



*Chemistry*  
**THE**  
**BETWEEN US**

M.K. MOORE

# THE CHEMISTRY BETWEEN US

A Class In Session Novella

The Flirt Club

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M.K. MOORE

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## Blurb

Tiza Montgomery is in love with the one man she can't have and shouldn't want. She thinks she doesn't stand a chance because what man would want a shy girl with a weird upbringing?

Matt Gillman is in love with his student. His pretty girl is about to be legal, and he's loved her longer than he should have.

No one can deny the chemistry between them. They can't either. They don't want to. They want each other in a way that defies everything.

Fall isn't only about changing leaves and saying goodbye to summer, it's also all about going back to school. Pack up and head back to the dorms because class is in session and love is in the air. Who will find their happily ever after this time—the nerd, the jock, or maybe the professor?

This fall, join your favorite Instalove romance authors from Flirt Club and find out just how naughty it can get on campus.

# Chapter One

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I look around my dorm room. I'm all alone now. My best friend and former roommate, Sierra, is across town with her husband, our former headmaster. She graduated in May, already married and pregnant. I've entered my senior year of high school and am excited for what the future holds for the first time. When I applied for the scholarship to McCray's, I never thought I'd get it, nor did I think my parents would ever let me come, but they did, and thank God for that. I haven't returned since I left three years ago and won't ever go back there.

I grew up in a strict sect of a very religious community in Utah. Folks in Mortimer believe in the old ways. You know, the now illegal ways. My father has three wives, and I have many siblings. The last count was twelve, with two more on the way. I'm sure that number has grown. If I had stayed, I'd be expected to be a breeding machine for my husband. I didn't mind that part, but the thought of sharing him, whoever he may be, with other women made my blood curdle. I'm jealous that way, and I don't think it's so wrong to need to be someone's one and only.

I made the impulsive decision to apply when the pastor of our church's grandson started asking me to be his first wife. I was fifteen, and he was sixteen, so it wasn't that terrible, but I wanted no part of him. He was a little terror. He bullied those smaller or weaker than him, my two younger brothers among those he victimized. I was supposed to believe that it was some great honor to be chosen by him. I didn't. I breathe

easier now, knowing that part of my life is over, and now that I'm eighteen, I never have to go back.

Walking from my dorm room to the sciences building, I get excited. I always get excited when I'm about to see him. I always feel like the luckiest girl in the world because I get to see the man of my dreams first thing in the morning. My chemistry teacher, Mr. G, is so freaking hot. On my first day here, just before I met Sierra, I was coming out of my dean's office. The halls were empty since class had already started. I wasn't paying attention to where I was going, I was looking down at my schedule to see what classroom I was supposed to be in when I ran into a wall. Okay, not a wall, a man. He grabbed my arms to keep me from falling down, and in doing so, he pulled me closer to him. I breathed him in. His cologne was my undoing. He smelled like he was mine. I couldn't explain it then, and I still can't.

"I'm sorry," I said, my voice was husky. I'd never heard it like that. His longish dark hair had fallen over his eyes. Without thinking, I brushed it out of the way, touching his forehead in the process. Goosebumps popped up all over my arms, and heat sizzled up through the hand on his face to my heart. I knew he felt it, too. It would have been impossible not to. His dark green eyes widened, his pupils flared, and we both sucked in the same breath from the air between us.

"No need to apologize, Miss?" he paused, waiting for my name.

"Montgomery. Tiza Montgomery."

"Miss Montgomery. I do believe you are tardy. Where are you headed?" he asked, releasing me. My hand dropped from his forehead, and he took my schedule from my other hand. "Ah, English with Ms. Porter. It's just down the hall, third door on the left."

"Thank you," I said, taking a step back from him.

"You're welcome, and I will see you for fifth period. You're the only sophomore in my Honors Chemistry class." He handed my schedule back to me and quickly scanned it.

“I’ll see you then, Mr. Gillman.”

“Matt,” he said quickly.

“It’s probably best that I not call you that, don’t you think, Mr. Gillman.”

“You’re probably right, Miss Montgomery.”

“I’ll see you this afternoon,” I say before taking off in the direction of my English class.

That was when my obsession with him began. I’ve taken every class he’s taught and joined every elective and club he oversees. Thanks to him, you’re looking at the only female wrestler this school has ever had. I’m also the captain of the chess, golf, and bowling teams. He has to know that I’m in love with him by this point, but he’s never said anything or done anything that would make me think he knows or reciprocates my feelings.

I’m the first to arrive in Chemistry IV. He’s there, though. He’s already sitting behind his desk, wearing a blue corduroy blazer with leather patches on his elbows. I love how he looks in it.

“Good morning, Miss Montgomery,” he says without even looking up from the papers he’s currently grading. It’s like he can sense me. It’s always Miss Montgomery, never Tiza.

“Good morning, sir,” I say, causing him to make a low noise in his throat. I know he likes it when I call him sir. He only reacts when I call him that, though. Every other person in class has called him that at some point, and nothing. When I do it, he almost growls. It makes me feel powerful, so of course, I do it as often as I can. I like to do it when he’s teaching. After I do it, he moves behind his podium. I like to think that I’ve caused him to get hard, and he has to hide it. He stands and moves around his desk, stopping in front of me.

“How was your birthday?” he asks. My birthday was yesterday. Sierra brought me a cake, but that was all I did for it. The cakes she’s given me in the three years I’ve known her are more than was ever done for my birthday before. Gifts were not exchanged in the Montgomery household.

“It was good. I read two books and had some cake.”

“That’s nice. I’m glad you weren’t alone.”

“How’d you know I wasn’t alone?” I ask, confused.

“I got you a present. I hope you don’t mind,” he says instead of answering me, and I light up, forgetting all about what we were just talking about. I love presents. Big or small, it doesn’t matter. I like knowing someone is thinking about me.

“Are their people who mind presents?” I ask, holding out my hands to him.

