

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

USA Today Best Selling Author
**CHEYENNE
McCRAY**

TABOO
*Taking
Instruction*

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Taking Instruction

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TABOO:

TAKING INSTRUCTION

Cheyenne McCray

Author's Note

Taking Instruction incorporates only elements of Domination/submission and BDSM. It is not intended to accurately portray a true BDSM or Dom/sub relationship.

Chapter One

Jessica Grayson looked up from her term paper to stare at Professor Bennett. Her mouth watered and she squirmed in her seat from the ache between her thighs.

Professor, yeah right. The man was so damn gorgeous and *built* like he'd just come out of a fitness magazine—he didn't look like any professor or teacher she'd ever had.

Dark hair framed his chiseled features. He had an angular jaw, high cheekbones and eyes as beautifully blue as the clear Arizona sky.

She had a thing for men with tight asses, and his slacks fit him just right. Sometimes when he'd move away from the podium she'd get a good look at his package. Definitely worth unwrapping like the rest of his delectable body. Broad shoulders, biceps that flexed beneath the snug-fitting sleeves of his shirts. She'd bet her last pair of panties that he had rippled abs and a smooth chest that she could slide her hands over to feel his muscles bunch beneath her palms. And she'd dig her nails into that taut ass as he rode her hard.

Jessica wriggled in her seat and smiled to herself as she caught Professor Bennett checking her out again. She leaned forward a little more so that her breasts looked like they'd spill out of her bra. His throat worked before he turned his gaze back to the podium.

Jessica grinned.

It was the end of the second semester of her freshman year at the University of Arizona. She'd be a sophomore in the fall.

She'd found a man she wanted more than anything.

And she intended to get him.

All semester she'd worn shirts or blouses with necklines that showed off her cleavage and emphasized her breasts. She wore tiny shorts or skirts that hardly covered anything.

And he'd noticed her. Oh yeah, he'd definitely check her out when he thought she wouldn't notice. When she was writing notes or working on a paper, she'd glance up through her lashes and see him looking at her. He tried to appear casual, but she knew there was a connection between them that went beyond pure lust.

Sometimes their eyes would meet and hold before he broke away and went back to doing whatever it was he'd been dealing with at the time.

Jessica dropped her gaze back to her term paper and tried to concentrate on finishing her essay. She'd ace it since English was her best subject, but with Craig Bennett standing behind that podium, hiding what she most wanted to see, she had to force herself to get her mind off him and write.

It was the last day before summer break, and she didn't plan on spending it alone.

She was going to give Professor Bennett a time he'd never forget.

Craig Bennett's gaze kept straying to Jessica Grayson's breasts. Damn, his student was stacked.

It was a good thing he stood behind a podium when he gave his lectures or his students would see his constant hard-on whenever he was around Jessica.

At this moment his class had their heads down while they pored over their term papers. It gave Craig time to indulge in a few fantasies about Jessica. If she weren't his student, he'd ask her out and fuck her until there was no tomorrow. He'd have to paddle her for being a bad girl, turning her ass a nice shade of pink.

At that moment Jessica glanced up at him and gave him the sexy little smile she slipped him whenever she had the opportunity. She shifted in her seat to reach up and

twirl one of her fingers in her long black hair and gazed at him with eyes so green and sultry that he could barely think, much less get his hard-on under control.

"Professor Bennett," came a female voice just to the left of the podium. "Where do you want us to leave the essays?"

Craig jerked his attention to — what was her name? "I'll take it," he said as the petite blonde looked at Jessica and back to Craig. By her expression, he knew she'd caught him staring at Jessica.

He cleared his throat and glanced down at her English term paper. Gloria — that was her name.

"Thanks, Gloria." He focused his attention on her even as he felt the burn of Jessica's gaze. "Have a good semester break."

Gloria glanced at Jessica again. "Yeah. You too," she said with a smirk in her tone.

Craig dismissed her by studying her paper. As always, her work was excellent.

Christ, though, he had to get his mind off Jessica Grayson. She was his student for God's sake. He'd seen that she'd signed up for a fall semester with him, English 210, Intro to Writing Fiction.

He knew what he'd rather introduce her to.

It was going to be fucking hell to have her in his class again and not fantasize about her breasts, and how her full lips would feel wrapped around his cock.

He glanced at Jessica, which was a mistake. She was looking at him, her nipples pushing against the fabric of her low-cut T-shirt and her lips moist with a slight shine to them.

He turned away and ground his teeth. He was going to have to lock the door to his office and deal with his hard-on by taking his cock in hand as soon as class was over.

More students came up to him, turning in their papers and thankfully helping him to focus on class and keep from looking at Jessica.

When the tone for class dismissal came over the loudspeakers, he breathed a sigh of relief. End of semester, reprieve from fantasizing about Jessica. Shit, what was she, twenty, twenty-one? And he was thirty. A little old for anything between them, even if he didn't have to worry about teacher-student ethics. Hell, he'd just gotten his tenure. Didn't want to screw that up.

The remaining students brought their essays to him and he arranged them neatly to keep from looking at the black-haired beauty who was taking her time getting up to the podium. He wasn't sure he was going to be able to get out a coherent word when she finally turned in her paper.

She was the last, of course. He knew she loved to torture him, and she did a damned good job of it.

He re-stacked the papers studiously, trying to keep his calm. All semester she'd been teasing him by flirting and hinting that she'd like to be more than the teacher's pet.

And he'd sure as hell like to make her just that—leash, collar and all.

He knew the instant she reached him. No other woman smelled the way she did. Hot, sensual and of warm vanilla.

He raised his head to see she was, indeed, the last student in the room. Shit, his hand trembled a little as he took her essay from her. The podium was still between them, thank God. His slacks were no doubt tented where his cock pressed against the material.

"What are your plans this summer break, Professor Bennett?" Jessica asked in her low fuck-me voice.

If she didn't leave, his cock was going to explode. He cleared his throat again. "Nothing special."

"Really." The word was a purr from her lips that almost made him groan aloud. "My family is going to Europe for the summer, so I'm going to be all alone."

Craig forced a smile. "Looks like we're in the same boat."

Ah hell. Why did he go and admit that? Like the girl needed any encouragement.

As he expected, she gave another one of her smiles that made his cock harden. “Maybe we could get together for coffee...or perhaps dinner.”

“Listen.” He steeled himself and forced himself to say what he didn’t want to. “You’re my student. It wouldn’t be ethical for me to date you.”

She raised her eyebrows, an innocent look to her expression. “Who said anything about dating...just two lonely people having coffee together. Or dinner.”

“Sorry, Jess – Ms. Grayson.” Goddamn, it was all he could do to get his mind off his cock – in her body, in any number of positions – and force out the words he had to. “I can’t.”

“But you want to,” she whispered and winked before she turned away and walked toward the door.

She wore a tiny red skirt that showed off her incredibly toned, long legs. Her matching red T-shirt molded her frame, tapering down to her small waist.

He watched until she disappeared out the door then he sucked in a deep breath.

It took him a while to get his erection under control. He had to think of the piles of essays he had to grade. His grandmother. The faculty meeting this afternoon. Anything but Jessica.

When he had things under control – which meant getting his cock to cooperate – he stuffed the papers into his briefcase, snapped it shut and headed out of the classroom. The slam of the door echoed in the hallway as he entered the almost empty corridor. Students were more than ready for the summer break and it didn’t look like anyone was interested in hanging around. Not that he intended to be around here longer than he had to either. He’d told Jessica the truth, he didn’t have a damn interesting thing planned, and more than anything he’d love to take that girl to his bed and keep her there all break. A girl like her would probably enjoy his toys and a little bondage. Maybe a lot of bondage.

Shit. This was going to be a long three months before classes started again.

Craig made his way to his office, trying to turn his mind to other things and not succeeding.

He definitely needed to jack off to get the pain in his groin under control. He opened the door to his office, stepped inside, and immediately locked the door. He turned around –

And promptly dropped his briefcase.

Jessica Grayson was sitting on his desk.

Naked.

Chapter Two

Oh God.

Jessica's body was even more beautiful than Craig had imagined, than it had been in so many of his fantasies. Her long black hair fell past her delicate shoulders to her tiny waist. Her breasts were large, her nipples high and pert. Every bit of her body was firm and toned from her shoulders to her ankles. And if he could see it, he'd bet she'd have a nice ass too.

"Hi, Professor." Jessica braced her hands to either side of her on the desk. "I need some help with an assignment," she added in a purr.

No words would come to Craig. He couldn't move. Maybe he should try picking his jaw up off the floor, but at that moment it felt like it would take a monumental effort to do so.

Jessica slipped off the desk and his heart raced as she slowly walked toward him. Her hips had a natural sway to them and the closer she got, the more he could tell her nipples were taut and begging to be sucked.

His cock was so hard it was a wonder he didn't come in his slacks.

When Jessica stood maybe an inch from him, she reached up and slid her hands into his hair. The feeling was so erotic he almost groaned out loud.

"Do you know how sexy you are?" she whispered as she brought his head down so that his lips were close to hers.

"Jessica. No. We can't—" he started when she pulled him down so that their lips met.

He was a goner.

There was no going back now.

Jessica nibbled at his lower lip and he groaned. She immediately slipped her tongue into his mouth. Almost without realizing it, he brought his hands to her ass and pressed their bodies so close he felt her nipples through his shirt. He ground his cock against her belly and she moaned into his mouth and kissed him with even more passion.

Craig couldn't help the feeling of satisfaction it gave him to turn Jessica on the way she was. She made small whimpering sounds as he clenched her ass cheeks with his palms and kissed her with dominance and control.

If Jessica Grayson wanted to play, he'd damn sure show her exactly how *he* played.

Jessica couldn't believe the intensity Professor Bennett was putting into his kiss. She hadn't been positive how he'd react to finding her in his office, naked, but now she knew.

God, he was an incredible kisser. The way he held her, the way his mouth took control of hers—it was completely dominant and totally turned her on more—if that was even possible.

He shook his head, like he was coming out of a dream. "How old are you, Jessica?"

Her heart beat a little faster. "Does it matter?"

He frowned. "You know it does. If you want to play with me, you play by my rules."

The steel in his voice stoked the fires inside her. She felt naughty. Delighted and abashed. And compelled to answer.

"I just turned twenty," she said as she reached for the button of his slacks. "Old enough to know what I want when I see it."

"Not old enough to drink," he said as he reached up and caught a handful of her hair, the look on his expression intense. "But old enough to fuck."

Her thighs grew damper and thrills rolled through her belly. "Damn straight."

“You need to understand something, Jessica.” His fist gripped her hair tighter. “I don’t stop being the professor when I leave the podium. When it comes to sex, it’s *my* classroom too. I’m the boss. What I say goes. If you can’t live with that, leave now.”

She shivered and it wasn’t because she was naked. It was the thrills caused in her by his words. The way he spoke to her was so *hot*. “I’ll do whatever you want.”

He released her hair and brought his hand between the two of them to slip his fingers into her pussy.

Jessica gasped at such an immediate, bold move and tilted her head back, breaking the kiss. He trailed his mouth along her chin to her neck. Slow, erotic kisses that made her wetter than ever.

And his scent—spicy and male.

She rode his hand hard as she rubbed her palms over his shoulders and arms. She couldn’t get enough of touching him.

“Good,” he murmured as his mouth neared her breast. “Wild. I like wild.”

Jessica squeezed his biceps and moaned. Everything he said was turning her on, exceeding every wet dream she’d had about him.

He pinched her clit and she gave a little cry of surprise and excitement. “Tell me what you really want, Jessica.”

Wasn’t it obvious? She wanted his cock inside her so badly she could hardly stand the wait. “I—I want you to fuck me.”

“Minus two points—and that’s the only time I’ll be nice,” he said as his lips rubbed over her nipple. “I’m not all you want. You had fantasies before you met me. Tell me those fantasies.”

She felt a little heat rise up her neck at the same time she gripped his shoulders tighter. “I’ve fantasized about you fucking me in the classroom.” She cried out when he bit her nipple. “Bending me right over the podium.”

