

"You want a soda or anything?"

Leonard blinked. "Ah. Sorry, must've zoned out for a second." He shook his head and smiled.

"No, I'm good, thanks."

"OK! Just lemme know if you get thirsty or whatever!"

Leonard nodded wordlessly at his companion, doing his level best to stay composed as he went over the facts in his head. In situations like these, it was best to reiterate what one knew for certain. An unexplainable conclusion was rarely *actually* unexplainable, and the rationale behind it -- however twisted it may be -- could often be found in the minutiae around it.

Leonard was aiming for a doctorate in mathematics. He had a master's already and had recently begun his work as a teaching fellow at Lorem Ipsum University to allow for use of its resources. Part of his fellowship meant that he was teaching an undergrad course, and lo, there was another PhD student in the same field in the same place at the same time doing the same thing.

Well, she was admittedly a PhD *candidate*, but he wasn't about to let that stop him from reaching out. No, what would've stopped him from reaching out was the sheer disparity between their abilities.

Naturally, he'd only found this out after the fact.

Sofia Kowalski was a rising star in the world of mathematics, a female goblin who had turned her analytical eye towards the seemingly impenetrable depths of theoretical mathematics. It quickly became apparent in Leonard's preliminary research that the only reason she hadn't actually gotten her doctorate yet was that she'd been dragging her feet in writing her dissertation. It was all but a technicality, given the contributions she'd made already. Fuck's sake, she'd proven Margeth's Hypothesis, solved the Beaumont Paradox, *disproven* Steinmann's Third Conjecture, and turned just about a half-century's worth of stochastic theory on its head!

If he had known so much as *one* of her accomplishments before they'd set the date, Leonard would have politely invented some excuse, rescheduled their meeting indefinitely, and quietly worshiped her from afar. But he hadn't. And now he'd learned one more thing about her that he'd *somehow* passed over.

Sofia Kowalski was eighteen years old.

And Leonard was twenty-six. Fucking hell.

He should've realized something was wrong when he'd followed her directions to a two-story house in the suburbs. It wasn't impossible that she could've rented a room somewhere -- hell, he'd lived in a group house up until last year -- but the neighborhood around it seemed a bit more exclusive than one where people would be subletting.

Then her mom had answered the door. How did he know that she was Sofia's mom? Well, the way she'd shouted "*Sofia, your friend is here!*" was a hint, and Sofia's response of "*OK, mom!*" laid the remaining questions to rest.

So now there he was. Sitting and making smalltalk while she beamed up at him from waist-height. Admittedly they were on more equal "footing" sitting at the desk, but the fact remained that she had the plucky enthusiasm of a college freshman...and he did not.

"Right, so-" He managed to push past the absurdity of it all and grab a notebook from his bag. "I don't know what kind of curriculum you've set for your course, but this is-" He held his breath for a moment, then released it in laughter. "This is my first time actually *teaching* a class. I've worked as a TA in the past, but-"

"Oh, you were a TA? That's so cool!" Instantly she leaned in, nearly standing up in her seat and staring up at him with wide, twinkling eyes. "It feels so weird thinking that we're gonna be teaching, y'know? Like, I'm so used to just listening along to teachers and stuff that I'm kinda like 'bwuh!' about the whole thing. Y'know?"

God have mercy, she was adorable. Like, goblins were always stacked three ways to Sunday, but Sofia didn't *just* have tits like melons and hips (literally) made for birthing babies, she had a beautiful smile, she had the cutest dimples he'd ever seen, she was *packed* into a funny, dorky t-shirt, she-

OK, now he was thinking about her body again. Focus!

"Yeah, I get what you mean," Leonard replied, turning his attention back to his notes. "I'm kind of past that part of my education, but-"

Sofia opened her mouth to say something again, but this time the interruption came from a different source.

"You kids doing alright?" Sofia's mom popped her head into the room -- Sofia's *bedroom* -- and winked at the two of them. "Need anything? I brought some- *Ack!*" She ducked a throw pillow lobbed at her head and giggled as she stepped inside.

