



Dad's Best Friend

Professor

GENASNOW

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Gena Snow

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Chapter 1

Anna

I'm singing along to my iPhone while driving down Valley Rd toward my dad's friend Tony's house. The weather is sunny as usual, and we aren't in the middle of any heat wave. Best of all, summer school won't start for another week, so I'm free of reading and homework. I've just finished my first year at Sunnyvale College, and I'm eager to take a short break. Even after school starts, I'll be taking only one class and it'll be a piece of cake. I have so many plans for the next three months. Besides getting a part-time job, I'll go to the gym every day and also learn how to play the guitar, something I've meant to do since junior high.

Although I've met Tony before, I can only remember him vaguely. He was my dad's student at Sunnyvale College when Dad was still a teaching assistant. My dad is very proud of Tony, saying he's his best student even though also a pain in the butt. Tony is from Sunnyvale, but he went to Harvard for grad school and then worked in other states. He would return home from time to time at first, but later, after his dad passed away several years ago, he hasn't come back even once. He moved back because my dad, the current chair of Sunnyvale College's history department, invited him to be a visiting professor for the summer.

I haven't been to Tony's house before, but it isn't hard for me to find it. I stop in front of a Craftsman house according to the address my dad gave me.

I check myself in the mirror and get out of my car. When I get to the door, I press the doorbell and wait.

The house is charming but old and small, contrary to my expectations. My dad said Tony's dad was a rich landlord who owned pretty much the whole town and I assumed he inherited his dad's properties.

The house has been rented out to relatives and friends on and off but hasn't been occupied for at least two years. Tony has a gardener taking care of the yard work for him, but he needs some help to tidy up the interior of the house.

I wait and wait, but the door remains closed. I ring the bell again, and still nothing. I begin to doubt that I'm at the right place. I go back to the street to check the address, and it's then I see a man running down the sidewalk toward me.

My eyes are glued to him right away because he's got the most beautiful male body I've ever seen. Tall and muscular, bronze and glistening with sweat. My thighs tingle, and I avert my eyes as he gets closer so he won't see my flushed cheeks. I step aside to let him pass, but he doesn't. Instead, he stops in front of me, greeting me with a flashing white grin and a strong musky male scent. "Good morning," he says in a low rumbling voice that echoes down my thighs.

I meet his eyes, which are deep-set green with sparkling gold flecks—my God. My lady bits clench as I struggle with a simple response. "Morning."

"I'm Tony. You must be Anna," he says, wiping the sweat on his forehead with the towel hanging on his neck. "I'm sorry to let you wait. I went for a quick jog, but it took longer than I thought."

I blink to register the meaning of his words. It can't be true. I look him up and down again. In my mind, Tony is a skinny older man with greying hair just like my dad, and wears spectacles just like my other professors. But this man in front of me has an athletic physique: six-pack, firm chest, and hairy legs. His thick chestnut hair is damp with sweat, and his

scruff needs a bit trimming but sexy as hell. Damn. This gorgeous guy is more like a gladiator than a professor. And when he grins again, perhaps because of my astonishment, I recall the term *panty-melting smile*. I've heard about it but never seen it or experienced it in person until now.

"You're *Tony*, my dad's friend?" I mutter incredulously as I follow him toward the front door.

"Yes, and I was also his student before. You look surprised. Do I not meet your expectations?" He wiggles an eyebrow playfully.

I blush. That's precisely the reason. "Yeah. I didn't expect you to be so...young." *And hot.*

He chuckles. "I'm only five years younger than your dad. It was why I gave him a hard time when he was my TA."

Damn. I need to tell my dad to start jogging because he looks at least twenty years older than Tony.

Before he opens the door, Tony holds out a hand. "It's nice to meet you, Anna, and thanks for being here."

I swallow and hold his hand—large, rough, and warm. My lady bits go wild, and I become wet between my thighs. Holy shit. No one has ever made me feel this way. I am in serious trouble. "Nice to meet you too," I say after gawking at him like an idiot for a moment.

Tony opens the door and lets me go into the house first.

The inside of the house smells old and stuffy, and cardboard boxes scatter on the floor. Not surprisingly, he's still unpacking.

"Would you like anything to drink?" Tony asks as he opens the fridge in the kitchen. "Juice? Soda?"

"I'm fine, thanks," I say. "I'm not thirsty."

"Okay. Feel free to help yourself when you do," he says and takes out a bottle of water. He rapidly guzzles down

the entire bottle, looking really thirsty. I watch the movement of his Adam's apple with fascination and follow the water droplets that roll down his chin and trail down his chest, belly, and shit, his waistband. My eyes fall below that and I notice a large bulge. I become thirsty right away, regretting not accepting the offer of a drink.

I lick my parched lips at the exact moment Tony finishes drinking. Sensing his eyes on me, I look up to meet them. They are darker than they were earlier, and I feel the charge of electricity in the air. As I shudder, he reaches out a hand to touch me. I stiffen as I feel his fingers brushing my cheek before they get hold of a strand of hair and tug it behind my ear.

"It's in your eyes," he says with another devastating smile.

A hot stream of juice rushes out of my center, and I squeeze my thighs. Oh my God. This man will be the death of me.

"Th-thanks," I say, glancing around nervously. "Where should I start?"

"Oh, yeah. Good question," he says. "You don't need to worry about the living room today. But you can help me with the study."

He takes me to the room next to the living room, where two empty bookcases are against the wall, and points to the cardboard boxes. "These are all books. I need you to clean up the bookcases for me and put the books on the shelves. I have matching labels on the boxes and the shelves."

"Got it," I say. "I'll get started now."

"Wait," he stops me. "Not yet. I need the kitchen ready first because I would like to start cooking soon."

Wow. This hunk of a man knows how to cook, too? I follow him out of the study and into the kitchen. It isn't large, but it has lots of storage space.

“The pantry is all empty at the moment, but I’m planning to do some grocery shopping tonight,” he says and then opens a closet and shows me the supplies. “I’ve got towels, gloves and sprays, broom and vacuum cleaner. Feel free to use them.”

“Okay,” I say and grab a pair of gloves and a towel. “I’ll clean the pantry first.”

“Good,” he says with a nod. “I’m going to grab a shower and will be back soon.”

It might be a meaningless gesture, but his eyes glide down to my thighs and my legs before he smiles and leaves the kitchen. Shit. My whole body shivers because of that, and I can’t help but wonder whether he likes what he sees. I subconsciously look down at my clothes. I chose to wear an old t-shirt mainly because it might be soiled at the end of the day. I overlooked the fact it was a bit tight and flimsy as well. Great. Now Tony must’ve gotten a good idea of my curvy shape and a wrong idea of my personality. I’m a descent girl and I haven’t dated anyone since high school. I’m not a virgin, but I’ve only slept with one guy—my high school boyfriend who made me hate men for two long years because he was so selfish and unskillful in bed.

Chapter 2

Tony

I grip my hardened manhood in the shower and stroke it quickly. Fuck. What the hell is happening to me? I haven't felt this way toward any woman for years. I'm a respectful, mature man. Yet here I am, getting turned on by a young woman barely legal and my old friend's daughter. I'm out of my mind.

I've seen Anna only a few times before, and the last time I saw her, she was only ten. She was adorable with her pigtails and big blue eyes. The young woman that I saw earlier was no less pretty, but she was a lot more. Her thin, tight t-shirt left little of her body to my imagination. I saw the shape of her fully developed tits. Her shorts covered her round ass, but her thighs and legs were long and tempting.

Damn. It must be the exercise. I haven't jogged outdoors for a while, and the fresh air of the small valley town invigorated me more.

I towel off, put on a clean shirt and a pair of dress pants before going to the kitchen to have lunch. Anna is cleaning the pantry when I enter the kitchen, and she does a double-take after glancing at me, obviously liking what she sees.

"Would you like a tuna sandwich?" I ask her as I open the fridge.

“No, I’m fine. I ate before I came here.”

While I make the sandwich for myself, I feel her eyes on me, and I turn to look at her. “Are you doing okay? Do you need anything?”

“I’m fine,” she responds with a blush. “I don’t need anything. I’m just wondering, are you moving back for good? Dad said you were just visiting.”

“Oh,” I say with a shrug. I have moved back all my stuff, but I’m not sure how long I’ll stay. “Your dad invited me for the summer, but there’s a chance I’ll stay longer.”

She smiles as if pleased by my answer. “Are you err...going to live here alone, or is your girlfriend going to join you?”

I whip around to face her, hoping to read her expression, but she doesn’t meet my eyes. She’s diligently wiping down the pantry shelves as if it requires intense concentration.

I stifle a laugh. Tricky little girl. She’s definitely interested in me. I’m much flattered, but I want to tease her. “I’m going to live here alone,” I say, not giving out any personal information.

“Nice,” she says, glancing at me now. “Plenty of room for one person.”

She goes back to cleaning, and the silence feels awkward. After taking a bite of my lunch, I strike a conversation. “So, Anna, what’s your major at Sunnyvale College?”

She looks up. “Mm, I haven’t declared any yet. I’m not sure.”

“What do you mean? What do you want to study?”

“I like almost everything, and I’ve done well in all my classes so far. That’s the problem.”

“Oh!” I smile. “I was like you when I went to college. I had a hard time deciding my major in my first year.”

“So, what made you decide to major in history?”

“I was planning to go to law school one day, and I had many options for an undergrad degree. I took many classes in different subject areas and decided history was the most interesting.”

“Why is that?” she asks curiously. “What’s so interesting about it? Honestly. It’s my least favorite subject. It seems to me there’re lots of facts to memorize and little to think about.”

I laugh. “Have you told that to your dad?”

She shrugs. “All the time.”

“Hmm.” I think about what to say to her. Frankly, John wasn’t the most inspiring teacher I’ve had, but I must credit him for motivating me to apply to grad schools and get into Harvard. “I don’t think it’s your dad’s fault, but I might blame your previous history teachers for that wrong impression. History is a lot more than just a bunch of facts. Sure, there are facts, but they’re up to interpretation. And that’s the fun part. You’ve got to have a critical mind if you want to see the truth. Otherwise, you’ll be deceived. Historians are human beings who might be biased.”

“So, you’re interested in history because you like to discover the truth?”

I pause. “You’re probably right, although I’ve never thought of it that way. But I’m more curious about why we do things we do. I’m intrigued by the fact that humans or humanity seldom learn from history. We repeat our ancestors’ mistakes again and again. We know wars have terrible consequences, and yet politicians keep resorting to military actions.”

Her eyes twinkle as she gazes at me as if fascinated, and I know I got carried away. “I’m sorry. It’s an occupational disease. I forget I’m not a history professor at the moment.”

She smiles. “Go on. My dad does it a lot, so I’m used to it.”

“Nah. I should stop. You’re welcome to come to audit my class if you wish. I’m going to teach History 2020, Modern Wars, this summer.”

“Really?” Her eyes widen. “It isn’t a general education course, is it?”

“Probably not. It’s open to history majors or minors,” I say. “But I’ll give you the consent to add. Maybe you’ll become one of us after you take my class.”

She chuckles without a response, obviously not planning to do what I suggest.

“I need to get going,” I say to Anna after I rinse the utensils in the sink after lunch. “Call or text me if you have any questions. I have two meetings and some preparation to do, and I should be back at around six.”

“Okay. But I’m sure I’ll be done before that,” she says.

I have the wish to see her before she goes, so I ask her, “Do you have a swimsuit? I told your dad you could use the pool.”

“Of course I do. I wouldn’t let such a great opportunity pass.”

“Good, swim to your heart’s content. The pool guy was here just yesterday.”

“Perfect. Thanks!”

“And let me pay you now just in case I don’t see you when I’m back.” I push a hundred-dollar bill into her hand. “Is it enough?”

Her eyes widen. “Yeah...that’s way too much.”

“Well, I’m sure you’re worth it.”

“Oh!” She grins. “I promise I’ll do a good job.”

“Great. Thanks. I’ll see you soon. If not, then in two weeks,” I say with a wink and watch her face turn pink again.

Sunnyvale College is a small but charming campus. I park at the staff parking lot and stroll along the path among rosemary and thyme toward the history department building. After I graduated from here, I’ve been to many prestigious universities to study or work. I’ve seen plenty of historical buildings and modern architecture, but I’ve always missed it here.

The campus hasn’t changed much. The giant ficus tree is still towering over the administration building, and the herb garden looks precisely the same I remember. The noticeable change, though, is the shining technology building at the far end of the campus.

I’m inside the history department’s conference room a moment later, sitting at a round table with my new colleagues. Besides Anna’s dad, Dr. Smith, and a couple of other professors I remember from my college days, most faculty members are strangers. When we spoke over the phone a few months ago, John told me that he was impressed by my take on the causes of warfare, but he also made it clear that many of my new colleagues disagreed with him.

So, I’m prepared for the hostility. I’ve been to enough universities to know that they’re no different from other workplaces and are filled with power struggles and interpersonal conflicts. It wouldn’t be exaggerating to say it’s a mini warzone. People fight to get tenure and attack their colleagues’ viewpoints in the meanest way to sell theirs, although they might do it under the pretense of academic debate or scholarly conference. I’m okay with that. Professors might be highly educated people, but we’re still human beings, and we don’t lack vices.

Dr. Davis, the associate chair of the department, a tall and skinny woman with short greying wavy hair, suggests we include a brief introduction of our area of research

concentration and which school of thought we belong as well. She lets another new professor and me go first after welcoming us to the department.

“Hello, I’m Mike Miller... I mean, Dr. Mike Miller,” the young fellow says with a chortle. “Still getting used to the title. I got my Ph.D. from the University of South Carolina just three months ago. This is my first fulltime teaching position. I did my dissertation on Conservatism and US Foreign Policy. I don’t belong to any school of thought. I believe each school has its own merits, and no one school can explain every aspect of human history.”

Polite nods follow his statements, but I also see the disdainful look on some of my new colleagues’ faces. While I understand the young man is trying not to make enemies in this new arena, I doubt his approach is wise. Clearly, he isn’t making any allies either.

I might’ve attempted to behave just like him when I was his age—assuming an agreeable manner just to survive. But it was against my nature, and I soon gave up the pretense, which was why I was a misfit everywhere I went. Even when I was still an undergraduate, I tended to be skeptical of what I was being taught and liked to challenge any dominant scholarly views. I’ve rarely fully agreed with any school of thought, not to mention all, which is what this young colleague is doing. But there are a few good theories I support and defend.

After I introduce myself and thank them for having me, I tell them about my academic background. “My research interest has always been on the nature of war, and I’m a proponent of the biological, rather than social theories.”

