

# TEACHER'S PET

A photograph of a man's bare torso, showing his chest, stomach, and pubic area. A red apple is placed on the man's pubic area. The background is dark, and the lighting is focused on the man's body.

Caitlyn Willows

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...With that killer sexy smile, she lifted cup and saucer his way. Gabe accepted with a smile he hoped she took as acceptance. He wouldn't be on duty forever. This was one woman he definitely wanted to get to know better.

"I'm afraid I can't stay long, ma'am." He leaned closer. "I just wanted to warn you. Make sure you were safe. This man is a killer."

Her deep brown eyes never left his as she slithered her fingers over his hands. "Oh, I think you'll stay until I tell you to go."

Her lips were a breath away from his. Damned if she wasn't going to kiss him. Damned if he wasn't going to let her. His mouth parted waiting for hers. Cold steel spanned his wrists. In his passion-clouded mind, it took Gabe one heartbeat too long to understand what she was doing.

He jerked back. Handcuffs snapped in place over his wrists. His own damn handcuffs! She'd pilfered them from the case at his back.

"What the hell?"

Teacup and saucer clattered to the braided rug. The woman jumped back. Laughing lightly, she lassoed a velvet rope around his ankle and tugged. Gabe fell back. She looped a second rope through the handcuffs and pulled his arms over his head.

"Goddamnit, woman! What the fuck—"

"Shut up, pretty boy. I didn't pay you to talk." She slapped a piece of duct tape over his mouth. "If you stand up, you'll make this much easier on yourself."

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*Déjà Vu*

*The Heir*

*Treasure Hunters*

*Warrior Princess*

*White Lies*

# TEACHER'S PET

BY

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TEACHER'S PET  
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This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

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# CHAPTER 1

“A late spring storm is scheduled for the Tahoe area this evening. We should see up to six inches of snow.”

Marci Findlay tossed another log on the fire. What did she care how much it snowed? She wasn't going anywhere. As long as it didn't interfere with the arrival of her guest, she was more than happy. In fact, a snowstorm might even prevent him from leaving. She'd definitely get her money's worth then.

“This just in. A nationwide Amber Alert has been called for—”

Marci clicked off the radio. The last thing she wanted to hear was bad news. This was teacher's week to get away from all the bad in the world. To cut loose like a college student gone wild and indulge herself during spring break. And that was exactly what she planned to do.

Wrapping her blue, silk robe around her, Marci padded to the bathroom. If her brother ever knew what she was doing at his lakeside cabin, he'd read her the riot act...among other things. She didn't plan for him to find out. She'd covered her tracks well. Had even paid cash

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for her *indulgence*. After all, her reputation as a teacher could very well be on the line if she were discovered.

Still, a woman deserved to play out her deepest fantasies from time to time. Heaven knew she wasn't getting any action otherwise. So, who was she hurting? Answer? No one. It's not like she did this all the time. She deserved this, damn it. And she'd taken every personal precaution. Done her research. Checked out the company's reputation. He was one hundred percent safe. So was she. For the first time in her adult life, she could actually have sex without a piece of rubber between her and him. She could hardly wait.

She twisted the spigots on the tub. Clouds of steam rose around her. She sprinkled a liberal amount of her jasmine scented bath beads into the water. Two more hours before he arrived. Two hours of excruciating waiting. Her nipples tightened in anticipation. Soon his lips would be on them, sucking them, pulling them deep into his mouth...after he begged her to let him have a taste.

A quiver ran down Marci's body. Moisture gathered between her thighs. Her clit started to throb, demanding attention. She smiled. Of course, she'd give in to it. This week was all about *her* pleasure.

Dropping her robe around her feet, she stepped into the water. As she slid into liquid wonder, the warmth embraced her. She tucked a plastic bath pillow behind her head and stretched out. Ripples of water kissed her between the thighs. Perhaps she shouldn't have been so hasty in filling the tub. But there was always later, and plenty of time for bathing again.

She reached for the bath oil on the shelf beside her and squeezed a liberal amount over her breasts. The cool liquid tightened her nipples more. Closing her eyes, she rubbed the oil over them, reveling in the feel of the tiny beads against her palms.

*What would he be like?* She had been specific in her order, more so in her instructions. He'd better play his part well or...

