



*Testing Her Professor*

THE SISTER SWITCH SERIES

C.M. STEELE

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TESTING HER  
PROFESSOR

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C.M. STEELE

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# Chapter 1

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## Alyssa

“YOU HAVE TO DO THIS FOR ME,” ALEXA SAYS, STANDING in front of me with her hands on my shoulders. Her long black hair looks raggedy as she stares at me with a look of desperation and intent. I push her hands off me gently, pick up my cup of coffee, and walk from the kitchen to my bedroom. Of course, she stalks right behind me.

My sister and I are exact opposites when it comes to school and our clothes. I dress like a professional that I am and always have. My sister prefers tanks and tees with leggings and a pair of sneakers.

“You know that’s cheating, right? Like you could be kicked out of school and get no damn degree,” I remind her. She’s been asking me for two years to do this.

“You don’t understand, I’m not taking another semester of this shit. It’s been two years of this class, and I should have had a job like you already. Hell, I’m going for a teaching degree in History? We’re twins for fuck’s sake.” She tosses herself on my bed, getting more and more annoyed by the minute. At twenty-two, she should have graduated, but she’s awful at math, which is the only class she has to take.

“Then, you should know that cheating is unacceptable.” She’s already proving to be a terrible role model for students, but I can’t say I really blame her.

“Ugh, so is a teacher who took six years to get her bachelors because she’s a loser.”

“You’re not a loser, and it hasn’t been six years yet,” I remind her as I take a sip of coffee. It’s Sunday. I’m not in the mood for anything except curling up in my little nook with my latest paperback. I have a strange addiction to crime novels lately, breezing through them faster than I can purchase them.

“Easy for you to say. You have a job.” She has me there. I make enough to pay all the bills in the apartment we share

while she works to pay for her car to get to and from school.

“Please, it’s only one day. You can go in and quietly take the final and leave. He’ll think you’re me, and no one will be any the wiser.”

“Like you said, I have a job, and I can’t take off because my boss is getting ready to go on a business trip.”

“I bet you already did most of the stuff for his entitled ass. God, how can you work for that guy? He bosses you around like crazy.” She’s never met my boss, but she has seen his emails—a prickly one that grated her nerves.

“Um, because he’s my boss, and my only job is to assist him. Yes, he’s a prick, and everyone thinks so, but he’s not really mean to me. He’s just demanding and gruff.”

“I think he’s a prick, but I’d be all sugar and sunshine for him if we switched spots. It’s only one day. I promise I can handle being sweet. Hell, you can come back to the office and switch clothes and go back to work for Captain Asshole.”

“No. It won’t work.”

“We’re identical.”

“No. I meant the switching out during the day.”

“So, you’re considering it.” I’m already regretting it, knowing damn well that it’s dangerous and stupid, but I feel for her. I hated gym in school, and it’s the only class that I ever received a ‘C’ in.

“Fine. Give me your textbook and exam study guide. I’ll need to study all day, so you owe me big time.”

“What do I need to know about Mr. Bossy Pants.”

“One, he doesn’t like to be called anything other than Mr. King.”

“Huh. That name matches his bossy attitude. Regal asshole.”

“Alexa...”



“Sorry. I promise to be good.” I take her study guide and smile. This is easy for me. “Hey, nerd alert, please don’t get a perfect score.”

“What? Why not?”

“Duh, because I wouldn’t get a perfect score, and Mr. Stuffed Shirt would know something’s up and that maybe I found a way to cheat.”

“How bad is your grade?”

“I need a ninety on the final to pass the class.”

“Shit. What have you been doing?”

“I don’t see what the hell letters have to do with math. It’s total horseshit.”

“Okay. Another thing, please control your temper. No one talks to Mr. King disrespectfully and keeps their job.”

“Understood. I wouldn’t do that to you. Besides, I’m going to spend the day trying to keep everything together.”

“Everything should be good. Mr. King takes his coffee with two creams and two sugars.”

“Wow, you went to school to be a barista.”

“Quit it. My job is more than that, but the man is busy, and it makes it easier. Your new laptop was courtesy of the bonus I received after working late for a week straight.”

“Sweet. Okay. I suppose I can be nice. So two and two for the coffee. Does Captain Asshole get it when he first comes in or only when he asks?”

“I usually bring it to him when he first gets in or when he’s on a call or meeting with Franklin Steinberg, the company accountant. The man can put anyone to sleep, so his meetings are usually first thing in the morning when necessary. I’ll create a cheat sheet for you before we leave in the morning.”

“Awesome. I’ll leave you to study.”

Three hours later, I’m sure that I’ll ace this test, so I take a break to create her notes for my boss. My stomach turns

because we may look the same, which will fool my boss; her attitude won't. We're going to have to switch clothes for the day as well.

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**S**howtime. I'm dressed in jeans and my only pair of vans I own with her Aerosmith tank top on. I toss a blazer over it because the shirt reveals too much of my tits and skin. The classroom is packed in an auditorium setting, and the only seats available are in the front. She told me to never sit in front because she doesn't.

"Down here, Ms. Mathers." Shit. That voice. My pussy instantly soaks my panties. The dark, deep timber shoots straight to my girly parts. Parts that I didn't know were alive.

"Ms. Mathers, take a seat already. This test is two hours long, and you need every minute of it." Asshole. I spin around and am caught off guard, stumbling from the sight of the man before me. Another man catches me. "Thanks," I say with a nervous smile, but a growl comes from the direction of the teacher whose name has suddenly escaped me. Did Alexa even give me his name? No. She only called him Mr. Stuffed Shirt.

"Ms. Mathers." He arches his brow at me, and I blush, stepping out of the other student's arms while biting on my bottom lip to hold back a moan.

"Maybe a date for being a hero?" the guy who caught me says. I forgot all about him. I blush and smile at Alexa's classmate. Before I can respond, the professor's booming voice interrupts.

"Keep your scamming on girls out of my class. Ms. Mathers, take a damn seat." I go to move the seat when someone's book bag is in the way, and I trip again, falling into Mr. Stuffed Shirt's arms of all people. As if time stands still, I look up slowly at him.

No wonder she can't pass this class, I think to myself with a tinge of jealousy. With this sexy man in front of me, I wouldn't hear a word he said. Instead, I'm admiring his perfect

face and dark brown hair that's almost black, but the lights of the classroom highlight the brown. His eyes are brown as well, but not that dull color brown like mine. They're practically golden, wolfish, and that mouth of his. It's set in a grim line, his clean-shaven jaw ticking with annoyance. What would it feel like wrapped around my hard nipples that are pressed against his chest?

My expensive white panties are now ruined.

