



Teach Me
Something Dirty

ALEX
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
GRAYSON

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To anyone who ever had a crush on a teacher...

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BLURB

“Teach me something dirty.”

That’s what my student, Luna Hendrix, whispered to me the night I rescued her from a handsy boy from school.

Despite her filthy words and the way my body begged to take hers, she screamed innocence.

I really shouldn’t. It was wrong to want to stain her purity.

But I did. I gave her lessons no teacher should give their student.

She wanted dirty, so I laid my hands on her and gave her raw. I made her mine.

She screamed my name so prettily, and in doing so, she made me hers.

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CHAPTER I

LUNA

I SIT, BOTH ANXIOUS AND NERVOUS, AS MR. MONROE HANDS out our graded essays. I worked hard all week on that paper and feel it could be my best work yet.

English is one of my favorite subjects. Writing, in any form, is my passion. Has been since I was a child. Every day before I go to bed, I write in a journal about my day. When I'm bored at home or have time to spare, I write short stories. For years, I've carried around a small notebook in my purse for when inspiration hits.

Mr. Monroe approaches my desk, and I drop my eyes away from him. As much as I love looking at my teacher, I also hate doing so, because he makes my body feel things. Things I shouldn't feel for a man his age, especially my English teacher.

On the back of his left ring finger is a tattoo, which I find very interesting. He has the sleeves of his white, button-up shirt rolled haphazardly to his elbows, revealing a few tattoos, and the first button is undone. There's still a couple hours of school left, but he's already loosened his tie. And his hair, a little longer on the top than it is on the sides, has that crazy good look men have sometimes where it appears as if they've just run their fingers through it.

As unfortunate as my attraction is to the man, he obviously hates me. Within five minutes of walking into his classroom on my first day a couple of months ago, Mr. Monroe took a

disliking to me. I mean, I don't know for sure if he doesn't like me, but if the constant scowl on his face anytime he looks at me is any indication, then he for sure doesn't care for me.

I just don't know why. I'm nice, I'm quiet, my grades are excellent, and I'm a good girl. What did I do to put myself on his bad side? I don't see him giving any of the other students the evil eye, so it's plainly just me.

"See me after school, Miss Hendrix," he says in a low voice and the same glowering look in his eye that almost has me shrinking in my seat.

Why does he want to see me after school? Is it about my paper? Did I do that terrible?

Forcing myself to not back down from his intense stare, I slowly nod my head.

As he walks away, I purposely drop my eyes to my paper. It's not wise to watch your teacher's butt as he walks away.

I'm confused for a moment as I look over my written assignment. It doesn't look like the paper I submitted, and there's no grade. There is, however, a comment written in red ink at the top.

I find it very interesting you would submit this for your assignment.

Horror fills me when I read the first sentence.

I want my teacher to teach me dirty things.

Oh no, no no! my mind screams at me.

I quickly scan down the rest of the paper.

This can *not* be happening to me!

This was supposed to be my thoughts and opinion of the book *A Man Called Ove* by Fredrik Backman. What this is, is definitely not *that*.

I started reading romance novels when I was fifteen. At first I was shocked at the descriptive ways authors described sexual encounters between the main characters. It didn't take long for the surprise to wear off, and I became intrigued. I

started writing sexy scenes in my own stories, because I liked the way they made me feel.

One day last week, I woke in the middle of the night from a dream I had of Mr. Monroe. My body was covered in sweat, and I had a terribly delicious ache between my legs. I wanted to get the dream down so I could analyze it later and maybe use it in one of my stories. I ended up writing three full pages and added more to the dream. You know how you always wake up from a dream right when it gets to the good part? Yep, you guessed it. That's what happened to me. I couldn't leave it unfulfilled. I finished the story to the very end. And boy did it end good.

Heat floods my face, and I want to sink through the floor and never resurface.

I obviously picked up the wrong paper from my desk when I was running late for school yesterday morning.

I close my eyes and pray, no I *beg*, God to please let this be some terrible mistake.

Please, please don't tell me I submitted my dirty little dream-slash-completed fantasy to my teacher. Not just my teacher, but my too-hot-to-be-a-teacher teacher.

God must ignore my plea because when I open my eyes and they meet Mr. Monroe's at the front of the room, his face tells me I did, in fact, do exactly that.

His gaze flickers away from me a second later and he addresses the room.

"Most of you passed with flying colors. Anyone with a ninety-two and above can skip the next assignment." A round of hoots and cat calls shout throughout the room. He waits for everyone to quiet down to continue. "Those with grades lower than that," his eyes skitter to me again for a fraction of a second before he moves them away, "obviously need more incentive. I want you to write a five-page essay on what you want to do with your life after you graduate high school and how you can accomplish reaching that goal. You have until next Friday to hand it in."

Now it's groans and whining complaints that fill the room. I'm still mortified by what I've done to pay anyone any attention.

When the bell rings a few minutes later, I scramble up from my desk and quickly gather my things. I want out of this room now before I hyperventilate. I'm almost to the door and have managed to not look at Mr. Monroe sitting at his desk when he suddenly calls my name.

"Miss Hendrix."

My shoulders stiffen when he calls my name, and I'm tempted to ignore him. The good girl that I am doesn't let me though. I turn around slowly, my face surely beet red. He's leaning back in his chair, one ankle crossed over his knee and his laced fingers laying on his flat stomach. He's eye candy that I can almost never resist looking at.

"I'll be speaking with your track coach today, so he knows you'll be late for practice." He pauses. "Just in case you were planning to use that as an excuse."

I inwardly groan. That's exactly what I was going to do. The last thing I want to do is be alone with him. Even if I didn't make an utter fool of myself by handing in the wrong paper, he still makes me nervous to be around. No, I never used our names in the paper, but I did use descriptions of him. He'd have to be stupid to not know it's about him, and one thing Mr. Monroe is not, is stupid.

Looks like I've got no choice but to see him after school.

What a wonderful time that shall be.

I give him a jerky nod and a muttered, "Yes, sir."

His eyes darken for a moment and the muscle in his jaw twitches. Before he can say anything else, I turn and hurry out of the room.

The hallways are already mostly clear. One thing you don't do is get in the middle of a high schooler and their lunch period. It's the only time they can gossip without fear of a teacher overhearing.

“Hey, Hendrix!”

I look up from watching my shoes squeak across the linoleum floor and find Aaron at his locker.

I slow my steps, but I don't stop. Something about Aaron gives me the heebie jeebies, and I don't want to be alone with him in the hallway.

“There's a bonfire out by the lake after the baseball game this Friday. You in?”

Even if he didn't give me the creeps, I still wouldn't be in. I have no desire to be... whatever Aaron wants me to be.

“Sorry. Can't,” I tell him. “I've already got plans.”

Lies. I have no plans. Well, unless you count going home, hanging out in my room and writing until Hannah, my best friend back home, gets off work so we can FaceTime.

“One of these days I'm going to drag you to a party,” Aaron says.

His words send shivers down my spine because it honestly wouldn't surprise me if he meant that literally.

I give him a tight smile. “Maybe next time.”

He shrugs, like it's no big deal, but I feel his eyes lingering on me as I walk away.

I stop just inside the door of the lunch room. Hearing the loud chatter and seeing so many faces I have no wish to see has me spinning on my heel and walking back out. I go to the bathroom instead, deciding I'll spend the next twenty-five minutes sitting in one of the stalls and hope no one comes inside.

My wish is ignored when ten minutes into my peaceful reprieve the door opens, and I hear the clack of heeled shoes.

Heeled shoes. What teenager wears freaking heels to school?

The rich, the pretty, and the popular, that's who.

I'm in the far stall so I can't see who it is through the crack in the door, but it doesn't take me long to figure it out. I barely suppress a groan.

"Aaron's taking me out Saturday," Brooklyn gushes, and I can just imagine her leaning over the sink to swipe her peachy lip gloss across her lips.

"Thought you two were taking a break?" Audrey, Brooklyn's best friend, asks.

I carefully shift on the closed toilet seat.

"It wasn't really a break. I was just pissed at him for a while. I'm over it now."

"What about...?"

"Don't you dare say her name!" Brooklyn says heatedly, cutting Audrey off. "If that bitch knows what's good for her, she'll stay the hell away from my man. And Aaron's interest in her will fade."

Tension rolls off of me in waves because I know she's talking about me. Like Mr. Monroe, Brooklyn hated me on sight. But at least I know why. The first time we met, Aaron was standing at my locker talking to me. Even if you couldn't hear his words, which were flirtatious as he grilled me on who I was, it wasn't hard to figure out from his body language that he was interested. Brooklyn walked up to us and practically climbed his body like a tree, staking her claim at the same time she sent me a withering look that said *he's mine*.

I've tried to avoid Aaron since then. Not because I'm afraid of what Brooklyn would do, but because I have no interest in him. Unfortunately, Aaron either hasn't gotten the memo I'm not into him or he's ignoring the not interested vibes I've been sending his way. Either way, it's not my fault Brooklyn's boyfriend is straying.

"I don't know, Brook." Audrey's voice is filled with doubt. "It seems to me his interest is only growing. I've seen the way he looks at her during lunch."

"After this weekend, he'll forget all about her. I plan to make sure of it."

“And if he doesn’t?” Audrey asks.

“Then I’ll make the bitch too ugly to draw his attention anymore.”

I’ve heard enough evil come out of Brooklyn’s mouth. In general, I’m a good person, avoiding any and all conflict, but hearing her threats, knowing it’s not my fault her boyfriend won’t leave me alone, sets something off inside me.

I get up from the toilet and flush it, even though I didn’t use the bathroom. Grabbing the latch, I swing the door open. Satisfaction thrills me at the split-second look of fear on Brooklyn’s face when she realizes someone overheard her threats. The look is gone as soon as she realizes it’s me, and loathing replaces it.

“Good. I’m glad you’re here,” she sneers, her nose wrinkling in revulsion. “In case you hadn’t noticed, Aaron is mine, and it would be wise of you to stay away from him.”

I walk to the sink and squirt soap on my hands without sparing her another glance.

“I think you should be telling your boyfriend that. I have no interest in him. He’s the one who keeps approaching me.”

“Only because you keep giving him fuck me eyes.”

I snort as I rinse my hands. “You’re delusional.” I look at her through the mirror. “Aaron is the last man I’d want to touch me.”

Her stance against the sink stiffens. “Now look here, bitch, you—”

“No, *you* listen.” I cut her off, turning away from the sink and snatching out a paper towel from the holder. “I don’t want your creepy boyfriend anywhere near me. You got a problem with his behavior, take it up with him and leave me out of it.”

I leave Brooklyn and her friend behind before either of them can say anything else. I’m tempted to leave school early because I’m so over today and just want to be away from this place. But I don’t want to push my luck with Mr. Monroe. The

last thing I need is for him to call my parents and tell them I missed a meeting with him. I hate letting down my parents.

With only five minutes left until my next class starts, I grab my chemistry book from my locker and go stand outside the classroom door.

Leaning my head back against the wall, I send up a mental wish that my next two classes don't go by too fast.

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CHAPTER 2

AUGUST

MOVING MY EYES AWAY FROM MY LAPTOP SCREEN WHEN there's a light tap on the door, I glance over and see Luna Hendrix hovering outside the door, like she's hoping I didn't hear her knock. From the look on her face, she's not happy to be here. If I was honest, I'm not ecstatic she's here either. Being around this girl makes my life complicated.

I get up from my desk and walk around to the front, leaning my ass on the edge.

“Have a seat, Miss Hendrix.”

Averting my eyes from her ass when she drops several books on one desk and walks to the one I gestured to, I cross my arms and look down at the floor until I know she's seated.

“I'm surprised you actually showed today,” I say.

With a shrug, she avoids my eyes as she begins tracing imaginary circles on the desk “I didn't want to, but I don't want to be in any more trouble than I already am.”

I reach back to my desk and pick up a piece of paper. “You want to explain this to me?” I hold up a copy of her essay.”

“Not really. Can we just pretend I never submitted my work, and I can redo it?”

“No, we can't,” I say flatly. “What you can do is explain to me why you handed this in as your assignment.” She doesn't say anything, and she still refuses to look at me. “Miss Hendrix? I'm waiting.”

Finally, she lifts her eyes, a pretty crystal blue, and if the situation wasn't what it was, the look on her face would be amusing. I'm not sure if I've ever seen anyone look so embarrassed.

"It was an accident, okay?" she says in exasperation. "I must have picked up the wrong paper yesterday morning."

"Okay," I say slowly, looking down at the paper. "I can understand how that could happen."

"Can you *not* read that with me right here? Actually," she gets up from her chair and comes forward, reaching for the paper, "can I have it back, please? What did you do? Make a copy of it?"

"Sit!" The word comes out as a loud command. Luna freezes for a moment before she backs her ass toward the chair and plops down in it.

I take a calming breath before I continue. "I make copies of all of my students' work before I give them back. As for me reading it with you sitting right here," I pause, "we both already know what's on this paper, so you being here shouldn't make a difference."

"It sure makes a difference to me," she mutters, nearly too low for me to hear.

"Now let's talk about why you wrote it in the first place."

Her eyes jerk to me, and her blush renews. She lets out a nervous giggle. "I'd rather not."

"Let's do it anyway."

Again, her blue eyes fall away.

I cross my ankles and regard the top of her head. "Do you fantasize about authority figures often, Miss Hendrix?"

"What?" she nearly screeches, jerking her head up. "Of course not."

Her intense reaction almost has me smiling.

"So, it's just me then?"

I can practically see the wheels turning in the girl's head, trying and failing to find a way out of answering my question.

In the end, she denies it.

"The man on that paper is *not* you," she says vehemently.

I arch a brow, pick the paper back up, find the spot I'm looking for, and begin reading.

"He uses the finger that has the word Honor tattooed on it to trace down the center of my pelvis, not stopping until he reaches my silky...."

"Stop!" Luna yells before I get to the really juicy part. "Holy crap, will you just stop, please?"

Dropping the paper again, I hold my hand up so she can clearly see the word Honor on my finger. Not that she needed the reminder.

"You want to rethink your answer to my last question?" I ask. "Is it just me you fantasize about?"

"It wasn't a fantasy." Her voice barely comes out. "I had a dream. I always write down my dreams when I wake up."

From the look on her face, I'm not sure I believe her. Oh, I believe she had the dream, and I'm sure she wrote it down like she said. But something tells me it's more than that. She *has* fantasized about me.

The thought of that has my cock coming to life. And not for the first time in the presence of this girl.

"How old are you, Miss Hendrix?" I ask out of the blue.

Her brows wrinkle in confusion, as if she doesn't quite understand my question.

"Eighteen."

Eighteen. A legal adult. Before I can stop it, my mind goes haywire with possibilities.

I shut that shit down before it can take root. Just because she's of age doesn't mean I should run my hand over her pelvis until I reach her pussy, just like she described in her

paper. It doesn't mean I should kiss down the valley of her breasts until I reach a peak and suck her nipple into my mouth. It certainly doesn't mean I should sink my cock so deep inside her she'll feel nothing but me for days.

She's my student, for fuck's sake. She's also innocent. I can tell that just from looking at her. Despite her age and the way kids behave these days, I honestly wonder if she's even kissed a boy.

And fuck, at that thought, I can't help but want to be the first to lay my lips against hers. The first to give her any type of sexual pleasure.

What in the hell is wrong with you, August? Get your shit together.

Listening to the reasonable part of my brain, I get up from my perch against the desk. I need her out of this classroom before I do something stupid.

Like bend her over my desk and spank her ass for being so goddamn tempting.

I clear my throat and turn away from Luna, pretending to shuffle some papers on my desk.

"I'm going to let it slide this time, but how about you take more care in your next assignment. I'd hate to have to call your parents in and discuss this with them."

I hear her sharp inhale of breath, but I don't turn to witness it. I can just imagine the horror on her face at the thought of her parents knowing about her little fantasy of me.

"Please don't do that," she whispers behind me.

"Then be sure you submit the right paper next time," I grunt my reply.

"Yes, Mr. Monroe," comes her soft reply.

We won't discuss what hearing her call me Mr. Monroe does to my dick.

Because I'm still not strong enough to look at her, I keep my back to her as she gets up from the desk and gathers her

things. Her shoes pad across the floor. Before she can walk out, I turn around, too damn weak to keep from looking at her one last time.

“Miss Hendrix,” I call and she looks at me over her shoulder. “To answer the question you asked in your paper, I *do* fuck dirty.”

The only thing I see before I give her my back again, is her wide eyes and the sexy-as-fuck blush on her face.

I wait until I hear the door close before I let out a long breath. Walking around my desk, I drop down into the chair and rake my hands through my hair. I tip my head back and close my eyes.

It’s a mistake, because an image of Luna in bed pops into my mind. She’s lying back against some pillows, and she has one of her hands shoved underneath her panties. She plays with herself while her thoughts are filled of me.

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CHAPTER 3

LUNA

“HEY, SWEETIE. HOW WAS SCHOOL TODAY?” MOM ASKS AS soon as I walk in the door later that day. She’s coming down the stairs with a basket full of clothes.

I shrug and drop my car keys on the small table beside the door. “It was okay.”

“Just okay?” Her brows pull down. “Did anything happen?”

There’s no way I’m telling Mom about the mishap with my assignment. Mom and I are close, but what teenage girl is close enough with their mom to tell them they pretty much announced to their English teacher that they have a major crush on him?

No freaking way.

I avoid Mom’s eyes because she’s always been able to tell if there’s something wrong with me. “No, nothing happened. It was just a typical day at school.”

It was so far away from a typical day. I’m pretty sure I’m the only girl on the planet to ever do what I did.

“Okay then.” Mom still doesn’t sound convinced, but she doesn’t push, thank goodness. “Dinner will be ready in a couple of hours. We’re having meatloaf.”

“That sounds good,” I reply, already heading toward the stairs. “Let me know if you need any help cooking.”

Once I'm in my room, I toss my book bag on my desk and toe off my shoes. Pulling my phone from my back pocket, I plop down on my bed, laying so I'm facing the ceiling. I pull Hannah's name up on my phone and press down on it. It rings three times before she picks up.

"Hey, boo, whatcha doin'?"

I throw my arm over my eyes and let out a sigh. "Wishing I could move back home ASAP and never step foot in Silver Falls High again."

"Uh oh." I hear a door slam on her end. "Tell Mama Hannah whose ass I have to kick."

Hannah, my best friend since grade school, is the complete opposite of me. She's outgoing, doesn't have a shy bone in her body, speaks her mind, and won't hesitate to come to the defense of anyone she cares about. Luckily, she cares about me.

"Mine," I sigh. "I messed up, Hannah. Really badly."