"*Mom!*" Sofia whined, balling her hands up into fists and puffing out her cheeks. "Leonard said that he didn't *want* anything! You're *interrupting our meeting!*"

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey! I just want to make sure that you two have a *good* time talking about...whatever it is you're talking about." She sidled up to the desk and set a steaming plate of pigs-in-a-blanket down in front of them. "Honestly, I just had some snacks left over from dinner, and I didn't want them to go to waste."

Leonard nodded. "Thank you, Mrs. Kowalski."

"So *polite!* Please, call me Mona. Sofia! You didn't tell me your friend was so *handsome!*" She turned to her daughter and planted her hands on her hips with an impish grin, much to her daughter's distress.

Try as he might to stay professional, it was an exercise in willpower when the voluptuous hourglass of a mature goblin was practically presented for his enjoyment. As Leonard glanced over Mona's body from his periphery, he couldn't help but wonder if Sofia was going to end up just as lushly curvaceous when she became a mother. Her hips swayed with every step, and it wasn't hard to see the resemblance between the two. Swap out Sofia's straining t-shirt for a taut tease of an apron, and they'd be virtually indistinguishable.

Well, indistinguishable except for the furious blush on Sofia's cheeks. "*Mo-o-om!*" She squealed in embarrassment, hopping off her seat to physically push her mother out of the room. Sofia grit her teeth in her efforts to expel the giggling goblin, and Mona eventually relented, stepping out of her own accord.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Can't help it. You know how goblins are, Leonard." Mona shot him a wink and a half-shrug. Then a bell rang out, and her eyes lit up. "Oh!" Mona turned prim and proper once more -- as prim and proper as a shortstacked pin-up dressed as a domestic

wet dream could be -- and canted her head to the side. "That'd be *Mister* Kowalski. Sofia, you have fun with your friend. I'm going to go take care of Daddy. Leonard, you just let Sofia know if you need anything." She leaned in and brought a hand to her mouth, whispering. "Go easy on her, dear. She's sharp as a tack, but she needs a little more practice playing housewife."

At that point, not even Mona's tittering glee could protect her from Sofia's red-faced fury, and the Kowalski matriarch was summarily ejected from the premises. Or Sofia's room, at least. Sofia turned back to face Leonard with a sheepish grin, her face practically radiating heat. "Sorry 'bout that. Mom can get a little weird. H-Heh." She looked just about everywhere but at Leonard's face. Even if the whole thing had made him a bit more uncomfortable than he'd care to admit, Leonard didn't want Sofia feeling awkward over her mother's faux pas.

So he reached down and patted her on the shoulder, smiling. "Nothing to worry about. I know how parents can be." He straightened up in his seat and plucked a pen from his pocket, completely failing to notice the breathless rapture on Sofia's face. "My mom's actually a succubus, so she's been pushing for me to get married for nearly a decade. Keeps trying to set me up with her friends' daughters, but I want to get my doctorate before I settle down." Leonard grinned and cast a glance at Sofia. "From what my dad told me, he had virtually *no* free time after he and my mom had their first kid, and I'm not about to try and juggle raising a child with an academic fellowship."

Sofia nodded rapidly, her head bobbling as if there were an earthquake. "Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Yeah, uhm. I have-" She hopped back up into her seat and plucked one of the snacks from the plate. "I have three older sisters and an older brother, and they all got married *super* early. Like, they were all around my age, I think? I'm kind of lucky because I'm a freak or whatever. I'm pretty much set for a while thanks to the prizes I got for solving Margeth and Beaumont." She popped one of the hot dog nibs into her mouth with a wink and a smile. "Five million each! Not bad, huh?"

Leonard couldn't do much more than stare and shake his head after a few seconds. "God." Sofia blanched. "What?"

"Nothing, it's just..." He leaned back in his seat and shook his head once more. He touched a hand to his temple and closed his eyes...only to laugh a moment later. "God. That's *incredible*. Not the money, but. Your *accomplishments*."

Oh, and Sofia was blushing again. She didn't look uncomfortable, per se, but the pint-sized prodigy didn't have much to add to Leonard's praise. "Erm. I dunno, it's nothing...special. I just worked them out like I did any other problem, I guess."