She sucked in a sharp breath between her teeth as she pictured the

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faceless hunk on his hands and knees before her. He'd do what she commanded all right. And he'd love every second of it.

Marci shoved her hand between her legs. She could see his dick now—hard, heavy, throbbing for release only she could give...yet refused. Her pleasure, her orgasm, her coming first, second, and third. She flicked a circle around her swollen clit.

“Oooo...”

And if he should happen to come prematurely, she knew just the way to bring him back to life and keep him there.

She pinched her nipple with one hand while her other worked her toward orgasm.

And he'd be hung...like a horse.

“Oooo...”

And powerful. A beast she had captured.

“Oooo...”

A fucking beast with the power to break his bonds and beat his flesh into hers until she....

“Ahhhh...”

Marci bucked under the release. It wasn't enough. Still, she forced herself to wait while she caught her breath and luxuriated in her bath. Anticipation always made coming more supreme.

She lathered her legs from ankle to the top of her thigh then slowly raked the razor over each one. Another naughty thought came to mind.

*Why not?*

Pulling herself to the edge of the tub, she spread her legs wide. Shaving cream spurted onto her fingers, much like a man's jism in release. She glanced down. Her swollen little maiden peaked out from the folds of her labia.

“Yes. I think we're going to like this.”

Marci passed the cream over her cunt. Pulling her lower lip between her teeth, she touched the razor to her hairs. Her heart thrummed with each gentle swipe. By the time all the hair was gone between her



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thighs, blood coursed in her ears. She cupped water between her hands and washed off. The only pubic hair that remained was just above her crotch. All else was bare, heightening her already-aroused state.

Marci pulled the plug with her toe then rinsed the tub out. Now for one of her favorite indulgences.

Cranking on the water once more, she crawled under the faucet, spread her legs, and braced her feet on the stall. Then she settled back into the tub and let the pounding water bring her to orgasm once more.

## CHAPTER 2

Gabriel Vaughan squinted into the swatch cut by his headlights into what could only be described as a small blizzard.

"I see a set of tire tracks heading off a side road. I'll check it out and get back to you. Over." He released the radio button on the mic.

"Roger that. Out."

"Out." He parked the mic on its hook and turned down the road.

They'd tracked Jesse Lazar to Lake Tahoe from Los Angeles. The man had left a path of fear and destruction in his wake starting with a bank heist in L.A. where he'd killed three people.

From there he'd moved up through Barstow where he hit a convenience store injuring another civilian when he hijacked the vehicle. In Bishop, he grabbed a Dodge Caravan, this time unwittingly taking a toddler in the baby seat in back with him.

Lazar was a slippery cuss. He was using the storm to his advantage. But Gabe was certain they were tightening the noose. They'd have his ass in no time now. Hopefully, the little girl in the van was still all

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right.

He followed the ruts carved into the snow by some vehicle before him. Had he known they'd be dealing with snow, he'd have thrown in some chains. The last thing he needed was to get stuck, especially if Lazar lay on the other end of these tracks. He would have felt more comfortable in his Cherokee. That four-wheel drive could get him anywhere. But the urgency of finding Lazar hadn't given any of them the luxury of switching vehicles. He was on stake out in one of the unmarked cars when the call came down. Speed was of the essence, especially now that a little one was involved.

Gabe thought of his own nieces and nephews. Bright eyes and smiles all around. The thought that any of them should ever have to face something like this scared him to death. He imagined this poor, little girl crying for her mommy and daddy—hungry, needing a diaper change, confused.

He blinked away the puddle of tears that rushed to his eyes. He couldn't afford the emotion right now.

A flash caught his eye—his headlights bouncing off the chrome on another car—a van. The late model Caravan Lazar had snatched in Bishop. Gabe slowed down. It wouldn't do good to rush up on Lazar.

His radio crackled to life. "We've got the baby. She's all right. He left her in the ladies' room at a MacDonald's."

Gabe picked up the mic. "I've sighted the vehicle." He edged closer. "Looks like he got it stuck in a drift."

A slash of red in the snow in front of the van caught his eye. The body of a man lay face up. Parallel tracks drove away from the scene. Gabe shoved the gears into park and hurried over to the man. Despite the man's vacant stare, he felt for a pulse. Nothing. Shaking his head, he returned to his car. At least the baby was safe.