Over the next fifteen minutes, two of which I have to pause and grit my teeth because Hannah was laughing so hard, I tell her, about what amounts to be, the worst day of my existence. She already knows of my crush on Mr. Monroe, so that comes as no surprise. She interrupts me several more times to ask questions.

"This has to be some kind of joke, right? I mean, you honestly didn't hand in a written fantasy of your teacher. Wait a sec." There's shuffling on her end before she comes back on the line. "No, it's not April Fool's Day." She pauses long enough to whistle. "Damn girl. You really did it this time."

"I know!" I cry into my phone. "How in the world can I show my face in his class again?"

"Well, look on the bright side," she says. "At least it wasn't a peer-review paper."

She has a point. It's one thing to have my teacher read it, it would be doubly worse if both he and another student did. Even so, it doesn't make me feel any better.

“There’s no way I can go back to school. You need to go ask your mom if I can stay with you so I can finish out the year at Beacon High.”

“Yeah, right.” I can practically hear her eyes roll. “You know your mom wouldn’t go for that.”

“I’m eighteen. I can live where I want,” I grumble.

“Come on, Lu. It’s not the end of the world.”

“Says the girl who didn’t humiliate herself in front of her teacher.”

“Did he say anything else during your meeting?”

I bite my lip. I kept Mr. Monroe’s parting words out of our conversation, not sure imparting that tidbit to my friend is wise. I sent Hannah a picture of Mr. Monroe I found on the school website—no, I’m not a stalker. I came across it when I was looking for an email for one of my other teachers so I could send them a message about an assignment. Hannah took one look at the picture and demanded I try to seduce him. Of course, she wasn’t serious—or I don’t think she was. I’m still a virgin, and she knows that. I certainly wasn’t going to attempt to coax a teacher into my bed.

Even so, there’s no telling what she’ll say if I tell her what Mr. Monroe said right before I walked out the door.

But then again, I really need to tell someone.

“He told me that he fucks dirty,” I blurt out.

It’s quiet on her end for so long, I wonder if she accidentally hung up. I’m just about to ask her if she’s there when her loud screech nearly pops my eardrums.

“What?!” I pull the phone away from my ear. “Holy shit, Lu! I’mma need you to hold on a minute so I can turn down the A/C. It just got really hot in here.”

“Really, Hannah?” I roll to my stomach. “I need you to take this seriously. What am I supposed to do?”

Her breath fans across the line when she huffs. “You do what any normal eighteen-year-old would do in this situation.”

She pauses, and I know what's coming. "You take the bull by the horns, or in this instance, the man by the dick, and drag his ass to the nearest closet. Then you let him teach you all the dirty things."

Why her words suddenly suck all of the air out of the room is beyond me. It's not like I would ever do something like that. It's not even like I *want* to do something like that.

Liar, liar, my mind screams.

"First, you're ridiculous. A normal eighteen-year-old would *not* do something like that. And second, even if I were a different person and had the nerve to do that, Mr. Monroe is not interested in a student."

She scoffs. "Sounds to me he's *more* than interested. He wouldn't have told you how he fucks if he wasn't."

"I happened to have asked that question in my fantasy. So he was just answering it," I inform her. And yes, even to my own ears, it sounds stupid.

"You are not that naïve, so don't pretend to be."

My head flops to the mattress and my next words come out muffled. "This is a disaster."

Thankfully, Hannah begins to realize just how much this is bothering me. "Listen," she begins quietly, and I lift my head. "You only have a month left of school. Yes, this is a mortifying situation you've put yourself in, but you're just going to have to push through it. He'll eventually forget all about it."

A bitter laugh leaves my throat. "Yeah, right."

"He will, Lu," she insists. "The man is hot as sin, so I'm sure he's had other students crush on him before. You're just another on the list. And even if he doesn't, you don't have to see him again after you graduate. Just keep your head down, and for God's sake, if you have any more dreams about him, don't write them down."

I nod, even though she can't see me. "That's a no-brainer."

"Do whatever you need to do to keep off his radar."

“God,” I sigh. “I miss you so much. I hate that we live so far apart. Why did Dad have to get a job three states away?”

“Because life is a bitch sometimes. Listen, I’ve got to go. Daniel is coming to pick me up to go to the movies.”

Daniel is Hannah’s on-again-off-again boyfriend.

“Fine,” I mumble. “Tell Daniel I said hi.”

“Will do. Love ya. And try not to let this ruin your life too much. There are so many ways it could have been worse.”

“Yeah,” I agree, even though I’m not mollified in the least by her statement. “Talk to you later.”

After we hang up, I drop my phone on the bed and let my face fall back to the mattress. Then I scream as loud as I can into the comforter.

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CHAPTER 4

AUGUST

FRIDAY EVENINGS, THIS TIME OF YEAR, ARE ALWAYS HECTIC. They aren't as bad as football season, but baseball is the school's second most popular sport. Our team has been the champions in our district for five years running, and this year, so far, it looks like we'll be keeping our streak.

Because the games cause a lot of hype, the school board requires at least five staff members to be present. Unfortunately, it was my turn to volunteer for today's game. We're up by seven points in the last inning. Bennett High doesn't stand a chance of a comeback. The cheers on our side of the field and the usual quietness on the other side indicates both teams know it.

I walk the sidelines of the field, scanning the crowd to make sure everyone is behaving. Thankfully, there haven't been any issues so far. That could easily change though.

A loud whack sounds, and I watch as the ball sails through the air. It looks like a possible home run, but Mack, one of our outfielders, jumps and barely manages to catch it before it crosses the fence. The crowd goes wild.

The rest of the game goes by quickly. Once it's over, both teams line up so they can clap hands with each other as they pass by. Afterward, the coach of the other team talks quietly to his players while our team cheers.

Twenty minutes pass before the crowd starts to disperse. Meaning I can finally go the fuck home. Students get in their

cars and drive off to do whatever teens do after games nowadays, and parents go on about their merry way.

With only a few cars belonging to the coach and the team players left in the parking lot, I head toward the school to pick up a folder I left in my classroom earlier today. I'd leave it for tomorrow but it's the weekend, and I need it before Monday.

I can hear the boys in the locker room as I pass by the door, cheering and ribbing each other. It reminds me of my days when I played football. At that age, there's no better high than when you kick the ass of the opposing team.

I'm just about to round the corner when I come to a halt, hearing voices.

“Stop! Get your hands off me.”

I'd know that voice just about anywhere. It's shamefully starred in quite a few of my dreams lately, along with the delectable body it belongs to.

The hair on the back of my neck prickles at her tearful tone.

“I'm tired of you denying me your cunt. I'm taking—”

His words are cut off when I turn the corner and charge toward them. Aaron Mathers, still dressed in his baseball uniform, has Luna pinned against a set of lockers, her face smashed against the metal. Seeing his hand shoved down her pants while the other works on the button of her jeans has my vision going red.

“Mathers!” I roar his name.

It only takes me a second to reach them, and when I do, I grab a fistful of his hair and yank him away. His wide eyes meet mine.

“Wha—”

His words are shoved down his throat when my fist crunches against his face. I'm a big guy, with big hands, so coupled with his surprise of my appearance and the force behind my punch, he crumples to the floor. Every muscle in my body is telling me to go at him again. To teach the little

bastard a lesson on touching girls when they don't want to be touched.

But Luna's yelp has my head turning toward her. She's huddled against the locker, one hand covering her mouth, with tears streaking down her face. There's a red mark on her cheek from where it was pressed against the vent slats on the locker.

My anger renews at seeing that mark, but I lock it down.

"Are you okay?" I ask, approaching her slowly.

Her head bobs up and down. "Yes," she answers shakily. "I think so."

I let my eyes travel over her body, looking for any signs of other marks. When they fall on the unbuttoned snap on her jeans, my blood boils.

I take a calming breath and rein in the need to decimate the boy currently moaning on the ground.

"Come on." I pick up the bag she must have dropped when Aaron attacked her. "We're going to get the coach and report what this asshole did." I glare down at Aaron.

"No. Please." I look at Luna, not at all liking her plea. Her hair tumbles around her when she shakes her head. "I don't want to report it. I just want to forget about it."

"Luna, the school needs to know about this."

Her eyes water and her bottom lip trembles. "I would prefer it if they didn't. I'm sure he would have stopped before it went too far."

My lips form a straight line. "You don't know that for sure."

She looks down at Aaron, who wisely, still hasn't gotten off the floor. Satisfaction courses through me, seeing the blood dripping between the fingers covering his nose. He deserves worse.

"I don't," Luna says, bringing her eyes back to me. Her shoulders go from being hunched to being straight as she

strengthens her resolve. “But I’m sure he won’t mess with me anymore. And reporting it will only cause problems.”

I’m torn between doing what she wants and doing what’s right. The school should be informed of Aaron’s behavior. In fact, the police should be called. He needs to be punished for what he did. But I can’t force her to report it. It would be pointless to report it myself if Luna won’t back up my statement, and from the look on her face, she wouldn’t.

“Fine.” I slash my hand through my hair, not liking this one bit. “At least let me get you out of here.”

A small smile of gratitude curves her lips, and she nods. “Okay.”

Before we walk away, I bend down so I’m hovering over Aaron. I keep my voice low when I growl my next words. “You stay the fuck away from her. If I get a hint of you sniffing around her, your broken nose will be the last thing you’re worrying about. And if you report me for hitting you, just remember, there are cameras in the hallways. The staff only checks the feed if something happens, so I can easily give them the time and place to look.”

His eyes, which are already starting to form a dark ring around them, look up at me in defiance.

“You get me?” I ask when he doesn’t answer right away.

“Yes,” he hisses out between clenched teeth.

I stand, tempted to kick him in the ribs for good measure, but Luna grabs my hand and pulls me away.

Whether or not it’s appropriate, I tuck her into my side and lead her down the hallway and out the door right past the boys’ locker room. The sun is starting to set behind the trees, and there’s a cool breeze blowing. Luna shivers beside me, and I want nothing more than to wrap my body around hers to ward off the chill.

“My car’s over there.” She points to a newer model, blue car.

“I’m not letting you drive. I’ll take you home and you can have one of your parents bring you back tomorrow to grab your car,” I tell her and move us toward my truck.

Once I get her situated inside, I round the hood and climb inside. I put her seat warmer on high. I don’t know if she’s actually cold or if her shivers are from what happened. Either way, I’m hoping the warm seat will help.

Before leaving the parking lot, I turn to face her. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

She licks her lips and looks over at me. “Yeah. Just a little shaken up.”

Is it wrong of me to reach over and take her hand? Yes, probably so. But I do it anyway. Not because I’m unreasonably attracted to her, but to simply offer comfort.

She looks down at our hands for a moment before lifting her eyes to me. “Can you not take me home right now?” she asks, her voice so low I barely make out the words. “I don’t think I can face my parents just yet.”

“Sure.”

I wait a beat, not wanting to let go of her hand, but needing to get her out of here before the coach and team leave the school.

Releasing her hand, I put the car in drive and leave the parking lot. At the stop sign, I debate with myself about where I can take us. In the end, I make a decision, and probably not a wise one.

Ten minutes later, in which the cab of my truck is filled with silence, I pull into my driveway. Luna looks around.

“Is this your house?” she asks.

“Yes.” I keep the truck running. “We don’t have to go inside. We can stay out here for as long as you need, then I can take you home.”

She tugs her bottom lip between her teeth, looking out the windshield. After a moment, she says, “I’d like to go inside if

that's alright with you. Would you mind if I freshen up in your bathroom before you take me home?"

"Of course. Stay there."

I get out of my truck and walk to her side. She's already unbuckled when I open her door. My hands itch to help her down, but I keep them at my sides, ready to help if she has trouble. Her head moves from side to side, looking at everything she can, as we walk the sidewalk leading to my front door. I unlock the door and gesture with my hand for her to enter.

My house, a single-story brick, looks old on the outside but has been remodeled on the inside.

"I bought this place a few years ago and have been slowly remodeling. The inside is mostly done. I'm starting work on the outside soon," I tell her, tossing my keys on the table beside the couch.

She looks around for several seconds, taking in everything she can see. I turn and look as well, seeing the living room through her eyes. She's young and probably thinks my style is boring compared to the more hip styles young people like these days.

I have a brown leather, L-shaped couch with a big screen TV on the wall opposite. End tables sit on each end of the couch and a coffee table in front of it. In one corner sits a bookshelf filled with old mystery and crime books. The walls are painted a light gray and the shades hanging over the windows are beige. There's nothing spectacular going on, but it's comfortable.

"This is nice," she comments.

I pull my eyes away from the living room and point them at her. She looks so small and fragile standing there with her hands clasped tightly together in front of her and her bottom lip once again caught between her teeth.

She has no idea how fucking badly I want to pull that lip free and bite it with my own teeth; how goddamn hard it is to keep my hands at my sides and not put them all over her body.

For as long as I've been a high school teacher, I've never been tempted by one of my students before. So what in the hell is it about this girl that makes me want to throw caution to the wind, not to mention risk my career, just to have a simple taste?

Before I realize what I'm doing, I've taken two steps toward her, my intentions far from what a teacher should do with their student. She's staring at me, and for a moment I think I've frightened her with my advance. But a closer look shows it's not fear she's feeling.

Fuck no.

What has her body going rigid, her eyes widening, and her mouth dropping as her breathing becomes heavier isn't fear. It's unadulterated lust. It shines so damn bright in her eyes, I can practically feel the heat of it.

She wants me. And I'm guessing her need is nearly as strong as mine.

As much as I want to give both of us what we want, I can't. She's too fucking young and innocent. She may *think* she wants me, but she really doesn't. She's not old enough to know what she truly wants, which should be a nice young man who can give her hearts and flowers.

Not to mention, she just went through a horrible ordeal. Even if I did toss away all of my morals, the last thing she needs is me mauling her after an asshole just did the same.

Clenching my jaw, I spin on my heel away from her and toss over my shoulder as I head toward the kitchen, "Would you like something to drink? I think I have orange juice and some tea in the fridge. Or a bottle of water."

I feel rather than see her following me. When she doesn't answer, I stop at the fridge with the handle in my hand and turn to her. She's just inside the doorway, her hands still tightly strangling each other. But, thank fuck, that bottom lip is no longer caught between her teeth.

She eyes the kitchen, a modern style with stainless steel appliances and light gray walls, before she sets her eyes on

me. “Water, please.”

Opening the fridge, I grab out two bottles of water. What I really want is to pop open the fifth of Johnnie Walker I have in the cabinet above the fridge, but I need to keep my head when I’m around this girl. I’m so on edge, there’s no fucking telling what my mouth will say or what my hands will do if I’m not completely clear-headed.

After I hand Luna her water, I take several steps back and lean against the counter. She stands there awkwardly, like she doesn’t know what to say or do. I’ve never had a girl her age in my kitchen, let alone my house, so I’m at a loss too.

I down half the water and set the bottle on the counter behind me, then ask her a question I’ve been wondering about since we left the school.

“Has Mathers ever done that to you before?”

Her eyes jerk away from the window above the sink to me. “No. I mean, he’s flirted and shown his interest, but he’s never cornered me like that.”

I nod, my jaw tight. “If he approaches you again, tell me.”

She licks her lips then rubs them together. “I’m pretty sure he won’t. Not after what you did to him.”

If he has any brain cells left, he’d be smart not to. Even so....

“But if he does, I want to know about it.”

She plays with the cap on her bottle, twisting it one way then the other. “Okay.” She’s quiet for a moment before she speaks again. “Thank you for helping me.”

She has no reason to thank me. I just wish she would have allowed me to report the incident. The little punk deserves to be punished more than the broken nose I gave him.

She sets her water bottle on the counter, having drunk none of it, and looks behind her toward the kitchen door. “You mind if I use your bathroom?” Her pert little nose wrinkles. “I’m sure I look horrible, so I’d like to clean up before you take me home.”

I'm pretty sure she could never look anything but beautiful, but I keep that inappropriate thought to myself.

Instead, I jerk my chin behind her. "It's down the hallway. Second door on the right."

She smiles, just a small tip of her lips. "Thanks. I'll be right back."

The second she's out of the room, I suck in a deep breath. I rake my hands through my hair and grip the back of my neck, praying for strength.

I'm thirty-five years old, have been fucking for twenty of those years, and I've never felt such a strong attraction to a woman.

A woman?

Yes, she's technically of legal age, but she's my student. She's still in fucking high school, for Christ's sake. She's nothing like the women I typically go for.

So why in the hell can't I get her out of my head?

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CHAPTER 5

LUNA

I STAND IN FRONT OF THE SINK AND STARE AT MY REFLECTION in the mirror.

I was right. I look like a hot mess. The high, messy bun on top of my head has come loose with half of my bangs falling around my face. The light make-up I put on this morning has faded, with mascara smeared under my eyes. My eyes look red, no doubt from the stress of having Aaron trying to force himself on me. And my clothes are wrinkled, again from Aaron grabbing at them.

I lean over the sink to get a closer look at my face. I frown when I see a red mark on my cheek. It's from the slats in the locker pressing against the skin. I don't know if the mark will fade or if it'll leave a bruise, but I need to hide it before I go home. Dad will freak out if he sees it and demand I tell him how I got the mark. And Lord knows what he'll do if he finds out I got it from a guy.

I shudder at just the thought. Dad is very much an alpha male. When it comes to the protection of his two girls, he holds back no punches. Literally.

I remember one time when I was a kid and he, Mom, and I were at the movies. Mom took me to the bathroom before the movie started. I was still in the stall when I heard Mom talking to someone. The bathroom was huge, and she was at the opposite end washing her hands. I couldn't hear what she was saying but I could hear the irritation in her tone.

When I opened the stall, I saw a man had backed Mom up against the wall. He looked unsteady on his feet. Like he was drunk or something. Mom's head turned toward me, a look of anger and fear filling her eyes. She told me to stay back. I didn't want to, but I did. I was only ten at the time, so I was scared. Dad walked in right then, and I swear I had never seen the look on his face before. I was young and didn't know what kind of evil was out in the world, but I swear, I knew exactly what he was thinking at that moment. He wanted to kill the guy who was attacking Mom. And I firmly believe he would have, or at the very least done permanent damage, had Mom not pulled him off the guy after delivering several, well-aimed punches to his face.

Dad's like those men I read about in romance novels. The kind who would do anything to keep his girls safe. I have no doubt he'd lose his shit if he found out Aaron laid his hands on me.

With that thought in mind, I open the small bag I carried in with me and pull out my foundation. As I bend over the sink and try my best to cover the red mark and fix my mascara, my thoughts turn to the owner of this house.