Their curriculums -- and ages -- forgotten, Leonard leaned in. "That's *fascinating*, though! I mean no disrespect in saying this, but it feels so *strange* to be treated as your peer. In virtually *any* regard." He took one of the tidbits from the plate and took a bite, thinking about-

*-how fucking hot these were, oh, God!* Tears beaded at the corners of his eyes almost instantly, and it wasn't soon after that his face flushed agonized red. Sofia hopped from her seat with a squeak and reached towards him ineffectually once or twice before she sputtered a quick "*I'mso sorry! I'llberightback!*" and sprinted out the door.

When she finally returned, Leonard had resorted to scraping the surface of his tongue with his fingernails in some frantic attempt to flense the hellish taint off of it. She pushed a glass of milk into his hands, and it was in blind desperation that he drank it down in one gulp.

Sofia watched with bated breath, terrified.

But when Leonard sighed in grateful relief, she did the same. True, she started babbling a moment later, but at least that was more because she felt bad. "I'm so sorry! I totally forgot that my mom makes everything *super* spicy, and I forgot to tell you, and I didn't- And you won't-!" Her apology trailed off into miserable silence, and it looked like Sofia was seconds away from bursting into tears.

Leonard reached out and placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder, smiling despite the flush on his cheeks. "It's fine. Truly." Sofia sniffled. Maybe a joke would help? "Just don't expect me to ask for take-away if your mom's in the kitchen. But!" He winked. "Don't tell her I said that."

OK, *that* did the trick. Sofia was still blinking back tears, but at least now she was smiling. She sniffled once more, then she laughed. "Ugh. I'm really sorry, I'm not normally this emotional about this kind of stuff. It's just..." She trailed off.

And didn't continue. Her smile faded, and...God, Leonard couldn't stand to see her so upset. "Shhh." He moved his hand from her shoulder to her arm, rubbing gently. "It's honestly no big deal. I'm just kind of a wimp when it comes to spicy food."

She seemed unconvinced, and though Leonard dreaded what came next, he had an idea on how to goof his way out of this. Besides, it was high time he did something stupid to make a girl feel better. He reached back to the plate, grabbed another morsel, and popped it into his mouth before a horrified Sofia. As tears pricked at the corners of his eyes once more, Leonard could practically *feel* his mother distantly approving his self-sacrificial stupidity. Ugh.

This time he managed to swallow without anything to wash it down. "See." He coughed. "I can *feel* my brain cells rearranging themselves. Food this spicy is enough to force your brain to *adapt* to the heat. Give me a few more plates of this, and I'll be solving Fleischer's Last Theorem before you know it."

Sofia giggled at that. She looked up at Leonard with a shy smile, and it was only after he finished his third helping that Leonard shook his head. "If you want some of this, you're out of luck!" He wagged a finger. "You've been eating this for *years!* I'd say that's enough of a head start!"

"No, shut *up!* That's *not* what I meant!" She thumped her fist against his shoulder, giddily frustrated. "It's just..."

She suddenly leaned against him with a sigh. Seated, he was still a bit taller than her, but now he could at least wrap an arm around her shoulder without reaching down too far. The heat from the snacks hadn't faded entirely this time, but Leonard had gotten used to it. Mostly. "It's just what?"

Sofia didn't answer right away, but she did crane her head to stare up into Leonard's eyes. After a pause and another quiet smile, she continued. "I never really got to, like. Hang out with boys in school. I jumped forward a buncha grades, and then I started getting really into math and stuff, and then mom and dad had to pull me out of college and get a private

tutor for me instead." She sighed. "And I really *liked* Miss Seshat, but when your only real friend is your private tutor..."

Poor thing. Leonard just wanted to give her a hug. He blinked slowly. "Hey," he murmured, reaching down and wrapping his arms around her. "That sounds rough." He couldn't exactly see it, but he could definitely feel how hot Sofia's face had turned in his sudden embrace. He could feel her heartbeat, too. Pounding away in her chest, rapidfire.

