

Hey there! This is the draft for the beginning of my next Signature Story. I split it into four sections for clarity.

Sections 1 and 2 go into a very heavy situation, but in hindsight they feel more like backstory and too far from where the real story should begin (or where the “juice” is at). In the finalized version (to be posted later on Patreon), I plan to skip those sections and start directly from section 3. The backstory will be integrated sparsely and gradually into sections 3 and 4 in smaller, shortened pieces.

So what you’re about to read is not how the final story will start. The final story will begin at section 3. However, for now, this is just the first draft.

I’d really appreciate any feedback, questions, or suggestions you may have on the text. Enjoy!

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Section 1 (backstory, to be integrated later into the text in small sections)

The booming thunder outside shook the windows of their bedroom. Clark was startled awake. It took him a moment to snap out of his nightmare and realize he’s awake. He reached for his glasses that were perched on his night stand and let his eyes adjust to the dark room. He grabbed his phone and squinted as he tried to make sense of the time.

02:14 a.m.

He sighed, tired and turned to see if Marla woke up as well. Except, she wasn’t there. But it wasn’t just Marla’s absence. Marla’s pillow and purple blanket were also missing, leaving her side barren-looking. Cold. Missing. Then, it all came back to Clark and he felt a pit in his stomach. ‘She actually decided to sleep separately’. Never in their 14 years of marriage have they ever slept in separate beds.

Clark took a deep breath and felt his world crumbling. This was different. They’ve been having problems for a few years now, fighting and arguing almost every day. And yet, this felt worse. Much worse. Marla had this look in her eyes last night. Like... she’s had enough. It was like all the emotional baggage they’ve been carrying finally snapped the camel’s back.

He was thirsty, but he was afraid to leave the bedroom, because he knew he had to cross the living room to get there, and he knew exactly what’s waiting for him there. ‘Was it really THAT bad? God, why does she have to be so ANGRY at every little thing? Yes, my mom can be overbearing sometimes but why does she blow everything so much out of proportion? And why

won't she just talk to me about it? What's the deal with those silent treatments? What is she, five years old? We can work out an elegant solution to it if she'd just engage in some constructive conversation...'

There's a lot of internal monologue. Let me know if you think it's too long, but in essence - it's here to reflect the mental state of Clark, and show just how deep in shit their marriage is.

With great trepidation, Clark took one quiet step after the other, careful not to wake his wife, and especially his children, Benji and Emily. As he reached the end of the hallway, he paused, took a deep breath, and continued to cross the living room. Sure enough, Marla was there, sleeping on the couch, not fully covered by her heavy blanket. If she would've slept with Clark, he'd make sure to cover her bare feet, because why should she be an adult and learn to properly tuck herself in. 'God, she even looks angry sleeping', he grimaced.

Clark took a glass from the cabinet and pressed it against the silicone pad of the water dispenser as he kept quietly looking back at his sleeping wife. He gulped the cool water which relieved his dry throat. In a few hours the kids will be up and see their mother asleep on the couch. What is he going to say to them? 'Your mom was too annoyed with dad to sleep in the same room as him?

Didn't she know the position she's gonna put me in when they wake up? Of course she knew. She just didn't care. Marla's angry again, so it's all fair game. Her horrible husband did publicly support his wife and had her back when his mom pushed her too hard, but god forbid he'd later also try to make Marla understand his mom's perspective a little bit and have some empathy towards her situation. No no, that's too much to ask. She now MUST sleep alone'. It was exhausting. Everything he did was wrong. There was always something to pick on. Something he messed up, or said almost correctly, but not just quite the way Marla expected him to say. Which is bullshit, by the way. There is no correct way to bring up stuff with Marla. Marla is always angry. Marla is always right. Marla builds imaginary, uncommunicated, ludicrous standards in her mind, then gets angry when Clark doesn't meet those expectations. 'And by the way - Marla was wrong. Yes. Her feelings were wrong. She was wrong to feel them. They say you can't argue with how someone feels. Yes you can. She's wrong. I'm right and she's wrong.'

And despite all that - he never aimed to win a fight with her and point out all the ways in which he knew for a fact he was right and she was dead wrong. No. All he ever tried to do - was to reach a middle ground with her. To understand her better and have her better understand him, so they can reach a higher level of communication between them. But she didn't play fair. She wanted to win the argument, even if it meant destroying their marriage. So she pulled out all the big guns. Yelling, and silent treatment, and withholding love, and using their kids. Nothing wasn't off the table. 'There. You won. Happy now? Sleeping separately from your husband?'