My brain is contemplating sex and wondering if he's thick-muscled everywhere. I try to think of anything and everything else to get me out of this trance that he's put me under. Suddenly I'm off my feet as he carries me like I weigh nothing and plops me in a chair with a growl.

Before he turns to walk away, I get a glimpse of his massive bulge. Damn, is he hard? I know I'm turned on. "Think fuck-tions. Shit. I mean functions." I totally said that out loud. In shame, my eyes move straight to the teacher. A tiny hint of a smirk comes over Mr. Stuffed Shirt's face.

*Stuffed shirt* fits him, but not in the way my sister means. Holy hell, he packs muscles into a fitted T-shirt. What kind of teacher wears a T-shirt? Someone looking for attention.

Ugh. I'm annoyed at myself for being pathetically jealous because of a man, but I remember why I'm here. So while he's getting ready to pass out the tests, I look for the things I need to use for the exam. I bust out the TI-84 calculator and two number two pencils with a piece of scratch paper. It's been a long time since I took a test like this, but I've got this. I'm not going to let the sexy jerkface ruin it for me. My sister's right about me; I'm a nerd and proud of it.

As I move around, my phone makes the water droplet sound of my notifications.

"Phones off," the teacher growls from the large desk in the middle of the floor.

I reach in my bag to power it down, seeing my sister's message.

**Alexa: You never told me he was hot.**

**Me: Ditto.**

Smiling, I shut it off and tuck it into my bag. Another growl comes from the teacher. Damn it, what's his name? Whatever it is, he needs to get his throat looked at.

He stands abruptly, stomps to the rows, and hands the first person in that row a stack of exams and then says, "Pass them back. Leave the extras on the side, I'll go around and collect them once the test starts."

"If I catch any cheating, you will fail automatically." He says that last bit in front of me. I sheepishly look up and take the papers from him, quickly dropping my eyes. He clears his throat and moves along. Seriously, he must have a cold coming.

I do my best to ignore the attraction and focus on the test in front of me. The equations come to me quickly, and I work my ass off to finish the test as fast and as accurately as possible. I'd hate for my sister to fail because I'd been too preoccupied with the handsome professor.

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## Chapter 2

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## Bennet

WHAT THE MOTHERFUCKING HELL IS GOING ON, AND WHO the hell is that little thing pretending to be Alexa Mathers? I know without a doubt that something strange is going on.

I felt a strange possessiveness over her from the second she entered the room

What the fuck is wrong with me? I knew that my career as a professor was coming to an end, but shit, that doesn't mean I have to go around ready to hump one of the students. I've never reacted to students like the way I'm responding to the new Ms. Mathers. Her long dark hair's in a ponytail that I felt like tugging on while riding her from being.

When Summers put his hands on her, I wanted to break every fucking finger of his and then slam his head into his desk. My dark side hasn't come to the forefront of my thoughts in years.

I nearly came in my pants when she fell into my arms. I only held onto her as long as I did because I didn't want anyone to see how hard she made me. Some of these girls in this class are too eagle-eyed for their own good. Like men, when it comes to seeing tits and ass, these girls straight ogle the guys—especially in basketball shorts or joggers. Luckily, I sat her and turned on a dime, so people wouldn't spot that my dick had the nerve to want to break through my pants.

As a former mercenary, I've always been disciplined and never lusted after a woman like this. She has my attention, and I'm afraid that my will won't last long. I want to toss her over the large black desk with the audience full of horny boys as I breed her with total abandon, so everyone knows she's mine.

This is Alexa's third time taking the same class with me, although the first time, she pretty much didn't show up and failed everything.

I think she's in her early twenties now, but even though she's ten years my junior or more, I want her.

Finally, I manage to control my raging hard-on enough to stand again, which pisses me off even more because that means the test is starting late. I'm not a man for ruining timely schedules. As I pass the exams out, I do my best to think of anything but how pink her pussy is under those jeans and if she likes older guys.

Fuck, I nearly destroy the tests in my hand, thinking of her with another man. I've waited my entire life to find someone to make me feel this way. This little woman makes me want to do anything for her.

How? I can't figure out how I've known this girl two years, and not once was I remotely attracted to her. Now, I'm willing to drop to my knees and beg her to be mine. I walk around and pick up the excess of exams at the back of the room. Checking the clock, I have less than two hours to figure out this attraction before she leaves.

My heart beats faster as she moves through the test relatively quickly for her usual. Then again, if she knows she's going to fail the damn thing, she's rushing through it to avoid wasting her time. I should be focusing on the class, but my eyes dart toward her every few seconds.

Needing a distraction, I pull out my laptop. I have at least an hour before the first student finishes—usually that's either Ben Lee or Sandra Johnson. They practically ace everything I give them and flip out if they don't do well. It's a little scary how freaked out they get, but I understand the need for perfection.

I've perfected the art of a kill while earning a teaching degree. It's been three years since I started at this small-town college, and although I like the quiet life, I haven't forgotten my ways. Immediately, I think of ways to kill anyone who comes between us.

A pencil drops onto the floor and rolls out onto the ground. I look in the direction and see it's my little imposter and future wife. Our eyes meet, and she silently apologizes. I get up and

grab it only to see her use her spare. Damn, there's no way that's the same girl. She actually pulled out all her supplies and extra to do the test.

I place it on her desk while stealing a peek at her test. *Hmm*. She has the first problem on that page correct—little sneak. Instinct tells me that Alexa Mathers has a twin sister. An almost identical twin. Doing a cursory walk around the front of the class, I make sure no one is cheating or sleeping before stealing one more look at her.

Finally returning to my desk, I pull up the school records database and search her name. *Bingo*. **Emergency contact: Alyssa Mathers**. I take down her cell that's listed for future use. I smile to myself until I get a whiff of something so damn edible. I look up to see Ms. Mathers standing there with her paper in hand, biting down on her bottom lip. I itch to pull her lip away with my fingers and then bite it myself.

“I finished.”

Tilting my head, I cock my brow and ask, “Finished? Are you sure, Ms. Mathers?”

“Well, maybe I should look it over again.” Her eyes don't meet mine. That pisses me off because I want to find out the color and if they're filled with lust like they were earlier. I hadn't missed the tension between us. I'm intrigued by this new feeling shooting through my veins.

“You seem like a completely different student today, Ms. Mathers,” I remarked offhandedly, gauging her reaction. Her body tells me everything I need to know. Her brown eyes widen in fear, her pale pink lips part, her pulse quickens in her neck. She attempts to gather her thoughts.