“Probably,” he says, pulling a long black velvet box out of his pocket. I immediately recognize a local jewelry store logo. I only know it because it’s right next to my favorite shoe store in the mall.

“You didn’t have to do this, Mr. G,” I tell him, but I’m just being polite. I want whatever he wants to give me.

He opens the box and shows me the diamond-studded choker. Holy heck, it’s gorgeous. I know shouldn’t accept such an expensive gift, but I want it because he picked it out.

“Thank you,” I say, turning my back to him. He puts the necklace on me. His fingers trail down the column of my neck, and I shiver.

Is this finally happening?

## Chapter Two

“You’re welcome,” I murmur, knowing I should step away from her but also knowing that I won’t. I’ve been a patient man. I’ve waited three agonizingly long years for this girl to grow up. At first, it felt all kinds of wrong, but I was instantly enthralled by her. It had never happened to me before. I had just started my second year of teaching when she ran into me on her first day at McCrays; I looked into her soulful green eyes and knew she would be mine. I can’t explain it, but I know that love at first sight exists now. I used my limited power as her teacher to look into her file, and what I found there about her family and religious upbringing told me everything I needed to know about her. It also told me why I sensed an incredible sadness in her that has lessened day by day. I like to think that I have something to do with that.

She quickly and discreetly became my whole world. I never again looked at another woman since I met her. I will never, either. I’ve dated some before, but I never slept with anyone. Now I know it’s because I was waiting for my forever.

I knew it was wrong because she was so young, only five years younger than me, but I never touched her or said anything untoward. The more I got to know her though, the worse my obsession became. So much so that I follow her to her dorm room at night to make sure she gets in okay. It doesn’t help matters that she’s everywhere I am. She’s a member of every club and sports team that I oversee. She even works at the pizza place under my Northshore apartment. I swear fate is putting us together at every turn.

“You didn’t have to do this for me, you know?” she says, once again facing me. Her long fingers trace over the necklace. It makes me want her hands on me.

“I know. I wanted to,” I tell her. I’ve wanted to do far more for her for far too long, but now I can.

“I won’t tell anyone.” Her body is closer to me than it was a moment ago. I lean down and put my lips right by her ear. From this close, I can smell the rose shampoo she uses and her delicate rose perfume. My cock hardens in my slacks which is nothing new when it comes to her.

“It’ll be our little secret, Miss Montgomery.”

“Yeah?” she whispers.

“You like the idea of having secrets with me, don’t you?” I growl. She shivers.

“Yes,” she admits.

“Good girl,” I tell her. I am about to take this a step further when I see kids filling the hallway. “Take your seat.”

“Okay,” she says, sitting right in the front row, directly in front of my podium, the podium I had to get because she makes me harder than hell. The room fills with students, and I begin class. Tiza gets a notebook and a pen out of her bag. Then she crosses her legs under her desk. Her knee-length skirt has ridden up, and I see her soaked pale pink panties. Good God, how am I supposed to survive this year? Once she’s graduated, I can claim her. I can’t quit in a scandal like my friend and former boss did last school year when he got caught with Sierra, my girl’s best friend. It didn’t matter that she was eighteen and totally consenting under Tennessee law; he was out. Unlike him, I don’t have another job to fall back on. I do have family money, though. The Gillmans are a founding family in Massachusetts, and we’ve got our hands in a little bit of everything from organized crime to humanitarian efforts and politics. My brother, Avery, is the current governor.

“Alright, folks. Quiet down. This will be on the exam, so pay attention. This week, we will begin getting into double

displacement reactions. Don't get all excited at once. Let's turn to page 436 in our textbooks."

When the bell rings an hour later, I watch as Tiza walks out the door, her hips swaying as she does. She pauses and looks back at me, giving me her blinding smile. My heart constricts in my chest. I'm never going to make a whole fucking year.

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**A**fter finishing up classes at McCrays, I head across town to the university, where I also teach Biology 101 from 6-9. I'm running a little late, so when I arrive, the class has already sat down in the auditorium-style seating.

"I'm Professor Gillman. Welcome to Biology 101. You should have gotten your syllabus from the online portal," I say, looking around the room. "We..." My voice trails off when I see Tiza sitting in the back row. What the hell is she doing here?

"Sir?" a guy in the front row asks, and I swing my gaze back to him. I frown because I'm pretty sure he's older than I am.

"Right. We will be delving into basic biology this semester. This is really just a refresher course from high school bio, but it is a prerequisite for most majors. I assigned two different textbooks in order to get the most comprehensive information. We'll start with the intro text. Most of our lessons will be read before class, and we'll use this time to discuss what we've read and get into some experiments. Are there any questions?" My gaze goes back to Tiza, who smiles at me. I place my hands in front of me, but I know that won't do much to hide my erection. "Alright. We can end early tonight. Read chapters one through ten, and be prepared to discuss what you've read in Thursday's class. You're dismissed."

Everyone but Tiza shuffles out of the room.

"Hey, Professor G," she says, standing. It's very rare that I've seen her out of uniform or her golf or wrestling uniform.



She looks sexy as hell in tight, dark jeans and a flannel shirt.

“What are you doing here?” I ask.

“I swear I didn’t know you were the professor. I’m doing dual enrollment right now.” She’s so fucking smart. I love that about her. God, her voice is huskier when she says that. It goes straight to my cock.

“Want to grab some dinner,” I ask, knowing I shouldn’t. She smiles at me again. Her fucking smile that makes me weak.

“Yeah. I could eat.”

Me too, baby. Me too.

## Chapter Three

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**D**inner? He wants to have dinner with me, and I said yes. Obviously, I've never done anything like this before, but I want to. I took a bus here, so I get a little nervous when he leads me out to his truck. I've never been quite so alone with him before. He's the perfect gentleman. He opens the passenger door for me. It's a lifted truck, so I stare at it for a minute because I'm not sure how in the world I'm going to get up there. I gasp when his hands span my waist, and he lifts me up, setting me down in the seat. He leans over me and buckles me into the seat.

I watch him as he rounds the front of the truck and gets in the driver's seat after shutting my door.

