

Hot for

PROFESSOR  **R**

CASSI HART

Hot For Professor

Sweetheart Campus

Cassi Hart

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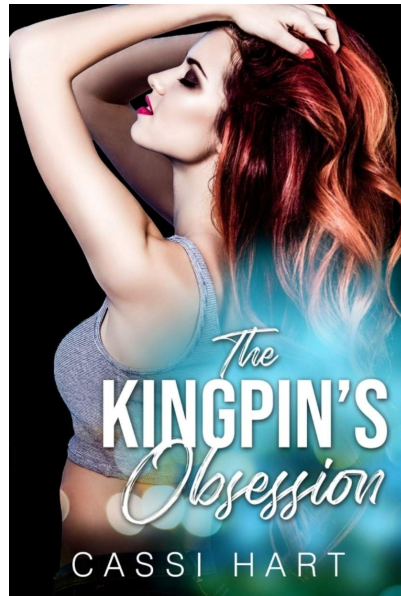
First Edition

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Cassi H   rt

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Chapter 1

Rosalie

Pausing outside the door, I adjust my skirt. Short, but not too short; tight, but not too tight. Do I unbutton another button on my pale blue blouse, or trust that I'm already showing enough through the snug fabric? I take a deep breath and the cloth strains against my body. Perfect. As soon as I walk through this door, my life will change. I'm finally going to meet him for the first time.

I already know everything there is to know about him. From the moment I read his first, and heartbreakingly, *only* fiction book, he owned me, heart and soul. I've read every interview, watched his classes online, and devoured his writing instructions. I've been dreaming about this moment since I turned eighteen. For over a year, I've imagined sitting in his class, soaking in his knowledge, and finding a way to catch his eye. I haven't dared dream he might one day return my feelings, so I keep my sights on a simpler goal. One I was confident I could achieve:

Getting the world's sexiest professor to take my v-card.

My breath hitches in my chest as I peek through the small window into his classroom. Professor Adrian Hayes is sitting at his desk, his attention on a tablet, one hand absently strumming the surface of his desk. My core tightens, imagining that strong hand running up my thigh and under the hem of my skirt. I want him so much.

“Get it together, Rosalie,” I whisper to myself, reaching for the doorknob with a trembling hand.

When I saw there was an undergrad position available, I practically sacrificed a chicken in my dorm room to get this job. I can’t lose it by being late due to fantasizing over my new boss. *Boss. Professor.* How I want him to take charge of me and teach me everything I long to know.

The breezy greeting I’ve practiced in the mirror a hundred times dies on my lips once I’m in the same room as him. His presence takes up the large, airy office, and a book freak like me would normally make a beeline for his vast, floor to ceiling shelves. When he glances up at me, however, I’m frozen in my tracks. Great. Mute and stiffly standing in his doorway. I check to make sure my tongue isn’t lolling out and making it even worse. He’s just that breathtakingly gorgeous. Video and pictures couldn’t properly capture his dark golden mop of hair falling across his brow, now furrowed in mild confusion. His blue eyes rake me up and down and his full lips purse, before relaxing into a smile that ruins my panties.

“Ah, you must be my new assistant,” he says, shuffling some papers on his desk. He gives me an adorably apologetic look as he stands. His tall body unfolds from his chair, his wine-colored sweater clinging to his muscular chest. He’s an avid rower and I can’t wait to run my hands all over those firm pecs—count every ab with my fingertips. “Remind me of your name again.”

“Rosalie Minton,” I squeak, then take firm control of my shattered nerves.

As he moves toward me, I hurry forward. We meet in the middle of his office, only inches apart, too close for a handshake, too soon to wrap my arms and legs around him. I look up at him, taking in the slight stubble on his chiseled jaw, subtly breathing him in. Woodsy cologne and a hint of cinnamon. I nearly cry because I finally get to be so close to him.

He puts his hand on my shoulder and guides me back a step. "I'm sorry, I don't remember you," he says, his voice deep and rich and rolling over me like a caress. "Remind me which class of mine you took."

I shake my head. "I haven't taken any yet. I'm signed up for your Freshman Lit class." I press my lips together to keep from gushing about how excited I am.

His brow furrows again, this time in consternation. "Freshman? Do you have experience?"

Ugh, he doesn't know this job was open to all years, and he's disappointed in my inexperience. He doesn't want to waste his time showing me the ropes. I hope he's more enthusiastic about showing me what I really want to learn.

"I worked for my high school librarian. And I've done filing for my family's business. I'm sure I can do whatever you want and satisfy your needs."

I lean forward as I say this, giddy when his eyes widen and his gaze drops. I take a deep breath as those deep blue eyes run over my chest and lick my lower lip at the precise moment they travel back to my face. Color slowly floods his cheeks and he turns away abruptly. Disappointment strikes, but did I really expect him to jump me on the first day?

He's businesslike and polite as I organize his class schedule and transcribe some notes he's scrawled onto a legal pad. I run my fingers over his handwriting, unable to believe I'm really here, with Professor Hayes. My surreptitious glances as I work reveal him looking at me at least twice and I leave feeling hopeful, if somewhat disappointed that he barely nodded a goodbye to me.

As soon as I get to my dorm room, I log onto the blog I've been writing since I turned 18. I'd started it the summer before my senior year of high school to commemorate my official entry into adulthood. And what better way to celebrate it than to declare my intent to pursue Professor Hayes? The silly banner I made back then—a collage of manga drawings I'd lovingly sketched of Adrian in various states of muscular undress, emphasizing his hugeness and I shake my head, knowing I should either delete it or update it.

Losing My Virginity to the World's Hottest Professor, the title proclaims, with haphazard links to my ramblings underneath. I love writing, and I use the blog as a confessional, a diary, and a place to work out my master plan. For several months, it went largely ignored, but slowly, people started following, commenting, and offering advice. It's all anonymous, so I left it open to the public. Now there are thousands of people waiting to see if my ultimate dream comes true.

I was scared to meet him, I write. Afraid he wouldn't live up to the fantasy I concocted. But he was so kind and gentlemanly. A bit reserved, but I caught him checking me out a few times, especially when I had to climb a ladder to replace some books on a high shelf. Was he trying to get a glimpse under my skirt? I hope so! Professor is everything I've been dreaming about,

and I know I made the right choice in waiting for him. No grubby boy my age can compare to him. I can't wait until he teaches me everything I've been dying to learn.

I keep writing, getting hot as I think about what I want him to do to me, before finally snapping my laptop shut with a red face when my roommate comes in. I can't hardly wait for the next time I'm with Professor Hayes, so I rush to the bathroom to drench my desire in a cold shower.

Chapter 2

Adrian

It's been two weeks of this torture. Rosalie's tight little ass is about to pop out of the bottom of that short, clingy skirt of hers each time she gets up on the ladder to put away the pile of books I've been purposely taking down right before she comes. It's self-torture, but I can't get enough of eating up her supple, youthful body with my eyes. She can't *even* be nineteen or twenty, can she?