He gave what sounded like a grunt of approval as he continued to drive her crazy with his mouth and hands. "What else?"

"Um..."

"Jessica..." His tone held a warning note to it as he pinched her clit again.

"I've thought about having sex with you somewhere public." She cried out as he hit just the right spot with his fingers. "And in your home." No one had ever made her act like this. "Oh God, Professor Bennett. Yes, right there," she squirmed against his hand, "right there."

He gave a soft laugh as he traced her nipple with his tongue. "Ms. Grayson, you've been a very bad girl." He moved his fingers from her clit and slipped them inside her core. "You're not allowed to climax until I give you permission." He lightly bit her nipple. "Do you understand, Ms. Grayson?"

Jessica squirmed even more. "Yes, Professor." Her words came out in a heavy pant, "I'll do whatever you want."

He bit her other nipple and she cried out, louder this time. "You'll have to be quiet," he said as he licked the spot he'd just bitten. "Or I'll have to give you another punishment."

The way he said *punishment* sent a thrill through her that went straight to her pussy.

"Damn, you're wet," he said as moved his head up from her breasts and buried his face in her hair. He pulled his fingers out of her core and she made a sound of disappointment.

"On your knees. Now," he said in a tone of complete authority.

A jolt of surprise and excitement shot through Jessica. If she'd thought she had any control over what was happening between them, she was getting a wake-up call. This man didn't mess around.

She eased to her knees on the thin industrial carpeting of his office. She looked up at him as he pushed down on her shoulders, guiding her the way he wanted her. His

eyes were like blue fire, his features intense, his jaw hard. The look of barely leashed power on his face caused her to shiver and the thrill ran from her belly to between her thighs again.

She forced herself to look from him to the button of his slacks. God, his erection was huge. She couldn't wait to see what it felt like to have a real man—real *big* man—inside her.

She gripped his cock through his slacks, feeling the length and girth of him. Her mouth watered and he made a hissing sound through his teeth.

“Unbutton my slacks. Now, Ms. Grayson.”

She shivered with excitement, loving the way he continued to role play with her. He was the teacher and she was his student.

Jessica unbuttoned his pants easily and unzipped his slacks. He wasn't wearing any underwear and his cock released from its confines and was right in front of her lips in an instant.

“Suck my cock, Ms. Grayson.” He fisted his hands in her hair tight enough she felt it at her roots. “And look up at me.”

Her whole body was one electrical charge as she obeyed. When she grasped his cock with one hand she felt the soft skin over the hardness of his erection.

It was to her immense satisfaction that he groaned when she took his cock into her mouth. She tasted the pre-come on the head of his erection before the salty flavor of his skin.

She moved her hand in time with her mouth as she looked up at him. The intensity of his gaze as he watched his cock slide in and out of her mouth was almost more than she could bear.

He fisted his hands tighter in her hair and began to fuck her mouth by thrusting his hips forward. She took him as deep as she could. He was so big though.

Jessica was so freaking aroused that she had to come. She slipped the fingers of her free hand into her folds and began stroking her clit.

He stopped moving his hips and drew his cock out of her mouth. "I didn't give you permission to masturbate, Ms. Grayson. Do not touch yourself without permission. Understand?"

"Okay." Jessica withdrew her hand, somehow feeling the need to obey anything he told her to do.

"When you answer me, say 'Yes, Professor'." He looked so powerful and dominating that Jessica shivered – not from fear but from lust. "Is that clear?"

"Yes," she said.

He cocked an eyebrow. "Yes, what?"

She took a deep breath. "Yes, Professor Bennett."

He gifted her with a smile so sensual she felt it through her entire body. He glanced at his watch, then back to her. "Get dressed, Ms. Grayson."

"What?" The shock in her voice was obvious.

He tucked his erection back into his slacks, zipped them up and buttoned them. "You didn't address me properly. Punishment comes with disobedience."

Oh jeez, what did she get herself into? But she had to admit this was the hottest she'd ever been in her life.

Jessica swallowed hard. "Uh, yes, Professor Bennett. Why do you want me to put on my clothes?"

He folded his arms across his chest and gave her a stern look. "Ms. Grayson, you're to obey me without question if you wish to continue this, is that clear?"

God, she did *not* want this to end. "Yes, Professor Bennett."

He smiled again and caressed the top of her head. "Good. I'm going to give you directions to my home. If you want to continue where we left off, be waiting for me. Naked." While she was still on her knees, her heart thumping like crazy, he moved

around to his desk. He pulled open his center drawer and scooted some things around. "I have a faculty meeting now." He brought out a silver key and took it to where she was kneeling and handed it to her. "Do you know how to cook?"

Damn straight. That was another thing she was very good at. "Yes, Professor."

He began scribbling on a piece of notepaper. "Fix us something to eat – whatever you want."

She took the paper when he handed it to her. "Yes, Professor."

He grabbed her by the shoulders and drew her up so that she was standing. Her body tingled like crazy as he brushed his lips over hers. His eyes were still dark, almost smoky. "I'll see you when I get home, Ms. Grayson."

"Yes, Professor," she whispered as he picked up his briefcase. He unlocked the door, slipped out and shut it tight behind him.

Jessica dropped into a chair in front of his desk.

"Wow," was all she could think of to say as she sat there, stunned for a moment. What the hell just happened? If she went to his house would she be getting in deeper than she should be?

Damn.

She jumped up from the chair and hurried to get her clothes on and get out of the office as fast as she could.

* * * * *

Craig grinned as he drove home. He'd turned the tables on Jessica Grayson. He wondered if she'd be waiting for him when he got there or if she'd taken off.

He was willing to bet money she was waiting for him, exactly as he'd ordered her to. The way she'd obeyed him without question in his office told him a lot of things, including the fact that little Ms. Grayson might be aggressive on the outside, but inside she was a born submissive, through and through.

His home was on an acre lot on the outskirts of Tucson. He'd bought the property before housing prices and the population had exploded in the area and was glad to have his semi-custom home built with some breathing room. And enough distance from his neighbors that they wouldn't hear Jessica's cries.

Cries of ecstasy. He was going to teach that girl about true pleasure.

When he drove into his driveway, he wasn't surprised to see the little red sports car waiting in front of his walkway. Fiery and sporty, just like its owner.

The moment he entered his home, his stomach growled. Smells of grilled beef and vegetables came from the kitchen, along with what smelled like fresh flour tortillas.

He set his briefcase down and deposited his keys on the entryway table.

Craig strode past the formal living and dining rooms to the open kitchen, nook and living area. He stopped in the doorway to the kitchen. He hitched one shoulder up against the wall, crossed his arms over his chest and smiled when he saw Jessica setting the table. She was wearing an apron, but she had her backside to him and he had a clear shot of her ass and shapely thighs. God, he couldn't wait to fuck that ass.

Her black hair swung as she turned to face him and she gasped. "I-I didn't hear you come in, Professor."

He pushed himself away from the wall and strode toward her. The apron she wore covered her breasts and her pussy.

"I just didn't want grease to splatter on my skin," she said when he reached her, looking a little nervous.

"That's good, baby." He leaned down and brushed his lips over hers and she sighed. "I wouldn't want you to get hurt." He reached around her and untied the apron. "But now that I'm home I want to see your beautiful body."

She shivered beneath his touch as he removed the apron and tossed it on a countertop. Shit. Her body was so gorgeous it just about took his breath away.

"Everything's on the table." She sounded like she was having a hard time talking as he squeezed both of her nipples. "I – uh, I made fajitas with homemade flour tortillas."

He kissed her softly again. "Smells wonderful." Craig released her and looked down at her reddened, hard nipples. "I have something I'd like you to wear." He gestured to the table. "Have a seat. I'll be right back."

It didn't take long for him to return with a pair of green crystal nipple rings that matched the color of her eyes.

She widened her gaze as he sat down and squeezed one of her nipples so that it was even harder, then slipped the loop of the nipple ring on. He tightened it with the slide beads and she gasped.

"Does that hurt, baby?" he asked.

She bit her lower lip and nodded before saying, "Yes, Professor."

"Good." He took her other nipple and squeezed it just as hard then slipped the ring on the nipple and tightened the ring. "Now, is it starting to feel good in a pleasure-pain way?"

She looked down at her breasts and returned her gaze to him. "Yes, Professor."

"You're going to feed me now." He loved the contrast of her naked with the nipple rings on while he was fully clothed. God, his cock was going to fucking fall off.

"Yes, Professor," she said.

She reached for a flour tortilla and began filling it with sizzling strips of beef, onion and bell peppers. When she finished she raised it up and he leaned toward it and bit into it. He kept his gaze focused on hers as he devoured it down to the last bite. She moaned as he held her wrist in his hand and licked each of her fingers.

"I'm going to feed you." He was having a real hard time talking. Goddamnit but he needed to get her into his toy room.

After he fed her a fajita, he brought a glass of iced tea to her lips. The moment she swallowed her tea, he slipped his free hand into her folds and started stroking her clit. She groaned and moved her hips against his hand.

He plunged two fingers into her core and rubbed his thumb against her clit. "Are you close, baby?"

"Yes." She squirmed and tilted her head back. "God, yes."

"That's another punishment." He withdrew his hand and she looked at him with surprise on her features.

"What did I do?" she asked.

"That's twice." He stood, took her by the hand and brought her up so that their bodies were flush. He could feel the heat of her body through his clothing. "You didn't address me correctly."

He gripped her ass and rubbed his cock against her belly, wishing he didn't have anything on.

"I'm sorry, Professor Bennett." She sounded breathless. "I won't do it again."

"But you still need to be punished." He took her mouth in a fast, hungry kiss, bringing her so close he felt her nipple rings through his shirt. He raised his head and looked into her green eyes that were glazed with passion.

"But we need to talk about one thing before we take this any further." He brushed her hair from her face. "You need a safe word. The minute you say that word this all ends and I'll send you home in that little red sports car."

Her brow furrowed. "I don't get it. Um, Professor."

He cupped her face in his hands. "Know anything about bondage and domination, Ms. Grayson? Spanking, flogging and assorted other methods of sexual punishment?"

Jessica's eyes widened and she parted her lips. "You'd flog me?"

"Uh-huh," he said as he brushed his lips over hers. "And I promise you'll like it."

She blinked. "Really?"

“Mmmmmmm...” He nuzzled her neck, ignoring the fact she was forgetting to call him Professor. “The nipple rings—tell me, did they hurt, but now the pain has an intense feeling of pleasure to it?”

She groaned. “Yes. Okay, I’ll try it. So I choose a safe word and you’ll stop something if I don’t like it?”

He raised his head. “Everything stops and you go home. So think carefully.”

She paused for a moment then sucked in her breath. “Algebra.”

He laughed. “Why’d you choose that?”

Jessica wrinkled her nose. “Because I hate algebra.”

He shook his head and grinned. “Come on then. I have some toys I want to show you.”

She raised her eyebrows. “Toys?”

“Yeah.” He gripped her hand and brushed his lips over hers one more time. “I’ve given you some leniency, Ms. Grayson, but from here on out I’m your Professor and you’re my student.”

She gave him that sexy smile of hers that he loved and her eyes flashed with desire. “Yes, Professor Bennett.”

Chapter Three

Craig's hand felt large and warm around Jessica's fingers as he led her to the stairs that went down to what he called his "dungeon". Just the name of where he was taking her caused her to shiver. Cool air brushed her naked skin and her nipples ached. She was so wet between her thighs at being naked while her professor was still clothed.

The farther they walked down the stairs, the more nervous she became. *Dungeon? BDSM? Safe word? Punishments?*

She swallowed hard.

Craig crossed his chest with his free hand and tugged at the rings dangling from her nipples. She gave a soft gasp with each pull. It hurt – yet it felt good. A combination she would never have put together,

"I had this room custom built," he said as they reached the bottom of the stairs and she saw a pair of double doors in front of her.

Jessica's stomach twisted even more.

