

A man and a woman are shown in a close embrace, about to kiss. The woman has long dark hair and is wearing a dark top. The man is wearing a white button-down shirt. They are in a room that appears to be a classroom, with windows and desks visible in the background. The lighting is warm and intimate.

Mia
Watts

Sex Ed

hot for teacher series

Sex Ed

A Hot for Teacher Tale

By Mia Watts

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To Leigh Collett, Jessica Berry, Tiffany Mason and Courtney Hoffman, who make the writing business a pleasure. To the talented staff at Resplendence who created a family from strangers.

To Liza, Chris, Chel, Carol, Jean, and Anny who kick my ass when I'm out of line.

*To Sonny who made a mark on my soul and has no idea how special she is—
may I meet her again soon.*

Author's Disclaimer

Certain liberties have been taken in the writing of this story. There is no reason to believe a university ethics board, or the national board, would allow this kind of study on the human body or that it would permit the participation of students attending the university. This is strictly artistic license for the purpose of the story.

Chapter One

The lab table against Mina Lasky's naked back offered her no relief.

Her breath rasped harshly. She sucked in each chest-full of cold air, pulling it in until she thought her lungs would burst, until they stung. It raced back through her body, up her dry throat, and escaped from parted lips. The cold touched her, but she was powerless to cover herself.

Her shoulder blades ached as the delicate bones jammed the unforgiving surface. Her legs had been spread wide, and even her tailbone had grown numb from the pressure of the cool table. But they were secondary concerns. She writhed and shivered more from anticipation than from cold or discomfort.

God, would they begin soon?

Behind the blindfold, she blinked against the black satin fabric as though she could stare through it, capture the light and watch them as they watched her.

Mina licked her lips. "Please," she begged.

"This is part of the experience you agreed to. Are you asking to be freed?"

Dr. Derek Link's velvety voice soothed her. Under normal circumstances, it lit her blood with lust.

Every year for his advanced class, *Human Physiology: The Sexual Being*, he asked for volunteers. He promised their satisfaction in return for the use of their bodies as scientific vessels. And Mina had always wished she had the courage to sign up for the lab experiment.

This time, she'd done it.

If it meant having the hungry gaze of Derek Link on her body, meant having him satisfy her burning fantasy to fuck him wiped from her mind, she'd do just about anything.

With her eyes covered and her face obscured, no one but Dr. Link knew the identity of their experiment subject. Good thing, too, because her credibility in the University would be a flash in the pan if the students knew who was really on their lab table. No one expected the

reserved Chemistry doctor to bare her body for all to see, or allow herself to be tied down for a class on the sexual stimulation of the female organism.

It sounded so technical, but the reality was she hadn't been able to get past the way their eyes met when she passed Dr. Link in the hall, or the way his long fingers wrapped around the lecture podium. It was in his thick wrists and corded arms, his jean-clad thighs and tight-ass walk. She needed only to hear the sound of his voice, like melted sex, to instantly moisten her panties with lust.

Science should have been her noble reason for signing up. In truth, it was her inability to think of anything other than what it would feel like to have his cock raging hard and sharp against her womb. She'd bet a year's salary he'd vibrate her clit with a well-aimed thrust, and if he so much as huffed near her pussy, she'd come.

"No," she breathed.

"We'll proceed at my leisure."

"I'm cold," she told him.

"I can see that," he answered, a chuckle warming his voice.

It was all she had to hang onto. The voice, more tangible than her own skin, was warm enough to make her wish he'd lay the honeyed tones over her bared body, easing the prick of winter's chill against her nipples and spread pussy.

The dryer her mouth got, the more wet the prolonged wait made her cunt. It seeped. It was foolish to think he didn't notice. The direction of his voice put him over her, between her widespread legs.

She'd lost track of time, and though she knew it wasn't only Dr. Link standing over her—she had signed the consent form for several others to witness her arousal—she heard none of their voices. Just their breath, nearly as ragged as her own, as she waited for the experiment to begin.

The wind picked up, biting into her flesh. Mina strained against the bonds that held her wrists together high above her head. She tried to bend her knees, to bring them together as the winter air all but froze the cream leaking from her hot pussy.

She moaned softly.

"Watch her. See what her body is doing. The mere occurrence of being restrained and vulnerable has excited her," Dr. Link said.

“Couldn’t the nipple constriction be from the cold?” a nameless student asked.

“It could. But lean down and breathe warm air on it. Don’t touch her in any other way.”

She heard the shuffling, felt the presence of someone leaning close to her skin from the warmth that radiated off him. Hot breath bathed her right breast. Unbidden, she arched toward it.

“Again,” Link commanded.

Heat fluttered across her nipple. Wind countered, its icy plucking fingers trying to steal it away. Her abdomen clenched and she cried out almost as much for the warmth as for the moisture of the unknown man’s mouth.

“Do you see? Warmth doesn’t alter her condition. The cold air does tighten the bud to almost painfully erotic proportions, but it awakens her body to sexual promise. Do you see how eager her vagina is to accept invasion? Her body is readying itself with little help from us. Go, close the windows for the rest of the demonstration.”

The breeze through the room stopped, though the chill remained to tease her nipples into tight points.

“The common driving theory provided in the hypothesis is that women need an emotional attachment to their partner in order to achieve sexual fulfillment. There are two schools of thought. The first is that fulfillment is primarily physical, the second that it is an emotional journey. We are testing the first theory.” Dr. Link maintained a low, sultry tone. “We begin with the nipple.”

Mina ached to be touched, to have hard hands cover her breasts and roll her nipples. To have them plucked and pinched, for a warm mouth to claim them with torturous suction. “Oh God, yes,” she begged.

“Barry, you may begin. Touch nothing but the nipple.”

“Me?” a young male squeaked.

“For this part, yes.”

Mina found herself whimpering for relief all the same. Her body’s heightened arousal was something she’d never anticipated. But only the nipple?

Something touched it, just the tip, and disappeared. The gentle pressure returned and lightly rubbed across the bud. Mina’s breath caught.

“Now you, Henry, just the nipple.”

Logic reminded her that the Henry he was referring to was a Teaching Assistant in her own lab. She knew he had this class with Dr. Link. Her craving body demanded the touch, though, and she vowed to the Powers That Be that if he would ease the sharp point of her desire, she wouldn't hold it against the man.

She'd never tell him and he'd never know. It would be her job if he did. This sexual game had placed her firmly outside the boundaries of intra-staff relationships, and well into the taboo of behavior shared with students.

"I'd really like to touch more, prof. Can I suck on it?"

"God, yes!" Mina cried out. She almost bit her tongue. What if he'd recognized her voice?

There was a twittering of embarrassed laughter.

"No. Distance yourself. Think only of stimulating the nipple, not the woman," Link said. "I know she's a feast, but we are isolating the individual responses of arousal and the physiological result of our actions to the female body, nothing more."

Well, fuck. If she'd read the fine print a little more carefully, she might not have signed up for sex torture. Maybe she would have just stripped down and showed up at his office, instead.

Someone pinched her nipple. Hard. Mina cried out. Pain and pleasure were intimately tangled, and having nothing else to carry the stimulus save the minute explosions in her vision behind the mask, her whole focus became that single spot. And she wanted more of it.

"Are you hurt?" Link asked her.

"No," she gasped.

"You must tell us if you are hurt by something so I can make it stop. Agreed?"

"Agreed," she said.

"Next," he told the class softly.

Another pinch and then her nipple was pulled, lifting her breast off her chest wall. The sensation was sharp, tingly, painful. She wanted more. Almost on top of that, a tongue bathed her other nipple, flicking over it while a few snickered and she writhed.