More internal monologue, I know. It's just a spiral of thoughts and emotions that go through Clark. But again, let me know if you think it's good as is or too much.

Clark gently placed the empty glass on the counter even though he wanted to smash it and wake her up. He felt... numb. It was just too much. On his way back he couldn't help but look at his wife and be aware of the level of neglect she showed. Her belly had a growing pudge that wasn't there a few years ago. Her hair was a mess. She wasn't *not*-pretty. But any bit of beauty she possessed was nullified by her constant anger and resting bitch-face. Not to mention all the junk she ate and all the stress she was constantly in created those blackheads on her face and arms. Her breasts... shit, that wasn't fair at all. But he couldn't *not* look. Her breasts had been somewhat nice, perky C-cups when they got married. However, after two kids and years of neglect, they deflated and sagged to the sides of her chest.

Clark wasn't in any sexy mood anyway, but he just couldn't help resenting her for having neglected herself. It's not like he'd pass the list of the top-100 sexiest men or anything, but he took a mild care of himself. He ate relatively well, exercised lightly 2-3 times a week, and showered every day. He was overall aware and thoughtful to not neglect himself as the only man in his wife's life. Why couldn't she do the same for him? She didn't have to be a supermodel. And he never expected her to stay the same weight all her life. He knew better. But just... ugh... try a *little* bit, at least. Don't eat so much junk. Do... *something*.

The bitterness and resentment built into Clark over so many years of slowly crumbling marriage.

It didn't matter now. Nothing mattered but the kids. What was he gonna do? Are Marla and him done? Clark looked at his wife's sleeping face and suddenly saw her hurt as well. He felt his throat drying again despite the recent glass of water. Tears were welling up there, just waiting for a trigger to release them.

Section 2 (More backstory - Clark dealing with this shit-storm while still needing to parent)

"Isss yo' turn daddy. Daddy!"

"Huh? Oh, yeah. Sorry sweetie." Clark said groggily and rolled the dice, then started moving his green pawn along the cardboard. Snake.

"Daddy! You have to go back here!" Emily pointed at the tail end of the snake with her little finger.

Clark shook his head and used every ounce of love he had to her to stay focused in the game somehow.

After returning back to bed, it took him over an hour to go back to sleep, and he slept horribly, awakening multiple times with weird nightmares about his wife. Then Emily decided 05:10 would be an excellent time to wake up and start playing 'Snakes and Ladders' with daddy. He didn't dare make himself coffee lest he'd wake Marla up, or worse - have Emily follow him and see her mom sleeping on the couch. Clark gulped his tears back down.

It was pure torture. Having to pretend everything was fine for the sake of your children while a shit storm raved inside.

Clark slid his pawn from square 83 along the curvature of his snake all the way down to square 27, feeling his body working on autopilot while his mind was busy trying to figure out how to fix his marriage.

“Oh no, daddy, you got back so much. Now you'll lose”, Emily said, genuinely empathetic towards her dad losing the game.

Clark looked away from his daughter and choked down his welling tears.

“That's... ehm... that's ok Em”, he said. He wanted to say more but didn't trust his voice not to crack.

“Daddy? Where's Mommy?”

Clark took a deep breath. She asked *the thing*. ‘Why is parenting so fucking hard?’

“She uhh... decided to sleep in the living room tonight”, he said truthfully without revealing the whole story, hoping this would put an end to the investigation.

“Why didn't she sleep with you?” Emily asked innocently.

Clark was at his wits end and felt the tears coming fast. He had no idea how to explain this to his daughter.

“Baby, daddy has to go to the bathroom real quick, ok?” He said and got up, not waiting for an answer. It was all he could do to keep it inside. Emily looked at him, puzzled as he went out of her room and into the bathroom. Clark locked the bathroom door and reached for the nearest towel, bunching it up against his face.

“HMMMMMMMMMMMMM” his agonized cry-roar muffled against the towel. He then took it off and took deep breaths to try to calm down. He wanted to cry for long minutes, but didn't want to raise Emily's suspicion. He had to stuff down his emotions for now.

Clark quickly wiped his tears away, tried to look like his life wasn't falling apart and reached for the door knob of the bathroom.