"I've got another body. Looks like he's switched vehicles again. I'm going to follow the road. Maybe I can find him."

After giving his location, Gabe signed off and drove on. Snowfall

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thickened, obliterating the tracks the further he went. He set his headlight beams to low and pressed on at a crawl.

Was he even still on the road or headed to some dead-end? The hint of a glow pierced through the storm. *Lazar?*

Gabe pulled to the side of the road, clicked off the beams, and waited with his weapon drawn. The glow never moved. He studied the light then cursed his own stupidity. It was a cabin, not a car. And, for all he knew, another murder site. This time Gabe had the element of surprise on his side.

Cutting the engine, he flicked up his collar and left the comfort of his car. Snow covered him up to the ankle with the first step. It didn't matter. The cabin was only about a hundred yards away. He'd crawl the distance if he thought it would nail Lazar. Weapon at the ready, he trudged forward.

Gabe scanned the perimeter as he edged closer. The light looked like it came from one room on the first floor. The curtains at one window were slightly parted. He'd have a good view to assess the situation first. At the porch, he tested his weight against the first step. No creak betrayed his presence. Inch by inch he made his way to the window. He took a deep breath and tightened his grip on the pistol. He dared a peek inside.

His jaw dropped of its own volition. A woman sat naked before the heat of the fireplace as she ran a brush through her long, dark hair. She was hourglass perfect. With just the right amount of curves to boobs and ass that made her, in his book, one hundred percentage fuckable.

Even as that lascivious thought crossed his mind, she glanced down at her breasts and stroked long fingers over her nipples. His cock burgeoned to full staff. Then she dusted her hand down to her crotch. Gabe palmed his erection. The hard-on was here to stay until he could work it off—one way or the other.

Swallowing down the image of the woman writhing in passionate abandon beneath him, Gabe walked to the door. At his knock, her reply

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drifted to him.

“Coming.”

*Bad choice of words...very bad.* He swallowed again. Her footsteps echoed across the wooden floor. He half prayed she'd answer the door naked. He holstered his weapon and fumbled for his badge.

*Keep it professional, Gabe.*

The bolt slipped. Seconds later, the door swung open. A silky blue robe hid her attributes.

“Detective Gabriel Vaughan, ma'am. LAPD. We're looking for someone who could pose a threat to you.”

“Well, come in, detective. You look drenched and could probably stand to get out of the cold. You're wet, too. Take off your coat and...stay awhile.”

Her sultry voice tickled down his spine. His dick throbbed in appreciation. Man, she was hot.

She grabbed his coat and stripped it from his shoulders as he crossed the threshold. “I have a pot of hot tea by the fire. Help yourself.”

She gave him a half-smile as she draped the garment over the clothes tree by the door. “I see you came...fully armed.” She dusted her fingers up his shirt toward his holster.

Instinct made him grab for the weapon. “A police officer is always armed, ma'am.”

“Armed and ready. Just the way I like it.” She waved her arm toward the hunter green sofa before the fire.

Was she hinting at a little get together? Boy, oh boy, if he weren't on duty he'd happily oblige her. Gabe could think of nothing cozier than to spend a stormy night wrapped in the arms of a beautiful woman.

The sofa cushions sighed as he sat down. The teapot was right where she'd said it would be.

“Here, let me.”

She knelt on the floor before him and filled a delicate china cup.

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Tiny red roses looped through the design. "Tea should never be drunk from anything other than china."

With that killer sexy smile, she lifted cup and saucer his way. Gabe accepted with a smile he hoped she took as acceptance. He wouldn't be on duty forever. This was one woman he definitely wanted to get to know better.

"I'm afraid I can't stay long, ma'am." He leaned closer. "I just wanted to warn you. Make sure you were safe. This man is a killer."

Her deep brown eyes never left his as she slithered her fingers over his hands. "Oh, I think you'll stay until I tell you to go."

Her lips were a breath away from his. Damned if she wasn't going to kiss him. Damned if he wasn't going to let her. His mouth parted waiting for hers. Cold steel spanned his wrists. In his passion-clouded mind, it took Gabe one heartbeat too long to understand what she was doing.