“Just eager to get over you. I mean, get this test of yours over with.” Fucking shit, she's cute as hell acting all shy. This isn't the same little brat with a bad attitude who made excuses for everything. This is the luscious twin sister, Alyssa. Her breasts rise and fall in nervousness, stiffening my cock, adding stress to my zipper.



“Well, sit down and look it over,” I bite out through clenched teeth and hand the test back to her. She lets out the breath she’d been holding. Maybe I just don’t want to let her go. She sits at her desk, reading through the pages absentmindedly as if she’s so sure of herself.

Using my phone, I sit back and scroll through social media for Alyssa Mathers and come up empty-handed. She doesn’t have more than a LinkedIn account that doesn’t have a photo. I pull up Alexa Mathers on Instagram, and it’s loaded with images. After about a dozen pictures, I spot her in the background of Alexa’s selfie. Twins.

Good. I thought I was going crazy. Instead, I’ve fallen for a completely different woman, and she’s most definitely not my student.

I’m staring at the image, using my fingers to zoom in on the picture. The difference between them is more noticeable than before because I never paid any attention to Alexa other than the necessary requirement as a teacher. Suddenly, I’m fucking obsessed with staring at Alyssa in every single way. The image of her eyes wide open as I breach her womb, planting my seed is too damn erotic to handle.

I never imagined having a family, but for the past hour, that’s all changed. I feel someone put their paper up, but I’m so lost in her picture that I miss my Alyssa. Ben walks next to her and says something as she sneaks out away from me. Motherfucker.

I sit there, unable to leave. I check Alexa’s schedule and see this is her only class. The only one she needs to graduate. Shit. Now I’m pissed that it’s taken Alexa years to use her sister.

I don’t grade hers yet because I need to concentrate. Slowly the students drop the tests off, and I go through each one, marking the answers quickly. By the time the last student finishes, Summers, of course, I’ve graded almost all of the exams. I take his exam. He leans on my desk with a smirk. “You know, since you caught her, maybe you could ask her out.”

The fucker's a little too nosy for his own good. "It's wrong to date students."

"Your loss. Alexa's got a long line of guys after her." He struts out of the classroom, and I want to punch him in the face, wondering how he knows that. Then I remember he's talking about Alexa, who he's probably seen around campus.

Needing to claim my woman soon, I rush into my office to get these exams graded and results uploaded before the end of the day. Once I finally grade her exam, I'm surprised and not.

"Fucking perfect like her," I grumble and shake my head. It's a perfect score. Shit, it's even better because she nailed the extra credit. I enter the scores in the system and laugh. She nearly brought her sister's grade up to a high 'C.' She could have at least missed a couple of problems.

I smile, letting out a laugh. My girl couldn't help herself.

Using my connections by the end of the day, I have a full report on Alyssa in my email. When I open it, I'm shocked and annoyed to see that she works for Oliver King. He's one of the wealthiest and most eligible bastards in the US and my friend. The sisters live together in an apartment halfway between King's offices and the college, running my method of attack through my head. I immediately drop all those ideas because it makes my dick hard as hell.

I power down everything just in time to avoid an eager admin who'd like for me to give her this big stick that I have only for my Alyssa. I make it to my car and rush to her apartment with wicked as fuck intentions. Time to revert to my lock picking skills.

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## Chapter 3

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## Alyssa

I MANAGE TO SNEAK OUT OF HIS CLASS WITHOUT ANOTHER interaction between us. Relief hits me then quickly moves out of the way for sadness. I'm never going to see him again. Sighing, I do my best to control that unmistakable ache in my chest. There's nothing for me to be upset about. It's just the adrenaline wearing me down.

I get in my car and drive to the apartment. Shit. I haven't powered up my phone. Once I do, I'm in for a shock.

Ten messages from Alexa:

**Answer your phone. It's important.**

**Fucking shit. I think I just got you fired.** My eyes slam shut, doing my best to hope things get better through these.

**I need help. He's intense and growly.** Growly and intense brings Stuffed Shirt to my mind. Why didn't I learn his name?

**Answer your fucking phone.**

**Answer your phone. Class should be over with already.**

**He's taking me on his trip to Paris.**

**Shit. We need to switch.**

**I think he's on to me.**

**Shit, are you okay?**

**I'm on a plane already. Call you when I land. Wish us luck.**

It doesn't tell me how many times she called since my phone was powered down, but damn it, she's going to get me fired.

I think about the time it takes to get there. Damn, I probably won't hear from Alexa for another six hours. I walk into the kitchen to make myself a stiff drink, freezing mid-step.

I pull my phone out of my pocket and reread my messages. Why is my boss taking her? I've never gone on a business trip with him. Wait, why are they going to Paris? His meeting is in London.

I can't even message him. How could he forget where he was going?

This is a nightmare. I'm going to get fired, and no one is going to want to hire me. Maybe Alexa will tell Mr. King that I'm sick and she offered to fill in for me, so I didn't freak out. She's good at getting herself out of trouble or more like getting herself into trouble.

Needing that drink, I pour it and sit down with my book. My mind doesn't want to be invested in the book. I should be worrying about my job, but all I can think about is those light brown eyes that penetrated my soul during the class. I polish off the last of my mixed drink and set it on the table. I rarely ever drink, but I needed it today. I feel good as I doze off.

I wake up, and it's dark outside, but I'm not alone. I sense someone's in the room. "Alexa?" I call out.

"It's not Alexa." A low rumble rips through the room.

"Ah," I scream, falling off the sofa and hitting my hip on the floor.

"Shit." He's by me in a second to help me up.

I stand before he can touch me, and I cross my arms and do my best to glare. "What are you doing here? How did you get into my apartment?" My heart's racing and not because he snuck in, but that he came for me. I'm really losing it.

"It's my little secret, Ms. Mathers. Do you care to share yours?" His smooth voice washes over me.

"I don't have secrets," I lie.

"Little liar." He stalks toward me, causing me to fall backward and land back on the sofa. Damn, he's sexier than I remembered. Holy hell, I'm so in trouble. I told Alexa it was a bad idea.

“Um...um...Mr...” I stammer because I really have no idea what his name is.

“I know you’re sleepy and a little tipsy, but I can’t imagine you forgot my name after all these years.” He’s playing me. He already knows the truth.

“What are you doing here?”

“This.” He holds up the test and with a hundred and ten percent circled in red marker. Shit. A perfect score. I gave myself away.

Since my sister isn’t here, I’m assuming my cover isn’t blown. *Get a hold of yourself and pretend to be Alexa.* “You came here to congratulate me on finally passing? That’s so sweet.” I tilt my head and toss him a smile before giving him a wink then reach for it, but he moves it, and my hand accidentally paws at his obviously hard cock. Wow, I mouth.