He pulls out of the parking lot and into traffic onto 3rd. He heads toward the bridge, and I panic for a second, thinking he's taking me back to my dorm. I don't want to go. I don't want to leave him.

"Um... where are we going?"

"My place."

"Oh?" My excitement ratchets up a notch, and my pussy begins to throb.

"I know that seems forward, but I swear to you I'm not trying anything; I just thought we'd be more comfortable."

"You could try something," I say before I can stop myself. He makes a rumbling noise, and it startles me. My eyes dart to

him, and I see all the veins in his forearm clearly as he grips the steering wheel with white knuckles.

“Tiza,” he growls, his voice practically thundering in the cab of the truck. I gasp. It’s the first time he’s ever said my Christian name, and I love how it sounds to him. I always thought it was a weird name that sounded ditzy, but when he says it, all I want to do is hear it again.

“Yes,” I prompt after neither of us say anything.

“You can’t say that to me.” He’s crossed the bridge and is pulling into the back lot behind his building. His apartment is right above the pizza place where I work part-time.

“Why can’t I say it, especially since I want you?” I unbuckle my seatbelt so that I can move a little closer to him. “Will you kiss me?” He makes a strangled sound, and for a second, I think he is choking, but he’s not. He pulls me over the center console and onto his lap while pushing his seat all the way back. The move feels practiced, but I won’t judge him for having a past.

All of a sudden, I can feel his cock digging into my barely covered, barely legal pussy, and I know I’m drenched. I have been feeling the sticky mess since he walked into that lecture hall. Surely, he can feel the dampness at my crotch. God, how embarrassing. Before I can think too much about that, his lips are on mine. They are gentle at first, brushing over my lips with a feathery lightness, but that quickly changes. My hands go to his shoulders, and I moan into his mouth. He uses that moment to push his tongue into my mouth, and I kiss him back with everything in me. His hands slide under my t-shirt, palming my boobs. I didn’t bother with a bra because I hate wearing them. Good thing my B’s are perky enough.

Goodness gracious, this feels amazing. I didn’t know it was possible to feel this good. Can I die just from his touch? He growls, and the next thing I know, my shirt is torn in two and discarded on the passenger seat. Why am I so turned on by that caveman move?

I moan as he pulls my left nipple into his mouth. His tongue swirls around it, teasing it until it’s a hard peak. Then

he moves to the other. The moan that comes out of my body is otherworldly. He lifts his head, and I look down at him. He looks like he just realized we are in a car in a dark parking lot. It's not even that late, but everything closes up early around here on weeknights. He pulls away from me. I boldly hold his head in place.

“Please don't stop,” I say. He grins at me, pulling my nipple back into my mouth and biting it hard. His long, thick fingers trail down my stomach, sending chills and fire through my veins. How is that even possible? He reaches my thighs and rubs my skin where my skirt ends. He pushes my skirt up slowly. Too slowly. Every inch of my body sizzles with anticipation. When he finally gets up around my hips, he kisses me again and dips his fingers under the lace edge of my black panties, stilling once he reaches my pussy.

“Jesus Christ,” he curses. The naughtiness of him saying that makes me even wetter. I don't know what that says about me, and right now, I don't care. “So fucking wet for me, Tiza.”

“Mmm.” That's all I can manage right now. His finger pushes into me slowly, stretching me. I've only tentatively rubbed my clit before now; this invasion is new. It's perfect because it's him.

“How are you so tight?” he asks. I know he's not looking for an answer, and I know I should tell him I'm a virgin, but for some reason, I don't.

Though I don't know what I'm doing, I frantically open his khakis. I moan when I come into contact with his huge, throbbing cock.

“Oh, God,” I whisper, wrapping my fist around him. I'm not entirely sure what to do, but he moans, too, so I must be doing something right.

“My place is just steps away, pretty girl. Let me take you to my bed,” he says, licking my neck.

“I can't wait that long. Please,” I reply, still fisting his cock while riding his thigh. I'm already so close. He moves my hand off him and pulls me closer to him. Another loud rip hits

my ears, and my panties are off. I emit a tiny growl and kiss him again. He's so hot I might combust.

"Get over here," he says, his growly voice growing on me. I left up slightly and hiss when my dripping wet pussy meets the tip of his hard length. He grips my hips as I seat myself fully on him. He tears through my virginity ruthlessly, and I scream, clutching his shoulders.

"You saved this gift for me?" he asks, stopping for a moment. I use the time to adjust to the sensation of him filling me."

"Yes," I moan. "Only you."

"I own you," he says, pistoning his hips.

"I know," I say, my fingers digging into his skin.

"Damn right. You're so fucking perfect." He moves one of his hands from my hip and rubs my clit in time with his thrust up into me. I throw my head back and let my feelings overtake me.

"Eyes on me, Tiza," he says sharply, bringing my gaze back to him. His commanding tone turns me on more. "I want you to see who's cock is destroying you for all other men. I want you to see the only man who will ever be inside you while you are the one and only woman who will ever come on my cock. Fuck, pretty girl, you are killing me. There's no way I can last, not when you clenching around me like that." He was a virgin, too? I can't begin to say how I feel about that. It doesn't seem like he doesn't know what he's doing, but maybe it really is magical when you're with the right person —at least, that's what romance novels have led me to believe.

Yeah, I'm going to go with magic, I think as he uses my hips to lift me on and off of his cock rapidly. I hear screams that I am surprised to realize are my own.

He dips his head and inhales at my neck. Then he's licking me again. Marking me. Making me his in every way. He licks a tight circle around my nipple before sucking it into his mouth. The sensations flowing through my body are almost too much. *Almost.*

“Matt, I am going to come,” I moan. His eyes get darker when I call him Matt. We’ve always been Mr. Gillman and Miss Montgomery. This is so intense right now. I don’t ever want it to end. Not ever.

“Do it, Tiza. Come on my cock,” he demands, and I do. “Fuck,” he shouts as he fills me. I can feel his seed splash my core.

