commonly use. For example, we live in Florida. We would probably never use the word snowblower. That would signal that you’re uncomfortable and want to stop.”

He nods more, adding more things to the cart. “I think this should be enough for dinner tonight and breakfast tomorrow.” I agree and we head to the register. “So, if I say snowblower while you’re spanking me, you’ll stop?”

“Immediately,” I assure him. “A Daddy/boy relationship is about trust. I trust you to tell me your limits and you trust me not to push those limits without your consent. It’s very important that I have your consent in all things.”

“I understand.” His eyes are clear and his face is serious, so I believe he does. “What if I don’t want you to stop, but it’s like, too much? Do I just say slow down?”

I shrug. “You can. Or you can use another safeword. One that’s not identical, but easily remembered. Like you could use things associated with the three traffic lights. Those colors are

easily identifiable. So, you could use lime for green, banana for yellow and tomato for red.”

We push the cart forward as the line moves and drop our voices further. No one here knows us, but this is our business.

Jamie scratches his head. “Okay, let’s use those, if I need them. If I forget, what do I do?”

“You can use the standard traffic light signals if we agree to it. So you can tell me now that if you forget lime, banana, and tomato in the heat of the moment, be it frustration, anger, or”—I lean in close—“passion,”—Jamie shudders—“that your safewords would be red, yellow, or green. Or do you want to hold off until you’re more experienced?” I’m asking that question as if we aren’t separating after this weekend.

He thinks it over while the cashier is ringing up the groceries and I’m getting a ride share for us. “We can use the lights. When I’m better at this, we can switch. Is that okay?” His shy vulnerability tugs at my heart.

I reach for his hand and bring it to my lips, kissing the back. “Of course, it’s okay. Communication and trust are important. The way you’re talking to me and asking these questions is exactly how it should be. You’re doing well, sweet boy.”

Jamie beams at me and my heart stops. He’s so beautiful. Not just physically, but Jamie has a beautiful soul. He’s absolutely perfect.

I wish time would stop so we could stay here forever. Just the two of us.



Dinner smells delicious. Jamie moves around the kitchen fluidly and I sit on a barstool to talk to him throughout his preparation. I keep up a steady stream of conversation so I can get to know him and the more we talk, the more I curse the unfairness of it all. This man is perfect. He's smart, bright, bubbly, talkative and he's so responsive. The small kiss I gave him in the supermarket had his cheeks flushed for almost an hour and his eyes would glaze every time he looked at my mouth.

“How did you get into MMA?” I ask.

Jamie's face lights up as he makes our plates. “Well, I was interested in it when I was in high school, mostly just watching fights. My friends and I would roll around sometimes, but nothing major. Then I got in a car accident.” He waves me away when I gasp. “I'm fine,” he says with a smile. “We were t-boned on my side of the car, but luckily I only had a few broken ribs. With the extent of the damage, firefighters, paramedics, and doctors said I was a walking miracle. My dad was driving and he had a broken arm, a broken leg, a collapsed lung, and a concussion. So yeah, a miracle. Anyway, after that, I told myself that if I wanted to do something, I would. Starting with working out at the gym. The trainers said I was a natural, that I had talent.”

“A natural huh?”

“Yeah, something about my form and how I was able to move quickly after learning a move. After my first fight, I was hooked. I joined the gym my freshman year and the rest is history.”

He sets the plate in front of me and I breathe in deeply. “This smells amazing.”

“Tastes even better,” he says with a grin, poking at his roast. Instead of putting it in his mouth, he holds the fork out to me.

I lean forward and take the food he offers and have to hold back a groan. “Mmm, you’re correct. You’re a great cook.”

Jamie laughs and starts to eat in earnest. “My mom is a great cook. She taught me all I know.”

“Well, I’m glad you learned. This is amazing.” Jamie’s smile is a little more self-assured than I’ve seen it and I love it. He’s already too handsome for words, but that smile is doing things to me.

We eat the rest of our dinner in silence, sneaking glances at each other every now and then.

When we’re finished eating, Jamie insists on washing the dishes, even though he cooked. “Don’t worry,” he says. “When you cook dinner tomorrow, you can do dishes.”

I shake my head. “Hank offered to cook us dinner. But,” I say quickly when I see his smile start to fade, “you’ll like what I have planned for after.”

“Promise, Daddy?” he asks, and those words go straight to my dick. His feigned innocent look tells me he knows what he just did.

I walk around the island and stand behind him. He glances over his shoulder at me, biting his lips to keep from grinning. He’s elbow deep in suds, so this will be a good lesson for him. I move close to him and put my hands on his hips. “Lesson number three.” I lean in close to whisper in his ear. I’m only a few inches taller than Jamie, but I make them count. “I don’t want you to move. I want you to stand still and let me do what I want to you. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.” He exhales the word and grinds back against my cock.

I hold his hip. “No. Be still. Don’t move unless I tell you to move.”

“Yes...Daddy,” he says hoarsely when I reach around to untie his sweatpants. “Are you...what are you...”

“Is this okay?” I ask, wanting to get his consent before I go further.

“Yes, Daddy,” Jamie whimpers.

I continue to undo his sweatpants, pulling the knot out. I can practically feel him vibrating as he fights not to move. “I can help...take them...”

“Shhh,” I say, dragging his pants down and I drop to my knees behind him. “Wash the dishes. I’ll let you know when you can move.”

I don’t wait to hear what he says in response. I spread him open and gaze at his pretty pink hole. I know he’s tight and will grip my dick when I finally get inside him.

Groaning, I drag my tongue over his opening. Jamie shudders and moans, pushing his ass back to my face. He moans and rotates his hips, but I pull back.

Slapping the side of his ass gently, I tell him, “Do the dishes or I’ll stop.”

“Please don’t stop,” he begs, grabbing a plate in his shaky hands. “I’ll do them. Just don’t stop.”

Jamie isn’t an experienced boy, so I don’t correct him for trying to take the lead. I just go back to what I’m doing—licking at him, tasting him. God, Jamie is delicious.

He goes back to doing what I told him. I smile against his hole before I dive back in, circling with my tongue, opening him up for me. I drift a hand up his back, putting pressure on him to lean more so I can get to his ass better. When he follows my command, I spear my tongue, pushing it inside him.

“Fuck. Fuck fuck. Daddy,” Jamie whines and I hum against him. “I’m going to come. I’m...close. So...oh God!” he groans and I pull away.

“Turn around. Give me your cock.” Jamie spins around and I come face to face with his big dick. I wrap a hand around it, pumping him off a few times before I engulf his cockhead. Precome leaks into my mouth and I moan, pulling off his dick. “You taste amazing, sweet boy,” I tell him before I go back to sucking him down. He leaks so much into my mouth, coating my tongue. I swallow repeatedly, wanting more.

Jamie cards his wet hands through my hair and I peer up at him. His eyes are glued to me, and his mouth is slack. “I’m going to come,” he announces, his orgasm shooting into my mouth.

I drink him down quickly, pulling him further into my mouth so I don’t miss a drop. When I let his cock slip from my mouth, Jamie drops to his knees and kisses me deeply, circling his tongue around my mouth.

When we pull away, Jamie rests his forehead against mine. “Did I break some rules?” he asks in a hoarse whisper.

I chuckle and kiss him gently. “A few, but it’s okay. We can talk about them.”

The breath he blows out drifts over me and I hold him close. “Which ones? I can do better for you. We only have a

few days, but I can be better.”

“Oh, baby boy, you did well. You did so good. I don’t need you to be better. I need you to be you. If you want to learn, I can teach you. But you’re enough.”

Jamie kisses my neck, biting gently and I groan. His pants are still down and his cock is still out, so I reach down and grasp it. He’s half hard and I stroke him to full hardness. His moan vibrates against me and kisses my neck in earnest. “Teach me. Teach me, Daddy. Teach me everything.”

Yanking his hair, I pull him back so I can crush my lips to his. Our kiss is messy and reckless. I jerk Jamie’s cock hard. He shudders against me, one hand in my hair and the other around my back. Breaking the kiss, I pull his hair again, making him meet my eyes. “I’ll teach you everything you need to know, baby.” I kiss up the column of his neck and nip at his Adam’s apple. Jamie’s moan is high and long, spurring me on.

“Can I...” He thrusts into my hand faster. “Can we go to the couch? Or the...room? Please?”

I stop torturing him and let go of his dick, and Jamie breathes out shakily. “Did that feel good?”

“So, fucking good. God, you’re amazing.”

Laughing, I stand and hold my hand out to him. Jamie pulls his pants up and rises, sliding his hand in mine. He yanks me forward and his hand drops to my dick and I hiss, the feel of his palm hot against me. “Am I allowed to do this? Will Daddy punish me for being assertive?”

I hum in pleasure and nip Jamie’s bottom lip. “Not this time. We can discuss the rules after I’ve had you tonight.”

Dropping his hand, Jamie steps back and brushes past me. I lick my lips and taste his come, wanting so much more.

When he gets to the couch, Jamie strips out of his shirt and slides his sweatpants down his legs, leaving him only in a pair of boxers. I want to rip them off his body. He sits down and spreads his legs, patting the seat beside him. “Want to talk or can I...do things to you?”

“Not yet,” I answer, taking off my clothes as I approach. “I can tell you some things I like. Then you can decide if you still want to call me Daddy.”

“Oh, I do. I like it. I like how it sounds. Like how it makes me feel. Like how you look at me when I say it. Tell me what else you like.”

This boy will drive me crazy. His open face and need to please will be my undoing. I take a seat beside him.

“Holy fuck, Professor,” he breathes quietly, sliding closer to me. He runs a finger down my abs, letting them dip into the pits and grooves. “Your body is insane.” He leans forward and kisses my pec, his palm flat against my stomach. “You’re a work of art,” he whispers against my skin, dropping to his knees in front of me while still kissing my skin. “So warm and hard.” His lips are on my lower stomach, so close to my dick that it twitches in anticipation. “But so soft too.”

I run my fingers through his thick hair, not pulling, just holding him there so I can enjoy his wet lips. “I’ll tell you some things I like my boy to do. And you can tell me if it’s a no for you. If it pushes your limits. You have to stop kissing me though or I’ll want to fuck your mouth.”

Jamie chuckles against my belly but sits back on his heels. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay, sweet boy.” I reach out and rub a thumb over his lower lip. “I like to take care of my boys. What I did for

you earlier, that's one example. I like to make my boys feel good. I also like when my boys listen. If I give you an order, you follow it."

"An order?" he asks, eyebrows scrunched in confusion. "Like telling me to shut up?"

"Dios, no. I would never disrespect you. Not ever. While I like my boy's being mine at all times, I only ever give orders when we're alone. That's our private time. If I tell you not to move while I'm sucking your dick, I expect you to follow that order. Orders that will make you feel good and will make me happy when you listen."

"I like that. Isn't it supposed to be my job to make you happy? Wait on you and do what you tell me to do?"

"No. Like I told you, you have all the power. If you don't want something, tell me. If you don't like something we're doing, tell me. Your job, making sure I'm happy, is talking to me and keeping open communication. Okay?"

"Okay, Daddy. What rules did I break back there?" he asks, angling his head towards the kitchen.

I bark a laugh. "I like my boys to ask for permission to come. You didn't. You were a naughty boy." Jamie shivers and his eyes glaze over. "But we know what to do for next time."

Jamie nods, grinning up at me. "So, what now?"

"Now, we can hang out, or we can finish what we started in the kitchen,"

"Kitchen, please," he says. "Can I...can I suck you?"

"Anything you want, sweet boy."

From the way he asked, I figured he would be eager to get my underwear around my ankles, but with gentle hands, he

reaches inside my briefs to pull out my dick. “So beautiful,” he whispers, kissing along the shaft. “I want to make you feel good, Daddy. So good.”

Then he engulfs my cockhead in his warm mouth, making me groan loudly. The wetness of his mouth has my fingers burrowing into his hair, pulling gently. “Fuck, baby boy. Suck me down. Amo el sentido de tus labios sobre mi. Carajo, que rico. More.”

Jamie bobs his head, sliding his tongue into my slit. He hums around my hard cock and I thrust up into his mouth. He gags and I pull back, but Jamie keeps firm suction on my dick. “Greedy for Daddy’s cock?” I ask. Jamie’s eyes flick up to me and he nods, lips sliding down further on me.

He pops off my dick and lowers his mouth to my balls, taking them into his mouth. His rough hands jerk me slowly and I’ve never felt anything so good. The boys I’m with are usually softer, smaller, with smooth hands. Jamie’s are large and callused, and I nearly come undone from the feel of it.

“I’m close,” I grit out, thrusting into the circle of his fist. “So close. Put me back in your mouth.” Jamie obeys, sucking me without hesitation. “Just like that, boy. Harder. Tighten your lips and suck me harder.” He’s so good at following directions. Jamie closes his lips tighter around me and sucks. It takes a few more strokes before I’m bellowing my orgasm, spilling down his throat. He sucks me through it, swallowing around me.

After he has every drop, he slides his mouth slowly from my cock and lays his head on my thigh. “You okay, Daddy?”

I pull him up, crushing our lips together, tasting myself on his tongue. “Good, baby. So good.”

“What did you say? When you spoke Spanish. What did you say?”

I smile against his lips and say, “I was telling you how good your lips felt around my dick.”

“Not as good as yours felt around mine,” Jamie replies, kissing me again.

When we finally come up for air, Jamie helps me off the couch. “Sleep with me, please? It’s been so long since I’ve had a good cuddle.”

I can’t deny him. I let him lead me to the bedroom where we remove our underwear and climb into bed. He lays his head on my chest and I stroke his hair until he falls asleep. And I’m not too far behind him.

CHAPTER NINE

JAMIE



What a night. When the Professor told me he was a Daddy, my cock got hard. I wasn't expecting that response at all, since I've never dabbled in kink, but what can I say? It turned me on.

Now that I think about it, the vibes I've been getting from him since we met makes sense. His presence is commanding, like I have no choice but to do what he tells me. And being his boy—something that's crazy to wrap my head around since I'm twenty-two and a grown man—has been pretty great so far. Even though we haven't done anything more than exchange blow jobs, I've enjoyed it. I like how I feel when I call him Daddy. And when he calls me his boy, be it “baby boy” or “sweet boy” or just “boy,” I get a fluttery, electric feeling in my chest.

When I wake up to the feel of Andres warm body behind me, I smile. God, he feels so good. He's taller than me, his body thicker and warmer. We kicked the blanket off at some point during the night. Instead, Andres is my blanket. His arm is clamped around my middle and a leg is thrown over my waist. His morning wood is right between my ass cheeks and I have to fight not to grind back against him.

But...why? Why fight it? We have today and tomorrow morning to spend time together. I won't wake up to this after the weekend is over. This is all I have. So, I do what I want and rub against my weekend Daddy.

Andres hums against my neck, tightening his arm around me. "Good morning, sweet boy." His voice is gravelly from sleep and I love the sound. "You don't waste time, do you?" My Daddy starts kissing my neck and I tilt it to give him access. "Tell me what you want. I want to hear it."

"You. Your cock against mine. I want to feel your come on me, Daddy."

He groans and bites into my neck. I cry out, pushing back harder against him. "Turn over, boy. Let me touch you."

Quickly, I roll to my back and Andres climbs on top of me, blanketing my body with his. He spits in his hand and moves it between us, wrapping a large fist around both of our straining lengths. I hiss when our cocks touch and Andres groans, leaning his head on my shoulder.