The effect of my declaration is instant, and already I’m able to separate the ones who welcome me from the ones who don’t.

Dr. Davis doesn’t hide her sneer. “So you’re one of those who believe humans are born with violent tendencies?”

“Not violent, but dominant,” I say. “And not all humans, but some men and women like to dominate.”

She has the grace not to carry on the argument, but I know right away that she isn't going to be a friend.

After the department meeting, I attend another meeting for all new faculty members at the university club. The event is more relaxing, and we're also served an early dinner.

I've had plans to prepare for my first lecture, but I change my mind on my way back to my office. I have a whole week before class starts. What's the hurry? Besides, I've taught this class a dozen times, and I've memorized all the lecture notes. So, I walk toward the parking instead. It's not yet five. I might be able to catch Anna before she leaves my house. I can't wait two more weeks to see her.

As I drive home, I reflect on the events of the day. Despite some unwelcoming faces, I have a strong wish to obtain tenure here at Sunnyvale. It just feels like home to me. I grew up in this town. Honestly, I'm tired of moving for new jobs and living in different places across states every few years. It was exciting when I was young, but it's tiring at my age. Damn. Does it mean I've gotten old? I'm not even forty. Why am I thinking about settling down already? Settling down means bowing down to colleagues you dislike and making peace with your enemies. Can I do that? I cringe as I recall Dr. Davis's sneer.

Chapter 3

Anna

I say goodbye to Tony and linger at the door until he enters his SUV and pulls out of the driveway.

After I return to work in the kitchen, I can't get him out of my mind. I have so many questions about him. I want to know whether he's got a girlfriend anywhere, but he doesn't give me any hints. Silly. It's not like I've got a chance with him. I chide myself. The man is melting hot, but he's exactly twice my age and my dad's friend.

The most I could get is to clean his house for him twice a month.

After I'm done cleaning the pantry, I go to his bathroom. It smells like his body wash, and it makes me hot and bothered instantly. I pick up the jogging shorts he wore earlier and remember the bulge on it before he showered. I check the inside of the crotch panel and see a clear white streak. Holy shit. I don't hesitate to sniff it. My lady bits are on fire instantly as I inhale his musky scent over and over, and I slip my hand to feel my drenched female parts.

Gosh. This is crazy. I'm a pervert. I dump the shorts back into the basket before scrubbing the shower stall vigorously to forget what I've done.

After taking a break, I go into Tony's study. I clean up the shelves and desk drawers, and then I put the books onto the

right shelves according to the labels on the boxes. These clear instructions make me guess he must be a great professor. And remembering how passionate he was about history earlier, I'm tempted to take his class. I cringe at the idea. If I take one more class, I'll have to abandon my plan of learning how to play the guitar. I push the thought aside.

There are about ten boxes of books in the room, and it takes me about an hour to put them onto the shelves. But after that, I start to organize the books by color and size, which takes another hour.

Before leaving the room, my eyes fall on a box in the corner. Tony told me not to worry about it because there weren't books in it. But then I notice the label written on the side —*Old Photos*, and it piques my curiosity.

I stand there, battling with my conscience for a second. This is wrong. I shouldn't pry into Tony's personal things. I've transgressed enough for the day, and I should stop. Tony trusts me and leaves me in his house alone. I shouldn't let him down. But then again, all I want is to find out how he looked when he was a kid or a teenager.

Finally, my curiosity gets the better of me, and I open the lid of the box. I gasp when I realize there're so many albums. I take one out and flip the cover. Immediately, I'm greeted by the same grin I saw a while ago, but on the face of a young man. Tony was about seventeen. He was skinny back then but cute. I turn the page for more pictures of him in high school. He was no doubt athletic. There are pictures of him playing badminton, tennis, and basketball.

I'm so engrossed in the photos I sit down on the floor after picking up the next album. Half an hour later, I've gotten a pretty good glimpse of Tony's life, from when he was a baby, to schoolboy, to college. My dad starts to appear in the fifth album, and Tony becomes more filled out and muscular.

There's a picture of me in Tony's arms as he stands next to my dad. I must've been no more than five years old, and he must've been around twenty-five. And holy hell is he

gorgeous! The sight of those abs and biceps makes me drool, and to think I was lucky enough to be in those thick arms? I can't take my eyes off the photo.

I can hardly close my mouth as I browse the photos in the next album. Tony looked like a supermodel in his twenties. In fact, he might've been. There're pictures of him in various name-brand clothing: Lacoste, Ralph Lauren, Calvin Klein, and quite a few are underwear—holy shit. I'm so flushed as I stare at his beautiful abs and the bulge under the tiny white briefs he wears.

Self-consciously, I glance around to see whether Tony has installed cameras in the room. And seeing none, I gawk at the pictures over and over. When I reach the last page, I feel a bit disappointed that I've reached the end of the photo show. I'm about to close the album when I see something hidden inside a pocket on the inside back cover.

It looks like another photo. I slip my finger into it and pull the piece out, it's stuck but I ease it out inch by inch carefully. I see Tony's face, although he isn't looking at the camera but staring down on his side, his brows slightly knitted. His shoulders and chest come into view—he's leaning against a wall. One of his hands is on his masculine hip, and the other one—holy mackerel—is gripping the base of his very rigid, erect, long, and thick cock.

My thighs tingle, and lady bits clench. My mouth hangs open. This can't be true. I blink and stare at the face. I can't see his eyes, but the jawline and the aquiline nose are unmistakable. He is young, but he is Tony.

My eyes are glued on his male appendage for a full minute before they travel to the rest of his gorgeous, naked body. I've never paid attention to a man's butt before, but Tony's powerful glutes make me drool. The rest of him is pure perfection: the thick but smooth biceps and the small veins on his arm, the thin layer of hair that covers his chest. I've seen

pictures like this online, but I've never impressed and even thought them gross.

But not now. I only see beauty. My eyes linger on his proud manhood that's jutting out, making a right angle with the plane of his flat stomach. Dear Lord. It is so big I wonder whether it'll fit in any woman's anatomy at all. Just imagining it hurts. Yet despite that, I would give anything to take it and to taste it.

Without thinking, I pull out my phone and snap a photo of the priceless image. And then I carefully tuck it back into the cover pocket of the album.

Covering the box with its lid, I stand up and take a deep breath. I've finished my work in the house, but I'm a perfectionist. So I vacuum the house although the floor looks clean. By the time I'm done, it's only four in the afternoon. Tony won't be back until six, so I have plenty of time to enjoy the pool.

I don't wait to change into my swimsuit and jump into the pool. I swim vigorously for a few laps to release the restless energy inside me. I don't stop until I'm tired, which is about thirty laps later. I've always loved swimming, but too bad we don't have a pool in our house. So I'm not going to stop until I'm spent. I rest briefly and swim for a few more laps, and then I lie onto the chaise to rest.

I drift into a brief nap, and when I wake, the sun is setting. Gosh. I should get going. Tony will be home soon. But the thought of Tony brings a wicked smile as I remember his photo. Unable to help my naughtiness, I reach my phone in my purse on the ground and open the album app. As soon as I see Tony's photo, my hormones rush back in a violent storm. The lust I swam so hard to get rid of recovers just like that. Glancing around me and making sure no one is around, I slip my hand into my bikini bottom.

Chapter 4

Tony

I resist the urge to stop at the grocery store and drive straight home. I'm glad to see Anna's car is still against the curb.

The house is quiet when I enter the living room. It looks clean and smells her perfume. The kitchen countertops are all sparkling, and the pantry shelves are clean and ready to be stocked. I enter my study and smile at what I see. Ann has not only filled the bookcases but also arranged the books carefully. She's even moved the Peace Lily and Pothos I carelessly placed on the floor to among the books, giving the place a fresh look.

"Anna?" I call her name out loud as I go into my bedroom but hear no answer. Remembering that I told her she could use the pool, I glance out of the window at the backyard. As soon as I spot her lying on the chaise lounge in her bikini, I suck in a breath. She's so beautiful, like the cover of a Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition. Her body looks tiny on my large chaise, but her curves aren't. Her bikini is three cute dots that barely cover anything. I expected a sexy body from her, but seeing it still stuns me. Even lying down, her breasts look perky and full, spilling from her top. Her legs are long and shapely, and one of them is crossing the other, giving me a nice side view of her round buttock. Fuck me.

She's perfect. My cock is already swelling as I imagine lying down next to her on the spacious chaise and feeling her smooth skin. I can ogle her all day, but she stirs suddenly. She lies on her arm for a second and then sits up to get her purse. Thinking she's leaving, I get ready to go out to greet her. But she returns to the chaise and tabs on her phone, and then she furtively glances around as if checking to see whether she's being watched. I stay where I am without moving, knowing she can't see the house's dark interior from outside.

What she does next nearly blows my mind. She shoves a hand under her bikini bottom while holding her phone in the other and staring at the screen.

My jaw slacks and I blink to make sure I'm not hallucinating. But no, I'm not. The naughty girl starts to masturbate while holding her phone in hand. Fuck. It doesn't take a genius to guess what's on her phone. It must be some porn.

I should stop looking right there, but hell, it's too late. I've gone way too far.

So I watch her as she drops the phone on her belly to free her hand. She pushes up her top, showing me her breasts for a second before cupping one of them and rolling her nipple between her fingers. Holy fucking hell.

This is not real. I must be dreaming. The yard is quiet, and I can hear her tiny moans, too. My cock has gotten so hard and thick that it threatens to break my zipper. I mutter a curse before unzipping my pants and gripping my thick shaft. Unbelievable. I don't even remember the last time I got so aroused, not to mention beating off twice in a day. When Ann starts to writhe on the chair, I feel my own tension building. And when she lets out a loud cry that's the sexiest sound I've heard in years, I grunt and shoot out a thick rope of cum onto the hardwood floor.

She falls silent after that. I wait until Anna gets up and enters the pool house before getting into my bathroom to clean

up. I then go to the yard, pretending I've just returned home.

"Hey, Anna!" I say to her as soon as she comes out of the pool house, fully dressed.

"Hi, Tony," she says, her face crimson and her voice sounding squeaky. "You're early. It's only five-thirty."

"I know. Did you get to use the pool?"

"Yes!" She looks away for a moment and then meets my eyes again. "I love the pool. I had a great time."

You sure did, horny girl. "Good to know," I say with a smirk.

She's holding her phone in her hand. And I can't help glancing at it, wondering what turned her on so much earlier.

She self-consciously clutches her phone tighter and moves it to behind her back. I stifle a laugh. She's so transparent. Still a little girl. She can't hide any secrets, can she? "You did a fantastic job, Anna," I say. "I should treat you dinner."

Her eyes widen with joy, but she declines. "Thanks, Tony. But I should go. My mom's expecting me to go home for dinner. I'll see you in two weeks," she says and practically flees.

I chuckle softly. "See you, then."

Chapter 5

Anna

I can hardly keep my mind on the road when I drive. I can't believe I really did that. Getting off with Tony's picture in his yard? Shit. What the hell is wrong with me? I'm not like this. I've fantasized about some movie stars in the past but never gotten sexual. I couldn't even imagine having a carnal desire for someone I didn't know. So why was I so turned on by my Tony's picture? Granted, it was erotic, but he was still a stranger. The worse thing is, I think he knows what I've done. When he materialized in front of me, his eyes twinkled and he was looking at my phone as if he wondered what I saw on it. Shit. I'm paranoid.

At dinner, after telling my parents about my day at Tony's house, I ask my dad casually, "Has Tony ever been a model before? Because I swear I've seen his photos in some magazines or websites."

My dad thinks for a moment. "I believe he has. Back in college, he was modeling for some fashion magazines."

"Why is your star student back in this little town?" my mom asks. "I thought he was doing well at Rice."

My dad shrugs. "I don't know. The guy is too brilliant. He was a maverick in college, always asked me hard questions, and challenged my opinions. It's hard to imagine him fitting in any workplace at all, let alone an academic

environment where people debate with each other for a living. But I'm hoping to convince him to stay at Sunnyvale."

Fitting in? I nearly cough when I hear that. Whether Tony would fit into me has been the one thing on my mind all afternoon. Not that I'll ever have a chance to find out.

"Well, maybe he just doesn't want to settle down and doesn't have to fit in anywhere. Didn't you say he inherited enough money never to work again?" my mom asks.

"Yeah, but he told me he preferred teaching to managing properties."

When my parents are watching TV in the evening, I stay in my room to Google Tony. All I get is his website from the colleges he's taught. From the various short bios, I glean some facts about him, but they're mostly academic. He's been a history professor for fifteen years ever since he was a graduate student and specializes in history of warfare.

Desperate to find out more about his modeling career, I type *Tony Ryder male model* but the search yields nothing. Damn. He must've used a different name.

But I find an essay Tony wrote and start skimming it out of curiosity. It isn't just a paper describing historical events as I expected, but an argument on the nature of war. "The harsh truth is: human history is war whether we like it or not. War is an animal's survival instinct."

Wow. I've been a history professor's daughter long enough to know how much opposition he must've faced with that unorthodox idea. But the analysis is down to earth, even entertaining. Soon I become engrossed in it and finish reading the whole thing.

Afterward, my fascination for the man grows tenfold. The guy is not only sexy but brilliant. The need to see him and be close to him becomes urgent and undeniable. I'm tempted by Tony's suggestion of taking his class, but that's crazy. I'm not planning to major in history, even though my dad also wants me to. There isn't any job, and I'm not especially

interested in it either. Besides, I plan to get at least a part-time job and make some money over the summer to pay some of my own expenses. And what about guitar? I sit at my desk debating with myself. In the end, I decide it doesn't hurt to visit Tony's class. If I liked it, I could audit it. I don't have to take it for credit.

I don't wait to check out the summer class schedule and look for the time and location for History 2020, Modern Wars.

“Modern warfare started with the widespread of gunpowder and the use of weapons that used the explosive, namely, firearms and cannons. The earliest major modern wars include the American Revolutionary War, Napoleonic Wars in the early 19th century...”

Tony, or Professor Ryder, says by the podium inside a medium-sized lecture hall. There are a few dozen students in the classroom, and I'm sitting in the back row.

He's wearing a light blue dress shirt with top buttons undone, tucked into a pair of crisp grey trousers. Unlike my other professors, he doesn't even glance at his notes, as if he knows every line of his lecture by heart. Damn. He is so confident and hot.