Sofia didn't try to push him away, but she *did* squirm a bit. With a gulp and a shuddering breath, she continued. "I've never had. A buh." She shivered. "A boyfriend before." She timidly looped her arms around his waist and eased her way up into his lap. "Someone I could just hang out with. Talk about stuff with." She sighed, leaning her head against his shoulder. "Sometimes I wonder what it's like, y'know? Just being able to be cute around and stuff."

Leonard was doing his best to listen -- and doing a pretty good job, to be fair -- but as Sofia got more comfortable in his embrace, she got a bit more...casual, too. At first she'd been stiff as a board, but now she was pressing her chest up against his, wiggling to make herself comfortable in his lap, tracing little circles on the small of his back. And none of it seemed to be on purpose.

Leonard wanted to say something reassuring, but first he had to self-advocate. There was *no* way he was offering any kind of comfort when he was busy trying to ignore the feeling of her *tits* pillowing against him. Then she pulled away -- thank *God* -- and Leonard could finally focus enough to-

Oh, and she'd popped another pig-in-a-blanket in his mouth. For better or worse, he'd gotten used to the heat, so there was just a sort of pleasant spiciness to enjoy now. As soon as he finished the first, she fed him another, continuing with a sigh.

"And I know it's kinda whiny to complain about it, but there's a lot of other stuff that gets on my nerves, too. Like..." She bounced gently on his lap, gesturing to her bust. "My boobs just keep getting bigger and bigger! I have to keep buying bras, but, like. It's so much more convenient to not even put one on."

Leonard whimpered.

"And all the magazines I read have all these interviews with guys about how they think it's sexy when a girl is willing to let him help provide for the family -- instead of just looking after the kids -- but I don't know if I'm gonna be able to let my husband do that. It's not that I don't want him to be independent or anything, but..." She heaved with a sigh once more. "Like, I love math. And the awards for solving the kinda problems I really sink my teeth into are *so* much. When I get married, my husband isn't going to have to work a day in his *life*."

Leonard hadn't been able to respond for a few minutes, the platter of snacks steadily depleted as he was fed one after another. Red-faced and beginning to sweat, all Leonard could do was listen as the curvaceous prodigy in his lap listed her woes.

"So here I am, my financial security pretty much guaranteed, tearing my wardrobe apart with every growth spurt, and *bored* out of my *mind* because I don't have anything to do but work on math problems and plan my course at LIU. Oh." She looked over her shoulder, giving her hips a torturous twist on Leonard's lap in the process. "I forgot, we were totally supposed to be doing that, weren't we?" Sofia sighed and slumped against Leonard. "Ugh. Sorry, I get distracted really easily."

"Dun' worry about't," Leonard murmured.

Sofia smiled gently and gave him a peck on the cheek. "You're really nice, you know that? Mm." She shut her eyes and nuzzled up against him. "This is gonna sound silly, but..." She sighed once more, dreamily. "When you contacted me and said we should meet up to, like, discuss coursework and junk. I kinda daydreamed about what it would be like if we ended up having a crush on each other."

Leonard nodded dimly, listening without fully understanding. The heat in his belly was beginning to creep lower, and with Sofia pressed up so close against him, it was getting harder and harder to ignore just how *soft* and *warm* she was. In fact, the only thing distracting from her body...was her *voice*.

"I had it all planned out in my head," she murmured. "We'd meet up here and get to know each other better. You'd be the cool, sexy, older guy, but I'd find a way to charm you silly, and you'd be all giggly and shy when I asked you out on an *actual* date. I'd go shopping for some cute clothes, and then when I showed up in my new outfit, you'd be *speechless*."

Sofia hummed with delight at the thought, and Leonard simply listened along, the picture she painted becoming more and more vivid in his mind. "This is where it gets silly, because I've *never* gone on a date before." She began to rock on his lap, eyes shut, lips curled up in a gentle smile. "I dunno *how*, but I'd know *all* the right things to say, and I'd impress you, and you'd be hanging off my every word. I'd invite you back here, all smooth and charming, and you'd follow me home like a little lost puppy. I dunno *why*, but the idea of an older guy being completely *smitten* with me is just so...*Mmf*."