As crazy as it sounds, I would have sworn Mr. Monroe almost kissed me a few minutes ago. And it's just as crazy that I wanted him to. He's my teacher, a man much older than me. But he's also extremely good looking and his body is fit in a way most men his age aren't. In a non-gross way, he reminds me of Dad with his growly responses, his tough guy persona, and the way he protected me from Aaron. Mr. Monroe is also like the guys in romance books. As he was looming over Aaron in the school hallway, I could tell he was holding back most of his anger. Had I not called his name, I'm pretty sure Aaron would have ended up with more than just a broken nose.

After I'm finished with my make-up, I work on my hair. Pulling out the band holding it back, I run my fingers through the thick strands. My hair, which is a dark chestnut, falls halfway down my back in loose curls. I decide to leave it down instead of putting it back up.

Once I'm reasonably sure I look good enough to not tip my parents off that something happened tonight, I stuff everything back in my bag, pull in a lungful of air and open the bathroom door. I'm tempted to check out each room before I go back to the kitchen, but chicken out. Just my luck, Mr. Monroe would catch me snooping, and I've already embarrassed myself enough in front of him.

Just as I step out of the hallway into the living room, Mr. Monroe walks out of the kitchen. I come to a stop, and all my breath whooshes out of me.

He stops too, and our eyes meet across the room.

During the ten minutes I spent in the bathroom, Mr. Monroe has taken off his tie and another button has been undone at the top of his shirt. A small sliver of colored skin peeks through the opening, showing he has more tattoos than just the ones I've seen on his finger and arms. Unconsciously, a strong need to explore each one has warmth filling my stomach. Despite never having sex, I'm a female and have felt lustful urges before. But what I feel for my teacher is much stronger than I've ever felt.

It's not just a want, it's a *need*. A need to know what his hands feel like all over my body. A need to know what he tastes like. A need to feel him on top of me as he slides his cock in and out of my body.

Those feelings scare me, but more so, they excite me and give me the courage to do something I never thought I would do. Hannah's words from yesterday come back to me.

"You take the bull by the horns, or in this instance, the man by the dick, and drag his ass to the nearest closet. Then you let him teach you all the dirty things."

While I won't be taking him by the dick and dragging him to a closet, I do want to be bold like the women in my romance books and do something I would normally only dream about.

My eyes slide closed for a brief moment, and I take in a deep breath and hope I don't make a complete fool of myself.

I open them and take several steps forward. At the couch, I drop my bag over the back to the cushions. Then I walk slowly toward Mr. Monroe. I'm not under the illusion that my slow movements come across as seductive—I don't think I could pull off enticing even if I tried—but I hope I at least look good.

When I'm a foot away, I stop and tilt my head back to look up at him. It's never more apparent than in this moment how much bigger my teacher is than me. His head is tilted down and cocked to the side, and I can see the question in his eyes.

I nervously lick my bottom lip, and his gaze follows the movement. Something flares in their dark-blue depths, and it's that look that gives me the final bit of courage to open my mouth and make my request.

“Teach me,” I say quietly.

His brows drop and his head jerks back an inch. “Teach you, what?”

My chest rises as my lungs fill with air.

I never in a million years thought I'd be bold and brave like Hannah. She'd be so proud, and I could just imagine the huge grin on her face if she were here right now. But I'm glad she's not. This is my moment. Mine, and if I have my way, Mr. Monroe's.

I hold his intense stare and say with as much courage as I've ever had, “Teach me something dirty.”

CHAPTER 6

AUGUST

“TEACH ME SOMETHING DIRTY.”

Those are the words that came out of Luna’s mouth. I heard them loud and clear. She’s right here in front of me, but it’s hard to see past the fog of lust to determine if I heard her correctly.

My cock, which has been half hard since we walked in my house, turns to granite.

Her smell, hearing those words, and having her right in front of me has my mind and body fighting against itself.

When she walked out of the bathroom a moment ago, a shot of lust slammed into me so fucking hard I nearly stumbled from it. It’s always there when she’s near, but fuck me, seeing her with her hair down, the innocent but naughty look in her eyes, having her in my home, makes that feeling ten times stronger.

Before I know what I’m doing, my hands are reaching for Luna’s hips. My grip is probably too tight, but I can’t stop it from happening.

I take in a deep breath, ready to deny her request, but then her scent hits me square in the dick.

Fuck, she smells good. And I bet she’d taste even better.

I push away those thoughts and drop my hands to my sides, already regretting my decision.

“Miss Hendrix—”

“Luna,” she says quickly.

I clench my jaw. “Miss Hendrix,” I grit out. “You have no idea what you’re asking for. I’m your teacher and much older than you.”

I need her to see reason, because my own is slipping precariously close to the edge.

“I don’t care about your age,” she says in a shaky voice. She presses her lips together, and her back straightens. “And I do know what I want.”

“You’re too young to know. This is just a teenage crush. I’m in no way the appropriate person to give you what you want.”

I can see it in her eyes that she wants to protest. She even opens her mouth, but immediately snaps it shut. Doubt starts to creep over her features, and her eyes drop from mine. Seeing that look does bad things to my body.

She starts backing away from me, her eyes darting around the room, looking anywhere but at me. I don’t like it. I hate the fucking rejection radiating off her.

“I get it,” she mumbles. “I’m sorry.” She stops by the couch, reaching over the back to grab her bag. “Could—” Her voice cracks, so she tries again. “Could you take me back to my car now?”

She’s still facing the couch. Her shoulders are slumped and the side of her face I can see is a bright red. Her chest rises and falls rapidly, like she’s fighting back her tears.

Slowly, I walk toward her. My intention is to talk some sense into her, to get her to see why giving her what she wants is such a bad idea. That’s what I plan to do, what I *should* do.

But what I do instead is the total opposite. My control snaps once I’m behind her. All I can think about is stripping her clothes off and devouring every single fucking inch of her.

It’s wrong.

So goddamn wrong.

But for the life of me I can't think of the reasons why.

She's eighteen.

She's legal.

This is what both of us want.

Why in the hell shouldn't I give it to her?

I step up so close she has to feel the heat of my chest hit her back. Leaning my head to one side of her face, I rest my lips at her ear.

"Is this really what you want?"

Her head jerks up and she pants out "Yes."

"Know this, Luna. What I'm going to do to you won't be nice and clean. It'll be hard, dirty, raw, and will have you screaming my name. But it'll be so fucking good, you'll feel me for days and come begging for more." I nip the side of her neck. "You sure you can handle that?"

Her hands move to the back of the couch, and she grips the material so tightly her knuckles turn white. After a moment, she turns her head to the side and her eyes meet mine. "Yes," she moans, that one word music to my ears.

As soon as it leaves her lips, I grab her hips and growl, "Keep your hands there."

I pull her back a foot, forcing her to bend over. Running my hand over her jean-covered ass, I'm tempted to just yank down her pants and force my cock into the tight depths of her pussy, whether she's wet enough to take me or not.

If she weren't so innocent, I would. Luna claims to be able to handle what I want to give her, but I know otherwise. She may *think* she can, but my brand of fucking would send her running for the hills.

I tamp down my need to rut at her willing body and reach around for the button of her jeans. As I slowly slide the zipper down, I press my hard cock against her backside, grinding against her ass.

Her hair has fallen forward, hiding my view of her face. Needing to make sure she's still with me, I grab the long strands in my fist and pull back her head. Her mouth is open as she pants, and her eyes are wide.

"You still with me?" I grunt.

Her tongue peeks out again, running along her bottom lip. When she nods, I give her hair a little yank.

"Not good enough, Luna. I need to hear your words."

"Yes."

"Good."

I set her mass of hair over one shoulder so I can keep an eye on her face, then grab the sides of her jeans. Slowly, I slide them over her hips.

Sweet baby Jesus.

A deep groan leaves my throat when I see the strings of her thong.

Pulling her jeans down further, my eyes zero in on the material that disappears between her gorgeous ass cheeks.

Maybe little Miss Hendrix isn't quite so innocent.

As I push her jeans down her legs, I get to my knees behind her. Once they're at her ankles, I lift one foot and then the other and remove her white tennis shoes and socks. Her thong and jeans are the next to go. I sit back on my heels when she's naked from the waist down. For a girl as young as she is, she has one fine fucking ass. Plump, tanned cheeks, just begging to be bitten.

Her legs are silky smooth when I run my hands up them.

"Open your legs," I tell her.

She does so immediately, and a little smile curves up my lips. So ready and willing.

My question earlier on whether she would be wet enough to take me is answered when I look at her thighs. They glisten

with her arousal. Her musky scent teases my control and my mouth waters.

“You ever had anyone lick you here?” I ask as I lightly graze my fingers between her wet folds.

A little mew leaves her lips, and she rapidly shakes her head. “No.”

Despite already guessing her answer, that one word has my cock twitching.

“You ever had anyone’s hand down here?” I swirl the tip of my finger at her entrance.

“No,” she moans breathlessly.

“Not even yours?”

Her breath hitches, but she doesn’t answer.

“Luna,” I growl her name.

“Yes,” she answers quietly. “I-I’ve touched myself before.”

My balls draw up, my cock so hard it’s painful.

“Did you touch yourself after your dream about me?”

Her head drops forward, and I look up and see her face is flaming. “Yes,” she whispers.

Gripping both of her ass cheeks, I spread them as I lean forward and dip my head. Her body jerks the second my tongue touches her soaked pussy.

She moans deep in her throat and lifts to her toes. Gripping her hips, I hold her still as I suck her clit between my lips.

She tastes fucking divine. I could gorge on her for days and never come up for air.

Letting her ass cheeks go, I grab one of her legs and scoot forward so I’m almost underneath her. I set her thigh over my shoulder, so she’s spread wide open. My eyes zero in on her puckered hole.

“What about here?” I ask. I gather some of her juice, then press the tip of my finger at her tight hole. “You ever play with your asshole?”

“No.”

I smirk at her immediate answer. She’s in for a world of pleasure.

Starting at her clit, I run my tongue from the tight bundle of nerves, between her folds, and up the crack of her ass.

A soft cry leaves her, and she shocks me when she pushes her hips back. I do it again and again and her cries become louder each time.

On the fifth swipe, I stop at her asshole and push the tip of my tongue inside at the same time I push a finger in her pussy. Both are tight as fuck. I can’t wait to feel each wrapped around my cock.

I leave her asshole behind and sit up on my knees, keeping my finger at her slick entrance. I slide the digit all the way inside, not surprised when I’m met with the soft piece of skin protecting her innocence. Pulling out, I add a second finger.

Luna bucks, rocking back and forth. “Mr. Monroe,” she moans.

“August,” I growl, and she looks at me over her shoulder. “You call me August when I have you like this.”

“August,” she responds softly.

Hearing my name come from her lips has pre-cum seeping from my cock.

I continue to slowly fuck her pussy with my fingers. When I add a third, I have trouble pushing it in. She’s going to fucking strangle my cock when I finally slide inside her.

I make sure I don’t go too fast or too deep. When I fuck her virginity away, I want her innocence on my cock, not my fingers.

Slipping my other hand between her legs, I pinch her clit between my thumb and pointer finger and roll it around. Her walls clamp down on me, giving away her impending orgasm. Curling my fingers and finding the spongy flesh inside her, I apply pressure.

Satisfaction roars inside me when a moment later, she lets out a loud cry and a gush of warm liquid seeps out around my fingers. I lean forward, pulling my fingers from her pussy, and lap up every drop, letting none go to waste.

Feeling the post orgasm ripples from Luna and hearing the way she can barely catch her breath, I kiss one of her butt cheeks and get to my feet. Her legs are shaky, and she looks about ready to fall, so I wrap an arm around her waist and pull her back against my chest. Her hair is still pushed to one side, so I take advantage of the exposed skin of her neck and press lingering kisses there.

“W-what was that?” she asks after a moment.

“That was the devil disguised as an angel, also known as a g-spot orgasm,” I whisper in her ear.

Her body sags back against me. “I’ve never done that before. Anytime....” She trails off, and I can feel the heat of her blush on my cheek.

“Not all women can have them.” I run my palm under her shirt and yank down one of the cups of her bra, filling my hand with her tit. “It takes practice for a man and woman to find just the right spot.” Using my other hand, I slide it down her stomach and cup her still swollen pussy. “Luckily for you, I’ve had a lot of practice and know exactly where that sweet spot is and how to manipulate it.”

I slip two fingers inside her and tweak her nipple at the same time. Using my fingers in her pussy, I pull her bare ass back against my erection.

I tug her earlobe with my teeth, then kiss away the slight sting.

“Are you ready?”

“For what?”

Instead of answering, I slip my hand from beneath her shirt, grab a handful of hair, and twist her head to the side. I take her mouth for the first time in a heated kiss, slashing my tongue with hers. Just like her pussy and ass, her mouth tastes fucking delicious.

I lift my head and gaze down at her. “See how good you taste?” I ask. “You’re fucking addicting, Luna Hendrix.”

My statement must please her, because she smiles.

“You came all over my fingers and mouth. Now it’s my turn to come on you,” I tell her.

Her smile fades, only for a heated look to replace it.

“Hands back on the couch, baby.”

She does so without protest.

Pulling my fingers from her warm pussy, I suck them in my mouth, cleaning them off, before I undo the button and zipper on my slacks. They fall to the floor, and I push my briefs over my straining cock. I debate on having Luna suck me off, but decide I want something more.

Luna turns her head, and her eyes meet mine. “Are you going to... fuck me now?”

Looking down, I grip my cock and run the tip along her pussy lips before I answer. “Not tonight.”

The disappointment that flashes in her eyes almost has me changing my mind. I should fuck her. I should show her exactly what she’s asking for and why she shouldn’t want it. But something tells me it wouldn’t work. She’s taken everything I’ve given her so far, so taking my cock wouldn’t scare her off.

Even so, and as hard as it will be to resist, fucking her is not an option tonight. I’ve fucked her with my fingers and tongue and have even played with her ass. I’ll leave fucking her with my cock for another time.

I will continue to play with her though. Using the head, I slide it between her folds and rock back and forth, making sure I hit her clit with each forward motion. I watch as I slide back to her entrance and grit my teeth as I press just the tip inside.

With the pre-cum seeping out, I’m playing with fire. I have no fucking clue if she’s on birth control or not, and a part of me doesn’t care. Unbidden, an image of Luna round with my

child filters through my mind, and fuck if it doesn't light my blood on fire.

It's wrong to think about such things. She's too young to have a child. She has her whole life ahead of her. Not to mention, we barely know each other. But I can't help but wonder what it would be like.

I yank that thought from my head and move my cock to her other hole. Her breath stutters out and she releases a small squeak. I wrap one hand around her waist and hold her still.

"Stay still," I grunt and look up at her. Her head is turned and that goddamn bottom lip is back between her teeth. "I'm not fucking your ass tonight either. But make no mistake, Luna, I will fuck it. And you'll fucking love it."

Her lip gets released and her hands curl around the back of the couch.

I play with her ass for another minute before I slide my cock back between her legs.

She's still wet from earlier and with the added juices seeping from her now, it gives me enough lubrication to easily slide back and forth.

It doesn't take long before I'm on the edge. Clenching my teeth, I pump faster and faster. Luna cries out, her own body wracked with her orgasm.

At the first spurt of my seed, I pull back and look down, aiming my cum at her pussy and ass, not giving one fuck that I'm being reckless.

I squeeze the tip of my dick, forcing out the last drop. Mesmerized at seeing my cum on her skin, I let my cock go and smear it on her ass cheeks. I dip my hand further between her legs, and cup her pussy, slipping a couple of fingers inside.

I press my chest against her back and whisper. "Are you on birth control?"

Her body stiffens and her head jerks around so she can look at me. "No."

Her answer should concern me, but it doesn't. In fact, I shove my fingers further inside her, hooking them around her walls and grinding my palm against her clit. My cock jerks against her back.

I have no fucking clue what I'm doing with this girl.

But one thing's for sure, I'm not done with her.

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CHAPTER 7

LUNA

I PUSH THE DOOR OPEN TO THE KITCHEN, THEN COME TO A complete stop, tempted to turn back around and just grab something for breakfast on the way to school. Dad has Mom backed up against the counter with his arms wrapped around her and their lips sealed together. I love how my parents' relationship is still so strong after twenty years of marriage. I just don't want to witness them showing that love. Not like *that* anyway.

"Gross," I say loudly. "You two, break it up. There's a child present."

Mom giggles, and as I walk to the fridge, I catch Dad pressing a final kiss against her neck before he lets her go.

"You're eighteen, so you're no longer a kid," he says, leaning a hip against the counter and picking up his coffee.

"Legally no." I glance at him over my shoulder as I grab out the carton of orange juice. "But to you and Mom, I'll always be a kid."

"Damn straight," he mutters behind the rim of his coffee mug.

"Besides, no matter how old I get, I never want to see you mauling Mom."

"I wasn't mauling your mother."

I give him a deadpan look. "You had your hand up her shirt and your tongue down her throat. If that's not mauling, I

don't know what is.”

His eyes narrow. “You best hope you never know what mauling is.”

Before he and Mom can notice the color of my cheeks turning pink, I turn away from them and grab a glass from the cabinet.

I definitely know what mauling is. Mr. Monroe did enough of it two nights ago to sear the experience in my brain. I've got a couple of light bruises on my thighs and a mark on the side of my neck as proof.

My stomach flutters at the reminder and unconsciously, I lift my hand and graze my fingers over the side of my neck. It took a lot of make-up to cover that mark.

The clank of a plate being set down on the counter pulls me from my naughty thoughts.

Mom sidles up next to me. “You okay?” she asks.

I drop my hand, hoping she doesn't notice it shaking, and plaster on a smile. “I'm fine.”

“You sure? You looked like you were a million miles away. Everything okay at school?”

“Yep.” I chirp. “Everything's great at school. I was just thinking about an assignment that's due soon.” I hold up the carton of orange juice. “Would you like some?”

Mom looks at me for a moment, and it takes a lot of effort to hold her eyes. I've never been a very good liar—probably because I hate doing it, especially to my parents—and something tells me, I'm doing a crap job of it right now.

Thankfully, Mom doesn't call me out on it.

She lifts her coffee cup between us. “I'm good, but thank you.”

I nod, letting out an inaudible sigh of relief, and pour some juice in the glass. I lift it to my lips and take a sip just as Mom leans over and whispers in my ear.

“You might want to put a bit more make-up on that spot on your neck before your father sees it.”

Of course, her words have me choking on my juice. Luckily, I’m standing by the sink, so most of what spews out of my mouth goes there. I cough and sputter as Mom rubs my back.

Once I catch my breath, I wipe my mouth with the back of my hand. Mom’s concerned eyes meet mine and she mouths the words, “I’m sorry.” Dad, who’s standing behind her, has his brows lifted.

“Drink went down the wrong pipe?”

“Yes,” I wheeze out, then clear my throat.