“Nice try. Are you going to answer me, or am I going to the dean about cheating?” My eyes widen like a deer in headlights. I stand up, pretending I’m not intimidated, straightening my shoulders, and tipping my chin up at him. I should be scared, calling the police, but my mind is focused only on the fact that he found me out.

“I didn’t cheat. I studied for hours.” I point to the book and notes still on the coffee table.

“Cute, you may have, but then again, you’re not Alexa, are you?”

“I’m Alexa,” I argue, pouting up at him.

He taps my nose, smirking at me with those golden eyes and perfectly sized lips. This man must have been chiseled from my imagination or something because everything about him appeals to me. I bite my lip, staring at his thick neck and broad shoulders. “You’re not winning an Academy Award with that performance, Alyssa.”

My eyes shoot back to his, and my voice squeaks. “Um...I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Damn, I’m a terrible liar, and by the look in his eyes, he doesn’t buy anything I’m trying to sell.

He inches closer, completely crowding my space. My heart pounds against my sternum like a damn drum solo. “Come on now. You two may look similar, but you’re like Fluttershy, and she’s Rainbow Dash.”

I instantly relax and let out a giggle so ridiculous that I snort. “Did you make a My Little Pony reference?”

He blushes. My laugh stops because he looks even sexier than before. “I have a niece who loves it. I’ve watched too many episodes while babysitting. So stop trying to distract me. Tell me the truth.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He sets the test down and, with lightning speed, grips my hair, pulling my head back to look up at him. Moving us backward, he kneels one leg on the sofa, trapping me underneath him.

Again, no fear. At least not that way. I don’t want Alexa to get in trouble, but my body doesn’t care because I need more of his touch. “I know you’re lying to me. It’s not a smart thing for my intelligent woman to do.”

“I’m not yours,” I challenge him, testing, teasing the professor. I use my palms to push myself up a little, so I’m almost sitting up, but he runs his fingers down my cheek and my arms shake, weakening.

“Another lie,” he whispers on my lips. I’m shaking, heart pounding, pussy throbbing so painfully that I let out a little whimper. His mouth brushes mine, briefly, leaving me aching for more. “You’re mine.”

“It’s unethical for you to date your students,” I say, skimming my hand under his T-shirt.

He lays me down, sprawling his hand out and down my stomach and into my shorts. I should be embarrassed that I’m letting my sister’s professor play with my pussy. “You’re not my student, but if you want to keep playing that game, I can bend you over the sofa and spank your ass for cheating and teach you a lesson.”

“Oh my,” I moan when he pushes his thumb against my clit.

“So beautiful. Are you ready to tell me the truth?”

“I can’t.”

He pulls his hand away from my pussy. I think he’s going to stop completely, but instead, he yanks down my shorts and panties. I let him partly because I want it, and partly because I’m shocked by my inability to say no.

“Fuck. Such a pretty little cunt, just for me.” His fingers slip between my closed thighs, gliding over my seam where I gush just a little more. He brings his wet fingers to his lips and sucks my flavor off them. A moan comes from his lips. “I’m going to eat your pussy because I know you want to come, don’t you, Alyssa?”

“Yes,” I answer to my name. “Shit.”

“It’s okay. I won’t tell if you won’t.” He crushes my mouth with his, sliding his hand into my hair again, and deepening our kiss while picking me up. “Bedroom.”

“That one.” I point without hesitation because there’s no denying it. I’ve found my weakness—this man. Hell, I don’t even know his name.

“It’s Bennet. Bennet Strong.” Oh hell, I said that out loud.

“Ben,” I moan as he leans on top of me.

“What do you need?”

“I don’t know.”

“You do, but you’re too sweet to tell me, aren’t you?” I nod flushing, which I’m sure totally gives away the fact that I’m a virgin. “Don’t ever feel embarrassed around me. I’m going to worship your body all night long and then gonna do it all over again after we get some sleep and food.”

He kisses my cheek, neck down to my collarbone, nipping gently as his hands move to my breasts. The feel of his large hands cupping my breasts over my shirt turns me on. He grabs the hem and lifts it over my head. I lost my bra the second I came home and changed, so my large breasts bounce in his face.



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## Chapter 4

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## Bennet

I SWIPE MY TONGUE OVER HER TAUT NIPPLE, LOVING THE instant mewl that escapes her lips like the innocent, adorable woman she is. I peek up at her to see her eyes closed, body relaxing for me. She arches her back, sending her tits closer into my grasp. I pluck on her dark pink bud while I suck on the other. Taking turns to taste her supple flesh, marking her as mine.

Now she can't deny she's not her sister. My cock throbs painfully between us, ready to sink into his home. Fuck, I'm doing my best to make it good for both of us. Sliding lower, I breathe in her personal smell before I permanently alter it with my own. I'm never letting her go. I've waited for her and being a good boy has definitely paid off.

“Bennet, I need you.”

“Forever, Alyssa, but first, I need you to come for me. I need your pussy starving enough to eat up all my seed.” Her hips roll up involuntarily as she seeks what I intend to give her. My lips kiss down her slender torso, biting her belly then tenderly kiss the sting away. I want her marked with me everywhere. In a matter of hours, I'm obsessed with my sweet temptation. I part her thighs and rub my nose through her patch of curls, feeding my newfound addiction. I slide my thumb over her seam, testing her need attempting to drag out our pleasure as long as I can. Her hand grips the back of the sofa as she searches for release. My tongue swipes her slit from bottom to her little nub that's on the edge of giving us what we need.

Her thighs clench around my head, driving me wild. I pump my fingers into her tight sheath, trying to get her to loosen up for my big cock. “You're too fucking tight, baby. I'm going to break your pussy.”

“Please break me, Bennet,” she cries out, coming on my tongue. Her juices wash over my chin and my mouth. I stand up and pull off my shirt, shove the rest of my clothes off and climb between her sexy legs.

“Holy shit. It’s too big to fit in me.”

“My cock is only meant for you but thank you for the compliment.” I drop my lips onto hers, pushing my tongue inside, letting her taste how delicious she is. She grips my head and kisses me back even harder. I press the head just in her entrance, feeling it squeeze me like a damn vice, causing me to come. I lean forward and push all the way through, slamming through her barrier.

“Holy fuck, I’m sorry, Alyssa. You definitely had your own secrets.” It’s one we both shared. I can barely breathe without wanting to unload into her sweet core, but I have to think about her.

I tuck a few hairs behind her ear. Her walls flex around my shaft, every nerve ending pulsing, I hold back as best as I can.