I. Can. Feel. It.

He’s bare. His thick, hard cock is bare inside me.

I’m unprotected.

Just the thought of him getting me pregnant makes me come again. That would be everything to me because it would be with him. It wouldn’t be oppressive at all. Not like the thought of this happening to me back home was.

He pulls my head down to his and kisses me.

“That was amazing,” I say breathlessly.

“Let’s move this to my bed,” he says, and I nod vigorously.

I climb off of him and push my skirt back down. I have no shirt since he ripped mine off of me. Oh well. It was so worth it. I watch unashamed as he adjusts his cock, zipping his pants back up. How can I still be so turned on? He reaches into the backseat and pulls out a New England Patriots sweatshirt, which I put on gratefully. I wasn’t too keen on walking the few feet from his truck to the door that leads up to his apartment.

“Put that on, I don’t want anyone else seeing you like this.” I quirk an eyebrow at him. Didn’t we just have sex in the front seat of his truck? “Don’t look at me like that. I know what we just did here, but I was certain there were no creeps watching us. You will always be safe with me, Tiza. Always.”

I know that. I’ve always known that. I knew I’d be safe with him from the moment I met him. It’s probably why I gravitated toward him and felt the need to be around him as much as possible. I was already in love with him, it’s why I tortured myself for so long, but now that I can feel his cum

dripping down my thigh, I know I won't ever be able to give him up. He's

With that, he gets out of the truck after shutting it off and pocketing the keys. I wait for him to come around to the passenger side. He opens the door and lifts me out of the truck, my body sliding down his. He threads his hands in my hair and pulls me close to him. His lips devour mine, and I know that this is just the beginning.



## Chapter Four

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MATT

Holy shit, I groan when she sweeps her tongue into my mouth. I only stop kissing her when her stomach grumbles.

“Sorry,” she says, giggling. “I missed dinner to catch the bus to get to class.”

“Come on, pretty girl. Let me feed you before I fuck you again.” As much as I want to be inside of her, feeling her with my seed again, I need to take care of her. I feel both urges equally.

“Again?”

“Fuck yeah. I’m never going to want to stop. You’re too perfect.”

“You’re not so bad yourself,” she says, popping up on her tiptoes to kiss me again. I grin as I take her hand and lead her over to the outer door of my apartment. I unlock it, and we race up the stairs.

Food is all but forgotten as I push her against my apartment door as soon as we are closed inside. I’ll take care of her after.

“You taste so good, Tiza.”

“Mmm,” she moans as I pull my sweatshirt over her head and toss it on the floor. That moan goes straight to my cock, hardening it again. I know that getting hard will never be a problem when I’m near her.

I drop to my knees in front of her and pull her skirt down her legs. She steps out of it and her white Chucks. She's totally bare to my gaze now, and I fucking love it. I stare up at her, over her flat stomach to the swell of her tits. Her perfect little tits that fit in the palm of my hands. Her nipples are tight, rosy buds that I want in my mouth again.

*Patience, Matt. Patience.*

I run my hands up and down the outside of her legs reverently. There is no doubt in my mind that I'm going to worship this woman for the rest of my life.

Pushing her legs apart, I drag my tongue up the inside of one thigh and down the other. She shudders, and I love that too. I love everything about her. I love her period. It happened instantly, but I had to wait for her, and she was worth the wait.

I lift her leg over my shoulder and drag my tongue through her folds. She tastes like pure Heaven. She's sticky and sweet. I taste both of us, but that doesn't matter. Nothing matters but her pleasure. Nothing matters but us. She moans again and grips my hair tightly in her little hands. I fuck her with my tongue until she comes on it, screaming my name.

Standing, I drag my tongue up her neck. I don't know what it is about her, but I want to stake my claim on her in every way. Licking her like that shouldn't have crossed my mind, but I can't seem to stop. When I reach her lips, I lick them too. She moans when she tastes herself.

"Imagine how I feel, baby. You like my tongue inside you, don't you?" I growl into her ear before licking the outer shell of it.

"Yes. How could I not?"

"You're so fucking perfect, Tiza, and you're mine now. I'm never letting you go."

"Don't let me go," she says, reaching for my blazer. She shoves it down my shoulders, and it falls to the floor. She slowly unbuttons my shirt, and it ends up in the same pile. I took my shoes off, kicking them. I groan when she fumbles with my belt but manages to open it and my slacks before they

fall to the floor. I step out of them, pulling my boxers and socks off next. She stares at me wide-eyed when she sees her name tattooed on my chest.

“You were always going to be mine,” I tell her, lifting her up so that she has to wrap her legs around my waist and my hands grip her ass. I kiss her as I carry her to my bed. Inside the bedroom, I kneel on the edge of the bed and lay her down in the center of it.

Without another word, I push her thighs apart and place myself at her entrance. She reaches for me, her hands flat on my pecs. She wraps her legs around my waist tighter, and I push forward. She’s still so tight. From this angle, I can get deeper inside of her. I fuck into her hard; she digs her nails and heels into me, spurring me on. I can feel her pussy clenching around my cock. She starts to meet me thrust for thrust.

“Iloveyou, Iloveyou, Iloveyou,” she screams over and over as she comes. My heart swells in my chest.

“I love you too,” I groan, filling her with my seed again.

When I finally stop coming, I drop down on top of her, intending to move, but instead, she wraps her arms around me, keeping me in place. We are both trying to catch our breath, and our skin is covered in a sheen of sweat.

“I really do love you; you know?” she says after several minutes of us just breathing.

“I know. I’ve loved you for far longer than I should have, but I do. Your trust in me means everything. You’ve allowed me to teach you many things, and now you’ve given me the gift of your innocence.”

“You gave me yours too,” she murmurs, kissing my chest.

“I did. I knew I was waiting for someone special.”

“So was I. What do we do now? I couldn’t bear it if you lost your job over me, like Chris did.”

“Chris is it?” I ask, moving off to her and lying beside her. I pull her close to me and breathe her in.