“It looks like you spilled some on your shirt,” Mom says, her eyes big and round. “Why don’t you go change it while I make you a cream cheese bagel.”

Because Mom and I have always been in sync, what she’s really telling me is to go fix my neck. Embarrassment coats my cheeks as I give her a nod. “Yeah, good idea.”

I thank my lucky stars that the side of my neck with the mark is facing away from Dad.

I’m a foot away from the door when Dad calls my name.

“Luna.” I turn around, finding his eyes and noticing a barely visible tic in his temple. “Tell the boy who left that mark on you if I find another, I’ll break his jaw.”

I’M NERVOUS AS I WALK INTO MR. MONROE’S ROOM LATER that afternoon. I stop just inside the doorway and look around. Half of the room is already full with students taking their seats and pulling out their notebooks. Mr. Monroe is at his desk, bent over as he shuffles through some papers.

As if he senses my presence, his head lifts and his eyes meet mine. For a split second, something dark and dirty flashes across his face, and I know he’s remembering our time

together. It's all I thought about over the weekend. It's still hard to get my head around the fact that it actually happened. But the tenderness between my legs is a constant reminder that it did.

The look fades from his face in the next second and the scowl I'm used to seeing replaces it. Unbidden, a sharp pain pierces my chest. I don't like that look. I want back the one he was giving me Friday night. I'll even take the one he gave me right after he saved me from Aaron. Anything but the dislike currently pulling down his brows.

A tap on my shoulder has my eyes jerking away from my teacher. "Can you get out of the way?"

I move out of the doorway just as a girl steps through. Aleah, I believe her name is. She eyes me for a moment, then slides her eyes to Mr. Monroe. A knowing smirk curves her lips when she sets them back on me.

I've never talked to Aleah, but she's in several of my classes and we share lunch together.

She walks off, and I follow behind her, taking my seat near the back of the room. I always choose a seat in the back. I hate being the center of attention, so I try to hide myself as much as possible.

Over the next forty minutes, Mr. Monroe has us read a short passage from Shakespeare. I try really hard to concentrate on the words I'm supposed to be reading, but I find myself looking up toward the front of the room more times than I'd like to admit. What makes it more difficult is that most times, I catch Mr. Monroe looking back at me.

I squirm in my seat, not liking, but also really freaking loving the feeling it gives me knowing he's watching me too.

By the time the bell rings, my legs are stiff from clenching them together so much.

I start packing away my stuff, ready to get out of the room and away from Mr. Monroe's intoxicating presence. I need a moment to just breathe and relax my body.

“Miss Hendrix?” I look up from stuffing a book in my bag. His gaze is impassive as he continues, “I need to see you after class.”

So much for getting away.

I freeze, unsure if I’m scared of why he wants to see me or excited. I look around the room, half expecting every eye to be on us, which is stupid. It’s not unheard of for a teacher to ask their student to stay after class.

This is different though. I’m not sure how it’s different, but I’m pretty sure it’s not because he wants to go over an assignment.

My fingers twist together as I stay at my desk and wait for the room to empty. Mr. Monroe follows the last student to the door. The click of the door closing has me jumping.

He stays there with his hand on the knob for a moment before he turns to face the room. Slowly, with his eyes set on me, he walks back to his desk.

“Come here, Luna,” he says in a low voice.

My legs move before I give them permission to. I come to a stop in front of him. I nervously shift from one foot to another when he doesn’t say anything and just simply stares at me. I can’t tell what he’s thinking because his expression is blank.

“Do you know what I thought about all weekend?” he asks, tone casual.

“What?” I squeak out.

His hands move to my hips and he slowly pulls me forward.

“How fucking good you tasted.”

I swallow and barely suppress a moan. I’m plastered to his chest and his hands move up my back. I rest my hands on his firm pecs and my fingers curl. I still haven’t seen what he looks like underneath his shirt, something I regret not doing Friday night.

“Every second I was in my house, you were all I thought about. How you fucking gushed all over my tongue. How your pussy felt wrapped around my fingers. How wet you got for me. Having your pussy lips clutch the head of my cock. It nearly drove me mad. *You’re* driving me mad. Have been from the moment you walked in my class.” He grabs a handful of my hair and pulls my head back, so I’m forced to look up at him. My mouth drops open, and I begin to pant. “Why is that, Luna? How in the hell can a teenager, my *student*, capture my attention so completely?”

I don’t have an answer for him. “I don’t know.”

“It’s insane, and I don’t like it.”

My stomach bottoms out. Does that mean he doesn’t want to see me again? I mean, of course he has to see me because he’s my teacher, but does he want to stop... whatever this is between us?

His grip on my hair tightens and he forces my head back further. Warm, soft lips press against my neck and a little mew slips past my lips.

“What I don’t like even more,” he murmurs against my neck, “is you covering up my mark. I want the whole world to see it.”

I want that too, but it’s stupid. We’re asking for trouble if I leave that mark uncovered. Questions could be asked, and again, I’m not a good liar. I’m lucky Dad didn’t demand to know who left it when he saw it earlier. I’m actually surprised he didn’t.

“Mr.—” I start, but I’m immediately cut off.

“I told you Friday to call me August when I have you like this.”

I stare up at the ceiling, my body aching as he continues to torment my neck.

“August,” I start again. “We can’t let anyone know. I covered it because people might ask questions.”

He lets my hair go and I pull my head down. He's watching me, expression tense.

"I said I didn't like it. I didn't tell you not to cover it. I know what the consequences will be if people find out, Luna. But it still pisses me off not being able to see my mark on you."

"Oh," I say lamely.

One corner of his mouth tips up. "Now it's time for me to eat."

I nod, keeping the disappointment off my face, and say, "Okay."

I drop my hands, intending to turn and grab my stuff, but I'm stopped when his hands grip my hips.

"Where are you going?"

I frown. "I thought we were—"

I don't get to finish my sentence. One moment, I'm standing in front of him, and the next Mr. Monroe picks me up and sets me on the edge of his desk.

"I said it was time for me to eat." He drops to his knees. "And that's what I intend to do." He finishes his statement by flipping up my skirt and wedging my knees apart.

"What?" I protest. "No, we can't do that here! Someone might come in."

He lifts his head, and the look he gives me has moisture soaking my panties.

"Oh, we're definitely doing it. And once I've had my fill, I'll be filling your mouth." His hands slip up my thighs, stopping when the tips of his finger meet the edge of my panties. "No one is going to come in. They're all at lunch."

"August," I try again, but his name is the only word that comes out, because he latches his lips around my clit and sucks hard. I moan, and all thought of stopping this flies out the window. Instead, I grow bold and grab his hair in both

hands and pull him closer. My head falls back, and little moans of pleasure leave my lips.

God, that feels so good.

My stomach muscles tighten and my legs quiver. Oral sex has always interested me, but I had no idea it felt this good. My mouth waters at the thought of what comes after this. Sucking Mr. Monroe's cock is intimidating—what if I'm terrible at it—but I'm no less looking forward to trying it.

He lifts my legs higher and throws them over his shoulder. Using a finger, he inserts it into my hole and begins pumping it in and out. The pressure of having his finger inside me, coupled with the little prickles on his cheeks and chin heighten my need to come.

My toes curl and flutters form in my belly. I'm right on the edge of falling over a blissful cliff, when all of a sudden something over by the door catches my attention. My head jerks around and my whole body freezes.

Standing just inside the door, her mouth agape and her wide eyes pinned on Mr. Monroe kneeling in front of me, is Aleah. Mr. Monroe is no longer licking me, but he's looking back at Aleah.

She takes two steps back, her mouth opening and closing. Finally, she mutters, "Sorry." Then spins on her heel, and rushes away.

The moment she's gone, I roughly shove at Mr. Monroe's shoulders. He gets to his feet and allows me enough room to get down from the desk. I quickly push down my dress.

"Oh my God," I whisper in horror. "I can't believe that just happened."

I look at Mr. Monroe, and the situation becomes all too real and even more mortifying. He's not looking at me with worry. Nope, his expression is filled with satisfaction. How in the hell can he be happy about this? And what's worse is that his mouth and chin glisten with my juices.

"Why in the hell aren't you freaking out?" I ask, my voice pitched loud, as I run to the back of the room to grab my bag.

“She could tell everyone! My dad will kill you if he finds out.”

“I doubt things would be that dramatic.” He stands there with his hands stuffed in his pocket, casually leaning back against his desk, like we just didn’t get caught with his head between my legs. “Besides, Aleah will keep her mouth shut.”

I glare at him over my shoulder. “You can’t know that.”

“I can.”

“How can you possibly know that?”

“Because I know something about Miss Channing that she doesn’t want anyone to know about. She’ll keep this secret, I can guarantee that.”

Doubt still plagues me, but all I can do is hope he’s right.

Keeping to the outside edge of the room, because I’m worried about being close to him right now, I walk toward the door.

“Luna.” I look back when he calls my name. “I haven’t forgotten that I owe you lunch.” My breath catches. “You’ll be collecting it soon.”

CHAPTER 8

LUNA

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, I WALK OUT OF SCHOOL AND HEAD toward the parking lot. Feeling eyes on the back of my head, I look over my shoulder and find Mr. Monroe watching me. He's standing about fifty feet away with the principal. Mr. Neethers is saying something to him, but he's paying him no mind.

I look away, quickening my steps. My body is still buzzing from earlier. Having his eyes on me only makes it worse.

My steps falter when I look up and see Aleah at my car. Her head is bent as she types something on her phone, but she glances up when I get closer.

"Hi," I say hesitantly.

"Hey. Luna, right?"

I eye her critically. "Yes."

"I'm Aleah, if you didn't know."

I bob my head. "I know."

"Would you mind giving me a ride home today? My brother has my car to get some speakers put in." I hesitate in answering. Seeing the wary look in my eyes, she continues. "If you can't, that's okay. I'll call my step-dad."

I make a split-second decision. This can go one of two ways, and I'm hoping it's the good one. "Yeah, sure."

She beams a smile at me. "Great! Thank you."

After unlocking the doors, I get in the driver's side while she gets in the passenger. It's quiet as I start the car and move us toward the exit of the parking lot.

"Which way?" I ask.

"Left."

Turning left, I creep along at the restricted school speed limit zone, then accelerate. I've never been good at making friends. Living in the same house most of my life and going to school with the same kids year after year, I haven't had to since grade school. Aleah always seems nice any time I've seen her in class or the hallways.

"There was another reason why I asked you to take me home," she says quietly after telling me to turn right at a red light. "I wanted you to know that your and Mr. Monroe's secret is safe with me."

I glance at her out the corner of my eye.

"Oh, uh, thank you." I tap my fingers on the steering wheel as I stop and wait for the car in front of me to turn. "But why?"

"Why?" she asks.

"Yes. Why wouldn't you tell anyone?"

"Because it's no one's business but yours and his," she answers simply. "Besides, I get it." I feel her eyes on the side of my face, so I look over at her. Her expression is thoughtful. "I've got my own drama currently going on."

I lift a brow in question, and she laughs. "We're not good enough friends for me to tell you. Just know that I definitely see the appeal in seeing an older man like Mr. Monroe."

Her cryptic explanation does crap for my curiosity. I wonder if this is the secret Mr. Monroe was talking about.

"You probably don't know because you haven't lived here long, but Mr. Monroe and my brother, Bryan, are friends. They grew up together here in Silver Falls."

What she says doesn't really surprise me. I imagine in a small town like this, most people know each other.

When Aleah tells me to turn down a familiar street, my hands tighten on the steering wheel. A moment later, we approach the house I spent a couple of pleasurable hours in last Friday. A house I hope to be in again.

"That's Mr. Monroe's house," Aleah comments.

I jerk my eyes away from said house and look over at her. The words slip out before I can stop them. "I know."

Her teeth flash with her grin. "So it's already like that then, huh?"

I keep my lips sealed, but I can't stop them from twitching.

"You know, we should become good friends. That way you can," she holds her hands up in air quotes, "spend the night with me."

The thought of spending a whole night with Mr. Monroe does seriously bad things to my body. Bad in a very good way, that is. Friday night when I asked him to teach me dirty things, I thought we would have sex. I *wanted* to have sex. When he told me we weren't, I barely stopped myself from begging. What he did to me instead though... I can't imagine how it could get much better than that.

Aleah points to a house three down from Mr. Monroe's. Being friends with her would be very beneficial. Not only because it would give me plenty of opportunities to see Mr. Monroe outside of school, but it would be nice to have a friend here.

I put my car in park after pulling into her driveway and turn in my seat. I curl my lips in a small smile. "So if we become good friends, does that mean you'll tell me this secret of yours?" I ask.

She laughs. "Maybe. We'll have to see."

I laugh with her.

"So tell me." She mimics me and slides in her seat to face me. "How does it feel to have an older man fuck you?"

My eyes go as round as saucers and my cheeks turn a bright red. It takes me a second to compose myself enough to answer. Apparently, Aleah is just as blunt as my friend Hannah. They would get along great.

“We haven’t actually had sex,” I inform her.

“Bummer. He looks like he would be damn good at it.”

A strangled laugh escapes me. “Well, he’s good at other things.”

Her brows jump up and down. “I could tell. Girl, the look on your face when I walked in earlier said you were very much enjoying what he was doing.”

And there goes my cheeks again. She’s right though. I had never felt anything as good as what he did to me earlier. Except, of course, what he did to me Friday.

Curiosity gets the better of me, and I ask, “Have you had sex with an older man before?”

“I haven’t had sex with any man, young or old.”

“Oh.”

“Not that I haven’t wanted to,” she tacks on with a smirk.

I don’t ask what she means, already knowing she won’t tell me.

“Anyway, I have to get inside.” She reaches down between her feet and picks up her backpack. “I’ve got a crap-ton of homework to get through, and I’m making lasagna tonight.” She opens her door. “Thanks for the ride. And hey, anytime you want to come spend the night.” She tosses me a wink before she gets out of the car. “Just let me know.”

I watch her walk up the steps to her porch. She throws a wave over her shoulder as she walks inside. Shaking my head, I let out a little laugh. If anyone had to catch me and Mr. Monroe in a compromising situation, I’m glad it was Aleah.

I get the feeling we’re going to become really good friends.

And once that happens, she’ll tell me that secret of hers.

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CHAPTER 9

AUGUST

WALKING INTO WHISKEY'S, I SPOT BRYAN ERIKSON, A LONG-time friend, at the bar and head that way.

“Whiskey, neat,” I tell Reed, the bartender, as soon as my ass hits the seat.

“You got it.”

Grabbing a short glass, he flips it over and pours in a couple inches of Maker's. He slides it across the bar, and I snap it up, tipping it to my lips. I grit my teeth as the harsh liquid slides down my throat.

I turn and face Bryan. “What the hell is going on in here tonight? It's usually not this crowded this early.”

“Some employees with Adair Marks came in a bit ago,” he answers, glancing over his shoulder across the room. “Apparently, some new guy Penelope hired from North Carolina landed them a big client, so they're here to celebrate.”

I take a look at the crowd in the back of the room. Adair Marks is a PR firm here in Silver Falls. The owner, Penelope Adair, opened the firm a few years ago, and it's expanded in that short time to be one of the top firms on the east coast. Word is the company has gotten so big Penelope plans to open several other firms, including one on the west coast.

My eyes land on Penelope, as she talks to one of her sisters, Taylor. Penelope and Taylor are half of quadruplets.

The four sisters are known as the Adair Quads. Despite being identical, each sister is very much different from the other. Not just in hair style and the way they dress, but in personality.

“Good for Penelope,” I comment, turning back in my seat to face the bar. “I hope she shoves one of her stilettos up her father’s ass.”

Bryan and I both went to school with the Adair sisters, along with their older brother, Wesley. I can’t remember the amount of times one of them came to school with a bruise. The incidents were never reported because neither Wesley nor the girls would ever admit it. Their mother was sickly and needed constant medical care. I have my suspicions they kept quiet because the only money they had came from Eric Adair, their father, who paid for their mother’s medical expenses. Rumor is, without that care, she would have died. Unfortunately, she passed right after the sisters left for college. Since then, as far as I know, they’ve cut off all contact with him.

I take another swallow of my drink, then set it on the bar.

“How are things with Charlotte?” I ask.

Charlotte is Bryan’s patient. Or rather, she was his patient until he started seeing her outside of his office. She may not be his patient any longer.

“It’s going great,” he answers, turning his head to the side to look at me. “That’s actually why I asked you to meet me here.” Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out a small, black box. He flips it around a few times before he pulls it open to reveal a square-cut diamond solitaire engagement ring.

My brows shoot up. “I don’t need to guess what that’s for.” I lift my eyes and find Bryan staring down at the ring.

He snaps the box closed a moment later and stuffs it back into his pocket.

“It’s fucking crazy to be at this point already. I may have known Charlotte as my patient for six months, but we’ve only been seeing each other romantically for a few weeks. I honestly can’t see a future without her in it.”

“That’s great, man.” I slap his back. “I’m happy for you.”

He glances over, doubt lining his face. “You don’t think I’m moving too fast?”

“For a lot of people, I’d say yes. Young people these days mistake lust for love all the time. But I believe you’ve lived long enough to know the difference. You’ve gotten to know the person Charlotte is through your time together as her doctor. And she you. If you feel ready for this next step, I say take it.”

He blows out a breath and rakes his hands through his hair. As he contemplates my advice, I think about my own situation with Luna.

What I feel for her is definitely lust, but something tells me there’s more. When I saw Aaron pressing himself against her Friday night, I didn’t want to beat him to a bloody pulp because she was a random girl being attacked. It wasn’t even that she was my student. It was *her*. From the moment she walked in my class, something inside me whispered *mine*.

We were lucky it was Aleah who caught us in my classroom. Had it been any other student or a teacher, our lives right now would be in chaos. But even so, I find it really hard to care. At least on my part. I wouldn’t want Luna to be subjected to the repercussions should anyone find out about us. But myself? I want her more than I fear what would happen to my career.

And that thought freaks me the fuck out.

Loud clapping and cheerful yells pull me from my thoughts, and I turn and face the room just as Bryan does the same. Penelope’s crowd of people is congratulating a newcomer, clapping hands with him and slapping him on the back. I’ve never seen the guy in Whiskey’s before, which is surprising since the clientele here pretty much stays the same.

Penelope and the guy break away from the crowd and head this way. The open space beside me is filled a moment later when Penelope steps up to the bar.

“Hey, Reed!” she calls. “Can I get a Johnnie Walker and a vodka tonic when you get a moment?”

Reed jerks his chin up in acknowledgement as he finishes the drink he's already making.

"Congrats on the big win today, Penny," I say, tipping my drink up to her and downing the rest.

Her pretty face turns into a scowl at the use of the old nickname she got when we were in grade school.