The humor died instantly. She could only imagine Link had silenced them.

"Look to her vagina. Do you see? Her body is aroused, slicking her labia and inner thighs. That is from the stimulation of her nipples alone."

“Not exactly,” Mina said. The words came out before she could stop them.

“Explain,” he prompted, his voice dark, sexy.

Her body clenched in response. “It’s your voice and the people watching me splayed out for them, too.”

“Public exhibitionism excites you?” he asked.

“Almost as much as your voice,” she confessed.

“My voice excites you, then?”

“It rumbles across my skin and settles between my legs.” *Confession is good for the soul.*

“The experiment is biased. We’ll have to stop,” he said.

“What? No, please don’t stop,” Mina cried.

“Class, gather your things. You’re dismissed.”

Several minutes passed and the room was silent. Her bonds remained tight. Then finally, Dr. Link moved to her side. “I’d like to continue this experiment more privately. Do you have any objections?”

Mina shook her head. She could almost imagine the signature mischief lurking in the dark brown depths of his eyes, and the blond hair falling over his brow. The picture of how she’d seen him every day did nothing to ease the pitch of arousal coursing through her.

“I need that out loud, for the record,” he prompted.

“No objection,” she answered.

“Good. I didn’t really want to share you with the class anyway. When you signed up, though, there was no question I was going to accept your application over the others. Don’t think you’re getting off easy,” he laughed. “Pardon the pun.”

“Will you take off the mask?”

“No,” he said darkly. “Suspense heightens arousal. Besides, I like having you where I do.”

Her lips curved in a smile. There was something powerful in knowing he didn’t want to share her. Mina relaxed her hips, letting her legs fall completely open. It was the only control she had at her disposal, and hearing his softly muttered oath for the arrogant submission pleased her.

“It’s fascinating the way the female body responds to touch.” He stroked his thumb over her nipple, then swished the nail over its puckered tip.

Mina gasped.

He dragged what felt like a feather down her sternum, down the length of her belly to the open, begging slit between her legs. She could feel her clit straining to reach the ticklish tip even as her hips lifted off the table.

“Not yet, Mina. You aren’t ready yet.”

“I am.”

“No. We’re still engaged in the experiment. I’m not arousing you, Mina. I’m arousing your body. You may want me, but we need to get your vagina achy and stinging before you’re allowed to come. Understood?”

If she’d been untied, it might have pissed her off to hear those words. But tied up, aroused, and listening to the thickness in his voice, she could sense the effect was mutual even if he wasn’t admitting it.

He’d thought he’d been lucky to see the application in his inbox, but her confession that he turned her on had nearly made him come in his pants. He’d had to send the students out of the room. Derek was surprised he’d lasted as long as he did, considering that sharing Mina with anyone was at the bottom of his favorite things list.

Sexy and quiet, Mina’s no-nonsense approach to all things curricular had been something he’d wanted to test since he first laid eyes on her. She buttoned her shirts to the throat, wore sensible clothes and her hair tied back. With her tiny voice and killer curves, there was very little to discover about her except that she made his blood pressure skyrocket.

Something about the way she smiled shot straight to his cock. And her staid attire was completely at odds with the way she looked at him. Like he was a giant chocolate dick she couldn’t wait to wrap her full lips around.

He’d never expected the quiet reserve to house such bold sexual willingness. It was a fucking gift of fate he wasn’t going to overlook.

With Mina spread out on his lab table, he’d had to fold his arms to keep from grabbing her or covering her up from the students. Considering her studious approach to science, he’d figured she’d take a clinical insight to his experiment. He had no idea she’d be so responsive.

She was doing it again. The chocolate dick smile, like she knew he was on the verge of coming if she so much as licked her lips in his direction.

He'd had many partners in his life, but none who made him feel like a kid who'd discovered his first orgasm. He had to resist the urge to drop his pants and slide himself into her sexy little mouth. First there was the experiment.

He'd love to ditch it, but he needed to be sure that she wasn't looking for a legitimate study and conclusion to female sexuality. He needed her to beg, not just for any satisfaction, any dick, but his. He needed to hear that first.

"We began with the nipple. I think we ought to continue. Do you mind if I carry on the experiment as though teaching the class? I think you'll find your anticipation increases by knowing the physiological explanation of what's happening to your body."

He watched the evidence of her internal debate through the flexing of her arm muscles, the tightening of her abdomen, as though preparing to leap forward or dash away if she were freed. Slowly her body relaxed, her breathing stuttered through parted lips. Mina lowered her head to the lab table. The sheen of ebony hair cushioned her with its wildly pooled tendrils.

The tip of her tongue darted out to moisten them. "I don't mind. I'm all for the progress of science."

Derek smiled warmly at her. "Your nipples have been addressed, but from there we move outward to the areola. Feel how it puckers in sympathy for your sensitive nipples? It's like velvet to the touch." Saying that, he traced the rim of the wrinkled flesh.

He lifted his finger to her lips. Gently he probed her mouth, sliding it in and out while Mina sucked as though savoring the texture. An answering pull in Derek's groin made him groan even as her tongue swirled around his finger and she nipped him.

Derek hissed, pleased by the passion she seemed unable to restrain. "The windows don't have blinds, Dr. Lasky. Anyone passing this lab would see you shamelessly sucking my finger. They'd see your naked body on display for my pleasure. And when the time comes that I fuck your sweet pussy with my fingers, they'll be watching you writhe in ecstasy."

Mina's nostrils flared and her breathing spiked.

Now that his finger was well moistened, he circled her nipple and rolled it between his wet fingers. She cried out, arching off the table.

"Please touch me. Please," she begged.

"Where?"

"My breasts, please touch them."

“Breast play is closely associated to an emotional caress. We need the intense physical reactions before we explore any other avenue.”

Mina pulled on her bindings. “Then where?” she asked.

Derek dragged his moist finger down her belly as he had the feather. But unlike the feather, he didn’t stop at the top of her slit. He went straight to her clitoris. Her features contorted into an agony of pleasure. She cocked her hips to increase the pressure but Derek pulled back.

“On my time, Dr. Lasky, not yours.”

“Bastard. I need it there.”

“Let’s not resort to name calling. If I think you don’t want to continue, I’ll untie you and we can be done.”

“No,” she nearly shouted, “Please, I’ll be good. I’m on your time.”

“Exactly.”

He tapped the eager nub until her breath stuttered. “Now, Dr. Lasky, your arousal is acute. We can see this in the full display of your clitoris. I have a mirror to show you how hungry your pussy appears.”

He stepped aside and removed her blindfold. Reaching into the bag at her feet, he took out a mirror and positioned it on its stand. “Can you see? Shall I prop you up?”

He did prop her, using his folded coat to boost her head and neck. He watched the flare of nerves and excitement bank to a burn in her dark blue eyes. She kept her gaze on him then slowly let them drop to see his demonstration.

“The clitoris is like a small penis. When testosterone washes a baby’s brain in utero, this,” he said tapping her again, “develops into the head of a penis. Do you see how your hood is drawn back and your nub is straining forward? That would have been a shaft if you were male. Well, a portion of your shaft, anyway.”

She was going to go mad. His light taps were like lightning bolts, making her sheath clench. As he spoke of penises and shafts, his finger idly rubbed her clitoris. Too light to satisfy, it managed enough contact to tremble her legs all the same.

“It’s more sharply felt, if lubricated. I’ll get to that in a minute. Along here between your inner and outer lips, on both sides, is the rest of the shaft. It would have fused together with the

hormone wash. In a woman, it splits down the middle to line the space between the inner and outer labia.”