“He is my best friend’s husband,” she reminds me. “Are you jealous?”

“Yes. I’m jealous of the guys in class who stare at you. They are the ones who get to be with you.”

“Guys stare at me?”

“You mean you don’t know?”

“I don’t notice them. There’s only you.”

“I feel the same way.” She grins and kisses me while rubbing her body on mine. My cock springs to life again. She wraps her hand around me and pumps. Her stomach growls again. Loudly. I need to take care of her before I get caught up in her.

“Come on, pretty girl. Let me feed you.”

“Fine,” she says, sighing. I chuckle and get out of bed. Going over to my dresser, I pull out a pair of McCray’s sweats and toss them to her before pulling on some pajama pants. She pulls the pants on and ties the drawstring tightly to keep them from falling down. “Do you have a T-shirt I could borrow? Someone ripped mine in two...”

“Here,” I say, handing her a long-sleeved McCray Wrestling shirt. She catches it one-handed and pulls it on. She looks down at it and smiles. I can’t help but wonder what she’s thinking about.

I lead her into the kitchen and laugh when she makes herself home. She pulls open the fridge and pulls out the eggs and bacon.

“I haven’t cooked in years,” she says like someone much older than herself.

“Not much chance to cook in the dorms?” I ask. I love the fact that she’s so comfortable here.

“No chance at all. I used to be in charge of breakfast at home. My mom and I would oversee breakfast for fifteen kids every day.”

“Fifteen?” I ask as I fill the coffee pot with water.

“Oh yeah. I’m the oldest, but I have fifteen younger siblings. My father has three. well, I know they aren’t really his wives, but three wives. They each have a bunch of kids. My mom handles breakfast, Ruth takes care of lunch, and Sarah takes care of dinner. It’s a system that is necessary for so many people.” The whole time she talks about her family, she’s cooking. She then plates up a heaping serving of eggs, bacon, toast, and orange slices.

“I don’t mean to shit on your beliefs, but that seems like a fuck ton of work. I’m a one-woman man, just in case you’re wondering.

“They aren’t my beliefs; that’s why I left. I don’t like to share so that works out perfectly for me,” she says, putting the plate down in front of me.

“Thank you. No one but my mom has ever cooked for me like this,” I tell her, making her smile. She puts her plate on the counter and climbs onto the barstool beside me.

“Is it messed up that I’m glad about that? I want to be the only woman to take care of you besides your mom.”

“That’s what I want to.”

“I have to get back to campus. I told the security guard I had class and that I didn’t know how late it would run. But if I don’t go back, he’ll raise an alarm. We don’t need that.”

“I fucking hate the idea of keeping you a secret, but I understand the need to.”

“Yeah, you don’t want to be labeled a creep, and I don’t want to be labeled a whore.”

“You are far from a whore.”

“And you’re no creep.”

We eat silently for a few minutes then I tell her about my childhood in Boston and my brother.

After we eat, she loads the dishes into the dishwasher after shooing me away. I take her back into the bedroom and pull her into the shower with me. She lets me kiss her under the hot

spray until the water runs cold. I dry her off and watch while she gets dressed again.

“Do you remember when you taught me how to wrestle?” she asks, looking at the messed up bed.

“Of course I do. It just about killed me.”

“What did?”

“Being so close to to you, able to touch you but not like how I wanted to.”

“I liked it when you taught me take downs.”

“Fuck, so did I.” Chuckling, I take her back out to my truck and drive her to school. She gets out before the main gate to make it seem like she walked from the bus stop.

I wish I could have kept her in bed but now is not the time. Now that I’ve claimed her, I will wait as long as I have to make her my wife.

## Chapter Five

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TIZA

## Two Weeks Later

“Miss Montgomery?”

“Huh?”

“Miss Montgomery, do you know the answer?” Matt asks, fully jarring me out of my daydream of him spreading me open on his desk and taking what he wants from me. We’ve kept our distance at school for two weeks, but at night, when I have my college courses, he devours me for hours before bringing me back to school.

“What?” I ask, making the other students laugh.

“This will be on the exam, Miss Montgomery. Care to give it a guess?”

“No,” I say quickly. I have no idea what the question was, so any guess I make would be wildly off.

“See me after class, Miss Montgomery. James, care to answer?” he asks after moving along. I have never been asked to stay after class by any teacher. My skin tingles with anticipation.

Once class is over, he has me follow him to his office. I didn’t realize that he even had an office.

As soon as the door is shut and locked, he’s on me. His lips are punishing in the best possible way.

“What was that for?” I whisper when he lets me have some air. I think he’s done, but he’s on his knees, pulling my panties down my legs. I watch as he inhales my scent before putting it in his pocket.

“You can’t dress like this and expect me not to need to claim you.”

“I always dress like this. It’s my school uniform.” It consists of a red plaid skirt, a white shirt, and a blue blazer.

“Jason Moritz was looking up your skirt. I almost kicked his ass.”

“No, he wasn’t.”

“You weren’t paying attention,” he says as he opens his pants and lets them, and his boxers fall to the floor. His cock is hard and angry.

“We’re doing this here?”

“Yes. I need you now. I need to remind you who you belong to,” he growls, lifting me in his arms. He turns away from the door, and my butt hits his cold desktop. I’m wet, of course I am, but he leans down and runs his tongue over my folds before spitting on me. There. I moan loud enough that he slaps his hand over my mouth. “Shhh, baby. No one can know what I’m doing to you in here.” I nod. When he releases me, I bring my hand up to my mouth and spit on it before fisting his cock with it. His head falls back as he lets me jerk him off. He stops me, and as soon as I move my hand, he guides his cock to my opening and slams into me. How am I supposed to keep quiet when he’s doing this to me? He kisses me and then licks my neck as he breathes me in.

“Matt,” I whisper. His hands are on my hips now. He’s pulling me on and off of him. I love it. “I’m gonna come.”