"I'll let that slide because I'm in a really good mood," she says, perching her ass on the stool as she waits on her drink order. "But you only get one pass."

I chuckle.

I notice the new guy taking a seat on her other side. Reaching across the bar in front of Penelope, I hold my hand up to him. "August Monroe." He takes my hand in a firm shake. I toss my thumb toward Bryan. "And that's Bryan Erikson. You must be the guy who put Penelope in a good mood. It doesn't happen often," I wink at Penelope, "so however you landed your client, you need to use that skill more often."

The guy laughs and relaxes back in his seat. "Kian Hendrix. And I only landed him because Penelope laid the stepping stones. I only cemented them into place."

My mind zones out after he gives his name.

Hendrix.

The name isn't uncommon, but Bryan said the new guy Penelope hired was from North Carolina. According to Luna's introduction into my class, something I made her do before she took her seat that first day, she recently moved from North Carolina. And sure, there's probably more than one Kian Hendrix in the state of North Carolina, but god dammit to hell, I'd bet my life there isn't one who works in PR.

Motherfucking hell. What are the fucking odds of meeting the father of the girl, my student no less, who I had spread out on my desk as I ate away at her pussy, tonight, in this bar? The same girl I'd like to fuck into next week and the week after.

Penelope saying my name yanks me back to the moment.

“August is one of the English teachers at Silver Falls High. Luna goes there, right?” She doesn’t wait for Kian to answer. “Maybe August is one of her teachers.”

They both glance at me, waiting for confirmation. I hold Kian’s eyes and answer, “Yes, I do have Luna Hendrix in my class.”

Reed picks that moment to bring Kian and Penelope’s drinks. When Penelope tries to hand over her card to pay for them, Kian beats her to it.

“*I* was the one buying *you* a drink, remember?” she protests.

“And I appreciate it,” Kian responds. He takes the card back when Reed hands it to him. “But a man never lets a woman pay.”

“Fine,” she huffs. “But I’m getting the next round behind your back. You came through today, and I want to show my appreciation.”

He takes a swallow of his drink. “This is it for me. Tuesdays are movie night with my wife and daughter.”

“That’s disgustingly sweet,” she remarks, grabbing her drink and spinning on her stool. She gets to her feet. “Pass my phone number on to your wife. I need to have a chat with her to find out how she found a rare man like you, who actually enjoys spending time with his family.”

She saunters off, the tight, black pencil skirt covering her ass twitching as she goes. I hold my hand up, grabbing Reed’s attention for another drink.

“I’m heading out. Charlotte should be home soon. It was nice meeting you, Kian.” Bryan claps me on the back as he gets up from the stool. “Thanks for the advice.”

Bryan leaves and Kian moves from his seat to Penelope’s now empty one.

“How’s my girl doing in class?” he asks. “I know this move was hard on her.”

My drink is set down in front of me, and I grab it, tossing half of it back before I answer Kian's question.

"She's doing great." Except for the fact she turned in a paper with explicit sexual details about her dream of me. I highly doubt her father would want to know that. "On time with all of her work. She has a very creative mind."

Indeed, she does.

He smiles proudly. "That's Luna for you. When she was younger, her mother and I would find notebooks all over the house with stories she'd written."

Something tells me he wouldn't appreciate the stories she writes now.

"She's definitely very detailed with her descriptions," I say vaguely.

He's quiet for a moment, in which I toss back the rest of my drink. I want another, but I need to have a clear head while talking with Luna's father.

"You notice any guys hanging around her?"

His question catches me off guard, and I look over at him. His question could be considered innocent enough. Just a man looking after his offspring. But the look in his eyes says otherwise. I know the look. He's out to protect his daughter and wants to know who she's been fucking around with.

My silence has him elaborating, and the hard set of his jaw indicates his displeasure of what he's about to say. "I know it's inappropriate to ask her teacher. It's even more inappropriate to tell you she had a mark on her neck this morning. A hickey." He looks down at his drink, clenching the glass tightly before bringing it to his lips. "A father needs to know the type of boys his daughter is hanging out with."

This whole situation is fucked up. Kian looks like a man who'd be sitting with a gun in his lap when Luna brings home a boy. I can imagine what he'd do to a *man*. Hell, I'd do the same. I'd fuck up his face so badly his family wouldn't recognize him.

Obviously, I won't be telling him it was me who left that mark, and plan to leave many more.

It's on the tip of my tongue to give him Aaron's name. I'd be on board if Kian wants to kick that little punk's ass. In fact, I'd be right there helping him.

But I hold it back. Luna asked me to not say anything, and as much as Aaron deserves to have his face bashed in, I won't go back on my word.

"I haven't seen her with any boys," I tell him instead.

He nods, the muscles in his jaw twitching. "Thanks."

He finishes off the rest of his drink and sets the glass down. He slaps the bar as he gets to his feet.

"It was nice meeting you." He holds his hand out for me to shake. "Let me know if Luna gives you any trouble in class, not that I expect her to. She takes after her mother more than me, and Rachel was valedictorian."

"You got it."

He walks off, leaving me at the bar alone.

As wrong as the situation is, and at the risk of getting my ass handed to me by her father once he finds out—and he will eventually—my cock still turns hard when I think about all the dirty things I have left to teach Luna.

CHAPTER 10

LUNA

I LAY ON MY STOMACH ON MY BED WITH MY FEET KICKED UP behind me. I have a magazine in front of me, but I'm not really paying attention to the articles. I just got done telling Hannah what happened between Mr. Monroe and me last Friday and then again on Monday.

She's quiet on her side of the line—too quiet—and it concerns me. I wait her out, because I know it's coming.

“Ho-ly mother of Hell,” she explodes as predicted. “If I weren't your best friend and know you can't lie for shit, I wouldn't believe you.” She squeals, the sound piercing. “I'm so damn proud of you, Lu!”

I snort. “Thanks. I'm still not quite sure what came over me. You know me, Hannah. What I did was in no way in my nature.”

“Guess you never came across something you wanted bad enough to really go after it. I'm actually kind of jealous of you right now.”

This makes me laugh. “*You* jealous of *me*?”

“Girl, please.” She tsks. “I've been jealous of you plenty of times. You're beautiful, smart, you kick ass with your writing, and your parents are amazing.”

“You're beautiful and smart too.”

“Maybe so,” she responds. “But you're smart without even trying. And your beauty is natural. I have to spend thirty

minutes on my face in the mornings to perfect the look I want everyone to see.”

“Daniel thinks you’re beautiful just the way you are,” I remind my friend.

Her breath crackles across the line with her scoff. “He’s a horny teenage boy, so he thinks any girl is beautiful so long as she has big boobs and a hole to stick his dick in.”

A strangled laugh escapes me. “That is *not* true, and you know it. That boy is obsessed with you.”

“Only because I give amazing blowjobs.”

I shake my head, even though she can’t see it. “You’re delusional, Hannah. Daniel would walk through fire for you. Everyone but you can see that.”

“Eh, maybe. Enough about me though. You know I’ve always been curious what it would be like to sleep with an older man. Since none of the teachers at Beacon High are hot like your Mr. Monroe, I have to live precariously through you. I want all the dirty details.”

I giggle and roll to the side of my bed to sit up, tossing the magazine on my nightstand. “The only thing I’ll say is that he made me feel things I never thought were possible.”

“Nuh uh, I want more than that.”

“Well, too bad,” I inform her stubbornly. “I still haven’t fully processed it yet. I need time to go over it in my head before I can talk about it more.”

“You’re no fun,” she says, and I can imagine the pout on her lips. “So, do you really think this Aleah girl won’t say anything?”

I get up and walk over to my dresser, picking out a pair of shorts and a tank top for my night clothes. Aleah and I have talked a couple more times since I took her home on Monday. The more I get to know her, the more I like her. She’s funny and reminds me a lot of Hannah.

“It’s been three days. If she were going to say something, I think she would have already. And she’s hinted she’s got her

own problems to worry about. I get the feeling it might be similar to mine.”

“Jesus,” Hannah mutters over the phone. “How many fucking hot teachers do you have at that school? I might have to run away and come live with you.”

I go to the bathroom and pull out a bath bomb. “The only hot teacher I know of is Mr. Monroe, so I’m not sure who she’s talking about.”

We talk for a few more minutes before I let her go so I can get in the bath. The house is quiet as I step into the warm water. Mom and Dad are out and will be for a few more hours.

After tying my hair into a messy bun on top of my head, I get in the bath and settle back against the tub. Picking up my phone from the shelf beside me, I click on my reading app and the book I’ve been reading pops up on the screen. I’ve been on a biker romance kick lately. There’s nothing hotter than a hot possessive biker manhandling his woman.

Well, except maybe a hot teacher manhandling his student, my mind whispers.

I’ve just gotten to a particularly juicy part where the unreasonably hot biker is eating out his woman as she stands at the bar serving customers, when a text notification pops up on my screen. I swipe down to bring it up, and suck in a sharp breath at what it says. I know who it’s from, even though the number reads as unknown.

Unknown: *I hope you’re ready to eat soon.*

How did he get my number? The school has it, sure, but does he have access to those files?

I decide to ask him.

Me: *How did you get my number?*

The little dots start jumping seconds after my message displays as read.

Unknown: *Don’t worry about it. I have my ways.*

Before I can reply, another message pops up.

Unknown: *Have you been thinking about me? About how I'm going to feed you my cock and fuck that pretty mouth of yours?*

Those words have a shudder running through me and it makes the water in the tub ripple.

Me: *Maybe.*

I hit send, then immediately start a new message.

Me: *Why weren't you at school yesterday and today?*

The little dots bounce, stop, then bounce again before his reply pops up.

Unknown: *I had a family commitment yesterday and had an appointment this afternoon that I had to leave early for.*

His reply is followed quickly by another.

Unknown: *Did you touch yourself when you thought about what I'm going to do to you?*

Yes, yes, I did. Monday afternoon I came home and told my parents I would be in my room for a while doing homework. I did not do homework. Instead, I laid on my bed with my hands in my panties and replayed what Mr. Monroe did to me as I sat on his desk over and over again. I finished the memory by adding more to it of how he would take my mouth with his dick.

I felt guilty afterward because I made myself come with my parents awake in the house. But that didn't stop me from doing it again that night. Or last night.

Me: *I did. I thought of all the different ways you would have me suck you off.*

I hit send before I chicken out. This girl, this brazen and shameless girl, is not me. I've never been bold when it comes to guys, but I have to admit, I like the way it makes me feel.

It takes a moment for Mr. Monroe to reply. In that time, I add his number to my contacts.

AM: *What are you doing right now?*

Me: *Lying in my bathtub reading a book on my phone.*

AM: *Are your parents home?*

Me: *Out for the night. It's their anniversary.*

I hold my breath, waiting for his reply. Wondering if he'll ask me to touch myself. The thought of sexting has never appealed to me, but doing it with Mr. Monroe definitely has its appeal.

I draw my legs up and slide them back and forth together. I'm already turned on by his messages so far. I'm going to be a mess if he asks me to touch myself. As intimidating as it would be, I wouldn't be opposed to him calling me. That way I could hear his voice and could tell if he was as turned on as I am.

Will he touch himself too?

I close my eyes, picturing his hand sliding up and down his cock. The cock in my mind is blurry because I haven't actually seen his, but they sorta all look the same, right? I mean, except for the size, of course.

I open my eyes a moment later to look down at my phone and realize it's been several minutes since I sent my last message. My last message shows as read, but there's no reply.

I frown as disappointment hits me. Maybe he got a phone call and can't reply yet. Or maybe he received a visitor. Or it could be that he's not into sexting.

After another ten minutes go by without a reply, I set my phone back on the shelf. No longer in a relaxing mood, I quickly shave my legs and pull the plug to the tub. I stand and grab a big, fluffy towel to dry off with.

I've just finished putting on my night clothes when the doorbell rings. Picking up my phone on the way out of the bathroom, I check the time. Who would be knocking on the door at eight-thirty? Except for the occasional delivery, we don't get visitors.

Walking to the door on bare feet, I lift to my toes and check the peephole. Seeing the fishbowl head on the other side

of the door has me falling back to my feet and my heart thumping heavily in my chest.

I unlock the deadbolt and grip the door knob, pulling the door open a second later.

Mr. Monroe stands there, one hand shoved into his pocket, while the other rests on the doorframe. He looks entirely way too sexy. His brown hair is a mess, like he's recently run his fingers through it. I haven't seen him in two days, and it looks like he hasn't shaved in that time. The scruff on his cheeks and chin surprisingly appeals to me. He's wearing jeans that look like they've been through the washer a few too many times, and a dark gray Henley with the sleeves pushed up to his elbows.

It's his eyes though, that have me vibrating with need. They pin me in place with the intense way he runs them up and down my body. I have virtually no experience when it comes to sex, except for what he's shown me, but even I can recognize the need in his eyes. He looks as though he's on the verge of pouncing.

He doesn't say a word as he stalks over the threshold leading into my house. I let the door go and take a couple of steps back.

"What are you doing here?" I ask, my breathing turning to pants.

"Don't ask questions you already know the answer to, Luna."

The gravel in his tone does delicious things to my body.

He kicks the door closed behind him and reaches back to lock it. "How long are your parents gone for?"

"A few more hours probably." My answer comes out breathy.

"Good." His eyes track down my chest, over my groin area, down my legs, and then back up. They stop at my breasts. I'm pretty sure my nipples are easy to see through the material. "That gives me just enough time to teach you a few more dirty things."

His words send a shot of lust straight between my legs.

I'm forced to stop moving backward when my back meets the couch. He doesn't stop though. He keeps coming until our chests are smashed together.

I tilt my head back and meet his intense gaze. He lifts one of his hands and sets his palm at the base of my throat. His eyes move to the mark he left on me Friday.

"It's fading," he notes before meeting my eyes again. "Looks like I'll need to leave another."

He slides his palm up so his fingers curl around my neck, adding a slight amount of pressure. Not enough to cut off my breath, but enough to hold me in place.

He dips his head until his lips are at my ear. "Take me to your room."

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CHAPTER II

AUGUST

LUNA STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF HER ROOM WITH HER BACK facing me. Her shoulders rise up and down with her quick breathing, and I have no doubt without seeing her face, her cheeks are flushed. She jumps and turns around when I slam the door shut.

I don't have time to take in her bedroom. I'm too zoned in on the woman in front of me.

I reach over my shoulder and grip the back of my shirt, yanking it off over my head. I unsnap the button on my jeans next, but I leave the zipper alone. "Lose the top," I growl at her, stalking my prey.

Her hands move to the bottom of her shirt, but she doesn't make a move to remove it. "August, maybe—"

"Now, Luna."

Her tongue flashes out to run across her bottom lip. After a moment, she nods and begins lifting her shirt.

Not in a million years would I force Luna, or any woman for that matter, to do something they don't want to do. But she wants it. I can see it in her eyes as they hungrily roam over my naked chest, and I can see it in the way her body quivers.

She wants my hands on her.

She wants my tongue licking every part it can reach.

And she wants my cock buried deep inside her warm pussy.

We may have started this when she was innocent, but her vixen side is showing. When she leaves this room tonight, she'll be fully mine.

Her shirt gets dropped to the floor and her hands brazenly fall to her sides. I almost fall to my knees when she reveals her gorgeous plump tits.

I close the gap between us and reach up to tweak a nipple. Her breath hitches and she releases a moan with her exhale.

“These have tempted me so fucking much the last few days,” I murmur as I dip my head and flick my tongue across one tip. “I regret not exploring them Friday night, something I plan to rectify right now.”

Cupping the bottom of both, I lift one and take her nipple between my lips and suck hard. Her whimpers fill my ears and her fingers tunnel in my hair, gripping the strands tight. It only makes me suck harder. I move to the next and give it the same treatment.

As much as I want to pay homage to her breasts for the next half hour, we don't have a lot of time. I'm already risking it by being here. I need to make the most of our time alone.

I let her tits go and lift my head. Sliding my hand through her hair, I grab a handful and tilt her head back. I kiss her hungrily, slashing my tongue with hers, wishing I had the right to do this any time I wanted, anywhere I wanted.

I pull back a moment later and whisper against her ear, “On your knees, baby.”

Her eyes flare and fill with need. I fucking love that she wants her mouth filled with my cock. No man has ever touched her pussy, so I know I'll be the first one to fuck her mouth, too.

I'll be the one to give her all of her firsts.

And all of her lasts.

I take a step back, giving her room to get to her knees. My eyes follow her down and find hers are laser focused on the bulge in my jeans.

“Take out my cock, Luna,” I grunt.

She does so, and I don't miss the slight shaking of her hands as she carefully pulls down the zipper.

Is it because she's nervous? Or because she's anticipating what's to come next?

Grabbing the side of my jeans, she begins pulling them down, taking my briefs with them. She inhales sharply when my cock springs free, and that blessed tongue peeks out again.

Wrapping my fingers around the base of my cock, I point the tip at her lips. A pearly drop of precum clings to the slit.

“Lick it,” I growl.

Her warm breath fans across me first before her tongue darts out and she tentatively licks away the drop. Gritting my teeth, I fight back the need to force my cock between her lips and fuck the holy hell out of her mouth.

“More.” My voice comes out a raspy growl. “Suck me into your mouth. I want to feel the back of your throat strangling the head.”

She peeks up at me, her eyes hooded and her pretty face full of want. Resting her hands on my thighs, she leans forward with her mouth open, and I guide my cock inside.

I groan and nearly lose my shit when she doesn't just suck me into her mouth. She does so until I hit the back of her throat. I don't know if she does it on purpose or if it's her reflexes, but her muscles tighten around the head of my cock.

How in the hell can this girl, someone who's never had sex, let alone sucked a guy off before, know exactly what to do to tempt my control so damn easily?

“Ah, goddamn, fuuuck,” I groan when she takes me so deep her nose hits my pelvic bone.

I'm not small by any means, and it's not often a woman can take my cock so easily, so for Luna to do so is a fucking miracle.

Dropping my head, I grab her hair on either side of her head and slowly pull my cock out of her heavenly mouth, then slide it right back inside. Her lips glide along my shaft from the root to the tip. Tipping my head to the side, I watch as I fill her mouth again until I reach the back of her throat and it bulges slightly. It's a sight I'll never forget. I hold her there for a moment, so goddamn tempted to thrust my hips back and forth like a piston. Her throat muscles work, trying to expel me. I give her a reprieve and slide back out. Slobber strings from her lips to my shaft.

"You want more?" I ask, even though I'm already on the edge.

She breathes heavily but her head goes up and down and she opens her mouth again.

Goddamn this girl is fucking perfect.