“Let's look at the factors that led to the American Revolution...Mercantilism is a trading system in which the colony supplies the motherland raw material, and the motherland produces finished goods and ships them to the colony for consumption”

I'm so busy observing him I have trouble concentrating on the information he delivers even though he's a great lecturer. Plus, he has a habit of placing his hands at his navel and spreading them out, drawing my attention to his belt buckle over and over. I can't help thinking how I would undo

it before I unzip his fly and take out his monstrous male member.

I'm not the only student that's fascinated by the professor or his lecture because everyone in the room is staring at him, and few are taking notes. That makes it convenient for me to glance at my cell phone on my desk, displaying his beautiful male anatomy. I look between the man himself and his picture, imagining how much hotter he would look without that sophisticated attire he's wearing.

Shit. I'm so sick. I ought to put my phone away, but it's easier said than done. After I discovered the photo, I couldn't stop looking at it. I've studied it so often in the past week that it's more or less burned into my brain. I know every detail, including the shape of the veins and the tiny mole near the base. But I still can't stop looking at it and imagine how good it feels or tastes.

"For example, timber was one important resource..." Professor Ryder says and shows us a slide in which piles of wood logs are changing into dining tables, with people laboring in between.

Shit. It doesn't help. I keep thinking about his wood. My girly bits are on fire. Seeing no one is in my row, I slip a hand under my skirt.

"Miss Anna Smith," Professor's deep voice interrupts my dirty thoughts, and I look up to find his eyes on me. "Would you like to try?"

Damn. Busted. Good thing I'm sitting next to a wall and no one can see where my hand actually is. I consider excusing myself by telling him I'm just auditing, but then that seems to be too cowardly. "S-sure, could you please repeat your question?" I blush as I stutter.

"Please pay attention," he says in a stern voice. "What does this picture say about mercantilism?"

I glance at "Oh!" I chuckle to hide my embarrassment. "Of course." I quickly try to recall what I read. I read the

chapter before coming to the class because I knew I probably wouldn't hear a word he says. But I have trouble recalling what I read.

I take a deep breath and begin.

“Err, mercantilism is obviously an evil system. It was directly responsible for slavery, and the felling of trees led to deforestation and global warming...”

I mumble, and I hear muffled laughs around me. Apparently, my answer is dumb. There are also a few hands shooting high in the air, vying for the professor's attention.

He presses his lips together. “Very well, see me after class, Miss Smith,” he says, and then he nods at one of the students who are dying to answer the question.

“The colonists sold timber to England and then had to purchase furniture made in England using the timber, at a much greater price. Mercantilism is an inhumane system that Britain used to exploit its colonies.”

Shit. Of course, it's obvious. *The title of the lecture is The Causes of the Revolutionary War.* Why did he ask me such an obvious question? To humiliate me? Did he see what I was doing?

Chapter 6

Tony

Today is my first day of teaching at Sunnyvale College. I glance around at the lecture hall, remembering the days I was a student in this very same classroom. There aren't that many students because it's summer. I can see they're all excited to be here, at least I hope so. Students who take this class are mostly history majors.

A few students are sitting in the back. Since the room is large, I tell them to move forward. Most of them follow my advice, except one person. I look at her, and my blood rushes south right away. It's Anna. What the hell is she doing here? I didn't expect her to be in my class. She lifts her hand and waves at me. I resist the urge to wave back, not wanting to draw any attention from other students.

Anna's presence distracts the hell out of me. The confidence and calm I've gained after a decade's teaching practice leave me, and I falter from time to time. I've taught this class at least a hundred times, but I can't even remember what to say. Damn. All I remember is the moment she touched herself by my pool.

My eyes keep darting in her direction, although I try not to. Even when I don't look at her, I feel her eyes on me all the time. At least that's the case for the first half of the class. After that, she gets distracted by something on her desk. I don't have to check to know she's looking at her cell phone.

She glances between me and the phone, and that drives me nuts. I hate it when students aren't paying full attention. It isn't hard for me to tell whatever is on her phone is more interesting than what's projected on the board. I have a feeling that it's the same thing she was looking at the other day when she masturbated. Dammit.

My suspicion is confirmed when I see her hand reaching under her skirt. My boner jolts so violently, I have to go behind the podium to hide the bulge.

Little minx. I thought her cute dong it on my chaise, but doing it in my classroom is not tolerable. I don't hesitate to give her a warning by asking her a question. Needless to say, she can't answer my question, proving that I'm right about her not paying attention. Again. Why is she here if she isn't interested in what I'm teaching?

After students leave the class, I summon Anna to the front.

"Why are you here, Anna? Do you want to take the class?"

"I...err, not really. I'm here to audit it."

"Why? I thought you weren't interested."

"I'm sorry," she says. "The truth is...I err, became interested in it after we spoke."

I'm not convinced because she's blushing. "Why did you change your mind?"

She stutters. "I err...read your paper and liked it. So, I thought I would check out your class."

This is not the first time students telling me they read my paper, but hearing from Anna is pleasing. "Very well," I say. "I would like to have you in my class, Anna. I can add you if you want."

She hesitates. "I...don't know. Maybe I'll just keep auditing."

“Why?” I taunt her. “Are you afraid you won’t be able to pass it? I thought you were an A student. Your dad told me that.”

She glares at me—obviously, my attempt is taking effect. “Oh, I have no problem passing the class. It’s just that I have another class, and I need to find a part-time job over the summer.”

“You have a part-time job,” I say. “You’re my housekeeper.”

“B-but it isn’t enough.”

“You can come to help me once a week, or even twice a week. You can also clean my pool.” I don’t know why I’m so eager to have her in my class.

Her mouth opens in surprise. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.” I nod. “And just so you know. I’ve just found out that this class can fulfill your GE requirement in humanities.”

“Really?” she smiles. “I guess I have nothing to lose, then.”

She pulls out her cellphone and register for the class right away, using the add code I provide her. “All done,” she says. “I’m your student now, Professor Ryder.”

Damn. That sassy look. I tease her with a smirk. “Very well,” I say. “Now, let’s talk about what you need to do to pass it. Here is a copy of the syllabus.”

“Thanks,” she says. “I’ll read it as soon as I get a chance.”

“Very well. But one thing not being stated here, which is obvious, is paying attention to the lecture.”

She lets out a nervous laugh, understanding what I’m alluding to. “I’m sorry! My attention lapsed for just a second.”

I narrow my eyes at her. “Not just a second. You were checking your cellphone for a *long* time. Anna.”

I don't point out the other naughty thing she did because I didn't want to embarrass her.

Her face reddens. "Oh, I...err was looking at some online notes about... the Revolutionary War."

No doubt she's lying. "It doesn't matter. No cellphone is allowed in my class."

"I wasn't aware of the rule."

"I've just come up with it. Can you follow it?"

"Y-yes, sir," she mumbles, lowering her eyes.

"Very well," I say. "And just to make sure you follow the rule, you must sit in the front row from now on and right in front of the podium."

Her pretty eyes widen. "Is it necessary?"

"If you want to pass my class, yes," I say in a stern voice, although all I want to do is kiss those pouty lips.

Chapter 7

Anna

I'm sitting in the front row of the lecture hall, waiting for my history class to begin. It's still early, and Tony is reviewing his notes behind the podium, getting ready for the lecture.

I still can't believe I let Tony talk me into taking this class, but here I am. Two weeks have passed since he spoke to me after class on the first day, and I've been behaving like a good student. I keep my cell phone off my desk and try to pay full attention to his lecture, even though it isn't an easy task. The man is simply too hot not to let him distract me. Even now, when I don't have a full view of his handsome face and his body is half-hidden behind the podium, I find him breathtaking in his fitted black shirt.

I'm lost in my fantasies again when he clears his throat. I straighten my back.

He glances at the class, his eyes meeting mine briefly before moving away.

He seems to be distracted momentarily, but then he speaks. "Last week, we had an overview of major Modern Wars. Starting today, we'll study the major warfare theories and see how historians use them to analyze the causes of war. There're two main schools of thought: social and biological..."

Tony is enthusiastic about the topic, and I recall from our first conversation that he's more interested in *why* than *what* in history. He steps out of the podium and lectures without notes or PowerPoint slides, and paces from one end of the classroom to the other as he speaks. His enthusiasm is infectious, and soon I'm engrossed in his lecture, although I can't say I can process everything he says.

Halfway through the two-hour-long class, Tony comes to stand right in front of me and doesn't move. He's so close to me I have no choice but stare at his crotch. Shit. Is he teasing me? His shirt is tucked into his pants. He doesn't have a tent, but I know what's beneath the fabric. The image of his picture flashes in my head, sending signals to my lady bits. I can even detect his musky scent, which could be his cologne or his manly essence. I recall the white streak on his shorts the other day, and my thighs tingle right away. Shit. I can't take it anymore. My mind drifts like usual, and this time, I can't gather it back.

As soon as he leaves me and returns to the podium, I take off my hoodie and drape it over my thighs. I then pull out my cellphone in my pocket quickly, put it on my lap and hide it under the hoodie. I position the phone so it's standing up and only I can see the screen, and then I slip my hand under my skirt.

When Tony lectures again, I look at him as if I'm listening while my finger glides over my wet folds.

I can vaguely make out what he's talking about anymore. Tony paces in front of the podium again and steps to the other side of the classroom. Thank God. I take a peek at his photo. Oh, the burly arm and the long fingers that are gripping his thick shaft! I imagine the same fingers touching me while the giant wood is filling me. A powerful wave roars inside me, and I rub my swollen nub harder, getting ready to come.

Needless to say, the professor's voice drowns out as I focus at the urgent task at hand. I barely even remember where I am when a hand suddenly appears in my vision and snatches

the phone away from me. I gasp and look up. Professor Ryder glares at me for just a second before he glances at the phone screen.

“No!” I whine in frustration. My impulse is to jump out of my seat and fight for my phone, but I can’t because of the position I’m in. I slowly pull my hand out from under my jacket and hope my screen will fade before he sees what’s on it.

But no luck. The professor’s face turns red as he glances at the screen. But he doesn’t speak a word. He narrows his eyes on me for a moment longer and returns to the podium with the phone in hand.

“No cellphone usage in my class from now on,” he announces the rule to the class with a stern look. And then he goes on to speak as if nothing extraordinary has happened.

Getting aroused in Tony’s class isn’t unusual, but getting a blue bean is extremely frustrating this time because I am so close. I seriously consider sneaking out into the bathroom next door to finish what I started, but I don’t want to draw more attention.

So I’m glued to my seat for the rest of the class, praying Tony hasn’t seen the picture. I’m so ashamed of myself. What would he think of me? And have I offended him as well? Now he thinks of me not only as a slut, but also a stalker and a thief. He must hate me.

I’m so deep in my own thoughts that I’m not even aware of it when the class ends.

Students stand up around me and leave the room in groups. Soon the classroom is empty. I watch Tony as he takes his time to erase the board and organize his notes.

He acts as if he’s forgotten me. And then he walks past me, all the way to the back of the classroom, leaving his briefcase on the podium. I’m puzzled, so I stand up and clear my throat, “Mm, Professor Ryder!”

“Yes, Anna. I’ll be with you,” he says and locks the doors on both sides of the room.

My heart starts to beat frantically. What is he going to do?

When he returns to the podium a moment later, his sleeves are rolled up as if he’s going to get his hands dirty.

I swallow. “I’m sorry, Professor Ryder...Tony...I ...”

He puts out a hand to stop me from saying more. “Where the hell did you find this photo?”

He asks while pointing at my cell phone, looking serious.

Shit. He’s definitely seen it. “I... in your house. I was looking at your albums...I’m sorry.”

“Have you shown it to anyone else or shared it on social media?”

I shake my head vehemently, horrified at his question. Gosh. What kind of person does he think I am? “No! I haven’t, and I wouldn’t!”

His face relaxes a bit. “Good. And what did you do when you looked at my picture?”

Oh shit. I can’t say it. I’m not going to tell him. Can’t he guess it?

“N-nothing,” I lie embarrassedly. “I just admire it. It’s beautiful.”

His eyes darken and his voice is low when he speaks again. “Beautiful how?”

“It’s long, sir, and thick,” I croak, just describing it makes my throat dry.

He suddenly comes forward and leans into me, looking as if he’s going to kiss me. His breath tickles my neck, and I shiver. “I noticed your hand was under your jacket

earlier. What the hell did you do with it?" he whispers into my ear.

"I...err, N-nothing. I was cold."

"Cold? Let me see." He grabs my hand, the hand he alluded to, and brings it to under his nose. He sniffs it deeply. "You little lying vixen. Why does it smell of your pussy?"

Holy shit. My girly bit clenches just because he mentions it. "I... don't know."

"Stop lying to me, Anna."

When I bite my lower lip, he growls and suddenly flips me around and pushes me forward, so my hands are against the back of the seat I sat in earlier.

"I'll find out myself," he says and pushes my skirt up to my waist.

I haven't had the time to gasp when my panties are off to my knees.

"What're you doing? Tony...Professor? There might be cameras around in the classroom," I look around me.

He chuckles. "You weren't worried about cameras when you touched yourself earlier."

"But I..." I want to say I was discreet, but I stop mid-sentence because his hands are on me, and I forget how to speak.

Chapter 8

Tony

I've been keeping my eye on Anna for a whole week, waiting to see when the mischievous little girl would amuse me again. She's done pretty well until today, after I deliberately stood in front of her, my crotch practically in her face. So, when I saw her draping a jacket over her lap, I knew she was up to something. I pretended to leave her alone while in reality, I was checking on her.

I had no doubt I caught her red-handed when I took her cellphone, but I didn't expect the porn she looked at was me.

The picture was taken fifteen years ago when I was still a graduate student. My dad was a wealthy landlord, but he hadn't always been supportive of my academic pursuit. In fact, he was mad that I chose to major in something as impractical as history, and he thought me nuts when I told him I would get a Ph.D. in it. To punish me, he cut off his financial support for me throughout my senior and postgraduate years.

I modeled on and off since college and posted for underwear brands. I was frequently approached by porn magazines but resisted their offer until I was desperate for money. I didn't show my full face in those shots, though, and put on makeup besides dying my hair. No one would even recognize me without knowing me well. If Anna hadn't found

it in my house, she wouldn't have been able to make the connection.

It's hard to describe my emotions at the moment. If any other student of mine saw my picture, I would undoubtedly be as embarrassed as hell. But the person being Anna makes it exciting instead. Everything makes sense now. Hell, the horny little girl is obviously obsessed with my picture, and she's been getting off using it since the day at my house. Undoubtedly, she's taking my class because she has the hots for me.

The realization thrills me. I've been no less obsessed with her for the past weeks. As I promised, I have her clean my house every week now, and I'm planning to hire her to do some simple research for my next paper. But being near her is torture because I have to resist the urge to touch her. She's off-limits. She's nineteen but still young. She's not only John's daughter but my student as well.