He pushed the doors open and she entered complete darkness until she heard a click and a light came on.

She caught her breath. It was a beautiful room – but filled with the strangest things she'd ever seen. The room had thick burgundy carpeting, cherry wood cabinets and accents, taupe walls and a white ceiling.

One wall had a cherry wood panel with an assortment of items that made her heart pound faster. Like whips, floggers, dildos and lots of things that she had no clue as to what they were used for.

A huge X-shaped cross took up one corner, a swing in another – and was that a stockade?

A pang of fear gripped her at the same time she felt both excitement and curiosity. It was an unusual combination of emotions that had her skin tingling. She looked up at her college professor, her eyes wide.

“Let me introduce you to my ‘toys’,” he said with a wicked smile.

He started with the stockade. “This completely immobilizes you so that I can spank you or fuck you from behind.” Jessica gripped his hand tighter without really meaning to. The stockade was made so that the person in it would have to be on her hands and knees, her head, wrists and ankles restricted.

“Over here is a specially made saddle.” He gestured to a leather saddle complete with stirrups—except that it had a big dildo sticking up from where the person would be riding it. Her cheeks heated at the sight of that rubber cock.

“This is a locking spreader.” He gave her a look that burned with fire. “I can just see you in it now, your ass in the air, your ankles and wrists bound to the bar while I fuck you.”

Jessica’s knees almost gave out at the image. And her professor saying the word *fuck* to her.

Next he showed her something that looked like the strangest lounge chair she’d ever seen. “This has twenty-eight different fasteners for me to restrain you with,” he said close to her ear. “You can kneel where this low part is, lean over the hump and I’ll tie you down. Have you ever been fucked in the ass, Ms. Grayson?”

Jessica’s attention snapped up to his face again. “Um, no, Professor.”

“We’ll take care of that.”

Uh-oh.

Yet the idea intrigued her too. *Really* intrigued her.

He led her to the wall of toys she’d seen, that also had a rich cherry wood surface beneath it, with a cabinet that included several drawers.

"On your hands and knees, Ms. Grayson." Craig opened one of the drawers as she obeyed.

Her lips parted as he brought out a tube of lubricant and a thing with black straps and some kind of rubber object on it.

"A harnessed butt plug." He lubed the plug and she almost felt dizzy from all the strange sensations zinging through her body. He set the tube down before approaching. She automatically tensed as he kneeled behind her. "Relax, baby," he murmured. "It'll feel very good once you adjust to it."

Uh-huh. Sure. Relax.

"Trust me. You'll enjoy this. Once you get used to it." Slowly he pushed the plug past the tight ring of her anus and didn't stop at her cry of surprise. He just eased it in, keeping it slow until the plug was buried all the way inside her.

Oh. My. God. She'd never felt anything like it before. It hurt but it felt good. Then she noticed how full she felt with it inside her and how much wetter she was growing between her thighs.

He buckled the harness around her until the plug was firmly in place and there was no way that thing was going to come out. One strap ran through the folds of her pussy, against her clit, and she squirmed from the need to come.

"Stand, Ms. Grayson." He had moved in front of her and extended his hand.

She took it and found herself a breath away from him. His body heat radiated through his clothing and his eyes were dark with desire. She loved that the need in his gaze was because of *her*.

He placed his hand at the small of her back and continued guiding her around the large room. It felt odd walking around with a plug up her ass, but exciting too.

"A bondage bed," he said, pointing to a leather, padded surface big enough to be a twin bed but high off the floor on wooden legs that looked like they could be raised or lowered, and had restraints (surprise, surprise) fastened around it.

“And this is a suspension bar.” He gestured to a device that looked like a giant clothes hanger, with chains forming a triangle from the suspension bar. It dangled from the ceiling from a long, thick-linked chain.

There was even a cage and a bondage chair. The cage made her raise her eyebrows. She would never have guessed her college professor was *this* kinky.

He surprised her by bringing her around, hard against his chest, and taking her mouth in a rough and dominating kiss. He took command of her mouth, his tongue mastering hers, his lips hard and unyielding.

It was a *to die for* kiss.

When he raised his head, she felt the rise and fall of his chest against hers and her mind spun.

He took her hand and guided her to what he’d called a bondage bed. Butterflies tickled her belly as he helped her take a step up and had her sit on the edge.

“Lie on your back and spread your legs,” he said in a tone that was definitely an order. “Arms over your head.”

Jessica bit the inside of her cheek as she obeyed. She felt shivery, tingly and excited as he bound her ankles and wrists in leather cuffs so that she was spread-eagled. The butt plug felt even more snug inside her body and so deep, and one of the harness straps rubbed her clit. Cool air stirred in the room from the fans overhead and her nipples peaked harder within the nipple rings. The air brushed her pussy and the trimmed hair of her mound.

After she was bound, he knelt close and she smelled his spicy aftershave. He gently nibbled at her ear, then reached for one of her breasts and slipped the nipple ring off.

Instantly she felt another rush of pain followed by pleasure and she gasped. He repeated the act with the other nipple ring with the same results, and this time she moaned.

He murmured close to her, "You look so damn sexy, baby, that I want to fuck you now. But that'll have to wait." His smile turned into a stern look as he drew away from her. "Now for your first punishment for being such a bad girl at school, Ms. Grayson."

Jessica shivered in anticipation. In a million years she would never have believed she'd be in this position. Literally. But with Craig—something about him had attracted her from the first moment she saw him. Something more than the fact that he was the best-looking professor on campus. Something about the way he smiled, the way he spoke with authority but was down to earth. He was obviously always in full control of his classroom when teaching.

Now he had full control of her. And she more than a willing student.

Craig surprised her by bringing out a long ostrich feather from a drawer beneath the bondage bed. "Part of your punishment is anticipation and delayed gratification."

Oh, she was anticipating all right. It was the delayed gratification she wasn't so crazy about. She wanted him, and she wanted him *now*.

"Why don't you have your clothes off, Professor?" She wiggled against her bonds, testing them.

He frowned but she saw a glint in his eyes. "You're to stay quiet and not speak to me unless I say you can. Don't make any sounds. If you do, I'll add another punishment." He ran the feather down her belly, the soft, tickling sensation causing her to squirm, and she barely held back a gasp. "Do you understand, Ms. Grayson?"

Jessica started to say yes but clenched her jaw tight and nodded.

With a slight smile, Craig said, "Good."

And then he started stroking her with the feather.

Oh God! She wanted to cry out, to moan, to beg him to stop, to beg him to keep going. It was all she could do to clench her jaws tight and hold back every sound building within her.

He feathered her nipples, causing them to tighten and ache from the soreness from the nipple rings. He trailed the feather down to her bellybutton where it sent zinging sensations straight to her pussy.

Jessica thought her head was going to explode from holding back her cries. Not to mention the fact that her body wasn't going to be able to take much more without self-combusting.

When he reached her mound, she tossed her head from side to side and squeezed her eyes shut, trying to focus on not making a noise rather than on what he was doing to her.

"Look at me," he demanded and she forced her eyes open. His blue eyes were burning with passion. "I want you to watch everything."

Damn. She swallowed down another cry as he brushed the feather over her mound and moved to the inside of one of her thighs.

At least he didn't tell her she couldn't jerk against her bonds. She thrashed from the sensations of him stroking the feather down the inside of her thigh to her knee, and on to her calf all the way to her foot. He had a devilish gleam in his eyes when he ran the feather along the instep of her foot and tickled her.

Both a giggle and a scream fought their way up in her throat, but she clenched her teeth tighter.

What was more incredible was the fact that her pussy was growing wetter with every stroke of the feather, every whisper-soft touch. She ached so much to cry out and to come that it *was* painful while being pleasurable.

Sweat broke out on her forehead as he tickled her other instep and then moved the feather up the inside of her leg. It was sheer torture, and she thrashed against her bonds and tears leaked from the corners of her eyes. The need to climax was so great that she wasn't sure she could hold it back and a scream too. She had a feeling that would earn her two punishments, and she wasn't sure she could take another one like this.

He eased the feather up her side, and now she was biting the inside of her lip hard enough she tasted blood. She couldn't stop squirming and wanted to shut her eyes to fight the intense feelings he was raising within her, but she didn't dare.

"That's good, baby," he murmured as he teased her nipples with the feather. "You're doing great."

Great? She was freaking about to scream as loud as her lungs would allow her to.

With her spread-eagled, he was able to continue from her side to her underarms, and she thought she was going to die. Painful laughter from the tickling sensation lodged in her chest. He just smiled and went on, dragging the feather to her wrists, palm and fingertips. And then he went down the other side of her, repeating the same, torturous glide.

Tears continued to roll down the sides of her face. When he reached her waist he moved so that his face was close to hers. "Very good, Ms. Grayson." He kissed and licked the salt of her tears away. "Do you want me to fuck you now?"

Jessica almost screamed, "Yes!" but managed to hold it in and nod instead. Just the thought of his body pressed against hers and his cock inside her pussy was enough to make her climax.

Craig gave her a primal look of hunger and need and laid the feather beside her on the bondage bed before easing himself on the bed and settling himself between her thighs.

He pressed his body against hers and the cloth of his shirt and slacks set her body on fire because her skin was so sensitive. "Mmmmm," he murmured as he nuzzled the hair beside her face. She wanted to moan at the warmth of his breath and the feel of his solid body against hers. His erection pressed against her belly and she had to bite the inside of her cheek again to hold back yet another moan that wanted to escape.

With an intense look in his eyes, Craig eased himself up so that he was kneeling between her thighs and started to unfasten his slacks.

Chapter Four

Jessica held her breath as Craig pulled down his zipper and released his cock. It was just as hard and as big as she remembered and her mouth watered, imagining herself slipping her lips over his erection again.

But right now she wanted him inside her. She had to fight so hard not to beg him to hurry as he took his time. He took his cock in one hand while he braced his other palm beside her head.

“Do you want me inside you, Ms. Grayson?” His voice was low, seductive, promising her pleasure beyond her imagination.

Again, Jessica wanted to scream, “Yes, yes, yes!” but she only nodded.

He slowly fisted his cock while she watched and squirmed, her pussy growing wetter with every stroke of his hand. He moved his palm up and down its length and she saw a pearl of his come at the head of his erection. His cock was so close to her core and she was holding her breath, waiting for that moment when he would finally enter her.

Craig leaned back on his haunches and she let out her breath in disbelief. What was he doing to her? But when he reached into his back pocket and pulled out a condom, she breathed a sigh of relief. He was going to do it. He was *finally* going to take her.

The damn man took his time tearing open the packet and tossing it on the floor, then rolling the condom down over his erection. She tugged against her bonds in frustration.

Oh God, she needed him inside her so bad. So, so bad.

When he brought his cock to her pussy, he pulled the harness to the butt plug aside. He slid his erection into her core, just a fraction, and her whole body quivered. He

braced both palms to either side of her head. "Are you ready for me to fuck you, Ms. Grayson?"

Yessssssssssssss!

Jessica nodded.

Craig rammed his thick cock inside her.

She couldn't help it. The cry tore from her throat before she could stop it. It felt so good. He was so thick, so deep, it felt like his erection touched her bellybutton.

The moment the shout escaped her, Craig stopped, his groin pressed tight against hers, his cock buried all the way.

He shook his head. "Bad girl, Ms. Grayson. That will earn you another punishment."

"Professor, *please*." She just wanted him to fuck her, right now she didn't care about any more punishments.

"You *cannot* come without my permission." He slid partway out of her. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Professor." *Just fuck me!*

Since she was already in trouble, Jessica moaned with every thrust. The combination of the butt plug and his cock was out of this world. What would it be like to get fucked in the ass?

A climax built inside her so intensely she didn't know how she was going to hold back much longer.

"Jesus Christ, you feel good." Craig sounded hoarse as he continued his slow thrusts. "So. Fucking. Tight."

Another wave of perspiration coated Jessica's skin and heat burned at every nerve ending. Being spread wide open for Craig and unable to touch him somehow made everything feel even more intense.

