



PLAYING THE *part*



XOXO

A SMUTTY, ROLEPLAY NOVELLA
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AUTHOR NOTE AND TRIGGER WARNINGS

I started writing this book as a reprieve from my other work in progress which could get quite sad and dark for me sometimes. Levi and Dani gave me the fluffiness and cuteness I desperately needed and I hope it will be the same for you.

The main theme of this novella is role-play, hence the characters will be trying some different kinks but keep in mind it will always be in an experimental and playful mindset. This book contains heavy and explicit sexual scenes, breath play, light primal play, mask kink, praise and degradation, dirty talk, CNC (in the context of role-play) and knife play.

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DEDICATION

*To all the girls who are afraid they will never
experience the kind of love they read about.*

We will. Just be patient.

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PROLOGUE

Okay so maybe what I was looking for was a little... unorthodox. But in my defense, I didn't expect anyone to really follow me in that direction.

When I asked my former childhood best friend to help with my predicament, I didn't think for one second he was gonna run out of the room like I'd burned him with the strength of a thousand fires. I expected even less for one of the hockey players I tutor to be so eager to take his place.

See, my name is Daniella and I write romance. Spicy, hot, filthy *romance*. Only problem... I was a virgin too.

Now you might think the two don't go hand in hand but I think they do. Who could write better smut than someone who's so obviously hungry for physical touch after basically going all their lives without it? I didn't have any particular reason for remaining a card-holding member of the v-club—I was only twenty for goodness sake and there's no shame with being a freaking virgin.

I didn't have any problem with it either, not until fucking "*chokemedaddy69*", one of my online readers, said my inexperience was starting to show in my writing. Badly.

So I came up with this plan. I needed to learn more about sex than the internet could teach me, and what better way to do so than by roleplaying all of my scenarios right before I wrote them?

The only problem with my plan was that I found myself stuck with an insanely hot hockey player who had probably received too many blows to the head if his willingness to follow my every crazy fantasy was any indication.

I guess we'd both have to play the part for it to work.

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CHAPTER 1

Daniella

“I need to have sex with you.”

That probably wasn't the best way to breach the subject but I was nervous and easily prone to panic so I figured I should just go ahead and *say it*. Add the fact that I didn't have much of a filter, even when I was *not* nervous, people around me often ended up shocked at the things that came out of my mouth.

And I could tell he was shocked, all right.

Jace practically choked on his water and started coughing hard (note to self—do not make an announcement like that when the person in front of you is drinking).

Eyes wide I started tapping his back lightly, unable to ignore how strong it felt beneath my hand. I couldn't lie and say his physical appearance wasn't one of the reasons why I asked him and not someone else to do this for me. We were both twenty but Jace was way taller than me, and ripped, too.

Finally regaining his senses, his deep brown orbs fell on me, round with panic. “What the fuck, Dani? I— what the fuck?”

Okay, so I knew he would react like that.

See, Jace and I go way back. He and his family moved to our street when we were thirteen and we instantly became friends. We had so much in common, the same taste in music, TV shows, even in food— pineapple

pizza haters could suck it. I had three older brothers, but somehow it felt like I had found a fourth one who also doubled as a soul mate.

Then came high school and puberty— which hit him like a truck yet barely even grazed me. I was, as my mom would say, a late bloomer. In my opinion it was just a nicer way to say that I retained the body of a nine year old at seventeen.

Fuck, who was I kidding, I still had that body *now*, three years later—tiny breasts, tiny ass, tiny everything. Hell I was barely 5'2 and only because I always wore chunky boots.

But puberty got Jace really good, and I wasn't the only one to think that. Half the female population back in our small town did, too. He made it into the football team —that probably was the one thing we didn't have in common. He always loved football while I tended to stay as far as possible from any type of physical activity— and of course that helped finish the job his good looks had started by making him hella popular.

We drifted away then, not because he looked down on me or anything like that, but because I didn't feel comfortable with his new crowd. I was always the introvert of our duo and would rather read peacefully in the library during lunch hour than spend it in the busy and noisy cafeteria listening to people talk. Eventually, we stopped hanging out and only saw each other occasionally when we were both home, since he lived right next door.

Then we graduated and went to the same college, Hollowside, home of the Headless Horsemen, the football team where Jace played as linebacker — he was only a sophomore, but he was damn good and his coaches loved him. I started tutoring him in physics last year because that's kind of my domain of expertise and he needed to maintain his GPA to stay on the team. Beyond our tutoring sessions, we hung out with different crowds. He was still popular and I was still little old me, preferring fictional men over real ones.

Even though we weren't as close as we used to be, Jace was probably one of the only guys I'd semi-trust with something like *this*, given our shared past.

"Listen, porn isn't cutting it anymore, okay?" I said and he choked again, this time on air. I rolled my eyes. "My readers are starting to suspect I don't really know what I'm talking about, and I can't have that."

See, I was a writer. Or I wanted to be one, anyways. I mostly wrote erotica. From werewolves savagely mating in the woods to cute little office romances, I did it all and posted them on my blog—DiamondHerreraWrites.com.

Of course, it was a pen name because I couldn't risk my very Colombian parents finding out their little girl wrote about possessive and obsessive men who liked to choke their girls, stalk them, or force them into marriage. I couldn't risk my brothers finding out either because that would be three times worse. They could never deal with the fact that their sister was a sexual being too, even though I had to endure hundreds of conversations where they openly talked about their latest *sexcapades*. Some scars were not visible but they still existed. And so did double fucking standards.

The problem was that most of my knowledge and writing inspiration emanated from porn, since, you guessed it, I was a virgin.

And from the latest comments on my stories, it was starting to show.

"So what if a couple weirdos on the internet think your stories are not realistic enough? Who cares?" Jace frowned at me. I did not appreciate him calling my readers that.

"I care! I care because I care about my writing. It's really important to me. Here, listen to this," I took out my phone to the screenshots of the comments someone had left on my latest post. "*Chokemedaddy69* wrote, '*This is so bad, who even describes a dick as velvety? I'm sick of wannabe*

romance authors thinking every man has a can of Pringles in their pants—and for fuck’s sake, just use the word dick, not cock!”

I glanced at him and sure enough, watched me like I’d grown a second head or something.

“What’s wrong with the word cock?” he asked, leaning back in his chair and I shrugged.

“I don’t know, man, I don’t know!” I tossed my phone on the pile of papers sitting on the table. “And apparently not all dicks are the same and porn stars’ dicks are not to be taken as an example.” I sighed.

“Okay, Dani, again, who cares if someone called *Chokemedaddy69*—which is a stupid username, by the way, didn’t like your latest post? It’s just one hater. You’ve got more than a hundred thousand readers on here. What’s one negative comment?”

I didn’t question how he knew that, too preoccupied with the rest.

“It’s not just one! It’s *hundreds* of them asking if I ever saw a dick in real life, saying a man making a woman come more than once isn’t realistic, saying no man can find the clit this quick. It’s driving me mad! And don’t even get me started on those who say I’m repeating myself, that basically all of my stories sound the same and that I need to renew them. I think one comment said something like— same story, different font.” My shoulders dropped as I looked down at the table. “I feel like they’re right, Jace. Like maybe something is lacking in my writing and that’s experience. I haven’t been able to write anything new in months. They’re right... I’ve been recycling old stories.”

Silence stretched the private room we had booked for our weekly tutoring session. I felt so stupid for even mentioning it to him. Who did that? Ask their childhood best friend to have sex with them so she could find inspiration for her next stories.

“It’s just, I don’t get how us having sex would help.” The tips of his ears were starting to get red and he glanced at everything but me.

Just like my brothers, Jace was not really comfortable with me having a sexuality, it seemed. Or maybe it was the thought of having sex with me that made him that way.

I had to sit all through high school and freshman year of college listening to girls gush about how great he was in bed and hearing the wildest rumors about his sexual prowesses. Jace didn’t *do* girlfriends, he didn’t need to. He was such a legend they all wanted a piece of him.

“It wouldn’t be just sex. I mean, of course I would need to know the logistics so I was thinking maybe dedicate sessions one and two to discovering your body, letting you get acquainted with mine—” He seemed to get even redder if possible, “—and then just role-play.”

“R-roleplay?” He coughed. “What do you mean role-play?”

“Well, I’ll need to find new scenarios to write about. Perhaps we could enact them so that I’d have enough information to write when we’re done. I’ll send you a script before every session and I’ll take care of the costumes, of course!”

Me being a late bloomer meant I didn’t get sexually attracted to someone before I started college. Hence the reason why I started writing erotica in the first place. It was like a dam had broken, like during all my high school years spent reading and drawing I had accumulated an overflow of hormones which now demanded to be freed. I went from never even thinking of sex to masturbating twice a day in a matter of months.

“Wait— costumes?”

“Yeah, I already have some scenarios ideas. Doctor, professor, mechanic, alien. All of that require special attire, but as I said, don’t worry I’ll take care of everything.”

He looked like he had so many questions but didn't know where to start or was too scared of the answers. In the end, he asked none and just rubbed the heel of his hand against his eye.

"Daniella, how can you be so calm about this? You—" He leaned over the table like he was telling me a secret and hissed, "You're asking me to fuck you, take your virginity, *and* wear costumes while doing it I— that's a lot. That's freaky. Weird. How are you so calm?"

"I look calm to you? I keep waiting for the moment you'll either storm out of here saying you're not a gigolo or for you to burst out laughing because this idea is ridiculous!" I leaned over too, trying to remain calm even though my insides were twisted in embarrassment. "I know you're good at this and you wouldn't make fun of my inexperience. You've always been the more patient one of us both. Remember how you taught me to swim? My brothers had given up a long time ago because I was so scared of water, but you would sit at the edge with me for hours before I finally worked up the courage to get in."

He seemed to relax a little at that, pursing his lips, and looking deep in thoughts, like he was remembering too. We were thirteen and it was the summer he moved in next door. Sighing, he grabbed his water bottle and took a swig.

"Now I love swimming, because you were patient enough to teach me. Plus, if you help me with sex, I doubt you'd have to wait for hours this time, I'm seriously always horny so—" and here we go again with the choking.

"For fuck's sake, Dani!"

"Oh come on, man, you've been with half the woman population of Hollowside but you can't take me expressing my sexuality?" I flung my hands in the air, looking dejected. "I know you probably think it's weird because we grew up together but I swear it's not! We might have considered

each other siblings at one point, but we aren't related! So it's fine." A second passed giving me an idea, "although we could totally role-play being related, I could be like your step-sister or something, and you'd sneak in my bedroom at night—"

"I'll think about it." He got up abruptly, so much in fact that his chair fell behind him. Putting his books in front of him and grabbing his backpack, he looked at me one more time, like he wanted to say something important but instead just repeated, "I'll think about it."

Then he was gone, leaving the door ajar behind him.

My shoulders slumped in defeat.

Levi

Having to get a tutor in order to stay on the team sucked, but you know what didn't? Having *Daniella Vega* as said tutor.

That girl was h-o-t. And funny too. She was like my every wet dream come true.

Having her as a tutor made things a little less shitty, and I actually enjoyed studying with her. She made hard stuff seem easy and didn't make me feel like a dumbass jock. Unlike most of the tutors I had in the past.

I actually looked forward to our bi-weekly sessions, loving that I got to sit next to her for a whole hour and a half, smelling her cherry-scented hair and vanilla perfume. She always smiled at me when I got an answer right, telling me I did a great job and threw her head back while laughing at my stupid jokes.

Now don't get me wrong, people usually smiled at me and laughed at my jokes— why wouldn't they? I'm hilarious. But sometimes—most of the time

— it felt fake. Like they did it because it was expected. Like they were only laughing and smiling because they liked who I represented, not who *I* was.

They only saw Levi Callahan, son of Thomas Callahan, one of the most famous defensemen in the history of the NHL, eight championships, eight trophies.

And then there was me. I'd been skating since I was old enough to stand on my feet and, sure, I was talented, but it was nothing compared to the legendary Tommy C. My friends and even some of the girls I'd been with were all big fans of hockey and of my dad. So much that sometimes I wondered if they wanted to be my friends or his.

That's why Dani was such a breath of fresh air. She didn't know shit about hockey. The girl even thought I *played* captain, like that was an actual position on the ice. She also had no idea who my dad was and that was the best thing about getting to hang out with her.

It was too bad she had friend-zoned me two years ago when she first started tutoring me because I would have dined, wine and fucked the lights out of that girl. Several times over. In the same night. Or afternoon. Or morning. I wasn't picky.

Finally coming to a stop in front of the room we usually had our sessions in, I didn't even get to knock before the door was yanked open and a really confused-looking Jace Garriz stumbled out, bumping into me.

Now that asshole, I could have lived another year without seeing.

There was a certain rivalry between hockey and football players here in Hollowside. We often found ourselves competing for funding and recognition.

The football team maintained our school was mainly known for its football team, when in reality, it was thanks to us bringing home three championships in the last three years—since I joined. Plus, football players

were pompous assholes who mainly all came from money and got their place on the team thanks to their father's generous donations.

Now, yes, I know what you're thinking, I come from money too and my dad is more than generous when it comes to donations, but he was also a real hard-ass. I loved my dad, and he loved me too and that's actually the reason why he told Coach not to give me a spot on the team if he didn't think I deserved it. Sometimes, it actually felt like Coach was harder on me than the rest of my teammates.

So yeah, I earned my place. Ninety percent of the football team didn't.

It hurt me to say that Jace belonged to the ten percent that did earn their place. Asshole was good.

Self righteous, didn't know how to have fun, and looked down on us hockey players, but he was damn good. Even my dad thought so when he came to visit during Parents Week and we went to see a game.

Jace and I were the same height but I was slightly bulkier than his lean frame, so he probably hurt his arm more than I did when he came crashing onto me. Dude looked so frazzled you'd think he was stuck in that room with a fucking tiger, not a 5'2 girl with twigs for arms.

When he looked up and saw who he'd bumped into, he frowned and just like that, I knew the stick he usually had up his ass was still very much wedged in there.

I smirked mockingly and nodded to the door he had just exited.

"What's up, *Jace-hole*? Something crawled up your butt? Or out of it?" My nickname for him always made me snicker.

"Fuck you, dumbass." He scowled, his hand gripping his backpack tighter before checking me with his shoulder and walking away and out of the library.

I chuckled because seeing him so worked up was honestly funny when all I've ever seen him be was serious and focused. Shrugging off his weird behavior, I opened the door and entered.

The sweet scent of cherries and vanilla wafted to my nostrils as my eyes found Dani slumped over her table, face against the wood, looking dejected.

Frowning, I put my bag on the table and let myself fall into the chair. Dani startled up, finally looking at me.

"Oh. Hi, Levi." She blushed. God, she was so cute. "I'm sorry, I didn't hear you come in." She gave me a small smile that didn't reach her eyes and started sorting through her papers.

I frowned again, wondering what that little fucker said or did to her to make her look so sad.

"You okay, kitten?" I grabbed the water bottle from my backpack and unscrewed the cap, "I saw Jace get out of here in a hurry. He looked weird, almost... human." I winced. "Something happen' with him?"

I couldn't keep the concern out of my voice. If he'd done something to her, someone would probably have to bail me out of jail. Jace didn't seem like the type to hurt girls, but damn, you never knew these days.

Taking a swig of water while still looking expectantly at her, she just sighed in desperation and shrugged.

There were a lot of things I was expecting her to say right then, however, she still managed to fucking surprise me.

"It's nothing. He freaked out when I asked him to have kinky sex with me."

And just like that, the water went down the wrong pipe and I was fucking choking.

Daniella Vega would never cease to surprise me, it seemed.

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CHAPTER 2

Levi

"Fucking dammit, I did it again!" Dani exclaimed when I started sputtering, the water in my mouth spraying on the table and drenching some of her papers.

She got up and started tapping my back lightly, muttering about having no filter and "*Why do jocks drink so much water anyway*". I didn't understand a single word though, still reeling from what she told me earlier.

He freaked out when I asked him to have kinky sex with me.

Kinky sex. With Dani. Dani wanted to have sex with Jace. Kinky sex.

Sex that is *kinky*.

Daniella Vega wanted to have kinky sex and she'd asked Jace *fucking* Garriz. The ice king who looked like he spent time in a freezer for fun.

"I'm sorry, I need to stop blurting things out without thinking first."

She got a tissue out of her bag and subconsciously started dabbing at my mouth where water droplets were still running down to my neck. I would have done it myself but my limbs were not working from shock. And I'd be lying if I said I wasn't enjoying the proximity.

I don't even think she realized this was the closest she ever stood to me or the first time even she touched me.

"It's just—" she swallowed thickly, a blush spreading on her cheeks. "I have this online blog where I write and people have been super mean lately, saying I don't know what I'm writing about. So, you know, I did the most logical thing."

"Asked Jace to fuck you?" I managed to squeak out. What kind of logic was that? Damn, just saying it out loud made me angry.

Angry because that dumbass had one of the hottest girls on campus ask him to get naked with her and he left her alone and feeling rejected. What the fuck was wrong with him?

"Well, not only. It's more of a role-play thing. I write erotica so I mostly wanted to try out new... scenarios."

And *now* I was hard.

Fuck, *erotica*? Who would've guessed little Daniella Vega was capable of that? She had that air of innocence to her. With her big brown eyes and long dark eyelashes, she mastered the doe look. She mostly wore baggy jeans and sweatshirts. I knew she liked to switch that up in the warmer seasons with slightly cropped tops that let just a sliver of her midriff show or even the occasional summer dress.

So no, at first sight, Dani wasn't someone you would think wrote erotica in her free time.

"Like, with costumes and stuff?" I tried not to sound too eager but just picturing her in a maid or nurse outfit had me damn well near coming. Her eyes sparkled when she nodded her head fast like an excited kitten.

"Exactly. I figured that would be the best way to go about this. Scenarios, costumes, maybe dedicate a few sessions to body discovery, you know? But it's stupid." She rolled her eyes, slumping down in her seat. "I shouldn't even have brought it up. I should probably resolve myself to say goodbye to Diamond Herrera. It was good while it lasted."

She looked so sad right then. I assumed Diamond Herrera was the pen name she used online, and I made a mental note to look it up later. She rearranged her papers, dabbing a tissue at those who still had droplets of water with a tissue before clearing her throat and sitting straighter.

"I'm sorry, I—I know you probably don't care. I've already taken too much time off your tutoring session, so let's just forget what happened." I didn't know what to say, choosing to stay silent instead, even though I didn't really want to drop the subject.

Pushing her thin gold glasses up on her nose, she went on, "So, the French Revolution..."

She didn't bring up her little predicament again for the rest of the session. And somehow that bothered me.

Because why didn't she ask *me*, the way she asked Jace?

Daniella

His fingers glistened with my wetness as he rubbed them along my pouty lips, looking at the mess he was creating with hazy eyes. I was transfixed, ready to take whatever he was willing to give me.

"Open up, baby girl. Suck daddy's fingers like the good little slut I know you are." he growled. I opened and sucked his drenched fingers into my mouth—

A knock on my door took me out of the trance I seemed to get into whenever I was writing. I groaned, letting my head fall back onto my

pillow. Of course, the first time my brain seemed to be getting some inspiration in months had to be spoiled by whoever was interrupting me.

I checked the time only to see it was ten o'clock. Who the hell would knock on my door this late at night? My only friend, Melissa, was home visiting her parents. I didn't have any roommates, didn't order food and none of the people I briefly spoke to in class ever came over to my dorm, it didn't make sense that they would start now.

Getting kind of suspicious, I grabbed the nearest thing I could find—a bottle of hairspray— and walked to the door. I opened it warily, ready to fight whoever was behind it for interrupting my writing spree.

What I wasn't ready for though, was to see Levi Callahan standing in the hall of my dorm. It was as busy as it got on a Saturday night, some girls walking past us and throwing us curious looks. Probably wondering what he was doing at *my* place so late at night.

But that was not all. Because Levi?

He didn't look like himself. At all.

Gone were his jeans and fitted t-shirt, he was not even wearing one of those gray sweatpants I'd seen on him occasionally that deliciously highlighted his strong thighs and, um... other attributes.

He was wearing beige khakis. *High-waisted* beige khakis, held together by a black leather belt. He had a white button up shirt that hugged his muscled arms so well it looked like it was seconds away from exploding, and on top of it was a sleeveless wool pullover. His shirt was tucked inside his pants, buttoned up all the way up and a red bowtie held it all together around his neck. I blinked slowly as I continued my perusal of his body up until I found his face.

Thick black glasses hung on his nose and they actually looked legit, his eyes seemed the slightest bit smaller through them. His usually unruly dark hair was gelled to the max, separated right in the middle. His plump pink lips were pursed together as he waited for me to be done ogling him.

He looked exactly like you would picture the male version of a goody-two-shoes. He was dressed like a stereotypical *nerd*.

How did he still manage to make it look hot?

I mean, he was even wearing loafers with high socks. He looked like fucking Clark Kent, all muscles but with a geeky twist. Damn, I shouldn't feel so attracted to that.

"Levi? What are you doing here? And what's with the outfit?" I frowned, looking around the hall and seeing some girls were now peeking from their dorms, probably as curious as me.

I liked Levi. He was a really cool guy. Funny too. I also couldn't deny that he was super hot. But we never really talked except for when I was tutoring him. So seeing him on a Saturday night, at my dorm's door wearing a ridiculous (although hot on him) outfit, was *hella* out of the ordinary for me.

"Hi, Aria." He gulped, pushing his glasses further up the bridge of his nose.

I was surprised a second ago, but now I was totally confused. Aria? Was he high? Did he mistake my dorm his latest hook-up's?

Maybe he couldn't even see with those glasses and he mistook me for someone else.

"Lev—"

"I'm here for our weekly tutoring session." He didn't wait for my answer and simply entered the room, leaving me frazzled and wondering what the hell was happening.

I closed the door after him because I didn't want wandering eyes to pry into what was going on in my room.

When I turned around, I noticed he had been holding a small backpack and was now unloading its content on my messy desk. Still frowning, I decided to simply lean back against the door and watch silently. Maybe he'd turn around and notice he had the wrong room.

He didn't look very intent on that though. When he finished, he turned around and looked at me expectantly.

I blinked, not knowing what to do.

"Well? The French Revolution is not gonna learn itself, missy."

The French what? That was what he and I were currently working on during our tutoring sessions. Matter of fact, it was the subject of our last one, three days ago.

"Levi, what are y—"

"Levi? What are you talking about? I'm Hunter. Hunter Finnegan. I've been your tutor for the last two years, Aria."

Now, that made me freeze.

Hunter Finnegan? Aria? Tutoring?

Oh fuck.

Oh *fucking* fuck.

There was no way in hell he would—

"Now I don't know who that Levi guy you're talking about is, although he does sound really charming and handsome, but we don't have time to gossip about your latest *adventures*."

Oh my God.

He did.

He totally did.

I couldn't believe what was happening.

See, Hunter and Aria were two characters I had written.

Aria was this bad-ass girl slash player, well known for messing around with whoever she pleased and not taking anything seriously. She was forced to take on a tutor and was assigned the hot but self-righteous Hunter whom she couldn't stand for the life of her. Although being the same age, he was her complete opposite. Strict, snobbish and *really* prudish. He was also a virgin and knew next to nothing about women. Their relationship started out pretty tense but then they kind of ended up hitting it off, until eventually, Aria was the one who ended up *tutoring* him.

I had written that a year ago. It was pretty obvious Levi had found my blog, but how much exactly had he read to go back a whole *year*?

"Well?" He looked at me expectantly, and I felt my hands trembling.

Fuck, he was really doing this.

When he'd asked me what was wrong at the beginning of our last tutoring session, I blurted out the whole truth without thinking twice about it. Part of it was because I had little to no filter, but another was because I knew Levi wouldn't judge me or, God forbid, run out of the room like a certain someone before him.

I never in a million years would have thought he would try to help me solve my problem.

But here he was.

“Aria? Are you okay?” He looked unsure suddenly, and although he’d used the name of my character to address me, it felt like he was talking to *me*.

Contrary to what I initially thought, having him here, alone in my room didn’t feel weird. I never felt that way with him, to be honest.

I tutored a lot of jocks, and I was friendly with all of them. Most didn’t try to hit on me, they were simply friendly, cordial. Some of them who now graduated even told me to call them if I ever needed anything.

Levi was the one I had the most fun with, but again, I never would have thought he’d do this for me. Had I known, I would have asked *him* first, not Jace.

The look he sent me said the ball was in my court. I could play along and cross a line I had never ever crossed before, or call him out, ask him what the hell he was doing here and kick his ass out of my dorm. Figuratively speaking, of course, because he was twice my size.

In the rest of Hunter and Aria’s short story— Nerdgasm as I’d called it, Aria got fed up with Hunter's know-it-all attitude and decided to teach him a lesson. A lesson on something he was pretty fucking unfamiliar with— female anatomy.

Fuck, I had to say, imagining myself replaying that particular story with Levi fucking Callahan made me want to rub my thighs together. He was so fucking hot and seeing him dressed like Hunter just made the horny little hussy in me cry for relief. Also, the whole situation made me want to smile. Because who knew Levi could be such a dork?

Most guys our age wouldn’t put that much effort into getting laid. Especially not someone as notorious as Levi. Not when girls were literally throwing themselves at him left and right. So that made the situation pretty funny to me. Hot and funny and shit— were we really doing this?

I gulped and bit my lip, knowing the words I would use next would determine how the rest of our night would go. I would either end up watching reruns of *Parks & Recs* alone in my bed while polishing off a tub of *Ben & Jerry's*, or I would go to bed satiated and pleased beyond belief after a night of crazy shenanigans with a hot jock.

For the first time since he'd come into this room, Levi's carefully crafted confidence wavered. He looked unsure for a second, especially given how long it was taking me to react.

When I finally cleared my throat, he looked ready to burst. I softened my eyes in an attempt to look seductive before taking a step towards him, letting my finger run along his strong, shirt-clad arm.

"You know what, Hunter? I think I can be the one to teach you something tonight."

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CHAPTER 3:

Levi

I was so fucking hard it hurt.

After spending the better part of the last three days stalking Dani's blog, I had read over sixty short stories featuring all kinds of kinks and scenarios. I'd chosen *Nerdgasm* because I thought it would be funny to have our role reversed somehow— for me to be her tutor even though it usually was the other way around.

I'd gone with my gut, risking getting hit in the face and called a pervert but it was totally worth it. I had walked across campus with this ridiculous outfit on and my teammates were never going to let me live this down, but, again, totally worth it.

Because the look Dani— sorry, *Aria*, was giving me right now?

Fuck, she looked delicious.

It took all of me not to pull her to me and kiss the fuck out of her right then, but I wanted to show her she could trust me. That meant she would get to take the reins for this first time. That's also part of why I chose *Nerdgasm*. Aria was the one to instigate everything, Hunter only looked and touched when and where she told him.

I still remembered when I stumbled upon that particular story, the urge to rub my cock had eventually been stronger and I ended up coming all over my hand like a fucking high-schooler. I was twenty-one, for God's sake. I

should have more control over my body, but the whole story was just too hot, especially when all I could see was Daniella as Aria.

“W-what do you mean?” I stuttered for added effect, totally immersed in the skin of my character. I would’ve made an amazing actor.

My eyes drifted down Dani’s body. She was wearing sleep shorts and a tank top, her face was totally free of makeup and long straight dark hair fell around her shoulders. She looked good enough to eat.

And if this went according to plan, I would get to do just that in a few minutes.

She bit her lip, looking a bit nervous, but then seemed to pull it together and traced her index along my shoulder. I felt it down to my cock.

“Well, you’re always so quick to think you’re the only knowledgeable one... I can prove you otherwise. There’s one subject I’d bet you know nothing on.” One of her curved eyebrows went up as she gave me a daring look.

Jace was such a fool. But somehow, his loss was my treasure.

I gulped– both because that’s what Hunter would have done, and because I was so excited I needed to.

“I doubt it. I know a lot of things about a lot of different subjects. *Papa* made sure I–”

“Sex. What do you know about sex, *Hunty-boy*?” Her finger was now caressing my jaw, making it tighten. “I bet I could teach you a great deal about sex.”

Who the hell would’ve known such a sexy little minx was hiding behind Daniella Vega’s seemingly shy persona. Just hearing the word sex coming out of her mouth was an aphrodisiac in itself.

“I-I don’t think that’s appropriate.” I pushed the glasses higher on my nose. For the first time in my life, I was grateful that I couldn’t see shit from afar. “My parents wouldn’t want me to do... that.”

“We don’t have to tell them.” She brought her body closer to mine, her words hot against my chest— because she was fucking tiny, especially barefoot. “After all, it’s only biology when you think about it. You want to be a doctor, right? I could show you a thing or two about women’s anatomy...”

Now both her hands were rubbing against my chest and it was taking all of me not to explode. I wanted to touch her so much my hands basically burned with desire.

“I don’t know, Aria.” My eyes felt droopy as I watched hers.

She kept on looking between them and my lips and I don’t think I’d ever wanted to kiss someone so much in my life. Usually, I didn’t even bother kissing the girls I slept with. I made sure they came, of course, I wasn’t a fucking asshole with a two inches dick, but somehow kissing was never something I really relied on or felt the need to do.

But I wanted to taste Dani’s lips so bad it hurt.

“Come on, I bet you could learn a great deal.” She went on her tiptoes and pressed a light kiss to my chin, making my eyes close of their own volition.

Then one of her hands rubbing my chest traveled down my arm and grabbed my hand. She bit her lip nervously, the real Dani somehow appearing for a second, before turning around and leading me to her bed.

It was a twin bed, quite spacious for a little thing like herself, but I wasn’t sure about how well I would fit in there. Well, I guess I wouldn’t need to today.

When we were right in front of it, Dani let go of me and turned around, lowering herself on the bed. She pushed her laptop away carefully and crawled back until she was leaning on her hands, both feet on the bed, knees bent and slightly parted. She looked up at me with hungry yet unsure eyes.

I couldn't help but look at her like I was ready to pounce. I had to physically stop myself from yanking her shorts down her legs and admiring the little pussy they hid.

“What do you say, Hunter? Want me to teach you?”