Instead of jerking us like I thought he would, Andres thrusts into his fist, his cock dragging over mine. "Move with me," he whispers, then kisses me hard. I lift my hips, fucking his hand.

The mixture of our precome makes the glide easier and soon, Andres and I are rutting against each other in wild movements, trying to reach orgasm. I break the kiss and toss my head back, moaning and whimpering.

"That's it, baby. Tell me how good I make you feel."

"So...good. Never felt like this. I need...more...Daddy... please." I need more from him. I need it all.

“I’ll take care of you,” Andres says, then sits up, letting go of my cock and cupping his own. I grumble but get distracted as I watch Andres jerk himself hard and fast. “You ready, baby?” he asks, and I nod quickly, ready to feel his come everywhere.

On a loud grunt, Andres comes, aiming his cock to mine, getting his release all over my shaft and balls. Before I can rub it in and use it as lube to get myself off—because the image of him coming was more than enough to have me on edge—Andres drops his mouth to my dick and starts sucking me off, swallowing his own come at the same time.

“Oh, God,” I groan and come before I can ask permission. No one has ever done something like that to me. So hot, so filthy, so fucking *good*.

My body is still twitching when Andres makes his way up my body, slamming his mouth down on mine and feeding me our come. I eagerly shove my tongue into his mouth, loving how both of us taste together. Andres puts his weight on me, lying between my spread legs and rolls his hips against mine.

Soon, our frantic and sloppy kiss turns tender, Andres making love to my mouth as he kisses me, a hand on my cheek so he can move me how he wants.

My head is hazy. I can’t wrap my mind around everything he’s doing to me. What he’s doing to me is like nothing I’ve ever felt before. I can’t describe the emotions that are warring inside me, the biggest one being disappointment that this will be it. No more after we leave here.

What really sucks is Andres will probably ruin me for all men. Especially if they aren’t Daddies. I took to being his boy quickly and I don’t feel the need to question it. It feels right. It

feels like I belong to him. Andres's boy. I don't want to be anything else.

Unfortunately, I'm only his weekend boy, so I'll have to be something else when this is all over. Unless I can wait until the semester is over. He won't be my professor in about ten weeks. Then we can do what we want. But ten weeks is a long time. I already miss him and we haven't even left yet. What is happening to me?

Not wanting to think about it anymore, I wrap my legs around Andres's waist and roll us over, pulling a startled shout from him. He's laughing by the time I get him on his back. "Is that an MMA move?"

I chuckle. "Nah, that was me catching you off guard. I can show you some moves if you want."

"Nah, not right now. The only thing I want to do is get you in the shower so I can clean you off, then make you breakfast." He places a hand on my cheek and I lean into it, kissing his palm.

"I'd like that, Daddy."

He groans and rolls me back over so he's between my legs. "You're gonna be the death of me sweet boy. Come on. Shower then food. Maybe we can explore the town today? Go talk to Hank and his partner?"

We climb out of bed. "Both sound good to me. I'd like to meet Hank's partner. Thank him for setting something like this up as well."

"Yeah," Andres says, "this is great. I haven't been on vacation in years."

"Why not?" I ask as we head to the bathroom.

He shrugs and starts the water. “I have everything I need in Florida. My best friend and her family, my condo with all my stuff,” he turns to me and winks, making me laugh, “and all the beaches I can stand. I never thought about coming to a place like this. Mountains, trails, cabins.”

We climb into the shower and Andres washes me. There’s a slight smirk on his face while he runs the cloth over my body, like this small gesture is making him happy. “Can I wash you too, Daddy?”

He looks up at me quickly. “Yeah?”

“Yeah, I want to touch you.”

Andres drops my cloth and pins me against the wall, kissing me breathless. “What was that for?” I ask when he finally lets me up for air.

“You don’t know what you’re doing, but everything is right. You sure you haven’t been someone’s boy before?”

“I’m sure,” I say, wrapping my arms around his shoulders. “But I like it. A lot. Does it mean I’m submissive?”

“Could be. Does it make sense to you?”

I think about it and it does. Because of my size and because I’m a fighter, my hookups assume I’m a top. I don’t mind topping, but I’d rather not. I want to give up control and have someone tell me what to do. It feels more right than I can say. “Yes. A lot of sense.”

“Good,” Andres says, giving me a quick kiss, then handing me his cloth so I can wash him.

We spend a bit more time in the shower, exchanging kisses and talking more. Luckily for us this resort isn’t short on hot water.

“Tip your head back,” Andres tells me when he nudges me under the spray. I do what he says, and he wets my hair before adding shampoo. His hands are gentle as he washes my hair. I love how his fingers feel on my scalp, relaxing me and pulling a few moans from me. “Feel good?” he asks. And I’m surprised it’s not with any sort of lust or innuendo in his tone. He genuinely wants to know.

Clearing my throat past the unexpected lump that formed, I answer him. “Feels really good. Your hands are magic.”

His chuckle is warm—again, devoid of anything sexual—and he pushes his fingers through my hair, probably to make sure all the shampoo is gone. “Not magic. Just want to make sure you feel good.”

After my hair is clean, he washes his own quickly, then we step out. He dries me off and I feel my face heat, not used to someone doing this for me. Andres makes sure I’m completely dry before he pulls down a dry towel and wraps it around my waist.

In the bedroom, I go to my bag, rummaging through it trying to figure out what to wear. This is a big problem for me all the time. I’d rather go out in workout clothes—cut singlets and gym shorts—but I don’t want to embarrass anyone, especially not Andres.

The black shirt I packed is nice, but I’m not sure what we’re doing today, so I don’t want to wear that. The blue one will bring out my eyes, but it’s more of a hanging around shirt, not something I would wear to impress someone. I look back and forth between the shirts, not knowing which one to pull on.

Luckily, Andres sees my dilemma. He gently slides me to the side, picks up the black shirt and a pair of dark wash jeans

and hands them to me. He places a kiss on my lips and says, “Wear this after kayaking. For now, wear your gym clothes. We might get wet.” Then he goes back to getting dressed.

I’m not sure why, but it feels like a weight lifts from my shoulders when I put my gym clothes on. No need to think about what to wear and how I’ll be seen. My Daddy solved my problem and stress.

God, can’t this weekend slow down?

CHAPTER TEN

JAMIE



It doesn't take us long to get dressed and head out the door. Hank told us there was an area for us to go kayaking, we just have to go to their cabin to get life jackets. After we pick them up and Hank goes over some safety items with us, we're off to get some early morning exercise.

Sliding into the long boat, we belt ourselves in, and push off from the dock. The water is calm, only disturbed by our paddling. It's been a while since I've been out on the water like this. I miss it and I'm glad I get to see it with Andres.

"Tell me, Jamie," he starts, his voice carrying from behind me. "Why this auction?"

I smile, even though he can't see me. "Richie is my best friend. You know, the one in your stats class?" He answers in the affirmative. "He told me about it. A guy from our class signed up for it and found his boyfriend. He knows how much I don't get out, so he suggested it."

"Did he sign up?"

A soft chuckle leaves my lips. "No, Daddy. He said he found his future husband on a regular date."

In a quiet voice, Andres says, "I'm glad you signed up. I'm glad you're here."

Blowing out a breath, I respond. “Me too, Daddy.”

We spend an hour or two paddling on the water slowly, talking and enjoying the early morning weather. I haven’t felt this kind of peace in...probably ever. The environment and the company are the best parts. The mountains are beautiful and I’m glad I’m able to enjoy it with my new Daddy, even if it’s only temporary.

Even though we didn’t do much in way of exercise, we’re sweating by the time we get back to the dock—mostly because the life jackets hold heat.

We have to take another shower when we get back. This one is quick, and Andres wastes no time washing me and making sure I’m sweat free. I pull on the clothes Andres picked out for me, grinning foolishly. We head into town and get out on what looks like the main street. We spend the rest of the day shopping and exploring, holding hands, and enjoying each other’s company. Every now and then, the thought that this is temporary tries to push through my thoughts and bring down my mood, but I don’t let it. One look at Andres’s handsome face and how relaxed he is and him holding my hand pulls me out of my spiral.

He’s so...man, he’s so arousing. Everything about him turns me on. It’s been that way since I met him, it’s only amplified now because I feel like I know him. Not really well, but I know him. I wish I could know more but...nope, won’t think about it. Not until we land and have to separate at the airport.

Andres drags me into a small novelty shop that has adorable decorations hanging everywhere, with pride flags mixed in naturally, and it makes my heart feel light. The entire community must be a safe space. I love that.

The man behind the counter waves and tell us to let him know if we need help. We walk slowly up and down the aisles. There are snow globes that have mountains inside them, magnets with the view of the skyline, and all kinds of pins that have mountain scenery on them.

I smile. “They love their mountains here.” Andres hums in agreement, sliding an arm around my middle, pulling me back against him. “Want a mountain magnet?”

He reaches around me and pulls a really detailed one from the metal display case. “Put this on your fridge?”

I grab one as well and hand it to him. “This one is yours.” It’s a magnet that has a wolf howling at the moon with trees bracketing him. It’s a good representation of him—strong, mysterious, an alpha. I hope he looks at it every day and thinks of me, just as I will when I look at my adorable magnet.

He weighs it in his hand and smiles when I look at him, kissing me quickly. “On my fridge. I’ll look at it and—”

Instead of letting him finish his sentence, I capture his lips again, hoping to shut off his train of thought. “None of that,” I say when I break the kiss. “We’ll cross that bridge when we get to it. Okay?”

Smiling sadly at me, Andres nods, taking my hand and leading me to the register. We buy our cheesy magnets and head outside in the crisp air. It smells so fresh here, the air so clear. There’s no light pollution so we can sit outside around the fire pit after we have dinner.

I wanted Andres to cook for me, but the supermarket didn’t have all the things he would need to make a dish from back home. It sucks, but I’ll live. Any time I can spend with

him will be treasured. I'll enjoy my Daddy and hope he finds someone that treats him right in the future.

Instead of Andres cooking, we have dinner with Hank and his partner, Avery. It's really nice—a home cooked meal and great conversation. We're the only ones here from the auction, but they told us they usually have two or three couples they entertain on the couple's last night. They tell us they started working with the travel agency at its inception, one of the first options for a getaway. They offer to sit out with us around the fire pit, but Andres and I want to share that time alone.

We slip inside to change into more comfortable clothing, then get the fire going. It's cool out tonight, so it's perfect.

“I need to get one of these for my balcony,” Andres says. I'm lying against his chest, my back to his front and he has an arm locked tightly around me. I have a blanket across my lap, warm and toasty while I feel Andres's soft breath ghost across my neck while he talks to me. “Tell me, sweet boy. What do you want to do when you graduate? You're a whiz at stats, so I'm guessing something with numbers?”

“Yeah. Mechanical engineer. It's something I've wanted to do since I understood what an engineer did.” I sigh, grinning. “I like machines, like knowing how they work. What better way to learn how they work than to build them?”

“Big brain, huh?” Andres quips, kissing the back of my neck. “I love that about you. Beauty and brains. And obviously a hell of a fighter. I hear about Dr. Jekyll all over campus, I've heard great things about your fights. You still want to train me? I know you have your own training to do.”

I lean back and look at him. “Can I be honest?” I ask, hoping he won't take what I say the wrong way.

“Always with me baby boy.”

“If you come to the gym and I have to see you, touch you, hear your voice, I won’t be okay. I’ll already have to see you in class. I’m not sure I can handle much more, knowing that... that we won’t be...this. I can’t...I’m not able to...” I trail off and shake my head. I probably said too much, but I want to be honest, so he won’t feel the need to pop up at the gym and stop my fucking heart.

Andres runs his fingers through my hair. “I’m so sorry about this,” he tells me, genuine regret in his tone. “I should have tried to keep things platonic while we were here, but I couldn’t. I couldn’t stay away from you and that makes me weak. But I won’t make you weak. If it will help, I’ll keep my distance. I want you to know that if there was a way for us to have this all the time, I would do it. It’s been two days and you’ve really grown on me. Waking up with you this morning was one of the best things to happen to me in a long while.”

“Me too,” I murmur.

“I’ll stay away, I promise. I’ll treat you like any other student. It’ll be hard, but I can do it.”

Swallowing past a lump in my throat that I don’t expect since we’ve only been this close for a matter of days, I mutter, “Thank you.”

“Ready to go in or you want to sit under the stars for a bit more?”

Tossing the blankets from my legs, I stand and stretch. Andres looks me up and down, settling on where a strip of flesh is still showing. Feeling bold, I pull my shirt off, showing him my body. “Let’s go inside.”

Sliding to the edge of the chair, Andres grabs my hips, pulling me closer. He turns me to the side where my tattoo is and presses a kiss there. “Remember when you showed me your bruise a few weeks back?”

His lips make tracks across my skin and I shudder. “Um, yeah. I remember.”

“Mmm. I saw it and it reminded me of something, but I couldn’t remember what.” He licks the border of my tattoo and I groan softly. “It was from your auction profile. I stared at this tattoo for minutes after I bid, wondering what the man who it was on looked like.” He gazes up into my eyes and his are so full of lust that my cock lengthens in no time flat. “I’m glad it’s yours.”

My Daddy continues to kiss my tattoo, and I slide my fingers through his hair. When I’m a squirming mess, my cock hard as granite, I ask in a shaky voice, “Can you take me to bed, Daddy?”

“Oh, baby boy,” Andres whispers, “I can take you to bed and do anything to you that you want me to.”

Taking his hand, I lead Andres inside, going straight to the bedroom. It doesn’t take long for us to strip, in our haste to get to each other. Jokingly, I ask, “Your bed or mine?” Since we’ve been here, we’ve only slept in the bed I claimed for my own.

Without answering, Andres surprises me by lifting me into his arms and, with my legs wrapped around his waist, lowers me onto the bed closest to the door—not my bed. He lifts my legs higher around him while he brings his lips to mine. I kiss him back hungrily, wanting to stay like this forever. His hands spear through my hair, the sting of him pulling the strands making me thrust my hips up to him.

Our cocks meet and we both release groans, but we don't stop kissing. This feels momentous. It'll be the only time we're together like this and I want to savor it, every single minute. Andres snakes his fingers down to my cock, giving me several teasing strokes that have me moaning in his mouth and gripping him tighter.

"More?" he asks in a whisper, nipping at my bottom lip while he strokes my cock lightly.

I nod, kissing him again, wrapping my arms around his neck. This will be the one and only time I have him like this, so I touch as much of his skin as I can, wanting to feel him everywhere.

Andres squeezes my dick and I arch off the bed, pulling my mouth from his and moaning loudly. "Yeah, that's it," he whispers, speeding up his hand on my cock.

I swallow around my moans. "I'll come. You have to stop or I'll come." Andres chuckles darkly as he drags his lips up and down my throat. "You're the worst."

He squeezes me again. "That doesn't sound like something a good boy should say to his daddy."

I thrust up into his hand as I claim his lips again, not getting enough. "Sorry," I mutter as I moan. "Can you get me ready for you, please? I want to feel you so bad, Daddy," I groan when he starts jerking my cock quicker. If he doesn't stop, it'll be over before it begins.

Thankfully, Andres stops torturing me. He lets go of my cock and kisses me once more before hopping off the bed to get the lube and condom from his bag. I raise my legs until my feet are flat on the bed. Andres stares at my hole, tugging his cock. After a minute, he raises his eyes to meet mine, grinning

broadly. “Your tight hole will feel like heaven around my dick. No puedo esperar.”