*So that was what should be the backstory. Heavy and sad, I know...
As I said, I think it's better to start the story here, from section 3 and not 1.*

Section 3 will now start the actual story, then I'll add small bits from sections 1 and 2. You'll see my markings as you read sections 3 and 4.

So, try to imagine you only now start reading the story. This is how the actual story would begin:

Section 3: (The story should start here) - Clark at work

“Ok Jaden, now - we had **ten** whole bubbles, but then I popped **six** bubbles. So now, how many bubbles do we have left?” Clark tried to get the distracted child to stay focused for more than 3 seconds on the Math problem. “Jaden? Come back to your seat, please. Good. Now, did you hear my question, Jaden? No, please try to sit for the question Jaden. Yes, excellent. Now, how many bubbles do we have left?”

“Oneeeee... twoooo... tweee... foooo...”

“Very good, Jaden! Great job, buddy! Here, choose a sticker”, said Clark with a tired smile. Clark's sad face showed clear signs of a very bad night's sleep, but he tried his best to put that aside for now. His class shouldn't suffer because of his personal issues at home.

Here I'm thinking to add just a little bit about what Clark went through tonight, but without getting into specific details. Just enough to understand he and Marla had a VERY bad fight.

Jaden wasn't smiling, per se, but Clark could tell he was happy by his excessive movements. Jaden took out the smiling star and pushed it against his shirt around his tummy, then went for another lap around the class room.

Clark looked at him with genuine pride. He's been working hard with Jaden this year on getting him attentive enough to listen to a question and answering it.

The clock above the door showed five minutes left. Clark sighed as he looked around the room: faded gray paint peeling from the walls, the class schedule drawn on a piece of cardboard with the whole right side torn off, so Thursday afternoon and all of Friday were missing. A large, plastic bin on the far corner containing mostly broken or half-working fidget toys and sensory aids.

All the conversations he had with Mr. Sheffield were like talking to a wall. “*You know we don't have the luxury for this, Clark. We're not like those fancy, private schools they got in Chicago. This is Aurora, be grateful you even got chairs.*” ‘Luxury my ass... you can't scrape 5 bucks for a new cardboard?’ but of course, Clark never said this out loud to the school principal. “*I understand Mr. Sheffield. I just think these kids deserve better*”, he'd say instead, defeated, knowing it won't matter anyway.

"Hey C.", Mrs. Meredith Shoehorn called out to Clark from the other end of the classroom, her head peeping from beyond the wooden low-partition.

Clark raised his gaze and gave Meredith a kind smile. She looked... well... worn out. She's been like that for quite a few years now. She was only a little older than Clark, but he hated to admit that she looked older than that. And for a good reason.

"What's up, Mer?" he asked kindly.

"Well... this Friday's gone' be my last day", she said with a sad smile. Clark thought this would've caught him off guard but it actually made perfect sense.

"Oh no, really? I'm sorry to hear that", he said empathically. "What happened?"

Meredith sighed heavily and shrugged her shoulders. "You know... 17 years I've been giving myself to this profession", she said and her voice cracked a little. "17 years of struggling against this... indifferent system, fighting for these kids. They're wonderful, you know how much I love them. But I mean... you know how it is. I just... I can't do this '*shit*' anymore." She silently mouthed the word 'shit' so her students wouldn't hear her. Her eyes started watering.

Clark was shocked to hear her swear for the first time since he's known her. It was clear to Clark that Meredith had mixed feelings about this decision. This job really took its toll on her mentally. To be honest, Clark couldn't help feeling similarly.

Here I want to add a little more about the night, how he had to hide this from his daughter and how much more taxing it is on him, on top of an already difficult, unrewarding job.

"Anyway, Mr. Sheffield told me he might have a replacement, so hopefully you won't get stuck doing everything yourself. '*She seems eager*' is what he told me", Meredith quoted the principle with an eye roll and a smile of an experienced veteran who found the newbies adorably clueless.

'She?' Thought Clark and couldn't help feeling an inexplicable flutter in his stomach. His thoughts started racing.

"... giving her 6 months tops before she runs off crying", Meredith said snickering.

"Huh?" Clark realized he wasn't paying attention. Meredith smiled warmly at him like, used to his kite-like brain flying somewhere, daydreaming.

"I'll miss you Clark", she said fondly and her head disappeared beyond the partition.

Just a tiny bit more of the horrible night. It's all to show how much this affects him and stays with him long into the next day. How hard it's been for him.