"You were touching yourself while looking at my picture?" I ask calmly despite my raging hormones.

"Mmm, yeah," she lowers her gaze. "You are hot."

I resist a chuckle. "Do you do that a lot?"

"Do what?"

"Get yourself off on dick pics?"

"Oh God," she cries and covers her face because of embarrassment. "You think I'm a slut!"

"Aren't you?"

"I'm not! I'd never even liked this kind of photo before I saw yours."

"But you like mine?" my voice is husky, betraying my lust.

She nods.

I want nothing but to show Anna the real thing instead of the picture, but not yet. I need to tease her a bit because

she's been teasing me for so long.

“You horny little girl,” I say. “Turn around.”

She shudders at my command, but she obeys it without hesitation.

I bend her over the seat she was in earlier, her rear end pointing to the ceiling.

I suck in a breath. She's wearing a thong that hides nothing of her.

“Fuck, Anna, you have a beautiful ass,” I say. “But too bad I'm going to leave some marks here.”

“What do you mean?” she whines.

“I'm going to punish you, little girl.”

“Punish? What do you mean?”

I ignore her protest and give her a swat on the plump, soft flesh. “This is what I mean, Anna. You need a good spanking.”

She shudders. “I can't believe it. Tony. This is against the law...,” she complains but doesn't struggle. In fact, her throaty voice suggests she wants me to continue what I'm doing.

I give her another smack. “Oh yeah? What're you going to do about it, baby? Sue me and tell the world the reason you got the punishment? That you were caught getting off using my picture in my class?”

Chapter 9

Anna

Damn. He's got a point. No way in hell I'll file any complaint about this. Besides, the spanking isn't that bad. It doesn't hurt except a bit of stinging and jiggling, and I like the feel of his warm, callused hand on my skin. My girly juice drips down uncontrollably.

"You naughty little girl. You've got the Nile down there," Tony says and without warning, he shoves two fingers into my pussy.

I cry out. No one has ever done it to me, not even myself. I'm not a virgin, but I've never been finger fucked either. The only guy I had sex with could never wait to shove his prick inside me.

"What tight little pussy, wet, warm, and fertile. It's a land worth starting a war on."

Holy Joe. Why does the word war sound so freaking hot?

I moan and push my backside toward him.

He grunts. The sound of the zipper alarms me. Is he taking out his big rod?

"I want to see it, please," I mutter as I turn my head to look.

Tony is stroking his thick cock. My jaw drops to the floor. The picture on my phone doesn't compare to the real thing at all. For one thing, it's 3-D, and the veins look so much more beautiful. It feels like a masterpiece of art. I lick my lips and reach out a hand to feel it.

But he swats my hand. "Look only, no touching."

I haven't had the time to protest when he flips me back to face the back of the chair. And to my surprise, he slides the hard stick along my wet gash.

My whole body is on fire with that smooth touch, and I whimper with desire. "I want it inside me, please."

"Of course you do, demanding little girl," he whispers into my ear, again tickling my neck with his hot breath. "But no, you can't have it."

As I groan, he moves his hardness away and continues to rub it on my folds while slapping my butt cheeks.

"Please, Professor Ryder. Stop teasing me," I beg. "I want to come."

While he doesn't respond, I squeeze my thighs shut, creating more friction between us. He curses and stops spanking. Gripping my hips tight, he starts to thrust between my wet thighs. I tilt my pelvis, making sure he hits my sensitive spot as he moves. I grasp the back of the seat and moan with pleasure, enjoying the play, wishing the "punishment" would go on forever. But when Tony bites my earlobe, I'm over the edge. Fireworks spark in my eyes, and I cry out, "Tony!"

"Fuck," Tony growls and his hardness throbs inside me.

My legs are shaking when he expels a splash of cream onto the seat right in front of me. The sight gives me a final push and my own sticky juice rushes out of my channel and rolls down my legs.

Tony cleans me up and helps me to dress without a word. And then, to my surprise, he kisses me on the lips. “That was fucking fun, but it will not happen again. If I see your phone or your hand on your lap, you’re out of my class and you’ll get an F, understood? From now on, you’ll put both hands on the desk throughout the lecture.”

“Yes, sir,” I mutter although I’m disappointed. I want more. I haven’t even taken a good look at him.

“You’re dismissed,” he says.

“I guess I’ll see you at your house on Saturday?” I remind him of my maid service.

He presses his lips together to think, looking conflicted for a moment. “Yes. But I won’t be home. I’m going to see a friend in LA, and I’ll leave the key under the flower pot next to the front door.”

“Okay,” I say, slinging the strap of my backpack onto my shoulder. I’m a tad disappointed. “I’ll see you in class next week, then.”

“Don’t forget to study for the midterm,” he reminds me.

“I will,” I say without much enthusiasm as I turn to the aisle. Although I enjoy the class, I’m not doing that well. I’m behind on my reading, and I’m not paying full attention in class.

As if Tony hears my thoughts, he suddenly calls me back. “Anna, I want to make a deal with you.”

“What is it?” My heart suddenly flutters with hope.

“If you aced the midterm next week, I’d give you what you want.”

I blink for just a second to get what he means. And then I grin. I like the challenge, especially given the irresistible incentive. “Deal!” I say.

I don't waste time to start studying. I head for the library as soon as I get out of Tony's classroom. Once I find a quiet spot, I go over the lecture notes he posted online.

Tony is an amazing lecturer. His notes are well-organized and interesting to read. He's also humorous, and I find myself smiling while studying. Damn. If I hadn't been distracted by his looks in his classroom, I would've found out this sooner.

Since I'm so motivated, I find myself enjoying the articles he assigned as well.

On Friday of the following week, I arrive at my history class early, eager to get started with the exam. I've studied hard for the exam, and I'm confident I'll do well. While waiting for the professor, I count the chickens before they hatch. How will Tony give it to me? I don't have a lot of sexual experience, but I'm familiar with the positions. Missionary, doggy, standing?

"Let's get started," Tony's voice startles me from my daydream.

Damn. He's so hot. He's wearing black frame glasses beside his usual teaching attire of a dress shirt and trousers. The glasses make him look even more mature and certainly sexier. My thighs tingle just imagining him being on top of me with nothing on except the spectacles.

The first part of the exam goes well. I can't help smiling as I fill the pages of my bluebook with words. My hard work pays off. In the past week, I studied for the exam every day. I got caught up on the reading and reviewed all the lecture notes. I also went over all the questions on the study guide Tony provided and memorized the answers.

Luckily, the first three questions are from the study guide, so I have no problem answering them. But I'm stuck on the last one. "Which theory you've learned so far explains the

cause of war the best? Why? *Note: you must pick only one of them.*”

My mind goes blank after that. Honestly, all of them make sense to me, but none of them is perfect. After fidgeting in my seat for nearly fifteen minutes, I force myself to write down something that’ll probably make the professor laugh, and then I sigh and put down my pen.

And then I remain in my seat and sulk. Damn. I’m that close to winning the deal. Now I’ll keep pining for something I’ll never get. I glance at Tony, who’s reading a book behind the podium. Damn. He looks so hot with that intense concentration on his face. And his hair looks so perfect that I have the urge to tousle it and make him mad. Yes. I want to make him mad. And suddenly, I’ve got an idea—an idea so naughty that I cringe. *No way. I’m not going to do it.* But I can’t help dwelling on it. *Why not? What do I have to lose?* I’m pretty sure I’ll pass the exam. And since I won’t be getting an A, I might as well have some fun instead of sulking for the rest of the class.

I stand up and go to Tony.

Chapter 10

Tony

I'm trying to read while my students are taking their midterm, but I can't help observing Anna from the corner of my eye. She's scribbling at her desk. She's been behaving since I spanked her—by behaving I mean she hasn't touched her phone or herself during my class. But it doesn't mean she's not driving me nuts. Every day, she shows up in sexy clothes: tight or revealing shirts, skirts that barely cover her thighs. Since I told her to sit in the front row, I have no choice but let the sight of her torture me. It takes me mighty effort to ignore her and focus on lecturing.

About halfway through the exam, she sighs and stops writing. And then she stares at me for a second before standing up and coming to the podium. "I need to use the bathroom, please," she says in a low whisper.

I hesitate. I normally don't allow bathroom visits during the exams unless it's an emergency.

"Please, it's an emergency," she says, knowing what's on my mind. "Here, I'll put my cellphone on the podium. I'm not going to cheat."

"Okay," I say. "You have to come back in three minutes."

"No problem," she smirks and turns.

That smirk alarms me. What the hell is she up to? I have the impulse to call her back but she's already at the door. Could she have hidden notes in her skirt pocket? Damn. I should've checked. But notes hardly help with essay exams, especially if she only has three minutes.

I stand up by the podium and wait for Anna to return. When she does, I check my watch. It took her exactly three minutes, which is quite impressive. I look her up and down as she sits down with suspicion, still wondering what she did exactly. She looks a bit different. My eyes fall on her skirt pockets, which are bulging up. Shit. It's so obvious. Why didn't I notice it earlier?

But instead of questioning her, I decide to keep a close eye on her and speak to her after class because I don't want to make a scene and distract the whole class.

Anna opens her bluebook and picks up her pen. Instead of writing, she props her chin with that hand as if blocking the view of the students sitting a few seats away from her. The suspicious gesture alarms me and I stare at her unblinking, waiting for her next move. Without looking up, her other hand moves up casually to brush on her shirt, playing with her buttons.

A student stands up to turn in his exam, interrupting my observation of Anna. I accept the student's exam and say goodbye to him. By the time I look at Anna again, her shirt is open to a wide gap. Holy shit. My blood travels south as I inhale sharply. I should look away but I can't tear my eyes away from her. She isn't wearing a bra. Fuck me. The sight of the half-hidden, delicious-looking milky mounds makes my mouth water and I gulp.

The bulge in one of her pockets must be her bra. What about the other one? My eyes instantly glide down to her crotch. Her legs are open as well, and her skirts are hiked up to her hips, giving me a clear view of her glistening juncture. Fuck me. My manhood jolts as adrenaline rushes through my body.

It takes me mighty effort to look away from her enticing body and stare into her eyes. She glances at me casually as if not expecting to see me ogling. She then licks her lips as her eyes glide down to below my waist. Shit. I don't have to look to know I've got a huge tent there.

I return to hide it behind the podium and sit down on my chair. I let my hand drop, and I shouldn't do it. But hell, it's too late. I've got to get it off. I grip my hard-on through my pants and move my hand discreetly while my eyes are fixed on Anna. The little weasel is brushing the rosy tip of her breast casually while staring at her bluebook as if checking her answers. She closes and spreads her legs carelessly as well, as if she isn't playing a game with me. Fuck. There are only a few feet between us. I can hear the squishy sound she makes and smell her sweet juice.

When she looks up suddenly and licks her pencil deliberately, I feel the orgasm vibrating and I tense. I'm going to get a wet spot on my pants, and I don't even fucking care. I just need the release. I'm over the edge, one step to the peak of my pleasure, when a student stands up suddenly and walks toward the podium holding her exam in hand.

Shit. That's brutal. I free the hand that's holding onto the chair and take the bluebook from the student. Thank goodness she's dazed after the long exam and doesn't suspect my unusually red face and friendly smile.

As soon as the student turns to leave, I stand up and pace in front of the class, forcing myself to calm. Goddamn. I'm out of my fucking mind. I haven't done anything so embarrassing since high school. What the hell got into me?

Anna's hand is clutching the front of her shirt, and her legs are closed when I look at her again. She slowly buttons up and smirks at me. I grit my teeth, imagining a good spanking on her pretty ass as soon as the class is over.

To make sure she'll stay after class, I wave her cell phone at her before dropping it into my briefcase. Her mouth opens, and her eyes brighten, understanding my intention.

Chapter 11

Anna

OMG. I'm a genius. My plan works beautifully.

I can't help smirking when I see my controlling professor getting all hot and bothered in front of the class because of me. I see his arm move slowly up and down behind the podium, however careful he is. And it's all I can do not to get up to get a better look.

But when he glares at me a moment later, I know I'm in trouble. Although Tony remains calm, I see the fire in his eyes and the flare of his nostrils when he drops my phone into his briefcase. He's telling me to stay after class. It's a warning. It's a challenge. Although it's exactly what I wanted, I still can't help the shiver that creeps up my spine. How's he going to do to "punish" me this time?

I wait patiently for other students to leave the classroom, and as soon as we're alone, I glance up at Tony. He doesn't go to close the doors like he did the last time but grabs his briefcase and says to me, "Follow me to my office, Anna."

His serious face makes me doubt my expectations. He looks really mad.

We keep a distance as we walk down the hallway to the elevator. He's a step in front of me, and I trail behind like a guilty child. Shit. I might've carried it too far.

When we're waiting for the elevator, which is notoriously slow, the silent treatment nearly kills me.

"Are you mad?" I break the silence.

He gazes at me with an expression hard to read. His jaw is tight, although he doesn't look angry. "Are you afraid?" he asks me back.

"Afraid of what?" I chuckle nervously.

"Of what I'm going to do to you," his voice is threatening, but my lady bits like the sound of it.

I swallow. "What...are you going to do?"

He smirks. "I'm going to grade your exam and see what you've got."

Damn. The mention of my exam embarrasses me. I was so occupied with teasing my professor I forgot to even double-check my answers. And the nonsense response I wrote for the last question. No, I can't witness him grading it. The elevator door finally opens, but my feet are glued to the floor.

Tony raises his eyebrow and me while waiting for me to go in first.

"Actually, I have to go to a study group at the library," I lie quickly. "Can I have my cellphone back, please?"

He grabs my arm and drags me into the elevator, and then he presses the button to his office floor, which is one floor below my dad's. As soon as the door closes, he pins me against the wall. "You little tease. You like to play games? We'll play," he says and suddenly reaches my shirt and tears it open.

Buttons fly onto the floor, and I gasp. "What're you doing?"

I haven't finished my sentence when his hand is on my chest, molding the swell of my girly mound first and then rolling my hard point.

"Tony...Professor! This is inappropriate!"

He scoffs. “I didn’t think the word was in your dictionary.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to tease you. I’m just. I knew I didn’t do well on the exam, and I really wanted to be with you!” I blurt out.

His eyes darken as they stare into mine, and then he groans and claims my lips. He devours my mouth like a ferocious animal and, in the meantime, presses his hard center into my belly. I slip a hand between our bodies to feel him, and I moan when I find out how hard he is.