Popping the cap of the lube, he coats his fingers and walks over to me, tossing the bottle on the bed beside me. Andres doesn't waste time getting me ready, inching in one finger, then two, stretching me open.

When I'm stretched and ready, Andres grabs the condom from beside me. “Turn to the side for me. Raise your leg. While I want to look in your eyes, I need to see this ass too.” He helps me turn over and runs his hand from the base of my neck down to my crease. “Eso es muy sexy. I can't wait to be inside you, cariño.”

I push back against his hand, wanting him to get on with it, needing to feel him. Andres leans over me, placing soft kisses over my face while he teases my hole with his condom covered cock. I arch my back and whisper, “Please.”

“I got you, cariño,” he says and eases inside me. I keen, loving the stretch and feel of him. It's been so long and no one has felt this good. He slides into me slowly, kissing me everywhere as he does. “You're so tight. You were made for me.” His breath grazes across my skin and I silently agree. The way we fit together can't be a coincidence. I've never clicked with anyone like this, sexually or otherwise. This whole weekend has shown me that if I could ever have more, it would be with Andres.

Yes, he's my professor and almost twenty years older than me, but that doesn't matter. What matters is how I feel about him and how I think—if we had the chance—this could turn into something more, something real.

When he's fully seated inside me, he grunts and lowers his head to my shoulder. “Are you ready, sweet boy?”

“Yes. Please, Daddy. Fuck me deep.”

“Whatever you want,” he tells me just before pulling out almost to the tip before thrusting back in to the hilt. I let out a very manly moan that doesn’t sound like a yelp at all.

Andres chuckles, but it turns into a groan when I swivel my hips. “You don’t play fair,” he murmurs against my lips before devouring me. He moves his hips languidly, in no rush to thrust into me. With one hand by my head and the other on my waist, he fucks me deep. Not too fast, not too slow. Just enough so I feel every inch of him in the depths of my being.

Before I can think, Andres is throwing my leg over his shoulder and sinking deeper into me. This angle has his cock sliding against my prostate and I cry out, the sensation unlike anything I’ve felt before. I’ve had men bump against my prostate, but it’s never felt like this. Never been this good. “Oh, fuck,” I groan, unable to do anything but feel. “Harder. Harder please.”

He ignores me and continues his pace, driving me crazy. “Look at me, baby boy. Watch me.”

I peel my eyes open and do what my Daddy tells me. And I’m on the verge of coming from the look of lust in his eyes. His eyes are smoldering and the way he’s looking at me sends shivers down my spine.

After a few more strokes, Andres pulls out of me, moving between my legs. “Wrap your legs around me, boy.” I do what he says and he groans, nipping at my neck. “I’m on the edge. I’m so close, but I need you to come first.”

Moving my neck to the side so he can kiss me more, I moan and nod. Before I can stop him, Andres slides down my body and takes my cock into his mouth in one swallow.

“Fuck...Daddy,” I barely grit out before I’m moaning loud enough to wake the neighbors—if the next cabin over is occupied. I glide my fingers in his hair to hold his head steady so I can fuck his mouth.

That must be a no from my Daddy. He shakes my hands from his hair. “Remember who’s in charge here, baby boy.”

I feel my face heat under the reprimand, but my cock grows harder and precum leaks from the tip. “Sorry,” I mumble.

Andres laps at my cock but doesn’t suck me back in and I whine. After a few seconds, he moves away and says, “Sorry, what?”

“Daddy. Sorry, Daddy.”

“Buen nene,” he mutters, swallowing my cock once more.

He bobs his head quickly, driving me wild. “Oh, God, Professor. Fuck...I have to...ask, right?” I manage to say roughly. Andres moans around me and I rush to ask, “Can I come please, Daddy?”

Popping off my dick, Andres strokes me quickly. “Come now, cariño.”

With no more words and Andres’s lips wrapped around my dick, I come hard, my back bowing off the bed and my hands gripping the sheets.

Andres swallows quickly, the motion intense and prolonging my orgasm. After I come more than I ever have, the professor slides quickly up my body and lines up with my ass. “Can you handle me inside you, baby?”

I nod frantically, spreading my legs for him. Andres sinks into me and I love how thick his cock feels. I’ve never felt this

full, this good, this taken care of, in my entire life.

“It won’t take me long, boy. Your ass is molding to my dick.” He starts moving inside me, hands around my back and under my head so I can keep eye contact with him. “Sucking me in. Your ass wants an imprint of my dick inside you. Is that what you want?”

My voice is almost gone. I can’t get any words out. After swallowing more times than I can count, I nod and say, “Yes... Daddy.”

“Oh, fuck. I’m coming, baby.” A few more quick thrusts and Andres’s strokes falter, a little uncoordinated, but still feeling phenomenal.

When he finally stops moving, he lets out a hard breath and nuzzles my neck. “God, baby. That was...”

I pick up where he left off. “Amazing. So amazing.” I look at him and smile and the one he returns steals my breath. Dammit, why is this all we have?

The weekend passed too fast. I need more. I want more. It fucking sucks I can’t get it.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ANDRES



When we wake, neither of us rush to get our bags packed. We have some time before we have to meet Hank so we lie in bed, touching and kissing. I would be lying if I said I wouldn't miss this. Jamie's body is hard, yet soft. He's very pleasant to speak to and is fantastic company. He's perfect.

One of his hands is threaded in my hair, pulling me in so he can devour my lips. I usually like to take charge, but I like what Jamie is doing. His mouth feels good on mine and I'm more than willing to follow his lead. His kisses are frantic. In fact, he seems to be relishing my mouth, memorizing what I taste and feel like—the same thing I'm doing with him.

Unfortunately, we can't stay like this for the rest of the day. My alarm starts blaring and we both know we can't stay in our little bubble anymore without missing our flight. Reluctantly, I let Jamie go and he rolls out of my arms. He sits on the edge of the bed for a moment, his head in his hands. I look at the curves of his back muscles, memorizing how they bunch and flex as he takes deep breaths. I let my eyes drift down to where just a small hint of his crease shows and I wanted to pull him closer to me so I can touch him there, lick him there, taste him there.

But we don't have the time.

After he seems to have collected himself, Jamie lifts his head and turns to me with a small smile—not the one I’m used to seeing and not the one he flashes at everyone. This smile is sad, and I know mine reflects his feelings. “Want to shower with me? You’ll have to keep your hands to yourself since we have to meet Hank soon.”

Sighing, I nod, padding to the bathroom naked. I get the water started and brush my teeth while I wait for the water to heat. Jamie comes behind me and does the same, winking at me when I catch his eye in the mirror.

Our shower is quick, with us washing each other and sharing just a few kisses. My cock gets hard as soon as our bodies are slick with soap—just as Jamie’s is—but I don’t try anything. We have a flight to catch.

As I’m packing my things, I realize I feel the opposite of how I felt when I was heading here. I was nervous then, I’m a little heartbroken now. The few days we’ve been here has made me realize that I found what Kai wanted me to—someone I could spend my life with. But the barrier of him being almost twenty years younger *and* my student puts a hard stop to that.

I stuff the last of my things into my bag a bit more roughly than I would any other time. Just thinking about telling Jamie we can’t continue after this weekend is making me irritable. It was the right thing to do, but I don’t like it anymore now than I did when I said it our first day here. I wouldn’t want to compromise his education with rumors or be the reason his scholarship is taken away. Since I have tenure, my career wouldn’t take a big hit. I wouldn’t mind any whispering that might have gone around about me with a student, because I

know what Jamie and I have isn't about him trying to get a better grade or me wanting to take advantage of a student.

But I don't want that for Jamie. He's such a great person that I fear some nasty professor will think because he's with me it means he's willing to be taken advantage of for a grade. Jamie is smart, at the top of his class, so he doesn't need to do that, but I don't want that perception surrounding him.

I hate that trying to take care of him leaves both of us without what we want.

Grabbing my bag, I exit the room and see Jamie standing by the door, talking to Hank. His easy smile is back and he's talking to Hank in an animated way about the hike we took the first day we were here.

Hank smiles and claps Jamie on the back. "If you ever come back," he says, glancing at Jamie, then me, "I'll be sure to have a guide take you two on a more advanced trail. See that mountain back there?" We both turn to the sliding glass door and nod. "Well, there's a nice trail over that way, about three miles away by car. You two can enjoy it."

I lock eyes with Jamie and I see the sadness reflecting from their depths. It sounds nice, coming back here, but this is the end of the road for me and Jamie.

"Thanks, man," Jamie answers for both of us.

The ride to the airport is spent in the same heavy silence we experienced on the way to the cabins. The only difference is this silence is tinged with sadness. Jamie glances at me every so often, and after the last look, I reach out and grab his hand. Leaning close to him, I whisper, "Our weekend isn't over until we leave the airport."

Jamie gives me one of his wide smiles, nods and gives me a long kiss that lasts until we pull up to the departure gate.

Hank helps us with our bags and I shake his hand. “Thank you for this, Hank. I won’t forget your kindness and hospitality.”

“Pleasure is all mine, gentlemen,” Hank responds with a grin, shaking Jamie’s hand as well. “Come back and see us, ya hear?” We nod and Hank tips his hat to us before he’s behind the wheel and driving off.

“Come on,” I say to Jamie, pulling him behind me. We check our bags and go through security, only dropping our hands when we have to go through the metal detector. We hold hands while we sit and wait for boarding and since we’re sitting beside each other on the flight, we hold hands until we get settled.

When we’re in the air, Jamie leans his head on my shoulder and sighs. “This is it, huh?”

I nod against his hair, a sense of sorrow overtaking me. In three days, it seems that I’ve fallen for Jamie. Or maybe I’ve been gradually falling since we met and it just hit me now. After finding out how natural he was at being a boy, I was a goner.

It’s not even like I can tell him we can pick up after the semester ends. There’s still at least ten weeks left and he’s a young college student. A hot young college student. There’s no way I can ask him to wait until I’m no longer his professor. And in that vein, he’ll still be a student at the university. I won’t risk his education.

Instead, I rest my head on his and keep up a steady stream of conversation, getting to know as much about him as I can,

even though I won't be able to keep my boy.

He's so fucking perfect. He's tough and strong, but I can tell he likes leaning on me and allowing me to be his Daddy. He doesn't need me, but he wants me.

While we're talking, Jamie plays with my fingers, threading his between mine and running them up and down the back of my hand. He speaks softly, telling me everything I want to know about him and asking me questions in return.

One question takes up the conversation for the rest of the plane ride. Bringing my hand to his mouth, Jamie kisses the back of it and asks, "How did you know you were a Daddy? How did you get into that kink?"

I chuckle and squeeze his hand. I look around to make sure no one is listening. It's not a crowded flight and I'm not ashamed of my kink, but I don't know if these nosey people might be visitors of the campus.

I lean closer to him, dropping my voice slightly. "Well, I've always felt like a caretaker. I've always felt like I wanted to take care of my person. Give them what they need and make sure they're happy and healthy. I was in college when I learned what it was, that what I liked had a name. I did some research and found out everything I needed to know. I've always been like this, but it makes me happier than I can describe to have a boy to take care of. It makes me feel entero..." I pause and say, "whole. Makes me feel whole."

"Do you have a boy now?" he mutters, voice sounding strained.

I shake my head against him. "No, sweet boy. I would never have signed up for the auction if I did. Monogamy means a lot to me. Cheating is something I would never do."

He brings my hand up to kiss it again. “I didn’t think so. I...don’t know. This is all new to me, but...I like it. I can’t...” he pulls in a deep breath and says in a rush, “I can’t imagine not being a boy now.”

Unthreading my hand from his, I tip his face up to look at me. “You like it that much?”

He nods and grasps my wrist, keeping my fingers on his face. “I’ve never felt like this before. I know I can handle myself if it came down to it, but knowing I have someone taking care of me is freeing. It’s refreshing. I know there’s more to it than what we had this weekend, and I want that.”

I feel my stomach drop. He wants to be someone’s perfect boy. I can’t give him what he needs, so he wants to give someone else what I glimpsed in our short time. “That’s good, baby. I’m glad I can introduce you to something new.”

Jamie smiles sadly at me and nods, putting his forehead against mine.

After that heartbreaking tidbit, the captain comes over the speaker, letting us know we need to buckle up for landing. Jamie and I get comfortable in our seats, still holding hands and waiting for the plane to land.

Deplaning takes forever, what with everyone trying to get their luggage at the same time, but I don’t mind. It gives me more with Jamie. When we finally exit the plane, we walk slowly to baggage claim. Since it took so long to get off the plane, our bags have already started rolling out on the carousel. We collect our bags and Jamie starts to head to the airport entrance, but I tug his hand, pulling him into the nearest restroom. That damn gorgeous smile brightens his face and I know he’s down with whatever I have planned.

Luckily, the restrooms were just cleaned—if the smell of disinfectant is anything to go by—so we pick a stall at random and slide in. Before the door is locked, I have Jamie against it, pressing a hard, urgent kiss to his lips. I devour him, taking from him since this is it. This is the end of the road for us.

I shove my thigh between his legs and drag my hands to his ass, moving him back and forth over my thigh. He breaks the kiss to pant and moan, so I kiss down his neck, sucking a hickey into him so he'll have something—even if temporary—to remember me by.

“Let me make you come one last time,” I whisper, already moving one hand to slide down the front of his pants.

“Yes,” Jamie murmurs back, sliding back so I can grip his dick. I give it a few pumps, then think about clean up. Dropping to my knees, I drag his pants down and swallow his cock. If he's coming down my throat, there won't be a mess to clean up.

I suck him hard and fast, jacking his dick as I go. Jamie's moans bounce off the walls, so I reach up to press a finger against his lips, signaling for him to keep it down. His smoldering eyes gaze down at me and he pants before he says, “Sorry, Daddy.” I groan around his cock and suck harder.

My boy. Jamie will always be *my boy*. Always.

It doesn't take long before he's threading his fingers through my hair, whispering, “Can I come, Daddy? Please?”

I don't take his dick from between my lips—I just nod and keep sucking. Jamie's shallow thrusts start to falter and his hot release floods my mouth. I gulp him down, still sucking, wanting everything he has. Wanting his taste to coat my mouth and trail down my throat.

Looking up, I see Jamie has his fist stuffed in his mouth, groaning around it as his hips stutter. My cock is as hard as granite, but this wasn't about me. It wasn't *for* me. It was for my boy, to take care of him one more time.

Standing after I fix his pants back around his waist, I wrap my arm around Jamie and kiss his lips gently while I tuck his cock back into his pants.

He shudders against me, lifting his eyes to meet mine. Under the haze of arousal, he looks...broken. Almost destroyed. "Oh, sweet boy," I murmur, kissing him once more.

"I'm okay, Daddy. Thank you. For this weekend, thank you. I won't ever forget it." He pulls away from me, pressing gently on my chest so I'm forced to step back. Then before I can ask him to stay, he opens the door and breezes out. I simply collapse on the toilet, my head in my hands, wondering if I made the right choice when I told him this was the end.

CHAPTER TWELVE

ANDRES



“Hermano, what is it? You’ve been sulking all night,” Kai says, passing me a beer. Kai invited me to her place the weekend after I returned from Colorado to have dinner with her family. This week has been hell. I knew it wouldn’t be easy seeing Jamie in class. What I didn’t expect was for his smile to be dimmed. I didn’t expect the light to have faded from his eyes. I didn’t expect him to look...not like my boy. It was awful that first day. And every day after that had been a little worse. Because I know why he’s looking and feeling the way he is. I’m sure I look about the same.