I nodded eagerly, waiting with bated breaths as she slowly parted her legs, letting her knees fall on each side.

“Get on your knees. Look but don't touch for now,” she ordered and fuck if I didn't fall to my knees right away.

It was so hot, but so fun at the same time. As someone who started having sex way too young— at fourteen more precisely— I could honestly say it had lost its luster over the years. Sure, some times were better than others, but overall, I hadn't felt a rush of excitement so deep it felt like I would die if I didn't get off, in years.

Not like I was feeling now.

As I got on my knees and looked down between Dani's legs, I could see they were trembling lightly.

“Good boy.” She breathed when I obeyed and my eyes found hers. Why did it feel so rewarding to be called that? “Do you want to see what a real girl's body looks like, Hunter?”

She sounded winded, like she was out of breath. And I could relate. Even as a trained athlete I had never felt so fucking breathless as I did in this moment.

When, again, I nodded eagerly, she bit her lip, hands coming to grasp her shirt before she yanked it up over her head.

“Fuck.” I whimpered, my eyes coming in contact with the most perfect pair of tits I’d ever seen.

They were on the smaller side, but so round and bouncy, tipped with the prettiest pair of nipples I’d ever seen. Pink and pointing upward, looking so hard they could have cut glass. Daniella looked unsure for a moment, her mask slipping as she looked up at me.

“D-do you like them?” It wasn’t Aria talking right then. It was Dani. It occurred to me that I was probably one of the first guys to see her naked tits and somehow, a caveman part of me loved that, relished in it even.

“You’re gorgeous, Kitten.”

I knew we were still technically roleplaying, but I really wanted her to know I was being serious when saying that, that it wasn’t only my character talking. She looked satisfied and seemed to take pride in my statement.

“Do you want to touch them?”

I gulped, my head nodding of its own accord. Before I could truly comprehend what I was doing, I was halfway on the bed, my knees still firmly on the ground while my top half leaned between Dani’s creamy thighs. Her breasts were only a few inches away from my head and I really wanted to take one into my mouth right then.

One of her hands came up and caressed my hair. “Boobs can be a very erogenous place for some girls. See the nipple? When it’s out and pointy, in most cases it means she’s turned on. It can also mean she’s cold, but that’s not what we’ll be focusing on today.”

All while explaining, she continued caressing my hair, and I couldn’t help but want to lean into her touch. She was so soft and the warmth emanating

from her body made me crazy.

“You can touch it.” She didn’t need to tell me twice because as soon as the words left her mouth I was rolling the little peak between my fingers, so fucking focused on it that I almost missed the surprised squeal she let out.

She was fucking fascinating. Her body was fascinating. I loved it.

“Y-your fingers feel really good.” So did hers, playing with my hair.

I was so fucking hard it felt like I would make a hole through my pants.

“Want to try and take it into your mouth?” She asked and I had to close my eyes for a second, trying to remember Hunter’s next move. I hadn’t learned the dialogue by heart. My memory wasn’t the best, hence the reason I needed tutoring in the first place. But I had read the story enough to know how it turned out.

“M-my mouth?”

“Yes. Taste it and swirl your tongue around it. You think you can do that?” I looked up and our faces were so fucking close I could feel her breath on my lips. I wanted to kiss her so much, but didn’t want to rush her or for her to feel pressured.

“Like this?” Keeping my eyes on hers I leaned down and closed my mouth around her nipple, licking slowly and savoring the sugary sweet taste of her.

Daniella let out a small moan, head falling back in pleasure. “Am I doing this right, Aria?”

“Yes. Yes, perfect,” she whimpered and I felt emboldened. My hand came up and cupped her other breast, gently massaging before pinching the tip. “Ooh, fuck.”

Her other hand that had been holding her up came to join the first and grip my hair. She arched her back as I sucked on her nipple like my life depended on it.

“Fuck, you’re such a fast learner. You’re doing so good.”

Letting go of her nipple with a pop, my hand came up and started drawing circles around it while I looked up at her.

“Teach me more.” I sounded so eager, so breathless.

“Yeah? Have you ever seen a pussy, Hunter?” Even she looked surprised that the words made it out of her mouth without stuttering. She bit her lip, one hand still gripping my head while the other went back to keeping herself up.

I gasped, “No.”

Her little thumb rubbed against my lips and I absentmindedly parted them, sucking on her digit eagerly.

“Take off my shorts.”

Again, I really didn’t need to be told twice. I was so hard and ready for release I would have done next to anything she’d asked me.

Once they were off and I finally had a direct view on her little pussy, I nearly lost it. She was bare except for a patch of trimmed hair on top of her slit, the creamy skin looked soft and was begging to be touched. She was glistening with arousal, ready for me. I’d never wanted to taste anything more than that little cunt.

She was breathing heavily and so was I, anticipating the moment I would finally get to put my mouth— and my tongue, on her skin.

Daniella looked at me with hazy eyes as she grabbed a pillow and settled it behind her back so that she could remain somewhat elevated without needing her hands to hold her up. Because she would need them for what comes next.

Dainty fingers came to dance on the most sensitive part of her body,. She brushed her lips delicately before her middle finger came down her slit, slowly opening her up for my eyes. I'd never been so focused on something in my life. This was better than any sex I'd ever had, better than any porn I had ever watched.

Seeing her pussy open, that little clit protruding right on top of everything, shiny with her wetness, that nearly sent me over the edge.

"These are called the outer lips." She commented, out of breath. Her eyes were closing down of their own accord. This whole situation, added to the feel of her own fingers on her cunt made her drowsy. "And these," she used two fingers to part herself farther. "These are the inner lips."

My heart beat so fast inside my chest, I wanted one thing and it was to finally get my lips on hers.

"Why is it wet?" I asked dumbly.

She chuckled seductively, "Because I'm turned on, dummy." She licked her lips and her other hand came up to pull on her skin, making her clit more visible. "And this— this is the clit. This is the most important part of the female anatomy, or at least, it's my favorite part."

"Why?" I could barely see straight from how turned on she made me feel.

"Because, if you press on it, or play with it in any way, it feels really, *really* good." She bit her lip and demonstrated for good measure.

Her index finger came down on that little bundle of nerves and she twirled it around, a moan forcing its way out of her throat. “Oh, fuck. It feels so good.”

“C-can I try?” It wasn’t part of the scenario, she was the one supposed to ask, but I was honestly dying with desire. I needed it. “Please, can I touch your clit?” My voice was hoarse and it honestly wasn’t even acting. I was simply desperate to touch her. I’d never wanted something more.

She nodded eagerly, “Fuck. Yes.”

I couldn’t believe we were doing this. I couldn’t believe I was so fucking lucky that this girl, this amazing fucking girl actually decided that she trusted me with something as important as her body.

But fuck if I wasn’t happy about it.

Almost shyly, I brought one of my hands to rest on the inside of her thigh. Her skin was soft and smooth. I found myself caressing it, massaging it until Dani’s moans got me out of my thoughts. Biting my lip, feeling my heart beat fast inside my chest, I delicately moved my hand towards her waiting pussy when she interrupted me.

“Wait!”

I looked up, praying she hadn’t changed her mind. I’d stop if she asked me to, but fuck, it would kill me.

Surprisingly, she didn’t tell me to stop. Instead she made my cock harder by grabbing my hand and pulling it towards her. She put my middle and ring fingers in her mouth and started sucking on them eagerly. My abs contracted as she looked me dead in the eye while she coated my fingers with her saliva. She did the same thing with my index and then my thumb, taking her time with that last one. I could feel her smooth little tongue laving at my digit, playing around with it as body heat emanated from her

small frame. My eyes fell back between her thighs and I noticed her cunt looked even more slippery than before.

Having my fingers in her mouth turned her on as much as it did me. That knowledge made me push down on her tongue with my thumb until she gagged slightly. When she let go of me with a pop, she looked thoroughly satisfied, sending me a little smile.

“Here. Now you’re ready.”

She guided my hand to her sex until I was cupping it. Its warmth combined with the fact it was drenched made it so hard for me to concentrate on the rest of the story. For a second I forgot we were supposed to role-play at all and just wanted to dip my head between those milky thighs and let her smother me with her cunt.

I took several breaths before pressing my thumb against that little button on top of her slit. The effect was immediate, on both of us.

Dani hissed and looked down at me with wide eyes. I held her gaze for what felt like hours, before flicking her clit with my thumb, forcing a whimper out of her.

“Oh fuck, Levi.” The poor thing was so horny she broke character. I couldn’t hold it against her, I knew if she was the one playing with my dick, I’d probably have broken character way sooner.

“Your little clit is all pink and wet, is that normal?” My voice was hoarse and I kept on playing her clit with my thumb.

Dani’s hips were bucking up, basically begging for my touch. “Y–yes.” She moaned, “It means I’m aroused. That I need to– to come.”

“Do you want me to help with that?” I looked at her through hooded eyes, heart beating so fast I thought it might come out of my chest. She nodded her head, thrashing around, one of her hands gripped my fingers

while the other still held her pussy in a way that made her clit more visible to me. “How? How can I help you?”

“My clit needs attention.” She breathed desperately.

I pushed on it with my thumb making her cry out. “Like that? That’s the attention it needs?”

“Oh fuck.” her moans went straight to my dick. I needed to fucking taste her.

“It looks so engorged, though. M-maybe if I suck it you’ll feel better?” I was begging her internally to say yes. I wanted her like I needed my next breath.

She whimpered, still nodding her head. “Yes. Yes, maybe. Take me in your mouth, Levi.”

I didn’t need to be told twice and all but threw myself at her. Taking the little bundle of nerves between my lips, I sucked on it like a madman, savoring the sweet wetness that coated it. Fuck, she was delicious. I groaned against her, my nose poking the top of her pussy while my lips and chin got drenched by her needy cunt.

I grasped her thighs with my hands, they trembled like crazy and her first reflex was to clamp them down so I held them wide open for my ministrations. Wet sounds echoed around the room as I suckled on her skin. My eyes closed of their own volition as I savored her.

“Levi!” Her fingers tangled in my hair as she pulled on it, “Oh fuck, right there!” Her screams only fueled me and made me suck on her harder, my tongue flicking her clit fast and hard.

One of my hands made its way to her slit and I let a single finger trace it up and down, entering her with just the tip.

It was enough to send her over the edge. She cried out her release, back arching, head thrown back in absolute pleasure. The fucking picture she made actually tipped me off too and before I could comprehend it, I was coming in my fucking pants.

I came from fucking eating her out. Actually, not even that. I'd only sucked on her clit.

And that alone was probably the best and hottest experience of my life.

Her whole body trembled but I didn't let up, I couldn't. I continued sucking on her, relishing in her taste as my finger kept moving up and down her slit until the tremors lessened and she fell back on the bed. She was still shaking, small whimpers leaving her mouth as her fingers gripping my hair softened and started caressing it instead.

I didn't want it to be over. I wanted to stay here all night, sucking on her clit and making her feel good. I wanted to show her she didn't need Jace when she had me. I could give her the experience she lacked, I could help her make her stories seem more realistic.

As she gained back her breath, I pulled away from her warm heat and looked up at her. I could still feel her wetness on my face but I was in no hurry to wipe it away. Quite the contrary. I liked having her smell on me.

Still breathing hard, weak arms helped her sit up on the bed. For the longest time, neither of us spoke. She was back to being Dani and I was simply Levi.

Eyes lost in hers, I didn't know what to say. I was afraid she'd feel bad about what we had just done now that the moment had passed. I was scared we would drown in awkward silence but that was forgetting who I was facing.

"Damn, Levi, you don't need hockey to be a champion. You already eat pussy like one."

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CHAPTER 4

Levi

I stared at the phone in my hand, blinking, once, twice and three times before the words could work their way into my brain.

In the two years since she started tutoring me, not once had Dani canceled on me. Actually, I vividly remembered a time where she was sick with the flu and still came to our session. She was a sniffling mess but somehow, her red nose and rosy cheeks were cute and made her look all the more endearing.

The fact that she went out of her way to help me study because my exam was only a couple of days away and I couldn't afford to miss a session meant a lot to me. Of course, I had insisted she stay in her room and rest but yeah, Dani wasn't the type to simply listen. Once she set her mind on something, she went for it.

So when I blinked a fourth time and the words "*sorry, can't come tonight, see you next week*" were still very much present on my phone screen, I started to get anxious.

I hoped against hope that her suddenly dipping on me had nothing to do with what happened two days ago but, deep down, I knew it did.

She seemed okay after we were done. A little awkward, sure, but that was a common occurrence with her. Dani was always awkward. In an adorable way.

After basically saying I was a pussy-eating champion, she just fell back on the bed, regaining her breath. I had laughed, letting my head fall against the mattress. We stayed that way for a few seconds before she remembered she was naked and started covering herself with the sheets.

Then I'd gotten a text from Kane, my roommate, saying there was a problem with the shower back at our dorm. So there wasn't much talking involved after that. I just smacked a kiss on Dani's cheek, pulled the shirt out of my pants so it would hang over my crotch and at least hide the wet cum stain on it. I had never been so uncomfortable walking around campus and actually had to go to the dorm next door to shower when I got home because there was a problem with ours.

I hadn't heard from Dani until today. I knew we would need to talk about the logistics of this agreement eventually, and I had hoped we could have done that during today's tutoring session.

Seemed like that was out of the question now.

Fuck, I truly hoped I didn't screw everything up between us. Everything in me demanded I go back to her dorm and ask if we could talk, but I was actually scared it would only put her off further.

So I settled for a text instead.

Levi: Are we good?

Pinching my lips together, I stared at my phone for a few seconds, hoping that maybe she would see my text and respond in the next moment, but when no dots appeared, I gathered she didn't have her phone on her. That made me decide to swing by her place later if no answer came through. Not even to talk about everything that went down between us, simply to see if she was okay.

I was already at the library since I had thought coming in early would give us enough time to talk before we had to focus on our study sesh. I was

just studious like that.

Since I was already there, I decided I would simply sit my ass on a table and study alone for a bit. Walking to the back of the building, I was about to pick a table when the door to the private room where Dani usually held her tutoring sessions swung open.

And imagine my surprise when little miss Last-Minute-Cancellation walked out of there awkwardly laughing with no other than Jace fucking Garriz. That asshole.

So *that* was the reason why she didn't want to see me. Jace had finally accepted her deal and since he'd been her first choice anyways, she went with it.

I couldn't really be mad at her. What happened between us was hot as fuck—it really was— but she didn't owe me anything. If she preferred his icy majesty's freezing penis to mine, then so be it. Fuck, I wish I didn't sound as bitter as I felt.

I was about to quietly get the fuck away from them when Dani suddenly looked up, still listening to whatever *Jace-hole* was saying.

Her eyes caught mine and they widened a bit. Shit, I hoped I didn't look too pathetic, standing in the middle of the History aisle, hand still clutching my phone. Who was I kidding? I looked as pathetic as I could have.

Swallowing the ball of nerves that had gathered in my throat, I turned my back on them and walked away to a more secluded table. Tossing my bag on top of it, I slumped on the chair and started digging my stuff out.

Honestly, I hated myself a little bit for feeling so down. After all, no words were exchanged, no promises were made.

That thought made me stop in my tracks.

Fuck.

No words were exchanged.

What if—

The sudden realization made my blood freeze. What if Daniella had felt pressured by me? What if she didn't think she had a choice in the matter?

Oh my God, of course she didn't want to see me! I had barged into her room, violated her privacy by reading her dirty blog. She seemed to have enjoyed herself afterwards but what if the regrets had come after I left?

I needed to get out of here, find her and apologize. Of fuck, I needed—

“Levi?”

My head turned so fast I thought I gave myself whiplash for a second.

Dani stood there, one hand clutching her tote bag while the other played with the hem of her sweater. I immediately stood up.

“Dani—”

“—I'm so sorry.” The fact that we said that simultaneously brought a frown to my face.

“What? What the hell would you be sorry for?”

She bit her lip. “I canceled on you at the last minute and then you saw me with Jace just now and I really didn't want you to think I was... I don't know, avoiding you or something.”

Well, I couldn't deny it was how I felt.

“You would have every right to. I— I’m really sorry if I made you feel uncomfortable the other day, I just...” I exhaled a breath, not wanting her to believe I was looking for excuses. “I saw how much you cared about your blog and I thought I would help you out, you know? Surprise you, be spontaneous. I’m sorry if you felt pressured into doing anything with me.” Fuck I wanted to barf.

“Oh my God, Levi!” Her brown eyes went round and she took a step towards me. “You didn’t pressure me into anything, I swear.” The sincerity in her eyes made it a little easier to breathe.

But then nervousness and dread were replaced by rejection. It stung knowing she had gone to Jace at the first chance she got even after the mind-blowing orgasm she rode to on my face.

“Are you sure?”

“Of course. I know you would have stopped and gone back to your dorm had I demanded it.” She gave me a small smile, her plump lips pinched together. “If anything, I’m sorry. I can see how ridiculous this idea was now and I know you probably didn’t even enjoy anything we— we did.” Her cheeks were getting deliciously pink and I felt a small smile tugging at my lips.

That girl was so clueless. She had no idea how fucking pleasurable that night was for me. I had come in my pants, for God’s sake! Without her even touching me, just thrusting against the side of her bed while my lips were sucking on her clit. Fuck, just remembering the silky wetness made me hard.

“And quite frankly, I’m kind of ashamed too. I know you probably think less of me now, so I guess I was kind of avoiding you earlier. I just— I didn’t want you to think I was weird.”

Where the fuck were these thoughts coming from? Where was the confident girl who blurted out anything she could think of?

“Hold on, Dani. You do not think I would look down on you because you enjoyed having sex, right?”

“Well, not having sex per se. Just the... you know. The role-play thing. I don’t want you to think I’m a freak.” She looked down, fingers still nervously playing with the hem of her sweater.

“Dani, I loved what we did that night.” My voice was low and I took a step towards her. I didn’t like the way she was... what? Kink shaming or slut shaming herself? That wouldn’t do. “I think the role-play made everything a thousand times hotter. And if you still want to give your idea a chance... if you still don’t have anyone you’d like to try it with— I’m here. I would love to do that again.”

It seemed I had done the impossible. I had made Daniella Vega speechless.

And I didn’t know what to do about that silence.

Her cheeks were crimson by now and her mouth was slightly ajar.

“I— really? You didn’t think it was weird that we called each other by other names? That I was bossing you around?”

“Not gonna lie, I would prefer we stuck to our regular names most of the time but I didn’t mind that much.” I was glad it was my name she had moaned when that climax had hit, though. “As for the bossing around, you can do that whenever you want as long as I get to do it too, sometimes.”

I had never had a girl tell me what to do in the bedroom, it was usually the other way around, actually. But when she called me a good boy the other day? Fuck if that didn’t make my cock hard.

Daniella’s eyes stared deep into mine as she bit her lip, as if trying to gauge whether I was telling the truth or not.

“Levi, if you're making fun of me right now I won't be able to forgive you.” Her small voice wiped any trace of a smile off my lips.

Fuck, what the hell happened in the last two days for her to rethink her idea to this point?

“Kitten, I would never make fun of you on a subject I know you care so deeply about. Listen, I know we don't really talk or anything outside of our study sessions, but I like you, Dani. I've always liked you. You're a nice girl, you're funny and I consider you a friend. We've known each other for two years and I think you're a great person. I'm not gonna lie and say my interest here is totally selfless though, because although I really want to help you improve your stories, I'm also *really* attracted to you.”

I was breathless and nervous by the time I finished speaking. I hadn't planned on laying my innermost thoughts out on the table like that but shit, might as well come clean.

“So... you would really do that for me?” head tilted on the side, she looked adorable. Seriously, did that girl not realize how hot she was?

“Not just for you, honestly. I've been dying to taste you again since I rushed out of your dorm the other day.” My hand came up to rub at my nape, a bit embarrassed.

Truth be told, it had been a while since I had a real conversation with a girl before I engaged with her in a sexual way. It had also been a while since I'd had sex.

I know there were a lot of clichés regarding jocks and hockey players in particular. And while these were mostly true, I tried not to make it a habit to sleep around. Well, not anymore at least.

I wasn't really into the whole *girlfriend* thing. I think my last relationship was when I was a sophomore in high school and even then I'd learned she

was only dating me because her dad was a fan of mine and wanted bragging rights.

So yeah, one night stands and puck bunnies were the best option for me. I had indulged a great deal once I started college, but at the end of last year, I found myself kind of bored and disgusted with the lifestyle. One day I had picked up a chick at a bar in town and we made it back to my place. Imagine my surprise when she said *“I’m so glad I get to have you again.”* Again.

I had already slept with her the month before. A month. And I had already forgotten all about her.

That’s when it clicked for me. I didn’t want to live like that anymore.

I didn’t want to settle down either so I decided to simply go abstinent for a few months. Or on a sex diet as Kane would say.

Daniella looked like a deer in the headlights, staring in surprise.

“So... what do you say, kitten? Do you want to do this with me?”

Daniella

It was insane.

This whole thing had been my idea but now that someone actually agreed to go with it, I realized how totally insane it was. Levi stared at me with hopeful eyes, we were standing so close to one another that I could actually smell his cologne and it made me want to put my head in the crook of his neck and inhale deeply.

Yeah. Not creepy at all.

Truth was, I was dying to say yes, but after the little conversation I'd just had with Jace, I didn't know what to do.

"By the way, you weren't serious the other day, right?" His question was followed by an awkward laugh and uneasy eyes.

My gut told me it was best not to say the truth.

"O-of course not." I lied, giving him the best fake smile I could muster.

His shoulders sagged in relief and he laughed again.

"Damn, Dani, that wasn't funny." he shook his head, "you know I could never do that to you, anyways. I respect you too much."

That got me frowning. "You can't fuck and respect a girl?"

He looked uncomfortable all of a sudden.

"Of course I can. But, just a regular fuck. Not all that kinky stuff you mentioned. Good girls aren't supposed to be freaks. And you're a good girl, Dani. You're the kind of girl a guy marries, not the one he has fun with, if you know what I mean."

That was all it took for my blood to start boiling in my veins.

What. The. Actual. Fuck.

I liked Jace. He was a good friend growing up but if that was the kind of guy he became, then I was glad we didn't hang out anymore. What a sexist jerk.

I hated that his words brought a part of fear into me, though. Because I liked being a good girl. That's who I'd always been and what I'd always

known. But I also loved what had happened in my dorm two days ago. And I didn't think both of those were incompatible.

Maybe I was wrong. After all, I had no experience regarding these things. Dread settled in the pit of my stomach as Jace resumed writing in his notebook. Did Levi think less of me because of what happened between us?

I didn't believe in that 'I can only respect good girls' bullshit, but I also didn't want to be with a guy who didn't respect me based on the type of sex we were having.

Plus, I hadn't heard from him since the day he came into my dorm. He'd received a text and then all but hightailed it out of there after smacking a kiss onto my cheek. He hadn't contacted me since then.

Fuck, I was so stupid.

Grabbing my phone, I opened his contact and fired a quick text, canceling our session. It was the first time I did that, but honestly I needed to think. Alone.

"You know what, I actually don't feel so good. I think we'll cut today's session short." I started gathering my stuff without waiting for an answer.

He looked speechless for a second or two before putting his things away too. We stood and walked to the door together. I think he said something but I can't be too sure. My ears were ringing with how much I was overthinking everything right then.

We walked out of the room and he spoke again, giving me an awkward smile. I laughed as well as I could but the sound was so fake to my ears that it irritated them. I just couldn't wait to get far away from him and his stupid point of view.

I tried really hard to tell myself that Levi didn't think like that. That just because we'd done 'freaky stuff', as Jace called them, didn't mean he saw

me as a sort of promiscuous hussy ready to throw herself at anyone.

My God, what if he *did* think that?

Speaking of the devil. Just when I was about to turn around and head out of the building, my eyes caught sight of him.

He was an aisle away from me, but there was no mistaking those wide shoulders and huge frame. Levi looked from me to Jace and to me again before turning around and heading for the back of the library.

Fuck.

Not wanting him to believe I was avoiding him— I wasn't really, I just needed time to think, I said goodbye to Jace, not caring about whatever the fuck he was babbling about, and speed walked in the direction he had just disappeared in.

That's what brought us here, I guess.

His green eyes were shining so bright and the proposition he had just made me was so attractive, I just lost it.

A stunned laugh bubbled out of me, and then I just couldn't stop myself. I started laughing until I snorted, which brought a smile to Levi's face. My hands slapped against my mouth as I looked at him, horrified but he simply chuckled, leaning against the table.

"Oh my God, Levi. You can't be serious."

"Hell yes I am. Seriously, **kitten**, can you look me in the eyes and say what happened Wednesday wasn't super hot? That you wouldn't want to do it again?"

He had one eyebrow pulled up, waiting for my answer. I felt my cheeks warm up just reminiscing. Of course I wanted to do it again, dammit. I've been writing romance for years and never got to experience it. I was so

starved for touch I probably would've come if he'd just blown on my nipple.

"Would you... I mean..." I cleared my throat, suddenly feeling awkward. God, why was I giving so much importance to what Jace had said?

I usually was a pretty confident girl, but the fact that what I seemed to be liking in the bedroom might be considered freaky kind of made me feel self-conscious. What if the only reason why he wanted to do this with me was because every other girl on campus had too much respect for themselves to do it?

"What's wrong, kitten?" Worry twisted his features as Levi folded his arms against his chest. "You seemed pretty cool with everything when I went back to my dorm that day, so what changed?"

I stayed silent for the longest time, biting the inside of my cheek. Seeing how much he seemed to care, something in me broke and I decided to be honest.

"Just... would you respect me less if we did this?"

He frowned, confused. "Where does that come from? I would never base the respect I have for someone on what turned them on. Kink shaming is not my thing. Neither is slut shaming, Dani. Do you think less of me for barging into your room and basically begging to eat your pussy?"

My God, this man had a way with words. I mean, damn, I wrote erotica for a living but he still managed to make me blush.

"O-of course not. It was, uh— really fun. Good, too."

"Yeah. It was." He licked his lips while looking me dead in the eye and I swear my knees buckled at that. How hot could that guy be?

My heart was screaming to accept, say yes and see where everything went. My brain, on the other hand, was a little tougher to convince.

In the end though, it was my mouth who had the final word.

“Okay. Come by my dorm tonight, we’ll talk. See what each of us wants exactly out of this agreement. Would that work for you?”

“Perfect.” He gave me a small smile and I couldn’t help but answer in kind. I cleared my throat before I could get too absorbed by his eyes and clapped my hands together.

“Now get your ass into that room so we can start because the July Monarchy is not gonna learn itself.” He groaned and grabbed his backpack.

As we started walking towards the study room, I couldn’t help the smile that wanted to escape my lips.

One of the hottest guys I had ever met was willing to let me do all kinds of things to him to help me improve my writing.

What kind of adventure was I embarking on?

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CHAPTER 5:

Levi

Blowing hot air into my hand I then nervously smelled it to make sure my breath was fresh. I never had any complaints about it, but meeting Dani back at her dorm made me nervous. I took a thirty minute long shower, gurgled a whole bottle of mouthwash and spritzed so much perfume on myself that my roommate nearly had an asthma attack.

I just wanted to put all chances on my side.

Gripping the bag of groceries in my hand, I took a deep breath before knocking on the door.

Girls walked past me, throwing me looks and one of them even winked at me. They were probably wondering what I was doing there for the second time this week. Although, thank God, this time I was dressed like my normal self. Gray sweatpants and a white t-shirt. Because the last few times I had worn those during our tutoring sessions, Dani had blushed profusely. And I loved that blush on her face.

As soon as I knocked, I heard some kind of commotion on the other side of the door. Some words of choice were muttered in Spanish before finally, a minute later, the door swung open and an out of breath Dani stood in front of me. She leaned on the doorjamb, an arm against it, while she seemed to be catching her breath.

“Levi. You’re... early.”

It was kind of reassuring that she seemed just as nervous as I felt. I smiled and tilted my head to the side.

“I’m actually ten minutes late, **kitten**.”

“In my book, it’s basically being on time.” She shrugged and continued to stand there, lost in thoughts while people walked past me in the hallway.

“Uh... can I come in? I come bearing gifts.” I said, lifting the *Target* bag and giving her my best charming smile.

“Oh my God, sorry, of course!”

She stepped away from the door and slammed it close as soon as I was in there. The last time I came here I didn’t really pay attention to her room, I was too busy praying she didn’t scream at me that I was a pervert and throw me out on my ass.

But now, as I took it all in, I could see how well it represented her.

The wall where her desk was was the smallest and she had covered it with book pages, using them as some type of tapestry. She had candles just about everywhere as well as golden picture frames of who I assumed were friends and family. The colors were pretty neutral, browns and white. Her bed had a billion pillows on it and a comforter that looked super soft. She had a bookshelf right in front of her bed, rows of books greeting her first thing in the morning.

The room smelled sweet, almost tart, like strawberries. It was just so... her. It felt comfortable being here.

“Welcome to my humble abode.” She made her way to sit on her bed, giving me a nervous smile. “It’s not much but I like it. Plus I don’t have to share the space with anyone which is always a plus.”

“Yup, definitely a plus.”

That meant I wouldn't have to worry about anyone walking in while I was railing her five ways to Sunday.

Clearing my throat and trying not to get hard at the visual, I handed her the bag and came to sit on her desk chair.

"Here, I brought some stuff to snack on, we can order pizza later too if you'd like." She started rummaging through the bag, putting everything on her bed while smiling like a cheshire cat.

"Oh my God, you got Golden Oreos! They're the best, thank you so much, Levi."

The way she grinned up at me made me speechless. Fuck, I couldn't believe I was finally getting a chance with Daniella Vega. I better not blow it.

"I know you always have a small bag of them in your backpack." I was observant— that's what made me an amazing hockey player— so small intentions or acts of service were what I considered to be my love language.

Once she had spread the snacks on a little trolley she kept near her bed—the last two tiers of which were full of books, she sat back down, looking at me.

Dani bit her lip and nodded for me to join her on the bed. Shit, why was my heart beating so fast? I wasn't a virgin, not even remotely close, so why was I acting like I was gonna get deflowered tonight?

"Okay, so, let me explain because I feel like you don't have the whole story."