He jerked back. Handcuffs snapped in place over his wrists. His own damn handcuffs! She'd pilfered them from the case at his back.

"What the hell?"

Teacup and saucer clattered to the braided rug. The woman jumped back. Laughing lightly, she lassoed a velvet rope around his ankle and tugged. Gabe fell back. She looped a second rope through the handcuffs and pulled his arms over his head.

"Goddamnit, woman! What the fuck—"

"Shut up, pretty boy. I didn't pay you to talk." She slapped a piece of duct tape over his mouth. "If you stand up, you'll make this much easier on yourself."

What the hell was she going to do with him? Was she working with Lazar? Nevertheless, he did as she ordered.

Using both hands, she pulled the rope over one of the ceiling beams until Gabe was just about on his toes. Then she spread him eagle, binding his ankles to the legs of the sofa. His erection had long since disappeared.

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"Now. Let's just see what my money paid for."

*Good God, she thinks I'm a male prostitute.*

Probably that poor guy he'd found on the road a couple miles back. Bound and gagged, there wasn't a thing Gabe could do but put up with it. He was literally at her mercy. *Hers to do with as she pleased.* He didn't know if he was intrigued or scared out of his wits.

He dared a glance down. She dropped her robe and made a slow circle around him.

"Nice ass." She cupped his butt cheeks and squeezed. "Strong, muscular. I hope that indicates stamina. You're going to need it."

She had no idea.

She stopped in front of him. "Now for the real goods."

Nimble fingers loosened his belt buckle, then slid open his zipper. His dick pulsed to life at the soft touch. Curling her fingers around the band of trousers and boxers, she tugged both down until they reached his knees. He felt the rope loosen. If he kicked out...

*Then what?* He was still trussed up like a cow in a meat locker. Let her play her game. He'd catch her off guard eventually.

She'd slipped his foot free and pulled his clothing off. His loafer came with it. Bound once more, she did the same thing to the other foot.

Soft brown eyes gazed up at him. She rubbed her breasts against his calves then flicked her tongue to the backs of his knees. A muffled groan tore from Gabe's throat. She responded with a throaty chuckle and slithered up his body.

His cock twitched as she neared it, begging for attention. Already a drop of pre-come moistened the tip. She circled thumb and forefinger around the base and pulled.

"Nice. Hard. Big. I can't even fit my grip around it. Again, just the way I like it."

She stroked him again, sending streaks of white lightning to his extremities. Seeing the drop hovering at the tip, she darted her tongue

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forward. Gabe groaned again. She flicked maddening circles around it, under it, over it, until he knew he'd go mad. Then she cupped his hard balls and squeezed.

He jerked in her grasp and still she taunted him. Had his mouth not been sealed, he would have *begged* her to suck him. He tried pleading with his eyes for her to end the torture. If he'd been free, he would have tossed her to her back and fucked her brains out. And just when Gabe thought he would die in agony, her lips closed around him.

*God, her mouth is hot!*

She drew him deep, sucked him hard. Gabe bucked under the onslaught, her helpless slave. One hand found his balls and squeezed again. The other dug into the flesh of his ass. Fire rose and shot from him.

Gabe thought he'd never stop coming. She sucked him to the last drop then pulled back to her haunches to survey her handiwork. He hung there like a limp noodle.

"Well, that's unfortunate," she said. "We'll have to see what we can do about that."

She slipped his belt free from its loops. "You were late, my friend. Tardiness is *not* allowed. I presume you know what's going to happen now."

*Holy shit!* This couldn't be happening. She circled him—once, twice. The belt cracked behind him. Gabe jumped involuntarily.

"How many should it be?" She rubbed the leather over his ass.

He shook his head earning her laughter.

"Oh, but there has to be some punishment for being late."

She slapped the leather lightly over his buttocks.

"Thirty minutes late, in fact."

She smacked him again slightly harder. Then again, harder. And again. Warmth spread across his ass, migrating forward. His dick started to rise with each slap of leather against his flesh until it bounced before him in all its glory.



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"There. All nice and hard again." She tossed her weapon to the floor. "Now. I'm going to lower you. You will stretch out on your back. Understand?"

