

Chapter 1

For the Road

My bag felt heavier than it should, though it was mostly clothes I barely wore. Two days. In two days, I, Jasmine Carter, would be leaving for college. Leaving this little bubble of my life behind.

I tried to quiet the mix of excitement and nervousness fluttering in my chest, telling myself it was just change, just a new chapter. I'd never stayed away from what I was familiar with. And part of me wanted to freeze time, to stay here a little longer, just... with him.

Taking a deep breath, I squared my shoulders and knocked on his door.

The instant it swung open, there he was. Devin King.

My eyes immediately wandered over him. Leaning casually against the frame, he was impossibly magnetic. The taper fade framed his strong jaw, the tattoos peeking out from under his tank top and flowing down his arms. That easy confidence in his stance, the way his eyes smoldered as they roamed over me, the subtle curve of his lips—it all made my pulse jump. He wasn't just familiar; he was a magnet I couldn't resist,

and every fiber of my body remembered exactly what it was like to be with him.

“Wassup, baby,” he said softly, reaching out and pulling me into a hug. Both arms wrapped around my waist, squeezing softly. I raised my own arms to embrace him, pressing my face to his neck. The scent of him—warm, intoxicating—made me melt just a little.

“Hey. Can’t leave without spending one last night together,” I murmured.

Stepping into Devin’s apartment, the familiar mix of his cologne and the faint aroma of leftover takeout greeted me.

My nerves buzzed in a way that wasn't new—but tonight, it was different. In just two days, I'd be leaving for college.

This night wasn't just another night with Devin. It was ours—before everything changed.

Devin lounged on the couch, a playful grin tugging at his lips as I dropped my overnight bag. “There she is,” he said, stretching as if he wanted to pull me into his world and never let go.

We settled onto the couch, plates of food between us, a joint rolled and ready. The smoke curled lazily into the dimly lit room, and laughter filled the space as we passed it back and forth. Devin teased me relentlessly

about the way I smirked at him while eating, the little quirks I'd perfected over months of late-night visits.

"You're way too excited about me leaving," I said, smirking.

"Excited? Nah," he replied, taking a hit from the blunt. "I actually hate it, but I'm happy for you... I just want my last night with you to be one to remember."

His hand landed on my thigh, casual but deliberate, sending heat straight through me. Silence fell, the kind of silence that spoke louder than words. Sitting close, we just looked at each other, our minds communicating in a way no words could.

“You gonna miss me?” he whispered, leaning just close enough for me to feel the warmth of his breath against my ear as he kissed my neck.

I shivered, smirking slightly, and placed my leg across his, testing boundaries that weren't boundaries at all.

“Duh, Devin.”

His kisses moved slowly from my neck to my mouth, devouring mine with a hunger that my lips mirrored perfectly. He leaned back with a drunken, playful grin. “Why you teasing me?” he murmured, pressing his hand lightly against my thigh, tracing small circles that made my stomach flutter.

“I didn’t think I was,” I whispered, eyes locked on him. I could tell he was feeling the weed, and so was I. He bit his bottom lip, and I bit mine in response. That man knew exactly what he was doing—and I couldn’t resist him.

My hand slid down his chest toward his lap. He was already hard, thick and heavy, pressing insistently against my hand. Every inch of him was powerful, commanding, yet something I had learned to crave completely.

I no longer thought about leaving—not tonight. I wanted this. I wanted him. Right here, right now, before everything changed.

He put the blunt out, and the movie faded into the background as our touches grew bolder. I pulled him on top of me, hands moving under my back, lips locking in a slow, deliberate rhythm. Every movement spoke of years spent together—bodies memorized, hearts entwined.

He carried me to the bed, tearing at each other's clothes along the way. The heat between us grew, intimate and familiar. His hands roamed confidently, pressing against me. The warmth of him teased my entrance. So I parted for him. My body ached for that familiar weight. Slowly, he slid inside, filling me completely, stretching me in ways I loved. I gasped, every inch of him pressing deep, making me tremble, sending waves of pleasure through my body.

“Mmhm... there you go,” he murmured as he applied pressure, hand guiding my hips as I adjusted. We moved together, rhythm perfectly in sync, bodies knowing each other inside and out.

“You feel so good,” he whispered against my neck, low and possessive. I shivered at the sound of his voice and pulled him closer....deeper. The intensity built, and I gasped, voice shaky, breath short and desperate.

“I’m going to miss this,” I whispered against his neck, letting my lips trace the sensitive skin there. “Us... this.... You.”

He tightened his hold, pressing his forehead against mine. “I know,” he grunted softly. “I’ll miss it too.”

Every nerve on fire, I began to move inside him. He turned me over.

“Devin...” I gasped, voice shaky, breath coming in short, desperate bursts.

He growled low in response, his grip tightening on my hips, pulling me closer with each powerful thrust. The pressure, the fullness, the perfect weight of him—it was everything I had ever wanted and more.

He turned me over again, kissing me with urgent heat. His hand traced up to my neck, and my body clenched around him in waves of pleasure. Our bodies moved as one. Moans merged, urgent and raw, and the world narrowed until there was nothing but us. Each wave of pleasure crashed over me until I was trembling, clenching, crying out his name. Devin followed, groaning, his rhythm and release perfectly matched to mine—rapid, intense, powerful.

We collapsed together, limbs tangled, foreheads pressed, breaths mingling. The quiet aftermath was just as intoxicating as the fire before.

Giggling softly at what we'd done, Devin muttered, "Damnnnn..." I smiled, letting the heat linger

a little longer. I hopped in the shower, came back, and we finished the movie before calling it a night.

By the time the first light of morning crept through the blinds, we were tangled on the couch, hearts still racing. The world outside hadn't moved, but mine was about to.

Devin drove me to my mom's house in comfortable silence, his hand brushing mine occasionally, little kisses stolen at stoplights. I kept my eyes on the passing streets, feeling the tug of sadness and excitement—leaving for college, starting fresh, but carrying him with me in every inch of my body and memory.

Before he drove off, I pressed a kiss to his lips—not a goodbye, but a see-you-later. I stepped out, waved, and watched him leave. Seeing him go made it clear why he didn't want to watch me leave.

Stepping inside my mom's house, the weight of tomorrow pressed down gently, and I smiled to myself at the thought of last night. It had been ours—a final taste of the comfort, the heat, the love we shared.

And as I began packing, I carried that fire with me, knowing some things didn't need permission... they simply were.