I simply nodded, sitting down next to her and my knee brushed hers. She was wearing skin tight black leggings and a white sweatshirt. Her little feet

were bare and her toes were painted a soft pink color. Damn it, I even found her feet cute.

“I write romance stories, as you most definitely know.” She gave me a pointed look and I smirked. “I’ve been writing for the last two years and against all odds, my blog blew up. I have a lot of people following my stories and although most of them seem to like what I got to offer, well... not everybody thinks the same. Lately I’ve been receiving comments on how my books seem to be written by someone with little to no experience, who didn’t know what she was talking about, and it got to me, because, well... it’s true.”

She gulped and I felt my eyebrows hitting my hairline. She was a virgin? Dani? Shut. Up.

“Wait, you’ve never been with anyone?” I exclaimed, surprised.

She bit her lip and shook her head no.

“But, why? You’re hot, funny, nice, I just– I don’t understand.”

“There’s nothing to understand.” She shrugged. “Sex is not something I ever wanted to rush into. I’m only twenty, Levi. It’s not weird to still be a virgin at that age.” She frowned and I knew I had struck a sensible chord.

“I didn’t mean it like that, **kitten**. There’s no shame in remaining a virgin, whatever the reason is. I just– I don’t know, I didn’t expect you to be one. There’s just a lot of... sexy vibes coming from you.”

Her cheeks took on a pink tint. “Yeah, well, you can be a really sexual person without having to act on it.”

I smirked and nodded. “You’re right.”

“Anyways,” she cleared her throat, “people are starting to comment on my lack of experience showing and I have to agree with them. Because I

think I've just about exhausted my resources. All I've been doing lately is re-use old stories with different names and locations and I hate it."

I nodded, grabbing a can of Dr Pepper and opening it, ready to chug it down.

"That's why I really need to get fucked."

The can almost slipped from my hands and I was glad I hadn't started to drink. "Fuck, Dani. Give a guy a warning."

"Sorry. It's just— okay, so I have these drafts on my computer but I'm scared to post them. I think I would need to act them out first to see if something is missing or should be taken out." She bit her lip, "That's when you come in. How it would work is I would send you the draft a few days before, you'd read it, and then we meet and, you know... act it out."

My cocked twitched as I started to nod eagerly.

"I'm in."

Dani tilted her head to the side. "Wait, that's it? That easily?"

I nodded again. "Hell yeah. Do you know how hot it is that you're asking for my help with this? That I would get to not only be with you but also make those hot as fuck stories of yours come true?"

"I know you've read *Nerdgasm* but how many more of my stories have you read exactly?"

"Uh, most of them? My favorites have to be Dr Nasty, Just the Tip and Stepbrother Dearest." I smirked because, damn. That last one? I never busted a nut quicker.

"Oh my Gosh..." She hid her face behind her hands. "I can't believe you read Just the Tip."

“Uh, hell yeah. Are you kidding me, virgin best friends who grew up sheltered from everything and discover all the ways their bodies can fit together? Hot.”

She snorted and my smile grew bigger. “Shit, are we really doing this, Levi?”

Her almond eyes shone with excitement and a little doubt. She looked like she wanted to do it but was scared. I guessed it would be my responsibility to prove to her there was nothing to be scared of. My hand found hers on the bed and our fingers intertwined.

“I promise if you choose to share this part of yourself with me, you won’t regret it. I think what you’re asking for is hot and fun at the same time. I would love to give it to you.”

Daniella looked at me for the longest time, eyes bouncing from mine to my lips, deep in thought. Until finally, a small smile graced her plump lips and she nodded.

“Okay. Let’s do this.”

Daniella

If anyone ever asked me what pushed me to say yes, I would say I did it for the plot.

There was this insanely attractive hockey player who was two times my size, and I really wanted to climb him like a tree, so what was stopping me?

My agreement seemed to please him as he got to his feet, grabbed my waist and twirled me around like I weighed nothing. I squealed, arms circling his neck for support. When he finally put me down, we were both smiling shyly at each other.

“Where do we start? Can we play Just the Tip first?” I giggled at his eager puppy attitude and shook my head no.

“I think it’s best if we get to know each other better first.” Grabbing his giant hand, I led him back to the bed where we sat down again. “I mean, I’ve never even been kissed, so maybe we should start there. And we should also establish a safe word. Some of these stories can get *dark*.” I looked up at him only to see a stunned expression on his face.

“You’ve never even been kissed? Dani, were all the guys in your hometown blind? Were you related to all of them?” I chuckled, leaning back on my pillows as he got comfortable, folding a leg underneath him.

“No. I was a late bloomer. I never really started thinking about sex until I started college and even then, college guys' hygiene isn’t exactly the best so I never got too tempted.” Except a few times during our study sessions when I would notice how soft his fat lower lip looked.

“I shower! Everyday, actually. Sometimes twice a day if I’ve had practice. Also, teeth are always brushed *and* I floss. Plus, I’m pretty sure I got drunk on mouthwash before coming here. I—fuck, I’m a mess.” He was indeed, but it was oddly endearing how eagerly he was trying to prove to me that he had good hygiene.

I already knew that, of course. Levi always smelled good and fresh and there was more than one time during our study sessions where I wanted to launch myself at him and inhale his woody, musky scent.

“You wanna kiss me, Levi?” I smirked, amused.

“Fuck yes, I do.”

And I wanted to kiss him too. So, so bad.

Gathering all the courage I possessed, I got on my knees and walked towards him on the bed. My heart was beating fast but I told myself there was no room for anxiety if we were going to do this. After all, it was all about experimenting. He knew I was a novice and still seemed to want me so I knew he wouldn't mind if I ended up being a shitty kisser.

Levi straightened up as soon as he saw me knee-walking his way. Putting a hand on his strong shoulder to stabilize myself, I leaned in, eyes focused on his lips.

"Just one peck, okay? To get it out of the way." And because I felt like I would die if I didn't taste him, "We still got a lot to talk about."

He nodded dazedly, one of his hands coming up to grip my waist. "Sure. Just a peck." he murmured, his breath fanning my lips.

My heart was beating so fast I was scared it would come out of my chest. This was really happening.

I was going to give my first kiss to Levi Callahan. And then we were gonna talk about sex. Kinky sex.

Sex that we would have together.

Before I could overthink it, I pushed my head down all the way and our mouths fused together. I nearly moaned at the feeling of his soft, plush lips on mine. Eyes closed, it was like I could feel him even better.

His mouth moved against mine and I tried to follow his lead. I wanted more of that, but I remembered everything we needed to speak about and pulled slightly away. I gazed down at him, breathing hard, while he looked at me like I was candy he couldn't wait to devour.

“We said one peck.” I whispered.

“Fuck that, one peck is never gonna be enough.”

His hand squeezed my waist, bringing me closer to him until I was straddling his waist. I circled his neck with my arms and our mouths were back together. His tongue licked at my lips and I had read enough books to know it meant he was asking for access, which I granted.

I licked his lip back, tasting him, and he did the same. Our tongues played together as his hands rubbed up and down my body until settling on my ass. He squeezed and I moaned into his mouth.

“Fuck, Levi.” I pulled away from him, determined to have a serious conversation, but he just peppered kisses all over my neck and jaw. I was losing it.

His kisses were the best thing ever, my hips worked of their own accord, grinding up and down against his lap.

“We can talk later.” he murmured against my skin.

My head fell back in ecstasy as he started sucking on a particularly erogenous part of my neck.

“We-we can’t. W-what if there are things you don’t like?”

“I’ll like everything when it comes to you.” He stopped whatever he had been doing on my neck and seized my lips again in a searing kiss. Our tongues played together, licking and sucking at each other and I loved every second of it.

“There’s no way that is true.” I chuckled dazedly, my hands entangling in his soft hair.

“You could ask me to suck on your toes and I’d do it, Dani.” His words were whispered so softly against my lips I could almost taste them.

The tip of my tongue snuck out to lick his pink lips and his grip on me tightened like he was physically keeping himself from slamming me down on that bed and ravishing me.

“Yeah?” He was obviously not serious and only wanted to keep kissing, so I baited him. “What if I wanted to spit in your mouth right now, huh? Would you let me?”

I smiled, satisfied with how stunned he looked. I was ready to call this victory mine and sit back down on the bed to start our talk when he somehow brought our body closer— so close I could really closely feel his erection digging into my thigh. I gasped and he playfully bit my chin.

“That’s probably the hottest thing I’ve ever heard. Spit on my tongue, kitten.”

Head slightly leaning backwards, he opened his mouth a bit, looking me dead in the eye.

Oh my.

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CHAPTER 6:

Daniella

I licked his peeking tongue.

I couldn't help myself, it was just so tempting, so hot and it made me feel so deliciously naughty. I loved it.

My tongue brushing against his made him moan, his hazy eyes met mine before he took my mouth in a bruising kiss. I whimpered, my arms tightening around his neck. We stumbled on the bed until he was hovering over me, his hard body between my legs.

"You taste so good." he said and I moaned in response.

I loved his taste too. It got me wondering about the rest of his body. Would his skin have the same flavor?

"Levi..." I pulled on his hair as his mouth left my mouth and traveled to my neck. "We really should talk."

My eyes fluttered closed on their own behalf, having him suck on my skin was just too good. Damn, was that why everyone was so obsessed with sex? I got it now.

He pulled slightly away from me and cupped my face with two big hands. His green orbs bore into mine as he whispered his next words, our breaths mingling.

“Dani, there’s nothing you want to try that I wouldn’t be on board with, okay? You make me fucking crazy, kitten. I’ve been wondering what you taste like ever since you first started tutoring me.”

My eyes widened. The first time we met, two years ago, the first thing that went through my mind was how hot he was. There had been a couple of times where I had thought he was flirting, but I told myself it was simply his personality. Levi was a natural flirt. Plus, I was just starting to write on my blog at that time so I truly didn’t think much of it.

That he would admit to wanting me for so long? It surprised me. A lot.

Noticing my shell-shocked expression, he frowned and pulled away slightly. His hands roamed between my jaw and my neck, he caressed my skin like it was the most delicate of silks.

“I think you have no idea of how hot you are, Dani.”

I wouldn’t consider myself hot. Definitely cute, maybe even pretty when I put in the effort. But hot? Having a guy consider me as a sexual creature for the first time in my life felt weird, but also empowering somehow. I loved it.

Biting my lip, I decided maybe the talk could wait a little longer.

“You think I’m hot, Levi?” I let my own hand run up and down his forearms.

My legs opened a bit wider, accommodating his huge body better. His sweatpants were tented, his stiff dick rubbing deliciously against my fabric-clad pussy. I let out a moan because the friction just hit all the right spots. Levi’s body against mine felt right, his warmth grounding me and making me feel safe.

“Fuck, Dani. Get on top. Rub your cunt all over me and make yourself come.”

He didn't let me answer, simply flipped us over, and I yelped, hands splayed on his chest as I gripped his shirt for balance. I gulped as I found myself straddling him. I was not the most flexible girl out there and in this position, my thighs spread even farther than when I was on my back. My hands on his shirt tightened as I found myself at loss for words.

I made a tentative move and my core rubbed against the hard bulge in his pants. We both moaned.

“Do it, baby. Chase your pleasure.”

“I don't know how.” And I was so freaking horny it hurt.

“Have you ever masturbated with a pillow before? Put it between your legs and moved up and down, back and forth until it felt good?” I nodded shyly, biting my lips.

I mean, who hadn't? That's basically how every girl learned how pleasure worked.

His hands gripped my hips. “It's exactly like that. Use me like you would your pillow. Find that spot that rubs your little clit to perfection and don't leave it. ”

I felt so hot, it was like I could combust any time. Positioning my core on top of his growing erection, I did exactly as he said. Searched for that particular ridge on his joggers-clad cock that made me see stars whenever my little clit hit it. It took a few tries, which, by his growing whimpers and the way his hands clutched my thighs more and more firmly, was as pleasurable for him as it was for me.

When I finally did find it, it was like a rocket had been set off in my stomach. I let out a loud moan, unable to hold it in.

“Oh fuck, Levi!” My eyes widened and he smirked, sitting up so he could pull me tighter against himself. “I-I found it.”

There was a vein near the top of his cock that hit the spot just *perfectly*. My eyes rolled back inside my head as I brushed against it again, with more force this time. I was drunk on the feeling, I had never felt this horny in my *life*. Had he wanted to, Levi could have fucked me right then and there and I would have let him. Because if it felt that good with our clothes on, just imagine what it would feel like with nothing standing in our way. Just skin on skin, his warmth against mine, the lewd wet sounds of our arousals echoing around the room.

“Fuck, baby, that’s it. You’re so beautiful when you chase your high.” His lips went from my neck where he had been laying small kisses, to my mouth.

He kissed me lazily, like he wanted to savor me. His tongue thrusting inside my mouth like I imagined his cock would thrust inside of me. He was fucking me with his mouth and that, coupled with the feeling of his delicious cock rubbing against my clit, made me feral.

Whimpering, I grabbed hold of his hair, my nails digging into his scalp in a way that he seemed to enjoy.

“I knew it.” He bit my lip, making me cry out in delight. “I knew you’d be like that. You’re such a horny minx underneath all that good girl attitude, aren’t you? You drive me insane.”

His mouth came crashing on mine and I didn’t even have time to feel insecure about his words. I didn’t even have time to let them bring me back to my conversation with that idiot Jace. Because I was too busy trying to get as much of his taste as possible.

I was too busy moaning and whimpering and moving my hips against his, searching for that friction that I knew would bring me over the edge.

“I love it, Dani. I love that I get to see that part of you, baby.” I could feel his lips moving against mine as he uttered those words.

One of his hands that had been clutching my hip so far, helping me move back and forth on his lap, moved up to my breast and he pinched one of my nipples.

My back arched in ecstasy as soon as he started playing with them. He knew just how to roll the tip between his fingers, rub it and pinch it in all the right ways to elicit moans after moans from me.

“Prettiest little tits I’ve ever seen, baby. Can’t wait to make you come just by sucking on them.” I was relentless by that point.

The insides of my thighs burned with how fast and hard I was riding him. I usually hated any type of physical activity but I would gladly do this type of exercise everyday if it always felt that good. And I knew, with him, it would.

Then Levi surprised me even more. He left my boob and his hand inched closer to the elastic of my leggings. He caressed the skin there and looked up at me, asking for my permission to touch my pussy.

My breath caught in my throat because things were taking a more serious turn. Grinding on him while fully dressed was one thing, but letting him touch my bare skin was another. I wanted him. I was undeniably hungry for him and I knew whatever he had in mind, he would make it good for me.

Biting my lip, my gaze kept moving from his plump lips to his eyes.

“You want to touch me, Levi?”

“Yeah. Fuck, yeah Dani. I wanna feel how hot and wet your little pussy is for me. You’ve soaked through your leggings baby.” It felt harder to breathe. I didn’t have to look to know he was telling the truth because I felt it. I had never been so wet in my entire life.

“Ask me.” I found that I quite liked ordering him around. Especially when my lips were trailing up and down his throat and he looked like he was two seconds away from dying if I didn’t let him put his hands on me.

“Ask me if I want to let you put your fingers in my pussy.” Unable to hold myself back, I bit his neck, making him hiss and grow harder beneath me, if possible.

“Fuck, kitten. Fuck, you’re so hot.” He whimpered, his head falling back a little to give me more space to play with his neck. Seemed like Levi Callahan had a sweet spot.

“Ask me, Levi.” Again, I bit the spot where his neck met his shoulder, tasting his skin while my hands trailed from his now messy hair to his broad back.

“I-I wanna put my fingers in your pussy. Please.” My teeth lashed a bit harder at his skin because I just loved hearing him ask. My heart was beating so hard in my chest, but I didn’t feel scared or even nervous. Because this was Levi and he had proven to me already that he could make me feel good and that he wouldn’t judge me for it.

“Yes, baby. But be careful okay? I’ve only had my own fingers in there and they’re much smaller than yours.”

A smirk came to grace my lips as soon as the words left my mouth, all because I heard his intake of breath and felt the way he pushed his hips harder against mine. I decided I could add a little something to make him lose his mind. I *wanted* him to lose his mind.

“And you’re gonna stretch me so good, aren’t you, Levi?” I whispered the words in his ear while grinding on his hard cock and slightly pulling on his hair, my lips a breath away from his.

“Fuck!”

He became feral after that. Levi effortlessly flipped us over, making me yelp and grip his neck. He said nothing as he pushed my pants down my thighs but his face said it all. He was frowning, perspiration glistening on his forehead as he focused on ridding me of my pants enough to put his hand on me.

Once they hit mid-thighs, he decided that was enough to work with and came back over me. He seized my lips in an almost punishing kiss that made me breathless and even more wet, before finally his fingers made contact with my lips.

“Look at that cunt. So tight and wet for me, right, baby?” My eyes closed of their own accord as I nodded desperately.

I didn’t even want to come anymore, I *needed* it. I had never felt that way before, not even on the occasions I would touch myself, not even when I wrote the raunchiest of stories. And Levi was taking his time, probably as payback. His thumb drew gentle circles around my clit as he looked down at me. I tried moving my hips up to have more friction but he was set on taking things slow.

“Such a beautiful little clit, too.” I moaned in response, “I still remember how good it felt to have it in my mouth.”

“Please! Please, I need to come.”

“Yeah?” he smirked, his lips brushing my cheek before coming down on my own. “You don’t wanna talk anymore? Maybe we should have that talk now.”

“No! Oh my gosh, Levi, I will die if you stop now!” My back arched as I tried getting more of his touch to no avail. He chuckled at my theatrics and started spreading open-mouthed kisses all over my neck and collarbone.

“I love the way your needy cunt is so fucking drenched for my fingers.” I was about to beg when finally, *finally*, the tip of his middle finger went past my lips and breached my opening.

I moaned and started thrashing around at the sensation. My hands immediately grabbed his biceps and my nails dug into his skin. He pushed his finger farther inside me, and I cried out, throwing my head back when he started slowly fucking me. He took his time with me, his face so close to mine that he could watch my reactions while still erotically brushing his lips against mine.

I felt the pleasure building, like a sandcastle it went higher and higher just waiting for the wave to come and completely overtake it. I knew it was coming, but I didn’t know when and the layers of pleasure kept stacking. I shook and moaned and thrashed.

All the while, Levi stared at me in rapt fascination.

“Yes, baby. Come for me. Show me how beautiful you are when your cum floods my fingers.” My hands cupped his head and brought him back to me, crashing my lips against his.

He kissed me like a starved man, tongues playing around one another, nose brushing, teeth biting. Fuck, as far as first kisses went, I think mine was pretty thorough.

I felt the pleasure build up again and again, and when Levi’s other hand pinched my clit I just let go of everything. I screamed my release as my legs started shaking. This had never happened to me before. The sheer ecstasy that was overtaking me at the moment was simply too much.

“Yes, fuck, Levi, yes!” I screamed.

His finger kept on thrusting in and out of me, the sound of the heel of his hand hitting my wet skin resonated in the room, making this whole scene all the more filthy yet exciting.

I squeezed him to me until our chests were touching but I was not totally down from my high. My thighs were still shaking uncontrollably and my arms had locked around his neck. It was some time before they finally fell on the bed as I was unable to move or keep them up anymore.

Levi took his finger out at some point but didn't stop caressing my drenched and sensitive little cunt. Finally, he gave it a small slap before pulling my leggings back up. I jerked at the sensation and would be lying if I said it didn't make me hornier. A small moan escaped me as I felt my eyes closing in exhaustion.

“Good girl. You came so beautifully, Daniella.” He nuzzled my neck, pressing small kisses on my skin.

I smiled shyly and watched as he pulled his hand up before putting the finger that had just been inside of me in his mouth, sucking my cum off of it. He closed his eyes like he was savoring it, and I couldn't help myself, I grabbed his wrist before he could swallow. His eyes snapped back open to watch in curiosity as I pulled his hand away and pushed myself up on my elbows. When our faces were close enough to one another, I opened my mouth and stuck my tongue out a little bit.

I couldn't believe I was doing that— actually, I couldn't believe half the things that happened tonight. A dam had broken and let my inner slut out.

Levi looked surprised too as I stared at him, silently asking him to share.

A small smirk tugged at his lips as he brought his face closer to me. His lips parted slightly before he spat on my waiting tongue. The feel of his saliva in my mouth, saliva which also tasted like me, made me wetter than I already was. For a few seconds, I just stared at him as he stared at my mouth. His lips were glistening and one of his strong hands came up to grab my jaw a little more forcefully than he had been up until then.

He took my mouth in a harsh kiss, sucking the taste of us off my tongue while I reveled in every second of it.

We kissed for what felt like hours as I fell back down on the bed and he laid between my legs.

The talk could wait.

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CHAPTER 7:

Daniella

“So you’d never done this before, huh?”

Levi pinned me with a curious look as he took a fry in his mouth. I shrugged, feeling my cheeks redden. After making out for what felt like hours, which also included a second orgasm for me, we finally decided to have that talk. We were also starving so Levi ordered from the local burger joint and here we were, eating on my bed with Brooklyn 99 playing in the background.

“Wasn’t it kinda obvious?” I rolled my eyes, sipping on my milkshake.

“Well, you were eager, that’s for sure.” He smirked and I couldn’t keep myself from smiling back before looking elsewhere. “But you’re a great kisser. I can’t believe this was your first.”

“Yeah. Lots of firsts tonight.” First kiss, first orgasm with someone else, first time I let someone spit in my mouth.

Lots of firsts.

Levi looked like he knew what I was thinking and proudly smiled at me. My cheeks felt hotter.

“So, what’s the deal with that blog? You ever gonna publish those stories?”

I frowned and shook my head. “Oh, no. I’m nowhere near talented enough for that. They’re just silly little stories I started writing as a way to explore my sexuality, I guess. I never trusted anyone enough to do that in real life, and quite frankly, I was quite scared too. It just made more sense to write sexy stories instead.”

“I don’t know about that. I liked what I read, you have a way to suck me in with your words.” I felt my cheeks warm up.

“It’s just smut. Not enough to make a book.” I grabbed another fry and ate it, my gaze not leaving his.

Levi shrugged. “I’m just saying. Your writing is good, you make your readers wanna keep... well, reading.”

A small smile tugged at the corners of my mouth. “Thanks. Means a lot coming from a pussy eating champion such as yourself.”

He snorted and chuckled a fry at me which made me laugh in return.

“Pussy eating champion, huh?” He smirked and again, I felt my cheeks burn. “I like that title a lot.” His eyes on me were almost intoxicating. They made my breath hitch and my thighs clamp together. He was looking at me like he wanted to eat me.

“So,” I cleared my throat, putting my fries down. “The talk.”

“Right.” He wiped his hands on a paper towel and straightened up. “The talk.”

“I think we should have a safe word.”

“Jesus, woman, what are you planning on doing to me?” He looked taken aback and I couldn’t help but want to laugh.

“I promise I won’t do anything too... dark. But still, I do believe everyone needs a safeword in a relationship. Just think about it, what if something feels good at first and then starts to hurt?”

He thought about it for a beat before nodding his head. “You’re right. What about *butterfly*?”

I nodded. “Okay, Let’s go with that. Is there anything that’s off limits for you?” He started talking but I cut him off with a roll of my eyes. “None of that ‘I’ll like anything you wanna do to me’ bullshit, please. What if I wanna shove my fist up your ass with no lube, think you’d still like that?”

That seemed to positively shush him and I smiled in victory.

“Okay, you’re right. I guess I do have limits.” He nodded, amused. “My ass is off limits.”

I fake pouted and gave him exaggerated puppy eyes. “Aw, not even if I want to spank you?”

I said it as a joke but that actually gave him pause. He narrowed his eyes on me and nodded his head once.

“Okay, spankings can stay on the table for now, we’ll see how this goes.” I was surprised but tried to hide it.

I don’t know what it was about it, but something about his willingness to try things like that with me just made him ten times more attractive in my eyes. Actually, one thing I really liked about Levi was that although he breathed masculinity, it wasn’t the kind of toxic, fragile masculinity most guys our age possessed. He was confident enough in his sexuality to try things most guys would draw a line on.

“I think I’ll like playing with you, Levi.”

I couldn't help the small smile stretching my lips and he answered in kind. This, sitting here with him, talking, messing around, it just felt so right. I couldn't help feeling grateful that Jace acted like an ass when I asked him, because deep down I knew I would never have reached the same level of comfort I had with Levi.

"Is that it? What are your hard limits?"

"Hm... Some scenarios will require you to be rough with me. I don't think I mind that, but I'll need you to hold me afterwards." I hated that my voice sounded so small saying that. "It's just... I hate it in romance books when the guy is the biggest ass to the girl and doesn't have an ounce of softness for her."

"Kitten, I can guarantee you, whatever scene we play together, I'll always take care of you afterwards." His eyes shone with earnestness as he put his hand on top of mine on the comforter.

"Thank you." I wanted to kiss him so bad right then, but I told myself I would have all the time to do that later.

"Is that all when it comes to your hard limits?"

"Well, I don't really have much experience so I guess I'm willing to try everything..." I shrugged, trying to look like it wasn't a big deal when internally I was screaming my head off. "You know I'm still a virgin though, so maybe we could take things slow and do... other things before we get to the-um... deflowering part." I cringed and his expression matched mine. "Ew, I'm sorry I don't know why I used that word." Hiding my face with my hands, I heard him chuckle.

Looking at him through my fingers, my heart was beating incredibly fast. This was so unlike anything I had ever done! Talking so openly about sex with someone else, a guy at that! It was crazy to me. But also... weirdly exciting.

“I’m okay with everything you mentioned. I just got one more thing to say. One rule actually.” His expression had gotten serious all of a sudden, making me nervous.

“Please,” I snorted, trying to play it cool. “Don’t tell me I can’t fall in love with you or something, you couldn’t be any more cliché.” I rolled my eyes for emphasis when in reality, my heart was beating fast.

The truth was, falling for a guy like Levi would be too easy. He was the perfect mix of nice and gentle but also wild and dominating when he needed to be. And *damn* could that guy eat pussy.

He frowned. “What? No. In fact, falling in love with me is something you most likely will not be able to avoid. Also, highly encouraged.” Another smug smirk and a wink were sent my way as I rolled my eyes playfully. “No, I was gonna say, if we do this, I want us to be exclusive.”

That made me stop. I stared at him for a few seconds, surprised. Initially, I thought *I* would have to be the one to lay down that rule. I mean, Levi was known to be a player, after all, but I didn’t want to give myself to someone who was giving himself to others at the same time. Even if this arrangement was only temporary, with no feelings in the mix except for friendship, I wanted what we had to be just that. Ours. Only.

“If we’re doing this, I don’t want to share you, Dani.” He explained. “I don’t think I can.”

My breath hitched in my throat at his last words.

“Deal. While we’re doing this, it’s just you and I. I won’t share you either.” I extended my hand to him, buzzing with excitement.

That sexy smile of his tugged at the corner of his lips when he grabbed my hand, yanking me to him and crushing my lips with his.

Levi

Kitten: Hey, are you ready for our first scene?

I stared at the text for way longer than necessary, my heart beating fast. I still couldn't believe just how lucky I had gotten.

Dani wasn't only hot, she was also nice and fucking funny as fuck. Now, I was not about to act like I never hung out with pretty *and* funny girls, but everything felt different with her. Lighter, funnier, sexier, too. The last time I was over at her dorm was amazing. We talked for hours, ate snacks and watched some more episodes of Brooklyn 99. It was around two in the morning when I finally stepped out of her dorm to go back to mine.

The ease with which I found myself talking to her was startling. We concluded we should do something simple and not too crazy for our first 'scene', as she liked to call them. That's the reason why I found myself standing in front of the library on a Saturday late morning, my cock halfway hard and my hand gripping my phone with way more strength than necessary.

The library was usually quite full during this time of the week, but since it was getting closer to lunch time, a lot of people were taking a break to go out and eat. Which meant most of the library would be empty. It was a good thing too, because I didn't want to risk anyone seeing me dressed like that. For this scenario, I had to borrow my roommate's fucking *football* jacket. For a hockey player, that was fucking *blasphemy* in this school.

Football and hockey players did not mix. In fact, we hated each other so much that during the first three years of college, where we were not allowed to live outside the dorms (athletes did have a habit of being reckless so our coaches wanted us to be monitored), all hockey players were assigned a

football roommate and vice versa. It was hell, most of my friends didn't get along with their roommates at all. Thankfully, I did.

Kane was a tall black dude whose muscles had muscles. To anyone who didn't know him, he represented the jock cliché, but he was in fact, one of the nerdiest and smartest guys I knew. Kind of psychotic sometimes— he didn't show much emotions and spent his time reading books about philosophy or gaming, but I could honestly say he was one of my (if not my only) closest friends.

He also didn't give a shit about his teammates, except for maybe his best friend, Lachlan, which made it easier to be friends with him. Sometimes, I doubted he even liked being on the team, or playing football at all. Kane never really spoke about his life, but he was a great listener. He also didn't treat me like a desperate cause and actually helped me study from time to time when Dani's sessions weren't enough.

And he was kind enough not to ask questions when I asked him if I could borrow his letterman jacket. It felt heavy on my shoulders as I stared up at the building in front of me.

I gulped.

Why did I feel like a virgin about to try pussy for the first time? I was far from one, yet I couldn't help but love this feeling of novelty, of giddiness that overcame me whenever I thought of Dani.

Me: Fuck yes, kitten. Coming inside right now.

I ran up the steps leading to the entrance to the library and was barely past the doors when my phone vibrated again.

Kitten: Not today, you won't be. But maybe another time...

It took me a few seconds to understand what she meant but when I did a surprised chuckle bubbled out of me. Fuck, I liked that girl.

The librarian at the front shushed me with a glare and I smiled sheepishly before walking towards the aisles. If she knew what we were about to do right now... she wouldn't only glare at me.

Chills ran up my back as I bit the inside of my cheek to keep myself from smiling like a fool. It was exciting, challenging... fuck, it was even a bit scary. I loved it, I loved how spontaneous yet safe this felt.