Shaking my head, I glance up at my friend. “Not sulking. Just...wanted to stay home.” That’s not entirely true. I want to hang out with Kai, just not right now. Not while I’m feeling so raw.

After I didn’t make conversation with anyone at the table during dinner, Kai dragged me out to her balcony where I lean on the rail, taking in the view of the city. It does nothing to calm my racing thoughts.

I thought for sure Jamie would get back and maybe be sad, but I expected him to get over it after a day or two. He’s a young man, a college senior. I expected him to shake off any sadness he felt and get out there and discover his newfound

love for being a boy. I expected the pain and melancholy to be all mine.

But every time I see him, he looks listless. And I hate it.

Kai bumps me, breaking me out of my misery and gives me a small smile. “Are you going to tell me about your weekend? Did you have fun at least? Find a boy?” she asks, wagging her eyebrows.

I sigh, then down my beer in three gulps. “I did.”

Her squeal of delight would have been comical if I were in a laughing or joking mood. As it is, I feel sick and lost. I had the perfect boy for three days and now I feel like no one will ever measure up. A new, inexperienced boy that took to the kink like a duck to water, wanting to learn and grow. Learn from me. Grow with me.

When I don't volunteer information right away, Kai bumps me again, swapping out my empty beer bottle with her full one. I down that one as well and I see the look she gives me from the corner of my eye. I rarely drink. If I do, it's one beer and maybe one shot. So far, I've had three beers and two shots. To say I'm buzzing is an understatement. Which probably isn't a good thing. I'll end up confessing everything to her.

And I do. Ten minutes later, I'm sitting in Kai's lounge chair, telling my story to the sky. I can't look at her. Not because I think she'll judge me—but because I know she won't. She'll give me those eyes and try to convince me to go get Jamie. Like that's even an option.

“He's my student, Kai. A student I have to see twice a week and ever since I noticed him the first time, I see him everywhere. I literally ran into him coming out of the library

when no one else was around. It's like...Gah, like the universe has it out for me. Like I fucked this poor kid over and el universo is saying I deserve to see his pain."

Kai leans over and rubs my leg. "That's not true, hermano. Maybe you're looking at it the wrong way. Maybe it's a sign you need to see him, to be with him. Maybe the universe is telling you that this is the boy for you."

"Carajo and you know it. He's my *student*, Kai."

"And?" she asks, throwing her hands up. "What's the worst that can happen?"

I finally look over at her, face scrunched. "I knew he was my student before we engaged in...anything." I won't give her details of what Jamie and I shared because it was special. It's mine. "I knew and I did it anyway. He could get his scholarship taken away. He could have a stigma against him, professors thinking he fucked for a grade." Kai winces. "I'm sorry, but no. I can't do that to him."

She reaches over and grips my hand. "Did you ask him?" she asks softly.

"I—"

"No, hermano. Did you *ask*, not tell him? Did you get his opinion at all?"

I think back on it and she's right. I didn't ask. I told him and he agreed. I don't think it had anything to do with my being older or his professor or his Daddy. I think it had to do with him seeing reason. Only my point of view.

Don't get me wrong, any relationship we have will be forbidden and could ruin us both, but he may have been willing to risk it. I'm so jumbled up, because I know I did the right thing, considering his future like any good Daddy would,

but a good Daddy would have also talked it out with him, so he understood why I wanted to make this decision and listen to my boy if he had input on the matter. I fucked up.

Words won't form because of my failure, so I just shake my head.

Kai tips my chin up. "Hey, I'm not chastising you or beating you up for what happened. I just wanted you to consider how this could possibly have been a nonissue. Keeping a secret for nine weeks won't be hard if you both want it. And if he's looking anything like you do, he wants it. Why not try?"

Finally, I voice what I'm feeling. "I'm afraid, Kai. I'm afraid that if we do start something and we're found out, he'll lose everything. And he'll blame me. He'll resent me. I don't think I could survive Jamie resenting me."

"I don't think that would happen. You have to talk to him to find out though." She sighs. "Andres," she says and I look up at her, stunned. She never uses my name. Always hermano. She must be serious. "Your relationship may be unconventional, but it's not wrong. He's not with you to get a good grade. From what you said, he's been doing well in your class. Yes, it's still the beginning of the semester, but I failed stats the first quiz a week in."

"You dropped it," I murmur, making her swat my arm playfully.

"The point I'm making is, you know he's smart. You know he's not with you to pass his class. You know he really likes you. Talk to him. See what he wants to try and come to an agreement. Hell, you could even wait until the semester is over, when you won't be his professor. The rules are he can't fuck his professor, not *a* professor, right?"

I roll my eyes at how crassly she labeled what Jamie and I have, but I nod.

“See?” she asks brightly. “There’s a solution. So, stop sulking and get your boy. I’m sure he’ll be happy to have his Daddy back.” I grin over at her and nod again. I stand, ready to head home to think some more, but Kai isn’t having it. “Not so fast. Give me your keys. The spare room is made up for you.”

There’s no point arguing. I’m more than a little tipsy and I live about ten miles away from Kai. Home will be there tomorrow after I’ve slept some of this booze off.



That Tuesday, I’m nervous, but hopeful. I started to call Jamie a few times over the weekend, but I kept chickening out. I wanted to talk to him, but decided this was a conversation that needed to happen face to face. I figure if I keep him after class, he’ll talk to me and we can, I don’t know, make plans to have lunch or something? It’s a stupid idea, but it’s all I have. It’s the only thing that got me through the weekend.

I’m early, arriving about twenty minutes before class is due to start. For my last two classes, the ones that Jamie was in, I came right when class began and breezed out right after I told everyone they were dismissed. I knew I wouldn’t be able to see him walk away from me. Then I kick myself, thinking about how I might have hurt my boy because *I* walked away from *him*.

Class starts to fill up, each student taking their usual seat. When I look at the clock and see it’s time for class to start, but there’s no Jamie, I get a little worried. I start to ask Richie,

who he said was his roommate, but before I open my mouth, he drags himself in. God, he looks awful. He has dark circles under his eyes and he looks so downtrodden, it's a miracle he's on his feet.

He slides into his seat and the guy beside him, Mr. Jett, nudges him. "You good, man?"

I think his appearance is startling to everyone. Jamie is nothing if not smiling and happy. Right now, he looks... broken. Did I break my beautiful boy?

Jamie gives him a shadow of a smile and nods. "Course man. Training is kicking my ass, that's all. But I'm good."

I don't say anything. I let his circle of people talk to him for a bit, hoping he can see he's not alone. The girl he's always talking to, Alice, leans over and whispers in a voice that carries, "If it's man troubles, just tell me who the fucker is and I'll castrate him." I wince while everyone around her laughs, including Jamie. I discreetly move my hands over my dick, not wanting to risk that threat coming to fruition. She sounded deadly serious.

For the first time since we board our returning flight, I see light spark back into Jamie's eyes and I feel some of the tension around my chest ease. Maybe he'll be okay. Maybe it's not so bad. When his eyes meet mine, the light dims and that clamp works its way back around my heart. I shake myself and walk to the front of the class to begin the lesson.

It's hell. Pure fucking hell. Even though I try not to, my gaze lingers on Jamie. He's doing what he did in class before our weekend—taking good notes, answering questions, and asking them in return. He just doesn't seem to be with it. Like he's doing all this on autopilot.

After thirty or so minutes, I let the students work amongst themselves for an exercise and I go sit at my desk. Jett, just like Alice, is a terrible whisperer. “You sure you’re okay?” I don’t hear Jamie’s response. He’s a better whisperer than the other two. “Is it because of Kong? You can take him. Friday night is in the bag.” He holds his fist up to pound Jamie’s and with a small grin, Jamie returns it.

Friday night huh? A fight? That would be a good time to talk to Jamie. When no faculty is around and he’s alone. Maybe I can see his fight and talk to him after? New plan: watch Jamie fight, then talk to him. I just hope he’ll want to hear what I have to say.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

JAMIE



I'm sure the fight I have scheduled against Kong this weekend is a terrible idea. I haven't been training as hard as I would before any other fight. My heart just isn't in it anymore. I hate being so pitiful. Yes, we talked about not continuing anything when we got back, but fuck, I didn't think the hurt would linger like this. It's only been two weeks, but the pressure around my chest hasn't subsided. I feel so out of it sometimes that it's a wonder I get anything done.

So, this is what heartbreak feels like. It's illogical because there's no way I fell in love with Andres over one weekend. Right?

Thursday night, I find myself sitting on the couch with a bowl of ramen on my chest, staring off into space. It's like my life was irreparably changed after one weekend and I don't know how to go back to being me. I just feel empty.

Richie strolls into the house and almost makes it to his room before he notices me. "Dude, what the fuck? Why aren't you in the gym?"

I look down at my watch and see that, yep, I should be at the gym right now. Not sparring but doing stretching and cool down drills to prepare for tomorrow night. Coach is going to be pissed.

Moving the bowl of noodles from my chest, I stand and stretch. My muscles feel tight and a little sore. A kernel of unease weaves its way past the fog of gloom—the only feeling I’ve had in the past two weeks—and I know tomorrow won’t be pretty. If I win, it’ll either be because of luck or muscle memory. I’m undefeated this season, but that might change tomorrow because I can’t focus enough to do what needs to be done.

I don’t foresee doing this past the year, but it’s still something I’m proud of. I don’t want to lose a fight because I can’t put my bullshit aside to train. Training usually clears my mind. But since I haven’t been in the gym giving one hundred percent, I haven’t benefitted from it. The endorphins could have helped chase away the sting in my heart, but I let it engulf me.

Which is crazy. It’s not like the professor did something wrong or treated me badly. Quite the opposite. For those few days, he took care of me. He treated me right. He showed me what it would be like to be loved by him.

Ugh. I flop back on the couch and Richie looks concerned. He walks over and pushes my legs off the end of the couch. “Okay, I haven’t asked because I figured you’d talk to me, but this has gone on long enough. What happened with the auction weekend?”

I take a deep breath, but don’t answer him.

Richie slides closer and lays a gentle hand on my knee. “Did he...take advantage of you?”

“What?” I ask, whipping my head around. “No. Nothing like that. He was really good to me actually,” I say in a rough voice, sliding down further on the couch.

My poor roommate looks confused. “So, what happened?”

Looking him square in the eye, I say, “If I tell you, you have to promise not to say anything to anybody. Ever.”

“Yeah, man. I swear.”

Dragging in a deep breath, I blow it out and say, “It was Professor Ramirez.”

I think I broke my roommate. He stares at me, eyes wide, mouth open, but says nothing. He sits in stunned silence for a moment, then closes his mouth and shakes himself. “I’m sorry, what?”

“My date,” I say with a sigh. “It was Professor Ramirez. It was...amazing. Like, I didn’t want it to end, but he said we had to. Because he’s my professor. And I didn’t argue, right, but I felt like I should have. I could have kept it to myself.” I inwardly wince because I’m telling Richie right now, but I don’t let that stop my line of thinking. If we would have agreed to try, I wouldn’t have told Richie shit. “He’s right though. His career could be in jeopardy if anyone found out about us, but we could have snuck around, right? We could have—”

Richie puts a hand up and I stop my rambling. “He is right about not dating a student,” he says and I lower my head. He’s not done yet though. “But, he’s technically not your professor, he’s filling in.”

I give him a dry look. “Semantics.”

“Yeah, well, that’s all I got. Like you said, you could have kept it a secret. You’re pretty much a vault. I’ve told you some shit that would be juicy gossip to anyone else, but I’ve never heard it again from anyone.”

This time, I give him a ‘well duh’ look. “Friends don’t gossip about friends, Richie. I would never betray you like that.”

“I know. I also know that if you want something with the professor, you won’t tell anyone. No one would know until you’re ready to tell them. I think it’s worth talking to him.”

I nod. “You’re right. I should have done that two weeks ago. I’m a coward.”

“No, you’re just a man that was confused. Nothing more.” I smile at him and Richie sits back. We’re quiet for a moment, then he asks, “How was the date? You never told me.”

“It was nice. We had a cabin. We went hiking, kayaking, and spent an afternoon exploring the town. It was a lot of fun.” I don’t mention the Daddy/boy thing to Richie. I don’t know how he feels about kink and it’s my Daddy’s—Andres’s—business. “I wished we could have stayed longer, just so we could talk. He’s a really good person. I’m glad he showed me that for a few days.”

Richie clicks his tongue. “Yeah, you’re a sappy mess. You need to talk to him so you guys can fix this.” He playfully shoves my arm and gets off the couch to go to his room. Over his shoulder, he says, “I’m glad you enjoyed your weekend. Maybe things will work out for you two. At least I hope so.”

I call to him before he can disappear. “What happened with your future husband?”

He chuckles dryly. “He was someone’s actual husband.” I wince and he says, “No worries. Plenty of dicks in the sea.”

“You mean fish!” I shout as he closes his door, laughing loudly.

Leaning back against the couch, I think about what Richie said. Andres and I should talk. Try to figure out if there's something we can do. Keep things quiet, wait until the semester ends, tell the dean we're a couple. We have to do something because I can't continue like this. I hate to admit it to myself because it sounds insane, but I fell in love with my Daddy at some point during our weekend together. And I refuse to live without him.



This fight was a mistake. I shouldn't have agreed to it, especially since I haven't been working out or sparring like I should.

My mind wandering to the auction weekend has Kong landing a solid kick to my ribs. I turn with the kick to try to lessen the blow, but it still hurts like a bitch. I stagger back a few steps and dodge Kong when he tries to advance on me. He smirks around his mouth guard, dropping back and beating his chest with both hands like King Kong. Hence the name. Pretty badass in my opinion. But he's my opponent, so I wouldn't tell him that while we're in the octagon.

Shaking myself to get my head into this fight, I step towards him. We square up again, Kong throwing out strikes every now and then. The round ends and I'm grateful. I've never been this tired and this sore from one round. Five minutes never felt so long and drawn out.

All I can think about is Andres. I should have my head in the fight, but all I can think about is getting to him when it's over. I spit out my mouth guard and flex my jaw while Coach screams in my ear about focusing on my opponent and keeping my guard up. Okay, maybe I'll be seeing Andres

tomorrow. No way can I go to him sore and bruised like this. And I'll definitely bruise. That kick to my ribs will have me black and blue for weeks.

“Where’s your head, Dr. Jekyll?” Coach yells. “Kong should have been down on the mat in the first three minutes. Now, I don’t know what the fuck is going on, but get it together!”

I nod, and he squirts water in my mouth, then shoves my mouth guard back in after I spit the water out. The bell rings, signaling the next round and I stand, jumping on the balls of my feet. I can do it. I got this. Kong will go down this round.

Instead of doing what he usually does—waiting for me to move to him—Kong comes straight at me, his hands almost a blur as he throws punches at every part of my body I leave open. It’s all I can do to block him and move. I duck under a jab and intend to come back to try to get him down to the mat, but a flash of black hair catches my eye. I do a double take and lock eyes with Andres.

My mouth drops open and I drop my hands, wondering what the hell he’s doing here. Big mistake. The right hook that connects stuns me, pushing me back to the cage walls, making my head spin.

On instinct, my hands go back up and I block Kong’s barrage of blows, hoping the ref doesn’t call it. He’s not landing any punches, but the fight could still be ended. Instead of waiting until he gets tired, I hook a hand under his left arm—taking another hit to the face for my efforts—and hip flip him, taking him down to the mat. Not wasting time, I pull his left arm back, putting him in the arm bar. Unfortunately, Kong is scrappy and almost wiggles his way out.