My mouth waters and I have to look down when I catch a glimpse of white cotton panties between her slightly parted thighs as she struggles to get one of the books on the highest shelf. I want to sink my teeth into the edges of those panties and slowly pull them down to reveal the treasure inside.

Christ, my dick is harder than my granite paperweight. How did this happen?

Rosalie climbs down and catches me staring at her. She smiles, not seeming to notice I've just been thinking about sliding my tongue between her smooth legs. But then again, when she makes a big show of stretching out her back so that her sweater molds itself to her ripe, luscious tits, I start to think she must want me to notice. I put my head down and try to concentrate on the papers I need to grade, not the way her nipples poke through the fabric of her top. Not the way I want to lick each one and watch them shrink into tight nubs while she moans with satisfaction.

What is going on with me today?

Sure, sometimes students get a little crush on me and since I'm not dead, yes, I sometimes notice them as well. But I've never fucked a student and I don't mean to start. Especially not a freshman like Rosalie. God, no. That's not how I operate. Keep them at arm's length.

"Rosalie, you can start sorting those essays for me now," I tell her as she starts to climb the ladder again.

I can't take anymore glimpses of her sweet, cotton-covered pussy; my lifelong record of good behavior is going to be shattered if I do. I feel foolish for thinking she's coming on to me. She's an innocent girl, probably nineteen years old, if that. She would never have any interest in an ancient thirty-five-year-old like me. If I can't get my extreme lust under control, I'm going to have to have her replaced.

"Sure thing, Professor Hayes," she says, bouncing over to the small desk in the corner, far from my line of sight. "Did you happen to get a chance to look over those poems I wrote? They're probably silly, right?"

"The poems were good, actually. You need to have more confidence in your work," I tell her. "Even if you're faking it." She laughs a bit breathlessly. "I'm terrible at faking, but I'm glad you liked them."

I really don't want to replace Rosalie. She's a great assistant. She's smart and shockingly well-read for someone her age. The questions she asks me make me think before I answer and her honest love of creative writing is refreshing after years of teaching the same old thing. She even turned me on to a great new short story writer I'd never heard of before and I plan to work their stories into my syllabus next semester.

And God, those tits. She just plain *turns me on*.

As we work, she reads lines aloud from the essays every once in a while, some of them making me laugh far too much.

“Don’t you dare tell anyone I laughed at their work,” I say sternly. “It’s not the writing—it’s your delivery.”

She covers her mouth with her fingertips, one of them dragging at her full lower lip as she tries to hide her giggles.

“I’m sorry, Professor. I’ll be good.”

“I hope so,” I tell her, my eyes dropping from her wet lips and roaming down her body once she starts concentrating on her work again. It takes all my willpower not to command her to turn to face me and spread her legs wide. My heart starts to pound as she shifts in her seat, her knees rubbing together as if she’s having similar thoughts.

Insanity. I’m losing it. “I’m almost finished here for the day,” I lie gruffly. “You can go.” *Because if you don’t, I’m going to bend you over my desk and fucking rip those panties right off.* The thought of her pert ass presenting itself to me is too much. “Go,” I say, my voice barely more controlled than a roar.

She jumps, her chest heaving. “Did I do something wrong?”

I keep myself under control, but barely. “No, Rosalie, of course not. I just remembered a meeting I have to get to and don’t want to be late.”

She nods and hurries toward the door, stopping to smile at me as she presses her backpack to her chest, pushing her tits up almost to her chin. “I love working for you, Professor. If there’s anything extra you want me to do, just let me know. I really look forward to whatever you have for me.”

“That’s fine, Rosalie. Thanks.” The words come out in a croak and as soon as she’s gone, I get up and lock the door behind her, leaning against it and massaging my raging hard on. I imagine Rosalie’s dainty hand wrapping around my thick shaft, and not my own. Mere seconds pass and I come in my pants with a groan like a fucking teenager.

Jesus! What is it about Rosalie that won’t let me stop thinking about her? She’s not like any other student I’ve known. Not like any other woman either, because I have to admit I don’t really think of her as a student anymore. That little girl is all woman in my mind, and I need to make it stop.

Chapter 3

Rosalie

It's late and I'm just finishing up my latest blog entry, giddy about noticing Professor Hayes's big hard on earlier today. Seeing that huge bulge after I caught him staring at me made me feel all squirmy and hot, and I kept thinking about that thing rubbing up against me, pushing inside me. When he told me to go, it was all I could do to keep from begging him to do whatever he wanted to my body, as long as he could release the tightness coiled inside me as well.

Lust, pure lust, is what I feel whenever I see him. I know I can make it go away on my own—touch that special place between my legs that he makes come alive—but I only want *him* there. My pussy already belongs to him, and he'll be the one to make me orgasm for the first time.

I splash some cold water on my face and try to calm down because I still have lots of homework to do. Fortunately, I'm able to stop thinking about Professor Hayes's fingers or mouth, or his huge bulge, but I can't stop thinking about him altogether. He's funny, and makes me laugh, which makes me want to make him laugh, because I love the booming sound of it. I love his smile, the way he praises my writing.

No, I need to get my work done, because if my grades slip, I won't be qualified to keep my assistant position.

“Damn it,” I mutter, realizing I must have left my book at Professor Hayes's office. This would've been a great excuse to

slip over there after hours if I didn't actually have reading to do.

"What's wrong?" my roommate Jen asks.

"I have to go back to Professor Hayes's office to get my book."

I'm irritated because I don't want to come on too strong and scare him off, especially since I think he sent me away today because of the hard on I gave him from flashing my panties. But I really need that book.

"Give me a minute and I'll walk with you," she says, always concerned about safety.

"It'll be fine," I say, glancing out the window. The campus is well lit, and I promise her I'll stay in the public areas.

"No shortcuts," she calls after me on my way out.

I mutter an agreement and slam the door before I see her roll her eyes at me. It's a good ten-minute walk back to his office and my irritation grows. I realize that he might not even still be there to let me in, and also that I don't have his number to call ahead. Pissed off, I decide to cut through a parking lot to shave off a few minutes, despite it being dark and my promise to Jen.

The further I get from the streetlight at the edge of the big parking lot, the more I hear Jen's constant safety lectures, and the more freaked out I get. It's practically pitch black and the streetlight at the opposite side seems miles away.

When I see a group of guys a few rows of cars over, my imagination goes wild and I pick up my pace. I hear them hoot with laughter to each other and out of the corner of my eye, it

looks like they're changing direction to head my way. In a full-on panic, I put my head down and run the rest of the way to Professor Hayes's office as if the hounds of hell are after me, certain I can hear multiple pairs of feet crashing close behind me.

I keep going, finally risking a look behind me when I'm close to his office, feeling stupid to find no one is after me at all. I crash into something solid and big hands grip my shoulders.

"Rosalie, are you alright?"

I feel even stupider to realize my misplaced panic over nothing made me smack into Professor Hayes as he was coming out of his office. His hands slide down my arms as I struggle to catch my breath. I'm too embarrassed to admit I imagined everything and slump against his hard chest.