She only half heard him. He lifted his finger, sucked on it, and lowered it to her. Mina held her breath. In the mirror, she watched him deftly stroke between the two labia. Screaming seemed like a good idea until he stopped.

“Oh God, no, it just feels so good.”

This time, his first and second finger rubbed the erotic rut on either side. In the mirror, her labia fluttered, juice seeped from her cunt and her dark pink clitoris pressed out further still. Fire burned at her core and puffed the lips of her sex.

The stroking stopped. She meant to protest, but one of Link’s thick, calloused fingers slid into her channel and hooked inside her to rest on a point that was both ticklish and unbelievably sensitive.

“This is your G-spot. Pressing and rubbing firmly will give you a hard orgasm every time.” Link removed the mirror. His finger was still inside her, but he brought his head down and inhaled. “You smell delicious. I’m going to enjoy tasting you, Dr. Lasky.”

“I—I think I’d like that, too.”

“First, we should describe the female orgasm.”

Her brain was barely functioning between frustration and arousal so intense her body ached, literally burned for release.

“Orgasm is the result of blood which has gathered in your hot pussy suddenly shooting back through the rest of your body. This is accompanied by the rapid, hard shaking of your uterus. As your uterus shakes within you, the walls of your hungry little cunt will squeeze in a fisting motion to extract every last drop of your lover’s seed.”

“I can’t handle much more, Dr. Link,” she gasped.

“Neither can I. Let’s add some lubricant to your clit and take care of that arousal problem you have. Then, Dr. Lasky, I’m going to start all over again.”

The finger he had inserted slid out and slicked over her pussy to her clit. Three fingers joined to massage her nub and the areas between the labia he had mentioned earlier. The heat built, stinging, burning, consuming her. He relentlessly rubbed her until he took her clit between his fingers and pinched rhythmically.

Sensation shot through her and she felt every one of the sensations he'd mentioned. She threw her head back and screamed her pleasure at the empty clenching of her pussy and the shake in her abdomen. Her mind followed the heated flow of blood as it washed through her body, until she was nothing more than tender nerve endings and trembling thighs.

“That was the physical release of the female organism, Dr. Lasky. I'll give you a few minutes before I embark on the emotional journey of sexual stimulation as it applies to the female form.”

Chapter Two

Instantly, Mina went on the alert. Physical sex games were one thing, but if he meant to manipulate her emotionally, she wasn't convinced she wouldn't end up hurt. In the afterglow of release, Mina warred with herself over whether or not she should give up the promise of amazing sex.

Logic and her body were not in agreement. After her long, sexual drought—self-imposed after she'd me Link the first time—Mina's body was barely quenched. Not that abstinence had been a deliberate choice; rather, no man seemed to measure up to the prowess Link's fluid grace promised.

Withholding herself from other men smacked of sentimentality. But then, Mina didn't date she had relationships. It always turned out that way, and it was yet another reason why signing up for Link's sexual experiment had been a good idea. The format promised to satisfy her craving for the man, and enjoy the kink in possibly getting caught, which turned her on, while never risking her heart.

With his words, he changed that. Emotional satisfaction? That wasn't on the table.

The unintentional pun nearly made her groan aloud. Her heart was the *only* thing not laid out on the table for him.

Momentarily distracted when Link ran a hand from her shoulder, over her breast, to settle on her hip, Mina looked up at him warily.

"Where did you go?" he asked. Link leaned over her, concern settled between his eyes where a small wrinkle formed.

"I'm done."

His brows lifted in surprise. "The experiment is only half over. Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. Release me. My emotions aren't available for your experimentation." Her words cut the air abruptly, sharpened by her nerves. What if he didn't let her go? What if he—

What if he what? He'd already touched her body, made her come. He couldn't actually reach within her and grasp her soul for his inspection. He couldn't *make* her love him. Could he?

With evident reluctance, Dr. Link reached over her head. The bonds on her wrists loosened and she automatically brought her forearms down to cover her breasts. Link's frown deepened.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked as he turned away to untie her ankles. First one freed, then the other and as before, she pulled her body in on itself.

"No."

This time she raised her knees and brought her thighs together. Her breathing came easier with each renewed piece of armor drawing up and covering her as though to protect her heart. Instinctively she knew he would be the one to touch her as no other man had. Just as he had commanded her body, he'd be able to command her heart if she let him.

Mina had no intension of letting him.

"Did dismissing the class make you uncomfortable?" he asked. His dark brown eyes echoed his concern and she was tempted to brush the fallen blond locks off his forehead.

She swung her legs over the side of the lab table. Like her lab, the work surface was high off the ground for standing technicians. She knew Link was tall. It shouldn't have surprised her that he was eye-level with her in this position, but it did. It made her body clench with regret for turning him away. There was something sexy about a man whose size and power could dominate her, yet he held it in check.

"No, Doctor. I was prepared for a physical exploration of stimulus response. Asking me to provide an emotionally charged sexual response was never my intention."

"You signed the consent. It was spelled out for you."

It had been. Then again, she reminded herself, he wasn't emotionally on the line: she was. He merely meant to play with her body, see how her emotional affect would alter or stimulate the sexual response. Having just shattered for him by the smallest flicks to her body, in an orgasm unmatched by any other, an emotional soul-baring would leave her catastrophically naked.

Already she felt far more stripped by what he had done to her aching flesh than a simple nameless fuck with a stranger. How much more so would he devastate her if he involved her heart, only to shake her hand and thank her for her participation when it was over?

Between signing the agreement and the primary orgasm, her body had recognized him as an Achilles Heel. And thus, she reacted to protect herself. Dr. Link had the power to hurt her.

“I...” she stalled briefly, looking for an excuse, “I read the disclosure, Dr. Link. But just as the class was dismissed, which altered your side of the agreement, so has my level of participation.”

“I don’t understand. You said it didn’t bother you to have them leave. Should I recall them?”

Link dropped his hands to her thighs. The gesture wasn’t threatening, but her pussy walls flexed to have his hands on her again. It was threat enough.

Mina licked her lips. Link noticed and raised his hand to capture her jaw with the tips of his fingers and thumb to her chin. It was light, nearing a caress, as though he wished for the permission to touch her face in earnest. For a moment Mina wondered if she’d made the wrong choice.

“Why did you send them away?” she asked, changing tactics.

“I had no desire to share you.”

Her breath caught. She scanned his face seeing only openness. “Why?” she asked, and then damned herself for letting him see her edge of vulnerability.

“Forget I asked.” Mina leaned away from him and hopped down. The linoleum felt cold and impersonal against her bare feet. She hurried around the table to where she had neatly folded her clothes. She pulled on her panties and jeans, buttoning them in the silence.

Dr. Link moved somewhere behind her. “If I tell you that, Dr. Lasky, I would be disclosing a completely unprofessional feeling of jealousy.”

She froze, her back still to him. Glancing at the windows, she could see his reflection in them as he leaned against his desk. He watched her closely, covetously.

“Jealousy? How so?”

“In the simplest form: I want you for myself. If sharing you with my class was the only way to be with you, I determined it was a sacrifice I was willing to make. Once we got started, the idea of anyone else touching you made me... distinctly uncomfortable.”

Mina buttoned up her peasant blouse and slipped into her sandals before turning to face him. “You wanted me to yourself, you’re saying. Just me and you with no experiment between us?”

“Do you find it so hard to believe? You are a desirable woman, Mina.”

She thought about the experiment. She thought about the women who lined up to participate, signing away their modesty to be stretched naked before him, hoping he would offer up a similar confession to the one Mina had just received. Did they all harbor hopes that their bodies would undo him?