It's all I can do to hang on. I lift my hips, bending Kong's arm back more and he screams and taps my leg, ending the fight. Exhausted, I let him go and just lay there, tired beyond belief. That was the toughest fight I've had and I'm in the best shape of my life. Well, minus sitting on my ass for two weeks and not training a few days prior to this fight.

Rolling to my feet, I walk over to Kong and drop down beside him. "You're a fucking animal," I tell him over the roar of the crowd.

He looks at me, shaking his head and laughing. "They don't call me Kong for no reason. Good fight, man. I thought I had you."

"You almost did. I gotta watch out for that hook."

I pat his back and help him to his feet, then walk back over to the ref who's motioning us to the middle of the octagon, searching the crowd as I go. Maybe I was seeing things? Maybe he wasn't—

There. There he is. Standing at the back of the gym, but he's there. Staring. The ref raises my hand, signaling me as the winner. Before he drops my hand, I take a deep breath and raise my other hand for a small wave. Andres returns it, then walks backward out of the door.

What did that mean? Why did he come here? Did he want to speak to me? Did he just want to see me fight? How did he even *know* about the fight?

The ref drops my hand and I shake my head, clearing those questions so I can meet with Coach. He does not look happy.

He starts in on me as soon as I'm standing beside him. "I don't know what the hell that was, but it was the worst fight I've seen in years from you." I drop my head, knowing he's

right. “You need to have your ass back in the gym on Tuesday afternoon. Take the weekend off to rest up, then get your ass in there. You might not want to continue fighting as a career, but you need to leave with your record intact. Understand?”

“Yes, Coach.” I don’t like losing—I mean really, who does?—and Coach knows that.

With my head down, I drag myself to the locker room and take a warm shower. I’m still hot and sweaty from the fight, but I don’t want to take a cold shower.

I run my travel loofah over my body, wincing when I come in contact with my ribs. It seems like those might be my weak spot because this is the second fight in a row where I’ve left with a bruise on my ribs. This kick wasn’t as bad as the one I got from Dash, but it still hurts like a bitch. It’s also the side where my ribs were broken when I was a teenager. I need to be more careful.

It takes me forever to dry off, avoiding the bumps and bruises that have accumulated over the course of ten minutes in the octagon with Kong. I’m sure he fared much better, since I didn’t land that many hits, strikes, or kicks. It’s a wonder I won the fight at all.

Stepping out of the locker room, I’m cornered by Mal, whose face is set in a frown. “You think you’re hot shit, huh? That hip check won’t get you out of getting your ass beat any other time.”

Feeling a little fed up with this attitude from him—attitude I have no idea where it came from—and with my mind swirling with thoughts of Andres and the pain from the fight, I’ve had enough. “What is your problem with me, Mal? I’ve been nothing but nice to you. If you have an issue with me, just tell me.”

He sneers and brushes past me, pushing open the locker room door. “Fuck you, Jamie.”

Any other time, I would have let it go and carried on with my business, but today is not the day. I follow him and grab his arm before he starts to change. “No. Tell me what’s going on, Mal. What is the problem?”

He snatches it away and glares at me. “You. You’re the problem. You walk around like you’re God’s gift. Everyone bows down to you and I don’t know why. You and your fake optimism is fucking annoying.”

I take a step back and raise an eyebrow. “Fake optimism? You think I’m faking it for...what?”

Mal lets out a frustrated noise and snatches his shirt over his head. “To get ahead.”

“Ahead of what? Mal, what do you think I get out of being happy?”

“Fights. Training. Girls fawning all over you. Don’t think I don’t see how you flash that smile at them.”

I can’t help it. I laugh. Bending at the waist—even though my ribs are killing me—I laugh long and hard. When I stand, I see Mal’s face is beet red. Reining it back in, I shake my head. “Dude, I’m not sure if you know, but I’m gay.”

His head snaps back. “What?”

“I thought you knew. Everyone knows.” He shakes his head. “Look, I don’t get special treatment because I’m optimistic. I start conversations with people, and I smile at them because that’s who I am. I get nothing out of it, besides maybe a new friend. So, stripping away what you thought of me, why do you have such a problem with me?”

“You...I thought...well,” he stammers, then flops down on the bench. “It just seemed like with Coach, he always gave you prime times for fights and all these girls flocked around you. And he lets you work at the gym. I’ve been begging to train people for extra cash for about a year and he won’t allow it.”

Taking a seat on the bench facing him, I drop my bag beside me. “Mal, I’ve been fighting for eight years. I have the experience and I’m certified. That’s why Coach lets me train patrons. I don’t have girls flocking around me because they want me. It’s really just because I’m nice. Gay, remember?” I point to my chest and he cracks a smile. “As far as the prime spots, I don’t have a say. Other gyms ask to go up against me and they set it up. Coach doesn’t make the times, the other gyms do.”

Mal’s face is red with shame, but his voice is strident. “I’m sorry, man. I was...all wrong about you.” He peeks up at me. “I’m a dick, aren’t I?”

Shrugging, I stand and grab my bag. “Nah. Don’t sweat it. We can start fresh. Just so you know, my optimism isn’t fake. I really am just a happy dude.”

“You haven’t been recently,” he murmurs, shocking me.

“Huh?”

He scoffs and stands up, pulling his shirt out of his bag. “Everyone has noticed. I don’t think I’ve seen you smile in about two weeks. And you’re always smiling. In fact, it was a little unnerving. Made me really believe you were putting up a front.”

Blowing out a long breath, I say, “Nah, I was having a rough few weeks. A guy I was interested in...we...we...there

was...” I sigh and run a hand through my hair. “It’s complicated.”

“Uncomplicate it,” Mal says simply. “Life is short. Go for it if he’s willing. Why not?” He looks at me seriously. “It was weird not seeing you smile, even if it irritated me sometimes. If he brings that smile back, why let him go?” With that, he takes his bag and leaves the locker room and I’m left standing with the same question.

Why let him go indeed.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

JAMIE



I expected Andres to call me—or text me at least—after I saw him at my match. My phone stayed glued to my hand for the rest of the night and every time it chimed, my heart would flutter, then it would ache when I saw it wasn't him. It was hell. I tell myself that if he doesn't call me tonight, I will call him tomorrow.

He doesn't call. I spent the night with my phone clasped in my hand. By the time I wake up, my phone is dead, and my hand is sweaty. Again, I tell myself when my phone charges, I will wait one hour, then I was calling him.

To keep my mind off it, I get dressed to go to the gym. Coach told me to rest, but an hour on the bag will help clear my mind. Richie comes in just as I'm packing a quick bag.

“Hey,” he says, sitting on my bed. “You going to the gym the day after a fight? Is that wise?”

Shouldering my bag—my ribs smarting—I shrug. “I don't plan to do anything crazy. Just want to loosen up. Get my mind off things.”

“Sounds good. Give me a second so I can get ready,” Richie shouts over his shoulder as he runs to his room before I can protest. Feeling like I have no other choice, I flop on the bed and wait for him.

The ride to the gym is quick, Richie filling me in on the other date he went on. According to him, every man disappoints him, so he's going to try some celibacy. I don't exactly agree, but I won't change his mind.

This early in the morning, the gym is fairly empty. Coach isn't here, since his favorite chair in the gym is empty and there are no shouted commands for someone to get their ass moving or lift their hands or stop vomiting in his trash cans. Thank God. He would lose his shit if he saw me here the day after such a close fight. Mal is in the corner, hitting a bag and he raises his hand in a tentative wave when he sees me. I smile and wave back and a small grin breaks across his face.

Richie saddles up close to me. "Umm...is that a thing now?"

Rolling my eyes, I walk over to the speed bag that's already hanging and give it a few punches. It does nothing to work out my stress, so I pick up gloves and toss Richie the punching mitts. He catches them and grumbles as he slides them on. Whenever he comes to the gym with me, I ask him to spar with me and he hates it. Says I hit too hard and too fast for him to be efficient. I just like spending time with my friend and he likes coming to the gym when he's free.

When I have my gloves on and Richie has his hands up, I throw a few jabs that he easily blocks. To answer his question, I say, "It's not a thing. We just had a talk last night and cleared the air. No big deal."

"It's a big deal. That guy had it out for you," he pauses as I land another jab to his left hand that he blocks with effort, "ever since he started working out here."

I stand up and bounce on the balls of my feet and roll my neck. "Yeah, well. We talked it out. We're good. We're not

besties or anything, but who knows? We might get there.”

Richie gives me a stern look. “No, *I* am your best friend. No one else takes my place.”

Chuckling, I nod and go back to hitting the mitts. I take it easy, just wanting to distract myself while I wait for my phone to charge.

I’m in my zone when Mal walks past with a nod. I nod back and Richie lowers his hands as he watches him walk past. I pull my punch so I don’t hurt him. “I will say, he’s quite good looking. Shitty attitude though.”

“Hands up,” I warn Richie, rolling my eyes. “Not to toot my own horn, but I know my own strength.”

“Yeah, right.” I hit the mitts a little more, slower than I usually would and getting my muscles nice and loose. I do feel a little better, my mind zoning out so I can focus on not hurting Richie when he fucks that all up. “Is this about your date?”

I let out an irritated noise and I see Richie’s shock. It’s very rare for me to be irritated. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Does it have anything to do with why you’ve been moping?”

“I haven’t been moping,” I grumble, hitting a little harder than I was earlier. “Okay, I’ve been moping. But we can’t do anything about it, I don’t think.”

Richie raises an eyebrow at me before moving the mitt over my head, making me duck and dodge where he simulates a jab. “Why can’t you do anything about it?”

I just shrug, not wanting to get into it.

This is not a conversation we can have here. “Come on, let’s head home and you can help me with what to do.”

He rushes to grab his bag and hurries to the door. I watch him in amusement, still kneeling on the floor beside the discarded mitts. When he notices I didn’t follow, he turns to me with his eyes bulging. “Let’s go. I need to play matchmaker.”

I laugh at his antics. I clean our area up before I head to his car. He already has it started and in drive before I open the door. He peels out of the parking lot as soon as I close the door. I laugh again, shaking my head at him.

Bouncing in his seat, Richie glances at me quickly. “Come onnnnn,” he says, dragging out the word. “Tell me why you can’t do anything about it. It’s Professor Ramirez. I mean, fuck, that man is fine with a capital fine.”

Giving him a deadpan look he doesn’t see, I answer him. “That doesn’t make sense.”

“Whatever. Why can’t you do anything? Did you try or are you rolling over and letting him get away?”

Sliding a hand through my hair, I tell him, “I don’t know, Richie. He told me we had to stop. So I should let him go, right?”

“I mean, I get boundaries and all that. But you said he came to your fight last night, right?” I dip my head. “So that should mean something. Sounds like he might want more. Now those long looks from class make sense.”

“We really hit it off. But he told me we could only have the weekend. Like, okay, that’s fine, but we had *so much fun*. We talked and hung out and laughed and...” I feel my face flame, thinking about all the things my Daddy showed me.

Richie doesn't say anything until we pull up to our apartment building. He puts the car in park, then looks over at me. "You fell for him, huh?"

No use denying it. There's no way dick would have me feeling like my heart was being ripped out of my chest. No amount of good sex would have me pining over Andres, wishing I felt his arms wrapped around me every time I went to bed. Three days of sex wouldn't have me in a slump that I can't seem to get out of, even though I'm trying.

After a bit of silence, I find myself nodding. "Yeah, I did."

The car is full of the heaviest silence I've experienced in a while. It's not uncomfortable—it just gives me too much time to think. Andres is the man I didn't know I was looking for. I didn't know I wanted a Daddy, didn't know I wanted someone that would help me in ways I didn't know I needed. The structure he offered the one time he picked out my outfit makes me want more. The amount of stress that was lifted from my shoulders in that one simple act made me want more. But not with anyone, just him.

A smile stretches Richie's face and he nudges me. "Ooooh! A forbidden romance. I like. Are you going to call him? He made you happy while you were there, right?" I dip my head once. "Then what are you waiting for?"

"My phone to charge," I mumble.

Richie sits back for a moment, then says, "You got out of the house so you wouldn't stare at your phone, huh?" I know the heat in my face has me turning red, but I nod anyway. "Well, enough time should have passed for it to charge enough to make the call. Good luck."

Smiling, I nod again and grab my bag from the back, rushing upstairs to my room. My phone is at seventy-three percent, more than enough.

I sit on the bed and hold my phone in front of me. I've been avoiding calling him since he said it wouldn't be right. I need him. I need my Daddy.

Before I can pull up his contact, my phone rings in my hand and his name pops up. My heart picks up in my chest and my hands start sweating. Eagerly, I answer. "Professor."

He sighs and says, "I know what I said on vacation but—"

"Where are you?" I ask, cutting him off and feeling like I might have broken a rule by being rude.

I did some research on what it meant to be in a Daddy/boy relationship and disrespect was a no no. But I don't mean it disrespectfully. I'm just so excited to see him.

Andres sounds confused when he tells me, "I'm at home."

"Send me your address. I'm on my way." I hang up before he can say more, knowing I might get punished for that. I don't know what the punishment will be, but I don't care. I'm just looking forward to being with him.

Borrowing Richie's car, I barely stay within the speed limit as I head over to the professor's condo on the other side of town. I want to enjoy the view, but my mind keeps wandering to Andres and seeing his face. Last night wasn't enough. Last night was only a brief glimpse of what I want.

When I pull up to his condo, I don't give my nerves time to get the better of me. I walk inside and give Andres's name to the doorman like his follow up text instructed. The man behind the desk smiles and presses a button, the glass door

across from the front doors opening to a bank of elevators. I hustle inside and hit the button for the fourth floor.

It takes forever for the elevator to start moving. My blood is singing in my veins, knowing I'm so close to touching him again, kissing him again, feeling him again. God, two weeks has been fucking torture. After a weekend packed full of him—his scent, his voice, his touch, his cuddles, his laugh—I don't like not having it. It definitely hurt not to be around him since we got back.

When the elevator doors slide open, I step out and turn my head to the right and see him standing outside of his door, a loose shirt and sweat pants on, looking like a fucking snack. I walk as fast as I can without running to get to him.

My Daddy can't seem to wait either. When I'm within a few steps in of him, he steps forward, pushes me against the wall and kisses me hard. I hang on tight, groaning into his mouth. I missed this so much. How can one man make me feel like I'm going to explode when his lips land on mine? How can he have me so gone that I couldn't think straight?

He snatches his lips from mine, his breathing ragged and his pupils blown. "Inside. Pants down, bend over my couch."

In a shaky voice, I say, "Yes, Daddy."

He closes his eyes and sways, then pulls me in for another kiss. It's all I can do to keep up. He's overwhelming me in the best possible way.

When he breaks the kiss, he steps back and gestures into the apartment. On trembling legs, I step inside, find the couch, and make my way over to it. I drag my pants down and bend over, waiting for my punishment with trepidation and eagerness.

Andres walks over to me, rubbing my back, making me arch and let out a little moan. “Do you know why you’re getting a spanking?”

Shuddering, I shake my head, then remember Andres told me I need to use my words when he asks me a question. “No, Daddy.”

“You were rude and hung up on me. You need to be punished for that, cariño.” I shudder again but fight to keep still. “Five swats should fix that. Make sure you count so I can hear. If you skip a number, we start from the beginning. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“What color are you?”