Here was his chance to be free. But his ass was rosy warm and his dick throbbed. And all Gabe wanted was to fuck her. To be her prisoner just a little while longer. To make her *his* captive.

Inch by inch, she lowered his arms. "Be a teacher's pet and lie down on the rug."

He did as ordered. She stretched his hands over his arms and tied the rope to the leg of the easy chair.

"My turn," she said. "And you'd better do it right or you know what will happen."

She straddled his head until her cunt was next to his mouth. Slowly she removed the duct tape then pressed her clit to his lips. She was silky smooth, a real treat, and one hell of a temptation.

Gabe flicked his tongue over the swollen knot. She tossed her head back on a groan. She wanted a going over and he'd damn sure give her one. Each fold and crevice was his for exploration. He loved the musky taste of her, and the way she twitched under the onslaught of tongue fucking.

"Now, lover! Now!"

He caught her clit between his teeth and sucked hard.

A guttural moan ripped from her lips as she fell forward and rode him to the finish.

"God, baby, let me fuck you," he whispered harshly.

Heaving for breath, she crawled down his body and freed his legs. Then she reached forward to untie his arms. Her breast dangled before him. Gabe caught the nipple between his teeth and twirled it.

"Oooo..."

"Yes, baby," he said through clenched teeth.

Still handcuffed, his arms fell free. In one swift movement, he tossed them over her body and pushed her to her back.

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"Yes, fuck me," she cried. "Fuck me hard."

One thrust seated him hard. She cried out. He pulled back and slammed in once more.

"You have a nice, tight, little cunt. By the time I'm done with you, you'll be so sore you can't walk."

He went at her like he hadn't had sex in years. In some respects, he felt like he hadn't. At least no sex like this. Over and over again he beat his flesh into hers. She rode him stroke for stroke. He felt her muscles ripple around him. She was coming again. He pressed hard, deep, rolling his pubic bone into her clit.

She arched against him as the spasm came. He held on for only a second then shot his load into her. They strained once more before they collapsed.

He had to tell her the truth. The sound of glass breaking jerked them apart.

"What the—"

"Undo these handcuffs now," he whispered harshly.

"But—"

"Goddamnit...I'm a detective with the LAPD. I'm looking for a killer. Get that damn key."

A red flush covered her from neck up. So, now she knew she'd royally screwed up. They'd fix it later. Unless he missed his guess, Lazar was trying to break in.

With shaking hands, she unlocked the cuffs. Sirens cut the night. Gabe heard scrambling from the kitchen.

"I'll be damned."

Grabbing the first thing he found, Gabe tossed on her robe and snatched up his pistol. "Let the police in. Tell them I went out the back."

\* \* \*

Marci dashed for the front door as the man ran off. She spit out his instructions to the officers then ducked back inside. She wanted to

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crawl in a hole and die.

*A police detective...for real!* Where the hell was the man she'd hired? She was never going to live this down. Right now, the man was running around in the snow in her robe. How the hell was she going to keep this out of the news?

The sound of voices outside spurred her to action. Taking the stairs two at a time, she tossed on jeans and a sweater. Laughter filtered up to her. Obviously his friends had found him. The fact that they had taken time to joke must mean they'd found the killer, too. She couldn't wait around to find out. She had to get the hell out of here.

Marci shoved her things into the suitcase. This was insane. How was she going to slip away when the police surrounded her brother's cabin? She sank to the bed, buried her head in her hands, and tried not to cry.

The front door slammed. It was time to face up to what she'd done. Hot with embarrassment, she crept to the stairs.

He stood before the fireplace, dressing. For one last minute she indulged herself in the spectacular view of carved muscles and a very well-endowed man. Then she swallowed what was left of her pride and walked down.

"I think there's been a misunderstanding."

He whipped around. "You think? Maybe someone should paddle *your* ass."

Her skin warmed another couple of degrees. "I'm sorry. I was—"

"Waiting for someone else. Yes, I know." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder as he stuffed his shirt into his pants. "Lazar killed him and took his car."

Marci closed her eyes against a sudden rush of tears.

"That could've been you, you know."

She dropped her head. "I suppose you're going to file charges."

"You got a name?"

She forced herself to look at him. "Marci Findlay."