“Do it. Come on my cock. Give me that sweet pussy juice.” He moves faster and faster until I can’t take it anymore. I bury my face in his chest as I come, my pussy clenching around him. He comes with silently, but he shaking so I know it’s hard for him. He kisses me again as he pulls out of me. “I love you, pretty girl. You are mine.”

“I know, Matt. I know I’m yours. I’ll never be anyone else’s.”

“Damn right,” he says as he pulls my panties from his pocket and helps me back into them. “Now, you’ll smell like me all day.”

“Good. I’m glad.”

“You’re late for your next class. I’ll write you an excuse.”

“What’s it going to say? I’m quite sure that something like, sorry Miss Montgomery is late; she was riding my cock like a good girl, will cause a stir.” He growls and smacks my butt.

“You’re a brat, you know that, don’t you? Now you’ve made me hard again.”

“Oh, no! Whatever will we do about that?” I ask, hopping back up on his desk. I put my feet on the edge and spread my thighs for him. His widen, and I reach between them and push my already-soaked panties to the side and show him my swollen pussy. He groans as he rips his pants open again and pulls out his cock. Seconds later, he’s back inside of me where he belongs. My head falls back as another orgasm builds inside me.

I will never, ever get enough of this. Of him.

My last thought on this Earth will be of him and how much I love him.

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## Five Months Later

December 2023

I groan as soon as I open my eyes. It's Saturday, the one day I sleep in and instantly know why I'm up already. For the third time this week, I've woken up nauseous. I barely make it to the bathroom before throwing up. I knew this was coming. I haven't gotten my period since just before Matt and I started sleeping together. I noticed the signs but chose to ignore them. A baby with him changes nothing. We did nothing to prevent it. After a quick shower, I called Sierra and asked her to pick me up from campus. She readily agreed and lives nearby, so I walked down to the gate and waited for her. Less than ten minutes later, she picks me up in her new Mommy mobile. She's six months pregnant now and can't stand anything but Mexican food, which is great for me.

"I'm pregnant," I blurt out as soon as I open the passenger door and lean my head in. "at least, I think I am."

"Get in, bitch, and tell me who the baby daddy is," she says excitedly. I feel terrible that I haven't told her about Matt and me yet, but I couldn't. We agreed to keep it between us until it could be shouted from the rooftops.

I get in the car and buckle my seatbelt before she takes off.

"You can't tell anyone," I begin.

"It better be Mr. Gilman."

"Of course it is,"

"Oh, my God. I can't believe you didn't tell me."

"We didn't tell anyone. Look what happened to Chris."

"I know you're right, but I would never have told anyone, Tiza Marie Montgomery."

“I know you wouldn’t have,” I say as we pull into the pharmacy parking lot.

“Let’s go get a pee stick, and then you better tell me everything,” she says, opening her car door.

“There’s really not much to tell,” I begin.

“You’re a terrible liar, Tiza.”

“Alright,” I say, grinning. I’ve wanted to tell her since all this began. We go inside, and I buy three different tests. Sierra says it’s cliché, but you really do want more than one answer. While we drive to her house, I chug a bottle of water and tell her everything.

“You are in love,” she says simply as we pull into her driveway.

“Well, come on. Let’s do this. I’m dying to know if we’re going to be pregnant at the same time.”

I get out of the car and follow her inside. She leads me to her guest bathroom, and I go inside. I set the bag on the counter and take a deep breath. I pull the first box from the bag and open it. I carefully read the instructions and do what the pamphlet said to do.

After putting the hot pink cap over it, I set it on the counter. I do the same thing for the other two. After three minutes or so, all three tests reveal that I’m pregnant. I put my hand over my belly and stare at myself in the mirror. This is happening. I knew I’d be a young mother, but the situation is infinitely better than it would have been at home. I say a quick prayer of thanks and pull the bathroom door open. Sierra is pacing in the hallway.

“Well?”

“I’m pregnant,” I tell her, grinning. I’m so happy right now. I can’t wait to tell Matt.

“I knew it,” she says, pulling me into a huge hug. “What is Matt doing today?”

“Watching hockey, probably. At his place.”

“Okay. Go to him. Tell him now. Guys love it when you tell them they’ve knocked you up,” she says, blushing. I laugh. “Here, take the keys to my SUV.” I had taken driver’s ed last year and got my license, but I don’t get to drive much.”

“Really?”

“Of course. Bring it back whenever, or just use it until, graduation. I’m driving the mini-van since I don’t fit behind the wheel right now.”

“Oh my goodness, thank you so much,” I squeal.

“Go. Tell him. You’re going to love it.” I nod and turn back into the bathroom. I put the tests back into the bag and follow Sierra to the front door. She hands me the keys to her car and gives me another hug.

“Thank you again. You really are my best friend.” I don’t have to tell her she’s my only friend.

“You’re welcome. Now, get a weekend furlough pass. Tell admin you’ll be staying with me on the weekends. You won’t be, of course, but you can be with Matt more this way, and admin won’t know about it.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. It’s easy. They don’t check and see if you’re where you say you are going to be. Just do it.”

“Okay. I will. Thank you,” I say, jingling the keys at her.

“Call me later and tell me how it went.”

“I will.” I walk out to the driveway and unlock her car. I’m across town and parking behind the pizza place in just a few minutes.

I get out and ring the outside bell.

“Yeah?”

“It’s me,” I say.

“Tiza?” Who else is he expecting?

“Yes.” I frown. That’s weird, but this is the first time I’ve dropped by. He usually comes to pick me up. He buzzes the

door open, and I run up the stairs. His door is open by the time I get up there. He's standing there in nothing but a towel. My jealous nature rears its ugly head. He better not have been expecting anyone.

"Hey, pretty girl. Are you okay? I wasn't expecting to see you until later."

"I'm fine but I need to tell you something."

"That sounds serious."

"It is."

"Well, come in," he says, pulling me toward him and closing the door behind me. He kisses me softly, and I almost forget why I came. Almost. "What's up?" He walks into the kitchen and picks up his coffee cup off of the counter. "Can I get you anything?"