It takes my fuzzy mind a moment to grasp his meaning, then I say in a voice that doesn’t sound like my own, “Green.”

Andres doesn’t say more—he just brings his hand down on my ass, making me yelp and move away from his hand, even though his spanking doesn’t really hurt. “One,” I mutter, digging my fingers into the arm of the couch, gripping it hard.

He brings his hand down on my other cheek, the blow stinging my virgin flesh. I feel the heat rise from where he spanked me, and his rough hand rubbing against the spot feels so good that I want to weep. “Two,” I say, throat thick with an emotion I can’t identify.

“Your ass looks good all pink for me. Let’s see if these last three swats can make it red,” Andres purrs behind me and I drop my head. My cock is painfully hard, jutting straight out and I long to wrap a hand around it. But I think that’s against the rules.

The next two swats alternate cheeks, the warmth rising to the surface of my ass and Andres's hand soothing me. "Last one, cariño."

I nod, then Andres spanks me one last time, swatting me in a way that connects with both of my ass cheeks at the same time. I cry out, sagging over the couch, panting.

Andres isn't done with me. "On your knees," he orders, and I rush to obey. I turn to him and see his cock is out, my Daddy stroking it slowly. "Open." I sit back on my heels and do what he tells me. Running his fingers through my hair, he grabs on and tilts my head up. "I'm going to fuck your mouth now. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Daddy," I whisper, then open my mouth again.

The slide of Andres's cock on my tongue has me moaning, gone on the way his dick feels in my mouth. I watch as he throws his head back, groaning as the thrusts. I tighten my lips, sucking as he fucks my mouth. I lap at him as much as I can, getting him wet and helping the slide of his cock to the back of my throat.

His grunts spur me on, and I bob my head, meeting his thrusts so I can make my Daddy feel good. Andres curls his hand around the back of my neck, driving his rigid length into my mouth harder and faster. "Oh yeah. Just like that, baby boy. Your mouth feels so good. Swallow me baby."

I hum in agreement, unable to answer while my mouth is full of his cock. A few thrusts later, he announces his orgasm and I swallow, enjoying the flavor of him, loving that I made him lose control like that.

When his balls are empty, he slowly pulls his softening cock from my mouth. He pulls me to my feet, spinning me

around to bend over the couch again. I hadn't pulled up my pants when I dropped to my knees, so Andres doesn't have to do much. He just spreads my still burning ass cheeks and buries his face there. I curse and moan, arching my back so he can lick and suck at me.

"Spread your legs," Andres murmurs against my hole, tapping my legs for emphasis. I do what he says, and he immediately slides his hand up to grasp my cock, stroking it in a firm grip.

"Fuck. Oh fuck," I groan, fucking his hand while I push back into his face. Andres's tongue is everywhere, licking around my hole, then dipping inside so he can fuck me with it. He slides down to my taint, licking there and driving me wild before he moves lower to take my balls into his mouth. "Yes, Daddy. Feels so good," I say on a moan, my cock weeping over his fist.

The hungry sounds Andres makes while he's tonguing me and the feel of his hand on my cock brings my orgasm to my tip. When he squeezes my ass cheek, the burning sensation has me so close to coming I can taste it. Before I let go, I ask, "Can I come, please?"

"Come, sweet boy," Andres says quickly, then goes back to sucking at my hole and stroking my dick. With his permission, I cry out, then spurt all over his hand and the couch.

My knees give out from the force of my release, and I drop like a sack of potatoes, landing on Andres's lap, legs tangled in my pants. I chuckle when I feel skin against skin and realize Andres hasn't pulled his pants up either.

He turns my head to the side, kissing my face gently. "Was that okay?" he asks in a soft voice.

“Yes, Daddy,” I mutter, eyes closed while I soak in the feeling of having his arms around me again.

I don't get long to enjoy the feeling. Andres pats my hip and I open my eyes, rolling off him so I can pull my pants up. When I have my clothes in the right place, I turn to look at Andres, almost expecting to see regret in his eyes. He did say that we shouldn't carry on a relationship because of our positions. I would hate for him to regret anything that just happened, but I can understand it.

But when I look at him, I see relief and happiness. His eyes are dancing as he smiles at me, prowling over to me. His lips are an inch from mine when he says, “Let's get cleaned up and we can talk. Or lie around. Whatever you want.”

Sighing happily, I wrap my arms around his neck, pulling him close. “I would like that, Daddy.”

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

ANDRES



I didn't plan on any of that happening. When I called Jamie, I planned to ask him out to lunch so we could talk, figure out how to move forward and start our relationship. But when I heard his voice, I couldn't think of anything else. Him hanging up on me had my mind spinning and I was dying to spank his firm ass.

Seeing him walking towards me when he got off the elevator, his strong, lithe body on display in his cut off shirt, I had to touch and taste him.

Now, feeling him in my arms again settles something in my chest. I felt off kilter for the past few weeks, but now, everything is right in the world. His fingers lightly brushing up and down my arm makes me grin, happy that I have him here with me. Kai was right. We can discuss where we go from here. As long as we're together, we can make it work.

Jamie looks up at me, and I can't help but kiss him again. I don't deepen it, just a few pecks on the lips. When I pull back, he's smiling broadly, his cheeks pink, eyes bright. "We're supposed to be talking, remember?"

"I do. You just feel really warm. It's been cold here at night."

“Turn up your heat, though you might catch heat stroke here in Florida.”

“Cheeky boy,” I mutter, rubbing my nose against his, then kiss his forehead.

I pull in a deep breath—the first deep breath I’ve taken in weeks. When I told Jamie we could only have the weekend, I didn’t think I’d feel like this when I got home. So empty. Now I have my boy in my arms.

He squirms against me, then throws a leg over mine. “You’re like a muscle pillow,” he murmurs.

“Me? You don’t have an ounce of fat on you. Except...” I trail off as my hand goes down to his ample ass and I give it a squeeze. Getting more serious, I ask, “Was that okay? I know we were supposed to stop after our weekend together. Which means you don’t have to be my boy anymore. I probably should have asked if spanking you was okay before I did it.”

Jamie sits up on his forearm so he can look down at me. “No, it was exactly what I needed. You don’t...want me to be your boy anymore?” His face drops and he bites his lip uncertainly.

“What?” I ask, taken aback. “I want that, more than you know.” I pull him down so I can kiss him and wipe away his uncertainty. “I just didn’t know where we stood. In the future, I won’t be so blind with lust and I’ll make sure everything is okay with you. How does that sound?”

He sighs and lies back on my chest. “Sounds good, Daddy. Even though you checked in with me. I was green, remember?” I nod. He’s quiet for a moment, then asks, “You mean it? There will be a future?”

I release a sigh of my own. “There will be. I can’t seem to stay away and I didn’t like seeing you in so much pain because of me. You looked so lifeless and I hated seeing it. Not when I know how beautiful your smile is.”

“So, we’re going to try?”

“Yes, sweet boy. We’re going to try.”

“I told Richie about us,” he blurts. He sits up to look at me again. “He won’t say anything, I swear. But I wasn’t having a great time and I didn’t know what to do.”

Chuckling, I pull him in for a hug. “It’s okay. I told my best friend too. And I trust her with my life. I know she won’t say anything.” When he’s back to being snuggled against my side, I say, “You know this violates all kinds of ethics, right? Your scholarship could be taken away.”

Jamie rests his hands on my chest and puts his chin on his hands. “I know. If it’s quiet for a few more weeks, it won’t matter, right? If someone finds out after our class is finished, we could always say it started after. And if you’re not my professor, they can’t accuse me of trying to trade favors for, like, good grades or something.”

“That could be true, but they could accuse me of giving you good grades in the hope that I would get favors from you.” Jamie huffs but doesn’t say anything. “We both know it’s not true, but no one else does. We can work around it though. You can come here and we could hang out or we can go out of town when we want to have dates. We just can’t be seen together.”

My boy nods, eyes going out of focus. When they drop back to mine, he smiles. “I’m willing to do whatever if it means I get my Daddy.”

I growl, rolling him over suddenly, making him snort a laugh. I nibble at his neck and he groans, thrusting up so his cock slides against mine. “You have your Daddy, my beautiful boy,” I murmur against his flesh.

Jamie does something with his leg, sliding a knee across my belly, then he flips me off him and is straddling me. When I bark a laugh, he smiles down at me. “Am I allowed to do things like that? I love your surprised reactions.”

I place my hands on his thighs, rubbing up and down. “Yes, you can. You’ll also have to teach me how you do it. What the fuck was that?”

Jamie goes on to explain the move he did, telling me he’ll show me a few things if I ever come to gym. I already planned to go to his gym before our date. Now I’m more inclined to see him in action.

Thinking about seeing him train has me thinking about his fight. My smile slips from my face and my hands drift up his body. “Did I distract you?” He looks at me with knitted eyebrows and I explain, “During your fight. You got punched in the face when you saw me.”

“Oh, that.” He pauses, then says, “Nah. I saw it coming.” I swat his ass and he yelps. He moves his hand to rub where I’m sure his already stinging ass is smarting. “A little. Was that because I lied?”

“Yes. Even small lies get punishments. We’re going to be in dangerous territory, Jamie. We need to be honest with each other and have open communication if this is to work, not just because it’s frowned upon, but for after, when we want to build a life together. Our relationship needs honesty. I have to be able to trust your word when you tell me you’re green. I

have to trust that you'll safeword when you need to. Lies make me question that. Even small lies won't be tolerated."

"Yes, Daddy," he says seriously. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay. You're new to this, so I don't mind explaining things to you. But you know lying is wrong and shouldn't be in a relationship, so you get a spanking. Until you're knowledgeable on what it means to be my boy, I won't give you punishments for things you don't know. But when we get deeper into it, I expect you to know the things I want and need from you. Unless you're being a brat, you won't have many punishments."

"I did some research," Jamie murmurs while he slowly grinds his hips on me. "I think I have the basics." My cock starts to thicken, but I grab his waist to stop him. "Sorry."

Clearing my throat and tamping down my arousal, I say, "It's fine. I just wanna talk to you for a bit. We can get to more of that later if you're up for it."

Jamie agrees and rolls off me. "Daddy, can I ask a favor?"

"Yes, sweet boy."

He looks at me, a shy smile on his face. "Can you cook me dinner? You said you would and I'm sure you can get all the ingredients here. Whatever your favorite dish is from home."

A smile stretches my face and I lean over to kiss his mouth. "Of course, baby. Anything you want."

That's how I found myself standing in front of my stove, making Jamie a collection of dishes from home. My favorite thing about dinner with my family is our potlucks. It started when my sister Maria asked Mama to cook some mofongo for dinner, but I wanted empanadillas and Papa wanted arroz con pollo. Mama, fed up with our nagging and bickering, threw her

hands up and told us to make it all, just leave her out of it. She stormed off and left us feeling ashamed.

Not too ashamed that we didn't all bicker a bit more before my sister Camilla told us all to shut the fuck up—not in those words since Papa would have had a fit—and cook whatever we wanted, just make enough for everyone. Surprisingly, we all moved seamlessly around the kitchen, making the food we wanted for everyone, and we had a mishmash dinner. Mama ended up really enjoying the night off from cooking and we continued the new tradition with fond memories.

It doesn't escape my notice that I'm sharing this with Jamie, something I've never shared with anyone. Not the potluck or the story. His smile is a mile wide when I finish telling him its origin.

“I like that,” he said, leaning on the counter while I put some of the food on his plate. “Did your mom cook every night?”

I nod, grabbing a few beers from the fridge so we can eat. “Yeah and wouldn't listen when we told her we would. She'd show us how and say, ‘Un dia tu cocinaras una cena para mi.’” Jamie raises his eyebrows and I smile and translate. “‘One day, you'll be making dinner for me.’ She still never let us in the kitchen for more than a few minutes. She's only slowing down now because Papa gets to it before she does. She's getting spoiled in her old age,” I quip.

“Can you teach me Spanish? I have, like, a year from high school, but that's not the same, right?”

Smiling, I give another shake of my head. “Not the same at all. Yeah, boy. I'll teach you as much or as little as you want to learn.”

“I want to learn enough not to embarrass you if I meet your family,” he murmurs.

“My family won’t judge you if you don’t speak Spanish, cariño.”

“Still, I want to learn.”

I kiss him gently, wiping sauce from his lips after I do.
“Then I’ll teach you.”

We enjoy dinner, talking and laughing, freer than we were on our vacation. Looking over at Jamie while he smiles at something I say, I thank my lucky stars that Kai told me about the auction. Jamie is just who I need. The perfect boy to make me feel like a Daddy.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

JAMIE



Andres and I spend almost every day together over the next two weeks. He's adamant about me staying on top of my schoolwork, so we don't do anything together until I'm finished whatever studying and homework I have to do. I agree with him on that. I don't want anyone to say that I used our relationship to get grades, even though my past transcripts should prove I wouldn't need to.

If I'm going to the gym, I take the bus to his house where I get cleaned up and we talk and learn more about each other. We also play video games, which surprises me a lot. When I look at Andres, I wouldn't think he had such an extensive collection. Most of the time though, I like to sit and watch him play, enjoying how he talks about them.

Class is pretty much the same. Andres doesn't treat me better or worse than anyone else. In fact, if I didn't know we were dating, I wouldn't suspect he felt anything for me at all. He's not cold. He's just very professional and I follow his lead.

I assumed Richie would give me looks while we were in class since he's the only one that knows about us, but he doesn't say anything at all. Not even the few times I come home to get books or a change of clothes. I knew he would

keep our secret; I just didn't think he would be the vault that he is. I'm sure it's because he doesn't want to slip up and say anything about our relationship when he could risk my scholarship. After we graduate? I expect to hear more than my fair share of what's going on between me and the hot professor that has most students drooling.

Since I won my last fight, Coach wants to get me back in the octagon for a few more before I graduate. I have them stretched out over the next eight months, with only three after the one that is upcoming. My last fight will be a month before graduation. Coach said it's to make sure I don't have bumps and bruises for my graduation pictures.

The workouts are long, but I find time to get to Andres. If we don't spend time talking or kissing and touching, we get the chance to cuddle. While I have muscles, I'm slim. Andres is not. He has hard muscles on a thick frame, making me drool every time I see him naked.

With the fight coming up, my sessions at the gym have been more strenuous. My muscles ache and I can't do more than shower and pass out in my Daddy's arms. Andres doesn't seem to mind, always welcoming me with open arms when I finally get to him. I wish I could do more, since I miss feeling his hard cock inside me, but I wouldn't have the energy to start, let alone finish.

Today is the first day in a week that Coach has me doing light exercises and stretching. Thank all that is holy because I didn't think I had much left in the tank to do all-out training today. I need the rest more than I'd like to admit.

I'm in the corner, lazily hitting the speed bag when I see my Daddy walk through the door. I have to do a double take to make sure I'm not seeing things. Nope, here he is, in a blue

singlet and black gym shorts, looking too delicious for words. My cock starts to stir in my pants and my briefs are doing nothing to hide it. Trying not to be obvious, I rearrange myself before I head to where he's standing at the desk, talking to Coach about a day pass.

"I got it, Coach," I tell him, and he nods, shakes the Professor's hand, and goes over to Mal, helping with his form.

Since we had our talk, Mal has asked me for help on more than one occasion and he's getting a lot better. He said he had to get out of his own way and listen to anyone that was willing to assist him so he could get more fights. He wants to fight pro, and he's working hard to get there.