Clark was startled out of his stupor by a humming sound, and turned a bit to attend to Shira.

“Almost there Shira, just one more block to the pyramid. Yes! Way to go, wow that's such a tall pyramid, I'm so proud of you. Give me five!” Clark reached out his hand in front of his student and waited patiently. For a tiny moment, last night was forgotten and he managed to feel the pride he had for his student. Shira had a big smile on her face and even through her wide glasses Clark could see the joy in her eyes. She slowly reached her hand and clumsily touched a few fingers against Clark's palm, which for Clark meant the world.

Shira was more challenging, non-verbal and with some major disabilities moving around. Mr. Sheffield had told Clark when the year started that he'd be wasting his time on Shira. Well, Clark had a somewhat tilted yet fully built Pyramid to prove him wrong, right in front of him.

The bell chimed a tune far nicer than the “*TRRRRRRRRRRRR*” ring Clark used to have when he was a student.

“Alright everybody, please form a line near the door before we walk together for lunch”, Clark called out to the class.

Mrs. Meredith Shoenhorn escorted her 5 students from the other half of the class into the same line.

Clark's own 6 students formed a similar line behind him as Meredith and himself stood at the door like mother and father geese. Clark smiled warmly at her, knowing this'll be one of the last times they'll have formed that double line of students together. Meredith smiled back and wiped a tear from her red eye.

Just as they were about to head out, two knocks were heard on the hollow metal door.

“Clark?”

Clark looked back to find Mr. Sheffield. He seemed... *oddly* tense. Even uncomfortable.

“Mr. Sheffield, we were just about to...”

“I know, I know. I need you for a minute. I wanted to introduce you to someone. Meredith, can you take Clark's kids to lunch today? Thanks”, he said, not really waiting for an actual answer. Meredith raised her finger to object but dropped it. “Yeah, sure”, she said with a sigh. Clark gave her a confused shrug. “See you later, Mer, thanks.”

Stopping for a moment here - do you think there's a need to shorten this part? I want to set the stage, establish Clark's character well and show some of the daily struggles he's going through before I move forward to the "juicier" part. But on the other hand - it still feels to me like this can be a bit shorter. What do you think?

* * *

"I heard it's gonna be sunny tomorrow...", Mr. Sheffield tried to make awkward small talk as they were walking back to Mr. Sheffield's office. *'The weather? Really?'* Clark thought. Something was up with Mr. Sheffield today. He's even more awkward than usual.' "yeah, that's... nice", Clark said simply.

Mr. Sheffield was about to open his office door, but his hand was waiting just a moment longer. Was that sweat on his forehead?

His hand lowered the handle and he opened the door for Clark to go in first. Clark walked in suspiciously and then stopped in his tracks, his eyes opening wide.

"Mr. Clark. Ehm... Kessler. I mean, Mr. Clark Kessler... ehm ehm... Clark!" Fumbled Mr. Sheffield, as his *own* eyes looked in the same direction as Clark's. "I'm sure you've heard by now that Meredith will be leaving soon. We all thank her for everything she's done for this school all these years. Ehm, yes, so... to our business. I wanted you to meet the new teacher who'll be replacing her, well, not *replacing* per se... actually yes, replacing... although... anyways! Ehm!!! Joining us and starting next week... miss Catalina..."

"Rivera. You can call me Lina, is ok", she said with a calm, distinguished Hispanic accent.

Section 4: Let's squeeze some "juice", shall we?

Clark extended his hand slowly to meet Catalina's, or... *Lina's* outstretched hand. As their hands met in a soft, respectful handshake, a jolt of warmth passed through his body and it was all Clark could do to *not* moan out loud at the softness of her hands.

"Hhhi, nice to meet you Lina. I'm Clark", he somehow managed with a shocked expression. Last night's memories were suddenly swept away from his mind.

All sorts of emotions passed through him at once as they were shaking hands for what felt like forever. But above all, the only word he could think of was "**Wow**".

Catalina. Or... Lina, was - stunning.

Clark was a tall guy at 6'4", but he didn't have to look down very much to meet Lina's large, almond-brown eyes, as they were looking deep into his own. She must've been around 5'10", giving her an elegant, tall and slender overall look. She was smiling wide at Clark, showing her

full set of perfect, white teeth warmly. Her full, luxuriant, vibrant hazel-colored hair flowed from side to side as she tilted her head a little. Her skin was 2 shades darker than Clark's own rather pale one, looking soft and smooth.