"I'm pregnant," I blurt out. He looks stunned, but he calmly sets his cup down on the counter and comes back around it to stand in front of me.

"Pregnant? You're carrying my baby?"

"It's early, but yes." He just stares at me and doesn't say anything. He has no real reaction. "Are you happy?" I finally ask. He still doesn't say anything but reaches for my shirt and pulls it over my head. I'm confused at first, but I get it when he peels my yoga pants down my legs.

"I'm so fucking happy, Tiza."

"I know we didn't specifically discuss children..."

"But I filled you full of my seed every single time I've fucked you. You took it all like a good girl, and we made a baby. The first of many." Not too long ago, a comment like that would have had me panicking, but not with him.

"I'm a good girl?"

"You know you are, baby. My perfect good girl." His praise makes me wet. I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him. He immediately takes control of the kiss, his hands squeezing my butt.



“Come to bed, let me worship you,” he growls.  
How can I say no to that?

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## Four Months Later

April 2024

I decided not to go to prom. I don't want to go if I can't dance with Matt. He got out of chaperoning so he could take me out. This baby growing inside of me has brought us even closer together. We are inseparable, and I love that. We are almost to Nashville, where he's gotten us a reservation at the newest restaurant owned by celebrity chef Bobby Flay. Every night before we fall asleep, we watch the Food Network. *Beat Bobby Flay* is our go-to. Despite having to go back to school during the week, I've pretty much moved in with Matt. I look over at him. He's so hot and so good to me. I've never felt more loved than I do with him. He's going to be an amazing father.

"I can hear you thinking over there," he says, looking out at the road.

"I just love you so much."

"You know I love you too."

"I do know that," I tell him.

When I first got into his truck, I thought the center console was immovable, but now I know it can be pushed up and become a seat. I unbuckle my seatbelt and push the seat back up. I slide over to sit next to him.

"What are you doing, pretty girl?"

"Whatever I want," I say sassily as I put my hand on his thigh.

It's getting dark out, and we still have about forty minutes before we reach Nashville. We are staying the night, our first time in a hotel room together, and my first time period.

He puts a staying hand on mine when I reach for the zipper on his pants. He looks so hot in his dark dress pants and black shirt. His suit jacket is hanging in the backseat. We look good together. I borrowed the black dress with red flowers I'm wearing from Sierra.

"You don't have to do this," he says. He hasn't let me do this, and I really want to.

"I know I don't have to, but I want to. Can I please suck your cock, Matt?" I ask, practically begging. He makes a strangled sound in his throat that sounds like a yes to me. He moves his hand back to the steering wheel. I grin into the darkness and continue to unzip his pants. Reaching inside, I find his rapidly hardening cock. I wrap my fist around him and stroke him until he's fully hard. Then I bend over him and pull him into my mouth. I moan when a drop of his cum hits my tongue.

"Fuck, Tiza," he growls as I pull him deeper into my throat and start working my mouth over what will fit and my hand over what doesn't.

I feel powerful like I'm in charge for once. I won't stop until I feel his balls tighten, and he comes down my throat. He's breathing hard when I pop my mouth off of him and kiss the tip of his cock before putting him back into his pants.

I sit back up and look at him. He glances at me. He looks satisfied, and that makes me feel so good.

"You taste good," I murmur, wiping an escaped drop from the corner of my mouth and licking it off of my fingertip.

"Jesus, Tiza. I'm going to fuck the shit out of you as soon as we get to our room."

"Promise?"

"Guaranteed."

Later on, we are lingering over our desert. I was a bit bummed that Bobby Flay wasn't at the restaurant, but I guess that's to be expected. We are sharing a huge piece of cheesecake when Matt suddenly stands up and drops to his knee beside me. He pulls out a ring box and opens it, showing

me a beautiful ring that looks like it's the same designer as the choker I'm wearing.

"Matt?" I whisper, tears already filling my eyes. I cry at the drop of a hat these days, but this is big.

"Tiza Marie Montgomery, I've loved you from the moment we met. My life started the day you ran into me. I promise to love you and the family we've already started until my last breath." He puts his hand on my belly. I just started looking pregnant this week. "Marry me, and let me worship you for the rest of our lives. Let me love you and keep you safe. Will you marry me, pretty girl?"

"Yes," I say without a moment's hesitation. We haven't talked about marriage, but I've always known I was supposed to be his wife. He puts the ring on my finger, and it's a perfect fit.

He stands and pulls me to my feet. He kisses me like his life depends on it.

He pays the bill, and we walk down Broad Street toward our hotel. We checked in earlier but had to get to the restaurant for our reservation. My feet are killing me, and I want nothing more than to take these heels off and climb into bed.

As soon as we are in the room, I'm backed against the door.

"I want you in nothing but my ring, pretty girl. Let me strip you bare," he asks, running his hands all over my body.

"Yes," I whimper. I'm so wet for him. I'm achy, and only he can fix me. I'm naked, and so is he in a matter of seconds. His hard cock is thick and pointing right at me. I drop to my knees in front of him and take him into my mouth again. This time, he doesn't even try to stop me. He tangles his hands in my hair and uses my head to guide me as he powerfully thrusts in and out of my mouth.

"Damn it. You look so good on your knees for me, but I want to fill your pussy," he says finally pulling me off of him. He pulls me to my feet, lifts me up, and carries me over to the bed. He puts me in the center of it and joins me. He's on his

knees, but soon, he's lying down with his face buried between my spread thighs. He makes me come on his tongue before he drives his cock into me. My legs go around his waist, and I meet him thrust for thrust.

"Feels so good," I moan, letting the sensations come over me.

"Good girl. Come on my cock so I can fill you," he growls before leaning down and kissing me.

He fills me, and before I fall asleep, I can't help thinking about how good the rest of my life is going to be with him.

I can't wait.

# Epilogue

MATT

## One Year Later

Marriage and fatherhood is everything I thought it would be and more. Once Tiza graduated, we moved to Boston to be near my family. Tiza has thrived with my mother, treating her like the daughter she never had. It's the anniversary of our first sex, so I had my parents pick up Bree and keep her for the night. Bree looks just like her mother. She was born with a full head of red hair and green eyes.