Pocketing my phone, I started looking through the aisles for her, some people lingered, looking at the bookshelves, but she was nowhere in sight. Coming nearly to the back of the library, I finally spotted her and my whole body stopped.

She was reaching on her tip-toes to grab a book on the highest shelf and the movement caused her little plaid skirt to ride up, barely even hiding her ass. Wondering if she was wearing any panties got my dick fully hard and I had to take a deep breath and readjust myself before walking stealthily towards her.

Her schoolgirl outfit made it difficult to even remember my lines but I pushed through, not wanting to disappoint her. I wanted her to be happy with me. Proud of me, even. I wanted her to want to do this again and not regret her decision of choosing me.

Once I was right behind her, I felt her tense. She knew I was there.

"Looking for something, little one?" I breathed against her neck.

She shivered before falling back to her feet and turning around. She was such a petite woman. I loved that our height difference made her have to look up at me. Her big brown eyes were wide, mimicking surprise. I was just so fascinated by her, by the ease with which she fell into character, that I forgot we were acting for a moment.

"Hey, Levi."

We decided to use our own names from now on. That first time in her dorm room had been incredible but I wanted her to scream *my name* when I made her come. Not some random fictional dude's.

"Bout time I found you. Unlike you, I have a life and don't want to be spending my entire lunch break at the library." I sighed, faking annoyance.

Dani blushed and looked away, clutching the book she had just grabbed tightly to her chest. "S-sorry. I waited for you where you told me to but after ten minutes I thought maybe you weren't coming anymore."

I rolled my eyes, "Coach wanted to talk to me, that's why I was late. You know I don't have a choice, I'm forced to have you tutor me if I want to stay on the team."

She nodded softly, still looking down.

We decided to go with this scenario for our first official scene because it didn't stray too far from reality. The only thing was that my character was a real asshole and a bit of a bully. Dani's character was a goody two shoes, way too sweet for her own good.

"Well? Are we gonna have our session in the middle of the history aisle or could we go to the tutoring room you had me book?" It honestly felt weird to be speaking to her with such disdain. Christ, it would have felt weird speaking that way to anyone, but Dani particularly because our relationship had always been easy going.

"Of course." Was her quiet response. She nodded her head and turned to her right towards the tutoring room I had booked last night.

I specifically chose the most secluded one, it didn't have any windows and was right next to a janitor's closet. Nobody ever used it because of the yellow light and decaying paint on the walls. It probably was the only room in the library that hadn't been renovated and although most days I'd try to

stay far away from it, today it was perfect for us. Nobody would be coming to bother us, most likely no one would even hear us. I hoped.

I let Dani enter first, just so that I could take a look at her legs again. The schoolgirl skirt she was wearing was so short that most of her thighs were out. I was sure it hadn't been that short when she went out of her dorm earlier, but that she had rolled it up once she arrived at the library. Naughty Dani.

It was snug around her waist and honestly left really little to the imagination, which I loved. I was dying to push the material further up just so I could see her round little ass.

My cock was throbbing inside my pants when an idea suddenly made its way through my brain.

Once I had closed the door after us, I turned back to Dani and knocked her books out of her hands. She gasped and looked at me with big round eyes. That hadn't been on the script she'd sent me last night but she did say we could add things and go with what felt right.

"Oops." I smirked unapologetically, "Looks like you should be more careful. Pick them up."

Something shone in her eyes when the order left my mouth and she bit her lip to stop herself from smiling. I plopped down on a chair and held her gaze until she decided to turn around and bend at the waist to pick up her books.

Her little skirt rode up, and I felt my breath hitch in my throat at the sight of her bare fucking ass cheeks staring back at me, wet little pussy peeking from between them.

Shit. She didn't have any panties on. Oh, fuck.

The little minx stayed bent over for way more time than necessary to pick up two books, giving me a show and making my heart beat faster.

Once she was satisfied she'd made me crazy enough, Dani straightened up and sat down on the chair next to mine. I watched her like a hawk, memorizing every facial feature, every dimple, every mole on her beautiful face. Her pink plump lips had bite marks because she had the bad habit of chewing on them whenever she was nervous— like right now.

Subconsciously, my thumb pressed against her lower lip and pulled it down to set it free from her teeth. Brown eyes met mine as she looked at me hazily. Daniella was getting turned on too. Sure enough, flashing me seemed to have gotten her all hot and bothered.

"Don't bite that lip." I ordered tersely and she obeyed. Fuck.

I had never been into power play before. For me, sex was just fun, an outlet of some kind. I've always been told I had a naturally dominating persona, but I never gave real orders in the bedroom. I simply guided my partners.

This scene, however, made me like this dominating side of me.

"Sorry."

I wanted nothing more than to grab her beautiful face and kiss the ever loving fuck out of her. She started opening her books, pointing at some stuff in it and reading some passages out loud but I wasn't paying attention. My eyes were trained on her, hazy with desire as I imagined bending her over this table and having her for lunch. It had been a few days since I'd had her taste on my tongue and I was already missing it.

"Levi? Are you listening to me?" I blinked out of my thoughts only to see her stare at me with her brows scrunched down.

"Not really, I'm too busy trying to picture what your lips would look like wrapped around my cock."

She gasped, eyes wide in shock. Damn that little minx could act. I wondered if she was a theater kid back in high school. She seemed like the type.

"W-what— why would you say that?" She glared at the table, not daring to look up at me. "It's inappropriate."

I chuckled. "You've never done it before, have you?" I leaned in towards her until my lips were grazing her ear. "Tell me, Daniella, are you a virgin?"

Her cheeks took on a beautiful shade of pink and I was actually impressed at how much she could put herself in character. I cupped her face and forced her to look at me.

"I asked you a question, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes I'm a virgin. Of course I am."

"Of course you are." I mused as I pushed a strand of hair away from her face. "A good girl like you is probably waiting for marriage, isn't she?" She nodded, her eyes still in mine. "You like being a good girl, Daniella?" She looked down, gulping before hesitantly nodding her head again.

I smirked. "Isn't that tiring? Don't you wanna be bad sometimes?"

She swallowed thickly, looking away and biting her lip.

"I like being a good girl." She defended lamely. "It's safe. That's how I was raised."

"Safe is boring. There is more to life than following the rules. Just like there is more than one way to be a good girl." My thumb pressed against her lower lip, caressing it lightly.

I heard her hitched intake of breath, felt as she parted her lips slightly. Her lips were so fucking soft, I was dying to taste them.

"W-what do you mean?"

"About all the ways to be a good girl?" She nodded. "It's simple. You could get bored to death trying to be your parents' perfect little girl, or..."

I left my sentence unfinished on purpose, wanting to bait her. She bit just like I knew she would.

"Or what?" Dani asked breathlessly, her eyes shining with desire and curiosity.

"Or you could do as I say and be my good girl instead." She gulped and I watched her delectable little throat bob up and down. I bit my lip to keep me from diving onto her neck and branding her mine. "What do you say, Dani? Would you like to be *my* good girl?"

My thumb was still on her lip when her pink tongue darted out to wet them and made contact with my skin. I had to bite down a groan. The little vixen knew exactly what she was doing to me if the mischief in her eyes was any indication. She hid it under drooping eyes, giving her an air of innocence I was dying to corrupt.

"What would it mean? Being your good girl." Eyes trained on her lips, I watched them move in rapt fascination.

Fuck, I was in so deep with that girl already.

"It means you do what I tell you to do. And if you do it well, you get rewarded." My other hand drifted down to her thigh, both of them were totally exposed now that she was sitting down and that her skirt had ridden up.

She shivered from my touch which made me harder. Fuck, I couldn't wait for the day I would finally sink my cock in this tight little pussy. I already knew sex with Dani would be phenomenal, not only physically but as an experience too. I knew it would be fun and, somewhat, meaningful too. More so than with any previous partner I might have had.

"H-how would I get rewarded?"

"However you want. My fingers, my tongue or... my cock." My hand hitched higher, closer to her naked center and I let a finger caress her wet slit. She let out the smallest gasp, torn between being surprised and wanting more.

Her hand shot down to grip my wrist as she looked at me with wide eyes.

"Levi... I—I don't understand what is happening."

"You're getting wet, kitten."

"Wet?" I nodded, my head falling softly against hers, our foreheads touching.

"Mh-hm. Wet. You want me and your little pussy is crying for more. Let me give it to her, okay? Be a good girl."

My sweet little Dani slowly opened her legs, giving me more room to rub her drenched cunt. I let my thumb slowly work its way to the little bundle of nerves between her lips, pushing slightly on it to give her more pleasure. She moaned, making the hand that was still cupping her jaw tense slightly.

"Levi..." She whispered, eyes fixated on where my fingers disappeared under her sorry excuse for a skirt and I couldn't resist. I had to kiss her.

My forehead still against hers, our lips pressed together in a small, almost shy kiss. Her tongue came out in curiosity and I met it with mine. It felt good, lazily kissing her, tasting her while rubbing her clit and swallowing her moans of delight.

"Feels good, kitten?" She nodded. "You like being a good girl for me?" Another nod. "Are you gonna come, now?"

She pulled away slightly, looking into my eyes in question. "What... what does that mean?" My fingers were still rubbing against her pussy, making her breathless.

I never would've thought it would, but her innocent act made me hard as fuck. I liked that she could go from owning up to her sexual desires and demanding her pleasure, to acting so fucking shy she barely could spell the word orgasm without blushing.

"Fuck, Dani. You really are clueless aren't you?" I nipped her lip before pulling back again and looking at her. "It means you'll ride the pleasure I'm giving you until you reach a pinnacle," my fingers worked harder against her drenched cunt, "Until all you can feel is me, my fingers on that delectable little pussy and my thumb working your clit like a goddamn violin." I kept rubbing harder and faster with each word coming out of my mouth.

I thrust my index finger inside of her, rubbing it against her inside wall while simultaneously pinching her clit, trapping it between my two fingers, one of which was still inside of her. That seemed to make her crazy. Her pussy spasmed around me, gripping me tighter.

She cried out in ecstasy, throwing her head back and slumping down on her seat as pleasure became too much for her to handle. I felt her thighs trembling as wetness made its way down her thigh, soaking my fingers and

no doubt making a small puddle on the chair. Fuck, I probably had found her g-spot.

"Oh my God! Levi, I— It's coming."

"Of course it is, kitten. Ride my fingers, move your hips back and forth and ride that fucking orgasm."

Her hand that was still on my wrist gripped it harder as her climax neared. I couldn't keep my eyes off her, seeing her throw her head back in pleasure, mouth slightly open, chest heaving up and down, one hand around my wrist while the other clutched the side of the table until her knuckles turned white.

I kept on watching her, fascinated by her body's reactions to me. Suddenly, her eyes found mine and it felt like I didn't know how to breathe all of a sudden. Her hand moved from my wrist to my neck as she pulled me closer until our mouths fused. We kissed for what felt like hours as she came down from her high and were both breathless when we pulled away.

"How was that?"

"Amazing." She breathed.

"Good girl." I kissed her again, simply because the thought of our lips not touching at that moment made me insane. I had to be near her, touch her, feel her and taste her.

Slowly, because she was so fucking tight and I didn't want to hurt her, I took my finger out of her. My hand made it way between our kissing mouths. I pulled slightly away from her and her eyes opened, boring into mine. I coated her lips with her sweetness and she opened her mouth, sucking my finger between those luscious lips. I growled before slamming my mouth back down on hers, tasting her. She let me take control of the kiss and soon enough, I had her out of her chair and straddling my thighs, thrusting her needy cunt against my growing erection.

"You were fucking perfect, kitten." I trailed kisses along her jaw and neck, sucking and biting simply because I could.

She whimpered, her hands roaming my shoulders, making their way under my shirt, like she was dying to touch my skin. I didn't know if we were roleplaying or not anymore.

"Was this my reward?" She whispered against my ear, making my abs tense.

"It was." My own hands were caressing her thighs, gripping handfuls of her ass, bringing her closer to me.

"But I didn't do anything to earn it." She bit her lip, looking at me innocently.

"Consider this your welcome gift. You're mine now. My good girl." I slapped her ass forcefully to assert how serious I was and she giggled before hiding her face in the crook of my neck, arms around me.

But as I uttered the words, I couldn't help but wish they were true. I couldn't help but wish Dani was really mine.

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CHAPTER 8:

Daniella

Levi: Hey... I got a pizza delivery for Daniella Vega?

Me: Come on up, I'll buzz you in.

Three little knocks on the door of my room, made me look up from my phone. Like every time Levi and I were about to play, I felt my heart beat faster. It wasn't nerves, just giddiness for what I knew was going to be a fun and pleasurable time. I loved how involved he was with this little project. He never made me feel like this was a favor he was doing me, and always made it obvious he was having as much fun as I was.

When I called him last night explaining my latest scenario idea, he immediately was into it. He even said he had a guy on his team who could probably lend him a costume. A costume! I never would've expected him to get so deep into it but I loved that he had.

Tossing my phone on the bed, I sighed and made my way to open the door, quickly checking myself on the full length mirror right next to it to make sure I looked okay. My pajamas were simple satin shorts with a matching top which showed a little of my stomach. The whole thing was a light pink color and super comfortable to sleep in. It was my nicest pair of pajamas and the sexiest one too. I recently found out I loved dressing up for

Levi. Having his eyes peruse every last inch of my body with a hungry glint turned me on like nothing else. Just like our last encounter, I still wasn't wearing any underwear. He told me how insane it made him the last time we played and I loved it.

Pinching my lips together and tossing my long hair back behind my shoulder, I finally opened the door.

The man standing in front of me wore a red and blue t-shirt, snug around his shoulders.

His teammate is definitely not as muscular as him, I thought.

Levi's face was half-hidden under a matching cap, and he held the most delicious smelling pizza in his hand.

"Daniella Vega?" He asked with a dazzling smile, looking me up and down and taking in my attire.

I leaned against my door, letting myself obviously check him out.

My character was a really bratty and feisty cheerleader who just loved sex and wasn't afraid to show it. She knew she was hot and flirted like rent was due just for the fun of it.

"It's me." I smirked. "You can come in, put the box on my desk."

I opened the door wider so that he could make his way in. Levi looked perplexed at first— his character was a little on the shy side.

I closed the door behind him, not wanting people to start asking questions. This was the second time Levi came to my dorm dressed as someone else and the girls on my floor were bound to start asking questions if they saw him there.

Locking the door, I turned around and leaned my back against it, shamelessly looking at Levi's ass in the cargo pants he was wearing. Damn,

that guy had a body to die for. I couldn't believe I still hadn't seen him naked. Still hadn't seen what he looked like... down there.

From our past encounters, I could tell he was big but I really wanted to know how much exactly.

Levi put the pizza on my desk as I asked before turning around and smiling at me again.

"That'll be \$15, please." I grabbed my wallet from the side console I kept next to the door and took a ten and a five, handing them to him.

He quickly pocketed the money before looking at me expectantly, waiting for a tip. I opened my eyes wide, in fake shock, and caught sight of Levi biting his lip to stop himself from laughing. I had to admit, even I wanted to laugh.

I knew with anyone else, this scene would've been cringy and awkward, but Levi just made it fun.

"Oh my! I'm so sorry, mister delivery guy. I don't have any more cash on me right now to tip." The saccharine voice and fake stupor were obvious in my tone. I sounded like an old porno. I slowly made my way to him, dragging my bare feet on the floor.

Levi's hand flew up to rub his nape, "Oh, huh... it's okay I guess. No worries." he shrugged and gave me an awkward smile, like he was used to people taking advantage of him. "I'll get going then." He made a move for the door but my hand on his chest stopped him.

"But..."

He looked at me with round eyes, waiting with bated breaths for my next words. My little heart beat fast inside my rib cage, I felt slightly nervous for my next move. The reason for this was simple, I had never done what I was about to do right then. But fuck if I wasn't dying to.

“But, you know...” I let my hand caress his chest until the tip of my fingers came to the waistband of his pants. “I could take care of *another* tip for you.” I was dying to burst out laughing and cringe at the same time but I kept my cool for the sake of our scene. This scene was such a cliché it was ridiculous. But I liked it. I liked that sex could be funny and goofy with him.

Levi looked completely on board with the idea, his eyes ablaze with desire. I bit my lip before slowly sinking to my knees. His breathing felt strained as he gazed at me from above. He was a king and I was his humble servant.

“I— you don’t have to.” His hand brushed my hair back and for a second, I knew he wasn’t talking as the delivery guy but rather as himself. I think he could sense my nerviness and mistook it for second thoughts.

But I wanted to do it, probably as badly as he did. All the times we had touched in any way, I had always been at the center of it. It had always been about me and my pleasure. I wanted to return the favor. I was dying to feel his swollen cock thrust between my lips, hit the back of my mouth and shoot his seed inside of me. Fuck, it made me so wet I was pretty sure my shorts were already stained.

“I want to.” I whispered back, it felt like a slight *aparte* from our role-play, just making sure we were both still on the same page. “Show me how you like it.” was my last instruction before I went back to our scene and started working on lowering his pants.

His cock was already hard and straining against his black boxers when the pants hit his ankles. I bit my lip in anticipation, rubbing the shape of it with fascination.

It was the first time I ever saw a naked man in real life. Well, half naked, I guess. His dick twitched and I felt my eyes widen. I looked up at him even

though I knew it wasn't in my character's nature. Still, I couldn't help being excited with what we were about to experience.

Gulping, I gripped the waistband of his boxers before pulling them down too. His cock sprung out, hitting his hard stomach as clear liquid was already leaking from it. I licked my lips in anticipation, eyes boring into his. He was big. Bigger than the men on the amateur videos I watched. And fuck if the thoughts of him splitting me in two were not making me wetter than ever.

"Mhh... my favorite way of tipping." I held out my tongue before licking the underside from base to tip.

"Oh, fuck." Levi's whimpers filled the room as his hand suddenly shot out to grab my hair. Excitement was trickling down my thighs at this point.

I licked him again, taking in long swipes, driving him crazy. He tasted so good, I could see myself getting addicted to him. Both of my hands were gripping his thighs but then I used one of them to gently cup his balls. I had researched the fuck out of blowjobs online and in every forums – and videos, I wasn't about to lie— they said guys enjoyed having their balls played with. The skin was super soft and Levi kept himself well trimmed down there, which I appreciated a lot.

I wanted him to enjoy it, I wanted his orgasm to be as good as the ones I had experienced at his hands and tongue. Having my hands on him seemed to in fact play in my favor since his hips seemed to flex of their own accord. He let out another groan before throwing his head back. Fuck, he was a sight to behold, standing over me, his cock against my tongue, eyes screwed shut in ecstasy as I held his pleasure in the palm of my hand and the tip of my tongue.

"Do you like that, baby?" I asked, making sure he could feel the vibration of my voice against his dick.

"Fuck yes." He moaned. "So much. Please, take me into your mouth."

“Yeah? You want me to take your big cock in my mouth?” I blew on the tip, wondering if he would like it. He did. “You want me to choke on it?”

“Fuck.” I licked the tip, still playing with his balls. His hips flexed again and he brought my head closer to his dick with the hand in my hair. “Yes, Dani. Take me in your mouth. Please, kitten.”

Rewarding him, I wrapped my lips around the tip and sucked, watching as his eyes flew open, pleasure making his face go slack.

“You beg so beautifully.”

Was all I said before sticking my tongue out as much as I could and diving down on him, taking as much of his cock inside my mouth as I could.

I wasn’t ashamed to admit that I had watched countless videos and read countless articles to figure out the best technique. They said your tongue had to be stretched along the underside of his cock. No teeth and that moaning while doing it helped with the gag reflex.

I started doing so as soon as I felt him hit the back of my throat, making me gag a bit. I was about to back out when Levi let out the hottest moan I had ever heard and I felt the urge to hear more of it. I wanted to be good for him, I wanted to be the best he ever had. I knew it was a stretch given how little experience I had, but I wasn’t one to back out when faced with a challenge.

Breathing through my nose, I bobbed my head up and down, feeling him hit the back of my mouth on various occasions. I tried going even further, grateful that I didn’t have much of a gag reflex to begin with. Levi started thrusting inside me too and I loved how he took control of it.

“Oh, fuck, kitten. You’re doing so good. Suck on it.”

My free hand gripped the base of his cock, since he was way too big for me to fit him all in my mouth. I circled him and started moving my hand up and down, occasionally squeezing him too. It seemed to make him crazy. His hand in my hair gripped it harder, his thrusts were more erratic. The rhythm we had been working to until then got totally messed up as his moans and the filthy wet sounds of my mouth around his cock filled the room.

“Yes! Fuck, Daniella, I’m about to come, baby.” I was aware he was trying to warn me in case I didn’t want to swallow, but I didn’t do all of that not to get my prize. I doubled my effort, head bobbing faster and hand squeezing harder.

“Fuck!”

Hot liquid hit the back of my throat and I looked up at him, eyes wide and aroused. Fuck, giving head was so rewarding. Seeing your man lose his head over what you’re doing to him, the power you get from being on your knees and calling the shots... I loved it. I wanted to do it again.

Levi kept coming in my mouth and I tried swallowing as much as I could before it became too much and I nearly choked on it. I started coughing, falling back on my ass as his cum dribbled down my chin and neck. What did it say about me that I loved it?

“Shit.” I heard him curse before he kneeled in front of me, brushing my hair back and making me look up at him. “Are you okay, Dani?” Worry shone in his eyes as he caressed my cheeks.

I couldn’t help but smile once the coughing subsided. I probably looked a sight. My top askew, hair in a mess from where he gripped it, cum leaking down my face and eyes watery from taking a lot of him at once.

Still, I couldn’t help but to smile shyly.

“Hope you consider your tip taken care of, mister delivery guy.”

Worry slowly left his face as he started chuckling incredulously. I joined and before I knew it, he had me tackled to the ground and was peppering my face with kisses, the both of us laughing madly.

We probably looked ridiculous on the floor of my small dorm room, his pants and boxers were still around his ankles, my shorts were wet and sticky, and I still had cum on my face, neck and it even trickled down to my breasts.

As our laughter subsided, Levi slowly took in my appearance, a small smile on his lips. I smiled too before gripping his hair and bringing his mouth closer to mine.

“You’re always making me taste myself, I want you to taste yourself on my tongue too.” I whispered.

Next thing I knew, he slammed his lips down on mine, and if his cum on my lips bothered him, he never showed it. We kissed for a while, laying down on the floor, his half naked body between my legs, his cock already hardening again.

I moaned when he nipped my lip before pulling back a bit.

For a while, he just lazily pecked my lips while his eyes bore into mine. All the while I could feel his dick against my center, only the thin material of my shorts separated us. I let my hands roam around his back and under his shirt. I loved being able to touch him so freely.

“Levi?” I asked, my lips brushing against his.

“Yes, kitten?”

“I think I’m ready to have sex.”

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CHAPTER 9:

Levi

I could count on one hand the number of times in my life where my brain chemistry was altered. The first time I hit the ice and learned to skate. The first hockey game I watched with my dad. When Maria DiAngelo let me see her boobs in ninth grade.

But all those times were nothing compared to when Daniella uttered the words I had unknowingly been dying to hear.

She looked at me with those fascinating brown eyes of hers and I simply stared back, mouth ajar. My boxers and pants were still around my ankles, the chilly air of her dorm kissing my bare ass. I probably looked dumb but at that moment, my last two brain cells were fighting for the response I should have.

One wanted to simply rid her of her shorts and take her right there— after all, I was already in position— while the other, more rational one, opted to take a step back. She had just given me another of her firsts and I knew this was probably a big deal for her. It was for me.

I wanted her first time to be special. I wanted to let her soak in that new first experience before she jumped straight into another.

"Why aren't you talking? Oh my gosh, are you having second thoughts? Was the blowjob so horrible you don't even wanna try deflowering me?" She winced, disgusted, "What the fuck is wrong with me that I keep using that word."

Her hands flew to hide her face in shame and I couldn't help but chuckle because I found her adorable. I gently cupped her cheek, forcing her to look at me.

"Stop overthinking. That was probably the best blowjob I've ever gotten." Not because of her skills— although I liked being the first guy she ever did that on, it meant I could teach her to do it the way I liked. That hot mouth of hers was heaven and even though she was a bit messy, what she lacked in skills she more than made up for in enthusiasm.

"You're not just saying that?"

"Hell no, **kitten**. Having you on your knees for me was amazing. I loved your dirty talk too." I smiled and pecked her lips as she sighed in delight. "Feel free to do that anytime you want."

She smirked but then her smile dimmed a bit. "Then why did you freeze when I said I was ready for sex?"

"Because, I don't want your first time to be mere moments after you gave your first blowjob. I want us to take our time, to enjoy things bit by bit."

Dani looked surprised to hear me say that, but in a good way.

"Okay. We could fix a date then." I chuckled at her enthusiasm. "What about Wednesday? It's my favorite day of the week."

Laughing again, I straightened up and started pulling my pants up. Daniella sat up too, staring attentively with hunger in her eyes. She seemed to like the way I looked and somehow that made my heart beat faster.

"Okay then, kitten. Let's have sex on Wednesday." I got up and helped her up too before grabbing her hand so that we could both slump down on her bed.

She didn't say anything as I tucked her against my chest. She looked content instead, rubbing her cheek against my shirt. My nickname for her made all the sense in the world right then.

When we started this, I promised her aftercare and even though we hadn't role-played any dark scenario for now, I liked having her in my arms. My fingers played with her hair as I tried gathering the courage to ask her for something.

"Just... Can you do me a favor?"

"Anything." Now that was a dangerous thing to say.

"When we do this and... have sex... I don't want it to be a role-play, okay? I want it to be just... us."

She pushed away to look me in the eyes before a grin split up her beautiful face.

"Deal." She cupped my face. "Who knew Levi Callahan was such a softie, huh?" Dani smirked and pressed a shy kiss to my lips.

"Oh, believe me, there won't be anything soft about me on Wednesday." I bit her lip for emphasis, making her moan.

Just as she started roaming her hands on my chest, I leaped from the bed and walked to her desk.

"Nope, we're not making out right now."

"What? Why not?" Disappointment was obvious in her voice, making me grin.

"Because if we do, I'll probably end up fucking you through the mattress, kitten." Her eyes widened in curiosity and she looked almost giddy to try

me. I shook my head, amazed. "Let's eat pizza and watch some movie, okay?"

She nodded and started preparing her laptop while I grabbed the pizza. It was cold by now but hey, pizza was pizza.

I didn't really care for it anyways. All I wanted was an excuse to spend more time with her.

On Tuesday I started getting nervous. I had never been anyone's first, so obviously I was scared of fucking it up. The fact that it would be *Daniella's* virginity I would be taking made me even more anxious because I really, *really* didn't want to blow my chances with her.

It was no secret that I'd had a thing for her even before we started fooling around. But she had always been untouchable in my mind until that day I found her looking dejected right before our tutoring session.

Now that I had actually *touched* her, well... It made me want more. I loved staying at her dorm to watch shows together and eat junk food. I loved those nights where I got to eat *her* even more. We had been texting back and forth over the most trivial things, sometimes she'd tell me about a new scenario idea she'd had, others she would just text me random facts she had learned that day or send me selfies. I did the same, loving the easy going relationship we had started to develop.

My eyes were fixated on hers as she waited for my answer. We usually didn't have any sessions on Tuesdays but figured we would today in order to have Wednesday totally free. She said she wanted to prepare and have a *full maintenance day*, whatever that meant. So here we were, once again studying my History courses.

That was probably by far my favorite subject. I'd always had difficulties with school, mostly because I tended to get distracted easily, but History

had always fascinated me. Having Dani as a tutor was amazing because she was patient and didn't treat me like a dumbass whenever my mind would wander over something else entirely. As I said, focusing could be really hard for me and most of the tutors I'd had throughout the years hadn't been as patient as her.

"The July Monarchy is mostly marked by the triumph of the wealthy *bourgeoisie*, a return to Napoleonic influence and colonial expansion." I answered her previous question, marking the end of our session.

A big grin split her face as she clapped her hands together. That was another reason why I just loved studying with her. She was so enthusiastic whenever I did something good, and don't get me started on the hugs she'd give me whenever I got a B or higher. I guess praise was my thing too.

"You're doing so good, Levi!" So much pride shone in her eyes it made my heart soar. "Honestly, I know you are gonna rock this test and I'm so proud of you." She put her hand on mine, her thumb caressing my skin and I couldn't help but want to kiss her.

I didn't though, mostly because I never had, outside of a scene or conversation related to our arrangement. It felt weird because the lines were kind of blurred. I mean, she had her lips wrapped around my cock two days ago and I had my tongue deep in her pussy last night. *For fuck's sake, I was going to take her virginity tomorrow!*

But somehow, right then, a peck on the lips seemed like going too far and I didn't want to scare her off by making her think I was getting too attached. Even though I was.

Her words felt amazing though and I smiled timidly at her, turning my hand around so I could tangle my fingers with hers.

"Thanks, kitten." Two pink spots colored her cheeks as she tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, biting her lips.

She stared at me and I would've done anything to know what she was thinking about, right then.

"Do you have anything else to do this afternoon?" The words came out of my mouth before I could stop them. Dani leaned her head on the side, shaking it lightly.

"Nope. I was just gonna get home and... you know. Start getting ready for tomorrow." I loved how giddy yet almost shy she seemed talking about it.

"Wanna go somewhere with me instead?" I gave her a wicked smile. "I can guarantee you're gonna love it."

Curiosity shone in those big brown eyes as she squinted at me. I grinned back, knowing it would get the best of her and she would accept.

Daniella bit her lip before nodding once, unsure.

"Why does it feel like you're going to corrupt me, Levi?" I snorted.

"I think your little soul was corrupted enough before you even met me, kitten. That's part of your charm." She said nothing and simply grinned at me before starting to put her stuff away.

I followed suit and soon enough we were out of the library and walking towards the parking lot where my car was. We walked closely, so close in fact that her bare arm brushed against mine with each step. Our hands bumped against one another too and neither of us did anything to stop it. The silence was comfortable, we both were deep in thoughts, her probably wondering where I was taking her while I was trying to think of what I would try on her first.

"Nice ride." She smirked once my Wrangler came in view. It was the newest model, my dad gave it to me on my last birthday and I loved it like a daughter. She was gorgeous, all matte black and sparkly clean.