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He stabbed his feet into his loafers and buckled his belt. "I'll be back as soon as I'm done processing Lazar. Be here. You and I have unfinished business."

All she could do was nod. She leaned against the window and watched as they drove away.

*Wait here? No way in hell.* She wanted to get as far away from her sin as she could.

## CHAPTER 3

Marci nodded a goodnight to each of her English As A Second Language students as they filed from the classroom. It felt good to get back to a normal routine. Elementary school during the day; adult education at night. It kept her busy. She should have appreciated her regular life more from the start instead of venturing into forbidden sexual territory. She was lucky she hadn't been arrested.

For the last week, Marci fully expected to have Gabriel Vaughan and a team of policemen storm her doors and haul her off to jail. A call from her brother telling her Vaughan had requested her name and address put her on tenterhooks for the last week. She rarely left her house.

But as each day passed with no repercussions, she counted herself one lucky lady. Maybe Vaughan's own embarrassment over the predicament she'd placed him in had saved her. She prayed his precinct was far removed from hers. The last thing she wanted was to run into the man on the street.

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*Oh, but he was sweet to look at. Sweeter still to fuck.* She shook off the memory and picked up the eraser to wipe the board. The click of the door lock turned her around. Her ready smile faded when she saw Gabe standing there. Then her heart beat in triple time.

"Miss Findlay." He twisted the blind on the door closed.

"Detective Vaughan."

Her gaze followed his walk across the room to the bank of windows. One by one he closed the Venetian blinds.

"I believe you and I have some unfinished business?" He stalked toward her.

Marci didn't know what to do. Crying seemed like a good option. He pulled his handcuffs from the case behind his back. So, it had come to this. She deserved it. At least he had the decency to wait until her students left, to wait until it was night.

He grabbed her wrist lightly and pulled it behind her back. Then he captured the other one and secured it.

"Face down on the desk."

Marci blinked back tears as he pushed her into place. She expected the litany of rights afforded all those arrested. Instead, she felt his hand on her ass.

"Sweet. Firm. Just the way *I* like it."

A tug pulled her pants and panties down.

"Step free."

"Gabe—"

"You really aren't in a position to argue, Miss Findlay."

Intrigued, heart pumping with every breath, she did as he asked. Gabe leaned over her while he rummaged through the desk drawer. His dick was hard against her ass.

"Ah...this should do."

Her eyes widened at the sight of the wooden ruler.

"Gabe...please..."

He popped her lightly across the ass. "Oh, I'd say you have this one

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coming." He smacked her again, harder.

A rush of heat scorched its way to her clit. Marci bit her lip to keep from crying out.

"Let's see. There's prostitution." *Pop!*

"Obstruction of justice." *Smack!*

"Rape." *Smack! Smack!*

She jerked her head up. "You were—"

*Pop!* "No talking."

Marci rested her cheek against the cool desk. Her clit throbbed her attention. God, if only he knew what he was really doing to her.

"Kidnapping." *Smack!*

"Unlawful imprisonment." *Smack!*

"Just get it over with." Did that come out a groan? She prayed not.

"I prefer a lecture with a spanking." *Smack!* "I had to apprehend a criminal in your bathrobe." *Smack! Smack!* "My fellow officers saw me." *Smack!* "They're still laughing over it." *Smack!*

"At least they didn't see you—"

"All trussed up for Christmas dinner?" *Smack! Smack! Smack!* "No, a saving grace." *Smack!* "That ought to do it."

He tossed the ruler aside and uncuffed her. Marci rubbed her warm bottom and pressed her thighs together to fight the battle waging there. She desperately needed to come. She reached for her pants.

"Not so fast, teacher." He snatched them out of her grasp and steered her toward the blackboard. "You will fill the board with one sentence. 'Teachers do not hire prostitutes.' And write normally."

"That's going to take all night."

"I've got the time."

He squeezed her hot bottom. Marci smothered a groan. When she didn't move, he gave her a sharp swat. Grudgingly, she picked up the chalk and began.

"You didn't even bother to use protection," he said. Obviously, the lecture wasn't over.

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"I didn't hear you complaining at the time."

"It's hard to complain with duct tape over your mouth. Protection?"