"Is wonderful to meet you. Clark, sí?"

She lit up the room. Her energy was just off the charts positive. She exuded a sort of quiet, calm confidence with her wide smile and direct but soft eye contact. Both her accent and energy actually reminded him a lot of Sofia Vergara. Clark felt immediate warmth inside, and couldn't remember when was the last time anyone looked at him like that.

"Sí. I mean... yes", he said back dumbly. Lina giggled and put her hand over her mouth cutely, showing her well manicured fingernails in the process. She was practically beaming at him.

She couldn't have been over 30. Probably closer to 25, actually. Clark was polite enough to not check out her body like Mr. Sheffield appeared to have been doing, but he did see her wearing an elegant floral dress that was showing just the hint of her exposed swan-like, graceful neck and prominent collarbones. In his lower peripheral vision emerged only an inch of a tight cleavage before it disappeared into her professionally fashionable dress. He didn't dare to look further down but even that was enough to know her dress looked... tightly packed. **Extremely** so. In fact, the more he looked at her - the more he realized he'd underestimated just how packed it was.

I'll, of course, add more details about her looks and the size of her breasts later on. However, should I give some clearer details here (sounds like a stupid question... 😊)? Remember that Clark (and the reader) only knows what he sees, so I can't delve into too many physical details, and I also kinda like slowly 'peeling off the onion' slowly and leave you guys hanging on edge. But I think I can add a little more here. Let me know what you think.

But it doesn't matter. It shouldn't matter. Clark's mind flinched back to his constantly angry wife back at home and that pit in his stomach resumed once again. He tried to shake it off but his throat started choking again at the memory.

"How... ehm... how are you settling in so far?" Clark clung to something politely generic.

Lina had that empathetic look like she knew he's going through something. It was only a moment, but Clark could swear she could read his mind.

"Ayyy, I'm very well, Clark, thaaank you", she beamed at him with the kindest smile he's seen and *felt* in a long time. She had this charming way of stretching out her vowels, like she had all the time in the world to enjoy and express each word to its fullest potential. "I'm very excited to start working with you. Mister Cheffiled tol' me you are very good with your estudents and really care about them, so I'm so haaaappy to learn from you. I... I don't have moch experience, I'm a

little ascares, yes", she said with a preoccupied, gorgeous frown. "But I love children and want to learn everything I can to be a good teacher. I think every child deserves a chance."

Clark was stunned. He couldn't help being drawn to her energy. It's like she was verbalizing everything he thought. He remembered himself starting his first job as a Special Education (or SPED) teacher, how afraid he was to screw up, not quite knowing what he was getting into. But he'd also had this sense of mission, like he was going to make a difference in these children's lives, who only needed... a chance. Like Lina said.

Mr. Sheffield looked at the two of them, puzzled. He seemed as out of place in his own office as a moose in a coffee shop.

"I know that feeling very well", Clark said with empathy. "But don't worry. I'm sure you'll be great. Having passion for this job and caring about the children is already 80% of the role. I'll be happy to show you the rest if you want", he said with sincerity. That seemed to soothe her and she smiled widely back at him.

'There's that feeling again', Clark thought as she smiled at him. 'What's going on? Why is she smiling like that at me? Why is she so nice? Why is she making me feel this way? This... good?'

"Thank you so much. I appreciate it, Clark. I'm glad to know I'll have at least one kind person to talk to here. I don't know anyone in this town yet", she said, then she got very close to his face and put a hand to the side of her mouth so Mr. Sheffield wouldn't hear her. *"And the other teachers were not very nice"*, she whispered. She looked meaningfully into Clark's eyes before leaning back a moment later.

"Heh", Clark squeaked, smiling back uncomfortably. It was a small gesture but he felt it so strongly. To be genuinely complimented like that, and then to have Lina getting so close to him and confide in him like she and him were already a team... every word she said, every gesture of hers exuded positivity and made him feel warmth. Softness. Peace. Serenity. Like everything was going to be ok.

Plus, she was just **so** stunningly beautiful, and that beauty was 5 inches away from his face. He wasn't used to such gorgeous women being in close proximity to him. And he could now really smell her perfume; he almost groaned at how good she smelled.

