Yes... Even a Genius Can Fall In Love

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Yes... Even a Genius Can Fall In Love

by WriteOfMoon

Summary

Dr. Ratio had forgotten something at home. So, his lovely bride goes out of her way to bring it to him. This little mishap, unfortunately, has birthed quite the confused reaction from his students...

Yes... Even a Genius Can Fall In Love

Stelle stood at the desk of her husband in his classroom. He had forgotten his lunch at home and she didn't want her love to be without his favorite meal. So, there she was.

Although he wasn't there yet, his students were present. They all looked at her curiously. Most assumed she must've been a substitute filling in for the day, but... *since when has Dr. Ratio ever taken a day off?*

They had no clue who she was since he never talked about his private life openly.

"Good morning, class," Veritas spoke as he walked in, but stopped in his tracks the moment his eyes fell on his wife.

"Sooo... we *don't* have a sub today?" a student comments.

Stelle turns around to face her husband, holding up his lunchbox, letting it dangle from her fingertips with an all-knowing smirk, one brow raised.

Veritas sighs at her expression, a small smirk tugged at the edge of his lips that was quickly hidden beneath his mask. He walked towards her and plucks the lunch from her hand. "You're spoiling me, love. You didn't have to come all the way here," he muttered softly at her, hand brushing against hers.

His students' mouths dropped, baffled by the interaction. Some started mumbling to themselves.

Stelle chuckles. "Well, I can't have my beloved going hungry now, can I?" she simply says, earning a soft chuckle from him. "Now that it's delivered, I'll leave you be. Have fun teaching." She then pecks him on the cheek before leaving and flashing the class a smile on her way out. Veritas watches her leave, unable to hide the fond look on his face.

All eyes remained wide as they witnessed the entire interaction before one of them dared to speak. "Wait, Doc... who was *that*?"

Veritas internally sighs at the question and turns to face them. "My wife, you buffoon," he responded bluntly, as if it should've been obvious. But the shocked faces did prove to be an amusement to him. "Any other inane questions before we begin class?"

The students immediately shut their mouths and shook their heads, still processing the revelation that their seemingly stoic and mysterious professor had a wife. Some of them couldn't help but feel jealous, wishing they had a partner who would bring them lunch and kiss them goodbye. Veritas couldn't help the huff that escaped his mouth at their stunned expressions, and clears his throat before beginning his lecture.

During said lecture though, the class' attention was divided between his teachings and the events prior. The fact that he was a married man was still unbelievable. Some of them

exchanged whispers and glances with each other, wondering how they had never heard about it. Of course, Veritas heard their not-so-discreet whispering and mentally braced himself for the inevitable spread of such news like wildfire.

As class went on, one student finally worked up the courage to interrupt the session... by asking one of the big questions on everyone's minds. "So, Doctor, how long have you been married?"

Veritas raised a brow at them, considering whether to humor them or not. He sighs and taps his fingers on his desk. "Five years," he answered flatly, expecting the next question to be-

"Don't go asking him how we met, though." Stelle suddenly reappears, stopping beside his surprised self with a hand on her hip. "It'll hurt his perfect image," she jokes. Veritas rolled his eyes, but a little smirk formed on his face. And now the class was gaping like fishes.

"Don't you have somewhere to be, my muse?" he quipped, trying to hide his amusement at her sass.

"Not really," she says. "I *was* going to head straight home, but after thinking about it, I think I'll stay here with you for a bit." Then she chuckles before adding, "If only to spare you the headache of teaching a distracted class. I don't mind curing their curiosity some."

Veritas exhales in resignation, knowing full well he couldn't argue with her logic. "Fine, fine. Do as you please," he grumbles.

His students were now vibrating with eagerness, itching to fire off all the questions that had been eating at them about the two.

"Right then. Ask away, my dear husband's curious little gremlins," Stelle transfers her suave gaze to the class.

"So um, how did you.. uh, meet..?" one had shyly asked.