“It’s okay. You’re just so damn big,” Alyssa complains, giving a tiny pout as if a big dick isn’t excellent.

I chuckle; it’s every single guy’s moment of pride to hear how big our cock is. “You make it sound like a bad thing, woman.”

“Not at all. Fuck me, Bennet.” She blushes, forgetting her shyness. Either way, shy or demanding, Alyssa is sexy.

I bend down and brush my lips against hers. “Not yet. I don’t want to hurt you.” My fingers slide over the swell of her breast, squeezing her nipple between them. My head dips and follows my hand, sucking and biting her buds, moving from one to the other as her walls shift, clenching my shaft painfully

I relax and gently pull out, then back in without going too deep. Damn, my cock is brutally hard, ready to nut again like I just didn’t embarrass myself by coming before I was all the way inside of her.

“I need you. I need more,” Alyssa says, digging her fingers into my biceps. Sweat builds on my skin as I attempt to control

my release.

“If that’s what you need. I’ve got plenty more to give you.” Smiling, I pick up the pace, drilling her pussy like we both need. She meets me stroke for stroke, taking every thick inch I give her. I know she will be sore tomorrow, but I’m too gone to care right now.

Suddenly, she freezes, arches her back, quivering as her orgasm screams through her. Her cries fill the small apartment and I lose it, cock jerking, I ram her with all of my cum, marking her as mine forever.

I let my weight briefly fall on her before rolling onto my back, taking her with me.

The soft kisses on my chest catch me by surprise. “I can’t believe we did that.”

“We did, and we’ll do it again and again.” I pull her head up and cover her mouth with mine. With my fingers entangled in her hair, I deepen our passionate kiss.

She lifts her head away from mine and looks down at me. “Professor Strong, that was incredible. Is it too soon for another lesson?”

“Never.” I flip her onto her back and bury myself to the hilt. This time we pick up our rhythm a lot quicker, banging the headboard against the wall as our sweaty bodies fuck with abandon until we’re spent and calling out each other’s names.

This time we collapse into a sweaty mess. “I need to use the bathroom.”

“It’s right there.” She waves her arm, pointing sluggishly towards one side of the room. I go in and do my business then come out to see her sleeping on her belly with her ass up in the air and one leg bent. She’s so fucking adorable. I take my phone out of my pants pocket, so I don’t accidentally step on it, then I climb into bed, lifting her slightly, so her body rests on my chest. She feels so perfect. I know that I can’t sleep another day without her.

We’ve got a long way to go, but I’m hoping to convince her to marry me soon. When I make up my mind about

something, I don't change it. Alyssa's the one for me. I can't wait to tell my family about her. My parents are going to love her. I'm sure of it because they've been waiting for an eternity for me to find someone. At thirty-two, I'm probably the oldest fucking virgin or at least I was.

Tomorrow, I have a busy day of paperwork and an exit interview to complete with the dean and administrator. All my grades have been submitted, and I'm ready to turn in everything, so I have more time for Alyssa. I kiss her cheek and close my eyes.

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**W**e sleep through the night. My internal clock has me up before the sun's out, even though I only managed about six hours. I reach over and grab my phone off the nightstand to check the time and see it's five in the morning. I'm supposed to clear out my office today, but I'm going to be a little late because I'm not ready to give her an inch of space.

There's no way I can take her with me because even though I can tell them apart, most people wouldn't notice the slight differences. I'm not worried about my career since I never plan to teach again. Still, my poor Alyssa worked hard to get her sister out of college, and despite my annoyance with Alexa, I feel bad for the girl. Had I known I was the only one keeping her from graduation, I would have done something sooner.

After I use the bathroom, I slip on my boxer briefs to stave off the temptation to take her again. I go into their kitchen and get myself a glass of water. I walk and scroll through my emails and finish those up while taking a seat on her sofa. Seeing her phone on the floor, I pick it up and program my number in there before she wakes up. I'm just about to head back and lay down when I hear her phone ringing—a surge of jealousy courses through me at the thought of someone calling her this early. I look down and laugh. It's my dear lousy student, and I answer.

“Alyssa, finally,” she says.

“Hello, Alexa.” I have a shit-eating grin on my face, picturing her expression similar to Alyssa’s yesterday. I’m a dick, but she needs a lesson taught. Putting my woman in trouble isn’t acceptable to me, but I’ll let this one slide since it brought her to me.

“Oh, fucking shit. What the fuck are you doing with my sister’s phone?” She’s shocked for a whole half a second before she gets angry and suspicious.

“She left it in my classroom after her exam. Hmm...that explains why you aced the test. Not missing a single question.” I smile to myself, enjoying this subterfuge a little too much.

“Damn it, I told her to botch a couple of them.” I hear her covering her mouth as if somehow she can take it back.

“Don’t worry. I’ll pretend we didn’t have this conversation with one important condition.” Knowing that I’m in the living room and Alyssa can’t hear me, I finish my demand.

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## Chapter 5

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## Alyssa

HE GETS OUT OF BED QUIETLY, BUT I CAN STILL FEEL HIM go. It wakes me up, but I wait until he's out of my bedroom before I get out of bed and quickly wrap myself in my favorite silk robe. I hear him on the phone and secretly listen in.

*“Get her fired, and your secret is safe with me.”*

“Bastard,” I hiss out as I listen to him demand that she gets me fired.

Standing up, I throw some clothes on and snatch the phone from his hand. “Alexa, I’ll call you later.” I hang up and look at Bennet and slap him across the face. “You need to leave immediately.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Are you seriously asking me that? I let you fuck me to keep my sister from failing, and then you go around and blackmail her into getting me fired. You’re a sick fucking bastard. I need you to leave. Now.”

He walks back into the bedroom, and I hear him get dressed. I do my best to wipe the tears from my cheeks when he comes out of the bedroom. He’s not entirely dressed. He’s only wearing his jeans with his T-shirt thrown over his left shoulder, and damn does the bastard look sexy. “Listen, babe. I’m not going anywhere. I only got dressed because you’re pissed and naked under that robe, and fuck me, it’s a sexy sight.” I look down and see that it’s all but untied, leaving most of my cleavage and stomach showing. I adjust it because he doesn’t get to look at me like that anymore.

I should be kicking him out, but I’m not demanding he leaves. I’m mentally telling myself that it’s because I want to hear what he has to say, which is a total lie. “First, I know your ass didn’t fuck me to keep your sister’s grade safe, and you know that’s true, so if you ever lie about that again, I’m going to take you over my knee and spank that ass like I’ve been



thinking about all damn day. Second, I'm not just a lowly professor at a small college, so my money is enough to take care of both of us. Lastly, you already work for me."