I don’t hesitate to go down on my knees and unzip his pants. I lose the ability to speak as soon as I see the monstrous male member, so thick I can barely grasp it with one hand. I open my mouth and lick the tip, watching Tony’s eyes turn dreamy first and then close. He grips my shoulders and curse. “Fuck.”

Encouraged, I wrap my lips around him and move up and down on his shaft. His velvety skin feels incredible in my mouth, and that musky scent turns me on. I sink deeper, letting it massage the inside of my mouth and even my throat.

I play with his balls that are behind his briefs, and he grunts like an animal. He’s starting to throb, and I’m getting ready to taste his cream when the elevator dings.

“Damn,” he mutters and pushes me away.

It takes the door a while to open, so we’ve still got time to get ready and pretend nothing has happened between us. I quickly do the remaining buttons on my shirt and pick up the ones on the floor. Tony zips his pants up, but the huge tent is telling. He hides it behind his briefcase.

When the elevator door opens, we both look perfectly calm. Dr. Davis, a haughty woman in her fifties, glances over us and nods with a tight smile as she recognizes Tony. “Hi, Dr. Ryder. How’s it going?”

Tony gives her an equally tight smile. “I’m doing just fine, Dr. Davis. How are you?”

“Not bad. Ready for the weekend,” she says, pointing at the stack of exams in her arm.

“I’ve got mine, too,” Tony says, nodding at his briefcase but doesn’t move it for obvious reasons.

Dr. Davis goes into the elevator and presses the button to keep the door open while speaking to Tony. “By the way, you should definitely check out the newest issue of Scientific American.”

“Let me guess,” Tony says. “There’s an article on why war isn’t human nature.”

Dr. Davis’s smile fades. “Well. It’s written by your old colleague at Rice, and he mentions your name.”

Tony shrugs. “Thanks for letting me know.” And then he turns to go, ignoring the woman.

I don’t know what to make of their conversation. They both sound very polite, but I can detect the tension underneath. It isn’t hard for me to tell Tony dislikes Dr. Davis, but the way the woman looks at Tony is a mixture of contempt and interest.

Dr. Davis doesn’t seem to notice my presence until the elevator door starts to close. She glances at me and then does a double-take. Although I know who she is, she doesn’t know me. So I know there must be something else that catches her attention. Her eyes linger on my shirt, and she frowns, obviously noticing the missing buttons.

Shit. I hope she can’t tell I’m not wearing a bra. I turn away immediately. I’m suddenly aware of the inappropriateness of my presence here. Whatever we’re going to do is bad for Tony’s reputation, and I might get myself in trouble, too. What if Dr. Davis knows who I am and tells my dad about what she sees?

“I think I should go,” I mumble as Tony stops in front of his office and reaches for his keys.

“Why?”

“Dr. Davis might suspect us....”

“I don’t give a shit to what she thinks,” he says as he opens the door. And then he looks at me. “But you’re free to change your mind.”

I pause for just a second. I’ve come that far, and I’ll regret it if I don’t carry it to the end. So I raise my chin and say, “I’m not changing my mind.” And then I step into his office.

As soon as Tony closes his office door behind us, he throws his briefcase onto the floor. Amazingly, his pant tent hasn’t shrunk a bit despite Dr. Davis’s interruption.

“What the hell are you doing to me?” he says, grabbing my face. “I jerked off in class because of you, and I let you suck my dick the elevator. I’m out of my fucking mind because of you!”

He sounds so angry I shudder, anticipating what he’ll do next.

“Are you going to spank me again?” I mean to provoke him, but my voice quivers and I sound pathetic.

“No,” he says. “It didn’t do anything to discipline you.”

“So what...”

I haven’t finished my sentence when he commands. “I want you to strip for me, Anna. Clearly you enjoyed doing it.”

I gasp with excitement. “You must be kidding.”

“I’m not.” His voice suddenly turns deep. “Do it.”

I shiver at his demanding manner and I unbutton my shirt. My hand trembles, not because of fear but because of excitement.

He inhales sharply when my shirt is open as if he hasn’t seen it twice already within the last hour. His breathing turns heavy, and he looks as if he wants to devour me, but he

remains where he is. “Sassy girl, you are so fucking beautiful. Now touch yourself for me, just like you did earlier in class.”

I whine. I was naughty earlier on a whim, but now that he orders me to do it, I suddenly become embarrassed. “Do I have to?”

Instead of answering my question, he rubs his chin with his thumb and forefinger while his intense hazel eyes travel over my body hungrily.

I slowly move my hand up to cup my breast. My whole body is burning with excitement. I’ve never for the life of me imagined being a stripper, not to mention stripping in my professor’s office.

Tony’s large pole jolts in his pants, expanding the tent. His reaction flatters me so much that I become bolder. I’ve unintentionally watched bits of strip shows, and I find myself imitating what I’ve seen. I roll my hips as I fondle my girly mounds, plucking my swollen nipples and licking my lips.

“Fuck,” Tony mutters. “Now show me your pussy.”

I gasp despite the anticipation, and in no time, my skirt is on the floor. I stand in front of him, my shirt covering only my back, and my bottom is bare.

His eyes are fixed on my pelvis. He swallows and says in a croaky voice, “Sit down and spread your legs.”

I don’t hesitate to plop down on a chair near me, opening my legs wide.

“Holy Jesus.” He sucks in a breath. His hungry look makes me ache with desire but he doesn’t make a move to come forward. Instead, he braces himself and grips his own biceps as if fighting his urge.

“Touch yourself!” he commands a second later.

One of my hands travels down to my center, and I moan when I find how wet I am. My thighs are sticky, too. Although excited, I’m embarrassed, too. This is the first time I ever let anyone watch me touch myself. The fact that he’s my

hot professor only turns me on more. Soon, I'm dripping on his chair.

The pleasure building inside me is overwhelming, and Tony's lustful eyes only expedite my pending orgasm. I've wanted to come since the moment I teased him during the exam. I close my eyes momentarily to wait for the wave to crash down, but when I hear the sound of the zipper, my eyes pop open immediately.

Tony is holding his thick length in his hand and stroking it. Holy Moses. What an incredible sight!

I'm so stunned I forget my own urge to come, and I lick my lips again.

Tony groans, and without warning, he grabs me and pulls me toward his desk. "You dirty little girl. I know how much you want my cock. It's why you're in my class, isn't it? I'm going to give it to you. And you're going to take me over and over until we're both senseless."

Oh my dear God! I whimper at that threat. Yes. It's exactly what I've wanted and what I've fantasized about since I first met him.

I feel the warmth of my own girly juice trickling down my thighs as Tony places me on top of his desk. And then, to my astonishment, he kneels in front of me, spreads me wider, and buries his face within my thighs.

I haven't had the time to realize that he's eating me out when I feel his tongue licking my folds and flicking across my clit. I moan as the exquisite, velvety sensation thrills me. Wow. I've never expected this. My high school boyfriend never went down on me. Most of the times when we had sex, it was about him. I grasp Tony's hair to steady myself, afraid the sheer energy his tongue creates will throw me off the desk. That's obviously a wise move because I sway as his tongue suddenly thrusts into my aching center.

"Ohmygod!" I cry out. "More, please!"

I can hear him chuckle down there and I don't care. I've passed the point of feeling embarrassed about my behavior. Supporting my weight with an elbow, I start to buck my hips so I can grind my pussy on his face.

"Shit," Tony mutters a curse and pulls lightly away. Smirking at me briefly, he bends back down, and eyes not leaving me, sucks my nub into his lips.

That's it. I scream as a tidal wave overtakes me. Tony's hand flies to cover my mouth and muffle my voice, reminding me I'm in his office.

I'm still shaking when he holds me and kisses me, letting me taste myself on his tongue. The gesture is so intimate I coo. "Fuck me, please, Tony," I whisper into his ear.

He doesn't have to be asked twice. Putting me down on my feet, he flips me and bends me over his desk. I press my arms into the surface and open my legs wide while he palms my hips with his warm hands. "I've missed your pretty ass, Anna," he says. And then I feel his lips trailing across the back of my thigh to my buttocks. He even nips on my flesh just to tease me.

I'm bereft of warmth during the brief moment he leaves me to retreat a condom. "Hurry," I urge him impatiently.

"So eager," he says while slapping my cheek. And then his finger slides from the cleft of my cheeks to the front, lingering at the entrance of my puss. It slips inside me slowly as if testing. "So silky and tight, just as I've imagined."

I whimper, not only at the sensation but the fact he's imagined me. I wriggle my backside at him instinctively, inviting him to go deeper.

But he pulls out his finger and nudges something thick and velvety against me. Knowing what it is, I involuntarily whine and open my legs wider.

"Here we go, baby," he coaxes. "Don't be afraid. I'm big, but you're wet. Just relax, okay?"

“Okay,” I mumble. I love his dominant way with me but his gentle voice turns me on more.

He inches in slowly at first, stretching my walls and giving me a chance to adjust to his thickness. But once his fat head makes its way in, the rest of him slips in easily, filling me to the hilt in one slick thrust.

The fullness feels heavenly after weeks of pining for him and imagining the promises his glorious manhood would bring. It’s so satisfying that I want to sob, and at the same time, I’m needy. I’m on the verge of begging him to move faster and deeper but decide not to be greedy and just take whatever he has to offer. Besides the amazing sensation, I love the feeling of his body against mine, covering me and pressing me like a warm blanket.

While thrusting with a deliberate pace, Tony’s hand slips under my shirt to cup my breast, and his lips touch the shell of my ear, kissing and biting gently. I’m floating on a cloud of pleasure as he pounds into me, making his desk wobble with each movement.

“Have you imagined this, Anna?” he asks, rolling my nipple while filling me.

“Y-yes,” I whimper, hardly able to speak.

“How often?”

“Every night...since I met you.”

“Only at night?”

“N-no, sometimes during the day, too.”

“During my class?”

“Yes. When you’re lecturing.”

“What exactly have you imagined?”

“I imagine you taking me just like this, but against the podium.”

“Jesus,” he sucks in a breath as if the suggestion arouses him. “You’re a dirty little girl, Anna.”

“And you’re a dirty professor,” I say. “I bet you’ve imagined this, too.”

“Of course I have,” he rasps into my ear. “So often I’ve lost count. In my mind, I’ve fucked you everywhere I’ve been to. My classroom, here in my office, my kitchen, my backyard, and on the chaise you touched yourself that day.”

“Wh-what are you talking about?” I ask with a nervous laugh. No way. I’ve suspected it, but hearing the truth still embarrasses me.

“I saw the whole thing, Anna, and it’s why I couldn’t get you out of my goddamn mind,” he grumbles and suddenly picks up his pace. He pulls out of me all the way and slams back in, making me yelp with pleasure. He rubs my swollen nub with his thumb and brings me to the edge right away.

“I’m gonna come,” I say in a quivering voice.

“Come for me, naughty girl,” he demands while ramming into me hard and fast. “Come for your dirty professor.”

Pleasure shatters my body and the world around me becomes hazy. All I’m aware of is his thickness stuffing and stretching me. The force that I’ve been holding back breaks through, my walls clench and Tony’s hardness throbs as his grip tightens on my hip. My body convulses and his goes still for a second before he suddenly grunts and pounds into me one last time as he releases.

I collapse on top of the desk and he falls on top of me. We stay in this position for a long time until he gets up to reach for the tissue box.

I stand up unwillingly, taking the tissue from his hand. He is still long and thick, although less rigid, and I still want him.

I don’t realize I’m biting my lip until I see him smirk. “What’s on your mind?”

I roll my eyes. Isn't it obvious? "You are not keeping your promise."

"Which is?"

"You said you would fuck me senseless."

"And I'm going to fulfill my promise," he says with a smirk. "Just give me a second to recover."

He then takes my hand and leads me to the couch next to the desk. He lies down, pulling me with him so I fall on top of him.

He palms my butt cheeks with both hands and teases the groove. "God, I want this."

It takes me a minute to understand what he means. I've never been interested in anal sex, but the lust in his eyes thrills me so much that I blurt, "Let's make a deal."

He arches an eyebrow. "Sure. What is it?"

"Apply tenure here." I've learned from my dad that Tony has never stayed with any university for long because of his unconventional academic views, and his lack of interpersonal skills.

He frowns. "You're kidding."

"I'm not. Are you scared?"

"No. I just don't fit in."

"Have you ever tried to fit in?"

He shakes his head. "Don't see the need to."

"Right," I say. "You're a spoiled kid and you can afford not to please people."

His jaw falls. "Are you giving me a lecture?"

"No, I'm giving you my two cents," I say as I sit up and slowly grind my bottom on his recovering boner.

"Fuck," he curses. "You are a little minx."

“And you are a dirty but brilliant professor. Maybe I haven’t paid enough attention in your class, but I’ve read some of your papers, so I know how good you are. Hell, I think I’m going to declare major in history, too, so that I can take more classes with you. But of course, that depends on whether you’ll stick around.”

His eyes twinkle as I speak, and for a moment, I think he’ll agree to the deal I proposed. But the light dims momentarily, and he lifts me up and pushes me away.

“You’re just infatuated with me, Anna. You don’t know who I am,” he says with a stern face. “You’re right. I haven’t tried to fit in, and I don’t plan ever to try it.”

He picks up his clothes and puts them on, making it clear that it’s the end of the conversation and the steamy sex.

Shit. I screwed it.

I put on my clothes too, and before I leave his office, I say, “I’ll see you tomorrow, then.”

“No,” he says. “I don’t want to be distracted when I grade and my house is still clean. Let’s skip this week.”

I know it’s an excuse for not wanting to see me. I’m hurt but I nod calmly. “Okay.”

Chapter 12

Tony

I'm sitting at my breakfast table, grading exams while sipping coffee. I'll probably spend the entire Saturday on the task but I'm in no hurry to finish it. I have no other plans for the weekend, except perhaps some yard work. From experience, I don't expect any brilliant essays, especially not from a two-hour midterm. I'm thankful as long as students are able to regurgitate my lectures using relatively coherent sentences.

When I see the name Anna White on the cover of the next exam, my blood rushes south. The memory of what we did to each other yesterday rushes back like a wave, completely destroying my calm. I put her exam at the bottom of the stack because I didn't want to be distracted too soon. But now I can't avoid it.

The girl isn't just a temptation. She's a drug. I've always been proud of my integrity and professionalism over the years of teaching—I never crossed the line before I met Anna. With her, it's like something in me just snaps and I can seem to have control over myself.

Damn. Four more weeks to face the little vixen.