"I took a shortcut," I try to explain over my heaving breaths. "There were some guys ... I got scared."

I keep my face buried in his crisp button-down shirt to hide my flaming cheeks. Also, because he smells even better this close. It's not cold but goosebumps erupt on my arms as his hands run up and down while he tries to soothe me.

"You're fine now," he says. "There's no one around. But you shouldn't go wandering around campus alone at night."

His voice turns harsh and he pushes me away to look down at me fiercely, protectively. My heart melts along with my panties.

"I'm sorry," I say, unable to tear my gaze from his beautiful blue eyes, even as he scowls at me. "I forgot my book and I need it for an assignment tomorrow."

“Come to my office,” he says gruffly.

My legs go weak, but it has nothing to do with the frenzied run I just did. It’s the fact that he has his hand on my back as he guides me toward the stairs, and because of the way he keeps looking at me. Like I belong to him. Like I’m delicious.

Chapter 4

Adrian

I can't believe Rosalie's back, but she's so shaken up, I can't be angry with her.

"You have to be careful," I admonish, somehow almost more upset than she is. Walton College is fairly safe, but bad things can happen anywhere. The idea of something happening to her makes my blood boil while striking fear in my heart.

The only thing that's truly not safe right now is my reputation—if I let her into my office—but there's no way I can let her leave when she's trembling so hard that she can barely walk. What's worse is she seems embarrassed about it when she shouldn't be. She was smart to run, and I tell her so, earning myself a grateful smile from her that tightens my chest.

I slide my hand along her back to comfort her and she leans against me. The warmth of her body seeps through my shirt and I pull away before I move my hand lower to cup her sweet ass.

With a gasp, she stumbles on the steps. "I'm sorry," she says for the third time, wiping away a tear. "I have a cramp in my calf."

I drop beside her and take her chin in my hand, making her look up at me. "Stop apologizing, Rosalie. You didn't do anything wrong."

I massage her leg, pushing up her thin yoga pants while telling myself it's to work her muscle better, not to feel her smooth skin. The skin I've been thinking about way too much is now

under my fingertips. She leans forward, her breath hot on my neck, and tugs her pant leg down with a soft smile.

“It’s better now, Professor.”

I help her stand and she tentatively puts her weight on it, wincing in pain when her foot touches the concrete stairs. I growl under my breath and sweep her into my arms.

“I’m really fine,” she says, but I hold her tight.

“Stop arguing. You’re clearly still in pain. Just let me carry you, little girl.”

That slips out, the thing I think about calling her when I fantasize about stripping the clothes from her perfect body and making every inch of her mine. She makes a small gasping sound that makes my cock stiffen, then nestles against me.

“All right, Professor, whatever you say.”

I grasp her tighter, my fingers curling around her hip as I continue up the stairs to my office. What am I doing? She’d be perfectly safe waiting in the lobby downstairs while I retrieve her book, so that’s where I should have left her. Instead, I massage her supple leg and hold her so close that her tits are crushed against my chest, her soft breath on my neck. Once she’s on the other side of my office door, will I be able to put her down, keep my hands off her?

The answer is no. I leave the light off and release her so she slides down the length of my body, but my hands are unwilling to fully let her go. My cock pulses against her stomach and my traitorous hands grip her ass to grind her against my rock-hard length.

“Professor,” she whispers, leaning back to try and see me in the dim room. Her eyes are wide and shining and her tongue darts out to wet her lips.

“Yes, make them wet for me, little girl.” I murmur, stroking up and down her back, dipping my fingers lower with each pass. “Do you want my tongue in your mouth?”

Her nod is almost imperceptible, but she reaches to grip my shoulders and closes her eyes. “Yes, please, Professor.”

Her sweet mouth falls open an inch and any last bit of control I was clinging to is gone. I take her face in my hands and ravage her mouth, plunging my tongue in and out in the same way I’ve been fantasizing about fucking her. Her moans ignite me and I roughly back her up into the bookshelf, one hand tangled in her hair, the other roaming down her body.

Her nipple springs to life under my palm when I cup her breast through her thin t-shirt and bra. She whines against my mouth and arches into my hand. It’s not enough for her and it’s certainly not enough for me. Yanking up her shirt, I shove aside the plain pink sports bra. It’s so much sexier than if she’d been wearing satin and lace. I pull away to look down at her as I tweak and twist her taut peach-tinted nipple.

“Kiss me more,” she pleads, clutching at my hair.

“I will. I just want to look at your incredible tits first.” I smile when her eyes roll back as I continue to caress her. “Are you wet for me yet, Rosalie?”

She shivers and licks her lips, trying to pull my head down again. She’s so greedy and eager, it’s making it hard to hold back. I shake my head and move my hand down her flat belly

to cup her between her legs. Her soft mound just about burns a hole in my palm. I move my middle finger back and forth through the thin fabric of her yoga pants, stroking her slit and watching her slowly lose her sweet mind.

“I want to know if you’re wet for me here, little girl.”

She shakily takes a step to spread her legs for me and I push my fingers deeper, feeling for the tight hole I want to stretch with my cock.

“Yes, I’m wet for you, Professor,” she says around ragged gasps. “Touch me, really touch me, and find out.”

It’s all the invitation I need. I plunge my hand down the front of her pants and sink my fingers into the wet heat of her pussy. And she is so very, very wet. I take her mouth again as I push a finger inside her. She stiffens and I ease away.

“No, please,” she begs, her eyes searching mine. “I want your fingers inside me. Your—your cock. Everything. I think about it, I dream about it. Please, Professor, please make my body feel good.”

Fuck. Holy fuck. Her innocent plea sends me over the edge. What am I doing? Am I really going to take this sweet girl in my office? How has Rosalie managed to make me forget everything I stand for? I can’t let myself go any further, but I can’t leave her like this, open and pleading. She’d hate me and I wouldn’t be able to live with myself. I don’t know how this all happened, but she’s far too important to risk losing. I may have to give up my own pleasure, but I sure as hell will see to hers. Then it’ll be over. She’ll be out of my system.

I take her hands and hold them above her head against the bookshelf.

“Just relax and enjoy this, Rosalie,” I tell her.

Her eyes search mine as I give her a long, teasing kiss. My free hand slides back down to her pussy and I ease my fingertips over her clit, rolling and circling until she writhes against my strong hold on her wrists.

“Let it happen,” I urge her. “Let me make you feel good.”

She nods and lets her head loll back. I watch her with wonder as I work her clit, my own body raging, but I have to deny it. Once she comes, she slumps against me, and I free her hands so she can cling to me. I stroke her back until her rough breathing settles, and help her straighten her clothes, then guide her to my desk where her schoolbook sits.

“I think that’s what you came here for?”

Her pretty cheeks turn red and she tucks it under her arm. As much as I wish she was mine, she can’t be, and I think she senses it because her eyes take on a sorrowful tinge.

“I’ll see you tomorrow?” she asks.

I shake my head. “You’re not walking home alone. I’ll drive you to your dorm.” It looks like she’ll argue and I shake my head again. “Just let me drive you home, little girl.”