I wish I wasn't a cliché but like most guys, my car meant a fucking lot to me. I clearly had a favorite brand when it came to them because ever since I got my driver's license when I was sixteen, I only ever had Jeeps. They're powerful, reliable and spacious which, for a guy my size who had friends as tall as him, was a must.

"Thanks. Her name is Greta."

She groaned. "Oh my God, please don't tell me you name your cars too." I grinned, opening the passenger door and waiting for her to get in. Daniella was a really tiny creature so without thinking about it twice, I grabbed her by the waist and hoisted her on the car seat.

She yelped in surprise and her hands flew to my shoulders. Once she sat safely in the car, I looked up, expecting her to let go of my shirt but she didn't. My eyes quickly got lost into hers. She looked exquisite, as always.

I was dying to kiss her, our heads were really close but I reminded myself that I shouldn't do anything to jeopardize our friendship and that unless she kissed me first, I wouldn't touch her outside of a scene.

Looking away, I cleared my throat and gripped her seat belt, strapping her in so she was safe.

Closing her door, I then made my way to my seat before buckling in too.

"What do you mean *too*? Who else do you know names their car?" I tried going back to our previous conversation while nonchalantly starting up the engine.

Daniella's cheeks were slightly pink as she cleared her throat. "My brothers." She rolled her eyes, quickly regaining her composure. "They're the worst when it comes to cars."

"Really? How many brothers do you have?"

"Three. I'm the youngest."

"Damn." I whistled. "That's a lot of testosterone for a tiny thing like yourself." My teasing tone made her chuckle and I felt a smile spread on my lips.

"Yeah, you don't even know. I love my brothers but growing up with them could seriously get gross!" She shuddered, probably reminiscing about her childhood. "Do you have any siblings?"

"Nope. Only child here, it's just me and my dad. Mom walked out on us when I was six."

It always hurt telling people that. I loved my dad and we had a great relationship, but I'd always miss my mom. Growing up, despite being a hockey superstar, my dad always found the time to be a good and doting father too. I had a nanny I stayed with when he couldn't take me with him to games, but Nur was great, and I still had brunch with her once a month. She helped raise me, after all.

"Oh." I bit the inside of my cheek, bracing to hear the pity in her voice, but instead she simply put her hand on my thigh and rubbed. "Well, she missed out on a lot. You're an amazing human, Levi."

Surprised to hear so much emotion and sincerity in her voice, I was glad we were at a stop sign. I turned my head towards her, mesmerized, before grabbing her hand on my thigh and bringing her fingers to my lips, kissing them softly.

The atmosphere took a serious turn in the car and I had half a mind to pull over and kiss the fuck out of her. But I couldn't, we had somewhere to be before I had to head over to practice tonight.

"So, where are we going?" I smirked, knowing she simply couldn't take the mystery.

"Don't worry, **Kitten**. You'll love it there."

Daniella

"You took me to a sex shop!" My eyes widened as I took in the discreet shop window.

The name, It's My Pleasure, shone in pink neon lights and the storefront actually had curtains hiding what was inside.

I turned around to Levi and tossed my arms around his neck, hugging him fiercely. He chuckled, gripping my waist. My lips pecked his cheek and I felt him sigh in delight. I pulled away slightly, giving him all the space he might need to finally kiss me. Lord knew I had wanted to feel his lips on mine since we started our tutoring session earlier.

Instead of kissing me, though, Levi forcefully pulled himself out of it and started to push away from me. Again.

He'd done it three times today! Earlier in the study room, then in the car when he buckled me in and finally, now.

"Jeez, man. What does a girl have to do to get kissed around here?" I rolled my eyes, letting my arms fall back along my body as I started turning around.

"You want me to kiss you?" He looked genuinely confused, which in turn made *me* confused.

"Uh... yeah? I mean, don't feel forced or anything I just thought you might want it too, I don't—" his mouth swallowed my words by slamming onto mine, making me moan instead.

I smiled against his mouth, loving the low hum coming out of his chest as my fingers got tangled in his hair. He pushed me against the car until my

back was pressed against it. My breasts brushed against his chest and I could feel my nipples pebbling against the fabric of my dress. Having small boobs meant I could afford not to wear bras and I liked to do just that.

Levi's tongue licked at my lips and I parted them, granting him access. We kissed for what felt like hours, touching and licking and tasting each other. I would never tire of his taste.

The feeling of being in his arms was unequalled. It made me giddy and horny at the same time, which was quite a weird combination if you asked me.

When we pulled away, I kept my arms slung around his neck while his were holding me tightly against him. He buried his head in the crook of my neck, inhaling my perfume and peppering kisses on my skin.

My eyes found the store in front of us again and I couldn't help the burst of excitement that went through me. I had no idea if most people my age would be as happy to be going to a sex shop, but I was. But I knew Levi could make any trip amusing, and one to such a location was bound to be hot as heck too.

"Levi this is going to be so much fun!" I smiled when he pulled himself away from me and turned around looking at the storefront too. I missed the warmth of his lips on my skin but I loved watching his eyes shine with mischief.

He grabbed my hand, laced our fingers together and started walking towards the store. I didn't have much left in my bank account since it was the end of the month, but I thought we could still do some spotting today and then come back in a week or two.

"I figured you would like it." He smirked. "Let's go, we'll pick a few items to add to your collection."

That caused me to snort, "What collection?" I kept walking but Levi stopped right in the middle of the lot and I bumped into his side. He was looking at me like I had grown a second head.

"Wait, Dani. You don't use toys?"

Starting to get self conscious, I slowly shook my head. "I— listen, I grew up in a really nosy household, okay? I couldn't just order one and risk my parents finding it. Then, when I moved to college, I don't know... I never really found the need. My fingers work just fine."

I could tell I had once again forgotten to use a filter when his eyes slightly widened and the tip of his ears started getting red. He gulped audibly and I couldn't keep the smirk from my face.

"What? You had your tongue and fingers in me several times but me saying I masturbate has you all red in the face?"

I let my hand caress his cheek.

"Aw, you blush so prettily."

I pinched the skin on his cheekbone mockingly when out of nowhere, his hand shot out and grabbed a handful of my hair, bringing our heads closer. I gasped in surprise but loved the unexpected show of dominance.

"Are you making fun of me, kitten?"

"I don't know, am I?" I shot him an innocent look, my hand traveling from his side to his stomach before hitting the waistline of his pants.

"Don't make me spank you."

Note to self: add spankings to our next scene.

Levi

"Hello there, welcome to It's My Pleasure! How can I help you today?"

The guy that greeted us as soon as we opened the door to the shop was pretty short — but taller than Dani, and skinny. His curly red hair fell on his forehead and he was dressed in beige fucking kakis with a wool sweater. Thick black glasses hung on his nose. He didn't look like someone who would work in a sex shop, at *all*. More like a librarian.

Dani and I shared a look that said she must've been thinking the same thing before turning back to him.

"Uh... we're just looking, seeing if anything catches our interest." I gave him a small smile, nodding to the rest of the store.

"Oh, fun!" He exclaimed. "I'm Phil, if you have any questions, don't hesitate to come to me! It'll be *my pleasure* to help you!" The guy must've had Italian blood in him because he spoke with his hands a lot. Only they weren't empty, since he was holding the mother of all dildos in one. My God, was that a *tentacle*?!

From the corner of my eye, I saw Dani's eyes widen and had to fold my lips not to laugh. This guy managed to shock **my horny little minx** within the first three minutes we were there.

"Thanks, Phil." Daniella gave him one of her cute smiles.

Satisfied, Phill turned around and started walking towards a certain shelf that held other dildos similar to the one he had. They were fucking gigantic.

"Was that a fucking tentacle?!" **My girl's** head whipped around to look at me as she whispered the words. She looked adorable.

"It was." I chuckled, grabbing her hand and walking further into the shop. "Fucking huge too."

"Who would that thing even fit?! And why was he coming out of the staff room with it?" She looked positively shaken and I couldn't help but keep

laughing.

"You'd be surprised, baby. But we're only buying stuff that is still under wraps, okay?"

She snorted, hitting me in the shoulder playfully.

Dani soon got over her original shock and started browsing the aisles. Almost immediately, a riding whip caught my attention and all the ways I could use it on her flashed in my brain. I grabbed it which made my girl look up at me with a small grin.

"And what are you planning on doing with that?" One perfect eyebrow went up as she looked at me playfully. I smirked and leaned down towards her, making our faces only inches away from one another.

"Use it on your little pussy of course." I took in her sharp intake of breath, the way her lips parted as she eyed mine with hunger shining in those brown orbs, so I continued. "Just imagine this. You lying naked on your bed, legs spread wide with that dripping cunt on display. All red and swollen from being teased all night long. Me kneeling in front of you, still not letting you come." I let my fingers trail up her arm and down her back. She was getting visibly excited and that was a good thing because I was fucking hard as steel already.

"What would you do then?" She breathed dazedly.

I grabbed the riding crop— still in its plastic bag, and ran it up her thigh until I reached that amazing place between her thighs over her clothes. I pressed against the fabric. She was wearing one of her cute summer dresses and I couldn't help but think of how much that was going to facilitate things later today.

"I'd spank that pussy of yours, baby. Let the crop fall harder and harder on your little clit until you can't take it anymore and start coming all over your sheets." I pecked her lips but pulled away as soon as she started reaching for more. I knew if I didn't, we'd end up going at it in a corner of

the shop and I didn't want our new friend Phil to call the cops on us. Or ask to watch.

"We're taking this." I called, grabbing her hand and walking to the next aisle.

We continued looking for fun stuff to try out and ended up with a bright pink dildo, some bullet vibrator that was shaped like a lipstick so that she could even take it back home with her without fearing anyone seeing it, and a nurse outfit.

To my surprise, Dani was the one who suggested we get that one.

"I have a great story idea with a nurse tending to a hockey player who got in a fight on the ice." Her fingers glided over my stomach and I felt my abs tighten at her touch combined with her words.

Swinging my gaze back at the rows of costumes between us, I grabbed another one along with a few I would love to see Dani in.

"Here, get a sexy doctor instead." I smiled, "And sexy cop, sexy maid and sexy pastry chef." That made her laugh and that sound was pure gold to my ears.

"Sexy pastry chef, really?" She grinned at me but still grabbed the costumes from my hand.

"Hell yeah, I would give my left arm to have you spread whipped cream all over me before licking off." My hands grabbed her waist, bringing her close to me, smirking.

Dani never stopped smiling and was about to answer when her eyes caught something behind my shoulder and they widened.

"Oh my God, Levi. We need this." Pushing me off, she rushed to the shelf where some items were on display.

At first glance it was only lingerie, panties to be precise, but then I saw the sign with the brand on it named *Vibratio* and I understood immediately those weren't your usual panties. They vibrated and could be controlled by distance using an app on your phone.

Just imagining Dani writhing on her seat at the restaurant as I used it on her made me breathless.

I grabbed a pair before she could say anything else. "In the cart they go."

I was actually grateful for Phil coming by earlier and offering us a small plastic basket to put our items in.

"We don't leave them out because people don't usually buy this much stuff but I can tell you two are fun little bunnies!" He'd smiled, handing me the pink basket. I took it although I was weirded out that a grown ass man such as himself would call me a bunny.

"Levi, are you sure we should be buying so much stuff?" She asked, worry tainting her voice. "I mean, we could probably put the costumes down, we don't need that much. And—"

"And rob me of seeing you wear a sexy as fuck maid outfit? Over my fucking dead body, woman." My arm went around her shoulders as I pulled her to me.

Sometimes I forgot Dani didn't know who my dad was, so she didn't know I had more money than I would possibly ever need.

I grew up rich but not spoiled. Actually, compared to how some of my dad's teammates chose to live their lives, ours was bordering on frugal. I mean don't get me wrong, we had a beautiful house, we traveled a lot, I always had nice clothes and I never wanted for anything in my life. But we also had each other, you know? We liked the outdoors, we liked hiking and surfing and skiing, but my dad never went above and beyond to make a show of his money.

He actually hated people who did and always said he was getting paid way too much. Half his salary went to charity and another great chunk went to my inheritance.

What I hated above all else were the people who made friends with me for the advantages my money would bring them. They always ended up disappointed when they saw how simple my lifestyle was.

So yeah, Dani was a breath of fresh air. I loved having her around. And, somehow, the fact that she'd asked me if it wouldn't be better to put some items back made me want to spoil her even more.

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CHAPTER 10

Daniella

We bought way more things than we could ever need. The pink basket that was given to us was filled with costumes, toys and lubes— plural, because when Levi saw they had several different flavors he went a little crazy.

Having Phil ring them for us felt weird, especially since he couldn't help commenting on every purchase.

"Oh, Vibratio panties, great choice!"

"Love, love, love this one." He picked up the pink dildo Levi chose for me — which was still in its box, thankfully. "It vibrates too, I hear from my female customers that it's a life changer."

I was honestly starting to get uncomfortable but seeing Levi get all red in the face made me want to burst out laughing.

"Oh. My. Gosh, you got the bullet vibe 2024! My last girlf—"

"Dude. We get it. Chill." Levi had always been an easy going guy but I could tell he was having it with Phill.

Seriously, I never thought I'd say that one day, but I might have found worse than me when it came to having no filter.

Phill didn't seem to be angry or embarrassed at Levi's reaction. He sent him a wicked smile and a wink before making a motion to zip his lips.

"I see you wanna keep up the suspense." He giggled. "I won't say anything, don't worry." Another wink.

When finally he was done, Levi paid and we hightailed it out of there with two big brown paper bags. He opened the passenger door of the Jeep and helped me inside. That damn car was too high for me, so he put his bag on the floor at my feet and hoisted me inside.

"You're so fucking tiny." He chuckled.

"Well, I suppose you could give me a few inches then." I smiled to myself when I felt him tense.

"That fucking mouth." He buckled me in, shaking his head before slamming my door shut and all but running to his seat. I smiled wickedly.

I was feeling restless, my legs kept rocking up and down and my pussy was so fucking wet it was bordering on ridiculous. The trip to the sex shop had my imagination in a whirlwind and it left me wanting more. I played with my fingers to keep myself from touching him when I suddenly realized... I didn't *have to*. I could totally touch him!

I mean, sure we hadn't discussed the specifics so far but it was pretty obvious to me that our agreement implied we were together until I finally could write proper stories again.

So why should I stop myself from touching and discovering this wonderful male specimen?

With that in mind, I immediately put my hand on his thigh. I didn't look at him and kept my eyes on the road while he drove but I could see his head whipping in my direction from the corner of my eye. Seeing no reaction from me, he turned back to the road. Still, I noticed his jaw got tight.

I sighed dramatically before letting my hand rub back and forth, closer and closer to his crotch. He was hard already and the immediate way his body reacted to mine, to *me*, was fascinating.

"Dani..." He warned as his hands gripped the wheel harder.

I turned in his direction and sent him the best doe eyed look I could muster while simultaneously biting my lip. My hand on his pants reached his crotch and I gave his very obvious erection a squeeze.

He cursed under his breath, jaw locked in a way that looked almost painful. I leaned over the center console and started peppering kisses along his neck, occasionally biting his skin. He groaned. Levi's neck was a real sweet spot for him and somehow I loved that I knew that.

"Are you trying to kill us, woman?"

I chuckled. "You know... I wrote a car sex scene last night."

Thank God there was no one else on the road because that man hit the brakes so hard I probably would have flown through the windshield if my seatbelt wasn't on. He swerved to the side of the road and stopped the car before turning towards me and slamming his lips on mine.

I moaned, both from the intensity of his kiss and the sweet taste of him.

"Get in the back. Now. And take off your damn panties."

"Bold of you to assume I'm wearing any."

"Fucking get back there!"

I grinned, satisfied with how crazy I seemed to drive him and climbed in the back. He took advantage of me diving between our seats to slap my ass, making me yelp. Once back there, I sat down with my legs slightly parted. I

wasn't lying when I said I wasn't wearing any panties. Somehow, ever since Levi and I started seeing each other, I found they were an inconvenience. They were most often than not what stood between my wet pussy and his deliciously hard fingers. Or tongue. So I stopped wearing them whenever I had a dress on.

"Hurry up, Levi." I moaned, my head hitting the headrest while my hands rubbed up and down my parted thighs. "I want you so bad."

My hips moved of their own accord, trying to get some type of friction against the seat. I heard some rustling from the front of the car as Levi dug into the bags containing our earlier purchases. We'd bought some spray sanitizer earlier, one that didn't require rinsing and it sounded like he was opening the bottle to use it.

Impatient, I let one of my hands crawl under my dress and caress my folds delicately. They were so warm and wet I moaned at the simple contact.

Levi's curse resonated in the car and made me open my eyes. He was staring at me, more precisely at my hands between my legs.

"It hurts so bad, baby. Make it feel better." I breathed, my eyes boring into his.

He didn't wait much longer and joined me in the backseat. We kissed passionately while my hand was still busy rubbing my soaked cunt and he gripped my thighs with force.

Levi pushed me until I was lying down, one foot propped on the seat while the other was on the ground, effectively opening me up to his gaze. I felt wetness dripping from me, testifying of how bad I fucking wanted him.

We were out of town but still on a fairly used road. The back seat windows of his car were tinted but the rest wasn't so if someone stopped by, they would for sure see us there. That knowledge made things all the more exciting for me.

"Fuck, kitten you're soaked." He groaned as he let two of his fingers run up and down my slit. "I think I got exactly what you need."

I moaned and groaned underneath him, desperate to feel good when finally the buzz of something sounded in the small space. My eyes widened as I watched Levi take the pink vibrating dildo we had just bought—that's what he had been sanitizing earlier. The object was fairly small, it wasn't even nearly as thick or long as Levi's cock but it was still slightly more than two of his fingers.

"If you want to be able to take me tomorrow, you'll have to take this today." Like I would refuse.

Nodding restlessly, I thrust my hips up to make him understand I wanted it now.

"Please."

"Such a good girl, so polite." He taunted with a smirk. He was so hot it should have been illegal.

Slowly— almost painstakingly so, he laid the head of the vibrating toy directly on my engorged clit. I saw stars. I fucking screamed.

"This feels so good!" My eyes screwed shut and my back arched in delight. He circled my clit with it a few times before he started to insert it. I could tell he was trying not to hurt me. "Please, please, please, I need it inside me."

I felt hazy, blinded by desire and lust. I wanted relief, so bad it ached. Inch by inch, Levi gave me what I begged for and started fucking me with the toy. I could feel my wetness dripping onto the leather seats of his car, this whole situation was so filthy it made it ten times hotter.

"Yeah, kitten, that's it. Be a good girl and take that dick." He started thrusting in and out of me, slowly at first, and then with more force. I followed his lead, grinding against the pink toy. "If you think this feels good, just imagine how my cock will feel. Warm and fucking wet from all the cum I'll pump into you."

His words brought me even closer to the edge. We talked about condoms the other day. He got tested regularly for hockey and even assured me he hadn't been with anyone in a while. That, for sure, surprised me. I was obviously clean since, well, you couldn't get STD's from fictional men—just another reason why they were superior.

I had always wanted my first time to be bare, simply because it would have meant I trusted the man I was with enough to forgo a condom. At the end of the day, that was the most important thing to me. Trust. And I did. Trust him, I mean. I trusted him more than I would have ever thought.

Plus, the idea of having nothing between us made me hot.

"Fuck, your little pussy is so tight around this thing, kitten. You're squeezing it so good. Taking it like a champ." He bent over me and peppered kisses all over my neck. I circled my arms around his shoulders and pulled him to me. I wanted him close.

In that moment, experiencing yet another first with this man, feeling his warmth seep into me as his lips finally reached mine, it did things to my heart.

"I'm coming, baby." I breathed against his lips, ever so sharply because the pleasure was so intense. My thighs were trembling from the intensity of the orgasm I could feel approaching.

"Yeah and you're so beautiful." He hovered over me, one hand holding the dildo while the other one dug into the seat next to my head as he used it to keep himself up. "Be the good girl I know you are and give me that orgasm, Dani."

He buried the toy to the hilt inside of me in a rough yet infinitely pleasurable way. I sucked in a breath as he left it vibrating there. My whole body was alight with pleasure. His hand snuck to my clit which he pinched between two fingers. Hard. That's what detonated my orgasm.

Throwing my head back, back arching, I screamed and came so hard I felt it literally *gush* out of me. Oh fuck, did I just squirt?

My vision blackened for a while and I couldn't hear anything but my blood pumping inside my head. The toy was still vibrating inside of me, making the aftershocks of my orgasm all the more intense. My thighs were shaking uncontrollably.

Eyes wide and mouth slightly parted, I stared at the car's ceiling while regaining my breath. That... that was something.

"Shit, kitten." I heard Levi chuckle as he sat back on his haunches, pulling the dildo out of me, turning it off and tossing it on the seat.

Eyes leaving the ceiling, I looked at him to find his gaze trained on the mess between my legs. Mostly, the mess I had made on the seat. Of his car. Which probably cost more than my parents' mortgage.

I immediately sat up, embarrassed. "Oh, no. I'm so sorry, I— I think I have some tissues in my purse, let me just get them—"

"What? Kitten, hold up." He stopped me from climbing back in front, and thank God he did because my legs were freaking jelly. I probably would have flopped on the console like a deranged sea creature.

He tried finding my eyes but I evaded his gaze in shame. I knew there wasn't anything to be ashamed of when it came to what I had just achieved — some even believed it to be the paroxysm of feminine pleasure. In the books I read, men always seemed pretty proud of making their girl come in that particular way, but this wasn't fiction. This was real life and it was

messy and sticky and I had no idea if Levi would think it was disgusting or not.

"Hey, what's wrong?" He grabbed hold of my chin and made me look up at him.

I bit my lip. "I'm sorry I made a mess of your car." I grabbed his shirt in an attempt to ground myself.

"Are you fucking crazy, Dani? What you did was probably one of the hottest things I've ever seen or been a part of."

"But, your car—"

"Fuck that car, I'll bring it to the washing station so they can clean it if you're so worried about it. It'll be brand new again."

I felt my eyes widen in embarrassment and I hit his chest.

"Don't you dare, Levi Callahan! Do you want me to die of shame? I will not have another person scrub my cum off your car seats."

That made him laugh. But I was dead serious.

He then grabbed me by the waist and sat me on his lap. My still sensitive cunt rubbed against his pants and I let out a moan.

"I love how fucking sensitive you are." He nuzzled my neck, kissing and biting lightly. "Every time we get together like that is better than the last. It goes beyond physical touch. I love that you trust me enough to let go."

Circling his shoulders with my arms, I hugged him hard because his words perfectly reflected my own thoughts. I never wanted this to stop, I wanted to be with him forever. Levi was fast becoming my best friend. And I could easily see myself falling for him.

Wednesday was finally there and it did *not* start well. First, my ethics professor decided to move our Friday afternoon class to ten this morning and I didn't see the email until my friend, Melissa, came barging into my dorm telling me to hurry my ass up or we'd be late.

I got ready in five minutes which was hell for me— I was a girly girl, okay? I liked taking time to do my makeup and curl my hair, dammit.

Melissa had gotten me a coffee before she came to get me but these fuckers messed up the order and gave me almond milk instead of regular one and Lord only knows how bad almond milk tastes.

To make matters worse, I spilled it all over my shirt on my way to the auditorium. We arrived slightly late which seemed to unnerve our professor — that fucker should have known better than to move our class last minute though— and he decided to separate Melissa and I.

So there I was, at the very back of the auditorium while she sat in the front row, with a dirty shirt, a pen that was quickly running out of ink and, because that just wasn't enough, a killer migraine.

I couldn't believe this was how the day where I would lose my virginity started. I was honestly *this* close to simply say fuck it and go back home.

But then my phone screen lit up with a text from Levi and I felt my sour mood lighten up a bit.

He sent me a mirror selfie which had visibly been taken in the locker room after his practice. I found myself grinning because *damn* that guy was hot.

Me: Turn around just a liiiittle bit.

Another picture came through where we could clearly see the side outline of his ass, hugged to perfection by his gray joggers.

Me: Sexiest ass on the block, baby.

I laughed and pinched my lips together as I sent the text, knowing it would make him smile.

Levi: And it's all yours. How is maintenance day going?

Immediately, my bad mood returned.

Me: No maintenance day because Mr Townsend decided he wanted to finish earlier on Friday by moving our class to right now. It'll have to be a maintenance afternoon.

Levi: Had him last year. He's an ass.

Me: He is. And not the sexy kind, like yours. Plus I spilled almond milk all over my shirt this morning and now I have the biggest headache. I can barely take notes. This is not how I imagined my last day as a member of the V-Club to go.

I waited a few minutes for his answer but it never came, which, you guessed it, soured my mood some more. Sighing, I decided to make the best out of the next two hours and try to take some notes despite the throbbing in my head.

Fifteen minutes later, though, the back door of the auditorium, the one right behind me, opened and shut quietly. Townsend didn't notice, too engrossed in his lesson. I thought nothing of it, but when someone sat down right besides me—even though there were at least ten other seats available on my row, I started getting annoyed. Today wasn't the day.

Turning around, I was about to send my darkest glare to the person who had dared disturb my fragile peace and my personal space. When I caught sight of a dark head of hair, laughing blue eyes and cute dimples, I stopped.

My eyes widened while my heart skipped a beat. What was he doing here?

"Hey kitten. Heard you were having a shitty day." Levi smiled, pushing a small box along with his water bottle towards me. I looked down at it to see it was Advil. "Drink up."

I was left speechless, simply staring at him as he got some pen and paper out and started writing down Mister Townsend's words. The old man was too caught up in his lecture to even notice there was an intruder attending his class.

"W-what are you doing?" I stuttered.

"Taking notes for you so you can rest. I would have given you mine from last year but I burned them as soon as I was done with this Godforsaken class."

I didn't know what to say. Was this guy for real?

He smiled at my shocked expression before his eyes fell to my chest. Well, actually, they focused on the stain on it.

"Oh, before I forget." He turned around and started rummaging through his bag.

He got some kind of blue sweatshirt from it and handed it to me.

"Here. It's probably gonna be too big but it will hide the stain and keep you warm while you nap."

I slowly took the piece of clothing out of his hand and unfolded it. The number five stared back at me with 'CALLAHAN' written in bold letters just above it.

Oh shit. He gave me his hockey jersey.

"It's clean, kitten, don't worry." He smirked and went back to writing.

I blinked at him before putting a hand on his wrist, effectively stopping his note taking.

"You don't have to do this, Levi, I could just ask my friend Melissa for her notes."

He frowned and said nothing for a few seconds. "You... Do you think I wouldn't be able to take good notes? Because I can guarantee you, I'm only dumb when it comes to learning, I'm really capable of taking decent notes, I mean they probably wouldn't be as good as—"

I put my hand on his mouth to stop the word vomit.

"Dude. Shut up, I know you're capable of taking good notes, baby. And you're far from dumb, you simply struggle with concentration a bit. I just don't want to bother you in case you'd have better things to do."

That seemed to ease his mind and he simply shrugged.

"I wanna stay with you. I like hanging out with you, Dani." I couldn't help the smile that broke free from my lips right then and it seemed to be contagious because Levi was soon sporting the same one.

"Cool?"

"Cool." I repeated, biting my lip.

Pulling the hoodie over my head I was immediately hit by the delicious perfume emanating from it. I inhaled Levi's signature smell like an addict.

"Did you just sniff it?" He asked, amused.

"Yes. Yes I did. I'm not ashamed to admit it. You smell wonderful."

He chuckled and went back to writing while I crossed my arms on my desk and put my head on them to act as a pillow. I stared at him for a while, taking in his delicate yet strong features.

His nose was sturdy and slightly crooked— like it had been broken in the past— it was just the perfect size for his face. Brown hair fell against his forehead and as he focused on the teacher's words, his dark eyebrows were frowning. His lips were pink and plump, quite unusual for a guy, and he had the cutest freaking dimples on each cheek. Who didn't like guys with dimples? Psychopaths, that's who.

Before I could stop myself, I grazed them with the tips of my fingers. His attention turned to me. He smiled lazily and I answered in kind.

"You, Levi Callahan, were written for me."

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CHAPTER 11:

Levi

Standing in front of the door to Dani's room, I tried gathering enough courage to knock.

Fuck, this was really happening.

I was about to take this fascinating, wonderful, gorgeous girl's virginity.

If you'd told me two months ago that this was about to happen, I would have laughed in your face.

Because two months ago, it was clear in my mind that Dani would never give me time of day. I had never seen her with guys or heard about her being in a relationship— now I knew why— but I had always pictured her to date smart guys. You know, guys that didn't actually need her to tutor them because their brains were too stupid to process information without help.

So, after our first tutoring session, where I made a crude sexual joke and she simply rolled her eyes and told me to stop talking and start studying, I had decided she was off limits.

But fate had a funny way of operating because look at me now. Standing right outside her dorm, trying to work up the nerves to knock and sweep her off her feet.

I wanted tonight to be as perfect as possible for her but anxiety had my stomach in knots. I knew from experience I was good at sex, but what if nerves wrecked everything tonight? What if the sensation of being inside of her was so good that I came early? What if I got so nervous I threw up on her bed? Oh God, I never should have eaten that pizza with Kane earlier.

Putting my hand in front of my mouth, I breathed on it to make sure it smelled like the gallons of mouthwash I had gobbled down right after we finished eating. It did. Thank God.

Some girls passed me in the hallway, casting me curious looks. I tried my best not to care and took a deep breath before finally knocking.

There, I did it. Now I had to wait.

When the door opened, less than a minute later, I felt anticipation swirling in my stomach. What was Dani wearing? Did she get some lingerie? A cute nightgown?

Fuck, if she was naked behind that door I would lose it.

But once she came into sight, none of my earlier guesses were right.

Don't get me wrong, I thought she was gorgeous no matter what she wore. But I was under the impression that my hockey hoodie and some joggers two sizes too big were not what she meant when she said she was having a self-care day.

That's not what really grabbed my attention, though. Her hair was up in a messy bun and she looked five seconds away from a breakdown.

Even worse, her eyes were puffy and red and her cheeks were streaked with tears.