"Work for you? Are you nuts?"

"No, although I have to say you've turned me into a mad man who will rip the head off another man for even looking at you." I roll my eyes even though something in his expression tells me that he's deadly serious.

"I'm a silent partner in King's company. I have been for the past ten years long before it became the success that it is. We grew up together, and while he went to college, I joined the military. I come from a family with money, so I partnered with him. I haven't looked into his staffing because none of it mattered. We never talk shop when we hang out, which is rare as fuck."

"So, in reality, you're firing me."

"Well, yes, but since I'm not actually your boss, I can't do that."

"Why can't I work there then?"

"Because there's a no fraternization policy. It's one of the many standards we put in the company to avoid any impropriety. Then you stumbled into my world, and I'm not allowing you to leave it until I've taken my last breath on this earth."

"Why do you teach then?"

"Because I hate wearing a suit." I frown at him. "Honestly, I had no interest in a career in business, but I'm killer at numbers, so I got my degree in teaching."

"So wait, if you're a half-owner of King corporation, then that means you're rich too."

"Yes, and that's why you're canned. There's no need for my wife to work, especially for that good looking son of a bitch. Besides, you're free to spend your time traveling with me, or babysitting a rambunctious five-year-old with a My Little Pony obsession." He slides his arms around my waist

and pulls me close, spinning me so that my back is pressed into his chest. Leaning down with his hand splayed over my belly, he whispers, “Or we can spend time watching our babies grow.”

“Babies?”

“Yes, I want a dozen or so.”

“Yeah, well, I want to live in a castle.”

“That can be arranged. In fact, there’s definitely room in the family castle for a dozen babies. Since you’re a twin, maybe you only get pregnant six times.”

“Only six? How kind of you.”

“Well, I am a sweetheart, even though you hate me.”

Annoyed? Yes.

Hatred? Not even close. “I don’t hate you.”

“Good, because I’m only teasing. One or twenty kids, it doesn’t matter because, from the moment I saw you, I knew we belonged together.”

“Damn, and I was looking forward to the castle.” I playfully tease as I try to process the warmth running through me at his promises.

“Well, that’s not a joke. I told you I came from a wealthy family.”

“Then why are you here?”

“I wanted a calm life.”

“No. I mean me. Why? You can have any woman you want?”

“Because you’re the woman I want, and I take that very seriously. I didn’t just fuck you. I sealed our fates. If that takes you some time to figure it out, it’s fine, but as far as I’m concerned, this is it. You’re the one for me.”

“We’ve only known each other for a few hours.”

“My father always told me that when you know, you know. Besides, you might not know everything about me, but I did a

lot of research since you walked into the classroom.”

“Is that what had you so busy that you didn’t see me leave?”

“Exactly. And what the hell did Ben Lee say to you?”

“What do you mean?” I have no idea who Bennet’s talking about. I barely noticed anyone except him the entire class.

“That fuck that walked out with you. What did *he* say?”

Ah. Now, I remember who Bennet’s talking about. “He asked me out to lunch.”

“And?” He stands there waiting for an answer that I thought was pretty obvious since I can’t remember the guy’s name.

“I said no.” I roll my eyes as I answer his ridiculous question.

“Good girl. I’d hate to have to fail or *kill* him.”

He whispers that last part as if saying it to himself, so I ask for clarification. “Kill?”

“Did I say kill?” That feigned innocence doesn’t work at all, and he calls me a bad actress.

“Yeah, you did.”

Smiling brightly, he shrugs off his words. “Well, I meant it. You’re mine, and I’m not letting anyone steal you away.”

“But I owe that one guy a date,” I tease, hoping to wipe that cocky look off his handsome face.

“Only if you want your ass tanned.” He grabs me around the waist, unties my robe, and then spins me around, so my ass is pressed against his cock. Leaning in, he whispers in my ear as his hand slips down my body, over my stomach, cupping my pussy. “I’m betting you want me to spank your sexy ass.” His severe yet smooth threat rushes through my body, causing me to shiver.

“No,” I lie, pushing my ass against his bulge, needing him to relieve the tension coiled in me. This man has made me

putty in his hands. I'm officially ruined, and I want more of it, more of him.

"God, I want to be inside you so damn badly, but I've hurt your little pussy enough for one night." He pumps two fingers inside, painfully stretching me before I feel the sting of the slap to my ass, and I'm coming all over his fingers.

"You're a beautiful liar." He kisses my neck before letting me go.

"Unfortunately, sexy. I have to go back to the college to clear out my office."

"What? Why?"

"This was my last semester."

"What about the grades?"

"I entered those before five yesterday."

"Now who's the liar?"

"You got me there, baby. How about I come to pick you up after I get all my shit, and we go out to dinner tonight?"

I'm a little upset that he's not planning to see me sooner than that, but I'm not going to get all clingy no matter what he said about our future. "I'd like that."

"Good. Do you have a preference?"

"I like anything. So surprise me."

"Sounds good to me." He steps up to me, cups my cheeks and then presses his lips to mine. "Be a good girl."

He slips on this T-shirt and gives me one more kiss before walking out the front door. A sigh escapes from deep within my chest, hating how pathetically attached I am to this man within twenty-four hours.

I scoop up my phone and go take a shower. As I take my naked ass into the heated spray, letting my very achy muscles relax all the tension. I'm sure I was fired before Bennet called, but it still pisses me off that he wants to control me. With him gone, I can finally think straight. I have at least half a day until

we go to dinner, and there's really nothing I have to do today except getting a hold of my sister again. It's not like I can check-in at the office or work on things because everyone, including my boss, assumes that Alexa is me.

"Fuck." I really can kick myself for all of this. I've worked hard to get where I am and let my sister talk me into switching places. My boss has to know that she's not me by now. There's no way she can do what I do for him. Hell, Alexa taking orders is hard to believe. She's the least likely to submit to anyone.

I hope she can talk her way out of getting me fired. I let the spray cascade down my hair as I consider my future. Do I want to work for Mr. King? I liked my job. Loving it would never happen. I don't have an assertive nature, but I'm great at keeping Mr. King organized.

Money to buy my books and help my sister are the only reasons I truly worked so hard. Maybe I'll take a less stressful job. Would Bennet fight me on it? I smile to myself. If Bennet's as rich as he says he is and still became a teacher, I'm betting that he understands my need to succeed.

Once dressed, I tuck my phone into my pocket and go into the living room to read my book on the sofa. That's when I notice Bennet's phone on the table. Surprisingly, strangely, the fingerprint lock opens when I touch it. The screen picture is us in bed last night with my head on his chest.