Her smile almost blinds me. By the time we reach my car, my cock has mostly settled down to accept its fate. This may be a huge mistake, and I’ve already skated dangerously close to the line. She becomes quite the chatterbox on the short ride to her dorm, telling me about a new book review website she found.

She promises to send me the link as I pull in front of her building, then looks at me shyly, yet expectantly.

“I think I should have your number, Professor,” she says.

“Oh, do you?”

She nods firmly. “If I had been able to call you tonight—”

I laugh and reach for her phone. “None of that might have happened?” I say and she snickers. I enter my number for her and tell her to send me one text so I can put her in my contacts as well. “Don’t abuse this privilege,” I say. Strangely, though, I wouldn’t mind if she messaged me night and day. “Go on now, get to your room.”

She opens her door and sticks her foot out, then abruptly turns to give me a kiss on the cheek before hopping out of the car.

“Goodnight, Professor,” she calls as she hurries away without looking back.

I touch my cheek and watch her until she disappears inside. Well, I’ll be damned. Instead of getting her out of my system, it seems like Rosalie has somehow burrowed down into my heart.

Chapter 5

Rosalie

I'm on cloud nine as I type away in bed that night, lit only by the cool glow of my laptop so that I don't wake Jen. I'm glad I took a shower before I went to Professor Hayes's office because there's no way I want to wash away his scent or his touch. I have to close my eyes and squeeze my thighs together as fresh tingles rush over me, just by thinking about what his strong, sure hands did.

The words he said to me; his forceful tone. I write it all down in exacting detail and my heart rate is just as high as when he was coaxing my very first orgasm from me. Not that it took much coaxing—I think that magical feeling would have burst over me just from his heated kisses and the way he fondled my breasts—but the moment he ...

I sigh and fan myself, then sigh again in disappointment.

Yes, I'm still a virgin, I write at the end of my post. But it has to be close. He can't leave me in limbo like this. I'll die if he never touches me again, or if I can't have that big thing bulging behind his pants.

Okay, that's a little dramatic, but it *feels* true. I keep typing, spilling out things I'd never thought about before I started this quest. I actually like Professor Hayes. He makes me want to study harder at all my classes, not just his, because his perfectionism inspires me. The way he takes my suggestions seriously, is never patronizing, and his helpfulness when I'm

struggling with some task makes me realize I actually want a relationship with him.

Which is crazy. Why would he want to be with a nineteen-year-old kid when he's a worldly, accomplished writer and respected professor? What do I have to offer that would ever make him *love* me, not just *want* me? A tear falls onto my keyboard and I hastily delete the mushy ramblings. That's too personal for this blog, and I'm sure I'm just tired. I'm certainly not in love with my teacher and boss. It's probably just my hormones, still ramped up from our encounter earlier.

The next day when I see him at his desk with his fingers flying over his keyboard, my heart twists. I'm not tired at all now, and those feelings are still there. He looks up and catches me staring at him. He points to the work schedule tacked up on the wall. I see he's almost doubled my work hours and I turn to raise my eyebrows at him; all the while my stomach is doing excited backflips.

"You did say you wanted extra work hours," he says.

I sidle back over to his desk and plant my hands on it so I'm leaning over. His eyes darken and my nerves kick in. This could be it.

"Does this mean you want to spend more time with me, Professor?" I ask teasingly.

He stands up and slides his hand around the back of my neck to tangle in my hair, pulling my face close to his. I part my lips, hoping to feel his tongue plunge between them.

Instead, he just searches my face, then curtly shakes his head. "I've never felt this way about a student before, Rosalie."

“What way is that?” I squeak.

His grip in my hair tightens. “A dangerous way. If you’re smart, you’ll leave right now.”

I keep my eyes locked with his, my chest heaving. “I am smart, or else I wouldn’t have gotten this job.” I lean closer to him. “But I’m not leaving.”

Chapter 6

Adrian

Her lush lips are inches from mine and her eyes are pleading with me to kiss her. Instead, I roughly push her away.

“Do your work, Rosalie.” I sit back down, my stiff cock screaming in agony.

She looks shaken, but nods, smooths her short skirt and starts the heap of chores I’ve assigned her. Stupid things that don’t actually need to be done, just so I can keep her close, keep my eyes on her. It has to only be eyes, because I can’t touch her again. With the way my blood is raging for her, even the slightest brush of her skin against mine would be my undoing.

Thankfully, I have a lot of work to do and manage to get my concentration back where it belongs. She mentions the review site again and I ask her for the link. As I look it over, we chat about the books listed there, comparing which ones we’ve read and how we each felt about them. We have a bit of the same taste, but she’s much more adventurous than I am. I promise I’ll give some of her recommendations a try.

“Will you really?” she asks.

“Why wouldn’t I?”

She shrugs and looks a bit sad. “Because I’m just a dumb freshman.”

Without thinking, I slap my hand on my desk. Hearing her put herself down pisses me off. “Never call yourself that again. Don’t denigrate yourself just because you’re young and

inexperienced with the world. You're more well-read than some of my colleagues in this department."

Her cheeks glow and she beams at me. "Well, thanks, Professor."

"It's not a compliment," I growl, staring into those bright, intelligent, needy eyes. "It's a fact."

She gets back to work until it's time for her break and then she settles into her desk in the corner. Even on her break, she taps away furiously at her phone. Probably texting a boyfriend. That thought feels like a kick to the stomach and makes my hands curl into fists.

"What's got so much of your attention over there?" I can't help asking.

She turns bright red and puts down her phone. "Nothing!" She tosses the phone on her desk and hurries toward the door with a stack of folders. "I'll go file these now."

As soon as she's out the door, I grab her phone. I can't help it. My bizarre jealousy and her suspicious reaction makes me too curious *not* to take a peek. I get to it before it goes back to sleep and I'm able to see exactly what she was up to.

It's a story of some sort, and a surprisingly erotic one. I quickly realize it's not fiction at all, and shockingly, it's about me. I scroll up and up and up, my dismay turning to anger, even as my cock responds to her writing. At the top of the page, I see the title of her online diary and slam the phone down.

Losing My Virginity to the World's Hottest Professor.

This has to be something secret, right? Looking at her phone again, I go cold when I realize every last salacious word she's been writing for over a year isn't just on some private folder, but published to the internet. She's been planning to seduce me and posting about it online! There are dozens of comments under each post, egging her on. Thankfully, it's all anonymous, with no mention of my name or hers that I can find, but I'm still furious. I am going to fire her the second she gets back.

Or I could just ignore it, I think. Pretend I never saw it.

Why is my anger slowly turning to pain?

Because she somehow made me care about her in her twisted little game. Despite the anger and hurt, I keep reading through all her wishes and desires, my body responding despite my turmoil.

I memorize the website and put her phone down right before she returns to my office. As soon as I see her, my tumultuous emotions crystalize into pure lust. I think I deserve some revenge. I think I'll give her exactly what she's been dreaming about for years.