My instincts kicked in and I immediately grabbed her, hands cupping her cheeks as I let the door slam shut behind me.

"What's wrong, kitten, what happened?" I could feel the panic seep through my pores.

Seeing her crying unlocked some fierce protectiveness in me. I was scared and a bit panicked by what may have happened to get her in that state.

"I-I'm sorry." She whispered before burying her face in my chest. Sobs rocked her small frame as I hugged her to me fiercely.

"Dani, baby, please tell me what's wrong so I can fix it. You're scaring me." I caressed her hair, kissing the top of her head and needing to feel close to her.

"It wasn't supposed to come today." Her voice was muffled by my shirt which she gripped like her life depended on it.

"What? What wasn't supposed to come today?"

"My period!" She pushed away from me enough to look me in the eyes. "I thought my stomach hurt because of the disgusting almond milk they put in my coffee but it didn't! My period came early and now we can't have sex because I'm bleeding like a pig!" Dani pushed her face against my chest again, crying loudly.

I felt my heart ease a little at her declaration. I blew out a breath of relief. Thank God it was only her period and not someone hurting her.

"It's okay, baby, shhh, stop crying." I stroked her hair.

"I'm so sorry, Levi. I was so looking forward to having you inside me." I couldn't help it and chuckled at her confession because damn, again, that girl had *no* fucking filter. I was starting to love that about her.

"Don't be sorry for something that's out of your control baby. Here." I let my hands travel to her thighs and hoisted her up so I could hold her.

Her legs and arms wrapped around me as I carried her to her bed, rubbing her back in a soothing manner. A towel was laid out on top of the white bedding and I guessed it was to keep her from staining the covers with blood.

I put her down, as slowly as possible because I didn't want to risk hurting her.

She was sniffing but had stopped crying almost as soon as I'd carried her. I sat down next to her and pushed a few strands of hair away from her face.

"Here, you're good, kitten." She grabbed my hand and intertwined our fingers. I smiled at her as she stared at me drowsily. "What can I do to help?"

"Just hold my hand, it's helping."

I bent over her and pressed my lips to her forehead.

"I'm really sorry tonight didn't go as planned, Levi. I'd understand if you wanted to go back home, I probably won't be the best company."

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm exactly where I want to be."

She sent me a grateful look, eyes brimming with tears, as her thumb caressed the back of my hand. We stayed that way until she started squirming uncomfortably.

"What's wrong?"

"I— uh... I need to change my pad." She evaded my gaze which made me understand she felt awkward about having to admit that.

I didn't say anything as I grabbed her waist and brought her to my chest again, carrying her to her small bathroom. I put her down in front of the door and she sent me a shy smile before entering it and closing the door after herself. I noticed she was limping slightly which got me thinking of how painful periods must be for women. Five days of that? Per month? Men could never.

Just as I sat back down on her bed I heard her scream from the bathroom. I was up and knocking in the next second.

"Noooooo!"

"Dani? What's wrong? May I come in?"

I was about to knock again when the door flew open and she appeared. The tears were back on her face. God, why did my heart feel so constricted whenever I saw her cry? It was torture.

She threw herself in my arms and I immediately hugged her.

"What's wrong, baby?"

"I don't have any pads left! I thought I had a new pack under my sink but I don't and I can't even ask Melissa to bring me some because she's at her grandma's for the night and I'm gonna have to go to the store and buy some and my stomach hurts and I have a migraine and I wanna throw up!" At least that's what I thought she said because her words were all muffled by her cries and my shirt.

This girl truly had me wrapped around her finger. The situation was comical but I hated the fact that she seemed to be in so much pain. I hated that there was seemingly nothing I could do to help alleviate that pain.

Rubbing her back, I let Dani have a good cry against my chest, kissing her hair from time to time as we stood in the middle of her room. When she calmed down a bit, I brought her back to bed and kissed her forehead.

"I'll be right back, okay? Try and get some rest, I'll buy you some pads."

"You sure about that, Levi?"

I nodded and pecked her lips before grabbing her spare keys from the nightstand and making my way out of her dorm. It was just pads. How hard could that be?

Turns out it was *really* fucking hard.

There were so fucking many different brands and... sizes? What the hell. I didn't know pussies came in different sizes. I mean, I had been with my fair share of women and although their bodies all looked and felt different, I had never noticed any difference in that particular area.

Heavy, light, super heavy... What the hell?

I had been in the women's products aisle for the last fifteen minutes, just staring at the different packages. Women were casting me strange looks and I felt like I needed to make a decision quickly before they called security. I contemplated asking them for help a couple of times but, frankly, I just couldn't think of a decent way to ask a woman for her pussy size. *Pussize?*

So I ended up grabbing my phone and dialing Dani's number.

"Hey, everything okay?" She asked as soon as she picked up.

"Uh, yeah, of course, I just need some precision." When she didn't say anything, I took that as my clue to continue. "So, I know I should probably know that because I've had my fingers in there quite a few times now," an old lady passed by and heard the end of my sentence. She looked at me with weird eyes. "But, well, there seems to be no extra small and uh... God, there's no sweet way to ask that. What's your pussy size, Dani?"

Silence.

Utter fucking silence.

Fuck, did I offend her—

Screeching laughter sounded at the end of the line. I smiled and stopped breathing for a second. Her laugh truly was one of my favorite things about Dani and I would never tire of hearing it. Even if it was while she was mocking me.

Back at the dorm, I found my little minx dozing off right where I left her. When she heard me enter, her eyes opened and she smirked.

"Found my size, big guy?" I chuckled and rolled my eyes, embarrassed. I was just glad she wasn't crying anymore.

When her eyes found the plastic bag in my hand, they widened slightly.

"Levi, I only needed one pack, did you buy all the stock?" She sat up in bed and winced slightly in pain.

"Nope. I looked up what helped with period cramps so I got a few more things."

My father only had brothers and his brothers only had sons. We were a family full of men. And although I was partially raised by Nur, my nanny and housekeeper, I knew next to nothing about the workings of the female body. Well, aside from how to give it orgasms. So, yeah. Google really was my best friend.

I came to sit on the side of her bed as she looked at me with those big brown eyes of hers and handed her the grocery bag. She immediately

started rummaging through it.

"Raspberry leaves tea? Dark chocolate, a hot water bag, lavender oil? Oh my God! You got me Golden Oreos, I could fucking kiss you right now!" She looked like a child on Christmas morning, making me smile.

Her eyes shone with what I hoped was adoration as she stared at me like I hung the moon and the stars. Her hair was slightly mussed from laying down and probably moving around in bed, she literally floated in my jersey and her face was still a bit pink from crying. But fuck if she wasn't breathtaking at that moment.

Daniella Vega was by far the most beautiful girl I had ever laid eyes upon.

She went on, discovering everything I had gotten at the grocery store, putting the snacks on one side of her bed and the medicine and accessories on another. She looked adorable, talking my ear off about how she would use each item and in what order.

Once she had everything out, she looked at me with teary eyes and trembling lips before throwing herself at me.

"Thank you, Levi." I felt my own throat constrict at the emotion of her voice. Fuck I only spent like fifty dollars on all that and it made her *that* happy?

I suddenly felt the need to spoil the absolute fuck out of her. Just to see her smile like that again.

I said nothing and kissed her neck while I hugged her tight.

"Don't thank me, baby. Why don't you take a hot shower and then we can order some pizza and watch movies in bed? I'll massage your stomach if you want." I prayed she wouldn't send me back to my dorm.

I knew the only reason we agreed to see each other tonight was to have sex and now that it was out of the question, I was afraid she would want to stay alone.

But it turned out, we were on the same line and she nodded her head slightly.

"Okay. I can do that."

"Cool."

"Cool."

We both chuckled and she grabbed my hand, lacing our fingers together. "You know... I think you're my best friend, Levi."

I brought her closer to me, hugging her to my chest as she returned the embrace.

"I *know* you're mine."

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CHAPTER 12:

Levi

"Excuse me?! He did *what*?" I bursted out laughing at the look on Levi's face.

He was so shocked he couldn't even control the level of his voice and several people turned around to look at us. We were eating lunch on the lawn in front of the building I'd have my next class at. It was a beautiful and peaceful day, the weather was becoming warmer and he'd surprised me with tacos and lemonade after I'd texted him how hungry my last three hours of exams made me.

Levi was just so thoughtful. The day I got my period, almost a week ago now, we ate pizza and watched movies on my laptop while spooning. He rubbed my stomach in circles to try and make me feel better and, honestly, it worked. I didn't know if it was his close proximity that just took my mind off the pain or the warmth emanating from him that soothed me but whatever the reason, I slept like a baby that night.

He wasn't there when I woke up but he did leave a note saying he had practice and couldn't miss it or his coach would have his ass. I might have kept his note in my treasure box.

"Yeah." I felt myself nodding and grinning at the absolute shock on his face.

"You... but... but he's a priest!"

I shrugged. "Romance has no limit, baby." I plucked a fry from his plate.

"But... in her ass really? With a crucifix?! How would that even work?"

I giggled again because I could see his little mind trying to make sense of the logistics of the scene I just described to him. It came from my last romance book, a torrid affair in a covent between a future nun and her priest.

"It's fiction, Levi! It's like when the girl takes two men up the same hole... not really plausible, but freaking hot nonetheless."

"I think I'll need you to make me a list of books to read because damn... I thought I was pretty well documented when it came to sex but it seems I have lots to learn."

I rolled my eyes, a small smile still pulling at my lips. We continued eating, alternating between cute banter and peaceful silence. I continued stealing fries from his plate but he didn't seem to mind. That was a huge green flag if you asked me. I remembered Melissa's last boyfriend once threw a fit at the restaurant because she had stolen a fry from him.

If a man wasn't generous when it came to food, there was no way he would be with orgasms.

"Hey, I wanted to ask." My eyes went back to him and I nodded quietly, urging him to go on. Levi licked his lips nervously, one of his hands coming up to rub at the nape of his neck.

"So, tomorrow we have a game and I— uh... would you like to come? I thought maybe after it's done we could go back to my place and watch something."

An eyebrow pulled up, I put the tacos I had been eating down. "To your place? With Kane's bed literally six feet from yours?" I asked laughingly.

Being on the hockey team, Levi wasn't allowed to live outside of campus yet, that only could happen in his senior year. And he wasn't as lucky as I was because he had to share his dorm with someone. He and Kane seemed to get along pretty well but having a roommate also meant he couldn't bring me over whenever he wanted. Hence, we mostly met at my place.

"No, not my dorm. My place."

I frowned.

"Your dad lives near campus? I thought you were from Michigan."

"I am and no, not my dad's place, *my* place. I got an apartment not too far from campus. I can't live there permanently yet but I do like to go on some weekends. It's a penthouse and you can see the stars pretty well from the balcony."

I blinked. And blinked again.

Now, don't get me wrong, it did come to my attention that Levi's family must've been pretty well off— he never looked at the prices when we shopped, he always paid for our food... His clothes always looked expensive even though they didn't have any logos on them and his car was freaking stunning.

But to have a *penthouse* apartment to himself at twenty-one? Okay, *that* surprised me.

Seeing my reaction seemed to make him more nervous so I quickly pulled myself together and sent him a reassuring smile. I didn't want him to think I was judging him for having money. My own family did pretty well, my dad had his own construction company and my mom was an elementary school teacher at a private school in our hometown. We weren't well-off per se, but also far from needing financial help.

"Okay. I'll come and cheer on you and then we can go to your apartment and hang out." My hand grabbed his and I gave it a squeeze which he answered in kind.

We hadn't talked about when we would try to have sex again, but I'd be damned if I didn't prepare for it in case something happened tomorrow. Tonight and tomorrow morning were self-care time, baby.

"So, tell me more about your books. What other scandalous scenes have you read lately?"

Ah, Levi. A man after my own heart. "Well, let me tell you about that girl being stalked by a maniac who sends her the eyeballs of every man who dares look at her..."

If you ever wonder what ice rink locker rooms smell like, just think of every disgusting odor you ever had the misfortune of smelling throughout the course of your life.

Tell you what, I had three brothers. All of them were athletes— Cruz had been boxing since he was five, Matteo was looking at a really promising career in basketball and Santiago was quarterback from little league up to his senior year of college. And yeah, sometimes they all came home together after practice, and made it their life mission to give me bear hugs just so that I could smell the disgusting scents emanating from them. The joy of having brothers.

But even their collective reek was better than the stench of these lockers.

My God, did someone *die* in there?

In my head, I cursed Levi five ways to Sunday for telling me to meet him there before his game.

After I agreed to come tonight, he fetched a new jersey from his bag and handed it to me saying he'd love to see me wear it as I cheered him on from the front row. Naturally, and because I was such a sucker for him, I agreed. I also would have said yes to anything just so I could have another shirt that smelled like him.

I had to wash the one he gave me last week so it was useless to me now, smelling of detergent instead of his delicious, musky pine wood scent.

Coming to a halt not far from the doors Levi told me about yesterday, I started to text him when they suddenly flew open and a horde of blue and white jersey wearing men came hollering out.

In the midst of all the craziness, I noticed Levi. He was chatting with one of his teammates but didn't seem that focused on the conversation. His head was moving around, looking for something or, rather, someone, in the crowd. Fuck, he was gorgeous with his helmet loose on his head and his shoulder pads making him look even more massive than usual.

Oh, mama. I'd have to write a hockey player scene soon because I would die for him to fuck me in uniform.

When his eyes found mine, a huge grin split up his face. He immediately dismissed his friend and made his way to me through the crowd. When he finally reached me, I was swept off my feet.

"Levi!" I yelped, laughing and clinging to his shoulders.

"You came."

"Of course I did!" I smiled up at him as soon as he put me down. "I promised I would, big guy."

"Wasn't sure since I remember you saying you didn't like sports." He gave me a boyish smirk, one of his hands playing with my hair.

It was loose on my shoulders but with two little braids on each side which I'd tied with blue and white ribbons. I had fun with makeup, painting my eyelids a light blue and cutting the crease with sparkly white eyeshadow. On each of my cheeks was his number, the number five, and of course, I was wearing his jersey with some mom jeans.

On the drive over, I was actually scared I had overdone it, but judging by the proud look on his face, maybe I was wrong.

"You're gorgeous, kitten." I could feel my cheeks warm up as I rolled my eyes playfully.

"You're not so bad yourself. These pants make your ass bigger, I *love*." He laughed, throwing his head back and I felt my heart fill up with warmth. "Can't wait to see you on the ice! Hope you— uh, shoot a lot of... goals?" I was unsure about hockey terminology but it didn't seem to offend him so all was good.

"Thanks, pretty girl, but with you here, I already won." He kissed my forehead and my fucking heart thought it would be a good idea to do a somersault in my chest.

"I got you a seat with the other family members and close friends. My friend Remi's girl should be there, she said she'd take you under her wing so you won't feel alone."

Okay, that was great because big crowds weren't usually my thing, especially when I didn't know anyone.

"You really are the best." I smiled and got up on my tiptoes to peck his lips after I made sure nobody was looking in our direction.

When I pulled back, Levi was looking at me with eyes I couldn't decipher. He seemed deep in thoughts as his gaze took in every inch of my face. Finally, he decided to cup my cheek and bring my mouth to his in a real kiss.

And what a kiss it was, nothing close to a peck this time. His warm lips parted mine and our tongues started playing with one another. As always, he tasted wonderful and addictive. My hands gripped his jersey as his circled my waist and brought me closer to him.

Since I had been on my period all week, physical contact had been sparse, and I was not about to lie and say I wasn't horny. I would probably have let him have me right there in the corridor had he wished to. That's how good of a kisser Levi was. And how horny I was.

When we pulled apart, it was only because we heard his coach yell his name.

"Now, *that* was a good luck kiss if I ever had one, kitten."

"You don't need luck, you're gonna rock it out there, Levi." I smiled and stole one last kiss before turning around and walking to the arena, not waiting for his answer.

All the while, I couldn't help but grin like an idiot. I was falling for him. Bad.

"So, see that dark thing on the ice? The little disc they're all fighting for?" Turns out Valerie, Remi's girlfriend, was appalled after I told her my family had always been more into football than hockey and that I didn't know shit about it. She had taken it upon herself to teach me the basics.

Valerie was a tall blond with big boobs and a slim waist. Super nice, too. As soon as she saw me she smiled and said she had kept me a seat. How she knew I was me when I had never met her before was a mystery but I was grateful.

"That's called a puck. That's the object with which each team is supposed to score. If it enters the opposite team's cage, it's a goal. A point for the team that scored..."

I kept on nodding and tried my best to look like I understood everything she was saying when in reality, it didn't make any sense to me. Especially when my mind was only thinking of one thing: getting Levi to his apartment and out of his clothes.

I would have never thought sports could be such an aphrodisiac.

"What the hell, ref! Get your head out of your ass and start doing your job!" The scream came suddenly from behind me, effectively cutting off Valerie's explanation.

We both turned around only to see a small girl with light brown skin and a headscarf frowning at the ice, her hands forming a circle around her mouth so that her voice would carry into the distance.

When she noticed us staring she shrugged. "What? Best part about hockey is taking your anger out on the referee, everybody knows that."

Next to me, Valerie shrugged. "She ain't wrong."

"I'm Zainab, by the way." The stranger— Zainab, outstretched her hand with a small smile.

I smiled back and shook it. "Daniella, but everybody calls me Dani. That's Valerie." The blond smiled and waved back. "Who are you here to see?"

Zainab sighed. "My brother. He's number nine, over there."

"Oh, you're Hassan's sister?" Valerie nodded in acknowledgment. Damn, how long had she and Remi been together? Did she know everyone on this

team and their number? Why did I weirdly want Levi and I's relationship to come to that level too?

"Yup. My mom was supposed to come with me but she decided to order some sushi late last night and... well, it was a bad idea. She had to stay at the hotel."

I chuckled. "So you're not from here?"

"Oh, not at all. I'm from Riverbridge, down south. We're only visiting. Although, maybe I'll join Hollowside next year, who knows— Oh my God, ref! Why don't you bend over and use your good eye, you idiot!"

I couldn't help but laugh at her outburst. Who knew hockey could be so fun. Back when we went to Santi's football games, they were far from being so lively. Nobody yelled the way people did here.

In fact, the yelling seemed so fun, I couldn't help but want to try it myself. Especially after a player from the opposite team decided it would be cool to tackle Levi even though he didn't have the puck at that moment.

Immediately jumping out of my seat, I hit the glass protector. "Hey, it's hockey not fucking MMA! Stop acting like a little bitch and play like a man!"

I immediately turned to my two new friends to see if my insult was good enough and they both grinned as they gave me a thumb up. I beamed.

Looking back at the ice, Levi was now standing again and shaking his head at me with smiling eyes. Well, I could probably get used to it. Watching Levi in his hockey uniform and finding a new outlet for my repressed anger issues? Best of both worlds.

"Hurry up!" I tugged on Levi's hand as we finally entered his building.

The game ended less than an hour ago, we went to pick up something to eat and then drove over to his place. His place being one of the swankiest, fanciest freaking buildings in Hollowside.

He chuckled from behind me, balancing a bag full of the greasiest burgers we could find— games made him hungry as he explained.

"Slow down, kitten. The apartment isn't going to disappear."

"I know. That's not what I'm in a hurry for." We finally stopped in front of a private elevator and I pressed the little button a dozen times, like it would make it open quicker.

"What for, then?" At last the elevator arrived and its door opened.

I rushed inside, still pulling Levi behind me. Again, I pushed the 'closing' button a few times before the doors finally shut, leaving us alone and away from prying eyes.

I turned around, facing Levi and quietly took the diner bag from his hands, put it on the floor between us, as he looked at me with watchful eyes.

"This." I answered his question. My lips pulled in a wicked smirk as I pushed on my feet, smashing my lips against his.

He whimpered and his hands immediately found my hips. "Fuck, kitten. You have no idea how much I needed this."

"You?" I whispered against his mouth, "I've been horny for a week and seeing you play tonight didn't help at all. Do you know how fucking hot you are in your hockey jersey and protections?"

I gasped when he took my lips again, more roughly this time. His tongue thrusting in and out, fucking my mouth like I knew he would soon be doing

to my pussy. Our kiss was down right filthy, his saliva mixing with mine, I sucked on his tongue while he gripped my ass, bringing me closer to him. His rock hard erection was rubbing against my stomach and I whimpered, so fucking ready to experience it.

Levi Callahan had turned me into a sex fiend.

The fact that we hadn't had sex yet was just ridiculous, honestly. I didn't know how I was able to wait this long. I'd gone twenty years without it but a month with this guy and I was aching for it like crazy.

"I'm eating your pussy tonight, baby. I missed it so fucking much. Your taste is like a drug to me."

Heat gathered in my core and I felt myself clench at his words. I wanted it. So much.

"And you'll flood my mouth like the perfect girl you are, right, kitten?" I nodded, my nails digging into his forearms as I ground myself shamelessly against him.

Tonight.

Tonight would be the night I lost my virginity. I had officially decided.

The ring announcing we had arrived on the last floor resounded around us and we pulled away halfheartedly. I bit Levi's lip, not fully ready to let go yet. He smiled, shaking his head at my antics, before turning around and punching a code onto the elevator's panel.

When the doors opened, I felt my eyes widen.
It was a kind of luxury I was not used to.

We arrived directly in the living room which was decorated so simply yet elegantly, I instantly knew it was the work of a professional. White couch,

top of the game TV mounted on the wall, marble coffee table, this was my mother's Pinterest dream!

What truly got my attention though, was the huge bay window. The whole wall that gave onto the terrace was made of it. You could see the city's lights shining through it. It was magnificent.

From behind me, I felt Levi pepper kisses along my neck. My lips formed a smile before I could really think about it and I let my head fall back against his chest. He continued his ministrations as I closed my eyes, simply basking in the proximity.

It may sound stupid but at that moment, it didn't feel sexual. It was affection, it was... adoration.

It was peace.

One of his hands was holding our food while the other was splayed on my stomach.

"Come on, I want to show you something." He whispered, pushing me gently to go forward. "Close your eyes." The fact that I obeyed without question and let him guide me testified of the trust I'd put in him.

With one hand on my waist, we started walking towards what I knew to be the bay window. I heard the door to the huge balcony open before a gust of cool air blew some of my strands away from my face. It wasn't chilly and it wasn't too hot. It was perfect, especially with the hot weather we had to endure today.

"Are you ready?" He asked quietly. His tone sounded almost nervous but when I nodded wordlessly and he told me to open my eyes, I understood why.

The balcony was set up in one of the most beautiful and romantic ways I had ever seen. Red roses were everywhere, candles— LED ones from the look of it, were strewn around the floor creating a gorgeous halo of light

and, the cherry on top, an inflatable mattress was in the middle of it all, topped with the most comfortable looking blankets and pillows. A small platter with all my favorite snacks laid on top of the bed and somehow, that's what brought tears to my eyes.

This was movie-worthy romantic. I had no idea how he had everything set up while we were at the game— although, seeing his apartment I had no doubt he could afford to pay someone to do it. My stomach erupted with butterflies as I let my eyes take in everything in front of me again. I was alight with joy and excitement. Nobody had ever done something so thoughtful for me. And the fact that he always included my favorite snacks? Whenever he came over to watch a movie, he'd bring some. He even started including a pack of Golden Oreos to our study sessions. It might sound weird but this simple attention was better than the fanciest and most expensive gifts in the world to me. Because it showed how well he knew me.

I pursed my lips hard to keep them from trembling because this man? He was the embodiment of perfect.

“Say something, Dani. Did I blow it up? Is this too much?”

The worry in his voice nearly broke my heart and made me spin around to cup his cheeks. His blue eyes shone as he gazed back at me like I was the most precious thing to him.

In the moonlight, with the city and the candles reflecting on his skin, Levi was beautiful. I know it's not a commonly used term for men, but to me, it defined him perfectly.

Because this guy wasn't only gorgeous and hot as sin, he was also big hearted and loving. He gave without waiting for anything in return and seeing that look of uncertainty on his face made me want to cry.

“Levi... this is the most thoughtful, nice and beautiful thing someone has ever done for me. Thank you. This is the perfect—” Date. That was on the

tip of my tongue but *God* was I afraid that defining this as such would make him bolt. Because a date meant we weren't simply fooling around anymore. It meant this wasn't simply two friends helping each other and having fun. "...experience." I finished instead. "Thank you so much." I hugged him, my arms encircling his neck.

For a second he didn't move and I was afraid I had said too much, but then his arms closed around me and he hugged me like his life depended on it. He squeezed me so tightly it probably would have hurt if I hadn't been on a cloud, my brain foggy with bliss.

At that very moment, inhaling his delicious scent as he held me tight, like he was afraid I'd disappear, I felt it for the first time. It was like Levi had pushed me over the edge, making me fall, hard. I could only hope he'd join me and grab my hand as we made our way down into the unknown..

Because if he didn't, then I'd crash, and it hurt just thinking about it.

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CHAPTER 13:

Daniella

"So, I take it you enjoyed yourself?" Levi asked with a smile as we laid on the mattress, my head on his chest, his arm around me.

We stared up at the sky and he hadn't lied about the view. You could see the stars and it was simply beautiful. After eating the delicious burgers we picked up and nibbling on a few Golden Oreos, we decided to lay back a bit just to digest and talk.

"Are you kidding me? It was awesome, Levi! You were awesome. When you're on the ice it's like you're... flying!" I beamed up at him and noticed the tips of his ears turn red.

Men who blush. My very own kryptonite.

"You're only saying that because I give you the best orgasms you've ever had." He rolled his eyes playfully to try and downplay the compliment I'd just paid him.

One thing I noticed about Levi was that even though he tried to seem confident—and he was confident, most of the time. There seemed to be this lingering doubt regarding whether or not he was good enough. I had no idea where that came from, since, in my eyes, he was freaking perfect. But I promised myself I'd try my best to make him lose that doubtful part of his personality.

Pushing up to my knees, I swung a leg over him and straddled his waist. His eyes looked up in surprise even as a small smile tugged at his lips. My hands anchored themselves on either side of his head as I frowned at him.

"I'm for real, Levi. I never got sports before but tonight, seeing how focused you were on the ice, how fast and strong you proved to be... I loved how passionate you were about it. Hockey is your art and you're damn fucking good at it. It was mesmerizing to watch."

He seemed at loss for words. His eyes gleamed with something I couldn't quite decipher and his mouth was slightly open. Two times he tried to speak but no words would come out. I was starting to believe maybe I had said too much, been too far and made him uncomfortable—because, let's face it I had a knack for making people feel that way.

"You truly are my best friend, Dani. You will never know how fucking grateful I am that you trusted me to help you." His voice was quiet, no trace of his usual playful tone was to be heard.

Again, butterflies seemed to be going off in my stomach. There were so many things I wanted to say right then. That he was my best friend too. That I was falling for him. That loving him was so easy it felt almost natural. Like I was born to do it, like we were born to be together.

But I was scared. I knew he had never been in a relationship before, not a serious one anyways. And even though he told me he'd stopped sleeping around a few months before we started this thing, I was still scared that was the only thing he would be able to give me. Sex.

I was scared shitless that if I confessed to him what I was feeling, it would throw him off. Right now he had the best of both worlds, a best friend he could talk to and count on, and a fuck buddy with whom he had out of this world chemistry.

I didn't want to risk getting my heart broken after it had just started beating for someone else for the first time ever. So I didn't say anything.

I simply leaned in, brushing my lips against his. That's all Levi needed to flip me over and deepen the kiss. He plundered my mouth like a man starving, like I was the Fountain of Youth and he wanted to stay young forever. My arms circled his neck as I pulled him even closer to me, spreading my thighs to accommodate his body. He was only wearing his gray sweatpants—the ones I loved, and the outline of his hard cock rubbed against my jeans-covered pussy in a way that made me moan out loud.

“I want you so much, baby.” His mouth left mine to pepper kisses all over my neck. I threw my head back to give him more space, and he didn't disappoint, sucking and licking my skin.

“Take me, then.” I breathed. “I'm yours, Levi.”

He stopped kissing my skin and started watching me quietly, like he was trying to engrave every inch of my face onto his brain. Like he wanted this moment to never leave his memory.

I wanted him so much I would have begged. Right then, it wasn't only about the pleasure I knew I would get out of it. It was about him, us. About the proximity and the link that would form between us after we took that final step. I was so obsessed with this man that I wanted him as close as possible, I wanted him deep inside of me, cementing my feelings.

“Are you sure, kitten?” He pulled back and looked at me with worried eyes. “We can wait, I didn't—I didn't do any of this so we would have sex, Dani. I did it because you deserve it and I wanted to make you happy.”

I smiled and cupped his stubbled cheek. “I know. But I want this, Levi. I want us to take that final step, baby. Don't you want me?”

“I want you so bad it hurts. I want you more than I've ever wanted anything.”

“Then take me.”

And he did. His mouth found mine again and he kissed me with a passion only he was capable of. His kiss was fire, spreading all throughout my body and leaving me aching to get burned.

But it was over too soon, he pulled away and sat back on his haunches. He grabbed his shirt by the collar and lifted it over his head, giving me an unobstructed view of his toned body. I bit my lip to suppress the urge to moan in appreciation. Why was this simple gesture so hot?

I stared shamelessly at his naked chest, licking my lips.

“As much as I love seeing you wearing my jersey, right now I need you naked more .”

I didn’t wait and took off my top. Levi groaned when he realized I wasn’t wearing anything underneath and I smirked. “You’re gonna drive me crazy, kitten.”

Satisfied with myself, I wiggled out of my jeans and tossed them to the side. Levi crawled back over me, making me lay back down on the covers.

His mouth immediately closed around my nipple as he started sucking on it. I yelped, especially when one of his hands pinched the other bud. My legs were spread wide, the only thing separating me from his long, hard cock were my panties and his sweatpants.

My fingers tangled in his hair as I pulled him tighter against me, writhing in pleasure. “Oh, yes baby, just like that. Your mouth feels so good on me.”

After two years spent tutoring him, I knew praise was what worked the best with Levi. So it seemed only logical that he would like it in the bedroom too. And fuck, as soon as the words left my mouth, he sucked

harder, his free hand making its way to my sex. He started rubbing my clit through my panties and I moaned in delight.