Judging from the number of co-ed graduates that followed him around, waved to him and giggled as he passed on campus, she'd venture that the answer to that was a firm *yes*.

He was telling her *exactly* what she wanted to hear. What every young woman in lust with Dr. Link would want to hear. The problem was Mina feared that after two years of staff meetings, hallway hellos, and brief encounters in the lounge, she was no longer merely in lust with him, but approaching a deeper emotion all together. It only needed a personal connection of shared likes and dislikes to push it over the edge from one to the other until she would find herself irrevocably in love with the man.

His words were perfect. They were too perfect. And as he sat there waiting for her to answer, propping his tight ass against his desk and wearing a guarded but hopeful smile, she realized that even his posture was perfect. It was as though he had designed himself to mirror what she wanted to hear and see most.

The emotional experiment.

It brought her instant peace in her turmoil to recognize his intention. He was proceeding with the experiment despite her insistence that it stop. Dr. Link was appealing to her emotions to see the final stage of the experiment reached. Peace became rage.

“Bastard,” she snapped.

Dr. Link jolted with surprise. His eyes widened then narrowed as though he were confused. Mina knew better. He wasn't confused; he was playing her. Well, she wouldn't be played, and she silently thanked him for backing her away from the precipice of feeling she almost toppled over. Damn that lust hadn't left her, too.

“Excuse me?” he asked.

“You heard me. If I wanted pity, it wouldn't be from you Dr. Link. And next time I need sex, I'll remember to look off campus for it. Thank you for the lesson.”

Mina stormed past him. Dr. Link reached for her, but she dodged.

“Wait,” he called.

Though he stood up, he didn't chase her. It was as she suspected. Chasing her might have made her question her assumption. Keeping his place told her his attempt was only half-hearted, an experiment he didn't mean to pursue at much personal cost. Human nature was a bitch. Body language could be easily read and body stimulus could rebuke her even while she asserted self-preservation.

Her heels clacked loudly as she sped down the corridor.

"Mina," he called, his voice echoing after her.

"Fuck you, Link."

She thought she heard him swear but didn't slow down to confirm it. She needed a bath. And a vibrator to quell the begging channel which had been denied its fill. It wouldn't satisfy, but if she could recall his voice, his hands perhaps, it would provide a measure of relief.

Before, wanting him had been an unattainable fantasy. Now, she knew she could have him—at a cost. But the price was too high. It wouldn't be a real relationship. It would be a fake, and would leave her more desperate than before to obtain what she couldn't have.

But wanting, having, receiving, clawed at her resolve. She hated her weakness because she'd had a taste and wasn't the least bit satisfied. Mina wanted all of him, every part, every ounce of tender feeling and hot, out of control desire. And damn him, she wanted to jump that precipice and find him waiting to catch her at the bottom.

A sob escaped her and Mina broke into a run toward her apartment. Love, lust, hate, humiliation, desire, longing, betrayal. God, he'd wanted an emotional response from her, wouldn't he be delighted to discover the tumult he'd caused with the fewest words?

* * * *

Henry stepped from behind the science building as Dr. Lasky picked up a run and took off down the street. *Lasky*? His supervising professor for his Chemistry double major? Oh, hell, this was too good to be true.

Possibilities flooded his mind: Sex with the hot teacher, especially now that he knew exactly what she looked like from nipple to thigh, and guaranteed A's for the rest of his graduate work.

He shoved his hands in his pockets and whistled happily as he headed toward Dormitory Row. With a double recommendation from Lasky and Link, he was bound to get into the Doctorate program of his choice and possibly make some money on the side.

Too bad Link had dismissed the class. Henry would have loved to see it through to the end. For now he'd be satisfied with the knowledge that her velvety nipple had been at his disposal. Friday, when he had her class again, he would make sure there was more of that. Much more.

Chapter Three

What had he said? The question plagued Derek every time he saw her over the next two days. Now Friday had finally arrived. He hoped to find peace this weekend from the accusation in Mina's eyes.

Gone was the filmy peasant shirt and jeans. She was back to her button up shirts, sensible low heels and tied back hair. If anything, her hair seemed more severe than usual. He couldn't figure out why, as it was in the same, clubbed bun as usual, but it looked tighter. Women's styles made his head ache, but he couldn't keep from thinking of every little detail about her, and it was distracting him to no end.

This afternoon in pre-med biology class, he'd given a lecture on circulatory disorders. It was one he was well familiar with, and he had been on autopilot until the general chuckling of the class had roused him from his monotone. It was then he realized the last ten minutes had been dedicated to discussing reduced brain function at point of arousal and how women could lead a man around by his cock.

It was how he felt. Derek hadn't intended to put it out there, but evidently his brain went on hiatus while he continued to wonder why Mina had turned him down. He'd been sure she wanted him as badly as he wanted her, but had it been the experiment? Had her arousal only been because of the primary orgasm?

He left the class at the end of the hour. The corridor was empty behind the lab to his office, and he heard the telltale clack of her shoes, her stride. As though possessing a mind of its own, his cock sprang to life and he waited for the physical sensation of seeing Mina's efficiently rocking stride. It never failed to hit him in the gut with lust.

She cleared the corner. Glancing up from a notepad she carried, her eyes widened upon seeing him and her steps faltered.

He smiled but Mina's gaze darted over the hall as though looking for escape.

"Wait. We have to talk," he said.

After confirming that they were alone, Mina shook her head firmly. “We’ve discussed everything that needs to be discussed.”

Her eyes slipped over him and a warm flush touched her cheeks. The lapse gave him hope that her words were not as final as she let on.

“Professor Lasky?” Henry asked, poking his head out from her office door.

“I’ll be right there, Henry. Did you set up the supplies in the lab?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good.” Mina flashed the young man a warm smile. Every possessive nerve in Derek’s body responded with white-hot jealousy. She kept her eyes on the office as though Derek no longer existed and followed Henry before shutting the door to the hall.

Derek ran a hand over his face. The same hand he’d used to make her scream with pleasure. The same fingers which had stroked the heated, silken core of her sheath with punishing accuracy.

He half imagined he could still smell her. Honey, musk, and Mina. There wasn’t a chance he was going to forget what she smelled like, and if he had the chance, he’d find a way to bury his face in her pussy until she confessed to wanting him as much as he wanted her.

He leaned against the wall, folded his arms over his chest and waited. She had to come out some time, and when she did, he was going to get an explanation for her sudden departure.

Mina took a deep breath after shutting her office door. The stricken look on Derek’s face, filled with longing and confusion, spoke to her heart. It spoke too well, making her heat in places she should have left unexplored.

The problem was she knew more now. Not the biological aspect of it. *That* she had studied. She knew that *he* knew all about the female orgasm. Not just the pieces and parts of a woman’s body, but how to use them, and how to manipulate them so that even a clinical examination under his fingers rocked her to orgasm so hard that her abdominal muscles were sore the next day.

The thought of what he could do to her if there were an emotional connection and tenderness behind the touches blew her mind.

“You feeling all right, Dr. Lasky?” Henry stepped away from the small desk she’d set up for him and took the three long strides he needed to reach her.

“Fine, Henry.”

“You look,” he studied her, a smirk twitching the upper line of his lips, “flushed.”

“No, I’m fine.” Mina pasted on a sunny smile.

“You know, maybe if you relaxed a little. Unpin your hair. You look great with it down,” he said.

Henry reached up and unclipped her twist. Her hair spilled around her shoulders. Mina stood motionless, not sure which surprised her more: that Henry had touched her or that he had moved to within a predatory distance and had a leering gleam in his eye.