"Is everything all right?" she asks when she notices my dark look.

"Come here," I say. She hurries to my desk and I motion her to come to my side, pushing my chair back. "I have a special assignment for you if you want it."

I reach for her and tug her so she's standing between my knees. She swallows hard and nods. "Anything you want, Professor. I want it, too."

Oh, I know that well enough. My resolve breaks and I reach for her. My mouth crashes into hers and I push my hand under her skirt. She whimpers and spreads her legs as her hands land on my shoulders to steady herself. I stroke her pussy through her panties before shoving them aside and sinking my fingers into her wet heat. I'm being too rough, but the way her tongue tangles with mine around her soft moans makes me think she doesn't mind.

"You're so tight, little girl." I ease another finger inside her. "I'm going to really stretch this sweet little pussy of yours when I fuck you in a minute."

She starts to shake, digging her fingers into my shoulders. "Professor Hayes, I have to tell you something." She drags her lips from mine and gives me a tortured look.

I push deeper inside her, nodding. "You've never had a man inside you, is that right, Rosalie?"

She nods, writhing against my hand. "That's right. I'm a—a virgin. But please, don't stop."

"I'm not going to stop," I promise her. "Do you want to sit on my big cock and see how it feels?"

With a shiver, she eagerly jumps onto my lap, straddling me with her lithe legs. I push her skirt all the way up and watch her grind clumsily against my bulge. She feels so good I might burst in my pants. But I'm not the virgin here, she is. As angry as I am, I still want her to remember this for the rest of her life. I want to destroy all other men for her.

It hits me like a brick to the face that I don't want her to *have* any other men.

I grip her hips and push her down hard on my cock, then slowly circle her clit through her panties. “Am I the only man who’s touched you here?”

She nods. “Yes, Professor.” She tilts her head back and moans. “And it feels so good, so good.”

“Has a man ever licked your pussy?”

Her head jerks back down to stare at me wide eyed. “No, never. Do—w-would you like to lick my pussy?”

With a powerful grunt, I lift her off my lap and slam her ass down on my desk. It’s time for her panties to go. I tear this feeble scrap of cotton off her and spread her legs wide. I drop between her thighs and lave her glistening pussy from her little pink asshole to her clit and back down again. She clutches my hair and bites down a scream.

“It’s only going to get better,” I promise.

Her juices on my tongue drive me wild, but I make sure to properly torture her, pulling away from her swollen nub every time her breathing grows too ragged. I know I can command her to beg me for release, because this sweet little girl will do whatever I say, but I want her to beg me on her own. Finally, she breaks and pleads with me to let her come. Once she’s bucking under my mouth and her moans are frantic, I give her what she needs.

Pressing and pulling on my head between her wet thighs, she nearly tears out my hair when she goes over the edge. I finally look up to see her glassy-eyed and panting and smiling beautifully.

She reaches weakly to wipe at the sheen of her come on my face, before pulling me in to kiss her.

“I’m not done yet, little girl,” I say, tweaking her nipples through her top. Such a nice picture, this gorgeous nymph with her skirt hiked up around her hips, her hair tousled and her lips parted, her legs spread wide for me. “God, you’re gorgeous.”

“What’s next for me, Professor?” she asks, her hand tentatively moving toward my cock. “Can I ...?”

I quickly get my cock free and her breath hitches as she wraps her fingers around my throbbing shaft. I move her hand up and down and she strokes the moisture at my tip, then smiles.

“Like this?” she asks.

She’s got it exactly right and I can’t wait anymore. I lean forward and kiss her, long and lingering. “I made you come with my fingers last night, and now my mouth. Now I’m going to make you come with my cock, little girl.”

“Yes, please,” she sighs, tugging on me in an adorable attempt to get me inside her.

I push my fingers inside her to ready her for my thick length. No matter what, I won’t let her feel a moment of pain. I pull her closer, to the very edge of my desk and rub the tip of my cock against her tight opening, carefully stretching her. I’m as controlled as can be, but she’s the one who goes wild, grabbing my hips and urging me forward.

“Fuck me, Professor!”

How can I resist? I slam my cock home, balls deep inside her slippery cunt. She takes me with a gasp, then writhes along with my rhythm. Fucking her was supposed to destroy *her*, not

me, but by the time I spill my seed inside her mere moments later, I can barely see. It's so amazing.

Since I promised her another orgasm, I find her clit with my fingers as I pound her until I'm limp. But the sound of her moans and the feel of her tight channel pulsing around me makes me rock hard again inside her.

"What do you do to me?" I ask in wonder. "Can you take more?"

"I can take whatever you give me, Professor. Fuck me all day. It's all I want."

So, it looks like I've gone from the man who'd never fuck a student to the man who's going to fuck a pretty little virgin in his office all damn day.

Chapter 7

Rosalie

I'm weak, exhausted, a bit sore, very tingly, and over the moon with happiness. I finally got what I wanted and it was better than I ever could have dreamed. From the first time on his desk, to bent over his desk, to straddling him on the floor, to up against the bookcase, I couldn't pick a favorite if I tried. My panties are so ripped I'll never be able to put them back on again, and my thighs are slick with his seed—even after he so sweetly tried to wipe me off.

I sigh as I button up my blouse. It's all a wonderful blur and I can't wait to do it all over again. I smile up at Professor Hayes, who's already dressed and waiting to take me home. I don't want this day to end. I wish he'd ask me to go back to his place with him.

He smiles back at me, but it doesn't reach his eyes. I can't read what he's thinking and it tears me up as I wonder if he has regrets. I was being dramatic on my blog last night, but now I really don't think I *can* live without him. He picks up his car keys and I know he's not going to invite me home.

"Let's walk, instead of drive," I suggest. Anything to have more time with him.

He agrees and as we make our way downstairs, I reach for his hand. His fingers lock with mine, but then he suddenly pulls away.

"Someone might see," he says.

There's no one around, but I don't argue. This has to be difficult for him: he could lose his job if anyone found out about us. I want so badly for there to be an "us" that I want to assure him I'd never tell a soul. The thought of my blog fills me with shame and embarrassment for the first time. How could I have treated this so flippantly?

Of course, during all that time, I'd only wanted Professor Hayes's body, but now I want so much more. I want his heart and his soul. Damn it. How did I let myself fall in love with him? As we walk, I try to keep up a pleasant conversation, glad when he seems to relax. It will take time and patience, but I know I can make him see we can work.

When we get to my dorm, I look around to see there's no one around and lean in to kiss him good night. He takes a step back.

"You're fired, Rosalie."

I'm stunned into silence for a moment, certain he's joking. His stormy face tells me he's not, but I'm too shocked to cry.

"Why?" I manage to croak.

"Now that you got what you wanted, there's no need to keep up the pretense of working for me, is there?"

"What?" I still can't form a complete sentence. Why does he look so angry?

"Losing my virginity to the world's hottest professor?" he asks mockingly.

Oh God, he knows about the blog. How? It doesn't matter how. This ruins everything. The tears start but I shake them away.