“You're so good at this.” I writhed underneath him.

Letting go of my nipple, he looked down at where his hand was rubbing me. “Fuck baby, you’re soaking through your panties. Such a hot little slut.”

I nodded restlessly, “Yes, yes... Only for you.” My eyes closed from the pleasure his hands were giving me. One of them pinching my nipple, the other rubbing my clit like his life depended on it. On making me come.

“Damn fucking right. Mine only.”

This possessive side of Levi was a surprise but a hot and exciting one. It made me even crazier with desire for him. My hips jerked up of their own accord as I tried to get more friction from his fingers against that tiny bundle of nerves. I could feel the orgasm slowly climbing up my spine, ready to electrify me.

But then he stopped, and I could have cried in frustration.

“I need to make sure you’re ready to take me, kitten. I don’t want to hurt you.” I was about to tell him there was no way it wouldn’t hurt given the size of his dick, but that I was ready for it nonetheless, when he suddenly gripped my panties and literally tore them apart, baring me to his gaze.

I yelped in surprise and his eyes found mine. The blue eyes I’d grown to love were now a darker shade, drowning in lust and I knew my own must have been in a similar state.

“Sorry, I’ll buy you more panties, I promise, kitten.”

Before I could answer he flicked my clit with his tongue, drawing a long moan out of me. I gathered all my strength just so I could lean on my elbows and look at him eat me. He was like a starving man, licking my clit

back and forth until the little bundle of nerves felt like it was vibrating. I groaned, letting my head fall back and my thighs open wider. Levi took this as an invitation to shove a finger inside of me, the thick digit hitting just the right spot.

“Oh, yes, Levi!” His eyes looked up at me and he smirked in satisfaction.

He went back to licking me while simultaneously thrusting his finger in and out of my drenched pussy.

“Fuck, baby. You’re so good at this. You’re licking me so good, Levi.” I knew he loved when I was vocal and he loved to be praised for his good work even though he had never admitted it— maybe he never even realized it.

“I could eat your tight little cunt forever, Dani.” With that he added a second finger and started fucking me relentlessly.

My elbows gave out and I fell flat on the mattress. I could feel the muscles inside of my thighs starting to convulse. I was a moaning, quivering, wet mess as I came all over Levi’s face.

“Fuck, you taste so good. Give it to me. Drench my face with your cum, baby.”

That mouth of his! My fingers tangled in his hair as I gripped it and jerked him closer to my overstimulated pussy. I ground shamelessly against his face and he seemed to fucking love it because he ate me like I was his last meal. And even though I was just coming down from an orgasm, I could feel another one approaching.

His strong hands gripped my thighs so tight I was certain I would have bruises come tomorrow.

Levi’s body moved on its own, I felt him thrust against the mattress, and it only enhanced my own sensations. Because the knowledge that eating me out gave him so much pleasure that he had to hump the covers made me hot.

“Yes, yes, yes... so close, baby. Please, please make me come.” I moaned, thrashing around and arching my back in delight.

Then Levi did something that pushed me over the edge of the single most powerful orgasm of my life so far. With two fingers inside of me, he pressed them hard against my wall, connecting with my g-spot while simultaneously biting my clit.

I screamed so loud I’m pretty sure the whole town heard me. My thighs spasmed around Levi’s shoulders, and tears started falling from my eyes as my pussy squeezed around his fingers. I sobbed from the sheer force of the orgasm, feeling liquid heat gush out of me. He’d made me squirt. Again. And this time, I couldn’t find it in me to be ashamed.

Levi kept on licking me, lapping at my dribbling juices while keeping his eyes firmly on me as I cried.

My vision temporarily faded, tears gathering in my eyes as I felt stuck in a haze from all of the pleasure that coursed through my body. For a second, I could barely breathe.

Levi stayed right between my thighs, gently stroking and massaging them because he knew I’d be sore. His tongue gently swiped across my lips to soothe the sensitive flesh as he withdrew his fingers out of me. My pussy felt swollen and hot, and it hadn’t even been fucked yet.

If he was as good with his cock as he was with his mouth... I would probably need medical assistance.

Once my breathing was back to normal and my thighs stopped quivering, Levi made his way back up to me. His chin was shiny, glistening with my wetness and he bore a satisfied look on his face.

“Such a good kitten. Did you like soaking my face with your cum? Grinding against me like a wildcat.”

I whimpered, cupping his neck and pulling him to me so I could kiss him. I tasted myself on his lips but it somehow wasn't enough. I pulled back a bit, just enough so he could see me part my lips and wait for him to spit on my tongue.

There was just something so filthy about this act that it made me ache for more. I wanted to be filled. I wanted him inside of me. I wanted to forget what it even felt to be without him.

Levi smirked but obliged, letting his saliva drip onto my out-stretched tongue. He didn't wait for me to swallow it as he immediately sucked my tongue into his mouth, eliciting a deep moan from me. He groaned when my hands made their way to his rock hard cock inside of his sweats and I gripped it firmly.

"So hard and thick, baby." I moaned in his ear. I let my mouth explore the skin between his neck and shoulder, knowing it would drive her crazy. "And you made me so wet just so I could take you, didn't you?" I squeezed his hard length and he screwed his eyes shut in pleasure.

I stroked him up and down, making sure I was gripping him firmly. I loved touching him, making him feel as good as he made me. There was something so powerful about pleasuring a man, having him at your mercy. I knew if I squeezed the base just a little too hard, he'd probably come in a second, just like I knew if I kept my touch light on the head of his cock, it would drive him crazy, make him think he was so fucking close of coming, but still unable to reach it.

"Levi, I need you now." His forehead was pressed against mine and I felt his hot breath against my lips.

"Are you sure, kitten? It's never too late to say if you don't want it."

"But I do. I want you so bad it hurts. I want you so deep inside of me that I forget where you start and I finish."

The fire between us was out of this world. He regarded me with so much desire in his eyes that I felt it permeate the air.

Levi silently chucked off his pants, now as naked as I was. His eyes never left mine as he came to take his place between my thighs again, but this time, no clothes separated our willing bodies. My breath caught in my throat and I swear he got tense too. I tried to look down between us but I was still very weak from my earlier orgasms, and there was no way my elbows would have held me up. Levi noticed and grabbed one of the fluffy pillows around us to push it under my hips and elevate them. We shared a secret smile as he sat back on his haunches, his hard glistening cock aligning with my waiting pussy. He was ready to sink inside me and I was ready to welcome him.

One veiny hand grabbed the thick length and he gave it a couple of strokes before tapping the tip against my swollen clit. We both groaned and my eyes nearly crossed at the sensation. His cock was so soft yet so hard, it felt like something made of solid velvet. It also felt incredibly hot as precum dripped from the swollen tip. He used it to tap my folds again, but this time he lingered and slowly rubbed along the length of my slit. I was still incredibly wet from my earlier orgasms and the sensations he was eliciting right now had his cock drenched in my juices.

“You’re so wet, Dani. Always so fucking sensitive.” I nodded wordlessly, waiting for the moment he would finally sink inside me. He gave me a look, silently checking once again that I still wanted this and this time, I decided that actions spoke louder than words.

I flexed my hips, causing the tip of his cock to nudge the inside of my pussy. We both moaned.

Then Levi slowly drove himself home, sinking inch by delicious inch inside of me. I cried out and he sucked in a breath when he met some resistance. The pain in that moment was the worst. I knew it was bound to hurt a bit given his size but at that point I felt like I was being split in two.

“I’m so sorry baby.” He kissed my eyelids tenderly as I breathed through the pain.

It was agonizing but it felt so right at the same time. Then he was fully sheathed inside of me, my hands gripping his forearms and his digging on the mattress on each side of my head.

“How does it feel? Do you need me to stop?” He breathed against my lips. I kissed him.

“No.” I shook my head, “It still hurts but I think I like it. I like knowing it hurts because it’s you, because you’re big but still my body is able to take you. Does it feel good for you?” I knew most of the time, it was pleasurable for the man but still I had this nagging insecurity at the back of my head screaming that he probably would prefer a girl who was more experienced.

“Amazing, baby. You feel fucking amazing. You’re so fucking tight I can barely believe I’m inside you right now.” He smiled and I chuckled breathlessly.

I could barely believe it myself. My feelings felt bigger than anything at that point. My heart was full and tight because of all the emotions I felt going through me right then. Love, adoration, devotion, friendship. They were all new to me and freaked me out a bit, but the fact that I got to experience them with Levi so close to me, made everything better.

I tried flexing my hips a little to gauge how movement would feel since we had both been immobile the moment he hit home. To my surprise, the pain I’d been feeling up until then started to slowly subside. Giving him a little nod, I made it clear that I wanted him to start moving.

He listened, thrusting once, twice, before he found a rhythm. I whimpered everytime he pulled back only to sink forward again at an excruciatingly slow pace. My nails dug into his shoulder, and his fingers dug harder into my hip in response.

“Harder, Levi. I don’t want you to hold back.”

“I don’t want to hurt you, kitten.”

My hands cupped his cheeks, making him look at me. “I don’t want soft and careful, I want you. I want you to fuck me so hard I’ll barely be able to walk straight tomorrow.” My chest was moving up and down, I felt breathless. So fucking wild with desire that I could barely breathe correctly or think straight.

I wasn’t lying. I knew soft and slow would probably have been better for a first time, but I needed adrenaline, I needed dirty and I needed it hard. And being with Levi, I knew I would get it. I knew he would make it good but still cared enough for me not to hurt me.

My words seemed to set him off because he growled low in his throat before claiming my lips in a bruising kiss. His hips pulled back only to push harder into me. I cried out, my legs circling his waist. One hand grabbed hold of my thigh and pulled me harder into him while he thrustled relentlessly in and out of me.

I had never felt so full in my entire life. Levi didn’t relent, he rammed into me hard and fast, the hand that had been holding my thigh sneaking between us to pinch my nipple while he took the other into his mouth. I moaned in delight, throwing my head back.

“Oh, Levi! Yes, yes, yes! I need more, please, baby. More.”

Always attentive to my needs and desires, his hand left my breast so he could grab my thigh again. He actually straightened up, grabbing both of my thighs in each of his hands and putting them over his shoulders. I had never felt so open in my life.

“Oh fuck!” I exclaimed and he chuckled.

“So much deeper like that, right baby? Can you feel me all the way up in that little cunt?” I nodded, my eyes closing on their own accord. Holding both of my ankles, his hips flexed and he rammed his cock back into me.

I screamed, one hand fisting the sheets while the other started playing with my own nipple. It was still slick from his mouth and felt even better.

Looking up at him, Levi looked like a king, hovering over me, holding me open for his pleasure, watching his hard cock sink back and forth into my dripping pussy. He turned me on like nothing else. One of his hands left my ankle and applied light pressure on my lower stomach. I swear I saw stars when he did that.

“L-Levi!” My eyes widened.

“Yeah, baby? You liked that?” I nodded so fast I nearly gave myself whiplash, my eyes squeezed shut when he did it again.

He pressed harder this time, splaying his fingers in a way that he could keep on pressing down on my stomach while his thumb rubbed circles against my clit.

“Come for me, Dani. Come for me while I fill you with my cum.”

Pushing down hard on my clit, Levi made me feel so overwhelmed I didn’t even notice the orgasm creeping in until it was too late. Pleasure flooded my senses as my body coiled tight, I arched my back and screamed his name at the top of my lungs as my orgasm took over.

Because I wanted him to know. I wanted the whole fucking world to know who was making me feel that way. I wanted the world to know that I was his while silently hoping he was mine.

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CHAPTER 14:

Levi

I was so fucking gone for this girl it wasn't even funny.

It took all of me not to let the four letter word slip out of my mouth when I sank deep into her warmth. My skin prickled from where her nails dug in earlier, drawing blood and marking me as hers. I had half the mind to get them forever tattooed on my body, but maybe that was just my lovesick heart attracting crazy thoughts into my brain.

Granted, said brain was still hazy from the event that just took place. I barely could wrap my head around the fact that I had just taken Daniella Vega's virginity.

Breathing erratically, I looked up at the sky as I willed myself to stop trembling. I barely managed to get myself off her after the earth shattering orgasm that overtook me. She was tight, wet and hot but the sensations were also enhanced by the fact that I was fucking her raw. I had never fucked without a condom before so, in a way, this was a first for me too. And fuck if the feeling of my cum shooting deep inside her pussy didn't almost trigger another orgasm.

"Oh my God, Levi." She breathed, chest heaving up and down in a similar manner to mine, her head turned to me as she laid on the makeshift bed naked and satiated. "Now I get why people our age only think about sex."

I chuckled and she joined in soon after. I was scared the atmosphere would have been weird and heavy but I really shouldn't have been because being with Dani always felt natural, there was never any awkwardness between us.

"Can we do it again?" The little minx asked, rolling onto her stomach and putting her hands on my chest, caressing my skin.

I felt my dick stir against my thigh.

"Aren't you sore?" I pushed some strands of dark hair away from her face with a smirk. My beautiful, insatiable girl.

"Yeah but I like it. I wanna wake up tomorrow and think *damn Levi really wrecked me good with his horse dick.*"

I bursted out laughing and she followed suit, looking like she, herself, couldn't believe those words came out of her mouth. She really had no filter. Another thing I somehow grew to love about her.

When our laughter subsided, she bit her lip and looked at me with smiling eyes. One of my hands made its way to her waist as I nudged her towards me, wanting to feel her warmth. She took it one step further and threw a leg over me, straddling me. She laid fully on top of me, her wet and hot pussy against my stomach and those delicious little tits pushing against my chest. She laced her fingers together and gently put her palms on the top of my chest while staring adoringly at me.

My fingers drew abstract patterns on her back while we basked in each other's presence. I don't know what I did in my relatively short life to deserve what happened tonight but I'll always be grateful for it.

It was a memory I would forever cherish.

"You're so beautiful, Levi." Small fingers delicately went over my face, tracing my lips, my eyes and my nose, before she ever so lovingly kissed my eyelids. "I- I'm so happy that we got to share this with each other."

“You gave me a gift so priceless I will spend my life trying to make you as happy as you made me tonight if I have to.”

I gulped after the words left my mouth, thinking maybe I’d gone too far, said too much. My feelings for Dani were more than obvious to me at that point, but I had to remember I wasn’t her first choice. I would give everything to have her fall in love with me but for that to happen I knew I couldn’t rush her.

But somehow, even as my brain registered this my mouth didn’t seem able to stop speaking.

“I– I never had many friends. Real ones, I mean. I guess my closest friend is Kane and even that is because he was forced to room with me freshman year.” He was a great friend and I knew he had my back the same way I got his. “He’s a good person but he doesn’t talk much, you know? So, yeah... that’s why your friendship is so important to me. You’re the only person in my life I truly can talk to without feeling like you want something from me.”

Dani stared at me with something akin to sadness in her eyes before lightly kissing my lips.

“I’m sorry people don’t see you for you, Levi. They’re missing out on a lot because, well, you’re amazing.”

A lump in my throat made me blurt out the one thing I had been dreading to tell her from the moment we met, “My dad is Thomas Callahan.”

She blinked– poor thing was probably in shock, before nodding slowly. “Okay. My dad’s name is Enrico Vega.” Dani offered me a smile and I frowned.

What? Why– why was she telling me this? Was her dad famous too?

“I– is he famous?” Daniella snorted a laugh.

“Yeah, he grills the best steaks of the neighborhood. My parents have this huge barbecue once a year where they invite the whole block, so I guess you could say he’s famous, yeah.” She smiled and then it dawned on me... Dani had no idea who the hell Thomas Callahan was.

The knowledge caused me to smile and claim her lips in a happy kiss.

“That’s cool. My dad is an international hockey player. He’s pretty famous but he couldn’t handle a grill for his life.” I smirked as her eyes widened in surprise, the smile falling from her face.

“Oh snap, I hope you weren’t offended by me having no clue who he was.”

I laughed, “Not at all, baby. Just another thing to love about you.”

I probably could have kicked myself at that moment. All laughter ceased and both me and Dani locked eyes. I tensed at the bewildered look in her eyes. Her pouty lips parted slightly and she looked like she was about to say something before changing her mind at the last minute.

Instead, Daniella smiled and pecked my lips softly before pulling back. “I want to remember tonight forever. Can we take some pictures?”

“Of course, baby.” She beamed and grabbed her phone which laid on the floor next to the mattress. Straightening until she was fully seated on my stomach, she aimed it at me and snapped a few pictures.

“It’s seriously unfair how good you look, freshly fucked. I bet I have makeup running down my face and bird nest hair.”

“You look magnificent.” Grabbing the phone from her hands, I turned it towards her and lifted a hand up so that I could cup one of her tits, hiding it from the camera.

Her long brown hair hung over her shoulder, concealing the other one so I didn't have to worry about that. It was a bit of a risqué pic, but not a nude one. She looked as amazing on screen as she did in real life. Then I sat up, Dani still straddling me and pushed my head against her breasts while her fingers tangled in my hair, pulling me tighter against her. I snapped another pic of us. In this position, you couldn't really see we were naked. All that was apparent were our faces looking down at the phone with the night sky above us acting as the perfect background.

I sent it to my phone, knowing it would be my next wallpaper.

Turning the phone around, I showed Dani exactly how hot she looked right then. Her makeup was still perfectly in place, and my number was still hand drawn on both her cheeks which made the territorial part of me rejoice.

Daniella took the phone from me, staring at herself on the screen. "Hey, I do look good!" She put the phone down, sending me a satisfied smile, "Wanna record a sex tape one day? I bet it would be hot watching ourselves fuck while we ... well, fuck."

The thing about her was that I never knew when she was serious or not. So I just shrugged.

"I'm down for whatever baby. Recording ourselves would sure be helpful for when I start having away games." I smirked, my hands massaging her thighs. She had started unconsciously rubbing her glistening cunt against my abs and it was making my cock harder than ever. The idea of making a sex tape seemed to excite her. "Is that something you'd like to do, baby? Does the idea of filming ourselves fucking turn you on?" I kissed her shoulder while my fingers twisted her tight little nipples.

She tensed at first but then nodded shyly. Excitement zinged up my spine. My cock was snugly nestled between her ass cheeks.

“What else turns you on? What’s one thing you would like us to do?” I wanted to make every single one of her desires come true. I wanted to be enough for her, to give her everything she could need.

Because all *I* needed was her.

Her eyes shone with eagerness as she let her hands slowly wander all over my body.

“Well... I’m a huge Ghostface fan...”

Daniella

A week after losing my virginity, I had to resolve myself to the evidence: I was becoming a sex addict.

I didn’t know what Levi’s cock was made of but it was all I could think about. Both of last week’s study sessions ended up with me on my knees, on the private room’s carpeted floor while he drove into me from behind like a madman. We were responsible though and only started fucking after he completed the mock test I had him take because his exam was the next day. He came deep inside me and I could feel it drip from out of me all throughout the day. Thank God I had been wearing a long dress and some panties that day.

Two days ago I woke up literally drenched after a naughty dream. I tried using the toy he bought me to get myself off but nothing worked. It must’ve been around three in the morning but he was there in the next ten minutes after I texted him explaining how much I needed him.

I was starting to believe Levi would do anything for me. Just like I’d do anything for him.

“Are you ready for your exam, Miss Vega?” I looked up from where I was lying on my bed, my almond eyes widening in mock innocence.

“Yes, Doctor Callahan. Is it going to hurt?”

Levi was wearing a fake blouse we’d picked up at It’s my Pleasure— I swear this store was becoming our favorite hang out place. He also wore thick black fake eyeglasses and blue scrubs that he somehow found and ordered online— I loved how involved he got in our role-plays, not once did I feel like he was only playing along to make me happy.

“I’m afraid so, yes. You are really tight and my tools are pretty big, but don’t worry there are lots of ways to stretch you before that.” He sounded so serious and resigned, he probably would have made a great actor.

“Oh, what ways, doctor?”

“Well... I could use this,” He showed me a big ass metal speculum— it was insane the amount of stuff one could order from Amazon. “But given how small you are, it is bound to hurt you... there is another method that is more... natural, but quite unorthodox.”

Giving him my best doe eyed look I nodded. “Oh yes, doctor, anything but this, please!”

Today’s roleplay was cliché as heck, it was my character’s first trip to the gynecologist. She was a virgin and he was an older man ready to corrupt her.

“Okay, then. I’ll be right back, I need to prepare the... tool.” He turned around and walked inside my bathroom, shutting the door after himself.

I smiled to myself, breaking character. I couldn’t believe I’d been so lucky to find a guy who was crazy enough to follow me through all of my farfetched plans. In the last week since Levi took my virginity, I had grown quite confident in the fact that he might, perhaps, return my feelings.

Just another thing to love about you.

Cue the swooning. I could have kicked my feet up in the air when he said that! But when I noticed his embarrassed face, I understood he hadn't meant for it to come out, not yet at least. I knew he would probably need time to understand and accept his own feelings so I hadn't minded. I wanted him to take his time, he was worth waiting for.

A series of urgent knocks on my door got me out of my reverie and I frowned. Levi was still in the bathroom so I decided to get up and see what this was about. I wore a white summer dress so whoever was behind that door wouldn't be shocked at my appearance.

Turning the doorknob, I barely had time to open the door before it was nearly thrust in my face.

"Girl! I am so pissed right now!" Melissa came barging into my room, yelling in a quiet way. She was at a concert last night so the fact that she didn't have much voice left made sense. "So I spent the night with Dino last night and earlier today I wanted to sit down and, you know, talk about this situationship, right?" I nodded like I was listening to her although internally, all I could think about was the fact that Levi was inside my bathroom preparing to do God knows what.

"So I was like, Dino, what are we? Like we've been talking for three months, what are your plans with me? I kid you not that dude starts stut-tering!" She clapped her hands together, plopping down on my bed while I snuck glances at the bathroom door. "I don't get it, Dani! My medium told me he was the one! She said he would be ready to settle down soon. I mean, fuck Dani he's an Aries, I'm an Aquarius we were meant to be, I don't get why—"

And then, while my closest friend was ranting to me about her disastrous love life, Levi's voice resounded from the bathroom's door.

“I hope you’re ready, Miss Vega because this tool is very hard and very impatient to be— oh fuck!”

He had shucked off the scrubs and was now only wearing the long white coat— and it was open. To make matters worse, he held his tool— his hard dick, for those of you who might have missed the innuendo, in his hand.

Levi’s whole face was red in embarrassment as he stared in mortification at Melissa. My friend too seemed shocked out of her mind, she blinked, her eyes moving from his face to his dick to his face again.

Finally regaining his senses, Levi hightailed it back to the bathroom, slamming the door shut after himself.

Silence stretched the room as me and Melissa tried to make sense of what just happened.

“I— damn. That’s impressive. So I guess that’s why you haven’t been available to hang out lately.”

Turning back towards her, I apologized to her. “I’m so sorry, we... I don’t know where we stand exactly for now so I didn’t tell you anything but... uh, yeah, Levi and I have been seeing each other lately.” I swallowed, worried about how she would react to what she had just seen. Would she think it was freaky? The fact that he was dressed as a doctor and talking about tools?

“Girl, a dick like that, I would’ve ghosted you too.” I snorted in surprise and soon we were both laughing. “I mean damn, how does he fit it in his pants?” I shushed her, hitting her shoulder playfully. “Sorry for disrupting... whatever this was, I’ll get going so your boy toy can finally get out of the bathroom.”

She kissed my cheek and made me promise to call her before finally leaving.

“You can come out, baby, she’s gone.”

The door to the bathroom slowly opened and a fully dressed Levi appeared. His ears were still red. At first neither of us spoke, the situation was honestly comical but I was trying to hold my laughter because had the roles been reversed, I would probably have been in tears in that bathroom.

But to my surprise, Levi was the one who bursted out in laughter first. I followed suit and soon we were both clutching our stomach to how ridiculous this whole situation had been.

“So, what are this weekend’s plans?” Levi was lazily lounging on my bed, wearing nothing but a pair of gray sweatpants– I swear he had so many of those and the other day he mentioned knowing how much I loved them on him.

We had gotten showered– together, to save water of course, and now we were patiently waiting for our pizza to be delivered. I was sitting at my vanity, spreading some moisturizer on my face while he watched me attentively from the bed.

“My laptop is open, tomorrow’s scenario should be on it.” I smiled, excited about the maid and billionaire scene.

That one was one of my personal favorites. There would be breeding and domination and spankings. Everything I loved.

My eyes followed him in the mirror as Levi grabbed my open laptop. I bit my lip, bracing for the hot look I knew we would share but instead, his reaction was the total opposite. He froze, his face totally shutting down. I frowned, worried about what would trigger such a response. Oh shit, did his dad have an affair with their maid or something? Did he cheat and that was the reason his mom left?

Fear that I had hurt him somehow started to spread through my chest. What the hell just happened?

Clearing his throat, he shut the laptop closed before he was even done reading— I knew that because Levi was a slow reader and the scene was three pages long. I turned around, fully facing him. He tried to put on a smile but his eyes wouldn't meet mine.

“Okay. I... if that's what you want, I might be able to convince a friend to do it for us.”

Feeling myself frowning, I was about to ask what was wrong when he got up and shrugged his shirt on. What—

“Levi, what's wrong?”

I got up and joined him in the middle of the room, putting a hand on his chest. He looked like he was getting ready to leave which was weird when we had planned on him spending the night over, like he usually did on the nights we ordered pizza.

“Nothing, uh.. I just remembered I had to help Kane with something... it's really important and he can't ask anyone else.” He gulped and gently pushed my hand away. The gesture was soft but it also felt a lot like a knife to the gut.

Not once had Levi ever rejected my touch, not even when I was just his tutor.

“I'll call you.”

He hightailed it out of my room so fast it felt like I had blinked and he disappeared. My hands were shaking, my heart was tight. I was confused, scared and sad, too. Because whatever Levi read on my laptop had hurt him, and I hated that I'd caused him pain, even inadvertently.

Rushing to my bed, I opened the computer to try and see where I went wrong. I had sincerely hoped the maid and billionaire role-play would please him as much as it excited me. After all, he seemed pretty enthusiastic that day we went to the sex shop and grabbed a maid outfit.

Yet when I opened the laptop, the first page that popped out was not the sexy maid roleplay. And then Levi's reaction made all the sense in the world.

Because this scene Levi had started reading, that page that so obviously pained him and made him bolt was a threesome scene.

A threesome scene I had no intention of ever reenacting.

But Levi didn't know that, and now he probably thought I wanted to have sex with another man when we both promised right from the start to keep this exclusive.

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CHAPTER 15:

Levi

My heart was tight and I felt like throwing up.

“I’m so fucking dumb!”

I slumped down on my bed, forearms hiding my face.

“That you fucking are.” Kane was never the type to sugarcoat anything, but right then it only pissed me off. “Seriously, why the fuck did you bolt? You could’ve simply said you were not into that sort of thing, man.”

He tossed the book he had been reading when I stormed in on his bed and sat up. His elbows were resting on his knees and he was leaning over them slightly. He saw how distraught and pissed I was after coming back from Dani’s dorm and in a moment of weakness I had confessed everything—from the very beginning to what happened not even an hour ago.

“I panicked. I— I really thought things had been going great. I really thought she felt for me what I feel for her. I thought I was enough.” I hated how dejected I sounded right then but I seriously could not shake the pain right then.

“What the fuck, of course you are Levi. ” My roommate said, calmly, “Listen, I know you got that whole trust issues shit going on because of

your father and people only liking you to get on his good side,” See? He’s just not a people person,

“But you’ve gotta get your head out of your ass if you truly like this girl. I’ve never seen you as happy as these past few weeks. Y’all are a good team, stop fucking around and man the fuck up. Tell her you don’t fucking share.”

I sat up on my bed too, shoulders slumped in defeat. “But what if she resents me for that, Kane?” He frowned, “What if this was like a long time fantasy for her and she resents me for not giving it to her? Because that’s kind of why we started this thing in the first place.”

“Then she’s not the one.”

“No, she is! That’s the problem, she fucking is and it hurts knowing I can’t give it to her because of— I don’t even know, my ego?”

“That’s not your ego, dude. Hell, you’re one of the less egotistical guys I know.” He stated. “You stayed still for an hour straight while your teammate Remi’s girl used your hands to practice her nail tech skills. You have no problem apologizing to others or admitting when you’re wrong, you stopped having one night stands partly because you thought they were dehumanizing to the girls you slept with who thought something more could come out of it— it’s not your ego, Levi. You’re allowed to want things for yourself too.”

“I would do anything for this girl, Kane. She really is it, for me. And I thought I was it for her too but if she wants to add a second man to the equation then— I don’t know, she must not be as into me as I thought.”

I would have never even entertained the thought of having a threesome with a second girl. So that Dani would want to have one with another guy hurt me more than I could process at the moment. And while I understood why some people liked it— the taboo and forbiddenness behind sharing, it just wasn’t for me. The simple thought of touching another girl—even with

Dani's permission made me want to barf. Don't get me started on imagining her with someone else— that made me down right homicidal.

The worst thing about this, though, was that if she *really* wanted it, then I knew I'd give it to her. I'd put my feelings aside and make sure she was satisfied even if it broke my heart in the process.

"Then go and tell her that." As I said, Kane was not a people person. Most of the time he was not even a *person*, period. Not a normal one at least.

Sometimes it felt like he didn't have any fear, any emotions. To him, going to Dani and basically admitting my feelings for her, was easy. Because he didn't know what anxiousness was. He didn't know how it felt to be so nervous about something that your heart would beat so fast inside your chest, almost coming out of it.

I loved him like a brother but he had a pragmatic intake on life that bordered on sociopathic sometimes. I had never seen him angry or laughing or, shit, not even sad. And sometimes, I really wondered what would make him tick. Or whom.

"It's way easier said than done. I want to go back there or— I don't know, call her, just to make sure she's not crying or sad because of me. I left way too abruptly and I know she didn't buy that stuff about us having plans I'd forgotten about."

"I got a cousin who's pretty good with computers, he could hack into her laptop or her phone camera and see what she's up to. Make sure she's okay."

His words surprised me so much I literally did a double take to make sure I'd heard him right. I had. He was looking at me with a serious expression stretched on his face. His black eyes didn't give way to any emotions. He was not joking.