She began to tremble as she fought her oncoming orgasm. Her body grew hotter and hotter. "I need to come, Professor, please. I'm so close!"

Craig stopped, withdrew his cock and knelt between her thighs. She stared in disbelief as he slipped off the condom, tucked his cock back into his slacks and fastened them again.

"What—"

"You haven't earned your orgasm yet." He strode away from her and tossed the condom into a wastebasket as her eyes widened and her jaw dropped.

One touch of her clit and she'd come. Just one touch.

"No matter what," he said as he returned and started to unfasten her restraints, "you're not to touch yourself or have an orgasm without my permission. Do you understand?"

Jessica swallowed down a scream. "Yes, Professor."

He unfastened the last cuff. "Unfortunately, you added another punishment for crying out when I told you to be silent."

Craig helped her down off the bondage bed and held her up as her legs trembled. He caught her by the chin and tilted her face up. His touch sent shivers throughout her. "Are you sure you want to continue?" he asked softly. "Things are about to get a lot more intense."

"More intense than that, Professor?" she asked.

A smile curved the corner of his mouth. "Just how much do you think you can take? How far are you willing to go?"

"Anywhere with you." She reached up and put her hand over his. "I'm ready for anything. As long as you let me come."

He shook his head. "That'll have to wait, baby. If you want to play with me and my toys, you'll have to be open to anything and everything. If you're not, say your safe word and I'll send you home."

Safe word? Send home? No!

Craig placed his forehead to hers. "Do you trust me, Jessica?"

She didn't hesitate. "Yes, Professor. I trust you."

That earned her another smile as he drew away. "Then let's look at some more of my toys."

"Okay," she said.

"Let's try the stockades, Ms. Grayson." He took her hand again and her legs trembled as he started leading her to the contraption on the floor. "I can't wait to see that lovely ass of yours up in the air and ready for me to spank."

Jessica's heart raced into overdrive. Oh jeez. Could she really...?

She did. And the fact that it excited her and made her squirm was more than a surprise.

In no time, she was on her knees with her neck firmly restrained in the stockade. Her elbows were bent and her forearms against the carpeting. He locked her wrists in restraints fastened to the floor, and then her ankles.

She couldn't move except to look up and to wriggle her body a little from being so turned on. Her breasts and pussy were wide open for his examination—around the harness holding the butt plug in, that was. And that plug—it felt so deep and hard. She wondered again what something bigger would feel like in there.

A sound like a doorbell rang through the room.

"I'd better see who's here." Craig stood and smiled down at her.

Jessica's heart beat like crazy. "You're not going to leave me here like this, are you...Professor?"

He rubbed one of her ass cheeks then pinched it. "I'll be right back, Ms. Grayson." She watched him walk out the dungeon door, that tight ass flexing beneath his slacks.

If she could have moved her head enough, Jessica would have banged it against the carpeted floor. Again she asked herself what she was doing and if she was out of her mind, and again she had to admit how turned on she was.

But when she heard a pair of male voices coming closer, her heart pounded so hard she felt it against her breastbone.

He wouldn't bring another man in here!

He did.

Since she was facing the door, she saw him the minute he walked in with Craig.

A police officer.

Coming straight toward her.

"See you've captured the suspect," the man said with a grim look on his features.

Craig winked at her even as her jaw dropped.

She couldn't believe he'd just let another man into the dungeon while she was naked and restrained. And a cop!

He reached her, crouched down and took off his aviator glasses. He had gorgeous chocolate brown eyes, dark hair and what looked like a powerfully muscled body beneath that police officer's uniform.

"May I touch your slave?" the man said in a deep voice that caused her to shiver.

Slave?

"I don't mind," Craig said and smiled when she cut her gaze to his. "Do you, Jessica?"

"Uhhhhh..."

She gasped as the big man trailed his calloused fingers from her shoulders, all the way to her ass cheek, causing goose bumps to prick her skin.

He gave a slow grin that caused an extra dose of butterflies to flutter in her belly. "Feel like sharing today, little brother?"

Little brother?

Sharing?

"Jessica, meet my big brother, Officer Dave Bennett. You'll refer to him as Officer."

"Hi, Officer." Jessica's voice trembled as she looked up at Dave.

"I have three brothers." Craig's mouth turned up into a grin. "All four of us are confirmed bachelors...and we like to share our toys."

Dave squeezed a handful of her ass and smiled. "I like what I see, Jessica." He said her name in a caress, then turned his gaze to Craig and raised his eyebrow.

"Sexy as hell, isn't she?" Craig knelt in front of her and ran one of his fingers over her lips in a slow, sensual movement. "Officer Bennett is going to join us unless you say your safe word, and then you can be off."

Jessica bit her lower lip. She was so confined, so at their mercy, that they could do anything to her. But Craig had given her a safe word and she trusted him.

But two men?

Two very, very gorgeous men.

Her teacher and a cop. God, that was *hot*.

"Yes, Professor," she said.

"Now it's time for your punishment for not being quiet when I instructed you to," he said.

Wasn't being put into stockades enough of a punishment? Guess not.

He approached the wall with the floggers and whips and other toys. Meanwhile, Dave trailed his fingers down her spine from her neck to her ass and back, causing her to shiver again.

Her belly tightened in anticipation—fear and excitement rolled all into one.

"I think while I punish Ms. Grayson," Craig said as he chose a flogger from the wall, "you can read her Miranda rights, Officer Bennett."

"Good idea." Dave moved near the cherry wood cabinet. He put his weapons belt inside one of the drawers and locked it.

Jessica's heart thundered as both men returned to her. Craig carried a leather flogger with soft, suede straps, and Dave unbuttoned his uniform pants.

Both men were incredibly gorgeous, and when Dave's cock and balls were freed from his pants, she saw that he was equally well-endowed to what she'd seen of Craig in the office – and tasted.

Craig stood behind her while Dave knelt in front of her, his cock inches from her lips. Her mouth watered and her pussy tingled.

"You have the right to remain silent," Officer Bennett said as he grabbed a handful of her hair and moved his cock to her lips. "Anything you say can and will be held against you..."

He slipped his cock into her mouth with a push of his hips and she sucked.

"Looks like she chooses to remain silent." Dave pumped his cock in and out of her mouth and she sucked and licked the shaft. He tasted as good as Craig did and smelled of fresh air and the outdoors.

Craig began trailing the suede leather straps of the flogger down her back to her ass in a caress that made her moan around Dave's cock. Craig slid the straps across each ass cheek and over the butt plug. Right now the plug felt so erotic, the harness rubbing her clit as she started to rock a little. He continued to trail the straps over her skin, relaxing her to the point that she forgot he was going to flog her.

Until he snapped the straps across her ass and she cried out around Dave's cock.

He continued to thrust his cock inside her mouth as she wiggled from the pain. Craig rubbed his fingers over the heated spot that he'd just flogged and she found the pain actually beginning to feel good.

Craig snapped the flogger on her ass repeatedly, each time rubbing the area he'd hit before flogging her again. Dave released her hair and reached down to tweak both of her sensitized nipples *hard*. Her eyes watered from that and the flogging, but what really got her was how much it made her ache for both of these men. How bad she wanted *both* of them to fuck her.

God! She'd never dreamed of being with two men. *At the same time!* Two very hot, hot, hot *men*.

And she was so close to coming. The harness strap rubbed hard against her clit and with Dave's cock in her mouth and Craig flogging her, she was squirming. So, so close.

Craig leaned over her back and trailed his lips over the curve of her ear. "Don't come, baby, or you'll get another punishment."

Jessica whimpered.

Dave pulled his cock out of Jessica's mouth and she looked up into his gorgeous eyes. "Did you say your slave has another punishment coming?"

"She didn't do as she was told." He began unfastening her ankle restraints and she sagged in relief. She was starting to get cramped. "So how should we punish her next?"

Dave stood, tucked his very erect cock and balls back into his uniform pants and looked around the room at the equipment.

In the meantime, Craig released her wrists then opened up the part of the stockade that had held her neck in place.

She rolled onto her hip and was surprised when both men knelt beside her. Craig massaged her ankles while Dave moved behind her, drawing her into his arms. She relaxed into him as he rubbed her neck then felt the hardness of his cock pressed up against her back.

Craig eased up so that he was straddling her, his knees to either side of her hips. She caught her breath as both men held her between them, their clothing rough against her bare skin. Craig's eyes held hers as he took her wrists and massaged them. Her ass burned from the flogging, and the butt plug felt really deep since she was now sitting on it, and the strap of the harness against her clit was driving her out of her mind as they worked the slight bit of soreness away.

She was in sexual heaven.

And frustration.

Craig leaned close and brushed his lips over hers. "Ready for more, Ms. Grayson?"

Jessica gave a soft moan. "Yes, Professor Bennett."

Chapter Five

Jessica thought she was going to die if she didn't have an orgasm. If this wasn't punishment, she didn't know what was.

"What did you decide on, Dave?" Craig looked up from where he was straddling Jessica to meet his brother's gaze.

"She needs a little experience in the saddle." Dave got up from behind her at the same time Craig stood and they drew her up between them and pressed her close so that she was sandwiched by the men. "Don't you think so, Ms. Grayson?" Dave murmured in her ear.

Jessica caught her breath. "Yes, Officer Bennett."

Craig moved his mouth to hover over hers. "You've been a very bad girl, Ms. Grayson." His breath was warm over her lips. "Haven't you?"

"Yes, Professor," she murmured. "I have."

He took her hand and led her to the saddle that was on a very expensive-looking sawhorse of cherry wood and leather. Both men helped her onto the saddle so that her feet were in the stirrups, her hands holding the reins, the harness strap that had been over her clit pulled aside, and her pussy poised above the rubber cock.

"Ride it, Ms. Grayson," Craig said in a commanding voice, and both men pulled her down so that the cock thrust into her pussy, hard.

She cried out, gripping the reins tight in her fists. The pain of the entry of such a large device fled as the extreme pleasure took over. She was filled front and back with the butt plug and rubber cock.

Craig spanked one cheek of her already tender ass. "Lean forward and ride!"

Jessica obeyed, her breasts rubbing the saddle horn as she pushed herself up and down on the dildo, using the stirrups as leverage. Craig and Dave each spanked one side of her ass as she rode the cock.

She tossed her head back, her breasts thrust high. Each man pinched one of her nipples and she moaned. But when they both leaned forward and each sucked one of her nipples, she cried out. They didn't stop slapping her ass. *Hard.*

"I'm so close," Jessica gasped. "Can I come, Professor? Please?"

Her nipple slipped out of his warm mouth and he slapped her ass again. "No. Ride until I give you permission to stop."

Dave stopped sucking her other nipple and lightly bit it before setting it free, then gave her a hard swat on her ass.

She moaned. It was too much—how could she last?

Next thing she knew, both men were helping her off the saddle, and she felt an instant sense of loss with the dildo no longer in her. But then she decided she'd much rather have Craig's cock deep within while he fucked her. Damn, considering the outlines against their pants, he and his brother were big. They didn't have to worry about that dildo outshining them.

Now she had two male bodies pressed on either side of her, with two very erect cocks—one pushing at her belly, the other just above her ass. The men were so tall and big they made her feel small and delicate.

Craig kissed her and twisted her nipples as Dave squeezed her ass cheeks and ran his rough hands over her body from behind, as if trying to touch every part of her that he could reach.

Her mind was swimming from Craig's kiss and she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed flush to him. Dave's body was tight against her backside and he nibbled at her neck.

"Damn, your slave tastes good," Dave murmured. "Wonder how all of her would be."

"I'll find out and let you know," Craig said as he raised his head and looked into Jessica's eyes. Her knees wanted to give out just from the desire in his gaze.

Dave chuckled. "You do that, little brother."

Craig kissed his way down her body, pausing to suckle her sensitive nipples, and headed to her bellybutton where he darted his tongue inside, sending more wet heat between her thighs.

He buried his face against her folds and laved her clit.

"Oh my God," Jessica said as her knees gave out. Only Dave's hold on her from behind kept her from dropping to the floor.