“That’s just something from my past,” I say. “Please, you’re ___”

He cuts me off with a harsh laugh. “From your past? You updated it last night. In quite vivid detail. I hope I gave you enough to work with for your next entry to the saga.”

“It’s not like that,” I plead. “That blog is stupid and meaningless to me now.”

He looks at me like I’m something revolting. “Yes, it is,” he agrees. I begin to shake from the fury in his voice. “And I’m sorry I ever met someone who could write it for so long.”

He averts his eyes and walks quickly away from me, disappearing into the night. I know it’s over—it must be over. Something cracks inside me; I think it’s my heart. How did it come to this? When I get to my room, I’m crying so hard I scare my roommate, who for a moment thinks I need emergency medical care.

“I’m not sick,” I tell Jen. “I just need to be alone.”

She looks at me worriedly but finally grabs her laptop and leaves, telling me to call her if I need anything. But there’s nothing she or anyone can do to make the pain go away. I curl up on my bed and sob, knowing I brought this agony on myself.

Chapter 8

Adrian

Rosalie left me heartsick to the point I couldn't teach—I would just stand in front of my class, numb and silent, when I was supposed to be lecturing. A few of my students looked at me like I was going crazy. They weren't totally wrong.

Christ, what a nightmare.

Thus, I requested some time off and retreated to my summer cabin, out in the woods. It's so nice this time of year; I love to sit on the porch and stare out over the lake in the afternoon, listening to the buzzing of the insects in the green reeds. The air is luminous and golden; a breeze brushes against my cheeks.

Even with the time away, I still can't shake her. I don't understand it. I should have been able to free myself of her after I got my revenge and fired her, but the look on her face that night haunts me even as I sit in my wicker porch chair, ruminating.

The warm air and sunlight are dappling through the trees—all the nature in the world, it seems like—can't erase that look. Neither does staring at the words on my laptop screen on the table in front of me. It took all my strength to walk away from Rosalie that night two weeks ago, and it takes all my strength each day that I'm here *not* to drive back to the campus and give her another chance.

It's ridiculous, of course. She's probably over me already—probably laughing about it to all those followers on her blog. I

haven't checked. Frankly, I don't want to know. I only go online to back up my work once a day. If anyone wants to reach me, they're shit out of luck; I don't *want* anyone to reach me. Sorry, anyone. I haven't turned my phone on since I got here and I'm not checking my emails. All I do is write.

That's the only good thing to come out of this heartache: it's gotten me writing again. Five years ago, I had a breakout first novel, but I couldn't find another book in me until *this* happened. Now the words are flowing again, and I already have a hundred pages of something that I think will be quite well-received. If I can just fucking man up and show it to my old editor, anyway. It's raw, personal, and was always inside me. It just took Rosalie to break the dam and release it.

I pull the laptop closer and sigh, writing until the sun goes down and I'm left in the dark. The mosquitos are out and beginning to swarm, so I grunt, lift myself up, and drift inside to make a lonely dinner. Just some pasta with sauce from a jar, a handful of frozen shrimp, and some lemon zest—but when I set it down on the table and try to eat it, I can't. I scrape it back into the pan, step onto the back porch, and backhand it into the lake. It splashes mutely a few yards out. Let the fish have it. This loneliness is killing me.

But is it loneliness? I've lived alone since I graduated college. No, I'm not lonely, I realize. I just miss Rosalie. I laugh bitterly. A girl I barely knew has somehow stolen my heart and soul. I miss talking to her. Her presence is so bright; she was always so cheerful when she'd come to work in my office. And, of course, she is *incredibly* goddamned hot. How could I *not* miss her gorgeous body—which she gave me so freely, and with such abandon?

After I plug in the router to back up my writing for the day, I can't stop myself from visiting that foolish blog of hers that made me throw away something that might have changed my life for the better. It may have also ruined me, but I'm so miserable now that I don't know how if losing my job over her would've been worse. I want to reread her innocent fantasies about me while I think about the day I fucked her senseless and made all those dreams come true.

But the blog is no longer there. Instead, it's a blank page with a simple message at the top:

I'm sorry, but I won't be updating anymore. It was all a terrible mistake.

I'm stunned at how disappointed I am to be unable to connect to her in this small way. This is an unexpected blow. I put my head in my hands. *It was all a terrible mistake.*

Does she mean the blog, or giving herself to me?

Oh God, am *I* the one who made the mistake in running away?

Chapter 9

Rosalie

I go to my classes like a zombie, always immediately holing up in my room after each one. Professor Hayes took a leave of absence, so I can't attend the new class of his I signed up for, but I'm not sure I could have gone to his classes anyway without wrapping myself around his knees in front of everyone and tearfully begging him for forgiveness—so it's, um, probably for the best. I miss seeing him so much I'm barely able to eat or sleep. I feel like I'm *addicted* to him, and each day I spend without him feels like I'm going through withdrawal. I hide my tears from Jen because she's already worried about me enough. Every day I wake up thinking the pain will finally subside, but it only gets worse. I really *am* in love with Professor Hayes. My heart is truly broken, and I did it all to myself.

The poor man didn't stand a chance with the way I acted. He even felt the need to take time off to get away from me. The fact he despises me now makes it all worse. If only he hadn't seen the blog! If only I hadn't written the horrible thing in the first place! No matter how badly it hurts now, however, the one thing I'll never regret is our time together.

I send him another text message: the twenty-first one. I've sent one for each day he's been gone. I started them out trying to explain how sorry I was, then I tried admitting and explaining my feelings. Now I'm just simply offering another apology. I start to tell him how much he's missed by the other students and teachers, and that he should come back and I'll drop his

class and stay away—I don't want him giving up his life for me—but I delete the last part because I don't think it's true. I wouldn't be able to stay away.

I don't think he's reading my messages anyway.

Just then, someone knocks on the door. I ignore it and burrow deeper under my cocoon of blankets, ready for another long night of misery. They knock again, louder this time, and Jen pulls off her headphones and gives me a sour look before jumping up to answer it. I don't care at all who it is. I only look up when Jen sucks in a shocked breath.

I gasp as well when Professor Hayes pushes his way past Jen. He nudges her out the door and closes it behind him. As soon as I make myself believe I'm not imagining him, I jump up, but I'm too afraid of being rejected to throw myself at him.

“Won't you get in trouble for coming to a student's dorm room?” I ask, drinking him in.

He has a slight tan, but is he thinner? I know I've hardly been eating, but has he been miserable too?

He shakes his head. “No, because you're not my student anymore.”

My eyes widen. “What? Why?”

He gives me a long look that burns straight to my soul: “You know why.”

Tears sting my eyes and I open my mouth to apologize. I want to promise I'll make things right. I won't be able to live with myself if he lost his job because of me.

He takes me in his arms and pulls me close. “I *quit*, Rosalie. These past three weeks have been hell without you. You somehow got right into my heart and I couldn’t get you out no matter how hard I tried. I love you, little girl.”

His words are the sweetest gift I’ve ever received and I wrap my arms around him. Tipping my head back to look at him, I blink away happy tears. “But your job! You’re an amazing teacher!”