“I– Kane, I’m not having your hacker cousin get into her stuff, she could be naked or getting dressed for God’s sake.” I hissed, “Plus it’s illegal, not to mention an invasion of privacy.”

He shrugged. “Was just trying to help.” See what I meant when I said sociopathic?

“Listen–” A knock on the door cut me off, and we both shared a look. Neither of us was expecting anyone.

Sighing, I got up and went to open the door.

I was surprised to see the object of my every desire stare back at me. The small brunette standing in front of my door was wearing my jersey and a pair of black leggings. Her eyes were red and she had clearly spent some time biting her lips because teeth marks were all over them.

Dani looked up at me with those big brown eyes of hers, and suddenly I didn’t know what to say anymore. I just wanted to take her in my arms and kiss the life out of her. But something held me back. Fear. Insecurity.

“I don’t want anyone’s dick but yours, Levi.”

A choking noise came from behind her where two guys who had been walking back to their room were now staring at us with saucers for eyes. When Dani noticed this, her cheeks got a dark shade of pink and her eyes widened. Trust my girl to say the most random things at the most random times.

I grabbed her hand and pulled her inside, not wanting anyone else to witness this. Once the door was closed, she grabbed my shirt in her small fists and pulled me closer as she leaned against it.

“It wasn’t the threesome story I meant for you to see! I– I don’t even know why this one was open, I wrote it like a year ago because some of my

readers requested it. I have no interest in sharing you, Levi, I swear on my *abuela's* grave!"

My lips parted in surprise. "The scene you were supposed to find was between a naughty maid and her billionaire boss! It was supposed to be fun with breeding and spankings and so many other cool things, I swear to you. I know we started this off saying we would be exclusive and I have no desire to have sex with anyone but you, Levi."

I couldn't do anything but stare back at her in silence, it seemed she had just rendered me speechless— once again.

"See, it wasn't that hard."

I had all but forgotten about Kane being in the same room as us. Dani's eyes were round as she stared at me in horror.

"Please, let me get out of your hair before you start fucking against the door. My bed is off limits but, other than that, have fun." My friend grabbed a jacket, winked at Dani who silently moved away from the door so he could slip past it, before he disappeared.

Dani turned back to me with a distraught look on her face. I cupped her cheeks, needing to reassure her.

"I hate that you cried." I breathed, taking in her sad eyes. "I hate that it was because of me even more."

She shook her head. "No, it was my fault. I'm so sorry, I truly have no idea why the document was even open. I probably went back to it for ideas and forgot to close the page, but either way— I would never want to reenact that. I don't need anyone else as long as I have you."

A lump formed in my throat because her words truly meant the world to me. They warmed me up in a way I had very rarely experienced. Relief spread through my whole body but it was also mixed with guilt. All of this

could have been avoided with a little communication. Clearly, Dani knew this and wasn't afraid to speak when she felt we needed to, but I had let my insecurities get the best of me and hurt us both in the process.

"You have nothing to be sorry about, I was the one to overreact, I should have said from the beginning that the scene wouldn't work for me and you would have explained right away. Instead I was childish and ran away. I—I'm not trying to come up with excuses, I swear but I was hurt and I just needed to be alone to process my emotions." My arms circled her waist as I brought her closer to me in a hug.

We said nothing for the longest time and I was content just bathing in her scent and the feel of her in my arms.

"The last thing I wanted was to hurt you." She hissed against my chest.

Hoisting her up into my arms, I walked to my bed and sat down with her on my lap.

"You didn't. I hurt myself because I let my self-doubt get the best of me. The truth is, I still can't wrap my head around the fact that you agreed to trust me with something as important as your body. And I know I wasn't your first choice, that you could be with someone as smart as you any day of the week but—"

"Wait. What? What do you mean *not my first choice*?"

"You asked Jace first. I kinda swooped in and took his place."

"Yeah because I thought the fact that I'd known him since we were kids would make me more comfortable with him. But he wasn't there for me when I needed him, *you* were. He made fun of my idea and said he wouldn't respect me for it, you *didn't*. Not once did you make me feel awkward or weird or like I was a freak for liking the things we did. And you didn't swoop in and take his place, you seized your chance when you saw it. In all honesty, if I'd thought for one second that you would have

agreed, I would have asked you first, Levi. Our sessions were always more fun and entertaining for me. I'm never bored with you."

This girl was made for me.

"And you're smart, you just need help learning sometimes. I don't know who put it in your head that you aren't but if I ever find them, I'll show them my fists of fury and they'll regret every mean word that ever came out of their lying bitch mouth." I chuckled and she laughed softly with me, gently cupping my cheeks.

The world seemed to slow down around us as we simply stared at each other, the tips of her fingers tracing my face. Kane was right, I needed to man up and stop being scared of rejection. I needed to tell her how I felt before it was too late.

"I love you, Dani." Her fingers stopped the pattern they were drawing on my skin and she slowly lifted her eyes to mine. "I really love that you have no filter, I love your humor and the sound of your laugh. I love that you're always patient with me, that you never make me feel like I'm stupid or like the only good thing about me is my father's money. I'm so fucking in love with you it's ridiculous." I swallowed thickly as she stared at me with tears brimming her eyes.

I held my breath, bracing myself for her answer.

"Took you long enough to admit it." She sent me a watery smile before crushing her lips to mine, making us fall back onto my bed. She took advantage of that to straddle me and pepper my face with kisses. "I love you too, Levi. How could I not? You bring me Golden Oreos, you're always up to follow me in my crazy scenarios and you listen to me talk about my spicy books without complaining." She beamed and my heart squeezed at how beautiful she looked right then. "I love you, I love you, I love you."

I laughed and rolled us over so that I was laying between her spread legs, pushing strands of dark hair away from her face. "Does that mean I finally get to call you my girlfriend?" I smirked.

“You better, because there’s no doubt in my heart that you’re my boyfriend.”

“Yeah? I guess we both could be playing the part pretty well.” I claimed her mouth in a hungry kiss as she moaned and giggled against my lips.

As I already mentioned before, very few moments in my life had altered my brain chemistry. But that list seemed inconsequential compared to hearing Daniella Vega tell me she was in love with me. Because that was what true happiness was about, for me.

Her.

She was my happiness.

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EPILOGUE

Seven months later

Daniella

I was officially twenty-one. Today marked a new era of my life and I couldn't be happier. My blog was doing amazing, and I would be publishing my first full-length novel at the end of the year. Now a junior in college, it could be hard to rally both my classes and write on a semi-regular basis but thank God I had the best boyfriend on the planet to help me with that.

Levi was now my self-appointed assistant, agent, chef and sometimes, even masseuse. On the days I was so deep into the writing cave that I forgot to eat, he was there to bring me food. He read all of my drafts and gave me input when he thought I needed it. He even went as far as turning one of his spare bedrooms into my writing nook so that I could write whenever I spent the night. And given the fact that I basically, unofficially, lived in his apartment, that happened a lot.

He believed in me and didn't hesitate to show it. His support was what made me believe in myself most days. I knew it sounded cliché but I probably never would have made it here without him.

Now a senior, after he passed last year's exams with flying colors, he finally was allowed to live off campus. He was sad to be leaving Kane behind, especially since he thought their friendship relied solely on the fact that they shared a room, but to his surprise, the sociopathic football player had an apartment in the same building. And just like that, they were back to

being besties. They truly were my favorite black cat and golden retriever duo.

Scouts were starting to attend Levi's games and three teams had already made propositions which I was so proud and happy for him. He was talented and he deserved to be recognized for it.

Bringing in the final touch to the chapter I had been working on, I closed my laptop with a smile. I was loving where this story was going and so was Levi. I couldn't wait to have him read this tonight after we celebrated my birthday. This morning, before leaving for practice, he said he had a surprise for me. We usually ended up naked in bed in positions that made me wish I was more flexible when he said that so I was excited already.

The doorbell ringing brought me out of my thoughts and I left the comfort of my writing room to answer it. I thought it would be the food I'd ordered ten minutes ago, but the delivery man that stared back at me was dressed way too fancily to belong to the pizzeria we usually ordered from. Plus, I doubted that the big black box in his hands contained my pepperoni pizza.

"Miss Daniella Vega?" I nodded, confused and he handed me the box. "From Mister Callahan, with his regard." He gave me a little nod before turning around and climbing back inside the guest elevator.

I frowned down at the object in my hands, but a small, excited smile splayed on my lips too. Levi was a simple guy, he liked simple things and never have I felt like I didn't belong in his world— not even when I first met his father. But damn... this delivery was probably the fanciest one I had ever experienced.

Not waiting any longer, I sat down on the floor and opened the box. The content surprised me a bit. A gorgeous silky black nightie with lace on the plunging neckline, a burner phone, a pack of stovetop popcorn and a note.

*Tonight, wear this and start heating the popcorn at 7:45 exactly. No
panties.*

Happy Birthday, kitten.

—GF

The phone rang at 7:46 PM, exactly one minute after I'd put the popcorn inside the pan. My heart started beating faster in a mix of both giddiness and fright. I bit my lip and fisted my hands in nervousness. As soon as I read the note earlier, I knew what was going to happen. And it had me wet all afternoon.

When I finally worked up the courage, I picked up the phone.

“Hello?”

“Hello?” Came the unnatural, almost robotic grave voice. I squeezed my thighs together.

Fuck, he even got a voice modifier.

“W—who is this?” My voice shook, not in fear like in those movies, but in excitement.

“What number is this?”

“What number are you trying to reach?” My hand tightened around the handle of the pan. This was almost exactly the dialogue of one of my favorite movies. I couldn't believe he was doing this for me.

“I don't know. I'm sorry, I guess I dialed the wrong number.”

“It’s okay, it happens. Have a good night.” I didn’t move to hang up, biting my lips in excitement instead.

“Wait! Wait, don’t hang up!”

“What?”

“I want to talk to you for a second.”

“They’ve got nine hundred numbers for that. See ya.”

This time I did hang up, putting the phone on the counter next to me as I looked up and stared through the kitchen window. This apartment was huge, you could see the whole city from here.

I could get used to such a view. As a matter of fact, I was. I loved waking up early on lazy Sundays to surprise Levi with breakfast in bed. He took such good care of me, never letting me pay for anything, spoiling me with books, makeup, snacks and orgasms... I had to find ways to spoil him too.

Nightlights swirled in front of me when my phone rang again, startling me out of my thoughts.

My hand actually shook when I saw the caller ID display a masked number. I could hear my own breath hitching in my throat as I picked up and brought the phone to my ear.

“Hello?”

“Why don’t you want to talk to me?”

Call me fucked up but this fake electronic voice was actually turning me on. I truly felt like I was in my favorite horror movie.

“Who is this?”

“You tell me your name and I’ll tell you mine.”

“Yeah, I don’t think so.” Just then, the popcorn started to pop. Perfect timing.

“What’s that noise?” He asked.

“Popcorn.”

“You’re making popcorn? Getting ready to watch a movie, aren’t you?”

“Uh-huh. It’s a scary movie kind of night.”

“Yeah? You like scary movies?” That famous line coming from him gave me chills while paradoxically spreading heat up between my thighs.

My throat was suddenly dry and I had to swallow my saliva before I was able to speak again.

“Yeah.” I breathed. “I love scary movies.”

“Tell me, Dani, what’s your favorite scary movie?” I stopped for a beat, the only thing you could hear in the apartment was the sound of popping coming from the pan.

My heart was beating fast, my hands were still slightly trembling and I could feel the wetness starting to soak my panties. Eyes trained on the popcorn, I answered in a shaky voice.

“H-how do you know my name?”

He didn’t answer for a while, chuckling instead and driving me insane with desire.

“Do you want to play a game, Dani?”

I was starting to breath fast, my hand gripping the phone so hard I thought I might break it.

“What game?”

“A guessing game.”

I gulped audibly.

“If you win, I’ll hang up and leave you alone.”

My whole body was shaking, it was a mix of fear, desire, and sheer fucking fascination.

“And if I lose?”

“If you lose... if you lose, I’ll catch you and I’ll fuck that tight little pussy of yours, senseless.”

I gasped, my other hand coming up to grasp the edge of the countertop. Warmth spread all over my body and I quivered. My pussy was drenched, the popcorn long forgotten. I turned off the stove.

“So guess, Dani. Here’s my question.”

He waited again, his voice playful even through the modifier.

“Do you think I’m inside or outside your house right now?” My whole body tensed. I felt my breath hitch inside my throat.

Because not only could I hear his voice through my cell right then, but an echo of it resonated in the room.

Shaking from head to toe, I slowly looked up at the window.

Only to see the reflection of his mask standing right behind me.

The scream that ripped out of my throat was genuine, I turned around, eyes wide as Levi stood there with a Ghostface mask, a zipped up black hoodie and some black pants. My trembling hands gripped the counter as the outside's lights reflected on something shiny in his hand.

A knife. He had a slasher knife tightly gripped in his fist.

“Run, kitten.”

I didn't wait for him to tell me twice and immediately took off in a sprint towards the living room area. He chased after me, goading me all the while. He wasn't even trying to catch me yet, he was like a cat playing with the mouse he knew he would end up devouring anyways. He knew I was doomed.

Rounding a corner, I noticed a little nook where we usually stored guest coats right off the front doors and I decided maybe I could hide there and get out right after he walked past me, to try and lose him.

Diving in, I sat with my back flush against the wall, bringing my knees back to my chest and making myself as small as possible. My whole body was trembling. Over the past nine months, we played some darker scenes, tried some questionable kinks, but I had a feeling this one would take the hat. I had no idea whether or not the knife was real or blunt, and I had no idea whether or not Levi planned on using it on me, but I found myself wishing he would.

The mere idea of him pricking my skin with it made me wet beyond belief.

His footsteps were coming closer and closer to my hiding place until, eventually, I could see his sneakers. Putting a hand against my mouth, I squeezed my eyes shut to keep myself from making any noise.

“Where are you, Dani?” He sang in a sickeningly sweet voice. “Come on, kitten, come out of hiding, I just want to have a talk.” He let the tip of the

knife slowly roll against the wall, creating a low, shrill noise. I gulped.

When he finally got deeper into the corridor, I took it as a chance to spring out of my hiding place and run to the opposite side of the penthouse. At that moment, I was quite thankful for how huge this place was. Hearing my bare feet pound against the hardwood floors, Levi turned around and cursed.

“You fucking bitch! Get back here!” I screamed again and ran like my life depended on it, going as far as pushing a side table down after me so that Levi could trip on it, buying myself some time.

I felt kind of bad when he did fall but chose to disregard it when he was back up almost instantly— that’s what you got for having an athlete as a boyfriend.

“Oh, baby you’re gonna regret that. I’ll pound your little cunt so fucking hard you’ll pass out!” I whimpered when the only thing I wanted to say was *yes, please*.

Turning around to keep my eyes on him, I knew I couldn’t bolt towards the bedrooms or the kitchen because he would catch up on me in a heartbeat, so instead I slowly walked towards the couch to use it as a buffer between us.

“Give up, Dani girl... you’re only gonna get more hurt if you fight me.”

“Fuck you!” I spat, making him chuckle darkly.

“Oh, I will, and I won’t stop until you’ve got tears running down your pretty little cheeks and my cum dripping from your pussy.” I swear said pussy spasmed at his words, the little traitor.

We walked in circles, still on each side of the white couch, before, out of nowhere, Levi decided to leap over it and tackle me to the ground on the soft carpet.

I shrieked at the top of my lungs in surprise. My hands and feet kicked at him, trying to get him off of me but he was straddling my hips and soon held my wrists in one hand at the top of my head. I yelled for help, knowing perfectly well that no one would hear me because the penthouse was totally soundproof.

“Please, please let me go!” I was getting deeper into our play, so much that tears threatened to run down my cheeks.

“Not before I get what I want from you.” In one swift move, Levi used his knife to slice up my nightie, making me gasp. There was nothing to hide the wetness on my thighs or my hard nipples anymore. Signs of my desire stared blatantly at him as he used his blade to caress my breasts. His eyes focused on my pierced nipples— something we had decided to do together a few months ago. I had to say, I was as obsessed with his as he was with mine.

My breath hitched inside my throat when the pointy tip of it applied pressure on my nipple, gently playing with the piece of metal puncturing it. I moaned in delight. My tits were way more sensitive ever since I got the piercings.

“Look at you, did it turn you on when I chased you, kitten? Is this little pussy begging for my cock?”

It took all I had not to beg him to fuck me already. This was my biggest fantasy ever, the fact that he made it happen in a way that was even better than my imagination was driving me insane.

“Let go of me!”

He leaned into me and whispered, “Never.” before pinching a nipple, making me arch my back for him.

Levi didn't stop there, he used the blunt side of his knife to draw abstract figures on my skin, making me squirm. This was fucking torture, I flexed my hips underneath him, desperate for some friction.

“Look at you, craving my touch. What a good little slut you are, Dani. Do you want to come?”

I said nothing and simply groaned in frustration, glaring up at him. I loved how he called me a slut, because I truly was one for him. Only for him, though.

Still holding my wrists with one hand, he put the knife on the side with the other. He then started to unzip his hoodie and push it off his shoulders. Standing shirtless above me with a Ghostface mask hiding his beautiful face, Levi looked so fucking hot I had to squeeze my thighs together, desperate for some friction. The small rods of metal piercing each of his nipples made them look constantly hard and I couldn't keep my eyes off them. They made him look sexier and I often found myself tracing their shapes with the tip of my tongue knowing how crazy it made him.

Levi got off of me, settling on the floor between my thighs instead as he looked down at my glistening pussy. I couldn't see his eyes beneath the mask but somehow, it added to the whole vibe of the scene. My breathing was erratic as I braced for what he would do next. The curiosity was killing me, the fact that we didn't have a set up scenario for this but that it was all improvisation instead drove me wild with desire.

He spread my thighs wider, roughly, before letting two of his fingers rub up and down my slit.

“Fucking soaked, you whore.” But apparently not enough because he spat on my sex right after saying that and spread the saliva all over my sensitive clit. I moaned, unable to hold it in any longer.

Then he grabbed the knife he had set aside earlier and rubbed the handle against my pussy lips. I cried out in surprise and I could have sworn he smirked under his mask. He stroked me with it a few times before gently

pushing the bulbous handle inside of me. Shock made me speechless. My mouth and eyes were wide open as I stared at the black object slowly being thrust in and out of me.

“O-oh, fuck.” I let my head fall back and arched my back in delight. It wasn’t as big as Levi’s cock but it still made me feel full. Not to mention, the simple knowledge that he was fucking me with a knife handle was so fucking filthy it nearly made my eyes cross.

“Yeah, feels good, doesn’t it, kitten?” He kept moving the handle in and out of me as my hips followed his movements. I nodded absentmindedly, forgetting I was supposed to hate him. “Use your fucking words, slut. How does it feel?”

“F-full. Oh!” He shoved it deeper this time, his pace getting quicker, making a wet sound everytime it drove in and out of me. “So good, yes!” I moaned, my eyes shutting.

Then Levi’s hand left my wrists and came down to my throat, squeezing it just enough that breathing was becoming slightly difficult. My eyes snapped open and I looked at him, he seemed in a frenzy. His hand was moving fast, gripping the highest point of the knife handle while he brutally fucked me with the rest of it. I tried scratching his hand that gripped my throat, fighting him while he was giving me acute pleasure.

My moans never made it out of my mouth since my vocal chords seemed to be completely crushed by his veiny hand.

“Fuck, I could watch you get fucked all day. Your little cunt is taking it like a pro.”

Still fucking me, his thumb snuck up on my clit and he applied relentless pressure on it. My eyes widened at the intense pleasure I was feeling and the fact that I couldn’t even voice it was starting to make me lightheaded. Looking up at his masked face, his chiseled, naked chest and his veiny forearms, flexing with the force with which he was grasping the knife, I

couldn't handle it anymore. I choked on the climax that overtook me out of nowhere making tears flow down my cheeks.

His grip on my throat got lighter and my sobs and cries of pleasure sounded all around us. He never let up, though, kept on fucking me right through the orgasm, the handle made a squelchy sound as it was driven in and out of me, telling me exactly how wet I got. It was dirty, filthy, naughty... and I loved it.

“That’s right, baby, give me that orgasm. You’re mine. Your pleasure is mine.” His hand then completely left my throat, gripping one of my tits instead, kneading it and pinching the pebbled nipple.

I hissed when he took the knife out of me, watching enraptured as the handle was glistening under the city lights shining through the bay window. He pulled his mask out just enough so I could see his pouty lips and brought the handle that was just inside of me to his mouth before licking my juices right off of it. I whimpered, feeling myself get wet again despite just having an orgasm because the sight was so fucking hot.

“I’m not done with you, kitten.” I was barely coming down from my high but somehow, his words pulled me back into our scene.

I mustered all the strength I had left and kicked his chest with my bare foot, catching him off-guard. Levi fell back on his ass and I used this distraction to get on my knees and start running towards the bedroom. My legs felt like jelly so I staggered, using the walls and furniture to keep myself upright. Right as I made it to the bedroom and tried to shut the door behind me, Levi bursted in, grabbing me by the hair. I screamed but the sound was quickly muffled by his hand.

“Oh, you wanna play hard? Fine, we’ll play hard, kitten.” He pushed me on the fluffy carpet near the bed and knelt in front of me. I decided to attack first and ripped his mask away from him.

Finally, I could see the man I had spent the last year falling in love with. His hair was slicked back with sweat, cheeks slightly flushed and his eyes shone with mischief. Fuck, he was so beautiful.

Levi used his hold on my hair to forcefully bring my face to his, smashing his lips against mine and stealing a groan from me. Our tongues tangled together, licking and sucking as his free hand gripped my waist and brought me closer to him.

Then, out of nowhere and way too immersed into our play to think twice about it, I pulled away and slapped him with as much force as I could muster. For a second, neither of us spoke, his head had turned to the side with the strength of my blow and I noticed a bit of blood gathering at the corner of his mouth. Guilt immediately assaulted me as I took in Levi's shocked face. I thought maybe I had taken things too far and was about to apologize.

But then a wicked smile took over his face as he looked back at me and said, "Do that again."

And so I did, not thinking twice about it, I hit him again, making him groan. Blood dribbled from the side of his mouth, mixing with the sweat and he looked so fucking hot and unhinged I could've had an orgasm just looking at him. He grabbed my wrist and pulled me in an armlock so that my back was against his chest. I felt his hard cock press against my naked ass and I moaned in anticipation.

Levi's second hand came to grip my jaw and he turned my head to the side so he could claim my mouth in a bruising kiss. His taste, the taste of the blood I had drawn from his lips, it all made me hazy. He swallowed my moans before pushing me on the floor, my cheek flush against the carpet and my ass up in the air.

"Violent little sluts get fucked hard, kitten."

He pushed his pants down and drove inside me in one go, making me cry out, eyes widening in surprise.

“Levi!” I thrashed against the floor, my eyes squeezing shut.

“Fuck, baby, always so fucking tight and wet.” He didn’t wait for me to adjust and started immediately ramming himself in and out of me. He fucked me so hard and fast my whole body was jolted back and forth.

My cheek would probably be red from rubbing against the carpet, but I couldn’t care less at that moment. I was crying at the wild sensations he was eliciting inside of me, my free hand making its way to my clit so I could stroke it while he drove into me like a madman.

“Oh, oh fuck, Levi!” I whimpered when he spanked my ass, hard. I loved it, I loved when he was rough with me.

His hand hit my skin again and again and again. The sensation coupled with the fullness of his cock and the fast rhythm with which I was rubbing my clit sent me over the edge right as he came deep inside of me with a shout.

I couldn’t even hold myself up on my knees anymore and simply slumped down on the floor, Levi falling onto me. We were both trembling, my thighs shaking so much and I could feel a mix of my cum and his dripping down on the carpet. His cock was still twitching inside of me, so neither of us moved, too fucking worn out to do anything except lie there.

After a few minutes of trying to get our breathing under control, Levi rolled limply onto his back not wanting to crush me any more. I hadn’t minded at all, though.

“Fuck.” He breathed.

“Best birthday present ever, baby.” I muttered sleepily. The last thing I heard was his chuckle as I drifted off to sleep.

I seriously could not wait to spend the rest of my life with this guy.

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BONUS SCENE

Levi

The picture Dani and I had taken on the day I took her virginity stared back at me as I grabbed my phone to check the time. I couldn't help but smile at how beautiful she looked. We've been together for nearly a year and I had never been so happy in my life.

It seemed everyone noticed it too. I got more praise than ever from my coach— which was rare because he was a hardass, my dad loved her when he met her two months ago during summer break and shit, even Kane seemed fond of her, which frankly, couldn't be said about many people.

She truly was the best part of my life and I couldn't wait to make it more permanent. Some might say I was crazy for thinking that way when I wasn't even twenty-two yet, but honestly who cared? I was lucky enough to have met my soulmate early in life, why should I wait to make her my wife? She was already practically living with me as it was.

The sound of her footsteps on the hardwood floors of the penthouse got me out of my thoughts. I put my phone back down on the coffee table right as she appeared into the living room.

I felt my jaw hit the floor because that costume never ceased to make me hard.

“Oh, Father Callahan, I have been looking all over for you!” The long black habit and white coif had no business looking so sexy on her.

“Sister Vega, how can I help you today?” I wore a similar attire, a white band was tucked into my black shirt's collar and black slacks hung low on

my hips.

“Oh, father, I need to confess something... last night I had a dream and it made me feel so... unnaturally hot. I... I had to find relief somehow.”

Fuck, I would never not get hot when she used that mockingly innocent tone, especially not when she coupled it with that doe eyed look on her face. As I was about to ask her to show me exactly what she meant by *finding relief*, the doorbell rang, making us both pause. We weren't waiting for anyone, no delivery, no guests.

Sighing, I started walking to the guest entrance, unlocking and opening it. Kane appeared right behind it and he looked... weird. Not as robotic as he usually did. His dark skin looked unusually paler— almost gray, and his eyes were tired, like he hadn't slept in a few days.

That actually surprised me. He really wasn't the type of guy to show emotions, so much I actually doubted he could feel them, sometimes.

“Hey, man, you okay?” I stepped away from the door, letting him in.

When he noticed my and Dani's outfits, he frowned and looked back and forth between us before shaking his head.

“I should know better than to come to y'all's place unannounced.” He muttered under his breath and I rolled my eyes.

In the few months since we moved into this building— thus becoming neighbors on top of being besties, I couldn't lie and say Kane was not aware of the things Dani and I liked to do behind closed doors. He witnessed way more stuff than he should have.

“What's wrong?” Dani asked, taking a seat on the couch and shucking off her coif. Her long brown hair came flowing out of it, slick and shiny. **Fuck I was so obsessed with this girl.** I sat next to her and pulled an arm around her shoulder.

Kane sighed and sat down on the couch opposite us. “I have a favor to ask.” The simple act of asking for our help seemed to cost him. He was never the type to ask for anyone’s help, stubborn as he was.

“Sure, dude, what’s up?”

“You know my friend Lachlan?” I nodded, he was on the football team with him, they both met in their freshman year and were like brothers. That had nothing to do with why I didn’t like Lachlan. I was absolutely not jealous of their friendship. “He’s... he’s got a stalker.” I frowned and shared a look with Dani, not understanding how this had anything to do with us.

“Oh, shit, that’s awful. Is he... is he in danger right now?” My girl asked.

“I don’t know. All I know is that they’re starting to attack his family too. Put his father in the hospital. Dude can’t move anymore, they broke his spine.” Dani gasped. “He’ll never be able to walk again And that’s why I need help.” Oh.

I knew where he was getting.

In the past few months since we moved here, I had seen *her* go in and out of Kane’s apartment a few times. They tried sneaking around, being discreet, but I had eyes.

Also, I once dropped by his flat unannounced to give him something back and caught them fucking on the couch. They didn’t see me and I disappeared as soon as I understood what was going on, but... yeah.

“Alessia.” Surprise shone in his dark eyes as they sprung to mine.

“Who?” Dani asked, confused.

“Lachlan’s sister.” Kane answered curtly. “We... we’ve been seeing each other.”

“Oh. Ohhh.” My girl nodded and I could almost see the wheels turning in her head as she let Kane’s secret, forbidden relationship with his best friend’s sister inspire her for a story. God, I loved that girl.

“Yeah. Nobody knows, except you two, obviously. She was attacked three nights ago and has been staying with me full time ever since.”

“Oh my God, is she okay?”

“Yeah, they just roughened her up a bit.” His jaw locked. “But that’s why I need your help. I wanted to ask if she could stay with you for a few days because I’m leaving town this weekend and I just– I can’t take her with me.”

I found myself nodding before he was even done with his sentence. “Of course, man, whatever you need. We have enough spare rooms here for her to stay with us while you’re gone.” Dani nodded too from next to me.

Kane’s shoulders slumped in relief and he nodded his gratitude. “Thanks, man. I owe you one.”

“Bullshit, you owe me nothing. We’re friends.” I stated and that seemed to catch him off guard.

His nostrils flared and the corner of his lips seemed to lift a bit. Damn, was that a smile? Did Kane just fucking smile at me?

Not one for showing affection, he got up and started walking to the door. I joined him and he turned around, thanking me once more before stepping out. I closed the door after him and turned back to Dani.

“Did you see that? He so smiled at me!” She grinned and nodded her head fast.

“He did, baby! Your boy crush smiled at you!” She mocked and I laughed before rushing back to her and tackling her on the couch.

She smiled up at me, her hands caressing my face in that soothing way only she knew possessed. I pecked her lips, unable to resist.

“So, where were we?” I asked.

“Well, I believe I was trying to confess something.” Her hands gripped my erection tightly, drawing a groan from me. “Forgive me, father, for I’m about to sin.”

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THE MOTHERFUCKING END (OR IS IT?)

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MY WORK

Red Roses and Black Dahlias (Blood and Water #1)
— Available [here](#)

Freezing Bonds that Tie our Hearts (Blood and Water
#2)— [Coming Summer 2023](#)

Medusa Standalone— [Coming Winter 2023/2024](#)

Blood and Water #3 (Kane and Alessia's book) —
TBA

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