She brushed past him, offering up a weak laugh as she reached for her hair clip. But as her shoulder aligned with his, he caught her elbow.

“Did you enjoy Dr. Link’s lab?” he whispered seductively. “What am I saying? Of course you enjoyed it. I witnessed that for myself.”

Her throat clamped tight as she felt the telltale rise of blood to her face, making her ears ring and her head swim. “Excuse me?” she choked out.

“I didn’t think a professor could expose herself like that to students at the university. Even for the benefit of science.” He released her arm.

Mina bid her feet to move and quickly put her desk between them. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Sure you do. I saw you leave the other night.”

She pulled up her chair and stacked the papers on her ink blotter. It wasn’t enough. Next she lined up her pens and randomly searched her lap drawer. If she looked at him, however much he suspected now, he’d know without a doubt he was right.

That night cascaded over her in memory. What part had he played again? Her nipple. He’d touched her nipple and asked to suck on it. Dear God, she had begged him to do it, and Link had rejected him. Had he done it because Henry was her T.A., or because it moved the sexual experiment too quickly?

But her nipple had been tasted, pinched, pulled by another. She owed Link gratitude for keeping Henry from engaging more in her—she mentally stuttered on the word—fulfillment.

Henry had still seen her open and bound. Naked, shivering, and wet with need. He had still played a part in her clinical arousal. Renewed heat blossomed in her cheeks. What did he really know?

“I often work late. You know that,” she said coolly, schooled her features into a semblance of calm, and steeled herself to look at him.

Doubt touched his forehead.

“Did you need me for something?” she asked.

“It was you. I know it was.”

“Where is it you think you saw me?”

“At Dr. Link’s lab on the sexual arousal of the female organism.”

Mina forced a laugh. Near hysteria carried until there were tears in her eyes. “Really, Henry, why would I participate in something so tawdry? Dr. Link uses that lab as an excuse to get laid, but don’t tell him I said so.”

Henry scratched his head, the wind taken from his argument.

She twisted her hair up and clipped it back into place. Mina smiled placidly. “But you were saying? If you were here a few nights ago, I must be giving you too much work to manage. Unless you—you didn’t participate in that *lab*, did you? Oh, Henry.” She tsked.

He walked back to his desk, his face colored with confusion, and darted silent looks at her while he went over quiz papers.

“I’m going to go get some coffee. I was in such a hurry I forgot. Do you want some?” she asked, suddenly rising to her feet.

“Sure.”

Mina couldn’t get out of there fast enough. Unfortunately, closing the door on one problem reopened the door on another. Link. He smiled warmly when she stepped out.

“I was hoping I wouldn’t have to wait too long,” he said, pleased.

“Coffee.”

“I’ll walk with you.”

“Don’t.”

“I want to,” he insisted.

“Don’t.” She shot a pointed look toward her office.

Derek folded his arms across his chest.

Cornered by a male.

Again.

Mina choked on a frustrated cry.

“Why did you run from me?” he asked.

“You mean like this?” Mina turned and walked quickly down the hall, her heels striking the linoleum and echoing down the long corridor.

Derek jogged to catch up. “Almost exactly.”

“I don’t owe you an explanation.”

“You signed up to participate. Frankly, I’m glad you did.”

“I’ll bet,” she gritted out.

“I am.” Derek caught her around the waist and ducked into an empty room.

“Let go.”

“I will.”

“You haven’t yet,” she pointed out.

“Damn if you aren’t the prickliest woman I know.”

“I bite, too.”

“Tempting, but let’s start with a kiss.”

Derek backed her against the wall of the darkened room. She meant to turn away—she truly did—but watching him close the space stupefied her. God, he was handsome. Her eyes widened as though to take the moment in and record it for posterity.

Derek’s dark brown eyes swallowed her like black liquid licks to her body, staining her to the soul with longing. The heated, half-hooded look and slow sweep of his black lashes when he blinked in anticipation, the way his mouth relaxed into serious, loose lines, and his dark blond hair fell forward over pitch eyebrows spoke of desire.

She hadn’t seen that look on a man’s face in a long time. She had never seen that look from someone who made her insides melt and her panties damp with the smallest recognition. What he did now—the way he looked at her—sent pre-orgasmic tremors straight to her straining clit.

“Oh God,” she whispered.

And then he kissed her. His forelocks tickled her brow and time slowed as body heat and breath and the indefinable scent of a kiss, unique to each person, curled around her lips as tangibly as an embrace, a wispy ghost of a promise.

She lost awareness of her limbs, knowing only that she needed to hold on. His warm palm cupped her cheek. His fingertips brushed her earlobe, yet the kiss stayed sweet, with his

lips barely touching hers. He captured the barest moisture where her lips parted with a trace from the tip of his tongue, which was more contact than his mouth gave.

Mina swayed toward him. His lips were a tease, a test of her fortitude to keep her distance perhaps. Either way it revealed her weakness for him. And what shivered inside her was the thought of this mouth, this kiss, between her legs. This ticklish contact with the lightest wet taste between other lips that already ached and moistened in preparation.

His lips parted. Hers followed, though she felt little more than the suggestion of his movement for the light touch he maintained. They kissed with hungry breaths, and when his tongue touched hers, the open splay of their mouths left her feeling naked and needy, vulnerable in a way that being tied to his lab table hadn't.

She had no recollection of closing her eyes but she needed to see him. Needed to know he felt it too.

Derek's eyes were closed. Though his brows had drawn together, they pushed up in the middle as though he were fearful of breaking her, or himself, as if kissing her were crucially important and terrifying at the same time.

Was it real?

Was it the experiment?

Was it worth the risk of believing in it?

...before I embark on the emotional journey of sexual stimulation as it applies to the female form...

"No," she said pushing hard at him. She tore from his arms and dashed down the hall.

Derek groaned with loss. Propping both hands on the wall where she had been, he bowed his head low and tried to get a grip on his raging hard-on. Mina Lasky was going to be the death of him.

He knew her intelligence and her dry humor, had felt the bite of it when she refused him, and the pleasure of it when he laughed in spite of the refusal. He respected the way she spearheaded the department's fundraising efforts, and the way she demanded respect and got it. He knew her tenaciousness and her dedication to the students. Knew her inability to back down from a challenge when questioned about her lack of tenure despite her publication credits and knowledge.

And now he knew so much more.

All prim attire with barely leashed sexuality, held in check by marching buttons up her middle. He knew what treasures they held back, too. Knew the tiny perfect nipples and the full pink breasts. Knew her nipples colored toward mauve when aroused and the blood flowed into them, plumped them for a man's mouth to feast upon.

He knew her grasping sex and every beautiful pearly-pink crevice of it. Knew her smell, had savored her taste from a stolen lick of his fingers. He knew her body's distinct reaction to arousal, from the clenching of her sex to the tremble of her limbs as orgasm took her and shook her control until she dissolved in its power.

And he knew that whatever had scared her off, he was in for a fight to get her back. If he'd ever had her in the first place.

Chapter Four

By the following Monday, Mina thought she might have regained some of her very slippery control. Two full days to think about what had happened between her and Link. The knowledge that the man finished everything he started reaffirmed her belief that, lab or no, she was still figuratively on the man's table and signed on as the experimental guinea pig.

He probably hated that she'd backed out after the first stage. Blast to his ego and all that. Unfortunately, that put her squarely in his sites as a conquest, *and* on her own personal shit list for stupid choices.

Mina turned the corner, prepared to face him as she took the long walk toward her office. She had reached her door without event when Link walked up behind her.

"Good morning, Mina."