“I’ll get a job somewhere else if I want to. *You’re* what I want right now. I didn’t think I’d have a chance with you but I finally turned on my phone and all your messages came through. Tell me you mean it. Tell me you really love me too.”

How could he ever think I didn’t? “I love you so much, Professor,” I say, standing on my tiptoes so that he’ll kiss me.

He obliges, kissing me tenderly, then laughs. “You can call me Adrian, you know.” A wicked gleam lights his eyes. “You can call me *Professor* when I’m fucking you, though.”

I get a shiver and cling to him tighter, feeling his thick bulge against my stomach. My panties dampen and I curl my fingers into his sweater.

“Oh, I can’t wait. But I still can’t let you quit your job for me. How will you live? I’ll just apply to another school.”

“I have enough money to take care of us—don’t you worry about that, little girl.”

“*Us?*” I ask, in a daze. I still can’t believe this is real. It becomes even more dreamlike when he pulls back, reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a small velvet box. My heart flips.

“You didn’t have to get me a gift, Pr—Adrian,” I say, liking the feel of his name on my lips.

“It’s not a gift, it’s a demand. I need to know you’re mine. Marry me, Rosalie.”

He opens the box to reveal a sparkling diamond ring. His commanding voice sends tingles up and down my spine as I stare at it, then back up at him. “As long as you’re mine, too,” I say. He nods and I throw my arms around his neck. “Yes, yes, and yes. I’ll always be yours. How could I ever be anyone else’s?”

“You can’t,” he growls with a mischievous grin as he puts the ring on my finger.

His hand slides around my neck and into my hair to tug my head back. I nestle in close and grind against his hard cock, straining to be free. Popping open his pants, I take that big shaft in my hand and stroke him. I love the way he grips my hair tighter and moans against my mouth, love the feeling of control when he’s in my hand. Then his hand slides between my legs and I know he’s the one who’s really in control. With his fingers masterfully working my aching clit, I’ll do anything he says. I want him to make me come so badly I accidentally bite his lower lip.

Before I can apologize, he kisses me hard. “Go wild, little girl. I love whatever you want to do.”

I squeeze his cock and pull away from him, dropping to my knees. “I want to suck you off, Professor,” I say. “I want to suck your cock so bad, but I’ve never had a cock in my mouth before. Can you teach me?”

He looks like he might explode. He gently takes my chin in his hand before I can get my lips around the dripping tip and tilts my head up to face him. “Maybe no biting down there,” he says, fighting a grin.

“Yes sir, Professor.”

When I get him in my mouth, my pussy throbs at the salty taste of him and the smoothness of his skin as I drag my lips up and down his shaft. The way he groans and grabs at my hair tells me I’m doing something right and I suck harder and faster, taking him deep into my throat. With a choking noise, he tries to pull away, but I want all of him. He’s mine now, after all.

I grab his hips and look up at him pleadingly from my knees. “Come in my mouth. Let me swallow your seed, please. I want it right down my throat, Professor.”

“Fuck, Rosalie. You’re going to kill me, little girl.”

He wraps his fingers in my hair and his head lolls backwards as I take him in my mouth again. His hips jerk and I slip my hand between his legs to cup his balls. They tighten and he grunts as the thick stream of his release shoots down my throat. I gobble him up, not letting go until he begs.

“I can’t take anymore, Rosalie. Christ, that was amazing. If I didn’t know you were a virgin until me, I’d swear you were a pro.”

It’s an odd compliment and makes me laugh, at least until he lifts me and tosses me on my twin bed. His big body comes down on top of me and he pulls my nightgown up and shoves my panties aside.

“Your turn, little girl.”

He closes his eyes as his fingers sink into my pussy, wet and ready for him. I arch into his touch as it sends shimmers of ecstasy up and down my legs. How does he make me feel so good?

“I’m so glad I picked you to teach me, Professor,” I say, leaning up on my elbows so I can watch his fingers delve into my body. I spread my legs wider and nearly lose consciousness when he strokes my swollen clit.

“I’m so glad this sweet pussy is mine forever,” he says. “How could I have been so stubborn? I’ve been thinking about getting my cock inside your perfect little hole for three weeks.”

He pushes three fingers inside me, stretching me so much that I gasp. “Get it inside me now, Professor,” I beg. I can’t stop smiling. He loves it when I beg and all I want to do is please him, knowing he’s about to make me scream with pleasure.

“Tell me exactly what you want, little girl,” he says, searing me with an intense look as he moves his fingers in and out of me.

I move my hips and try to get enough breath to speak. “I want you to fuck me,” I say, but he only raises an eyebrow at that. “I want you to shove your great big cock into my tight little pussy, Professor.” My cheeks burn, but his smile makes me bolder. “Fuck me so hard I’ll feel your cock inside me next week,” I gasp. “Better yet, don’t stop fucking me *until* next week.”

“Oh God, Rosalie,” he says, his fingers still now. “Christ, little girl.”

“Hurry, Professor,” I pant. I can’t take much more of this waiting. I may come just from the way he’s looking at me.

He gets between my legs, spreading them wide and centering the tip of his cock at my opening. I writhe in anticipation of that hard rod splitting me in two, but he grips my hips to keep me from moving. Leaning over me, he gives me a long kiss that has my heart racing, then sinks his cock deep inside me in one smooth thrust. He claps his hand gently over my mouth as I scream and I remember we’re in the dorm. The strength of the orgasm he gives me makes me not care who hears.

He rides me hard and fast, making me come again as he spills his seed inside me. I grab him as he crashes on top of me, and hold him close.

“I’m never letting you go again,” I say.

He nods against my shoulder, then rolls to the side, wrapping me in his arms. “You know I can’t sleep here, though, right?”

Shit, I keep forgetting where we are. He has that effect on me.

“I don’t want you to go.”

“Silly,” he says, kissing my forehead. “You’re coming to my house with me. Our house, now. Unless you don’t like it, then we’ll move.”

“I don’t care where we live, as long as we’re together,” I assure him.

“We’ll always be together from now on, Rosalie.”

“Then let’s get to your house so we can do this again. I want to be as loud as I like.”

He laughs and kisses me again, then sits up to look for his clothes. “Anything you want, my darling little girl.”

Epilogue

Adrian

Seven years later ...

I never went back to teaching. The novel Rosalie inspired me to write took off like a rocket, and after a wildly successful round on the talk show circuit, I started a publishing house with the proceeds. I haven't written since; it seems the words only flow when I'm miserable, and the last seven years with Rosalie have been the happiest of my life.

The last seven years with my company's *bestselling author*, I should say. I always thought my gorgeous wife had a knack for writing, so when she graduated, I encouraged her to go back to the erotic stories she used to write when she was dreaming about getting me to take her virginity.

We have a lot of fun doing research for her books, and even though I can't keep her on a deadline, she usually has the best excuses—like chasing after our toddler and keeping me in line.

She comes into my office with a relieved smile on her face and I pull her onto my lap. "He's finally asleep," she says of Monty, our two-year-old.

