Kavish never believed in love at first sight—until he walked into Object-Oriented Programming with Java and saw **Professor Nadine**. She wasn’t just another professor; she was brilliant, confident, and had a way of making abstract concepts like polymorphism and inheritance sound poetic.

At first, it was admiration. The way she traced UML diagrams on the board, the way she spoke about writing clean, efficient code—Kavish found himself hanging onto every word. He started staying behind after class, asking extra questions, just to hear her voice a little longer.

One evening, he was stuck debugging an assignment in the empty computer lab. Frustrated, he ran his fingers through his hair.

"Having trouble with your code?" a familiar voice asked.

He turned to see **Professor Nadine**, leaning against the desk, arms crossed, smiling.

"It’s this stupid recursion," he sighed. "I keep getting a stack overflow."

She chuckled and pulled up a chair. "Let me guess—you forgot the base case?"

His cheeks burned. "Maybe."

She helped him untangle the logic, her presence intoxicatingly close. As they worked, conversation drifted beyond Java—to books, music, and life. One debugging session turned into many—accidental meetings became intentional. He knew the rules, knew the boundaries, but sometimes, the way she looked at him made him wonder if she felt the same spark.

Then, on the last day of the semester, as he submitted his final project, their fingers brushed.

"Professor," he hesitated, his heart pounding. "I—"

She smiled knowingly. "Maybe once you graduate, you can call me Nadine."

And in that moment, Kavish knew—some things were worth waiting for.