Marci pressed her thighs together in a desperate attempt to ease the ache as she scribbled out the sentence. "It wasn't necessary. I'm on the pill. And the gentlemen at this company are certified healthy." She glanced over her shoulder. "Unless you have something you want to tell me to worry about."

"Nope. Not a thing wrong with me. Write. I don't have all night."

Flashing him a glare, she continued on.

Gabe sank onto one of the desks. His dick throbbed for release. He palmed it through his trousers as he watched her rosy ass wiggle with every move of her arm up and down. He saw her dip the other hand between her legs.

"Are you horny, Marci? Hot and wet? Do you need to come so bad you want to bust?"

Her legs quivered as she braced her forehead against the board. "Yes," she whispered.

"Then do it," he said. "Sit on the edge of the desk in front of me, spread those beautiful legs wide, and make yourself come."

"I...I can't. Not in front of you."

"Yes. You can." Long strides carried him to her side. He caught her fingers and tugged her to the desk. Laying her back, he pressed her fingers to her clit.

Marci arched against the desk as her fingers danced over her mini-erection. Hauling a condom from his pocket, Gabe slid it over his cock and stroked himself. They came at the same time. He gave her little time to recover.

"Better get back to that board, teacher."

She shot him a glare. "Can I at least dress?"

"No." He gave her a little shove.

Marci had never felt so vulnerable in her life. What more did this man want from her? He'd spanked her. He'd known it made her damn



### TEACHER'S PET

horny. They'd both come. Now what? She punctuated the last sentence, threw the chalk across the room, and spun around.

"Ah, ah, ah." He wagged a finger at her. "That little show of temper just might cost you." He pointed to the desk. "Bend over."

Marci rolled her gaze heavenward and assumed the position. She heard the slide of his zipper and lifted her hips. He slammed into her with a thrust so hard it raised her up. She felt...impaled.

"Now..." He ground into her. "I want you to say, 'I will not tie up Gabe without his permission.'"

Marci started to laugh. He wasn't here to arrest her. He was here to *claim* her.

"Say it." He pushed hard, pulling a groan from her.

"I will not tie up Gabe without his permission," she said in a rush of breath.

"Again." He pumped deep and hard.

"I will not tie up Gabe without his permission."

His fingers seized her clit. "Again," he demanded.

"I will not tie up Gabe without his...aaaaaa..."

"That's a good girl." He seated himself and pumped into her.

They lay together for several minutes before Gabe finally shifted his weight from her.

"Okay, here's what's going to happen. We're going to continue this elsewhere. Do the dating thing. Screw ourselves crazy while we plan the wedding of our dreams. Two kids work for you?"

She rolled over and wrapped her legs around his waist. "Are you serious?"

"Deadly. You are definitely the hottest sex I've had in my life. If you think I'm going to let you go, you're crazy. Besides—" He smiled and pulled her to her feet. "—I rather like being teacher's pet."

"What? No more stern principal?"

He laughed. "I like dealing with naughty schoolgirls, too." He gave her bottom a light whack.

### ***TEACHER'S PET***

Marci wiggled against his again-growing erection. "I'll see you get your chance. But if you're going to be teacher's pet, you'd better start bringing an apple for the teacher."

Gabe laughed. "Trust me. I've got something much better than an apple. And after dinner, I'll give it to you again."

Marci couldn't wait. "But who gets to tie up whom?"

He helped her into her pants. "I'll flip you for it." As he pulled the legs into place, he dropped a kiss to her crotch. "I've been looking for you all my life, lady. And trust me, stamina's not a problem."

"Keep talking like that and we'll never make it past the car."

"Hey, there's a thought. We'll do it in the car. That takes me back to high school."

Marci laughed at him. "And which penal code will that violate?"

He grabbed her hand and pressed it to his erection. "Not mine, that's for sure."

## CAITLYN WILLOWS

Caitlyn Willows is the pseudonym for award-winning author Catherine Snodgrass, who wanted to flex her writing muscles in the romantica genre. Readers will find the same quality from “Caitlyn” that they have come to expect from “Catherine,” but the stories will be more over-the-top and more steamy. Sometimes the novels are written singularly, and sometimes they are a collaborative effort with award-winning author Paris Dixon. Always they will be action-filled...in more ways than one.

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\* \* \*

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