Two voicemails appeared while I must have been in the shower, but it's not my business to check them, so I go to set the phone down, but then remember I don't have his number. I call my cell, getting ready to store it, but Bennet's already all over that because when I check my ringing phone, it says, **Husband**. This asshole. I giggle, end the call, and then tuck my phone away.

As I'm about to read, the doorbell rings. Did Bennet come back for his phone? Holding it in my hand, I whip open the door and say, "Did you forget some—"

"You sleazy bitch." I try to close the door, but he's got me, dropping Bennet's phone on the edge on my steps. He drags me to a car and tosses me in, slamming the doors shut. I try to

open them, but they're childproof locks. Shit. Then I remember I have my phone. I shoot Bennet a text, turn my phone onto silent, and tuck it back in my pocket before this creep knows that I have it.

He takes his time getting in, scoping the area for anyone noticing. I don't even know who this guy is other than I remember him speaking to me briefly.

I have no idea why he's after me. "Please let me go. I don't even know you."

"You don't know me? We've had a class together for a whole semester, and you don't know who I am?" I've said the wrong thing, but I don't know how to get out of this.

"He's never shown you an ounce of attention until yesterday. I've waited and waited to ask you out, but as soon as the old teacher shows you some attention, you're panting like a bitch in heat. You betrayed me." If I make it out of here, I'm never switching places with my sister again.

"I...I'm not Alexa. I'm her twin sister. Please."

"Bullshit. Your sister never came home last night. I followed the professor here, and *he* never left." The venom pouring from his words sends chills through me. He's off his fucking rocker.

"I...I don't know what to tell you, but I'm sorry if you've got the wrong idea."

"I'm never wrong." The conviction in his voice tells me I have no chance of changing his mind. My only option is to escape. But how?

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## Chapter 6

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## Bennet

AS I DRIVE TO SCHOOL, I KNOW THAT MY JEALOUSY GOT the better of me. Alyssa doesn't need to quit working for Oliver. Although I will demand that she works fewer hours. Whenever we spoke, he told me that he had the best assistant, and Alyssa worked nine hours a day just so he had a lighter load. Best of all, she never flirted with him.

Even if I don't think she needs to work for financial reasons, there's the emotional need that might drive her. Although, I plan to shower her with whatever she wants, and maybe that'll keep her in our bed forever.

I pull up to the college parking lot, wondering how the hell did I get here. Did I blow red lights? My thoughts were all wrapped around Alyssa like I want to be wrapped around her.

I hop out of my SUV and jog up the stairs one step at a time. "Oh, Bennet, we're so glad you're here."

"What's going on?"

"Your office was ransacked."

"What the fuck? Sorry. What?"

"Well, the janitor heard someone in there last night before he left, and then your door was wide open this morning. We tried calling you, but you didn't answer your phone."

"Oh shit." I feel for it in my pockets, but it's not here. I left it at Alyssa's. Shit. It's right on her coffee table.

"Did you check the security cameras?"

"They're just for show pretty much. Budget cuts mean maintenance is going to be done over the summer for them."

"Great. I'm glad you have one less professor to pay." I gather up my things, but honestly, whatever isn't broken isn't worth taking. I end up with half a box of items. I load it into my truck and drive back to her apartment. When I get there,



my phone is on the grass. I pick it up and fucking freak out. Alyssa sent me a text. **Your student took me. Help.**

I'm rushing as fast as I can back to my truck and hit the tracker on her phone. Okay, I'm *a bit* obsessed and might have set it up before she even got home from school. It helps to have years of mercenary work under my belt, but that's another thing. I call in a favor from a friend, and we track the sick fuck down to a dock that leads up the damn Mississippi River. Where the fuck does this asshole think he's taking her?

We arrive just five minutes after them. It's amazing what you can do when you have friends in the right places. He's about to speed off, but I can't let that happen. That's when I see it. She jumps into the water while he's not looking. Good girl. I rush to get her before her kidnapper can. When I look toward the boat for threats, my guy has a gun trained on Ben Lee of all motherfucking people.

The cold water doesn't affect me because I'm too damn busy on a mission. This water can be treacherous and unforgiving. People take the river for granted, but the undercurrents drag people down and roots that trap people under the surface, drowning them. I can't let that happen to my love. I find her pulling her head above water, trying to stay afloat. Fuck. I grab her and pull her close. "Alyssa," I brush my lips against her forehead and swim to the shore.

I climb the bank with her in my arms just as the police and paramedics arrive. I want him dead, but now is not the time or the place for that bullshit. First, I need my woman looked after.

"Thank you, husband," she whispers, kissing my cheek. I turn my head and take her mouth.

"Sir." The paramedic smirks, waiting to do his job.

"Sorry." I let him do a cursory examination.

"I'm fine, really. I'm tired and cold, but I'm okay."

"Ma'am, we're going to need a statement," my detective friend Chris says.

“Sure.” She tells them what happened, and that Ben had mistaken her for Alexa, but she couldn’t convince him otherwise.

“Baby, I need a minute. I’ll be right back.”

I walk with Chris. “I need a minute with him.”

“You know I can’t let you.”

“I’m not going to touch him. Trust me. I need to be back with Alyssa, but I have something to say.” He nods, and I walk over to the patrol car. With the window down, I frown at my former student. “This explains why you got a ‘C’ on the exam. Just so you know, that’s Alyssa. For a supposedly obsessed freak willing to kidnap a woman, it’s pretty pathetic that you couldn’t tell them apart. I noticed the first second I saw her. And now, Alexa’s in Paris staying in the same hotel room as Alyssa’s boss. I hope you enjoy prison.” I don’t know if that’s true, but I loved the look of utter misery on his face.

I stand straight and tap on the top of the car. “Thanks, Chris.”

“No problem. Did you get what you needed?”

“For now. I’ll be home if you need me. Oh, and so you know this fucker’s more than likely the one who ransacked my office.”

“Noted. Take care of her. She seems like a good woman.”

“I will.” We shake and then I head back to the ambulance. When Alyssa spots me, her frown disappears.

“That was more than a minute,” she huffs with a teasing tone, crossing her arms, pushing her tits upward.

“I’m sorry, babe.”

“I refused treatment, so they’re letting me go. Can I get a ride?”

“I’ll take you wherever you want to go.”

“To bed.”

“Okay, that sounds great. I think a trip to England is in order as well.”

“Why?”

“Where else do you think I’m hiding a castle?”

“Are you going to lock me in a tower?”

“No, but the moat option can happen. Especially if we have daughters.”

“One day at a time Professor. I still have a lesson that I need to be taught.”

“And what would that be?”

“How to suck your cock until you come down my throat?”