He laughed softly and she moaned. Craig grasped her hips and his evening stubble abraded the soft flesh between her thighs. At the same time, Dave pushed her long hair aside and brushed kisses along her nape, causing her to shiver.

"I—I can't hold on much longer, Professor." Her breathing came in heavy pants as the exquisite sensations filled her, caused every part of her body to tingle and her thighs to tremble.

"No, Ms. Grayson," Craig said as he drew away and looked up at her.

She wanted to scream from the lack of contact of his tongue on her clit.

While he looked up at her he thrust two fingers into her pussy and she gasped. Her core spasmed a little from the movement, betraying how close she was to the edge.

Craig rose and nodded to his brother, who was still behind her. She tilted her head up and back, just enough that she was able to see Dave's grin. Her belly flip-flopped and she looked back at Craig but he'd turned and was walking toward the "toy" cabinets. Dave caught her arms at her sides, as if holding her prisoner as Craig withdrew a black silk scarf and a pair of leather cuffs.

Jessica caught her breath and her body trembled. What were they going to do to her now?

"I think Ms. Grayson needs to stop and have time to 'think' about things," Craig said as Dave guided her by her upper arms, following Craig.

Her entire body was going nuts from the need to have a freaking orgasm, and they wanted her to stop and think about "things"?

They reached the suspension bar that looked like a huge hanger, dangling from the ceiling on the chain. Dave steadied her while Craig took each one of her wrists and attached them to either side of the bar.

When she was cuffed to the bar, her toes barely touched the carpet. Would her heart ever stop racing?

Craig stood in front of her and smiled. He brushed his knuckles across one of her cheeks. Why wasn't he naked yet? Why wasn't Dave?

Why was she hanging like this?

But God, was it a turn-on. The plug was still harnessed in her ass and her arms were spread wide in front of her professor and a cop.

Craig pointed to a corner of the ceiling. She followed with her gaze and gasped when she saw a camera positioned to look right at her.

"I'm being taped?" Her voice rose as fear trickled through her. "Um, Professor?"

"No." Craig flicked each of her nipples. "That's so I can keep an eye on you from upstairs to make sure you're okay while you 'think' about your punishments and what's to come."

Her jaw dropped. "You're leaving me?"

He smiled. "There's audio, so you can shout your safe word if you want to end this, Ms. Grayson."

Craig reached up with the scarf and blindfolded her before she could think of a suitable response.

Everything went completely dark. He'd blindfolded her so well that no light came through at all.

"I'm scared, Professor," she whispered.

"Do you want to stop?" he asked. "Anytime, and you can go home. If you want to stay and play, I promise you'll be fine—and we'll fuck you so hard and so good you'll have the most incredible orgasm of your life."

Jessica caught her breath and then Craig took her mouth in a possessive kiss. His hands roved her body and his tongue explored her mouth. Her mind was spinning from the kiss and his touch, magnified by being unable to see, hanging from the suspension bar, and the butt plug up her ass. Dave pressed up against her from behind and palmed her breasts.

Then they stopped and stepped away from her. Tears leaked from Jessica's eyes that were absorbed by the scarf. She needed to come so badly she was ready to scream.

Craig lightly brushed his lips over hers. "I'll be back, Ms. Grayson. After you've had a chance to think about what a bad girl you've been. Do you remember your safe word?"

She nodded. "Yes, Professor."

"Good girl." He kissed her again and then his body heat was gone. "Say the word and I'll come and get you," he said, his voice sounding farther away. "And then I'll send you home."

A moment later she heard the dungeon doors close. She had been left alone, blindfolded, the most aroused she'd ever been in her life.

Jessica gave a soft moan. What had she gotten herself into?

Dave laughed as he and Craig walked up the stairs from the basement. "Where'd you find that babe?"

Craig shook his head, still unable to believe he'd taken Jessica up on her offer. "She's one of my students." He grinned and looked at his older brother. "She's been after me all semester. I walked into my office at the end of classes today and she was sitting on my desk without a damn thing on."

"No shit?" Dave raised his eyebrows as they reached the top of the stairs and stepped onto the foyer. "Never thought you'd go there, but hell, she gave you an offer you couldn't refuse."

"No kidding." Craig rubbed his hard-on through his slacks. "But I think my cock's gonna fall off if I don't fuck her soon."

"She's going to be one wild ride," Dave said when they were in the living room in front of the television.

Craig turned on the special volume control to the basement so that he could hear Jessica clearly if she did need him.

As he kicked back to watch an inning of baseball with his brother, he wondered at the alien feeling of possessiveness he felt with Jessica. If he was being honest with himself, he didn't want to share her at all. Once, that was it. Then she was *his*.

At the same time they watched the game, in a smaller window in the dual-screen TV, Craig kept an eye on Jessica to make sure she was all right. Just seeing her there with her beautiful naked body, the plug up her ass, her breasts jutting out, her head tilted back and blindfolded—he found himself staring at her and not at the game. He adjusted himself, shifting on the couch, trying to get his mind off fucking Jessica. Yeah, like that was going to happen.

After a good half hour had passed, Craig jerked his head toward the stairs to the dungeon and Dave grinned and got up from his seat.

They made it to the dungeon in record time. Craig could hardly restrain himself, to remain the calm, levelheaded, in-charge professor. Once they were in the dungeon they quietly slipped off their clothing then went to Jessica.

Jessica felt neither here nor there. She'd slipped into a place where reality didn't exist. Only the fire in her body and the headiness of the moment. She felt almost drunk.

When Craig spoke, it didn't even startle her. "Hi, baby." He brushed his lips over hers and she smelled his intoxicating scent. "Did you think about what a bad girl you've been?"

Jessica nodded. "I'll be good, I promise, Professor."

"Excellent, Ms. Grayson." His tongue darted out to touch the seam of her lips and her stomach flipped when he came close enough that his naked body rubbed against hers, his cock pressed into her belly. She wished she could see him, but she was still blindfolded. "One more exam and you're going to graduate with flying colors," he said.

She hoped to God that the "exam" included fucking her because she was going to die if she didn't have him inside her.

Strong hands worked at the harness around her, and in the next moment it was removed and the butt plug taken out. She felt an instant sense of emptiness but knew that it probably wouldn't last for long.

Another male body pressed up against her backside and she shivered between the warmth of their hard flesh. The feeling was erotic beyond words.

"Who do you want to fuck you in the ass, Ms. Grayson," Craig said, "and who do you want in your pussy?"

There was no doubt in her mind who she wanted in her pussy. "I-I want Officer Bennett to fuck my ass. I want you to fuck my pussy, Professor."

"Now, baby?" Craig said, a hard edge to his voice like he was having a difficult time restraining himself.

"Yes." She wasn't above begging. "Please fuck me, Professor. Please."

She wished she could see his gorgeous body and his beautiful eyes. She wished she could touch him. But being blindfolded made all her senses more acute. The slightest brush of their skin against hers set her off.

Craig grasped her beneath her thighs and lifted her legs. Dave grasped her around the waist and then positioned her so that his cock was at the entrance to her anus, and Craig's erection was poised right at her channel.

"Let's see if you pass your finals," Craig said at the same time he and Dave slammed into her.

Jessica screamed and tears spilled from her eyes behind the blindfold. The sensations of having both of them inside her at the same time was almost too much. She felt so full, so in need of an orgasm that she almost screamed again as they held themselves still inside of her. Dave was much bigger than the butt plug and his entrance into her ass had hurt, but now it felt so damn good.

"You're going to get the best fucking of your life, Ms. Grayson." Craig held himself tight to her, still not moving.

She nodded, tears still slipping from her eyes. "Yes, Professor and Officer."

Dave made a sound of satisfaction and then both men began driving in and out of her body.

She went wild in their arms. Even though she was cuffed to a bar, she squirmed and writhed and cried out with every thrust of their cocks.

"Oh God, Professor." Her words came out as a sob. "I need to come, I have to come."

"Not yet, Ms. Grayson," he said and she whimpered. "You've been such a bad girl all semester that we're making up for that now."

He latched onto her nipple with his warm mouth and Dave bit her shoulder from behind, both men continuing to fuck her, hard and fast.

Her body shook, every part of her started trembling. She fought against the oncoming orgasm with all she had. Her pussy, her ass, her nipples, Dave biting her, their hot, sweaty bodies, being blindfolded, all they'd put her through and all they had denied her.

It was too much!

"Not yet—" Craig started.

But she exploded. Her orgasm took her so powerfully that she screamed and cried and bucked. Her heart hammered and she felt like her skin was on fire, her entire body on fire. The sensations wouldn't stop as they continued thrusting in and out of her body. She felt like she was flying but grounded at the same time by the two men who were fucking her.

Orgasm after orgasm racked her body. "No more, Professor," she sobbed. "I can't take anymore."

"You failed your finals," Craig said in a voice husky with exertion. "You came without permission."

"I'm sorry, Professor." Jessica shuddered from the extreme pleasure as more spasms ripped through her. She felt her core clamping down on his cock with every contraction of her pussy. She felt the tightness of her ass as Dave drove in and out.

Dave gave a shout, pumped his hips a few more times and then held himself still inside her. Craig followed a few moments later, a loud cry tearing from him. Her core clamped down on his cock and she felt every pulse.

For a moment the three of them stood there. Sweaty, the men's bodies slick against hers, and the smell of sex and testosterone strong.

Dave pulled out and she felt partially empty without him inside her. He unfastened each of her leather cuffs, freeing her, and she collapsed against Craig. He held her tight and Dave pulled off her blindfold.

She blinked, the room slowly coming into focus as she looked up and into Craig's eyes. She continued to feel residual contractions and when he moved a little, it set off a whole set of more spasms.

He drew back and she looked at him. Damn, he was gorgeous. He caught her by surprise by giving her a hard, demanding, possessive kiss.

He finally let her slip down his body and withdrew his cock. Now she felt completely empty. She could barely stand as Dave and Craig disposed of their condoms.

“Looks like you’ll need to take a re-test if you plan on passing this class, Ms. Grayson,” Craig said with a serious expression. “Do you think you can pass the next one?”

She gave a weak, sated, exhausted nod, even though she wasn’t sure at all. “Yes, Professor.”

Chapter Six

Jessica slumped into a pool of exhaustion as Craig settled her on the odd-looking couch in the “dungeon”. She felt so sore and well-used. She could almost feel both cocks inside her at one time and the thought made her wriggle, her pussy aching again. After what they’d put her through, making her wait so long for an orgasm, why was she so ready to go another round?

Dave watched her while he pulled on his uniform then unlocked the drawer where he’d left his weapons belt, and put his gear on. According to that big bulge in his uniform pants, he had an erection again as he looked at her. She almost smiled knowing she turned the big cop on enough that he wanted her again.

But Craig was who she wanted. It had been *amazing* taken by two men, but now she wanted Craig all to herself.

He slipped into his clothing and again she was the only one not dressed. She didn’t care. She felt too damn good.

When Dave finished dressing he walked to her and knelt beside where she was curled up on the couch. He kissed her lightly on the lips and palmed her breast, and she caught her breath. “A pleasure meeting you, Jessica,” he murmured before getting to his feet and turning to face his brother.

To Jessica’s surprise, Craig didn’t look happy – he looked almost *jealous*.

How cool was that?

Dave slapped Craig on the back. “See you in a couple of days, bro.” Dave glanced at Jessica then gave Craig a wicked look. “If not sooner.”

Craig looked so pissed, Jessica wanted to laugh. But he straightened his expression and slapped his brother on the back in return. “We’ll talk about it later.”

Dave winked at Jessica then strode through the dungeon doors, leaving Craig and Jessica alone.

Craig came straight to her and she couldn't help a smile. It turned into a gasp when he scooped her up in his arms and held her close. "You're so beautiful, baby," he murmured as he held her close. "From the first time I saw you, you knocked me on my ass."

Jessica grinned. "Took you long enough."

The corner of Craig's mouth quirked. "I had a little extra persuasion."