Veritas pinches the bridge of his nose. *Of course,* that would be the first question they'd ask anyway. The answer to that question was going to bring him a major headache. But he simply nods in compliance.

Stelle giggles. "Well, since he's given his consent..." she lowers the pitch of her voice down two octaves -for immersion- and attempts to speak like one of those male narrators of a documentary. "Let it be known that the *great* Veritas Ratio you all know and love... had fell from grace the day he tripped, spilled his coffee on me *while* crashing into me and, dare I say, *romantically* caught me before I fell."

The dramatic effect did wonders. Her voice is back to normal when she adds, "This all happened on a shuttle bus, by the way."

The faces of all the students were a mix of disbelief, amazement, and stifled laughs.

Ratio actually causing a scene?

The great genius, tripping and spilling coffee on his future bride?

Veritas sighs exasperatedly at the exaggerated retelling. He tried to look annoyed, but failed miserably with his mouth twitching in attempt to hide a smile. "I was trying to avoid stepping on a dog's tail. You make it sound like a cheap romance novel."

Stelle simply laughs. "Oh, come on! You know those 'cheap' romance novels don't get their inspirations out of nowhere. Why, I distinctly remember how out of sorts you were. Trying to apologize and help me dry..." she then shields her mouth to whisper very loudly to the class, "He was having a little love-at-first-sight crisis."

Veritas felt his face grow warm under his mask. He grumbled and looked away, ignoring the knowing looks from the students.

It was mortifying, but it was entirely true.

He recalled the incident very clearly. "You're making it sound like I was some lovesick puppy," he whined with a scowl.

The class was clearly enjoying this new side of him.

"But you were! And you were so cute with it, I just couldn't resist," she snickered, before deciding to spare him from further embarrassment, turning back to the class. "Put simply, a little accident led to an apology date night, and we hit it off from there."

Veritas had grumbled quietly at her playful jab, but he couldn't deny the accuracy of the tale. He was more than smitten with her from the moment he first laid eyes on her. His students, on the other hand, were still trying to process the idea of such a serious man being very different when it came to Stelle. It was like he was a whole new person. One of them decided to pipe up with a bolder question, too curious for their own good.

"If you don't mind me asking, who confessed first?"

That triggered yet another groan from the man on the pedestal, who knew full well this rabbit hole was heading into even more embarrassing territory.

"I did," Stelle proudly beamed.

Many of the students gasp. Veritas silently cursed her confidence and shamelessness.... rather fondly.

Another chimed in, clearly emboldened by the previous person. "What about the proposal? Who popped the question there?"

"That was also me," Stelle, once again, confessed pridefully, and Veritas facepalms bashfully.

"Do you have to sound so smug about it...?" he mumbled under his breath, resisting the urge to cover her mouth.

The students were full of eager chatter. Their initial perceptions of their professor had been shaken to the core.

"You and I both know that if I didn't do anything to tie the knot, we'd have gotten nowhere. You were too shy. So yes, I'll be as smug as I like, thank you very much," she grinned mischievously.

He was unable to refute. He knew full well if she hadn't taken the initiative, he probably would have never made a move. "You're insufferable, you know that?" he spoke, a hint of affection hiding in his tone.

"Yes. Just like I know how much you love that about me," she playfully sticks out her tongue.

He absolutely loved her confident and teasing nature. As infuriating as it could be at times. "You're too cheeky for your own good," he states, earning another chuckle from her.

"Any more questions or shall we call it here?" she asks the class.

A particularly bold student chose to pry once more. "Uh... Just one more question."

Veritas prayed that whatever it was wouldn't be too embarrassing or inappropriate.

"Do you two have any kids?"

Annndd there it is.

"No. But, I'll admit the idea of having lots of mini Ratios is certainly appealing," Stelle gave her husband a mischievous smirk.

He felt his cheeks warm again. The thought of having little versions of himself running around was both delightful and frightening to him. He shoots her a glare. "We're *not* having an army of children, love."

All she had to do was maintain her expression.

'Yes we are, and we're starting tonight' was vividly present in it, and she wasn't taking no for an answer.