Andres grins at me and puts his bag on the counter. "Bad boy," he whispers, and I feel my cheeks heat with the wave of arousal that floats over me. "You were supposed to get me in here earlier for a workout plan."

Swallowing roughly, I shake away my impure thoughts and try to speak. "Well, you don't look like you need much help in that department, Professor."

His grin turns into a wide smile and he runs a hand through his hair. "Yeah, well, you never know. With a good trainer, I could look better."

Leaning closer to him, I ask, "Are you flirting with me?"

He mimics my pose. "Oh no, sweet boy. Unless you like it."

"I like it too much," I murmur, then back away. "A pass is \$10, but it'll be good for three days. You could also join for \$40 a month. If you like it after your trial, you can roll that ten bucks over." I give him the forms to fill out, trying again to straighten my growing erection. Seeing him with his muscles

on display like this is doing things to me and the gym isn't the place for me to make some things happen.

Andres fills everything out and pays for the month. "You'll be able to train me for the month, yeah?"

I shrug. "Depends. If I have a fight coming up, like I do now, I'll be exclusively with Coach. If not, I pretty much do my own thing, as long as I follow the plan of the day. On those days, you can work with me."

"Sounds good."

When we get to the back corner where the speed bag is, Andres drops his bag close to the wall and turns to me. With a cheeky grin, I tell him, "You'll have to listen to me while we're in here. And no punishments if I have to be stern with you."

The laugh he lets out makes me shiver, rolling over me and making me feel warm inside. "That's okay." He steps closer, making it look to everyone else that he was asking about the speed bag, but whispering to me. "We both know who Daddy is."

Yep, my dick gets hard. I give him a dry look and again try to arrange myself so my hard on isn't noticeable. After a few minutes, it goes down, but I tell myself that I'll have to wear compression shorts when Andres comes to the gym.

Mal comes over, patting me on the back, holding his hand out to Andres. "Hey, Professor. Came to work out with Dr. J, huh?"

Andres smiles at Mal and shakes his hand. "Yes, Mr. Lewis. I kept hearing about Dr. Jekyll around campus and finally figured out who it is. He promised me a good workout." The innuendo isn't lost on me and I mentally plan

on exactly how I can work him out when we get back to his condo.

“You’re in good hands,” Mal says, dipping his head to me. “He’s the best.” My cheeks feel like they’re on fire as I take his compliment and see how Andres’s eyes twinkle at Mal’s open praise. Praise that is still new to me because Mal didn’t like me for years.

He takes his leave, going to pull a jump rope off the wall so Coach can time him and get him some footwork exercise.

Turning to me, Andres inclines his head to Mal. “Good friend?” he asks.

Chuckling, I shake my head, then tell him the story of my history with Mal and how we just straightened things out while we stretch. “The crazy thing is, I didn’t expect him to tell me what the issue was, but I’m glad he did. Made it easier to clear the air.” I stand and motion for him to do the same. “We can do some drills today. A few minutes to see what you think of them, and we can move on to equipment and maybe the punching bag.”

“Sounds good,” Andres says, following me to the blue mats on the opposite side of the gym. “That’s very mature of you both,” he remarks, speaking about our conversation about Mal. “I’m glad you could talk it out.”

“Yeah, me too.”

I don’t take it easy on Andres, but I don’t think he expects me to. While I’ll flirt with him mercilessly, when we’re in the gym, *I* have to be professional. It won’t do to have other patrons see me goofing off when I’m supposed to be training someone.

An hour after he stepped inside, he forms his hands into a T, breathing heavily. “Time out. I think I’m going to puke.” He bends at the waist, putting his hands on his knees. He wanted to jump rope, doing the same exercises Mal was doing. I tried to warn him off, but I’m coming to learn my Daddy is stubborn.

I grab a towel and a bottle of water, handing him both when he’s gotten his breathing under control. “You okay? Feel like you’re going to faint or like you’re having trouble catching your breath?”

Shaking his dripping wet hair, Andres drains the water bottle and wipes his face of sweat. “No. Just didn’t know so much energy went into jump rope. That’s intense.”

“Fuck yeah, it is. I dread when Coach brings me over here for drills.” I motion for Andres to have a seat against the wall while I clean up our station and wipe everything down. When I’m finished, he’s breathing normally, and I help him off the floor. “Come on, I’ll show you the showers so you can get cleaned up.” He opens his mouth, but I cut him off after I see the glint in his eyes. “No, I will not join you.”

Snickering, Andres inclines his head to the locker room. “Lead the way, Mr. Summers.”

I check to make sure the locker room is empty while Andres pulls out the things he needs for a shower. The showers here are really clean with individual shower stalls, instead of the open showers in most gyms that are only separated by a shower curtain. When I’m sure no one is around, I walk up behind Andres and wrap my arms around his waist. He sighs, allowing me to rock him a little.

When I let him go, he turns around and pulls me in. “Thank you for today.” He kisses me lightly, brushing my

damp hair from my face.

“You did well. You’re easy to train. Come a few times a week and I’ll have all these muscles popping.”

Andres laughs, then kisses me, slow and sweet. I grip his shirt, holding on to him while he makes love to my mouth.

I’m not sure what I was thinking, kissing him in the middle of the locker room at a busy gym, during one of the busiest times, but the heat in my groin is doused like being drenched in cold water when the door opens. My heart leaps into my throat when I pull away from Andres quickly, my wide eyes landing on Mal.

He backs out of the door, bumping into someone and says loudly, “Hey man, can you do me a favor and grab my bag? I forgot my uh...cell in there. Thanks man.” The door closes behind him, so I figure he’s waiting just outside the door.

I look up at Andres who looks as rattled as I do. Reaching around him, I grab his bag and hand it to him. “Go, I’ll try to talk to Mal.” Andres nods, gathers his things, and breezes out the door.

Sitting on the bench, I put my head in my hands, waiting for Mal to return so we can talk. I can’t believe we got caught. What was I thinking? We’ve tried so hard for the past few weeks to make sure no one suspects and I go and kiss him in the middle of a busy locker room. Most of the people that train and work out here go to our college. I’m sure everyone knows Professor Ramirez—hands down the sexiest professor on campus. Being caught by anyone can fuck everything up. Not only our growing relationship, but his career and my scholarship.

All these thoughts are running through my head when the locker room door opens and I look up to see Mal. We don't say anything as he makes his way over to the bench and sits beside me.

With a low chuckle, he says, "I see what you mean when you said complicated."

Unbidden, I chuckle as well. "Yeah, very." Turning serious, I face him.

Before I can ask he says, "Don't worry, I won't say anything. It's none of my business."

Sputtering, I try to explain some. "It's not...what you think...I..." I sigh when my sentences don't make much sense. "I'm not using him to pass my class."

"I know," Mal says quickly.

My head snaps up. "You do?"

"Well, yeah. Even when I didn't like you, I could tell you were an honest guy. Even if you *were*, that's still none of my business. Just...be careful, yeah? Even if people mean well, gossip is gossip. I don't like to gossip, so your secret is safe with me."

Letting out a long breath, I clap hands with him and he pulls me in for a one armed hug. Guess my secret is safe with two people now.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

ANDRES



I hop in the shower as soon as I get home to give myself time to think. Jamie said he and Mr. Lewis straightened out their problems, but did they really? Are they straightened out enough that he won't report us to the dean? Well, report Jamie. Not much will happen to me, since I have tenure, but Jamie has so much to lose. I would hate for my selfish needs to fuck with his future.

To keep myself busy after my shower, I cook. At least if he has something to worry about, we can talk on a full stomach. I'm just finishing the rice when my doorman buzzes me, telling me I have a visitor. I really need to get him a key.

That makes me pause briefly as I walk over to open the door and wait for him to step off the elevator. I've never wanted to give anyone a house key. While all my other boys have been older than Jamie, they haven't made me feel the way he does or made me want to have them around all the time. Or drop in when he wants. No one but Kai ever had a key to my place.

Those random thoughts leave my head when I see Jamie exit the elevator. He looks amazing. In need of a shower if his messy hair and damp clothes are anything to go by. His face is impassive, so I can't tell what went down with his friend. He

doesn't look upset, but that might be because he wants to save his anger until we're behind closed doors.

He slides past me and I shut us in. When I turn around, Jamie is right behind me. He wraps his arms around me and breathes me in, nuzzling at my chest. "You showered? No fair."

I wrap my arms around him and lean back, kissing his lips when he looks up at me. "You were taking a while and I was feeling itchy." I kiss him once more, then ask the burning question. "Is everything okay? Did Mal...?"

Jamie puts his head back on my chest. "It's fine. We talked and he said he wouldn't say anything. I believe him. We're fine, Daddy."

"Mm..." I growl, pulling him closer to me as I rub my hard dick on him. "You need a shower. And would you look at that?" I say, kissing down his neck. "Now I'm all dirty. I need a shower now too. Want me to help get you clean?"

"Always, Daddy," Jamie says as he steps out of my space and grabs my hand, pulling me back to my bathroom. My shower is large enough to fit us both comfortably and I have big plans for my boy. As soon as I clean the gym smell off him.

I start the shower as he strips out of his sweaty clothes and by the time I turn around, he's in all his naked glory, looking sexier than I can describe. I reach out a hand and he places his in mine so I can yank him against me.

He laughs and I drag my hand down to his ass. "I'm sweaty, Daddy. Someone promised to get me clean."

He jumps then groans when I swat him on the ass. "Cheeky boy. I'll get you clean. Then we'll need a second

shower.” Before he can respond, I crush our lips together, putting all my feeling and emotions into this kiss. Jamie moans into my mouth, opening for me so I can taste all of him.

Lowering my hand to his cock, I give it a few jerks, making Jamie snatch his mouth from mine, breathing heavily against my shoulder. “Daddy,” he whines, his hands gripping my sides as I keep up the ministrations on his cock. “Please. Can I come?”

“Not yet. I want to feel your ass clench around my cock when you come.” I pull him closer to me so I can tongue his neck, enjoying the salty taste of sweat on his skin. “I want inside you, boy. Now get in that shower so I can clean you up and have my way with you.”

The smile Jamie sends my way melts my heart and makes it beat triple time. He’s fucking perfect.

Jamie steps under the shower spray and I watch the water sluice over his body. The way his back is bowed and his cock is jutting straight out is an enticing sight. I watch for a moment before I spring into action, ripping my clothes off as fast as I can.

Pushing him against the wall, I claim his mouth again, more roughly than I did before. I can’t control myself when he’s naked against me.

Blindly, I reach over and pump some body wash into my hand without taking my lips from his. I rub it between my palms and start to wash him, my hands dragging over his chest, over his back, to his neck and finally, down to his plump ass. Sliding my hand down his crease, I make sure he’s nice and clean before I slide a finger into his hole.

“Oh, fuck!” Jamie explains.

“Pain?” I ask. There is no lube and soap definitely doesn’t qualify.

He shakes his head quickly, kissing my chin and pushing back against my finger. “But you need...” he groans, pulling me back down to kiss him hard. Breaking the kiss, he finishes his sentence, “...lube to fuck me. Daddy, we need lube. I need you inside me.”

I swat his ass and he moves faster on my finger, driving me wild. “Are you telling me what to do, boy?”

“Wouldn’t dream of it, Daddy,” he says breathlessly.

Knowing he’s right, I reluctantly remove my finger and step back from him, pumping more body wash into the cloth I have for him. I beckon him closer and clean his body, squatting down so I can get his legs and his surprisingly pretty feet.

Instead of getting him out of the shower and spread out on my bed, I lower my knees to the ground and grab ahold of his hips. Looking up at him, I watch his eyes grow hooded as I close my lips around the head of his dick. His hand shakes as it spears through my hair. “Fuck. Daddy. Oh god,” he groans, holding stock still while I swallow his cock.

Popping off his dick, I jerk him as I meet his gaze. “Fuck my face, cariño. I’ll make you come for me again when I have my dick in you. You can come when you want.”

Not wasting more time on words, I suck Jamie back in and he takes my command to heart. He puts his hands on either side of my head and thrusts into my mouth. I groan around him when his cockhead hits the back of my throat. I feel my gag reflex being triggered, but I lock that shit down so my boy

can come. I want to taste him on my tongue and have him down my throat.

I reach up and massage his balls, tugging them gently while he plows his cock into my open mouth. The extra suction I apply has him moaning loudly. Jamie's fingers dig into my scalp and I slide my hand back and push against his taint.

A moment later, he's flooding my mouth with his release, his moans loud in the space of my bathroom.

When I've sucked him dry, he sags against the wall, breathing heavily. I rise to my feet, pulling him to me so I can kiss him softly. "You feeling okay?"

"Good. Clean," he murmurs against my lips, making me chuckle. "You're amazing, Daddy, you know that?"

"I do now." I kiss him once more, then turn the water off.

I wrap a towel around him, then lean him against the counter so I can dry his hair. He looks so adorable, all pink from the hot shower and his eyes drooping from exhaustion. "Want to go to bed now? We had a long training session today."

"Not until after we're together, Daddy. I'm not sleepy, just relaxed. It's been weeks since I've been training. No more. No more waiting. Please, Daddy." He pauses, eyes wide. "Sorry. I didn't mean to say it like that."

Smiling, I rub his cheek gently. "You said it just right."

He looks down shyly, cheeks pinking more. "I'm still getting used to what is and isn't disrespectful. I don't want to fuck up."

“You’re doing great, baby boy. You’re doing so well for someone that’s so new. You’re really taking to being my boy. Taking to the lifestyle brilliantly. I couldn’t ask for a better boy.”

Jamie sighs, putting his hand on my wrist. “Thank you, Daddy. Now, can you take me to bed please?”

Hell yes, I can.

After I dry off, I lead Jamie out of the bathroom. My crazy boy jumps on my back, laughing loudly then kissing the back of my neck. “God, I love you.”

I freeze, not knowing what else to do. “You what?”

Jamie wiggles and I let him down, spinning around as soon as I hear his feet hit the floor. It’s not lost on me that we’re standing in the middle of my room naked, but I need to figure out if he said what I think he said.

Sighing, he brushes his damp hair back and looks up at me with almost pleading eyes. “I’m sorry. It kinda slipped out. It’s too soon. I’ll...keep it to myself.”

“Baby, no.” I frame his face with both of my hands. “Remember we talked about being honest, right? I mean that with everything. If you have certain feelings for me, you can tell me. You can *always* tell me.”

He nods, but he still looks unsure. “I remember, Daddy. It’s only been, like, a month. And I’m young and might not know what I’m feeling and I might be wrong, ya know? Maybe it’s because things are new and I can’t really identify what it is. I’m just...it’s a lot.”

“Tell me what you feel. Put it into words.”

Pulling in a deep breath, he lets it out and says, “It’s like... every day when I wake up, you’re the first thing I think of. You’re the last thing on my mind before I go to sleep. I miss you when we’re not together and I feel complete when I’m with you. Like, I can live without you, but I don’t want to. I like that you’re my Daddy. I like that you’re the one teaching me what it means to be your boy. And I like that every day, you choose me like I choose you. Is that...love?”

God, the way he’s looking at me is breaking my heart and knitting it back together simultaneously. This boy will be the death of me, and he’ll be my lifeline. He’s my everything.

When I don’t speak for a bit—just staring at this amazing boy—he shifts back and forth, then says in a small voice, “Can we put some clothes on for this conversation? I’m feeling naked in more ways than one.”