She gave a soft laugh and wrapped her arms around his neck and met his gaze, mesmerized by his beautiful sky-blue eyes. He kissed her hard before carrying her across the dungeon, out the doors and up the stairs.

His shirt felt warm against her naked flesh, and his smell of sex, sweat and man was an aphrodisiac—would she ever get enough of him? She wondered if he'd ever taken any other students to his dungeon, and the thought made her scowl.

"Hey." He touched her lips with his fingertip as he carried her into a huge bedroom. "What's the frown all about?"

She shook her head. "Nothing."

Craig pulled back the thick comforter and settled her on the bed so that she was sitting up, her legs dangling over the edge. She braced herself with her hands to either side of her on the mattress as she looked up at him.

He had a stern expression on his features. "I don't accept lying. If you lie, you get punished. Understood, Ms. Grayson?"

Jessica bit her lower lip and nodded. "Yes, Professor."

"Now tell me what you were thinking."

Her cheeks heated a little. "I was wondering if you'd ever brought another student to your house and your dungeon."

"And you were jealous." His tone was matter-of-fact.

She looked away from him. "Yes."

He gave a soft laugh, surprising her. When she turned back to him, he smiled. "Jessica, not another student has been anywhere near this house. You're the first and only."

A weight of relief slipped off her shoulders that she hadn't even realized had been there and she smiled. She had no doubt he'd had other women here, but at least none of his students.

"That's better." He started stripping out of his clothes again and tossed them aside. Her hungry gaze took in his gorgeous physique and his golden skin. It looked like he managed to get in a little sun now and then. The way his body flexed as it moved made her mouth water and her pussy ache. She knew what it was like to have him inside her and wanted more.

When he was naked he moved closer to the bed. "Lie down and scoot over so there's enough room for me."

Jessica obeyed. She shivered with want and need as he climbed onto the bed and eased over to her. He pulled her to him roughly and pinned her legs with his thigh and she caught her breath.

"Goddamnit, Jessica." He fisted a handful of her hair and brought it to his nose and audibly inhaled. "You're so fucking hot."

"Do I have to call you Professor right now?" She placed her palms against his chest as her gaze met his.

"No." He released her hair and traced his thumb over her lips. "For now we're just Craig and Jessica, all right?"

She nodded and smiled and he replaced his thumb with his lips. He was gentle this time, lightly running his tongue along the seam of her lips before slipping it into her mouth for a gentle exploration. She tasted him, enjoyed his flavor, and even her own from when he'd licked her folds earlier. Soft moans rose up within her and she

snuggled closer to him as one of his hands roved over her body from her neck down to her ass.

Craig's erection pressed into her belly and she rubbed herself against him and swore she felt him grow even harder. His kiss remained slow, as if he were savoring her. He lightly nipped at her lower lip and caught her sighs in his mouth. His free hand continued to stroke her flesh, roaming over her body, exploring her curves.

In turn Jessica slid one of her hands down his bare chest and back up again, loving the play of his muscles beneath her fingertips with every movement he made. His biceps were firm, hard, as if he worked out regularly. His breathing grew quicker as she dug her fingers into his ass cheek and his kiss became a little more urgent, as if he were having a harder and harder time controlling himself. When she released his tight ass cheek, she stroked his skin down to his thigh and cupped his balls, then grasped his hard cock.

As she stroked the length of him, he sucked in his breath against her lips. "I'm not going to last long if you keep that up."

"I don't want you to hold back, Craig." She let herself try out his name for the first time, and she liked the way it sounded coming from her.

He gave a strangled sound as he captured her hand in his. "Believe me, if you don't stop that, this will be over before it really starts."

Jessica couldn't help the soft laugh that escaped her, and he drew back, his gaze meeting hers. "You are so beautiful," he murmured, surprising her. "I've wanted you for so long."

"Same here." She kissed the corner of his mouth. "Too much to let you go away without getting your attention."

This time he laughed. "Baby, you got more than my attention."

"And more than I bargained for." She squirmed against him at the memory of the two men inside her and felt the sting of the flogging and spanking on her ass. Her nipples were still sore from the nipple rings. But she loved it.

"If you ever want to stop —"

"I know, say my safe word." She moved her face to the curve of his neck and inhaled his masculine scent as she spoke. "But that's not going to happen."

"Think you can take anything I give you?" he asked in a husky, very aroused voice.

Jessica licked a path from his neck to the stubble on his jaw. "Oooh yeah. Anything."

Craig drew away, grasped her shoulder and gazed into her eyes. "I can push pretty hard."

"And I can take it." She reached his mouth and bit his lower lip. "I want everything you have to offer."

A primal growl rose up in Craig that he couldn't hold back. "You said your family is gone for the summer?"

Jessica gave a strangled cry as he thrust his fingers inside her pussy. "In Europe until September." Her voice was completely breathless. "I don't have any plans."

"Now you do." He pumped his fingers harder inside her core. Damn, she was wet and slick. "I'll fuck you and spank you so many times you're going to be sore the entire summer."

She moaned and ground her hips against his hand. "That's what I want. To spend it with you."

Satisfaction flowed through Craig. "You'll be my fuck toy." He slipped his fingers out of her channel and brought them to her lips. "And I intend to play with you hard."

She whimpered when he removed his hand and then slipped his fingers between her lips, letting her taste herself. "Suck," he demanded, and she obeyed as if programmed to do whatever he wanted.

Hell yeah, this was going to be a summer that neither of them would ever forget. He wasn't about to worry about the start of next semester. For now he intended to enjoy her luscious body and everything she had to offer.

Which was more than he'd expected. She'd taken everything he'd done to her and was ready for more. And from this point on he planned to keep her to himself. Letting her have the experience of two cocks in her at once was a primer. He had no intentions of letting anyone else inside her. Not even his brother again. Dave could just kiss his ass.

"You still have a punishment coming." He sucked in his breath as she licked his fingers. "But right now, I'm going to fuck you, ride you hard. Is that what you want?"

He took his fingers out of her mouth and she nodded. "Please. Now."

"I should make you wait." He pinched her nipple, the nub hard between his thumb and forefinger. She gasped and he knew it was from not just the sensation, but from the soreness from the nipple rings. "You came without permission in the dungeon."

"Can you punish me later?" Her hand found his cock again and she rubbed her thumb over the slick bead of semen on its head. "You said we could be Craig and Jessica for now."

"I did, didn't I?" He took her mouth in another kiss, so hungry for her that he could hardly contain himself. She squirmed against him, growing wilder by the moment. Yeah, this was going to be one hell of a summer.

"Please don't make me wait anymore." She squeezed his cock. "I want you inside of me again."

Craig couldn't wait to be in her sweet pussy again. He had to stretch, but he reached over and pulled a condom out of a large box in his drawer. It didn't take him long to have his cock sheathed and to have his hips between Jessica's thighs. He placed the head of his erection at her core and braced his hands to either side of her head. She looked up at him with her beautiful green eyes. Her features were flushed, her eyelids shuttered as she waited for him to drive into her.

She writhed beneath him and dug her fingers into his ass. "Don't make me wait, please, Craig." He liked the way she said his name, as much as he enjoyed having her call him Professor when she played the naughty student.

Jessica was definitely a naughty student. And he enjoyed teaching her a lesson or two. More like, many.

"Do you want my cock, baby?" He lowered his head and bit lightly at her lower lip. "Do you want me inside you?"

"Yes!" Her expression looked almost like she was being tortured. She gripped his ass tighter, her fingernails causing pleasurable pain in his flesh.

Craig smiled and slammed his cock into Jessica's core and she cried out.

Jesus Christ, she was tight. He clenched his jaw and held still for a moment. Damned if he wasn't close to coming already. His cock ached and he already perched on the edge of a precipice.

He clenched his eyes shut, took a deep breath then looked down at Jessica. She arched her hips up and he started to slowly fuck her. He rocked their hips together, feeling the press of their flesh against one another. God, it felt even better than the first time he'd taken her with Dave.

Sweat had already broken out on his brow and he was damp from perspiration. She was flushed, her lips parted, her eyes fixed on him. Her warm vanilla scent filled him as he breathed deep, reveling in it and the scent of her musk.

He drew his cock in and out at a slow pace, drawing out her need to climax. They might not be role playing right now, but he still enjoyed making her want him until she was ready to scream.

"Oh God, Craig." She raised her hips and thrashed beneath him. Damn but he loved a wild woman. "Too slow. You're going too slow!"

He held himself back. He had plenty of training in self-restraint, although now was not one of those times that he was easily able to control it. "Baby, I'm going exactly as fast as you're going to get right now."

Jessica whimpered but continued writhing beneath him. She raked her nails down his back and he hissed from the pain and pleasure she was doling out to him.

A droplet of sweat rolled down the side of his face as he fought to hold himself back and to make her wait. But he was about to lose his self-control.

The man was driving her insane. Again. He felt so friggin' good inside her. So big—filling her, stretching her, reaching deep inside her.

But he was going too damn slow!

Sweat glistened on his forehead and he looked like he was struggling to hold himself back. Good, he was suffering too.

She looked down where they were joined, and her belly flipped again as she watched his cock slide in and out of her. She rocked and raised her hips up to meet his as far as possible, but still he took it slow.

Too. Fucking. Slow.

She was going to die.

For some reason this was even more intense than what had happened in the dungeon. Maybe because it was just the two of them and she'd wanted him to herself for so long.

She sucked in a breath and with it the scents of sex and spicy male. It filled her, spread throughout her. She dug her nails into his ass again, willing him to take her faster.

Finally he picked up the pace and she found herself making small cries as his long cock hit that special spot inside her. His erection stroked it, causing her to come closer and closer to orgasm. She tilted her head back and closed her eyes. Her thighs started trembling around his hips.

"Look at me, baby." His voice sounded like a growl. "Watch me fuck you."

Thrills rolled through Jessica's belly as she opened her eyes and saw his fierce expression. His jaw was clenched, his facial muscles tight.

His hips pistoned inside her harder, faster, deeper.

The room was beginning to spiral. "I'm going to come," she said as the world came closer to spinning out of control.

"Wait." His hips slammed against hers, his thrusts so hard she felt like her pussy would be bruised from the impact. "It'll be so much better if you hold on a little bit longer."

"I don't know if I can." Jessica grasped his biceps as she grew lightheaded and the room was beginning to fade.

"A little more, baby." His voice was rough, like sandpaper. She had no doubt he was on the edge and holding back too.

The whirling sensation in her head became more intense. She felt out of her body, like she was outside herself.

"Please." God, she was so close. "Please let me come."

He didn't reply as his hips slammed into her faster. She thrashed her head from side to side. She couldn't take any more. She couldn't!

"Now, Jessica!" he shouted.

Everything in her universe stopped spinning. All sensation rushed to her pussy, then expanded to her abdominal muscles, then to her chest, and throughout her entire body as her orgasm slammed into her. She screamed and cried and couldn't control the wildness she felt or the way she went crazy in his arms.

Craig shouted her name and she felt the pulse of his cock as he came. He thrust a few times more, then his arms gave out and he was pinning Jessica to the bed. His heavy weight felt good and she held onto him as her pussy continued to throb around his cock.

With a loud groan, Craig pulled out of her and tossed the condom by the nightstand, presumably into a wastebasket. Then he settled himself on his back and pulled her into his arms so that her head rested on his chest. She gave a shuddering sigh

and her whole body went limp against his. It wasn't long until she fell into a deep, satisfied sleep.

Chapter Seven

Jessica woke, feeling slightly disoriented. She pushed herself up in bed and blinked at the sunshine streaming in through oak blinds. The sheet had fallen from her chest to her waist, revealing her bare breasts. Her heart started pounding as she slowly looked around the room.

Professor Bennett's room.

Craig's room.

Heat burned through her at the realization of what she'd just done the afternoon and night before—along with a bit of triumph at ending up in Professor Bennett's bed. She gave a slow, satisfied smile. She'd landed just where she wanted to be.

Although not exactly the way she imagined it.