I take a big gulp of coffee before I read the first line she wrote. Anna's answers to the first few questions are nearly perfect, showing her effort in studying for the exam. I'm pleased with the fact. The last essay starts with clear uncertainty. I can see the erased sentences underneath the new

lines. And there is a huge question mark within the indent showing her frustration. The first two sentences are mindless ramblings. “There are hundreds if not thousands of theories on war. Margaret Mead says war is a social invention while Sigmund Freud thinks the fear of death causes war,” she starts. “Most of them make a lot of sense to me...”

This is not good. It’s a sign she doesn’t have an opinion of her own. I sigh and go on reading. “Most of these theories only address the symptoms and do not explain the root of the problem. But if I have to pick one, I’ll go for Marx’s conflict theory. Many wars in human history started because of the need to compete for limited resources... It explains not only human behavior but wars among other species as well...”

I smile. Not bad. I read on, and after I finish, I read it again. Despite the slight incoherence in her argument, the girl has grasped the point that might be so obvious that many overlook. Most human behavior only requires a simple explanation, but unfortunately, we academics make everything so much complicated than it really is.

I don’t hesitate to mark an A on the cover of her bluebook. And unable to help myself, I comment: *See? You didn’t need those antics to get what you wanted.*

And then I sit where I am and think about our conversation about applying for tenure here at Sunnyvale. The truth is I was tempted by her deal, not because I was dying to claim her rear hole, but because of the prospect of having her in my class again in the future.

I’ve come to like her presence not just in my classroom but in my life as well. She’s so eager to please, not to mention smart, beautiful, and fun to be with. I know from her dad that she doesn’t have to get a job but she wants to pay her own bills.

A wish has secretly crept into my mind. I want this feisty little girl in my life. I want to own her. Life will be exciting with her, not to mention hot.

Why not give it a try? John has openly encouraged me, more than once. But Anna was right. I'm scared. The reason I've never applied for a full-time job anywhere is because I'm afraid I won't get it... I'm a coward. And I don't want to commit. I can tolerate people attacking my views at seminars or in journals, but I can't stand sharing elevators with them every day and pretending to be friendly. That's why I change schools all the time.

But I'm not spoiled. I would do the same even if I didn't inherit my dad's money. Hell, I hadn't expected Dad would pass away so soon. I thought he would stick around for at least another ten years. The thought of dad saddens me. My mom left us when I was ten, and my dad never remarried. He might have had girlfriends, but he never brought them home. It was just the two of us in this house for a while until I left for grad school. So I'm used to not having a woman in my life and I thought I didn't need one, especially given my vagrant lifestyle.

But ever since I returned to Sunnyvale a month ago, the need to settle down keeps growing. I'm suddenly tired of moving. I want to stay here, even if I don't get to teach at the university. I could become a writer while managing the properties my dad left me. I've written a few books and dozens of journal articles. I don't make a whole lot of money writing academically, but nonfiction history books can be lucrative, at least the publisher who approached me a couple of years ago said so.

Oddly, the very idea that I've resisted for nearly twenty years now thrills me. I've told people I met in metropolitan cities that Sunnyvale is just a boring little town, but lately, I realize I was wrong. The town might be small, but isn't boring at all. We've got mountains in our backyard, and the ocean isn't far. We've got an art gallery and a science museum, and we also have a botanical garden. The town is safe, and the people are friendly. In short, it's the perfect place to start a family—what the hell am I thinking? I've got carried away, and it's the little minx's fault.

Shoving the stack of exams back into my briefcase, I go into my bathroom to wash my hands, while planning how to spend the rest of my weekend. It's four in the afternoon. I'll make myself a nice dinner and then read a book in the evening.

I'm drying my hands when my doorbell chimes. Who the hell is it? I don't have many visitors. The gardener doesn't work on weekends.

When I see Anna standing at the porch, I hesitate before opening the door. "Why're you here? I told you not to come," I say curtly, although I'm delighted by the surprise.

She rolls her eyes. "Good afternoon, Professor Ryder. I'm not here to clean your dirty house. I'm here to use your pool. You told my dad I could use it anytime I wish, right?"

My balls inflate right away as images of her lying on the chaise in her bikinis flash in my mind. I should say no and tell her she isn't welcome at the moment, but I step aside to let her in.

"You've got your bikini?" I eye her suspiciously. She isn't carrying anything except her purse.

"Of course I do," she says with a smirk. "You think I'm going to skinny-dip?"

Damn. My dick twitches at the possibility as Anna drops her purse on the couch. She then slowly takes the hem of her dress and pulls it over her head.

Fuck me. Before I know it, she's standing in a few strings and bits of fabric that barely cover anything.

My mouth becomes dry, and my pulse is erratic. She's more beautiful than I remember. Yesterday, my attention was mostly between her legs, and obviously, I missed the big picture. Anna has an hourglass body that women would pay big bucks to get, and her snowy skin is also priceless. My hands itch to touch her, to feel her, and to arouse her. I want to consume her all over again.

“May I borrow your towel?” she asks. “I promise you I’ll do laundry for you.”

I shrug. “There are plenty in the pool house.”

Somehow, I know swimming isn’t what she’s here for. She’s up to something.

I follow Anna into the yard, watching her go in the pool house and come out with a towel. She doesn’t go down to the pool, though, but stretch on the deck, right in front of me. She rolls her hips and shakes her backside, and bends low to let me glimpse her gorgeous tits. Fuck. My manhood swells in my pants, but I keep my hands to myself. I want to see how far she’ll carry this.

Anna stops stretching and goes into the pool. She squeals as the cool water immerses her lovely body, and then she swims on her back. “Come join me, Tony!”

I debate with myself while watching her swim. I know if I joined her, it wouldn’t be just for swimming. I will repeat what I did to her yesterday. I’m going to fuck her. I’m sure it’s her intention as well. She must’ve been mad because I didn’t fulfill my promise yesterday, and she’s going to make me do it today. Fiery little girl. She’s used to getting what she wants.

I stand where I am just to tease her, but when she flips her body and starts to swim the breaststrokes, I lose the battle. She spreads her legs under the water, and each time she closes them, her beautiful ass peaks out of the water to tempt me.

Fuck it. My engorged manhood demands freedom, and my hand reaches my zipper. I strip down to my boxers and jump into the water. As soon as I’m next to Anna, she shrieks and attempts to get away from me. I let her go, pretending I can’t catch her, but all I want is to play the chasing game. After a few rounds, I grab her arm and pull her to me. She screams and giggles while wrapping her legs around my waist and holding my shoulder with her free hand.

Standing in the middle of the pool, I use my teeth to push her top away. Her perky little breast is glistening with

water beads, and I don't wait to take it into my mouth. Anna writhes in my arms right away, grasping both of my shoulders now. Her pussy is right against my boner, separated by two thin layers of clothes.

I groan as I pin her against the wall. "Tell me what you're here for? Not to swim, I don't think?"

She giggles. "Yes. Swim...and play. Play with you. You must be bored grading all the exams."

I huff as I rub my erection against her belly. "You want me to fill you again, don't you?"

She nods her head vigorously. "Please. Give it to me. I haven't had enough of you yesterday."

I groan, slapping her butt cheek and slipping a finger into the tiny strip of fabric to tease her pucker hole first and then her dripping gash. "Christ," I mutter. She's so wet I can smell her. I can't resist plunging a finger into her and swirling it along her silky walls. "You horny little girl."

She makes a shuddering noise, arms and legs grabbing me tighter. I pull out my finger and smear her juice across her bottom lip, and then I lean in to claim her mouth, tasting her desire for me.

As I consume her mouth, Anna reaches a hand to peel off my boxers. Before I know it, she grabs my thick shaft and rubs it.

I mutter a curse. "Stop it. I don't want to come yet."

When she doesn't let go of me, I carry her out of the pool. I put her onto the spacious chaise and straddle her while my manhood is in her hands. Ripping her bikini bottom off her, I don't wait to drive my hardness into her dripping center.

"Mmm," Anna moans as she grips my biceps, staring at me with dreamy eyes. "I've missed you, Tony."

"Me, too," I say in a hoarse voice. This is ridiculous. We sound like we haven't seen each other for years. What the hell is happening?

She rolls her hips eagerly to meet my thrust, while her eyes never leaving mine. “Am I dreaming, or is it really happening?” she coos.

“It’s really happening, sweetheart,” I assure her, plunging into her harder and deeper, so she feels the intensity of our contact.

Anna jolts as she comes, arching her back beautifully and clenching her walls tight so I have no choice but to come with her. Our come collides hard inside her and squirts onto the chaise.

A moment later, I cradle her in my arms, enjoying our post-coital bliss.

“So good, Tony. That was so good,” she murmurs as she nudges against me. “Can we do it again?”

Holy Hell. This little woman. “You’ll be the death of me, Anna.”

“And you’ve ruined me for other men,” she says with a pout. “I’ll never find another guy with a package as impressive as yours, neither someone as competent as you’re in bed.”

That is a compliment but I’m not pleased at all. The possibility that Anna will find another man feels like a sharp nip at my heart.

“I don’t think you need any other man, Anna,” I say. “I’ll take care of your needs from now on.”

“Really?” she says, pulling away to look me in the eye. “You won’t leave me, ever?”

“I don’t have the plan,” I say. Shit. Where did it come from? I haven’t planned *this* at all.

Anna grins and kisses me. “I’m so happy to hear that. Does it mean you’ll apply for the job for me?”

I pause. “Anna, it’s not that I’m not interested in the job. It’s just that I’m not a popular guy. People think my

theory is offensive even though it speaks the truth.”

She frowns. “Which one? The one that says it’s human nature to fight? I read your article and liked it.”

“Not that. You haven’t read the one that says the ultimate cause of war is sex?”

Her mouth opens as she shakes her head. “Wow.”

“You look shocked.” I chuckle. “Even though you’re a receptive young woman. Imagine the reaction if I present my paper at this small-town university where the majority of the faculty members are at least middle-aged.”

She blinks for a second, and then she smiles encouragingly as she brushes my cheek with the back of her hand. “My dad has high regards for you. He calls you his star student, you know?”

“Not that many people are as open-minded as your dad.”

She doesn’t give up. “You won’t find out until you try.”

“I don’t have to. I already know what kind of reception I’ll get.”

“But I like the theory,” she insists. “It makes sense to me.”

I huff, knowing she’s just trying to please me. “Makes sense how?”

She thinks for a moment. “I totally get it. Sex is a type of resource to men. Men fight for mates, just like sea lions. You’re just taking Marx’s conflict theory one step further. Even when animals fight for other resources such as territory, their goal is to get more mates and have more babies.”

I arch an eyebrow. I know Anna is a smart girl, but seeing her correctly interpret my theory impresses me further. “It’s a shame you aren’t a history major. You and I can make great partners,” I say and try to kiss her again.

She pulls away. “I told you I would major in history if you became a regular professor here.”

“You aren’t serious,” I say. “You can’t decide your major on a whim.”

She rolls her eyes. “I’ve always liked the subject. I just resisted it because I didn’t want to do what my dad wanted me to.”

“Okay. But you shouldn’t do it to keep me here either. You’ll regret it later.”

“I won’t!” she says. “It’ll be so exciting! Come on, Tony. Don’t you like this? Discussing history and war after fucking me on your chaise? Wouldn’t you like doing it every day for the rest of your life?”

I gaze at her and let her enthusiasm carry me away. “Hell yes,” I mutter.

She smiles, pushing me so I lie flat on the chaise, and she lies on top of me. “I’m going to ride you now, Tony,” she says and kisses me.

Chapter 13

Tony

My hands sweat, and my breathing struggles to remain even as I stand in front of the department's conference room and wait for my job talk to begin. I've been preparing for the moment for nearly a month. Anna, my feisty, secret girlfriend, has made me go over the presentation over and over in the past week, conducting mock interviews with me when she wasn't studying for her own finals.

The thought of the girl brings a smile to my face. I can do this. I chant the mantra in my head. I want this. I want a life with Anna.

The hiring committee consists of five members: Dr. Smith, the department chair, Dr. Davis, the associate chair, and two other faculty members are present. The fifth member is an emeritus professor who's on vacation in South America but will watch the recordings of the job talks later.

John clears his throat and initiates the meeting. He introduces us to each other briefly but formally as if we haven't met, and then he gives me an encouraging nod. I take a deep breath, clear my throat and begin.

“Throughout human history, millions, if not billions of people have died in wars. Despite our effort to advocate peace in the modern era, violent conflicts have only increased worldwide. Politicians ignore history and make the same mistakes over and over, using ideologies to motivate people,

appealing to countrymen's patriotism and religious beliefs, and making them think the brutal wars they're fighting are justifiable." I speak passionately. "But sadly, the real causes of war are always selfish and are inseparable from humans' primal instincts to gain territory and resources. Not until we're ready to admit that the instinct to fight is our caveman nature will we put an end to warfare and start treating international issues with humanitarian approaches."

When I stop talking twenty minutes later, my heart is beating a hundred miles. Shit. I've never been so nervous in front of a roomful of people.

I don't have much time to breathe before the committee members start asking me questions. Most of them are reasonable questions that I've expected and practiced. When I see Dr. Davis's hand, my stomach drops slightly, but I nod with confidence.

"So you're saying, men have the tendency to fight because they want to control women and because women are their resources?"

I know she's deliberately making my theory sound misogynistic, and I'm used to this kind of attack. So I don't even pause when I respond. "Not quite. What I'm trying to argue is, men fight for limited natural resources to impress women."

She raises an eyebrow while the others huff or scoff. Knowing they expect elaboration, I go on. "Yes. The urge to fight originates from the urge to reproduce. Sea lions right here at Sunnyvale Beach engage in deadly fights for their colony because the winner gets to mate."

"Are you saying that men, including yourself, are no different from male sea lions?" Dr. Davis asks with a smirk.

Damn it. This woman really hates my guts. She wants to make me look foolish because my answer is obvious. Just imagine I'll have to be in the same conference room with her

on a regular basis if I became a faculty member here makes me cringe. I pause for a moment before I speak.

“No. I’m saying that we have the same instinct as sea lions. But if we don’t admit our weakness and let it direct us to commit crimes, then we are no different from them.” I say, staring into her eyes.

The other committee members nod at my statement, but Dr. Davis doesn’t relent in her challenge. She pauses for just a moment before asking her next question, “Is it correct to assume that you’re fighting for this job because you want to impress a lady?”

My jaw drops. She didn’t just say that! Damn. Anna and I have been keeping our relationship a secret after our initial, reckless acts. After that first midterm, I’ve never brought her again to my office or even flirted with her in the classroom. The only time she saw us together was at the elevator that day... Shit. The shrewd woman must’ve detected something fishy from our nervous looks. I was trying to hide my bulge with my suitcase, and Anna wasn’t even wearing her underwear.