“Wow. To what do I owe the pleasure of that lesson?”

“Catching me after I tripped was worthy of a date, as I remember, so I’m guessing upping the ante is necessary for saving my life.” She playfully rolls her eyes as if sucking my cock is a bore.

“No, I think the only thing that will be suitable repayment for such a gesture of pure heroism is marriage. Marry me, Alyssa.”

“Well, since you’ve already gone ahead and programmed my phone with **Husband**, it would be such a terrible pain to undo it.”

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## Epilogue

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# Bennet

## TEN YEARS LATER

Even though I don't teach college students anymore, I own a security company along with King, and my wife is my assistant now. I sit in my office at home, working on the latest tech specs for improved security sensors.

There's a knock at my door, I call out, "Come in." The door opens slightly, and Alyssa slowly peeks in.

"Um...Mr. Strong, can I have a minute of your time?"

"Come on in, Alyssa." When she does, I drop my pen on the floor to go along with my mouth. My dick stiffens on sight. She stands in my office in a sexy plaid skirt and one of my white button-downs. I lick my lips, knowing precisely what she's about. After ten years of marriage and six kids, it's hard to get that quality time in.

"Can I help you?"

"Um...I was wondering if you could help me with this problem." She's holding a paper and a pencil in her hand.

"Come over here." She does, coming to my side of the desk, bending slightly as she shows me the problem. The paper has only a simple equation on it, but I'm all for helping her in any way she needs. I love her to the point of obsession, and I'll never stop loving her.

"I see, and what's troubling you," I grunt, sliding my hand up the back of her thighs. Slowly rubbing up and down, creeping higher until my hand reaches the curve of her ass.

"Mrs. Strong, you didn't come in here for help with your homework. You came in here to seduce your teacher. That's a naughty girl. You'll never graduate that way."

"But it's too hard." She pouts, letting her tits bounce. She's still so sexy that I'm ready to show her what I wanted to do all

those years ago.

“That it is.” I stand up and slide behind her with my hands skimming down her legs. I bend down on my haunches and move my fingers into her pussy, stroking it from behind.

“You are so fucking sexy. After ten years and you still can’t pass my class,” I growl before licking Alyssa’s split.

“I love being your student,” she stutters out. I kiss her ass, licking and nipping each cheek before pushing her down onto the desk and parting her thighs. I need more. Face diving into her pussy nearly sends me jetting cum in my pants. Using one hand, I free myself and stroke my thick cock. It’s full and ready for her sopping wet hole. I stand up and flip her skirt over her ass. My palm comes down onto her right cheek, and Alyssa cries out. I rub it gently then do it again to the other cheek. “Are you going to keep trying to seduce me?”

“Forever.” My cock teases her entrance, and she pumps her butt back to get me inside her. I won’t make my love wait.

“That’s the correct answer,” I growl, biting down on her shoulder as I slam into her heat. I reach around and tug her blouse free, ripping the buttons to get to her sexy tits. Cupping them, I use them as I plunder her core, slamming her against the desk until we both shout the house down, coming together. Her walls suck me in, pulling my seed into her unprotected womb.

“I think you did it again.”

“Oops,” I say, causing her to giggle.

“If I didn’t have confidence that I just made you come, I’d be upset that you’d laugh while my dick is still buried in your tight pussy.” I spank her ass and then pull out and spin her around to taste her lips.

She breaks our kiss, panting while brushing her hands over my chest. “Your prowess is never anything to laugh at. Your corny jokes, always amusing.”

“I am a dad.” I shrug, kissing her again. In all these years, I still ache to kiss her every single time she’s in my presence. The kids aren’t too thrilled, but they’ll get over it one day.

“A wonderful dad at that.”

“Thank you, babe. Happy Anniversary.”

“Happy Anniversary.” Tucking myself away, I adjust her skirt, then bend and scoop her into my arms. “Round two in our bed this time.”

“Round two, shower. Three in the bed, or maybe in the kitchen again.”

“I’m so damn lucky. I need to thank your sister.”

“You do every anniversary.”

“That’s because she brought you right to me.” I’m forever grateful that on my last day teaching that I met the love of my life.

THE END

# About the Author

C.M. Steele is bestselling author on Amazon with over 100 books to read and enjoy!

## **C.M. Steele's Book List:**

### **The Captive Series:**

Luciano's Willing Captive

The Russian's Captive Sergei's Stubborn Captive

### **The Caught Series:**

Caught In A Case

Caught Off Guard Caught in A Lie

Caught Crossing the Line

Caught Breaking the Law Caught Red Handed

### **The Kane Family:**

His Christmas Rose

Her Christmas Surprise

His Candy Kane Christmas in July

### **The O'Connell Family:**

Claiming Red

Burning for Claire

Claiming Abby

Reminding Red

### **Family & Friends:**

Wanting it All

Lassoing His Cowgirl

Ben's Resolve

Chasing his Sunshine

### **The James Family:**

No Choice

No Way Out

No More Waiting

### **Wolfe Creek Series:**

Wolfe's Den

Beta: Her Alpha



Raging Kane

Written in History

**Say Something Series:**

Say Uncle

Say Please

**The Cline Brothers of Colorado:**

Whatever it Takes

Taking Whatever he Wants

Finding Paradise

**Best Friends Series:**

Always You

His Dirty Secret

Sleep Tight

**The Middleton Hotels:**

Built for Me

Built to Last

Built Strong

Built Over Time

Built Overnight

**Southern Hospitality:**

Down South

Gone South

**A Steele Fairy Tale:**

My Gold

My Forever

My Property

**The Falling Series:**

Falling for the Boss

Falling for the Enemy

**The Lamian Wars:**

Bound

Reveal

Release

All Hallows Eve

**Keepsakes:**

Keeping Blossom

Keep in Mind

**Sweetheart's Treats:**

Sweet Surprise

Doctor's Orders, Sweetheart

Sweet Surrender

**Twin Sin:**

Stalk Me Please

Sinful Intent

**A Steele Riders MC Series:**

Boomer

Mick

Jackson

Doc

Beast

**A Rough Hands Novella:**

My Miracle

Nailing my Wife

**Obsessed Alpha Series:**

Stone

Cole

Graham

Theo

Alessandro

**Gimme Series:**

Sugar

Luck

Rain

Cream

Heat

**Others:**

Conquering Alexandria

Taking the Bait

Loving My Neighbor

Mrs. Valentine

Scarred

My Christmas Gift

So Wrong

The Wedding Guest

Love Bites

Once Bitten

Christmas in Camden

Love Discovered

Unexpected

Rainy Days Stormy Nights

Sharp Curves