More heat flushed over her skin when she thought about Craig and his brother, a police officer, fucking her. *Wow*. Not in her wildest dreams had she imagined herself naked in a stockade, or riding a rubber cock on a saddle, hanging from a ceiling or getting fucked in the pussy and in the ass at the same time.

Just the thoughts were making her folds wet again and her sore nipples hard. She felt bruised between her thighs, a good ache from being ridden hard. The slight pain in her ass was a little different, but she remembered how good it felt once she'd gotten beyond that initial blast of pain and had the cop thrusting in and out of her.

God, she was horny again.

"Good morning, Ms. Grayson," came Craig's voice from the doorway and her attention swerved to meet his gaze. He was carrying a bed tray and he wore his devastating smile. He was so gorgeous in tight blue jeans and a snug blue shirt that made his eyes seem even bluer and outlined all those yummy muscles. "It's already ten. I let you sleep in late—figured you were probably worn out."

She'd slept so late? "Good morning, Professor," she said, almost feeling embarrassed for some reason. Maybe it was because, like her, he was no doubt thinking of all the wicked things they'd done last night.

"Sit up a little more," he said when he reached her. The bed sank from his weight as he seated himself close to her. "Hungry, baby?"

Surprise filled her as she pushed up against the pillows and headboard and he settled the tray across her lap. She stared at the tray and her stomach growled at the smells of the scrambled eggs, sausage links, hashed browns and toast arranged on her plate. A white, pink-tipped rose arched above the plate and the goblet of orange juice.

Jessica looked up at him and smiled. "Thank you."

Craig lightly kissed her lips and tweaked one of her bare nipples. "I figured you'd have worked up a good appetite after last night."

Heat rushed over her again, and he grinned.

She started to pick up a fork but he shook his head. "Let me feed you."

He proceeded to bring a forkful of scrambled eggs to her mouth and she took it from him. "Tell me about your family," he said as he cut a sausage link then speared it with his fork.

The fact that Craig was interested in more than just her body made her feel warm inside. She swallowed the egg and smiled. "I have an older brother and an older sister. My brother is married and has twin boys, and my sister is dating a much younger man and says she never wants to get married."

Craig laughed and put the piece of sausage to her lips. She chewed—it was delicious. "What age difference between your sister and the man she's dating?" he asked.

Jessica gave him a sort of sheepish look. "Nine years. She's twenty-nine and he's my age."

That got a grin out of him. He sipped from her glass of orange juice then said, "And you're quite the opposite – dating a much older man."

Her belly fluttered and she looked up at him, not taking a sip of the orange juice he offered her. "Is that what we're doing?" she asked in almost a whisper. "Dating?"

He set the orange juice glass back on the bed tray and leaned so that his face was close to hers. "What do you want it to be, Jessica? A one-night stand or something more?"

"Dating." She swallowed down the thrill in her body. "Definitely dating."

"Good." He took her mouth in a sweet kiss and she tasted orange juice on his tongue. "I want more of you than just your body. I want to get to know the rest of you too."

Wow, was all she could think.

Craig picked up a triangle of buttered toast and she took a bite of it when he held it to her mouth. "I'm ten years older than you," he said while she ate her toast. "That doesn't bother you?"

She shook her head and he brought a napkin to her lips and brushed a crumb away. "What about you?"

He shrugged and speared another piece of sausage. "The fact that you're my student was the only thing keeping me from asking you out." She ate the piece of sausage while he spoke, her heart pounding. "Now you just need to drop that class you're signed up for in the fall, and you won't be my student anymore." He set the fork down on her plate and placed his forehead next to hers. "Sound like a plan?"

"Consider it dropped," she managed to get out before he kissed her again.

When he drew away, she could see desire sparking in his eyes, and when she glanced down she noticed the big bulge in his jeans. "You need to finish your breakfast, and we'd better get on another topic before I make you *my* brunch."

Jessica grinned then ate while he talked.

"You've met my older brother," he said as he fed her, and her face flushed with heat. "But that's the last time I'm going to let him get his hands on you." He let her drink some orange juice. "Because you're *mine*, Jessica Grayson, and I don't intend to share you again."

She almost melted into a pile of goo right then and there.

As he continued to feed her, he asked her questions about her parents who'd gone to Europe for the summer. Her brother lived in Sacramento and her sister in Washington. "She hates the rain though," Jessica said. "If it wasn't for her boyfriend and the fab job she has as a computer engineer, I think she'd move back in a heartbeat. She moved just to get out of the house, I think. She's always been kind of a rebel, I guess."

Craig raised an eyebrow as he set the fork on the bed tray. He reached up and brushed his palm over first one then the other nipple. "And you?" He gave her a mischievous smile. "I have a feeling you're one of those people that goes for whatever she wants until she gets it."

Jessica's body did crazy things as he touched her, and she felt more heat at his words. "I've always been driven, and I work hard. I've had straight A's since I was in elementary school. Failure isn't an option."

"I noticed." He pinched one of her sore nipples and she gasped. "So what made you go after me?"

She cleared her throat. "Um, well. You're not only good looking, but you seem like the kind of man I'd want to know better."

"And you wanted to fuck me." Craig grinned and pinched her other sensitive nipple. "How do you feel now?"

"Sore," she said, and Craig laughed.

He answered her questions in return. Not only did he have a cop for a brother, but he had two more brothers. One was a physical therapist and the other was a corporate executive.

"Do you all get into BDSM?" she asked

Craig shrugged. "Dave is, obviously. Drew and John got into it too. Dave told us all about it when we were sitting around watching football one night, and we all thought it sounded pretty damn hot."

"Have you done this all together?"

He shook his head. "Dave told us of some BDSM parties and conventions, and we checked them out. We liked what we saw."

Jessica took a deep breath. "Have you 'shared women' with all your brothers?"

"No." He took a napkin and dabbed her lips with it. "Just with Dave and only on a couple of occasions. They were his submissives both times. This was the first time I shared my woman with him."

Her stomach tripped. "Why me?"

Craig met her gaze. "Honestly...I didn't want to share you, I wanted to keep you to myself. But Dave happened to be over and I thought you might enjoy it. Did you?"

"I really did—it was an experience I'll never forget." She paused. "But I just want to be with you from now on."

That got another smile out of him. "I'm glad you feel the same way I do."

He took the bed tray with her mostly empty plate and walked over to a low vanity dresser where he set the tray down. She got a great look at his ass and how good he looked in his jeans. He turned back and he was holding the white, pink-tipped rose. "What do you think now that you've gotten to know how I like to play?"

"Honestly," she said with a flutter in her belly, "I've never done anything like it before, but I really got off on everything you did to me."

"You're so damn gorgeous." He sat on the edge of the bed and traced the curve of her neck with the rose bud. "Did my toys give you any fantasies beyond what we've already done, Jessica?"

She shivered as he skimmed the rose over her breastbone. "I'd like to try a little of everything."

That grin of his was so devastatingly sexy. "Believe me, there's plenty I'd like to do to you and with you." He brushed the soft skin between her breasts with the rose. "What do you want to do today?"

Her nipples were so hard and the ache between her thighs so great that her words came out in a husky whisper. "Whatever you want, Professor."

"Mmmmm..." Craig dipped his head and nuzzled her neck as he slid the rose down her belly to her abdomen. "I have a lot of things I'd like to do to you, Ms. Grayson. Which brings us back to one thing." He drew the rose along the fold in the sheet that hid her mound. "I still need to punish you for climaxing without permission."

He said *punish* in a way that made her squirm. Her ass still burned from last night, but still she was ready for anything he wanted to do with her. "I'll be good next time. I promise, Professor Bennett."

"Still need to punish you." He shook his head. "You were a very, very bad girl, Ms. Grayson."

He peeled away the sheet from her lap and tossed the sheet aside so that her body was completely bared. "You probably feel like taking a shower. You don't need to wear anything for what we're going to be doing," he said as he tickled her mound with the rose.

Her heart thumped. As he took her hand, she swung her legs over the side of the bed and he helped her to her feet. He lightly kissed her then pointed her in the direction of a door leading to what was obviously the master bathroom—she could see marble and brass through the doorway. She started to head to the bathroom when he swatted her ass, hard. She yelped and looked back at him.

"Don't make me wait too long," he said with his dominant look that meant they were role playing again.

"Yes, Professor," she said before she went into the bathroom.

The shower felt wonderful, the heat of the water easing the sweet aches in her body. When she was finished she dried her hair with a blow dryer and studied her features in the mirror. Her lips were swollen from Craig's kisses and when she turned and looked over her shoulder at her ass, she saw that it was still pink from the flogging and the spankings.

After her hair was dried she fluffed it around her shoulders, opened the door and walked out of the bathroom. It was such an erotic experience walking around naked, especially when she saw Craig still in his jeans, T-shirt and a pair of jogging shoes. And his huge erection was clearly outlined against the cotton of his jeans.

"You took a little too long, Ms. Grayson." He wore a stern expression. "That just earned you a second punishment."

Jessica caught her breath in both excitement and that sensual edge of fear. What would he do to her? "I'm sorry, Professor," she said.

"Come." He held out his hand and she took it. He strode fast enough that she had a difficult time keeping up with him.

Again he led her down to the dungeon and he opened the door and let her through before closing the door behind them. "This time the doorbell can be going non-stop, but we're not going to stop, Ms. Grayson," he said and she tried not to smile.

"Yes, Professor."

He took her to the strange-looking couch. The dimmed track lighting made the scene seem somewhat exotic. Air brushed over her skin as she moved, and the scent of musk was strong.

The couch was hard to describe. It had a huge hump on the left that rose up the length of a torso before curving over. The right side looked almost like a regular couch.

"Lie over the hump, Ms. Grayson."

She knelt on the lower end and draped herself over the high, rounded part. A soft fur material covered the surface that felt soft to her breasts and her mound.

Craig shackled her wrists and ankles, spreading her wide as he did, exposing her pussy. He rubbed his hand over her sore ass. "Perfect," he murmured. Everything he did and said turned her on, and she was so wet she could smell her own musk.

She turned her face so that her cheek was against the fur and watched him go to the wall of toys. He returned with a green ball with straps on either side of it and what looked like a whisk-type of handheld broom.

"Since you've been so bad, you're going to get a hard spanking," he said. "And you're not going to be able to scream. This is a ball gag, and you can bite down on it when you feel any pain."

Jessica opened her mouth in surprise and he immediately slipped the ball in as far as he could then tied the straps behind her head. With wide eyes, she looked up at him. Not only couldn't she move, she couldn't make a sound. A helpless, although excited feeling overtook her. She was totally vulnerable and couldn't even say her safe word.

Her gaze met Craig's and he looked serious. "If at any time you want me to stop, hold up two fingers. That'll be in place of your safe word. Understand, Ms. Grayson?"

Heart pounding, she nodded.

When he moved behind her, a shiver trailed her spine as he placed one of his hands on her lower back. He rubbed one ass cheek with his other palm in slow, sensuous circles.

Just when she started to relax, Craig's hand landed *hard* on the ass cheek he'd been stroking. Her eyes watered and she cried out behind the ball gag, but no sound came out. He slapped her again and this time she bit down on the ball. Her eyes watered from the pain as he spanked her. But it was so weird—the harder he spanked her, the wetter her pussy got, and the more she needed to come. She wanted to be fucked so bad she could just about scream—and would have if it weren't for the ball gag. Instead she

bit down on the ball and felt the sting, burn and strange pleasure that came with the spanking.

“This is for being such a bad girl and coming without permission,” Craig said in a stern voice. “Are you going to come again without my say-so?”

She moved her head side-to-side, the best she could with her face against the fur.

He stopped abruptly, and she gave a sigh of relief. God, her ass burned. “Very good, Ms. Grayson. You’ve taken your first punishment well. Now for your second.”

Jessica almost whimpered. She was loving this, but at the same time she didn’t know how much more she could handle. He was taking her to the limit.

The next thing she felt was what had to be the whisk broom thingee being run softly over her ass. It wasn’t made of straw but of some soft, fiber-like strands.