Her hug had turned a bit more insistent. Maybe a bit more possessive. "We'd make out. Maybe we'd *fuck* if you wanted to. And." She shivered on top of him. "And maybe you didn't like them before, but I'd be the one to kind of. To kind of *make* you like goblins. Like when we first met, you'd be more...dominant. But I'd be so charming and sexy that you wouldn't be able to resist. All you would be able to do is lay back and gasp and *moan* as I milked you *dry*."

Leonard couldn't do anything but helplessly follow along, spellbound and getting steadily harder in his pants. He could see it right in front of him, Sofia bouncing on his cock, licking her lips and cooing her approval as he emptied his load into her. His eyes crossed for a moment as the daydream got even hotter.

"And you'd start coming up with more and more excuses to come spend time with me," she purred, seeming to lose herself in the fantasy. "You'd act all ditzy and get me to help organize your curriculum and grade exams and midterms and stuff, and you'd *melt* when I teased you and said that I deserved something *back*. Y'know, for all my *hard* work."

"Once the semester had gotten started and we were both adjusted to our schedules, I'd rent an apartment. You'd move in with me. Every day after classes, we'd come home, have dinner together, and then we'd *fuck like rabbits*. You'd go to bed with a *big* smile on your face and wake up just in time to pump a load into my mouth. Then we'd hop in the shower together and clean each other off before we drove to the university."

"And that'd be our daily life for a few years. I'd write my dissertation. You'd work at your doctorate. And then." Sofia's breathing was heavier now, but not as heavy as Leonard's. "Then I'd propose. I'd ask you to marry me. I'd- I'd wait until it was the night of our anniversary, and I'd take you out to an expensive restaurant, and we'd come home, and I'd

be wearing this *sexy* lingerie, and you'd be *so* hard, and I'd ask you 'will you marry me,' and-

"Yes. Yes!" Leonard whined, eyelids fluttering. He was so stiff in his pants, and as soon as the words had passed his lips, his hands had gone to Sofia's hips, holding them tight as he mumbled his eager acceptance. "God, I- Yes, I'll marry you! I love you! I-" He groaned, lost in the fantasy. "I'm so happy, Sofia! I want- I want to be your husband! I want to start a *family* with you!"

His sudden outburst silenced Sofia in seconds. All the goblin prodigy could do was watch him mewl his adoration, flushed hotter than ever.

Then, with a strangled whimper, Sofia wriggled out of Leonard's arms and sprinted to her parents' room.

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"I *swear* it was an *accident*, mom!" Sofia was shaking. Whether it was out of excitement or fear, she didn't quite know. "W-We were just talking, and then he got all, uh." She gulped. "Like *this!*"

"Like this, huh." Mona repeated, dully amused.

Leonard didn't have much to say. He was a bit preoccupied nuzzling up against Sofia, and the kisses he planted on her neck meant that his mouth was too busy to talk. Well, that wasn't entirely true. Every now and then, he'd murmur "Love you" against Sofia's skin. As for coherent answers, though, he was a bit too out of it.

"*Mommy!*" Sofia whined. "I *promise* I didn't do anything to him! Ooh, you put something in the food, didn't you?!" She stomped her foot and pouted. "I *told* you I didn't need any help getting a boyfriend!"

"You're telling me!" Mona laughed, nudging Leonard with the tip of her foot. "Honey, I had nothing to do with this. You got this poor boy lovesick *all* on your own."

The notion seemed to panic Sofia even further. "Then...what do I *do?*!" She looked down at Leonard, now laying on the floor and hugging her leg.

Leonard stared up into her eyes dreamily and smiled. "You should ask me out on a *date*." He kissed her thigh. "So I can say *yes*."

Sofia looked helplessly to her mother. Mona just smiled back.

Then she turned, shrugged, and shook her head. "All I can say is that I can't wait for my grandchildren. I pity that poor bastard, because it's going to be one *hell* of a wake-up call. He thinks you're a math prodigy now? Just *wait* until he sees how easy it is for goblins to *multiply*."