And his silky, dark voice hit her squarely between the legs. Mina wasn't able to withhold the gasp when her pussy clenched, then tickled with moisture.

Bless Henry for walking up at that moment. He grinned boyishly, looking like he'd passed a pop-chemistry final. "Can I take your briefcase in for you, Dr. Lasky?"

"How about we walk in together?" she said. She hurried over the words with the same speed she unlocked her office.

"Good morning, Dr. Link," she returned, belatedly.

"She'll be a second, Henry. Go on in." Link waited with his hand on her shoulder until Henry had disappeared. Reaching around her, he shut her door and whispered for only her to hear, "Is it true that my voice turns you on?"

Mina wished she could reach back in time and slap herself for the admission.

His breath fluttered over the whorls of her ear. "God, Mina. Are you wet right now?"

She grabbed the door handle and scooted inside her office on a strangled groan. She kept her hand on the door to lock it if necessary, but Derek chuckled and his steps carried him away.

"I knew it," Henry said behind her.

Mina spun around. “Knew what? What is with this building and men who sneak up?”

“You were at the lab.”

“We went over that already.”

“You almost had me convinced.” Henry stepped closer, crowding her. “Until you made that sound in the back of your throat. I wouldn’t forget that sound.”

Once again, Mina edged around him. This time he caught her against her desk, backing her onto it. She half leaned backward and had to prop her hands behind to keep from falling.

“I’m right. I can see it on your face,” he said. His grin widened triumphantly, eagerly.

He had her and they both knew it. There was no point in denying the truth.

“Henry, you can’t tell anyone. It was something I regret now, and dumb to risk my career.”

“I wondered how you got around the rules. But I guess with a blindfold on and your face obscured, you thought you could get away with it.”

His eyes undressed her button by button in a way that made her skin crawl.

“I made a bad decision and I’d rather not talk about it.” Mina moved to sit up but Henry wouldn’t give her space. “Move, please.”

“I don’t think so. The way I see it is I have some leverage over something that will make or break my future.”

Dread crawled up her spine.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“I need to graduate with honors. Your class and Dr. Link’s class are the only two I don’t have an A in.”

“You’re a great student,” she assured him quickly. “I’m a tough grader but you’ll pull through.”

He reached up and loosed a button. “Oh, I know I will.”

She swatted his hand away. “You really don’t want to do that. I can fail you and have you arrested for harassment.”

Mina scooted back, sitting fully on the tabletop. She felt more in control instantly, except Henry’s position kept her from bringing her knees together.

“Before or after I tell them about your foray into scientific exploration in front of the student body? Won’t that kind of hurt your career goals?”

She paled. Her brain raced for a way to salvage the situation, bluff out if necessary.

“I’d get a slap on the hand. *You* would be fired and barred from teaching anywhere else.”

He undid the same button and another.

“What do you want?” she asked, fear tightening her voice.

He unbuttoned two more. She grabbed his hands and he fought them down to her sides, held them until she didn’t offer resistance, and then let go to undo her last two buttons, pulling her shirt’s hem out of her skirt waistline to reach it.

“I’ve never seen such dainty nipples. They fascinate me. Remember I got to touch one? Yeah, you remember because you begged me to suck on them. Fuck, that makes me hard.”

“I don’t want that now,” she said. She tried to be firm but her voice wavered.

“And Dr. Link stopped me.” He went on like she hadn’t spoken. “See, here’s what I want.”

“Tell me,” she said.

If he meant to scare her into giving him a better grade, Henry had succeeded. Keeping him on task about his grades could distract him for further exploration of her body. She might have been laid bare to him once, but that was by choice. What he wanted to do, now, wasn’t.

“I want an A in Biology and Chemistry. I want letters of recommendation from both you and Dr. Link to the medical school of my choice worded in such a way as to guarantee enrollment and scholarship money—”

“No one can promise you that,” she interrupted.

“Don’t interrupt me when I’m talking.” Henry unsnapped her front closure bra. “Ah! There they are.”

Mina swallowed hard. *They’re just breasts. Keep your attention on him. Find a way out. Stay calm. Distance yourself.*

“Guarantee my enrollment and scholarship money. We won’t disclose this agreement with Dr. Link until the end of the quarter.”

“Why? He’s part of your proposed arrangement.”

Henry pushed her skirt up over her hips. He made a point of tucking his chin to his chest to get a good look at her panties. “Pink. Never would have guessed.”

“What about Dr. Link?” she asked, feeling the tide of panic encroaching.

“Between now and the time we tell him, I’m off Teacher’s Assistant duty without record of the release. The work ethic looks great on my application and I don’t want to mess with it.”

Mina winced when he cupped her breasts and pulled on her nipples.

“You know, I’m grateful for Dr. Link’s lab because now I know how to get your body to cooperate with me even if you don’t want to.”

“Stop this,” she whispered.

“I don’t think so.”

Henry put his mouth on her. She swallowed down a wave of nausea, which only increased when he pushed his fingers beneath her panties to part her flesh.

“I knew you wanted me. You’re wet. You’ll appreciate my final request then. Until the end of the quarter, your body is at my disposal whenever I want it.”

It was too much. Too sickening.

“You don’t make me wet, you make me sick.”

“What’s this?” He held up a slick finger. “You are so creamed I don’t even have to stick it inside you to get this, just pass my finger over your hot little cunt.”

“It’s for Link, not you,” she spat.

Henry shoved her backwards. He drew her hips forward and pinned them to the edge of the desk with his. Leaning over he put his mouth on her other breast and bit down.

Mina screamed. Thrashed.

“Shut up!” He backhanded her, stunning her into silence.

The door to the office burst open. Mina couldn’t look, kept her face turned away. Her face stung. Her ears rang. Pain locked the fear in her throat, kept her from daring to anger him again.

“What’s going on here?” Link bellowed. “Get the hell off her!”

Mina gasped for breath, nearly hysterical.

“Hey, Dr. Link. You might want to shut that door. I wouldn’t want Dr. Lasky to get fired for fucking her students. Why do you think I get such good grades?”

What Derek saw was a wet-dream turned nightmare. Mina sprawled across her desk with her body exposed, panting as her lover-student prepared to fuck her. Henry withdrew his glistening hand from her panties, indolently licking her cream as he stared Derek down.

“Shit.” Derek gritted his teeth together to keep from yelling his frustration. “Get the fuck off her. She may not care about her career, but I do.”

He grabbed Henry’s collar. With a yank, Henry stumbled back. Derek didn’t let go as he opened the office door to forcibly remove the young punk.

He looked over his shoulder at her, still laid out. She’d turned her head to look at him. He read shame in her eyes.

Crushed, disgusted, queasy, he snarled at her. “Pull yourself together and clean up. It smells like sex in here.”

Derek slammed the door behind him, tightened his hold on Henry’s collar, and shoved him toward the end of the hall. “I don’t want to see you for the rest of the week.”

“But Dr. Lasky—” he began with a knowing leer.

“—Won’t be needing you until I talk some sense into her. Get lost.”

Henry laughed. “She and I have an arrangement. There’s nothing you can do about it.”

Derek rushed him. Henry turned and ran, his feet slipping on the linoleum as he took the far corner.

A couple of students wandered into the hall. Eight o’clock already. Class was about to begin and he hadn’t begun to think of what he would say to Mina. It was just as well. There was nothing he *wanted* to say to her.

Enraged, he slammed his fist into a corkboard. It stung like it had been a stone wall but a queer satisfaction stirred in him when he saw blood trickle from his split knuckles.

At least if she was going to fuck the help, she’d tried to do it before students were in the building. Her career suicide track didn’t make sense but he’d seen people do stupid things before.