It felt so good as he trailed the whisk over her ass, her back, her thighs and then down to her pussy. Again he whipped her when she started to relax. She gasped in surprise. The whisk didn’t hurt as badly as the spanking had, but it heightened the sensations on her ass, causing more tears to flow down her cheeks. This time he swatted her pussy, not quite as hard as her ass but hard enough that it caused her to jerk in surprise.

Unbelievably, she came closer and closer to orgasm. She writhed beneath his swats, rubbing her mound against the furs, and she tugged at her restraints. A moan tried to escape around the ball gag. A moan from pain, pleasure and arousal.

He stopped and tossed the whisk aside and she slumped against the fur of the arch she was draped over. “You’ve handled your punishments well.” Craig climbed onto the couch behind her and she felt the roughness of his jeans against her sore ass and thighs. But even better was the very naked erection he’d released from his pants that was now pressed against her ass.

Jessica struggled against her restraints, wanting to have him inside her. Her pussy was on fire, both from the swatting and from the need to come.

Craig leaned over her, his T-shirt brushing her back, and tickled her ear with his breath. It felt so good to have his hard body pressed against her. She liked the feel of his clothing rough against her bare skin and she moved her ass so that it would brush his erection.

His voice was deep and sensual and caused her to tremble with need. "You've earned a good fucking, baby."

Yes, God yes!

He rammed his cock into her pussy and she wanted to scream in ecstasy. But she bit the ball gag instead and whimpered.

"Don't come without permission," he said in a low growl.

Craig fucked her hard and fast. He drove in and out unmercifully, so deep and thick, and touching the place inside her that was making her crazy. This time the tears stinging at her eyes were from the need to come. She was so tightly bound as she was draped over the arch that she could barely writhe beneath him.

Her body wound tighter and tighter until she was so close to orgasm she was on an edge that made her feel like she was riding the crest of a wave before it crashed to the shore.

"You are so. Fucking. Tight," Craig growled as he held her hips and thrust in and out in a mind-blowing pace. His jeans scrubbed against her sensitive ass, and he moved his hands from her hips to her nipples, leaning over so he could pinch and squeeze them as he took her.

Jessica whimpered and cried, and fought against the orgasm that was rushing toward her. Craig drove her along that crest, along it, along it... Her entire body began to shake, her mind spun, her skin tingled.

"Now, baby!" he shouted.

Her orgasm slammed into her with such force she felt as if she could rip right out of the restraints and fly. Her whole body was on fire and she bucked as much as was

possible the way she was pinned to the couch and bound. Craig didn't stop his pace and she wanted to scream as more waves went through her, one after another after another. It felt like they were never going to end. The pleasure of it almost turned into pain because she didn't think she would survive another orgasm.

Craig gave a shout and he squeezed her breasts hard. His hips jerked and he only thrust into her a few more times before he stopped and pinned himself tight against her ass.

It seemed like his body gave out as he sank against her on the fur-covered hump. Craig kept tweaking her nipples, causing more spasms to go off in her core, squeezing and releasing his cock inside her. She felt the pulse of his cock as it throbbed with his release.

Jessica moaned behind the ball gag and felt the restraints holding her wrists and ankles in place. She loved the feel of his body over hers and she never wanted to let go of the moment. Never wanted to let go of him.

Chapter Eight

The summer went by way too fast. Jessica sighed as she lay on the blanket on Ka'anapali Beach on Maui, just below their resort hotel. Craig was rubbing coconut-scented suntan oil on her back, paying close attention to her shoulders and neck and working his magic while he massaged her. Not that she was tense. With all the fabulous sex, she was sated and relaxed almost all the time.

They had spent every day of their summer vacation together. She had stayed at his house and they had talked about everything under the sun and did amazing things under the moon.

Her top was untied, but she was lying facedown on the blanket as he worked the oil onto her back. The sun was warm on her back, and his hands were so talented. Craig was now taking liberties, oiling the sides of her breasts and slipping his fingers beneath her to pinch her nipples.

Jessica laughed. "You are a naughty professor."

"Mmmm..." He leaned close and murmured in her ear, "I'd like to fuck you right here, right now, in front of all these people."

Tingling sensations went down her spine to the tiny little G-string bikini Craig had purchased for her. Her ass was completely bare, but from all the tanning they'd done going to San Diego, L.A., in Tucson and now in Hawaii, the pink marks from being spanked didn't really show. Her pussy ached and moisture dampened the scrap of cloth covering her folds.

"You have such a nice ass," he said as he began rubbing the oil first on one cheek then the other. "I'm so ready to fuck it again."

"And I'm so ready for you to," she said in a husky voice that betrayed how much she wanted him. Again. And again. She couldn't get enough of him, and it seemed he thought the same about her.

Craig pinched one of her ass cheeks that was sore from the spanking he'd given her for being a bad girl yesterday. She'd teased him on purpose, tweaking his cock in public without permission and rubbing her ass against his groin as often as possible to make him fully erect.

She grinned while he moved down to oil her thighs and calves. It had just been another excuse to spank her and fuck her hard, and she loved it. Sometimes she'd purposefully do things to get in trouble just so he'd punish her in some erotic way. She would even climax without permission just to get in trouble again.

Craig moved back up her body, rubbing her flesh as he went and moving his hands beneath her breasts to pinch her nipples. He leaned in close and she caught his scent of sun-warmed flesh and coconut oil. She could just imagine their slick bodies sliding against one another and her breasts ached even more as he fondled them.

"Let's go back to our room, Ms. Grayson." He nipped her earlobe hard and she gave a little cry. "It's time for me to punish you for not wearing any covering to the beach today and letting all the men see your gorgeous body." She usually wore a wrap around her waist so that her naked ass couldn't be seen since she only wore G-strings.

The ache between her thighs grew more intense. "I'm sorry, Professor. I won't do it again."

"Too late for that." He tied the straps of her halter-top then pinched her sensitive ass, causing her to give a low cry. "This time I'm going to come up with a new punishment."

Oh God. She couldn't wait.

Craig helped her to her feet, and his eyes were dark with arousal. With satisfaction, she caught sight of his huge erection just before he wrapped a towel around his waist.

He shook the sand off the beach blanket and put it over his arm, along with her towel, before taking her hand and walking up the beach with her.

As her feet sank into the sand while they trudged up the beach, she looked up at Craig and met his smoldering gaze.

Oh, yeah, she was in for a wild ride.

After they'd washed the sand off their feet at one of the stations, they walked into the hotel. It was against the rules to walk around in a G-string without a cover, and she felt absolutely wicked going against the rules. They managed to make it to the elevators without getting caught. In just a few moments the elevator dinged and they entered it and Craig pushed the button for the twenty-fifth floor.

He shocked her when he shoved her up against the wall, dropping everything he'd been carrying.

"What—" she started when he released his erection from his trunks, pulled aside the scrap of material covering her pussy, and thrust his cock into her pussy.

"Oh my God," she cried out as he drove in and out of her, hard and fast.

"You're a tease, aren't you, Ms. Grayson?" he said as he fucked her.

"Yes. Oh God yes, Professor."

The danger of being caught in the elevator made her that much closer to reaching an orgasm faster than she ever had before. He continued to pump in and out and her breathing came hard and fast as the floors passed by.

"Almost there," she managed to get out, meaning both their floor and her orgasm.

"Come, baby," he demanded and she climaxed on command.

Her channel clamped down on his cock as new sensations spread through her, sensations caused by the threat of getting caught.

He gave a loud grunt and she felt his cock pulse in her core, his semen pumping inside her. She shuddered and Craig pulled out of her just as the bell dinged for their floor.

Her legs were so rubbery from the experience that she could barely stand as he gathered the towels, blanket and suntan oil. She fixed her G-string so that her pussy wasn't showing—just in time for the door to open and an elderly couple to be standing in the doorway.

Craig grabbed her hand. "Excuse us," he said with a nod to the couple. Jessica avoided their gazes. She knew they probably smelled like sex—of Craig's semen and her musk. This summer they'd both been tested so that he didn't have to wear a condom, and she was on the Pill, so the sex was better than ever.

He laughed and she giggled as they ran down the hallway to their room, him leading the way.

"What did you think of your punishment, Jessica?" he said in a low, rough voice as he pulled the keycard from the pocket of his swim trunks then opened the door with it. He dragged her inside and threw everything down again and pinned her up against the door when it closed. He took her mouth in a hard kiss then raised his head and looked at her. "Were you afraid of getting caught?"

She licked her moist lips and nodded. "Very."

"Good." He pressed harder against her as he untied the halter-top and each side of the G-string, pulled the bits of cloth away from her body and tossed them on the floor. "You'd better watch yourself or I'll find more ways to punish you."

Jessica nodded and he ground his erection against her belly. The man was insatiable. And so was she.

He kissed her hard and fierce, then his kiss became more sensual. He cupped her face in his hands and kissed the corner of her mouth, his lips traveling to her ear where he whispered, "I've got something for you."

Her curiosity piqued, she followed him into their luxurious hotel room. To her surprise there was a bouquet of white pink-tipped roses, a bottle of champagne chilling in a silver bucket, a platter of chocolate-covered strawberries and a present. The box was about the size of a toaster and wrapped with a big pink bow.

“What’s this all about?” she asked, a little flutter in her tummy. The cool hotel room air brushed her naked skin as she moved toward the table.

He came up behind her and grasped her by the waist and rested his chin on her shoulder. “Today’s our ten-week anniversary—from the day I found you naked in my office.”

“Craig,” she said, a lump crowding her throat. “I just can’t believe you—”

“Open it,” he said, holding her tightly around her waist.

Jessica bit her lower lip, wondering what in the world he’d gotten her to celebrate their ten-week anniversary. She pulled off the bow and tore off the wrapping paper, and lifted the lid off a white box. All she saw was tissue paper.

“Go on,” he coaxed.

She started digging through the tissue and then stopped when she came to a black velvet jeweler’s box—the size of a ring box. She stifled a cry as she lifted it from the tissue and held it in her hands that were trembling so badly she couldn’t open it.

Craig released her waist to cover her hands and helped her raise the lid.

Jessica clapped one hand over her mouth and her eyes widened. Nestled in the black velvet was at least a one-carat diamond solitaire.

“I love you.” He shifted so that he turned her in his arms and they were facing one another. “It’s only been ten weeks, but I know what I want, and it’s you, baby. We can have as long of an engagement as you want, but say you’ll marry me.”

Jessica leaned forward and pressed her face to his chest as she clutched the box. She raised her head and looked up at him. For once he looked a little unsure of himself and she found him that much more loveable.

She smiled, feeling giddy and shivery, and unbelieving. “Yes.” She reached up and pressed her lips to his. “I love you so much, Craig. I can’t say yes fast enough.”

He grinned, took the diamond and slipped it onto her ring finger before he tossed the box aside. It fell to the carpet with a muted thump. As he walked her backward to

the bed, she fell onto it and almost giggled. He slid between her thighs and entered in one hard thrust.

She took him inside her, welcoming him, feeling so much love for the man she'd lusted after for months. That lust had turned to such a deep love that she felt it throughout her entire being.

He kept the pace slow, making love to her like he never had before. His eyes never left hers, and when she crested the wave of ecstasy, he followed with her.

A feeling of peace and happiness eased through Jessica as he turned her into his arms and held her like he was never letting her go.

About the Author

USA Today Bestselling Author Cheyenne McCray has a passion for sensual romance and a happily-ever-after, but always with a twist. Among other accolades, Chey has been presented with the prestigious Romantic Times BOOKreviews Reviewers' Choice Award for "Best Erotic Romance of the Year". Chey is the award-winning novelist of eighteen books and nine novellas.

Chey has been writing ever since she can remember, back to her kindergarten days when she penned her first poem. She always knew one day she would write novels, hoping her readers would get lost in the worlds she created, as she did when she was lost in a good book. Cheyenne enjoys spending time with her husband and three sons, traveling, and of course writing, writing, writing.

Cheyenne welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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