Pulling him flush against me, I kiss him stupid. When I’ve had my fill of his sweet lips, I tell him, “Why would I want you to get dressed when I like you just how you are?” Kissing him again, I feel my heart flutter. “Jamie, my sweet boy, that is love. Those are the same things I feel for you. I fell in love with you while we were on our date. And we were only there for a single weekend. Baby, I fell for you ages ago.”

His lips tip up in a smirk and he says, “What happened to honesty, Daddy?”

“Oh, you are asking for a spanking.” Jamie laughs and I pick him up. When he wraps his legs around me, I nuzzle his neck. “Can I take you to bed now, sweet boy? We can talk more if you want.”

“I want you, Daddy. Just you.”

Better words haven’t been spoken.

Laying him out on my bed, I take him in. Jamie is beautiful. The most gorgeous man I've seen in my life. Not just his face or his body, but his soul, his heart, his personality. Everything about Jamie is beautiful. If I had asked for a boy tailor made for me, he wouldn't be as amazing as my Jamie. The man I fell in love with. The man I want to spend the rest of my life with.

"You're perfect," I tell him honestly. The radiant smile that lights up his face makes all the sneaking and hiding we're doing worth it. "Absolutely perfect." I bend to kiss him, pulling his legs around my waist. "God, baby. I've never met anyone like you." I kiss him more and it's like something shifts between us. Like everything is right, now that we realized we feel the same way about each other.

While I'm making love to his mouth, I blindly reach over to the nightstand to get the lube. Coating my fingers, I reach between us to his hole. I rub two fingers over his opening, getting it nice and slick for me so I can be inside my boy.

Breaking the kiss, Jamie writhes under me. "I love you. Love you so much."

"And I love you, cariño."

I get his hole stretched and ready for me, whispering sweet words to him while I do. It always seems like when he's naked and under me, it's a new experience.

"Can I ask a question, Daddy?" he asks with a hitch.

"Anything." It's not fair of me, but I kiss up his neck until I get to his ear. I tease his lobe before pulling it into my mouth.

"God, umm...what was I saying?" He squirms under me, then tucks his head so I can stop what I'm doing. "Can we not

use condoms? We were both tested before our weekend. I haven't been with anyone but you.”

“Me either. So yeah, we can. Anything you want.”

Leaning back, I slick up my cock, then hover over him. I press my dick against his entrance and slowly ease into him. Jamie moans and bears down, welcoming me inside. I inch into him slowly, letting him get used to me. When I bottom out, we both exhale.

With a hand on his waist, I pull back and glide back into him, my breath catching at the feel of him around my cock. I've never felt anything this amazing. His hot hole is gripping my cock tightly and I have to stop for a moment to get my breathing under control.

I look down at him and love the blissed out look on his face. His mouth is open, taking shallow breaths. His cheeks are flushed and he's never looked more breathtaking. “Take me, Daddy. Take me please.”

I take him. With his legs high on my waist, I thrust into him, pulling the most beautiful noises from him. I reach between us and jerk his hard dick, his precome leaking over my fist.

“You feel so amazing, cariño. I want you to come for me. I want to feel it all over my hand.”

“Yes, Daddy. Please.” Jamie's back bows off the bed and he pushes his hips back against me.

I hammer into him, tugging his dick to match my thrusts. Jamie lets out a guttural moan and comes hard, his release landing on his stomach and over my closed hand.

I let his cock go, then bring my messy hand to my mouth. I lick it clean, then bend to kiss Jamie, feeding him his come.

When he eagerly sucks my tongue, I start to pound into him, turned on by him tasting himself.

Less than a minute later, my orgasm rips through me, drenching his insides.

I roll to the side, bringing Jamie with me, kissing his sweaty forehead. I breathe him in, loving the smell of sex on his skin.

We lie like this for another minute before Jamie says, “I really do love you, Daddy. I never thought I’d feel like this. Not so fast.”

“I love you too, sweet boy. More than you know.”

What we have is new and scary and a little reckless, but I don’t care. I would give anything to make my boy happy. I never thought the date I went on would result in the man of my dreams being in my arms. I never thought the man of my dreams would be twenty years younger than me, but it works.

Our relationship is honest. It’s real and it’s full of love and learning, more than I could have expected. My boy wants to be perfect for me, but what he doesn’t know is he’s already perfect. He’s the most amazing man I’ve ever met.

Since the moment I saw him, I was drawn to him. Now knowing that he’s my perfect match only makes it that much sweeter. I don’t want anyone else. I want Jamie. My boy. My cariño. My love.

EPILOGUE

JAMIE



SEVEN MONTHS LATER

Graduation day in Florida can be summed up in one word: hot. Not sure why we couldn't have had it inside of a nice, air conditioned building, but whatever. I'm not going to complain. Walking across that stage and getting my degree was one of the best feelings in the world. Knowing I can start my life with one of the many job offers I received is like a weight being lifted from my shoulders.

Knowing I don't have to keep my Daddy a secret anymore is another great feeling.

We discussed slowly easing into public gatherings and dates a few days after graduation, so we have a bit more time to stay in the closet, so to speak, but all the important people know, so it's no big deal.

When all the graduates have walked across the stage and the commencement ceremony ends, I find Richie and Mal, so we can get some photos together before our parents drag us off to do God knows what.

After we cleared everything up, Mal and I started hanging out a lot more. He told me it's hard for him to make friends, another reason he didn't like me, but I realize it's because Mal has his guard up. Constantly. I'm not sure of the story behind that, but with him hanging with me and Richie, he's gained some friends and has come out of his shell. He's a really great guy and I'm glad I can call him my friend.

Richie is Richie of course. He and Mal hang out when I'm with Andres—so a lot—and have gotten close. I love that they don't make me feel like spending time with my Daddy is

neglecting them. We just cherish the moments we spend together.

Just as I suspected, Richie couldn't wait until Andres and I could broadcast our relationship. When we're taking a selfie on his phone, he leans close to my ear and says, "I better not see you and Professor Ramirez sucking face if we all go out together. He might be hot, but he's still a professor." He chuckles and I shove him, messing up the picture.

Mal slaps him on the chest lightly with the back of his hand. "Don't give him shit. Maybe you should find a professor to suck face with."

Richie looks thoughtful, then says, "You might be right. Which hottie is single?" With that, he walks off purposefully, probably really going to find a professor.

Shaking his head after Richie, Mal asks, "Is there going to be, like, a dinner party tonight? Maybe you and the professor can say something then."

"No party," I say, walking in the direction of my enthusiastically waving parents. "We'll probably go on a date sometime this week though. I'll let you know how that goes."

"You do that. I see my folks. I'll be over later tonight. Richie got a new game. You gonna be at your boyfriends?"

"Probably later tonight. Want to have lunch with my 'rents. Catch you later man."

He gives me a two finger salute and we walk in opposite directions.

When I get to my parents, my mom wraps me up in a long hug, tears still streaking her face, even though the ceremony ended about ten minutes ago. "Oh, baby. You looked so handsome getting your degree."

I peek at my Dad over her shoulder and he just shakes his head, holding back a smirk. My parents came down yesterday, leaving my little brother in North Carolina with my mother's parents. My little brother is not the type of kid that is content with sitting in one place for too long.

“Congratulations, kid. Now you're an adult.”

“Been an adult for, like, four years, Dad.”

“Yeah, well,” my mom says, straightening my tie that I literally just loosened. “You're still our kid. What are the plans for today? We're here until tomorrow evening, then I have to get back home. Your brother might burn my parent's house down.” My brother isn't a bad kid, so I know she's joking. “We also have a standing bridge game that I don't want to miss.”

“Yeah, because seeing your child graduate isn't important.”

“Don't you sass me Jamie Summers,” my mom says sternly, pointing a finger at me. “I am proud of you, but don't give me lip for doing things we enjoy.”

I roll my eyes, which earns me a smack on the arm. I dodge the next one, standing by Dad. “Okay, Mom, I'm sorry. Sheesh. You're mean in your old age.”

She practically chases me around in her high heels and I have to dodge around chairs to keep away from her waving purse.

“Am I interrupting?” I hear my Daddy's voice behind me and my breath catches. I whirl around, giving my mom time to catch me and wallop me on the back with her purse.

I wince, then make my way over to Andres. “Not anymore. She caught me.”

He laughs, then walks over to my parents. “Good to meet you in person Mr. and Mrs. Summers,” Andres tells them, holding his hand out to my dad.

One night when I was FaceTiming my parents, they saw Andres walking in the background. After many questions and threats to drive down to meet my boyfriend, I introduced them over the phone. I tell my parents everything, so I let them know that he was a professor, just not that he was *my* professor. Well, maybe not everything.

After my mother grilled him, making sure he was on the up and up, they gave me their blessing. I didn’t really need it, but it was nice that they didn’t make a big deal out of who I’m dating.

Dad shakes it, smiling at Andres. “You too. I must admit, it’s a little odd that my son is seeing a professor, but Jamie is a great judge of character. I can tell you’re not taking advantage of him.”

“Dad,” I mutter through clenched teeth. “Please don’t embarrass me.”

Andres waves me off. “No, I get his apprehension. I am not taking advantage of him, I can assure you.”

“Oh we know,” my mom chimes in. “Jamie may be sweeter than words can describe, but he’s no pushover. He would have set you straight if you were.”

Andres looks at me, eyes twinkling as he says, “Of that, I have no doubt.”

We’re careful to stand far apart, so no one gets ideas. Andres only speaks to us for a few more minutes before he moves on to speak to other students. He does whisper in my ear that he’ll see me at home.

Fuck yes, he will.

My parents and I go to lunch, then they retire to their hotel room, wanting to get a quick nap before they go to the beach. We have plans to hang out tomorrow before they leave. I promised to show them around so when they come to visit, they can travel on their own.

Shoving the key into the door, I walk into the apartment Andres and I just started renting a few weeks ago. It's convenient for both of us because it's only ten minutes from both of our jobs, just in opposite directions.

After I passed my exams, I got a call from a company that I interviewed with a few months back. They were already impressed with my grades and the extra classes I took. They promised to give me a call before graduation and, true to their word, they did. I interviewed at others places, some that paid more than this one, but this company was what I was looking for and what I wanted as far as my career.

When I step into the living room, I find Andres out of his sexy as fuck suit, sitting on the couch with only a pair of sweat pants on, playing his latest video game. He puts the controller down as soon as he sees me, patting the couch beside him.

I sit, laying my head on his shoulder and he kisses the top of my head. "How was lunch?" he asks.

"Good. My parents said when they come visit next time, you should come too."

"I'd like that. Mama has been asking about you. She wants to visit in a few months to meet my boy."

"Let's just go to Puerto Rico. Not like I have classes anymore. And we don't have to hide."

Andres turns my head until I'm looking at him and his smile is brilliant. "We don't have to hide."

"Not anymore, Daddy."

He sighs, then kisses me lightly. "I can't believe we made it without getting caught, but I'm glad we tried. I don't think I would have survived six long months without you."

I wrap my arms around his waist, hugging him. "Glad you didn't have to find out."

We sit like this for a while, talking about the future and what we want from it. Making plans for our future, both short and long term plans.

Life is crazy. When I signed up for the auction at Richie's insistence, I didn't think I would do more than meet a cool guy, maybe hook up a time or two to let loose one last time and have a fun story to share. What I got was so much more.

I got one of the most important people in my life. I got a good man. I got someone that helped me discover a kink that I so desperately needed. I got someone that's patient, kind, nurturing, fun, amazing. An all around good guy.

The man I want to spend forever with. My Daddy. My professor sweetheart.

THE END



Want to see more from RS McKenzie? Be sure to [subscribe to their newsletter](#) or [join McKenzie's Misfits](#) on Facebook.

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listed in order

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Hey Readers!

Thank you so much for reading about Jamie and Andres! I love these two so much!

This is my first collab and I had so much fun. All the other authors were so great and we worked really hard to get this out to you. If you haven't done it already, go ahead and read the other books. They're all so good!

As always, it's an honor to know that you picked up this book and supported me. I don't think I'll ever have adequate words to thank you.

Thank you for reading and I hope you'll give the rest of this series a chance. If you have the time, please leave a review on Amazon and Goodreads.

RS McKenzie

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

RS McKenzie is an author that loves to write sweet, steamy and sometimes violent stories that show love conquers all.

She started as an avid reader before story ideas bombarded her in her teens, begging to be written. After over a decade in the military, she decided to pick up her pen once more to tell love stories that will make readers swoon.

When she's not writing, she's reading, watching movies and TV shows she's seen countless times and playing with her rambunctious child.



Come find me on social media!

Facebook: McKenzie's Misfits
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ALSO BY RS MCKENZIE

TALES REIMAGINED SERIES

Taming Savage

Abel

After the death of our parents, I was taken in by my brother, who has been taking care of me more out of obligation than love. When he doesn't come home from a job—if burglary can be considered a job—I discover he's been taken by a beast of a man with soulless eyes. Even with his scars he's hot as hell, but his cold eyes chill me to the bone. My brother is the only family I have, so I do the only thing I can to make sure my brother is free: I offer myself to the beast for a year instead. When I find out who he is, I fear I may be in over my head.

Savage

The first word that comes to mind when I see Abel? Beautiful. The second? Untouchable. He's much too beautiful for the likes of me, with my shifting moods and damaged body. What if I spend this year trying to win him over—mind, body, heart, and soul? It would be possible if my enemies weren't a constant threat. If I were a regular guy, I could have someone like Abel. I have these scars because of who I am; these scars that scare everyone away. Could a beauty like Abel ever see beyond the beast to the man underneath?

Taming Savage is Beauty and the Beast reimagined as a dark and steamy gay romance with heart-pounding action, forced proximity, age gap, found family, a naughty virgin, first times, kink exploration, a mild D/s dynamic, and features a cold, damaged crime boss and the snarky beauty who will finally tame his beast.

<https://a.co/d/5Lle8dP>

Trusting Quin

Red

I knew from the moment I met him, one night would never be enough. He was the Daddy of my dreams—equal parts sweet and stern, 100% hot as hell. The intensity when we came together was like nothing I'd ever felt before. It was never meant to be more than one night, and he'd always be the one that got away.

Quin

Weeks after the business trip where I spent an amazing night with a gorgeous boy, I receive a phone call in the middle of the night. My sweet boy is in trouble and needs my help. He comes to me trembling and tearful, and I'll do anything in my power to help him. And I mean anything. Whoever hurt my boy will wish they'd never been born.

Inspired by Little Red Riding Hood, Trusting Quin is the second installment in the Tales Reimagined series but can be read as a standalone. Contains Daddy/boy dynamics, sex work, references to sex trafficking, graphic violence, on page murder, off page murder, murder boyfriends, spanking, inappropriate humor, high heat, and of course, a sweet HEA.

<https://a.co/d/h6xhYIR>

Surprised by Fate

Brandon

After being unfairly fired from my job, I head to my family's vacation house where the quiet seclusion will give me time to figure out my next move. Fate has other plans when a snowstorm lands me—in need of care—on the doorstep of a sweet and sexy alpha. One touch from him and I know nothing will ever be the same. With the storm raging outside, another storm starts raging inside me. My heat has come early.

Mason

Catching a snow-covered omega wasn't on my agenda for the evening, but as soon as I touch him, I know he must be my fated mate. I always thought fated mates were a myth, but something about this man is making my body and heart go haywire. Does he feel it too?

Surprised by Fate is an instalove, fated mates, mpreg romance. It contains high heat and sexual content not suitable for anyone under the age of eighteen.

<https://a.co/d/3f2natn>