The students, of course, were blissfully ignorant of the silent exchange passing between the two pairs of eyes. He was well aware of the meaning behind that gleam in her gaze. But he did his best to maintain his composure in front of the audience, all while mentally planning to strangle her later.

'Strangle' meaning... something very much along the lines of passion.

Satisfied with his submission, Stelle beams before addressing the class. "And that's the end of Marriage Class. Hope you had as much fun as I did. But please, try not to tease my husband about it. That's *my* job. And I won't hesitate to *send you to the sun and back* if I find out. You've been warned~" she smiled innocently.

Her words then struck fear into every student. You could hear the audible zip of their mouths going silent. They nod frantically, heads spinning by the unexpected threat from such a feisty and protective spouse.

Veritas huffed, almost laughing, as he shook his head. "You've scarred them for life, love. Are you happy now?"

"Very. Someone has to safeguard your image after it's been exposed," she states as she approached him, planting a loving kiss to his lips. He couldn't help the stifled hum as she did so. "See you at home tonight. I'll have dinner ready," she murmurs with a finger brushing his lips before taking her leave.

"Bye-bye little gremlins," she bids sweetly -with a sinister glint in her eyes- on her way out. A final warning in disguise.

Her touch and words ignited a familiar flame within him. The sight of her bidding a deadly farewell to his students with that sweet, yet menacing tone sent a positive shiver down his spine; a mix of desire and trepidation.

What a woman.

He watched her leave with his mind already consumed by thoughts of what the night would bring. The students were frozen still. Brains short-circuited from the display of affection and the subtle threat Stelle had just issued them. Talk about a look that could kill...

The rest of the day passed by in a blur of lectures and paperwork. Veritas' thoughts are constantly straying to his wife and the evening that lies ahead. The memory of her seductive kiss, her provocative words, her teasing touch, all replayed in his mind like a tantalizing loop.

As the final bell rang and the campus emptied, he began packing up his things, mind already fixed on one thought: getting home to his beautiful bride.

Every minute of the journey home felt like an eternity, and he found himself driving just a little faster than usual. His fingers were just itching to touch her.

When he arrived, he opened the front door and was immediately hit with the scent of her cooking. The familiar and comforting aroma of seasoned meats only served to heighten his desire, and his eyes scan the house for her. "Love, I'm home," he called out, his voice betraying a bit of impatience.

Stelle appears around the corner to greet him, drying her hands after having cleaned the stovetop. "Welcome home, beloved," she murmurs as she snakes her arms around his neck and pulls him into her lips. He practically melted into her as soon as she greeted him, his own arms wrapping around her waist and pulling her flush against his body. The feeling and the taste of her was like a salve to his soul, soothing the agitation and anticipation that had been building the entire day.

He deepened the kiss, his tongue seeking entrance to her mouth, wanting to claim her fully. "Mmm~ Careful. We might end up delaying dinner," she hums softly.

He growls lowly in response. Possessive and demanding. His hands move down to grip her hips, and his fingers dig into her skin as he presses her against the wall, trapping her in. "To hell with dinner," he mutters against her mouth. His need for her far outweighed any hunger for sustenance.

She giggles through the kiss, her desires having now been fueled. He pushes his hips against hers, letting her feel the full extent of his craving. "Mmmm~" she moans lowly. Someone was starving.

He groans at the sound that came from her mouth, and it went straight to his groin. His body was practically grinding against hers as he grows more desperate.

"I need you," he growls, moving his hands to tug at the hem of her top, eager to get it off and bare her skin to him.

In less than a minute, all of their clothes were off. He lifts her up, her legs wrapped around his waist, and carries her to the bedroom. He laid her down on the bed, eyes both dark and feral with lust. His hands were everywhere as if he couldn't get enough of her body, leaving love bites and claiming marks all over her. "You're going to be the death of me, love."

And then in a whirlpool of passion, they took out their pent-up energy on each other like mad beasts.

Having children was definitely inevitable now.

~Fin

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