I sigh inwardly and decide the best way to answer that outrageous question is to be honest. “You’re right, Dr. Davis. I’m fighting for the position out of primal instinct, too. Besides my love for teaching history, I need this job to impress a girl I met not long ago. Believe me, this is not a frivolous motive at all. Impressing the opposite sex is what people spend most of their reproductive years doing. I’m not ashamed to admit it at all, especially this amazing girl is worth it. She’s the reason I’m here to face the challenge of a job interview—something I’ve dreaded and eschewed all my life because it’s no different from putting myself on the butcher’s block.”

Holy Mother of God. I can’t believe I just said that. I glance around to see the effect of my statement and am not surprised to see faces schooled to hide amusement. Some aren’t even trying to hide. There’re faint chortles. Dr. Davis herself is smirking. That’s it. I’ve definitely bombed this.

What happened to the pet talk I gave myself earlier? I'm supposed to be modest. Honesty will get me nowhere in the academic world or any workplace.

I wait for more attacks but get none. It's mostly silence in the conference room, except for someone clearing their throats or coughing. The committee members are busy jotting down notes on paper forms or typing on their computers.

"Very well," Johns says, looking up from his screen. "Thank you for your time, Dr. Ryder. We'll inform you of our decision within a month."

"I love the look on her face when you said your last sentence," Anna says with a giggle when she watches the video of the job talk. John recorded the interviews for the committee member who couldn't make it to the meeting. He posted it online and shared the link with us just a day ago, and Anna couldn't wait to watch it.

"She definitely has the hots for you."

I shake my head no. "She hates my guts. Thinks I'm a womanizer."

"No you're not." she leans in to kiss my lips. "You're just a dirty professor who sleeps with his students."

"Student," I correct her. "Singular."

We're both on a month-long school break before the fall semester starts. Anna kept her promise and declared major in history, and I'll be a visiting professor for one more term if I don't get the tenure-track job.

The month's waiting is excruciating, especially during the past week. I can't concentrate while preparing for my fall classes, which will begin in a few days.

When I applied for the job, I didn't worry too much about not getting it. In fact, I didn't think my chance was good, especially after the last bombshell question Dr. Davis lured me into answering. But as days go by, my wish for getting the job increases, along with my wish to stay here in town and be with Anna.

The girl has become an indispensable part of my life. In fact, she's the purpose of my life now. We aren't just perfect partners for each other in bed, but also soulmates.

We see each other every day, although she can't stay the night because we haven't told her parents about us. Despite that, I couldn't ask for a better summer. After meeting her carnal desire, which could happen anywhere at the house, I discuss history with her to satisfy her intellectual curiosity. The few days she didn't come to my house were hell. My happiness depends on her. I wish to claim her and own her, as much as I wish her to own me.

Our kiss deepens and she straddles me after she stops the recording. In no time, we're fumbling to remove the barriers between us and she's grinding her dripping center on my hard-on. "I'm so proud of you," she whispers into my ear while I kiss her snowy neck. "Thank you for doing this for me."

I know what she's talking about. "Anytime, sweetheart. But I didn't do it just for you. I did it for us."

"I promise I'll be worth it," she says. "Want to take your rain check now?"

I groan as my cock swells to full mast. The deal she made with me. Her delicious ass. She's wanted me to have it ever since the day of the interview, but I've been declining because, hell, I haven't gotten the job yet.

"You don't have to get the job first," she tries to convince me in a sultry voice. "The deal is you *apply* for it."

I'm aware of that, but still, I feel that I haven't earned it.

“It’s yours, Tony. Don’t you want to check it out?” she whispers in a seductive voice.

I suck in a breath and say hoarsely, “Don’t tempt me, baby. You’re not ready yet. I’m too big for your tiny hole.”

While I hesitate, Anna takes my hand and brings it to her juncture. She dips my finger in her wetness and guides it up along her silky petals and then down, all the way to the back.

My breath hitches when I reach her puckered hole, which feels more like a button—wait a minute, it is a button.

“What the fuck?” I mutter as I narrow my eyes on her. “Is that what I think it is?”

She giggles. “See for yourself!”

I lay her across my lap and spread her round cheeks open. When I see the pink silicone button in the center of her snowy white buttocks, I near come at the sight. “You naughty little girl. How long have you been wearing this?”

She coos as if my lust turns her on. “Ever since you applied for the job. Almost two months.”

“And you’ve been keeping it from me?”

“I wanted to give you a surprise,” she says.

I growl and slap her plump cheek. “You beautiful, dirty little girl. Have you played with yourself wearing it?”

“Mmm, yeah,” she says with a giggle. “And I loved it!”

Holy fuck. I pull out the plug slowly, surprised to see that it’s nearly as large as my cockhead. “You’re used to it already?”

Anna whimpers. “Y-yes,” she nods. “I started with a small size and advanced to large. It still isn’t as large as you, but I think I’m ready.”

My balls inflate with jealousy as Anna wriggles on my lap because of the pleasure produced by the plug. I push it back and forth a few times to indulge in the erotic sight.

“I want you please, Tony. Inside me,” she begs.

I can't wait a minute longer. I put the plug down on the coffee table next to us and take the bottle of lube from the drawer. I pour it into her lovely crack and lube her thoroughly while exploring the territory I'm about to claim.

When Anna begs again, I help her to sit on my lap. She wraps her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. Lifting her up by the armpits, I glide my shaft along her wet gash, rubbing her little bean to arouse her more before positioning it against her virgin back hole.

“Ready?” I ask.

Anna nods her head, and her eyes brightened with excitement.

I slowly slip in her stretched slit, making her jolt a little. “Fuck,” she says with a giggle. “You must be even bigger than the extra-large plug.”

I laugh. “Are you okay, baby? Am I hurting you? Tell me to stop.”

“No! Don't stop. Deeper. It feels great. Stuffed, but great,” she says and lets her head fall forward against my shoulder while sinking lower on me.

I slip a little deeper, entering her inch by inch, knowing her anus is a sensitive zone. Thanks to her diligent practice with the plug, she takes me without much resistance and I'm soon balls deep, and the sensation of being gripped by her tight rectum wall is incredible.

“Fuck, Anna, you're amazing,” I murmur while holding still to enjoy the moment, my voice ragged. “I don't think I'll last long.”

“Me neither,” she responds and kisses my forehead. “It feels so good I can't even breathe.”

I lift her up and pull back, and then thrust in again. We both moan at the same time. Anna gazes at me with a smile, her eyes shimmering with lust. “Promise you’ll do this to me every day, Tony.”

“I promise you, baby,” I say and tilt her body slightly away from me so I can hit her erogenous zone every time I thrust.

Anna’s moan becomes desperate. “Fuck me harder, Tony,” she begs. “You won’t break me.”

I groan and pick up my pace, diving into her hard and fast until I feel myself tip over into the electric sizzle of climax. I slow down and wait for Anna. Seeing that she’s on the edge, too, I slip a hand between us and press my middle finger against her sensitive nub. She screams as her body convulses, giving me the final push to the explosion.

Our body still trembling, I rest my forehead against hers and breathe with her.

After wiping down our sticky love fluid, we lie on the couch to rest, Anna on top of me. Soon we fall into a blissful sleep. I dream of a future with Anna at Sunnyvale: coming home after a long day’s work, cooking dinner for her, cuddling with her in front of the TV, dirty sex, steamy shower, and babies ... Christ. That’s paradise. I’d need to build a bigger house—at least three bedrooms, a study, and a nursery. I’m planning for the design of the crib when I hear an impatient doorbell.

“Who the hell is that?” Anna wakes with a grumble.

“Tony! Are you home?”

Fuck. We both sit bolt upright. It’s John, or Dr. Smith.

“Inside my bedroom. Hide!” I tell her, putting on my clothes.

“He knows I’m here,” she says. “I told him. And my car is outside.”

Damn. "Then pretend you're cleaning the bathroom," I instruct her.

"Okay," she gathers her clothes and runs into my bedroom.

I button my shirt while opening the front door.

"Hey, John. What's up?" I fake a yawn. "Sorry. I just got up with a nap."

He frowns. "Had a late night?"

"S-sort of," I avoid his eyes and let him in. "Can I get you a drink?"

"No," he says. "I'm not going to stay long. I only want to tell you the good news in person."

My mouth opens as I guess the meaning. "Did I get the job?"

"Are you expecting other news?" John says with an eye-roll.

"No, it's just...I haven't expected it," I grin and hug my old friend. "Thank you!"

When I pull away, I'm actually crying, for the first time after my dad passed away.

John chuckles. "I didn't know you wanted the job so bad. I thought you didn't care."

"I didn't realize it either," I say. "Please, have a seat and let's have a drink. Actually, Anna is here, too. She's cleaning my bathroom. I'll tell her to come out."

"Sure, let's have a drink. And you'll tell me all about the lucky lady who you want to impress," John says and sits down on the couch, the same spot I had sex with her daughter a moment ago. The thought makes me ashamed to look at him, and I don't linger to get out of the living room.

"Anna!" I call out as I head for the bathroom. "Your dad is here."

Anna is fully clothed and is scrubbing the toilet. “Oh, really?” she responds loudly while turning to face me, putting on a show.

I give her a quick hug ignoring the brush in her hand. “I got the job, sweetheart!” I whisper.

“Oh my God!” she squeals and kisses me on the cheek.

“Come out to say hi to your dad,” I say and leave her to wash her hands.

“So, what would you like?” I ask John the moment I walk past the living room and enter my kitchen. I’ve got three kinds of beer, Budweiser, Heineken, and Blue Moon.”

Hearing no response, I turn to look at my friend. He’s leaning toward the coffee table and staring at her daughter’s purse—or the pink object next to it. Holy fuck. Anna’s plug.

Blood drains from my face, and I curse silently. I rack my brain for an explanation when Anna enters the living room. “Hi Dad!” she speaks cheerily. But when she realizes what John is looking at, she gasps, and her face turns white.

John doesn’t smile but narrows his eyes as he glances at us. “What’s going on between the two of you?” he demands.

Anna gazes at me for help, and I make a decision on the spot. It’s so obvious there’s no use hiding it. I go to Anna and put my arm around her shoulders.

“We’re seeing each other, John,” I say. “She’s the woman I want to impress.”

Rage masks John’s face right away. ‘How dare you, Tony Ryder! I’ve done so much to help you despite your arrogance, and you’ve been screwing my daughter behind my back?’

“I’m sorry, John. It’s not what you think it is. I... I love Anna.” Shit. I haven’t planned this.

Anna’s eyes brighten with tears of joy. “You do?”

“Yes, sweetheart,” I say to her and resist the urge to kiss her in front of her dad.

John huffs. “You’re out of your mind. You’re twenty years older than her!”

“What does it matter, Dad?” Anna says. “Age is just a number.”

“Shut up!” John yells at his daughter and springs up from the couch. Taking Anna’s wrist, he pulls her away from my arm.

Ignoring Anna’s protest, John drags her to the door and says to me, “Guess what? I’ll withdraw my own vote and rescind the job offer!”

“You don’t mean it!” I protest, although the job is the last thing on my mind at the moment. Anna is the only thing I care about.

John opens the door and tries to push Anna out of it, but Anna resists it.

“You can’t do this to me, Dad! I’m an adult. I have the right to choose what I want and who I want to be with. I love Tony, and I’m pregnant with his child, too!”

My heart stops beating for a second at the declaration. John also stiffens. “What the hell did you just say?”

“I’m having Tony’s baby!” Anna repeats.

I’m not sure what to react because it could be a ploy to stop her dad from separating us. I step closer. “Are you sure, sweetheart?”

“Yes,” she says, breaking from John’s grasp and coming back to the couch. She pulls out a tube from her purse. “I was going to show you this later. I just found out this morning.”

It’s a pregnancy test showing two lines. I grin again, and tears fill my eyes for the second time in the day. “Great

news! Thank you, sweetheart!” I hold her and kiss her, ignoring her dad’s fuming eyes.

While we’re kissing, John clears his throat. And when we pull away to look at him, he’s rolling his eyes. “Come home for dinner, both of you. We’ll have a lot to talk about,” he says and dashes out of my house, slamming the door behind him.

Anna and I gaze at each other for a moment and then we both grin.

“I’m going to leave a five-star review for the plugs on Amazon,” she says giggling. “It’s definitely the best purchase I’ve ever made.”

“You naughty little girl,” I say and pull her to me for another kiss.

Epilogue

Anna

“Daddy’s pictures,” my three-year-old son Ethan grins as he grabs an album from one of the boxes I brought into the study to unpack.

I realize it contains Tony’s model collection. “No Ethan. Not this one,” I say and snatch the album from him before he sees his dad’s underwear shots.

He pouts for a second before I show him another album. “Here, look,” I say as I open the album and show him Tony’s childhood pictures. “Daddy is riding a bike.”

The child smiles and claps his hands.

While he goes on to browse his dad’s pictures, I carefully take the other album to the bedroom and shove it under my pillow. It’s definitely something I want to share with Tony tonight before we go to bed. It’ll make nice foreplay when we christen our new bedroom. Remembering that our romance started with me being a peeping Tom still brings me warm cheeks.

We’re moving into our five-bedroom beach house overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Tony started to build it as soon as I agreed to marry him four years ago, but it took us longer than expected. After it was done last year, we were both too busy to move. I graduated from college just a month ago and

won't begin working as a high school teacher for another two months.

Tony got his tenure at Sunnyvale College last year, and even became the associate chair of the history department lately. So, life has been good to us. My dad and my husband are best friends again, although it took my dad a while to forgive Tony. Dad's teaching less and staying home a lot to help me babysit Ethan, which makes my mom jealous.

When I return to the study, Ethan is giggling.

"What's so funny?" I ask as I start to put books onto the bookcase.

"Mommy Daddy kissing," he says.

"What?" I glance at him and realize he's checking out our wedding album.

I can't help but sit down on the floor and go over the best memory of my life with my son.

Tony proposed to me the same day he found out I was pregnant when we were having dinner at my parents' house. I was thrilled when I saw the diamond ring he held in his hand, which he told me later belonged to his grandma.

We had a simple wedding at a venue in town, inviting only friends and families. I still remember the excitement and the anxiety. I was six months pregnant and no way I could've hidden my belly. I actually cried when I looked myself in the mirror, despite Tony's attempt to convince me I was the most beautiful bride on earth.

"Mommy's big," Ethan says.