"Good. Now you can tell me what you want for our anniversary. Seven years is a big one."

"You say that about all of them." She brushes my hair off my forehead and traces her finger down the side of my face.

I'm going a little gray now. Not much, but she's still so youthful that I worry she may wake up one day and not find me attractive anymore. She presses the line between my eyebrows and shakes her head.

"What's that scowl about?"

"Thinking about not pleasing you anymore," I confess.

She laughs and wriggles on my lap until she can get her hand around my cock, which is already growing hard. "That will never happen," she whispers, kneading me until I'm as stiff as steel.

"Tell me what you want before I get too distracted to think," I remind her.

"Maybe this is all I want." When I shake my head, she sighs.

"Well, we can't travel. Too hard at Monty's age."

I've been trying to get her to hire a nanny for ages, but she won't. Truthfully, I don't mind. I love sharing in the care of the little monkey and wouldn't want to give him up to a stranger, even if it meant we could jet somewhere warm and exotic now and then.

She unbuttons my pants and pulls the zipper down slowly, looking at me with love in her eyes.

I cover her hand with mine before she can get my cock out, or else I'll never hear what she wants. I know she wants *something*, but for some reason she won't ask.

"Tell me, little girl," I say. Her cheeks turn pink every time I call her that, just like they did when we first met.

“I’d like for you to take that speaking engagement at Walton College,” she says. “We haven’t been back since I did that guest lecture at your publishing conference. I’d love to visit the old stomping grounds and see you behind a podium again. I love watching you teach.”

I gape at her. “You *still* have a naughty teacher fetish,” I tease. She shrugs and gently slaps my hand away so she can finally free my cock. “So what if I do, Professor?”

I close my eyes as she strokes me, moving my hands under her loose sweater to cup her still-perky tits. Her nipples tighten under my palms and I lean to capture her mouth with mine.

“I’ll do the speaking engagement,” I say, making her smile. “Now, get your panties off, little girl. I need to taste your sweet pussy.”

She giggles and bounces in my lap. “I’m not wearing panties, Professor.”

Jumping up, she turns around and slides her jogging pants down her smooth legs, shaking her ass at me. I palm the soft mounds of flesh and pull her close, my cock nestling between her cheeks.

“Mmm, from behind?” she murmurs, moving so my shaft slides between her legs and glides against her wet pussy.

I reach around and nudge her clit, making her moan. God, I love how she rocks against me and squeezes her thighs tight around my cock. I push her forward until she’s bent over my desk and stand up to look down at my beautiful wife, her body ready and waiting for me.

“I said I wanted a taste of your pussy, didn’t I?”

“Yes, taste me, Professor. Eat my pussy until I’m begging you to fuck me.”

She raises her hips and I drop, grabbing them and burying my face in her soaking pussy from behind. I push my tongue deep inside her, lapping her up until I hear her panting above me.

“I thought you were going to beg, little girl.”

“Please, put your cock in me,” she pleads. I stand up and barely nudge my cock against her, holding her down so she can’t get any closer to what she wants.

“How badly do you want it?” I ask, moving a bit closer to her. I can barely contain myself, but I love our little game as much as she does.

“Can’t you feel how wet my pussy is for you?” she asks, turning to look at me with big, round eyes. “Don’t you want to slam your big fat cock into me and split my tight little hole?”

“Holy—” I nearly come with only my tip inside her. Once again, she’s got me wrapped around her finger, ready to do whatever she wants. Good thing it’s the same as what I want.

I ram home, groaning with pleasure as her tight pussy grips my cock. I fuck her until she bites her lip to keep from screaming, no longer able to be as loud as she wants with our child asleep upstairs. I want to drive her to the same level of perfect insanity that her body makes me feel, so I push my hand underneath her and find her clit. Her ass rises to meet my pounding and she grabs the nearest book on my desk to cram into her mouth.

“Come for me, little girl,” I command. “Scream if you have to.”

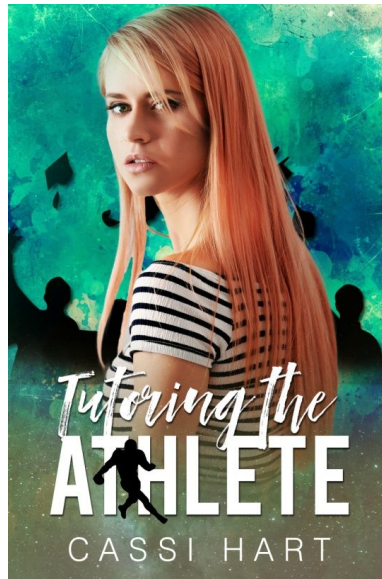
With one final thrust, I let loose inside her and feel her spasm around me as I come. She shouts and blindly reaches for me and I take her hand. Leaning down, I kiss her palm and pull her into my arms. She's limp and gasping; I'm hardly in better shape, so I ease us to the soft rug in front of my desk.

"We're lucky that didn't wake Monty," she says, looking at the ceiling. Then she looks at me with a smile that melts my heart. "I love you, Adrian. More than yesterday. Much more than seven years ago. And I thought I'd die without you back then."

I nod and pull her head to rest on my chest. "All that and more, Rosalie. All that and more."

~The End

Up Next...



After a traumatizing high school experience, I was looking to get a fresh start in college. So far, it's been nice. I have a few friends, and I have a tutoring job that makes me feel confident. Everything was comfortable until Landon got assigned to me for chemistry tutoring. He's the center of attention everywhere he goes, and while I can tell he hates it, it stresses me out to no end. Even more stressful is the way he makes me feel: like I'm worth paying attention to. Am I going to be able to protect my heart from this popular playboy?

Until now, everything in my college career has gone smoothly. I have plenty of friends and I'm turning heads as the football team's star quarterback, but for some reason, I can't wrap my head around chemistry. Now my grade is tanking, and I need to pass this class to graduate. After a string of useless tutors too busy ogling me to help me learn, I get assigned to Katherine. Not only is she beautiful, but she's way better at teaching me than the others. I find myself drawn to her in a way I've never been drawn to anyone else. When everyone's fighting for my attention, all I want to do is pay attention to her. How can I show her that I'm not the kind of guy other people think I am?

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The Kingpin's Obsession

Alice

I saw something I shouldn't have, and my life is in danger.

The police won't listen, and I have no choice but to seek help at Benedetti's, a bar known for its criminal clientele. But I'm barely inside the door before a dark eyed devil drags me back out and demands to know why I'm there. I shouldn't trust him, but I don't have a choice when he's the only one willing to help me.

Too late, I learn who he really is, and now I'm left to wonder... when this is all over, will he save my life only to break my heart?

About the Author

Cassi lives to write brazen OTT, insta-love, short stories, about possessive alphas and the women they love. Stories that will leave you satisfied, and maybe blushing a little. Cassie loves pedicures, being pampered in any way possible, her darling golden Princess, amazing coffee, and traveling to anywhere warm.



Cassi H♥rt