Clark here is inevitably drawn to this conversation. I wanna show his internal struggle. He has his life, his routine, his marriage. Yet, his deprivation of love and warmth naturally pulls him to where he does get it, which is with Lina.

Clark forced himself to regain his composure. "Oh... uh, are you new in town?" *'Boy, I really went for the boring small talk, didn't I?'*

“Jes, I am, I just moved here from Chicago. Is more far than I thought. I came to the USA from Colombia about... 4 years ago, then I finishe especial education stodies two month ago, and then I looked for job and now I'm here, and that's it”, she recounted with the most charming, concentrated look Clark had ever seen. ‘*Colombia... of course!*’ He knew he recognized that accent from when his distant cousins came from Colombia to the US for that large family event they had a few years ago.

“¿Oh, enserio? ¿De qué parte de Colombia tú eres, Bogotá?” Clark said with quite a heavy American accent.

Lina's eyes lit up in excitement. “Aye! ¿Tú hablas Español??” she exclaimed with an excited smile.

Clark reddened in the face at her enthusiasm. “Un poquito. Yo hablo más menos qué más”, he said as he scratched the back of his head. That was the only funny line he knew in Spanish and he felt kinda dumb even saying it.

Do you think I should translate the Spanish to English? I'm always uncertain about foreign languages in my stories. Basically Clark asked Lina if she's from Bogotá, she got excited about him speaking Spanish, and he used a rather common wordplay in Spanish, along the lines of “more or less - I speak more less than more”. If any of you know Spanish, try to think if this sounds critical to translate.

Mr Sheffield looked completely puzzled and very uncomfortable. He knew zero Spanish, apparently, but also, he felt like his presence was unwelcomed there. In **his own** office.

Lina, however, laughed out loud and gently squeezed his forearm in return with her long fingers.

Clark's laughter faltered a little bit and he let out the quietest moan that he could without having Lina hear it. That touch... it was so brief, yet it sent a jolt of warmth through him. He found it so soothing. So... comforting. He suddenly realized Marla hadn't touched him in... he couldn't even remember. Weeks? No... months... too many months to count. And now having someone, a woman, a beautiful woman, touch him like that... it was more than just ‘comforting’. It made him realize how much he was starved for... affection. For warmth.

He jolted back just a tiny bit. Something about that scared him to his core. He still couldn't name that feeling, but he knew he was afraid of it and excited by it simultaneously.

Lina sensed Clark's tiny jolt and quickly pulled her hand back, assuming a more professional demeanor. She turned to Mr. Sheffield and said with an amused, courteous smile: “I'm sorry Mr. Cheffield, I was just telling him that I came from Colombia”. The principal looked suspiciously at her, knowing she'd said more than *that*. But Lina already turned back to Clark. “So, I'm from Medellín, actually. And no, I don't sell dregs, don' worry. I handed over my cartel business to my

successor a long time ago”, she finished with her own joke and fluttered her long eyelashes at him.

Clark laughed nervously again, not knowing how to take all this pure elixir of positive, feminine, soft energy she exuded. He also couldn't believe she dared doing that joke in front of her boss.

“Ok. But I'll keep an eye on you, though”, he pointed a mock-accusatory index finger at her.

“Well, maybe you keep an eye on my teaching and help me with teaching the children?” she asked with her big eyes open wide, her hands clutched behind her back as she swayed from side to side. Clark **really** concentrated hard now to *not* look down, but there was no way he could miss seeing that *super-packed* dress swaying so much.

“Sounds fair, sure. And maybe *you* can help me with my Spanish?” he retorted.

“Deal!” She said. They shook hands and tried to look serious at one another, but both couldn't help smiling.

“Ehm, O.K.!!! So you two have now met”, said Mr. Sheffield with a single (slightly-too-strong) clap of his hands. Apparently he couldn't stand another second of feeling like a third wheel in his own office. “Miss Rivera will start next Monday. Clark, I expect you to help her settle in.”

“Of course, Mr. Sheffield”, Clark answered him but looked at Lina. She smiled back at him, blushing. Clark felt... uncomfortably good.

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Hope you enjoyed the first draft of the beginning of the story. As I said - I invite you to comment on the Patreon post with your inputs -

- *You general impression on the story so far*
- *Answers to my questions throughout the draft*
- *Suggestions to change/add/reduct anything*
- *Any questions you may have*
- *Stuff you think may help the story*

I promise to consider all your inputs seriously.

*Thank you,
Commandlz 😊*