I slide back inside, picking up my pace and rocking back and forth. She takes it like a good girl. Not once does she give me any indication it's too much. In fact, by the moans that vibrate against my dick, she seems quite eager.

It doesn't take me long before I'm on the verge of coming down her throat. As much as I'd love to see my cum dripping from her lips, I want inside her tight cunt more.

I grab her by her shoulders and pull her to her feet. She looks dazed and slightly let down at first.

"It won't be your mouth that I fill with my cum tonight," I tell her once she's steady on her feet. "Your shorts. Take them off. I want your cunt wrapped around me."

While she works on her shorts, I take off my shoes, socks, and finish removing my jeans. We're done at the same time, so I grab her waist and hoist her up. She's forced to wrap her legs around my waist. I hold her to me for a moment. Having her wet pussy pressed against my shaft feels better than anything I've felt in a long time. Maybe ever.

With my hands on her ass, our torsos smashed together, I lay us both down on the bed. She gazes up at me, and through the desire in her eyes, I see a softness in her expression. The look makes my heart pound harder in my chest.

I don't know what it is about this girl, but she makes me feel things I've never felt before. I want to rut away at her all-too-willing body at the same time I want to cuddle and love her with every piece of my soul.

I brush a few strands of hair from her cheeks. "This is your last chance, Luna," I tell her quietly. "If I take you, there's no going back. You'll be mine."

Her answer is in her eyes before she opens her mouth to speak. "Take me, August. Make me yours."

Accepting her words, and being so fucking grateful for them, I slide my hand down the back of her thigh and lift it higher over my hip. Then I reach between us and grab my cock, notching the head at her opening. I slowly sink inside, grinding my molars in an effort to keep from plowing inside her. The time for rough play will be later. Right now, as I take her innocence, it should be slow.

When I reach the small sliver of skin protecting her purity and she stiffens below me, I pause. Dropping my head, I pour all of my passion for this woman into a kiss. When she starts to relax, I thrust my hips forward, breaking through the barrier and cementing Luna's and my fate.

She's only eighteen and still in high school.

She's my student, and I'll probably lose my job.

Her father will more than likely kill me when he finds out about us.

But none of that matters. It only matters that Luna Hendrix is mine.

Luna tenses and a small cry leaves her lips. I stop all movement and lift my mouth from hers. Pain darkens the desire in her eyes, and I hate that I put it there.

I drop another kiss against her lips. "Are you okay?"

She nods. “Yes. It wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be. Just a sharp pain, but it’s fading now.”

I kiss her to give her another minute for the pain to subside.

When her body is once again pliant, I raise my head and intertwine our fingers on one hand and set them by her head. I get up on my elbow and look down at our joined bodies. Seeing the evidence of her virginity has me wanting to beat my chest like a fucking caveman.

Moving my knee up higher, I force hers up as well, which opens her even more. I rock back and forth slowly a few times before I pick up speed. Her soft moans and my grunts fill the room. Her walls clamp down on me and she tosses her head back. Her pleas of pleasure get louder. She comes within seconds, and the tight grip around my shaft nearly does me in.

When she calms, I sit up on my heels and take her with me. Her arms automatically band around my shoulders and her legs around my waist. I curl my hands around her hips and lift her up and down on my shaft. I sensually use her body until I slip over the edge of reason and blast every bit of cum I have into her.

Just as it was on Friday, the thought of not using a condom and the consequences we could be facing doesn’t bother me like it should. I’ve never been this reckless before.

“What in the fuck?”

The loud booming shout has me dropping Luna back to the bed, covering her body with mine. I never get the chance to see who it is because the next thing I know, I’m pulled off of Luna and there’s a fist planted in my face. Luna’s cry of surprise barely reaches my ears as stars dance in my vision.

“I’m going to kill you, you motherfucker!”

I shake my head, trying to clear the fog the hit caused. I look over and find Kian Hendrix standing a foot from the bed with a woman frantically trying to hold him back.

Shit.

Getting to my feet in all my naked glory, I lift my hand and rub the back of it over my lip, swiping away the blood trickling down.

“Kian, let me—”

I don't get the chance to finish my sentence before Kian's fist connects with my face again. Pain explodes in my eye, and I barely stay on my feet. Fuck but he throws a hard ass punch.

“Daddy! Stop it!” Luna shouts. In my peripheral vision, I see her wrapping the blanket around her chest, tucking it under her arms. “Let us explain.”

Kian barks out a laugh. The woman beside him, who I'm guessing is Luna's mother, tries to stand in front of him to get his attention. He grabs her waist and forcefully sets her behind him.

“Explain?” The veins in his neck bulge out. “There's no explanation for what I just walked in on, daughter,” he growls. “It was pretty fucking clear your *teacher*,” he grates the word, “was just rutting away between your thighs, and you were fucking letting him!”

“Kian!” Luna's mother gasps his name at the same time Luna sucks in a sharp breath.

I deserve every punch Kian wants to throw at me. He has every right to be angry. This is my fault. I defiled his daughter—his barely legal daughter. I'll stand here and take whatever he wants to dish out, so long as it's pointed at me.

What I won't do is listen to him say nasty shit about his daughter.

I plant my feet apart, bracing for when the next hit comes, and grind out between clenched teeth, “Do whatever the fuck you want to me, but I'd advise you to watch what you say about Luna.”

The muscles in his arms bunch as he flexes his fists. “She's my fucking daughter,” he growls. “I'll say what the hell I want to say about her.”

“So long as you don't disrespect her,” I growl back.

“And what you just did to her? That was respectful?” He takes a step forward, despite Luna’s mother trying to hold him back. “Get the fuck out of my house. The only thing keeping me from killing you is my daughter and wife being in the room.”

I don’t move for a moment, just stand there and glare at him, while covering my cock out of respect for his wife. I don’t want to leave Luna with her father this angry. Not because I think he’ll hurt her, not physically anyway. But words can be just as painful as a fist. I’ve always prided myself on my ability to judge people. Kian Hendrix isn’t the abusive type. But in the heat of things during a stressful situation, words can be said we can’t take back. I don’t want Luna to have to face this alone.

I feel her behind me. Her despair comes off her in painful waves, searing my skin. I want nothing more than to turn around and gather her in my arms. To tell her everything will be okay. But I don’t know if it *will* be okay. As much as I hate thinking about it, I knew what we have is temporary, but I thought we’d have more time.

Hating myself for leaving Luna like this, I grab my jeans from the floor and put them on. Kian stands several feet away, not taking his eyes off me the whole time I get dressed. I grab my shoes and socks, not taking the time to put them on.

Taking a chance of soliciting Kian’s anger and not giving a shit, I turn to face Luna. She’s sitting on her heels with the blanket wrapped protectively around her. It covers every part of her body except for her head. Her face is blotchy, her eyes swollen, and tears roll down her cheeks.

“I’m sorry.” I keep my voice low. “Everything will be okay.”

I have no fucking clue how it will be, but I’ll make damn sure it’s okay.

Her bottom lip wobbles, and it takes herculean effort to not go to her. “I’m sorry too,” she whispers in a broken voice.

She has no reason to be sorry. This is my doing. I knew better, but I gave into temptation. My only regret is that Luna was hurt.

I turn away from her and make my way across the room to the door, not sparing Kian or his wife a glance. Just before I walk over the threshold, Kian gives his parting shot.

“Kiss your career goodbye, Monroe. I’ll make damn sure you never step foot in another school. And if I see you around my daughter again, I won’t give a fuck if my wife or Luna are there. I *will* kill you.”

I don’t give a damn about my career. The school board can shove it up their ass for all I care. And I’m not particularly scared of his threats.

No. What has my heart splintering down the middle as I leave the house, is losing something precious that I know could have lasted a lifetime.

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CHAPTER 12

LUNA

I PAUSE BEFORE PUSHING OPEN THE KITCHEN DOOR AND PULL IN a deep breath, trying and failing to calm my nerves. My parents are on the other side of this door, and just like it's been for the past five days, I don't want to see them. I love Mom and Dad, but I don't like them right now. Especially Dad.

Mom hasn't been so bad. She's actually been more understanding than I thought she would. I mean, I know she doesn't like that her and Dad caught me and August in bed together. She's expressed her disappointment multiple times over the fact that I slept with my teacher. A man who's almost double my age. But at least she seems concerned about my feelings.

Dad though? He's being a jerk and won't listen to a word I say about August. Any time I try to bring up the subject, he shuts it down, refusing any and all conversation about the matter. He's got it in his thick head that he took advantage of me. Like I'm a thirteen-year-old who's not mature enough to make my own decisions.

It's frustrating. I want to smack him upside the head to knock some sense into him. I may be young and unwise to a lot of things in the world, but I'm eighteen and I know my mind and heart. And both want August.

I hate disappointing my parents, and normally I do my best not to, but I'm not budging on this.

Squaring my shoulders, I push open the door leading to the kitchen, and momentarily pause when I just find Mom sitting at the kitchen table. I let out a small sigh of relief and walk straight to the fridge.

I feel Mom's eyes on the back of my head. "Good morning, sweetie."

I respond without turning to face her. "Morning."

"Did you sleep well?"

I give her the truth. "Not really."

It's the same answer I've given her the last five mornings. I haven't slept worth crap since Dad forced August out of my room last week. It doesn't help that I haven't seen or spoken to him since then either. Other than a few texts from him asking how I was, August and I haven't had any contact. I guess Dad followed through with his threat to have him fired because he wasn't at school Thursday or Friday.

I can't even go to his house to see him because Dad won't let me leave the house, other than to go to school. He put a freaking tracking device on my car to ensure I didn't go anywhere but there.

Let's all say *overboard* together.

"Where's Dad?"

I don't ask because I want to actually know where he is. I just need to know how much time I have before I have to face him again. It's probably childish of me to think this way, but if he wants to treat me like a child, I'll damn well act like one.

"Taking the trash out."

Great. What I thought would be a reprieve really isn't.

Mom comes up beside me as I drop a bagel in the toaster. I ask something I've been wondering about.

"Dad knew him that night. How?"

"He was out celebrating one evening with some co-workers at a bar after work. Your dad met him there."

I nod.

“You need to talk to him, Luna. I hate this wedge between you two,” Mom says, worry lacing her words.

“I’ve tried talking to him.” Opening the silverware drawer, I pull out a butter knife. “He won’t listen.”

“He’s just worried about you. We both are.”

“If he were worried, then he would hear what I have to say. He doesn’t care.” The toaster pops, and I pinch the very edge of both pieces and quickly drop them onto my plate. A slow breath leaves my lips, and I turn to face Mom. “I get why he’s upset. I don’t blame him for that. What I can’t get over is him not listening to my side of the story. I don’t know if what I feel for August is love, but it *is* real, and I’m old enough to make real decisions about my love life.”

Mom cups my cheek, her expression turning earnest. “I know you are, Luna. And so does your father.” I snort and roll my eyes. “He does,” she insists. “But, baby, this man is your teacher, and much older than you. He should have never touched you in that way.”

“But he did, Mom, and I wanted him to.” I lean a hip against the counter. “It was me who came on to him the first time.” Mom’s hand falls from my cheek and her brows pull down into a frown. “And you know what else? He saved me from a boy at school who was touching me when I didn’t want him to.” Her eyes open wide and a look of horror flashes across her face. I continue before she can freak out. “He stopped it before it could really begin. I asked him not to report it because I didn’t want trouble at school, and I didn’t want you guys to find out because I know Dad would go ballistic.”

“With good reason,” Mom says heatedly, anger at someone hurting her daughter peeking out. “You should have told us, Luna.”

“Maybe, but I chose not to.”

“This needs to be reported immediately.”

Her eyes dart around the room like she's looking for something. I grab her hand and make her look at me again.

"No, Mom. I don't want to report it. The boy hasn't messed with me since then. I would prefer to just forget it happened."

"Luna—" she starts.

"Stop, okay?" I say firmly. "This is my decision."

She opens her mouth to protest further, but the back door opens, interrupting her. I squeeze her hand, silently begging her to not tell Dad. Her eyes search mine for a moment before she plasters on a smile and walks over to him.

I know she'll tell him. Mom and Dad don't keep secrets from each other, something I've always admired about their relationship. I just don't want to be in the room when she does. I need more time to prepare for his reaction.

I turn back to my bagel and slather cream cheese on the two pieces. I feel Dad walk up behind me a moment later. I stiffen when he wraps his arms around me, trapping my arms at my sides. His hug is tight, and it makes my heart hurt. I hate the strain that this has put on our normally close relationship.

Tears prick the back of my eyes, but I force them away. I won't give in on this. He has to understand this isn't something I'm willing to let slide.

"I'm sorry that I can't be sorry for what I did that night." His breath fans across the top of my head as he talks. "That man deserves a lot more than the two punches I gave him. I'm also sorry that you can't understand how I feel. As a father, it's my job to protect you and your mother, and I feel like I failed you."

I can't stop the tears sliding down my cheeks now. I can't even wipe them away because my arms are still trapped.

"Dad," I whisper, my voice breaking on the one word.

"There is nothing you can say to make me feel otherwise, Luna. Nothing excuses his actions. I know you were a willing participant, but I still blame him. He's a grown man, damn

near old enough to be your father. He's sick and perverted and should have never put his hands on you, let alone *thought* about doing it."

I tense and I reach my hands back to dig my nails into his thighs. Getting my message, Dad lets me go. He takes a step back when I turn around.

"He's not perverted, Dad. He's a man who's attracted to a woman he feels is beautiful."

"A child," he barks.

I grind my molars together and push back the anger forming inside me. I need to make him see reason.

"I'm not a child anymore." I hold my hand up to stop him from interrupting me and his eyes narrow. "I'm an adult now. Yes, I agree that it's not conventional for an eighteen-year-old to be with a man of his age, but there's nothing wrong with it, no matter how much you may think so."

"He's your fucking teacher, Luna. He's supposed to protect you from predators like him, not prey on you himself."

He closes his eyes and works his jaw back and forth. Like he's trying his best to rein in his temper. When he opens them again, something in them catches my attention. Dad is the typical hard-ass male. Always coming across as someone in control, and never showing any vulnerability. Behind the anger blazing in his eyes is sadness.

It twists my stomach into knots seeing that look.

I grab his hand and bring it up to my face. His fingers flex against my cheek.

"I like him, Dad. I like him a lot. He never, not once, made me feel like he was taking something I wasn't willing to give. Before we...." I pause, trying to find the right words without setting him off again. "He explicitly asked me if it was what I wanted. He gave me plenty of time to say no. I didn't, because I didn't want to. He was what I wanted." I look at him, imploring him to understand. "I still do."

His jaw tics, and I know right then, Dad was right. No matter what I say or how I feel, he won't change his mind.

I drop my eyes from him and look down at my shoes.

"I'm sorry, Luna. You're wrong," he says, anger edging his voice. "Nothing makes what he did okay. You'll understand one day when you have kids of your own."

I turn away from him, his deep sigh filling the room.

ANOTHER DAY GOES BY WITHOUT SEEING OR HEARING FROM August. I didn't really expect to, but I can't help the emptiness it brings as I walk out the doors of the school. It's kind of crazy with how much I miss seeing his handsome face. We've only known each other a little over a month, and only a few of those days we were... more than teacher and student.

It's strange to think how much a person can feel in such a short time for someone they don't really know. The only thing I know about August is that he's an English teacher and he's handy enough to remodel his own house. That's it.

Oh, and he can make my body do things I never knew were possible.

I want to know more. I want to know everything there is to know about August.

Does he have family nearby and is he close to them? What kind of movies is he into? Since he teaches English, my guess would be he likes to read. What's one place he wishes he could travel to? His favorite foods? Favorite music?

There are so many things I want to ask him, but I can't.

Aleah and I have grown closer over the last few days. I grill her at school and on the phone, asking if she's seen August. With her brother being friends with him, they have to hang out sometimes, right? According to her, they haven't. And August hasn't been home either, so even if I could sneak away, it would be a wasted effort because he's not there.

As I walk across the parking lot, I dig in my purse for my keys. Not finding them in the usual spot, I stop and dig deeper, then frown when I come up empty.

This morning when I locked my car was the last place I saw them. A thought pops in my head, and I swing back around to the school. While I was changing into my track uniform for practice, I knocked my purse over. Several things fell out. I thought I grabbed everything, but my keys must have slipped by my notice.

The halls are quiet, except for the squeak of my shoes against the linoleum. The sound is eerie as it echoes off the walls. Since the night August rescued me from Aaron, I've been leery being here after school when the halls are empty of students and faculty. Thankfully, Aaron hasn't given me any more trouble. In fact, he seems to be avoiding me at all costs. Other than the classes we share and spotting him across the lunch room a few times, I haven't seen or heard from him. Which is just the way I like it. I don't know how far he would have gone that night, but I like to think he would have stopped before it got out of hand. Of course, that could be the naïve girl in me.

Grateful that the parking lot was empty and everyone from practice seemed to have already left, I push open the door to the girls' locker room. I head straight for my locker. Looking around the benches, I don't find my keys.

They must have fallen under a locker. Just as I bend my knees to get down on the floor to look, a noise has me straightening and cocking my head to the side. I listen harder. It sounds like a soft moan. Not a painful one, but one of pleasure. Embarrassment hits my cheeks, and in my haste to find my keys, my cell phone slips from my pocket and clatters to the floor.

I wince and dart my eyes around, knowing there's no way whoever is in the back of the room didn't hear it. The moaning stops, and for a moment, I debate just leaving my keys behind and quickly leaving the room. I'm sure I could call someone to come get me.

Shaking my head at the ridiculous thought, I drop to my knees and frantically look for my keys, hoping I find them before they come to investigate what made the noise.

Spotting my keys underneath a locker, I reach under, my fingers barely grazing the Groot figurine attached to the keychain.

“Well, look what we have here.”

Prickly fear slithers down my spine at the voice. I squeeze my eyes shut and pray that I mistook it for someone else.

Sitting back on my heels, I look up, and dread sickens my stomach at the guy leering down at me. My eyes flicker beyond him, only for bile to rise up my throat when they connect with Brooklyn’s, who’s standing in just a bra and skimpy panties. Dillon, Aaron’s right-hand man, stands beside her in nothing but his jeans, his arm casually thrown over her shoulder. The way he’s looking at me, his eyes sliding down the tank top I’m wearing to my track shorts, tells me he’s going to be no help.

When I attempt to get to my feet, Aaron steps forward. His shirt is off, revealing a firm chest no teenage boy should have, and the button on his pants is undone.

“Nuh uh, Hendrix, you may as well stay on your knees. It’s where you belong.”

“Wh-what?” I ask, barely getting the word out past my dry throat.

He takes another step and a sinister smile curves across his lips. “I said stay down. It’s where you need to be for what you’ll be doing in a moment.”