He supposed her reluctance in speaking outside her office on Friday had something to do with the presence of her lover on the other side of the door. And too, her fleeing their kiss just when he thought her feelings for him might be mutual.

“Damn it,” he swore to the filling hall. Is that why she had signed up for his lab? She had admitted that the prospect of getting caught, of being watched, made her quicken. Had the added bonus of knowing her lover was in the room watching her while she was shared with others been too much to pass up?

Had she used him? His lab? Did she run that night because she sensed he had been falling for her and an emotional-sexual connection would lead him too far down the path?

She must have thought he was a patsy, pathetic and leeching. How they must have laughed every time he tried to catch Mina alone.

Something akin to a lump formed in his throat.

The class buzzer sounded. He glanced at her door, as silent behind as it had been after he broke in on them. After she had screamed her orgasm for Henry.

Derek pinched the bridge of his nose, fighting the strange burning sensation behind his eyes and in his throat. He couldn't talk to her right now. Maybe never. But he wouldn't let her throw away her career after she had worked so hard to secure it.

He wrapped his hot hands around the door pull to his lab and tugged. Class first. If he could still the screaming denial in his head, brush away the withering seedling of new love, he *might* try to talk to her later.

Chapter Five

Sometime after the door shut, Mina heard the class bell. She was late. The students would wonder where she was before tossing the question away and filtering out of the room. But she clung to the truth that Derek had sent Henry away for a week.

A week. To figure things out. To go to the Dean and tell him what she had done by participating in Dr. Link's lab. Tell him what had resulted and risk her career.

A week to talk to Derek. She knew what he thought. Part of her insisted what he thought didn't matter while the other part knew better. It mattered a lot. She just hadn't realized how much until what he thought had changed.

Her face throbbed. Touching it made it sting in pinpoints where her fingers met cheek and brow. Calmly, she hooked her bra and closed her shirt. After scooting off the desk, Mina smoothed her skirt down over her hips and tucked in her top. She tidied her hair and grabbed her purse.

She had to talk to Derek.

First she needed a shower.

Mina trudged to her car. She sat there, letting the heater drown out her thoughts. If she never faced the disappointment on Derek's face again it would still be too soon.

Her wheels sliced through rain puddles marking an unseasonably warm November in the making, but her thoughts were on whether or not she'd be employed to see next November on campus. After the leaves had changed and the ground had a skim of white on it, what would her life be like then?

* * * *

"Link hates me," Mina muttered to herself. She stared at the white phone, erect from its docking point like a sexual taunt. She didn't want him to hate her. She hadn't wanted him to particularly like her either. She wanted him to fuck her, but she'd gotten so much more. Along with fantastic clitoral play, it occurred to her that she had been very, very stupid.

She'd let her libido act for her. Let it sign her up and lay her out. Had gloried in the crashing waves of ecstasy. And she wanted more of him, more than talented fingers and almost kisses. What if she could have Link all the time? His hungry smiles and melted-sex voice. His sculpted lips and hot flicking tongue between her legs.

Her womb flexed with interest.

Mina picked up the phone and dragged out her copy of the faculty roster. Trailing her finger down the page brought her to Link. "What if I misread him? Is he still after the emotional sexual experience? The challenge? Do I owe him an explanation?"

He'd said he cared about her career and that's why he'd ejected Henry from the room. Yet he'd believed she'd willingly let her T.A. touch her. Mina shuddered. She still felt Henry's hands. She'd give anything to replace the memory with Link's hands. Link's mouth on her.

"Then the question is: how much is anything, Mina? Your pride?" She looked at the erect phone dubiously.

She put the directory down and strode to her freezer for a pizza. She popped it in the oven without waiting for it to pre-heat. Then she folded her arms and stared at the oven door. She could see the phone out of the corner of her eye.

A fist pounded on her door.

She gasped and swung her head toward it. "Please don't let it be Henry," she whispered, hugging her folded arms tighter against her chest. Her bare toes curled on the kitchen tile.

"Mina, open the door. We need to talk."

Link.

She ran to it, her body in a flutter of nerves and excitement, dread and anticipation. Mina slid the last bolt free and opened the door. Her throat constricted as she looked into his handsome face, worn with emotion. With his hand propped on the doorframe, he stood there looking at her as though he didn't know what to say first.

"Come in," she said. Was that her calm voice?

Almost reluctantly, he entered. The aroma of pizza filled the air as the buzzer went off. Grateful for something to do, she went to the kitchen and pulled it out.

"What happened to your cheek?" he asked.

"I like it rough." She slammed the oven door and dropped the hot mitts on the counter. "Want some?" she asked.

Link reached around her and turned off the oven. She hadn't realized he'd been standing so close. His breath tickled her neck as he pushed her ponytail out of the way.

"I do. I want all of it, Mina."

His hands smoothed around her waist. One detoured, climbing up her body to cup her breast. She moaned softly.

"If Henry, why not me?" he asked, squeezing her breast roughly.

Like cold water suddenly washing over her, she gasped with the shock of his implication. Mina knocked his hand away.

"What? Like I'm an office slut? That if I'll give it to Henry, then you have a right to it too?"

"I'll be more grateful," he said.

She slapped him. His cheek turned angry red.

"You laid it out for my lab. You laid it out for me. You laid it out for Henry. I'm just collecting the rest of my due," he said bitterly.

"Get out!" she yelled, shoving him. "Get out, you bastard."

"Then tell me where I'm wrong."

"I've never laid anything out for Henry."

"Looked like a banquet to me." Link moved in, catching her by the waist. "So what's the plate fee? Or are you by invitation only?"

Derek swept in and took her mouth. Mina tried to keep her lips closed and turn her head away, but he persisted. Gently sliding one coaxing hand up her back, he dragged his fingers over her spine. Not successful in his kiss, he pressed his lips to her swollen cheekbone, then nuzzled her neck.

He ached for her. More than pride for being cast aside, his chest ached for the loss of something he thought he'd seen in her eyes. Longing. He had to know what had gone wrong.

"Please," he whispered against her neck, his voice breaking. "Please tell me what happened."

Her breath shuddered as though on a strangled sob. "You already decided what happened."

His lips found the dip just behind her lobe and trailed soft kisses to her shoulder as he continued to stroke his fingers up and down her spine. Mina shivered. She pressed her palm to his chest, but instead of pushing, she rested her forehead on his shoulder.

"I'm in love with you, Mina." He said the words against the whorls of her ear. She stiffened. It was not the reaction he had hoped for.

She did push then and this time, he let her. "You, sir, are in love with your ego. You can't stand the thought of losing a challenge to anyone, especially a student. And you had a challenge, didn't you? The minute I left the experiment early, you had someone to chase in order to prove your thesis. Or your manhood. Take your pick."

"You're more than my Sex Ed class."

"Am I?" she asked, bitterly.

"Of course."

"Did you or did you not say that the second half of the sexual experiment on the female organism had to do with proving a woman's expression of climax heightens with emotional attachment?"

Derek winced. He had. "And you think I care about you because of the posed hypothesis?"

"Why not? The minute the physical stimulation ended, you came on to me, not as a body, but as a woman."

"Aren't you?" he asked. Disbelief colored his voice. She *did* turn him on. He *did* want her. Not because of some proof he hoped to achieve. At least none related to his lab.

"Yes, but you promised to show me the second part of the lab, personally. Coincidentally, it immediately preceded your interest in me. What am I supposed to think?"