I laugh. "It was because of you, Ethan."

"What's Daddy doing?" Ethan asks, pointing at one of the photos.

I smile when I see my favorite photo in the album. I'm standing inside the chapel, and Tony is on one knee in front of

me, hugging and kissing my pregnant belly. It always brings tears to my eyes whenever I see the picture.

“Daddy is talking to Ethan,” I say while tousling his hair.

“Where is Ethan?” he stares at the photo intensely.

“There,” I point at my belly in the picture. “Ethan is inside mommy’s big tummy.”

Ethan’s eyes turn to saucers as he looks up. “Really?”

“Yes, silly child.”

“Why? Why am I inside mommy?”

I blink to think of a good explanation. Damn. I wish Tony were here, he’s so much better at explaining complicating things to our child. But he is at the old house picking up some miscellaneous items the moving truck left behind. I rack my brain for a second and then I say, “Well, Ethan. You were a little seed inside mommy at first, and then you grew into a baby.”

He stares at my belly curiously. “I was a seed? Like an apple seed?”

I chuckle and nod.

He blinks for a moment. “Does everybody have seeds inside them?”

“Yes, smart child,” I say and hope he’d drop the topic soon, although from the look on his face, I know it isn’t happening.

“Does daddy have seeds, too?”

Shit. I need to stop here. Otherwise, he’ll keep asking questions. The child is insistent when it comes to finding out an answer and he can’t be easily fooled. I sigh heavily, thinking of a way out. Maybe I can distract him with some food. I’m going to do just that when I hear the door to the garage open and then Tony’s voice.

“I’m home!”

“Daddy! Daddy!” Ethan runs out to meet his dad, and I follow, glad of the diversion.

I take over the cardboard box Tony’s holding so Ethan can jump into his dad’s arms.

“Daddy,” he says after Tony dabs a kiss on his cheek. “Do you know I came from Mommy’s belly, and I was a seed before?”

“Of course I do,” Tony says. “I put you there.”

What? Why did he say that? I glower at him but he only shrugs.

Ethan’s eyes widen again. “Really? How?”

“Err...” Tony scratches his head and glances at me for help.

I roll my eyes. “Finish what you started, Professor Ryder.”

Tony thinks for a moment and says, “Daddy made a drink with the seeds and made Mommy drink it. One of the seeds grew up and became Ethan.”

I can’t help smiling. Not exactly a lie. Pretty close to the truth.

But Ethan is still not happy. “Can you do that again, Daddy?”

Dear Lord. Tony and I exchange a look, but we pretend we don’t understand the child’s request. “Do what again?” Tony asks.

“Make a drink for Mommy again. I want a little brother.”

Tony grins. “Sure, Ethan. But we’ll have to ask Mommy first.”

The child turns to me right away. “Can I have a little brother, please, Mommy?”

I pretend to think for a moment. “What about a little sister?”

Ethan pauses for a second and nods. “That’ll be nice, too.”

I chuckle and pinch his little nose. “Okay. You got it, Ethan.”

Still holding our son, Tony leans in to kiss me. “Thanks, Mommy. I’ll make you the drink tonight!”

“Yay!” Ethan giggles and claps his hands.

Bonus Chapters from Her Possessive Professor

Prologue

Hailey

Three months ago

I SOB UNCONTROLLABLY as I watch the coffin being lowered into the ground. “Daddy! Please don’t leave me!”

A hand reaches my shoulder and pats me. It’s my stepmom Gale’s, and I shrug it off. I don’t need her sympathy because I know it isn’t sincere.

Gale was the reason I distanced myself from my dad. I even hated him and never forgave him for remarrying so soon after my mom passed away. I seldom spent time with him during the past four years, and I did outrageous things to piss him off, which pushed him even closer to Gale.

I knew he had some health issues in the past year and was going in and out of the hospital, but I was reluctant to spend time with him. Until it was too late. When Gale called to inform me Dad had a stroke, I went to the hospital and sat by him for three days, but he never woke.

Oh, God. I must’ve hurt him so bad. Now I don’t even have a chance to tell him how sorry I am.

I ride with Gale in my dad’s old Lincoln, which I assume belongs to her now, in silence. She doesn’t offer any consolation to me because there isn’t anyone to show.

“Hailey,” she speaks soon after the car rolls out of the cemetery, without turning to look at me. “I want to make a few things clear.”

Her voice sounds different. She used to speak in an unnaturally high-pitched voice and treated me like a dumb girl who didn’t know she was a fake. Now her voice is stern and haughty.

I squint at her without an answer but wait for her to speak.

“I plan to sell the house soon, so you’ll need to move your stuff out.”

My mouth falls. Wow. She is direct. Nonetheless, I’m glad the mask she wore for many years has finally fallen off.

“Why? Don’t I have a share of the house?”

“No, honey, you don’t,” she says calmly. “Your dad and I had a joint trust, and he left everything to me, which wasn’t much to begin with.”

A chill runs down my spine. I hate this woman. I hated my dad for letting her fool him. I wish my dad could see this, but then again, he might’ve died a happy man not knowing it.

My dad wasn’t wealthy, mostly because he spent most of his savings on my mom’s hospital expenses. The house might be the only thing he left. But still, I’m doubtful of his decision of leaving me nothing. “That’s not possible. May I see the trust?”

“Sure you may,” she says. “I’ll have the attorney send you a copy.”

I spent the rest of the day packing. I’ve lived in the house for most of my life. I used to play on the lawn with my dad, while my mom sat on the chaise to read. My mom was sick for many years and passed away when I was in twelfth grade, and then my dad married Gale, who was my mom’s nurse.

I never accepted their relationship. To me, it was an ultimate betrayal.

Everything in the house is dear to me, from the furniture to the china in the cabinet, but I can’t take many because I don’t have space for them. I pack some of my mom’s clothes and books which my dad kept. I also take

pictures of each room, so I can visit the memory once in a while.

And then, in the evening, I load half a dozen boxes and crates into the back of my car, give my childhood home one last glance, and drive toward the house I'm renting at downtown Alton.

After returning to my place, I lie in bed, not sleeping but sulking and processing the fact I'm alone in the world. I miss my dad. When I moved out of my dad's house and dropped out of college last year, I thought it was temporary. I was hoping he would come to his senses and divorce Gale, but he never did. Instead, he gave her everything. Tears pour out of my eyes.

"I'm sorry, Daddy!" I whisper into the darkness of the night. The poor man must've been lonely and let the evil woman ease her way into his heart. I should've stayed with him and offered him my love, but instead, I left him like a spoiled child. I didn't mind his remarrying. I just didn't like Gale. I saw the way she treated my mom, like she couldn't wait a moment longer for her to die so she could take her place.

Regret fills me to such a degree I can't even breathe.

I remember what my dad said to me when I last saw him a year ago. "Finish college, Hailey."

I dropped out of college because I didn't think I needed a degree to become a writer, which I had always wanted to do. After all, plenty of famous writers quit college to pursue their dreams. I knew it wouldn't be easy, though, so I got myself a job at Safeway to pay the rent and food. After writing fantasies with no success for half a year, I started smut. I'm doing much better now, although the money I made from it is still barely enough to pay for gasoline.

If I went back to college, then I wouldn't have the time to write. From the way Gale treated me, I'm pretty sure the trust my dad sets aside for my last year's college expenses

doesn't exist anymore. I think of other choices. I could borrow student loans. I should also find a job that pays better and allows me more time to study.

As I'm looking online for job openings, I recall my friend Avery got a job a month ago at a bar. The place was under new management and was hiring, and she asked me whether I was interested. I had thought about it, but I didn't like the late-night work shifts and the fact that the girls had to wear revealing clothes to get more tips. I saw her once at work, and she was practically wearing her underwear.

I fight my urge to give up the idea, but then I remember she made five hundred dollars of tips within a single night, which was more than I could make in a week at Safeway. Although I don't have her impressive body, I could probably make at least half of what she makes? I reach for my phone and dial Avery's number.

Chapter 1

Jared

I'm finally home after spending two months traveling in Europe. Alton, a small town in Northern California, the place my ancestors founded two hundred years ago and where I spent most of my life, seems boring although peaceful. I lie on the chaise by the pool, reading for the modern poetry class I'll teach next week. I've read these poems so often I can recite most of them, but still, I feel like I'm reading them for the first time. I guess that's what makes them great.

If my stomach doesn't complain, I'll stay where I am until the mosquitos attack me.

But a whiff of barbeque smoke from a neighboring house arouses my hunger, and I put down the book. I need to get something to eat.

I'm heading to a steakhouse on Main Street in town, but when I catch the sight of Tropic of Cancer, a restaurant bar I frequented before the summer, I decide I need a drink as well.

I knew the bartender Jeremy well from my previous visits. The guy was talkative and funny, and I miss talking to him.

When I get in the bar, however, I don't see Jeremy. Instead of the big tattooed fellow, I see a petite woman in a red dress. She stands with her back toward me. I notice first the long blond hair reaching her shoulders and then her delicious curves that culminate into a perky round shape that begs to be touched.

I don't think I've seen her before. I look around, and there aren't any familiar faces at all. A couple more women are on the premises, all dressed in scanty outfits, showing their feminine assets. I recall in an instant my brother Nick, who owns and manages the property, telling me the business wasn't doing well and was for sale a few months ago. It doesn't take me long to put two and two together. It seems like the new tenant of the place is trying new strategies to boost the business.

As I'm still contemplating, the woman at the counter turns and takes my breath away. Holy shit. She's stunning! Those dreamlike, hazel eyes capture my soul the instant they focus on me. Her lips, coated cherry red, make my mouth dry. My eyes glide lower to her swanlike neckline and onto the top of her snow-white globes. Fuck me. I can't help imagining what's hidden. How good it would be if I could just bury my face in that enticing valley and sniff her milky scent.

What the hell is wrong with me? I don't hit on a woman I see for the first time. But then, I've never seen a woman as flawless as she is. She's perfect. She's mine. I have the impulse to wrap her in my arms, shield her from the eyes of the lascivious men around us.

My lust must be written on my face because the woman blushes. "Good evening, sir," she says warily. "How may I help you?"

"I, I would like to," My mouth feels dry, and I, an English professor, can't summon the right words or proper sentence. I clear my throat, inhale some air, and glance at her nametag. "Good evening to you, too, Hailey. My name is Jared."

“Hi, Jared, nice to meet you.” She smiles warmly at me. “What would you like to order?”

My cock twitches. That smile makes her even more beautiful.

I glance at the menu, but nothing registers, and I give up trying. “You know what? I don’t have any preference. Why don’t you make me a drink that you’re good at, and I’ll order some dinner later.”

“Sure,” she says. “I’ll make you a dry martini.”

The new management is undoubtedly successful because the crowds just get thicker with every passing minute. The counter is full before I even finish my first drink. I order a sirloin steak sandwich along with another martini.

When I’m about to pay my tab, a guy who sits at the other end of the counter says to Hailey, “Honey, give me my tab with your number on it.”

What a jerk. Anger flares as I glare at him. But Hailey doesn’t seem to mind. “Sure, Mister,” she says calmly as she prints out the check and scribbles something on it before passing it to the man.

“Wait a minute,” the guy stares at it and grumbles. “It’s the bar’s number.”

“Isn’t it what you want?” Hailey asks, her innocent eyes blinking.

“No, I want your *personal* number.”

“Oh, that. I’m afraid you don’t have enough points for it yet,” she says with a professional smile. “To get my number, you’ll need to earn a hundred points first. For each time I serve you at the bar, you get one point.”

A feisty woman. I stifle a chuckle. What impresses me the most is that she doesn’t sound conceited at all but looking all business.

“Ah, I see,” the guy says, nodding. “You’re playing hard to get.”

Hailey shrugs. “I’m not an easy girl.”

After the guy leaves, I say to her, “He gives up easily.”

“Exactly.”

“I wouldn’t mind waiting for three months to get your number,” I say in a low voice, teasing her.

“Three months?” she chuckles. “I’m afraid you need to work on your math. I’m only here twice a week on weekends.”

“A year, then?” I say with a gasp. “I’m afraid I can’t wait that long.” And then I write my number on my tab and pass it to her.

She blushes when she understands what it is.

“Mine isn’t free, but you’ve earned enough points for it, honey,” I say.

“Thanks,” she says as she pushes the bill on top of a stack next to the cash register, the corners of her mouth curved upwards despite her attempt not to smile.

She’s mine. I assure myself. “So you’re here only on weekends?”

“Yes. Saturdays and Sundays.”

“Perfect,” I say. “I’ll be seeing you a lot.” I don’t know why I say that because I haven’t planned it.

She smiles. “Great.”

Before leaving, I go to the restroom to splash cold water on my face. When I step into the parking through the bar’s back entrance, I run into Hailey, who’s on her break.

She’s leaning against the wall by the back door and reading on her phone.

“What’re you reading?” I ask.

She looks startled. “Just a silly story,” she says, putting the phone in her pocket.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t mean to interrupt. Go on,” I say.

“Oh it’s fine,” she says, smiling at me.

From her blush, I have the feeling that she likes me. Or it could be my wishful thinking.

We stand so close I can smell her sweet, rose scented perfume. There’s something special about her. She doesn’t look like she belongs here. She looks a bit bookish. She should be working in an office, in front of a computer, or at a library. What’s wrong with me?

“So, what’s the story about?”

She chuckles. “I’m not gonna tell you.”

“Why not?”

“You’ll think it’s silly. Guys aren’t supposed to be interested in this kind of trashy stories.”

The word *trashy* makes me curious. “Try me!” I insist.

“No!”

“If it’s silly, then why do you read it?”

“Because it’s fun.” She blushes deeper.

“What do you mean by fun?” I ask. My voice sounds gruff because I guess the meaning of it.

“I can’t tell you,” she whispers.

The evening breeze ruffles her hair, and I have the impulse to smooth it for her, but I shove my hand into my jean pocket instead. We are strangers, but there’s undeniable electricity between us. I can even hear the crackles of the energy. Our eyes seldom leave each other for more than a second. I don’t know her at all, but I feel the connection between us. I know her soft curves will fit perfectly into my

hard muscles, and she has the power to soothe the ache that's growing in my groin.

Time seems to stop during the moment I stand next to her, my heavy breathing betraying my attraction for her. Hailey's face turns a lovely crimson when she fumbles for her phone again. "Shit. Time is up," she says and turns abruptly, and then she wobbles on her high heels. I reach a hand to help her gain her balance.

"Thanks," she says, letting me hold her. "I can never get used to these heels. I much prefer sneakers, but they don't match the dress, you know?"

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