Fear has me quaking, but I try to hide it. No way do I want these people to know how scared I am.

“Back off, Aaron.” I try to insert as much bravado as I can into my words. “Let me up so I can leave and you three can go back to whatever you were doing.”

He grins evilly, flashing his white teeth. “I don’t think so. I still owe you for the fractured nose that asshole, Mr. Monroe,

gave me.” He bends at the waist, putting his face way too close to mine. “And I believe right now is the perfect time to pay up.”

A feminine growl leaves Brooklyn’s lips and she stomps forward. She grabs Aaron’s arm and pulls him so he’s standing straight again.

“You aren’t touching her.”

For a moment, I’m surprised she’s coming to my defense. Could I have been wrong about her being a complete bitch? But the sneer she tosses my way, says otherwise.

Aaron wraps his arm around her and tugs her so she falls against his chest. His hand lands on her butt and he squeezes. “Don’t worry your pretty little head, B. I wouldn’t touch the bitch now if she begged to have my cock in her mouth.” He looks at Dillon and jerks his chin up. “It won’t be my cock she’ll be choking on. Dillon has been wanting to try her out since she got here.”

“Oh,” Brooklyn giggles, and it makes her boobs jiggle in her thin bra. “Now *that* I would love to see.”

Panic sets in, and I spin on my knees, trying to get to my feet to run. I only get halfway up before there’s pain in my scalp, and I’m forced back down by the hand gripping my hair. A small cry leaves my lips.

“Where ya going, gorgeous?” Dillon steps in my line of sight and pulls my hair, forcing my head back so I have to look at him. “The fun hasn’t even begun.”

As he holds my hair, he begins working on the zipper of his jeans. The maniacal laugh that leaves him and the lustful look in his eyes scares the crap out of me. I grab his forearm, which is only inches from my face. I tug it to my mouth, open my lips, and sink my teeth into the skin.

He yells, but thankfully lets my hair go. I scramble back on my butt, desperately trying to get away, already knowing it’s useless because three against one means I’m in big trouble.

Brooklyn’s laughter echoes off the walls of the room. I look behind me, finding her and Aaron. He’s holding her up

with her legs wrapped around his waist and both are looking at me with smiles only a lunatic would have.

Unfortunately, they're blocking my path to escape. More unfortunately, Dillon recovers too quickly, and if I thought his look before scared me, this new expression is terrifying.

"You drew blood, Luna," he says, stalking my way, blood dripping from his fingers to splash on the floor. "It's only fair I get to draw yours."

Before I can brace myself, his hand swings in front of him and he backhands me. I fall on my back as blood fills my mouth and stars dance in my eyes. Pain like I've never felt before splinters across my face. I blink, trying to push away the blackness threatening to take me under, knowing if I pass out, I won't recover from what they do to me.

Despite my efforts, my eyes slide closed, and I lose consciousness.

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CHAPTER 13

AUGUST

THE MOMENT I WALK INTO THE BUILDING, I KNOW something's off. It's not a noise I hear or something I see. It's a gut feeling. My head tilts to the side, straining for anything out of the ordinary and my eyes dart down each hallway I pass by.

Nothing.

But I can't make the feeling go away.

And then I hear it. Faint laughter coming from the end of the hall where the gym and locker rooms are. My pace picks up, a prickling sensation on the top of my head. I slow when I approach the girls' locker room. Stepping close, I press my ear against the metal door. After fifteen seconds of not hearing anything, I step back to go check the boys' locker room.

I pause and my head whips back around to the girls' locker room door when a giggle reaches my ears. Track practice has been over for at least thirty minutes, so the locker rooms should be empty. I entered the parking lot from the back and parked behind the school because my classroom is in that section of the building, so I don't know if there are any cars in the parking lot. Unless it's faculty, there shouldn't be.

The door's already cracked open, so I push it open the rest of the way. A feminine moan fills the room, followed closely by deep grunts. Obviously, some teenagers thought they'd have a little fun after practice.

The thought crosses my mind to leave them to it. It's honestly not surprising to find a couple teens getting handsy in

the locker rooms. Hell, I can recall fucking girls quite a few times in this very room when I was in high school. But as a teacher, I'm required to put a stop to it.

I pass by a couple of rows of lockers with no sign of the pair. Grunts and groans echo throughout the room as I check each aisle.

It's not until I come to the third row before the showers that I come to a stop when I find the couple. A guy, with his hands full of a girl's ass, who has her legs wrapped around his waist, pumps his hips back and forth, his jeans hanging halfway down his thighs. The girl has her head thrown back against the locker, her mouth open as she lets out little cries of pleasure. The guy's head is buried in the girl's neck, so I can't see his face, but I'm pretty sure the girl's name is Brooklyn.

"Shit," the guy groans. "Your pussy is so fucking tight."

"Fuck me harder, Aaron."

Hearing his voice and the name leave Brooklyn's lips has fire sparking in my blood. My hands clench, and I'm ready to lay into the fucker rutting away at Brooklyn. It doesn't matter that she's enjoying what he's doing to her. Just hearing his name and having him in front of me incites my anger. Each time I see him in the hallways in school, I have to fight back the urge to annihilate his ass. Thank fuck the school year is almost over and he'll be graduating, because I'm honestly not sure how much longer I can hold off.

With the vein in my temple pounding and the muscles in my arms twitching, I clear my throat. Brooklyn's head cuts my way, and her eyes widen in surprise. Aaron, oblivious to being caught, keeps slamming his hips forward. It's not until Brooklyn tries to drop her legs from his waist and begins shoving him back that he unlatches his lips from her neck and scowls down at her.

"What the fuck, Brooklyn?"

Seeing her attention is no longer focused on him, he turns his head in the direction she's looking, which is still pointed at

me. When his eyes meet mine, the first thing I see in them is fear.

“Shit,” he mutters, taking a step back from Brooklyn as he frantically begins stuffing his dick back into his jeans.

With the space between them now, I see beyond Aaron and Brooklyn to find another guy and girl several feet away from them. I can't make out the girl's face because it's cast in shadow, but she's down on her butt, leaning against the lockers. The guy, who I recognize as Dillon, has one of his hands wrapped in the girl's hair, angling her head as he smears the head of dick across her closed lips.

Something isn't right about the situation. The girl's body is too limp to know what's happening to her. It only takes me seconds to figure out she's not even conscious. When Dillon forcefully pulls the girl's head back by her hair and presses his dick against her mouth, applying pressure, I get a glimpse of her face and lose my shit. All reason falls away and white-hot rage slams into me.

A roaring fills my ears as I dart forward. Brooklyn gets shoved against the locker and Aaron trips over the bench, landing on his ass. Too involved with his actions, Dillon has no clue they've all been interrupted until Brooklyn's yelp pierces the air.

It's too late though. I'm on him before he gets a chance to really recognize the hell that's coming for him.

I lock my fingers around his throat, squeezing tight, and yank him away from Luna. My fist connects with his nose and blood gushes out. It's both a blessing and a curse when he instantly falls limp in my grip. I want to deliver the worst kind of punishment. To rip his heart from his body and squash it beneath my boot. To slice his dick off and force it down the bastard's throat.

But since he's out cold, and no longer a threat, there's something I need to do more.

With my heart pounding erratically and my stomach twisted into knots, I turn to Luna, who's now slumped on her

side on the floor. Her hair covers her face, and for a moment, fear freezes my limbs. Seeing the rise and fall of her chest, has me moving toward her. I gently brush away the hair from her face, and rage hits me again when I see a trail of blood on her chin leading from her mouth.

“What in the fuck did he do to her?” I growl at Aaron and Brooklyn. Brooklyn looks frantic as she sloppily puts on her clothes. Aaron appears ready to shit himself. I have no doubt the look on my face would scare even the bravest of people.

“H-hit her,” Brooklyn sputters out.

As soon as the words leave her lips, Aaron grabs her hand and jerks her toward the door.

I look back down at Luna. Even in an unconscious state, the expression on her face is painful.

“Fuck, Luna,” I whisper, my heart cracking down the center. “I’m so goddamn sorry.”

I glare at the still slumped body of Dillon, wishing so damn much I had time to give him exactly what he deserves. The only thing keeping me from doing just that is my need to take care of Luna. Had I shown up a few minutes later, there’s no telling what I would have walked in on.

With gentle movements, I slip my arms under Luna’s knees and shoulders and gingerly pick her up. It scares the fuck out of me how light and limp she is in my arms.

I stalk out of the row of lockers and head toward the door. I don’t know how hard Dillon hit her and what damage he did, but I need to get her to the hospital so they can look her over.

A soft moan hits my ears as I push through the doors of the school, and I look down, seeing Luna’s eyes crack open.

“August?”

Hearing my name leave her lips has my steps faltering.

“Luna.” My voice cracks.

“Wh-what happened?” Her brows knit and she reaches up to touch her mouth. “My jaw hurts.” As soon as the words

leave her mouth, her eyes widen and she stiffens in my arms. “Dillon,” she whispers the hated name. “And Brooklyn and Aaron.”

“Brooklyn and Aaron are gone,” I grind out between my teeth. “Dillon is still knocked out in the locker room. I’m taking you to the hospital, then I’m calling the police.”

I look down at her, only to see her staring off into space somewhere over my shoulder. I stop at the passenger door of my truck, and finagle the door open without putting her down. She’s quiet as I set her down in the seat. My whole body vibrates with pent up anger as I walk around to the driver’s side.

I get in, but her calling my name stops me from starting it. Gripping the steering wheel to keep my hands from reaching for her, I look over.

“Take me home, please,” she says quietly.

“Luna, I need to take you to the hospital to have you looked at.”

She shakes her head, but then winces. “I want to go home. It’s only my jaw that hurts. I’ll be fine in a day or two.”

I slam my teeth together, wanting to argue, but in the end, I don’t. She reaches across the middle console, resting her hand on the bunched muscles in my forearm.

“I’m okay. I promise.”

Her reassurance does nothing to alleviate my worry. I fight tooth and nail to keep from checking her over myself. I’ve got no right to do that. Her parents will take care of her.

Releasing one hand from the steering wheel, I bring it up and roughly rake my fingers through my hair. She drops her hand from my other arm, letting it fall back to her lap.

“Fine,” I tell her, my tone rough. “But I’m not giving in on calling the police. This needs to be reported.”

She gives a small nod. “I know. Even if I didn’t want to, my parents would insist.”

I take another moment to calm my raging nerves before I start my truck and pull out of the parking lot. The whole way to Luna's house, the cab is filled with silence.

I INSIST ON CARRYING LUNA TO THE DOOR, DESPITE THE protest she gives me. There's not a chance in hell I'm letting her walk on her own. I not only need to carry her in case she becomes dizzy, but I need to feel her in my arms. I need that reassurance that she's okay.

I don't bother knocking on her door, since I have her right there with me. Grabbing the door knob, it's yanked from my hand when the door is suddenly pulled open. The scowl on Kian's face drops when he sees his daughter in my arms.

"What in the fuck happened?" he growls.

"I'm fine, Dad." Luna tries to placate Kian, but he's having none of it.

"Your jaw is fucking bruised, you have a cut on your lip, and you're being carried. I wouldn't say that's fine."

"Move back so I can set her down on the couch. We'll talk then," I tell him. It's in his eyes to argue, no doubt not wanting me in his house, but he relents.

Luna's mom enters the living room just as I get to the couch.

"Oh my God!" She rushes forward, getting to her knees by Luna's head just as I carefully lay her down. "What happened?"

Neither me nor Luna have had a chance to answer. The moment my back is straight, my throat is gripped in Kian's tight fist.

"What the fuck did you do to her?" he growls in my face.

"Daddy!" Luna cries from behind me. Out of the corner of my eye, I catch Luna's mom grabbing Luna's arm to keep her on the couch.

I get that her dad is angry and worried. He has every right to be. My own anger is still very much alive. I can't imagine all of the shit that's going through his head right now. But what pisses me off is the accusations flaring in his eyes. I'd lay down my life for Luna. And I'd take a life from anyone who thinks to harm her.

Kian doesn't know that though, so I try to control the irate feelings coursing through me.

"Let me go," I snarl.

The pressure around my neck tightens, and I grab his wrist, applying my own pressure. I don't back down or cower like he wants me to. Kian's a big man with a body built for fighting, but I'm just as big and can hold my own. I let him get his licks in the night he caught Luna and me together because he deserved to deliver them. But that shit ends now.

"Daddy! For God's sake, let him go! He didn't do anything! He saved me."

It takes a moment after hearing Luna for his hold to drop away. He huffs out a breath, taking a step back. His head swings to his daughter and his enraged expression morphs to one of love and concern. He sits down beside her, bending at the waist to rest his elbows on his knees. The struggle he's going through at seeing his daughter with a bruised jaw and a bloody lip is plain to see from the strain on his face.

"Tell us what happened?" He asks the question with more calm than I feel at the moment.

I pace the room, my hands clenched at my sides and my pulse pounding, as Luna tells us all what happened that led up to me finding her in the locker room. Surprisingly, she also includes what happened the day after the baseball game. The more she speaks, the angrier I become. From Kian's body language, he's right there with me. Her mom, though, doesn't seem surprised when she explains what happened the first time.

I already have my phone out when Kian announces that he's calling the police. I hold it up as I scroll through my

contacts for Spencer Erikson's number.

I bring it to my ear and tell the room as I listen to the rings, "A friend of mine's father is a detective with the Silver Falls Police Department."

With his jaw ticking, Kian jerks up his chin.

Ten minutes later, I hang up the phone and shove it in my pocket.

"It's time for you to go," Kian announces after I tell everyone that Spencer's on his way over.

I've been expecting this, but it still angers me to hear it. I rescued Luna from a horrible ordeal, but it still doesn't give me the right to be here for what comes after. Kian's not at fault for wanting me gone, but he'll have to knock my ass out and toss me from the house to get me to leave.

"I'm not going anywhere," I tell him, angling myself toward him. If he wants to fight this out, I'm all for it. "Not until I know she's safe and after I hear what Detective Erikson has to say, plus I'll have to give a statement."

Kian takes a step forward, the muscles in his arms twitching. I hold still, not backing down. He can fuck right off.

"No!" Luna's shout has both of our heads turning toward the couch. She gets up and situates herself between us. I can only see the side of her face, but from her stony expression, it's her turn to be angry. "He's *not* leaving, Dad. And if you think about kicking him out, I'll be going with him."

"Goddamnit, Luna." Kian grips the back of his neck, glaring at his daughter. "He's got no right to be here. He's caused enough trouble."

She throws her hands on her hips and leans toward her dad. "Not one thing he's done is his fault." She throws her hand up in his face when he opens his mouth. "No! I'm over this. Twice that man," she points behind her toward me, "has saved me. Not once have you thanked him for it. I would hope you would be grateful enough that you would look past your anger. I don't care if you don't like that he's my teacher or that he's older than me. You told me yesterday morning that you

were sorry that I couldn't understand how you feel. Now it's me who's sorry you can't understand how *I* feel." Her chest moves up and down with her heated rant. "You may not like it, but if August and I choose to see each other, you will learn to accept it, or you may lose something you don't want to lose."

"And what in the hell is that supposed to mean?" Worry mixes with the anger still lurking in his eyes.

"I don't need to spell it out for you. You're smart enough to know."

His brows slash down. "You telling me you would choose him over your own father?"

Luna straightens her spine but drops her arms to her sides. I don't need to see the devastation on her face to know her next words are painful to say. "Are you going to make me choose?"

For a moment, not a sound is heard in the room, except for sniffles coming from Luna's mom and Luna's heavy breathing. I stand behind her, not knowing what to say, but feeling a strange sensation in my chest. I'd never ask her to choose between her family and me, but knowing she would if pushed almost knocks me on my ass.

After a tense moment of silence, in which daughter and father glare at each other, Kian steps forward and yanks Luna into his arms. She stays stiff with her arms down by her sides until he says something in her ear, too quiet for me to hear. A soft hiccoughing sob leaves her and she wraps her arms tightly around him.

When his eyes meet mine over the top of her head, the anger is still present, but hidden beneath it is reluctant resignation.

CHAPTER 14

LUNA

DETECTIVE ERIKSON CLOSES THE SMALL NOTEBOOK IN HIS hands and gets up from the chair beside my bed. “That’s it for now, Luna. Use the card I gave you if you think of anything else. In the meantime, don’t fret. A squad is already en route to bring in Dillon, Aaron, and Brooklyn. You don’t need to worry about any of them.”

I twist my fingers together in my lap. “Thank you, Detective.”

He inclines his head before turning to the door. Just before he walks through, he addresses Aleah, who’s been standing by the window. “I’ve still got to speak to August. Be ready to leave in fifteen minutes.”

He’s out the door before she can acknowledge his request. I don’t miss the look on her face as she watches him leave the room. It also didn’t escape my notice the way she gazed at him the entire time he asked me questions.

When the door clicks shut, Aleah comes to my bed, sitting at the end with her legs crossed, mirroring my position. She showed up with Detective Erikson thirty minutes ago. She said she overheard him on the phone with August. When she guessed something had happened to me from his end of the conversation, she insisted on coming with him. I was grateful that she came, and even insisted she stay when I was asked to repeat what happened to me.

She opens her mouth to say something, but I beat her to it.

“So,” I grin for the first time tonight, “he’s the problem you’ve been having.”

Her eyes drop from mine and she begins tracing her fingers over the pattern on my comforter. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she mutters.

“Pul-lease, Aleah. You couldn’t keep your eyes off of him the whole time he was in the room. I may be a novice when it comes to matters of sex.” Aleah knows of my hymen status, so my words don’t surprise her, “But I know the look of desire when I see it. And, girl, you looked about ready to tackle him.”

Her eyes jerk to me, shock registering on her face.

“It was that obvious?”

“It wouldn’t have been more obvious if you shouted to the sky how you feel.” I give her the truth.

“Shit,” she mumbles.

“I’m just going to say,” I wiggle my eyebrows, “having him as your problem, isn’t much of a hardship.”

Hot step-dad-slash-sexy-cop is the only way to describe Detective Spencer Erikson. I would guess him to be in his early fifties, but despite his age, he’s hot as hell. A body built from what has to amount to many hours spent in the gym, mostly dark-brown hair with hints of gray on the sides, and gorgeous blue-gray eyes.

I can totally understand her crush. If I didn’t have my own crush on my teacher, I might even feel a little tingle in my nether regions.

“But that’s just it,” Aleah says, interrupting my thoughts. “It *is* a hardship. He’s my step-dad, for fuck’s sake. Not to mention he’s thirty-two years older than me. And if neither of those were a factor, he’s shown no interest in me.”

She frowns, showing her pain at Detective Erikson’s disinterest. I reach over and grab her hand.