Tiza is in her first year of culinary school. She loves cooking for people and wants to turn that into her career. I stand behind her every step of the way. I teach middle school these days, but after this year, I am going to work for my brother. He's running for governor again and has aspirations to be the president one day. He's still six years before he's old enough, but he's making a name for himself here in Massachusetts, and the rest of the country will hear about it.

I walk into our bedroom and find Tiza fresh from a shower. She's standing naked in front of the mirror, rubbing lotion on herself. I take the tube from her and take over. I love touching her. This quickly turns into her frantically ripping my clothes off and pushing me down to sit on the edge of the bed. She straddles me and slides her tight pussy down my cock until she's fully seated.

"So full..." she moans. I lean down and pull one of her nipples into my mouth and bite down on it, just like she likes. She slowly rolls her hips before bouncing up and down on me. She feels incredible. She always does. I can't believe how lucky I am that she chose me.

"Good girl, come for me," I growl into her ear. She shudders, her wet hair dripping on us. Reaching between us, I rub her clit. Her pussy starts clenching around me, and I know she's close. "I'm going fill you so full of my seed that there's no chance in hell that I don't breed you again."



“Too late,” she moans, and I freeze. She doesn’t, though. She keeps riding me. “Don’t stop. Don’t stop.”

I stand with her still impaled on my cock. She gasps, and I put her on her back and drive into her.

“You’re pregnant?” I growl, feeling every bit like the king she tells me I am.

“Yessss,” she hisses as I feel her come on me.

Rearing back, I come hard, filling her so much that it leaks out.

“You’ve made me the happiest man in the world,” I tell her when I pull out of her and lie beside her on the bed, our legs dangling off of the side. She turns to face me.

“And I’m the happiest woman. I was born for you, and everything in my life is perfect because I met you because you love me.”

“I do. I love you fucking much; it hurts when we aren’t together.” She puts her hand on my chest over my heart.

“We don’t ever have to worry about that.”

Then she kisses me, and nothing else matters.

The chemistry between us is undeniable.

# Epilogue

TIZA

## Eleven Years Later

I finish putting blush on my cheeks. I let a stylist do my hair but drew the line at my makeup. I tucked the younger girls, Lucy, Diane, Kate, and Dalilah, in and left them with their nanny about two hours ago. Our two older kids, Matthew Jr. and Deanna play video games until bedtime. I never thought I'd have need of a nanny, but I do.

“Matt, we don't have time,” I say as he licks my neck.

“There's always time, pretty girl.” I roll my eyes, but he's already got me so turned on.

“Fine, but fuck me quick; we can't be late for an inauguration ball,” I say, making Matt growls at my first use of a curse word. Ever. It seems appropriate, though. I'm wearing one of seven dresses I must wear tonight. I gathered from watching political dramas that there were a lot of inauguration balls, but I didn't think I'd have to change before moving on to the next one.

My brother-in-law, Avery, was elected president in November. It was an intense election. A conservative Democrat has never been elected. Not to mention, Avery is a single Catholic one at that, though I doubt he'll stay single for long. We just finished moving into the Navel Observatory this morning. That's right, Matt is Avery's vice president. Matt got very interested in politics when he worked for Avery while he was the governor. I was surprised when he told me Avery wanted him to run with him. We had to move from Massachusetts to New Hampshire since the president and vice president can't be residents of the same state. Of course, I supported him. I was told we carried Utah, the most Republican state in the union, because of me. Our love story fascinated the press for a long time, but now the Gillman brothers are ready to run the country. My family came out of the woodwork. I thought it would ruin their chances but it didn't. It surprised the hell out of me.

“There’s nothing quick about it,” he says, turning me to face the dresser. I pull the shimmery dress up to my hips. I’m not wearing any panties. He squeezes my butt with one hand. I hear his zipper behind me, and then he’s inside me. I moan as he begins to fuck me hard and fast.

“Whatever you say, Mr. Vice-President.”

“Fuck, I love it when you call me that, Miss Montgomery.”

“That’s Mrs. Gillman,” I remind him.

“Even fucking better. You look so fucking beautiful.”

“Mmm,” I cry.

“Come,” he demands fucking into me harder. The bottles on the dresser rattle with the force of his thrusts.

“Matt!” I scream as I come. He’s still pumping away behind me when the bedroom door bursts open, and my secret service agent appears in the doorway like he’s been running.

“What the fuck?” Matt shouts. He’s coming inside me, I can feel it, but he shifts so the agent can’t see my bare ass.

“Ma’am, are you alright,” the agent, Martin, asks.

“What? Of course, I am. I’m with my husband.”

“Your panic button has triggered.” He pulls a coaster-looking thing from his pocket. It’s flashing red. I giggle a little as it reminds me of those things at Chili’s that let you know your table is ready.

“My panic button?” I ask, remembering it was given to me as a necklace for the night. I reach for it and realize it presses up against the handle on the dresser door. “I’m sorry. I must have hit it,” I say, mortified.

“Just reset it, Martin, and please leave,” Matt says.

“Of course, sir. I apologize.”

“No need, Martin. You thought I was in danger. Thank you.”

“Ma’am, Sir. The car is ready to go whenever you are,” he says before leaving.

As soon as he closes the door, I burst out laughing. Matt pulls out of me and laughs too.

“I don’t think it will ever be a dull moment again.”

“I agree.”

Nothing will ever be the same, and privacy isn’t something we have anymore.

We’ll just have to be more careful in the future.

## Afterword



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## Note from M.K.

Want to know more about Chris & Sierra? Check out:

[Headmaster's Desire](#)

And be on the look out for Avery's story, The President Who Loved Me, coming soon!



## About the Author

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MK is married to the love of her life. She lives in Tennessee with her husband. She is an avid reader and loves telling steamy stories she deems filthy contemporary. She loves meeting readers, so come hang out with her!

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