“Have you actually told him how you feel?” I ask.

“Not exactly. But I’ve flaunted myself in front of him enough times that he has to be blind to not see it.”

I squeeze her hand, and she looks up at me. “I’m sure he’s just fighting his attraction. It can’t be easy being attracted to his step-daughter, especially one your age.”

“Maybe,” she mutters. “Anyway,” she visibly shakes off her thoughts of Detective Erikson and straightens her spine. “Enough about my problems. How are you doing?”

I sigh and lean back against the pillows resting along the headboard. Grabbing another pillow, I hug it to my chest.

“I’m okay. Still a little shaky.” I rub the side of my face. “My jaw still hurts a little, but I’m hoping the pain pills I took before my shower will help.”

“I’m still so angry this happened to you. If only I had—” She stops abruptly, her lips slamming shut and she swings her head away from me to stare out of the window.

An icy feeling slithers down my neck.

“If you had, what?” I ask.

She gives no indication she heard my question. She simply continues to stare out of the window, looking lost in her thoughts.

“Aleah,” I call and get no response. I put my hand on her knee and give her leg a gentle shake. “What do you mean? If you had, what? Talk to me, Aleah.”

She eventually brings her eyes back to me and something dark and painful fills them. She licks her lips, the action a nervous maneuver.

“A few weeks ago, I went to the movies with Sean,” she begins quietly. “After, we went to a house party my friend was having. Sean was a jerk, so I left him as soon as we got there. Dillon was in the kitchen with Aaron and some other friends. They were manning the kegs they managed to get. Of course, everyone drinks at these things, and I was no exception. I had previously gone out with Dillon, but caught him with another

girl a week prior, so I wanted nothing to do with him. After a few drinks, Dillon cornered me right outside the bathroom.”

She stops and looks down at her lap, her brows pulled down as she plays that night over in her head. I’m tense as I listen to her story because I have a sick feeling I know where she’s going with it. Dillon is a vile predator, that’s a no-brainer, so there’s no telling what he’s capable of.

She looks up when she continues. “He explained to me that the girl I caught him with had actually come onto him, not the other way around. That he didn’t want anything to do with her. I didn’t want to believe him, but with the alcohol fuzzing my head and the way he was looking at me, he seemed so sincere.” Her brows crease and her lips form a straight line. “Something told me it was a lie, but I didn’t listen.” She shakes her head. “He asked where I was going, and I told him I was looking for the bathroom. He said the one we were next to was broken.” She lets out a laugh so bitter I feel the pain of it in my sternum. “I was so fucking stupid.”

I scoot forward on my butt until our knees are touching. Grabbing her hand, I bring it to my lap. She looks down at our hands before lifting her eyes to me. Tears swim behind the pretty green color.

“You were not stupid, Aleah. You were vulnerable and that asshole took advantage.” My tone is soft at the same time filled with steel.

“But I was, Luna. I was stupid because I let him take me down to the basement. He said there was a bathroom down there.” She huffs out a breath. “I knew halfway down the stairs I had made a mistake, but it was too late. When I told him I was fine and didn’t need to go anymore, he kept pulling me down. I tried to scream but he held a hand over my mouth. He had me down on a couch with him on top of me before my foggy brain fully registered how much trouble I was in.”

She stops her story right there and gets up from the bed, walking over to the window. I get up and follow her. With the light on behind us and the dark before us, her reflection is easy to see in the glass.

I want to ask her to continue because I need to know for myself, but also because I think she needs to get it out.

I wait her out, my heart breaking for my new friend. Anger sits beside the pain, and I've never wanted to hurt someone more than I do in this moment. What Dillon did to me was enough, but knowing this isn't the first time he's hurt someone triples my ire.

"Did he—" I trail off, too scared to say the word.

She turns to face me, leaning her butt on the window sill, and wraps her arms around her middle.

She shakes her head. "No. I don't know who it was, but someone opened the door to come downstairs, and he let me go. The basement was a walk out basement, and I ran through the door leading outside. Whoever it was doesn't know it, but they saved me from being raped, because I have no doubt that's what Dillon would have done."

Tears spill from her eyes. I walk forward and envelope her in my arms. Her arms go around me. We both stand there for several long minutes, crying over a horrible fate from the same man that we narrowly missed.

Over the last week, I've gotten to know Aleah. She always appears to be this strong and carefree girl, and for the most part, she is. But when faced with something as horrendous as what she and I have, it tends to break parts of a person. Aleah hasn't let what nearly happened to her affect her life, but it left a stain.

We both pull back at the same time and sniffles fill the air as we wipe our eyes.

"You need to tell your step-father," I tell her quietly.

She nods, her expression resigned. "I know, and I will."

"You need to tell him now, Aleah. Promise me. The more evidence against Dillon, the harder it'll be for him to get away with it."

Unfortunately, it won't help against Aaron or Brooklyn.

“Yeah. I will. When we get home, I swear I’ll tell him. We can’t let Dillon get away with what he did to either of us.”

We hug again, but it gets interrupted when there’s a knock on the door.

“That’s probably Spencer.” She wipes her cheeks again, removing any evidence of her tears. “I’ll call you tomorrow to check on you and tell you what Spencer said.”

“Okay.” I grab her hand before she can walk away. “If you ever want to talk, you know I’m here.”

She nods with a smile. I go back to my bed as she crosses the room to the door.

“Oh, hey, Mr. Monroe.” I can hear the smile in her voice. “She’s all yours.”

I sit on the side of my bed, not looking at August as he walks into my room, the door quietly clicking closed behind him. I admit, I’m a chicken. I’m not prepared to look at his face yet. I basically laid out my feelings in the living room when I faced off with Dad. A person pretty much knows how someone feels when they announce they would choose them over family if forced to pick. I have no idea what August feels for me, if he feels anything at all. Besides lust, of course. It’s obvious he feels that.

I twist my hands in my lap, playing with the ring on my finger as I feel him approach. His shoes appear first, and even looking at those has my heart jumping in my chest. How pathetic is that? Seeing just his shoes makes me jittery.

“Luna.” He calls my name in a rough voice.

When I refuse to look up, his hand appears, and he puts a finger under my chin to lift it. My eyes finally meet his, and what I see has me no closer to knowing how he feels. His eyes are blank.

“Why?” he asks in a low tone.

My lips are dry, so I run my tongue across them. “Why, what?”

“Why did you tell your father what you did?”

I don't know what to tell him because I don't know myself. I give him the only thing I can.

"Because I don't want it to end."

His eyes flicker, and it's not until then I see a glimpse inside his mind. What he reveals has hope blossoming in my chest.

"I don't want it to end either."

"Really?" I can't keep the hope out of that one word.

"I don't know what we have right now, and your father was right, I'm not the man for you. Not looking at the fact you're my student, I'm too old for you." The hope I was starting to feel begins to fade. Until he steps closer and drops to his knees, wedging his hips between my legs. "But I'm a selfish asshole and won't give up my chance with you. So long as you want me, you'll have me."

He cups both of my cheeks, his fingers delving into my hair, and brings our lips together. The kiss is short and sweet, but filled with so much feeling.

He lifts his mouth from mine but rests our foreheads together.

"Is that what you want, Luna? Do you want me?"

I wrap my arms around his shoulders and scoot my butt to the end of the bed. I lock my ankles around his waist, trapping him against me. We're flush together. His hardness to my softness.

"Yes."

A smile drifts across his lips and it's the most handsome smile I've ever seen on his face. "Then I'm yours."

He palms the back of my head and brings our lips together. This kiss is much longer and has my body needy for his. I want to strip both of us naked and sink back into the mattress, taking him with me, and beg him to take me for the rest of the night.

I dig my heels into his butt, then moan when his hardness presses against just the right spot. My hips undulate and my fingers latch onto his shoulders. The deep groan that reverberates from him spurs me on. His hands slip down my arms until they wrap around my hips, and Lord have mercy, he pulls me closer. Sparks shoot through my stomach and race through my limbs.

All too soon, he pulls back, and we're both left panting.

He gently grabs my hair and pulls my head back so I'm looking at him.

"As much as I want to fuck you so hard you forget your name, the last thing we need is for your father to walk in. Been there, done that; didn't end well."

As much as I hate it, he's right. My father has been pushed enough, a tiny nudge could shove him over the edge.

"Fine." I pout.

He grins and drops his head for a quick kiss before getting up from his knees. He situates himself on my bed with his back against the headboard. Once he's settled, he lifts me easily and puts me down on his lap sideways. I snuggle my head on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry I left you earlier. I needed to wash off the memories of what happened."

He tucks a piece of hair behind my ear, leaving his hand on the side of my neck where his thumb softly strokes the skin.

"Don't apologize. I only wish I had gotten to you sooner." I can feel the frown in his quiet words. "I'm so damn sorry that asshole got his hands on you, Luna."

I sit up so I can see him better. The ache in his eyes brings a sharp pain to my chest.

I cup the side of his face. "Like you just told me, don't apologize. You saved me, August. Had you not showed up when you did..." I stop and swallow hard. "You kept me from dealing with something much worse."

His brows drop and a spark of anger lights his eyes. “I still hate what he did to you.”

“I do too, but he’ll be punished for it.”

“Not enough,” he mutters and tightens his arms around me.

I silently agree with him as I settle back down against his chest.

“How were things with my dad after I left?”

A piece of hair is lifted from my shoulder, and he begins twirling it around his finger. “Tense, but I didn’t expect anything less. He’s worried about you, but is also fighting his instincts to kick my ass.”

This makes me laugh. “Well, he’ll be fighting that instinct a long time.”

“Yeah,” he says quietly.

I start tracing the buttons of his shirt and we sit in silence for several minutes.

“Where have you been? I thought my dad had you fired, but you were at the school this afternoon.”

“I think a little birdy interfered with Kian’s plan to report me to the school board.”

I sit up and face him. “What do you mean?”

“A friend of mine called and told me she had a conversation with Kian a few days ago. Her name is Penelope Adair and she’s your dad’s boss. Apparently, the day after we were caught, he went to work in a shit mood. Penelope made him tell her what happened. She and I went to school together and her brother and I are good friends. I’m not sure what she said to him, but he agreed to not report me to the school board.”

I stare at him with wide eyes. “Wow. I’m surprised he listened. When he sets his mind on something, usually nothing stops him from following through.”

“You haven’t met Penelope. She doesn’t work in PR only because she enjoys it, she’s a bull and can talk the sanest

person into doing anything.”

“She seems interesting.”

He nods. “She’s that and more.”

I turn so I’m sitting with my legs crossed, still between August’s stretched out legs.

“So if you weren’t fired, where were you the last few days of school?”

“In Alabama. When I got home that night, I had a voicemail waiting on me from my brother-in-law. My sister went into labor earlier that day. There were some complications, and she needed a C-section. It was touch and go for a couple days with my sister.”

My hand flies to my mouth. “Oh my God. Is she okay? What about the baby?”

He smiles. “They’re both fine now.”

Reaching out, he uncrosses my legs and picks me up by the waist. My legs go around his hips as he settles me back on his lap facing him.

Laughing, I ask, “What are you doing?”

His grin lights his eyes. “You were too far away.”

Dropping my hands to his chest, I bring my face close to his. “Do you think Dad would freak if we snuck out and went to your place?”

He chuckles. “No guesses are needed for that question. He will definitely freak out.”

“Damn.” I sigh.

He moves his face closer to mine. “Impatient to get my cock in you?”

I nod rapidly, making him laugh.

His smile fades after a moment. “I think we should wait a few days.” His eyes move down to the bruise on my jaw. “You just had a horrific experience.”

I dip my head, reclaiming his eyes. “No,” I say. “I’m not giving Dillon that power.” He doesn’t look convinced. “I’m fine, August. I swear.”

Some of the worry lines fade from his face. “Okay.”

“Besides,” I smile coyly at him. “There’s still quite a few dirty things you need to teach me.”

His grin is naughty. “I believe you’re right, Miss Hendrix.” He palms my butt to slide me firmer against him. “I’ve got a few dirty things in mind right now.”

My stomach dips and shivers race up and down my spine in anticipation.

Mr. Monroe taught me dirty, but he also taught me how to love.

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EPILOGUE

AUGUST

“LET’S GO BRANDON!”

I laugh and shake my head as my wife struggles to get up from her chair. She starts clapping and yelling obnoxiously as a group of ten-year-olds race down the field toward the net. Our son, Brandon, kicks the ball deftly, surprising us all at how much of a natural he is.

We signed him up for soccer through the community when he was seven after we caught him watching a game on TV. He was enraptured. The moment the game was over, he asked if he could have a soccer ball. He’s loved the sport ever since.

Rachel, Luna’s mother, shoots up out of her chair and both women, along with the crowd, go wild when Brandon shoots the ball past the goalie and into the net. Pride fills my chest as I watch my son be congratulated by his teammates.

“Looks like you might have a professional player in the making.”

I look over at Kian and flash a grin. “If he keeps his love for the game and continues like he is, it wouldn’t surprise me.”

It took a while and it was rocky at first, but Luna’s father and I finally came to an understanding. After Luna graduated high school, she and I moved in together a couple towns over from Silver Falls to be closer to the college she would be attending, while I worked in the high school there. Kian hated it, of course, but he knew there was nothing he could do. He went ballistic and almost took my head off when a year after

that, Luna announced she was pregnant. We continued to be reckless and never used condoms, so the news wasn't that surprising to us. I was ecstatic and couldn't wait to start a family. But a small part of me felt guilty and worried. She was young and barely in her first year of college. Being a mother in college wasn't going to be easy. I left the decision up to her on whether she wanted to continue or quit for the time being and go back after the baby was born. She chose to stay in school, and damn, I was amazed at her strength and perseverance.

Luna Monroe is the most amazing woman I've ever met, and I'm one lucky son-of-a-bitch to have her as my wife.

The whistle blows, announcing the end of the game. Our team beat the opponents seven to two. These games are just for fun and the scores don't mean anything to the player's future, but I can't help but be proud of Brandon and his teammates.

Kian and I walk toward the women and take over for them when they start folding the chairs.

Luna turns to me, her smile bright and taking up her whole face. "Did you see that last goal? Brandon was amazing!"

I grin and bend down to kiss her lips. "I sure did, baby."

Her smile grows, if that's even possible. "Our son is the best player on the team."

Laughing, I bring my finger to my lips. "Shh... You don't want the other parents to hear you say that."

Her eyes dart around, seeing the rest of the parents gathering their belongings, not paying a lick of attention to us. She shrugs. "Well, it's true."

I chuckle and sling the straps of both of our chairs over my shoulder. I lightly drape my other arm around her shoulders, tugging her closer.

"Wonder what sport this one will like?" I muse, dropping my eyes to her swelling stomach. "Baseball? Basketball?"

Luna lovingly pats her belly. "Nope. This one's a girl. She's doing gymnastics. Isn't that, right, sweet girl?" She

looks down at her stomach.

“That’s a little premature, isn’t it?”

Luna is seven months pregnant. With Brandon, we opted to find out the sex of the baby. With the new nugget, we wanted it to be a surprise.

Luna lifts her head and her eyes, so full of love, meet mine. “I don’t know why, but I just know this one is a girl.”

“You know, I have the same feeling,” Rachel inserts, overhearing our conversation. “I knew when I was pregnant with you that you were a girl before we found out.”

Mom and daughter smile at each other.

“I, for one, hope it’s another boy,” Kian states. “Not sure how I’ll do with another girl around. The first one nearly drove me insane at times.”

“That’s not nice,” Luna complains good-naturedly. “I was a sweet angel, and you know it.”

Kian snorts. “A sweet angel?” he asks, his eyebrows raised. “How about the time you painted,” he holds up his hands in air quotes, “happy little trees all over the living room wall?”

A huff leaves Luna’s lips. “I was only doing what Bob Ross told me to do.”

“And he told you to paint on the walls?”

“He told me to paint happy trees because they’ll make me happy seeing them, and they did.”

Kian laughs, grabbing Luna’s chin to tip her head back so he can kiss her forehead. “Well, I wasn’t happy having to repaint the living room.” He steps back, a thoughtful look forming on his face. “Actually, you know what? I hope you do have a girl. Rachel and I can gift her Bob Ross DVDs.”

Luna’s eyes narrow on her dad. “You wouldn’t dare.”

We all laugh.

“Mom! Dad!”

We all turn just as Brandon comes running up, a big smile stretching across his sweaty face.

“You kicked butt out there today.” Luna says, stepping out of my arms to hug our son. “I’m so proud of you!”

“I could tell. You were louder than all the other moms and dads.”

Luna laughs and lets him go. I raise my hand up and Brandon claps his palm against it. “Good job, son.”

“Thanks, Dad.”

He receives congratulations from Kian and Rachel next.

“Who’s ready for some pizza?” I ask as we all move toward the parking lot.

“Me!” Brandon yells, kicking the soccer ball he always brings with him to every game. “And ice cream after, right?”

“Absolutely,” Luna answers. Her hand moves back to her belly. “I’m craving some butter pecan soft serve.”

As we all load up into our cars and make plans to meet at the pizza shop, I stop Luna before she can get inside. Brandon slides into the backseat, his video game already turned on and making noises. I wrap my arms around her waist and bring her body as close to mine as I can with our soon to be son or daughter between us.

“Have I told you today how much I love you?”

She smiles up at me softly. “Only about a dozen times, but I’ll never get tired of hearing it.”

I lean down, settling my lips gently on hers.

“I love you four-thousand and twelve.”

Every day, I give her a new number, and it’s always higher than the last. She started the saying with Brandon when he was a toddler, and I took it upon myself to start saying it to her.

With a smile on her lips, she rolls to her toes and places a kiss on the side of my neck. Her lips move up to my ear and she whispers, “That’s not nearly as much as I love you.”

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WANT MORE?

She was a temptation I could no longer deny...

We were family, but not by blood.

I married her mother when she was eleven years old, and I cared for her like she was my own.

I never looked at Aleah with anything more than parental affections.

Until she started taunting me with seductive looks and teasing me with her dirty words.

That's when I noticed what a beautiful woman she had grown into.

That's when she became my filthy little tease.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alex Grayson is a USA Today bestselling author of heart pounding, emotionally gripping contemporary romances including the Jaded Series, the Consumed Series, The Hell Night Series, and several standalone novels. Her passion for books was reignited by a gift from her sister-in-law. After spending several years as a devoted reader and blogger, Alex decided to write and independently publish her first novel in 2014 (an endeavor that took a little longer than expected). The rest, as they say, is history.

Originally a southern girl, Alex now lives in Ohio with her husband, two children, two cats and dog. She loves the color blue, homemade lasagna, casually browsing real estate, and interacting with her readers. Visit her website, www.alexgraysonbooks.com, or find her on social media!

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