Mina turned around. Not easy since he stood so close to her, trapping her against the stove. She extracted a pizza cutter from the nearest drawer. Her ass pressed his groin and she gasped, stilled. "Look, I may not be interested in eating this pizza anymore, but I'm going to keep cutting it until you leave. So take the hint."

"Bite size pieces it is then. Minced, even. I'm not leaving until I've said what has to be said," he murmured. "I love you. I admit that during the lab, I was happy as a lark to get you off and watch you come all over my hands. God, that was hot. And I will admit that the prospect of fucking you until you couldn't walk crossed my mind afterward. Hell, woman, you've had my

dick on a string since we first crossed paths at the faculty conference and you sashayed that ass into the room.”

“And the truth comes out. You wanted tail.”

He dropped his hands on her shoulders. He wanted his cock nestled into her ass again. The timing seemed off at the moment. “Yours, sure.”

“But I ran.”

“Without giving me a chance to explain.”

“You admit you wanted in my pants.”

“You weren’t wearing any for the lab,” he reminded.

She sighed, holding up the pizza cutter like a weapon even though he stood behind her. “Classy. Well done, Link.”

“*But*, that’s not why I wanted to make love to you. The experiment ended when the class left. Once we were alone, that was between us.”

Could she believe him? Mina propped her hands on the edge of the stove. He stood so close it suffocated her rational mind. His body heat touched her, soothed her, without his chest actually meeting her back. And his groin; shit, her pussy clenched to take him.

“You can’t fall in love with someone because it suits your purpose,” she said, trying to reclaim her argument.

“Damn it, Mina, it doesn’t suit me at all. I didn’t go looking for it. It found me. And then you signed up for the lab and I thought I’d been given a gift all wrapped up in Mina. I could barely believe my eyes when I saw your application.”

“I need to turn around. Please, back off.”

He did. Though she didn’t hear him move, his body heat left her feeling stripped. She dropped the cutter and turned.

“Why did you sign up?” he asked.

She lowered her eyes. Too many reasons. Too many lustful fantasies. Should she confess them or would it strip the last of her defenses and leave her vulnerable to his seduction? Who was she trying to kid? Vulnerability had been in the cards from the beginning. *Go, on, Mina, shoot the wad.*

“You’re sexy. I figured the lab gave me a safe way of satisfying some curiosity about you.” No reason to reveal too much.

He looked affronted. “That’s it? You want my dick?”

Mina bit her lip. She stared over his shoulder and prayed her cheeks wouldn’t flush too much with her lie. “Mm-hmm.”

His eyes narrowed, raced over her face. Suddenly he smirked. “You’re lying.”

“You want me to be lying.”

“Hell, yes, but you *are* lying.”

Her cheeks did heat. Her ears rang and she felt the flutter of her pulse in her throat. He had to see the signs non-verbal admission.

He seemed to latch on to a thought. “If you only want my cock, why does the sound of my voice make you wet? Last time I checked, my dick didn’t have a voice.”

“I ran because you are a woman magnet. You can pick your conquests and they will flock to you like living sacrifices. A woman who resists you would be a great plaything,” she said, avoiding his question.

“If all you wanted was my cock, then why didn’t you jump at the chance to take it?”

She saw the minute he figured her out and nearly groaned when realization dawned on him.

“The prospect of sex didn’t scare you. What scared you was the introduction of the emotional component. Interesting.”

“Not really,” she muttered. “My dinner’s getting cold. Can you move on now? I think you know where the door is.”

“Emotion with anyone or emotion with me?” he mused. “Can’t be Henry. Yet he was sprawled all over you.”

“I don’t want to talk about him,” she rasped, her throat suddenly dry. Mina tightened her arms. The blush she’d worried about seconds ago faded. She could feel the slightly dizzy feeling of going ashen from a full blush.

“You think Henry’s safe? He might not hurt you emotionally, but look what he did to your face,” he said. “That’s not love.”

“I’ve never run to Henry. Thanks to your lab, he’s seen me naked, and thanks to your persistence, he figured out it was me on that lab table.” She couldn’t bring herself to say the rest.

Link gently stroked his fingers across her swollen cheekbone. “And you don’t really like it rough?”

She swallowed hard. “No.”

In a blur, he wrapped her close against his chest. “I’m going to kill him for hitting you.”

“He’s going to the Dean about my participation in the lab if he knows I told you.” Mina buried her face in his neck.

He held her, murmuring nonsense and rocking her gently. “I’ll take care of Henry.”

“What are you going to do?” she asked. She hadn’t depended on anyone to take care of her in years. Why did trusting Link come so easily? And why, if she could trust him with her career and problems, couldn’t she trust him with her heart?

Because I can survive a broken career. And if Link broke my heart, I’m not sure I could recover.

She recognized in him the meeting of minds and the capacity for him to rule her heart for a lifetime. Never a romantic before, she knew this man could not be duplicated. She would never find another Derek Link and she would never be capable of loving another man with the intensity he drew from her without even trying. She could give all of herself to him, leaving nothing back. It would be his, and if he crushed it, she’d be destroyed. Uncertainty swelled in her lungs until she thought she’d suffocate.

She loved him. Really loved him. If she turned out to be nothing more than a conquest, a lab that needed its scientific conclusion for a paper, she’d shatter.

More than anything, she wanted his hands on her replacing the memory of Henry. Something beautiful to replace the hate. Even if it was one-sided.

Her heart in her throat, she looked up at him. “Make love to me. Please?”

Chapter Six

Had he heard her correctly? Hadn't she shoved him away and told him he didn't have a shot in hell? That her career was on the line and— Oh, yeah, get out of her apartment?

Tentatively, he brushed his mouth across hers. He waited for her to pull away, chastise him, yell. It never came. He wanted this woman. He wouldn't ignore the opportunity to show her exactly how much and how tenderly. It would speak to her more potently than any collection of words she might refute.

"He touched me," she whispered. "I hate knowing what his hands feel like on my body. Take it away."

Derek hated that too. His lips fluttered across her bruised cheekbone as he held her with the slightest pressure of his palms and fingertips on her back. The side of his nose stroked the side of hers. He closed his eyes, just feeling the soft curves of her face with the brush of his lips, a caress from his cheek and the barest stroke of his jaw or brow on hers.

"I love you, Mina," he murmured.

He'd have missed the catch in her breath if he hadn't surrendered all his senses to worshipping her every nuance, every textured sigh, every unconscious adjustment of her body into his arms.

Her jaw lifted, tipped and bumped low on his cheek as her lips sought his. She swayed against him. She rewarded him and weakened him when her soft breasts brushed his chest, teased him with puckered points.

Stroking upward to her shoulder blades, he encouraged the contact. He groaned when her arms lifted to his shoulders and her breasts flattened against his chest, unobstructed by more than their thin cotton shirts. His lips closed on her earlobe. With another languid sweep of his hands to her hips, he pulled them until they bumped his thighs and his throbbing cock pressed hotly against her softer belly.

Mina's mouth opened over his neck, tasting and lightly scraping with the edge of her teeth. Hot, wet, sucking. His cock jumped against her, impatient for naked contact and another fiery, succulent invasion that would climb his shaft and ripple her passage with ecstasy.

"We should take this to the bedroom," she said, breathlessly.

Obedying, he lifted her leg to his waist. She hopped, wrapping both limbs around his torso as he headed down the hall to the single bedroom.

"Condom?" she asked.

He groaned, dropped his forehead to her shoulder. "I didn't come here to seduce you," he said.

They stood in the threshold, the king bed at her back. Derek couldn't believe he hadn't brought one, but he hadn't been expecting sex. He'd come by to talk through the things he didn't understand. To see where they stood and whether or not Henry would be a complication. To know why she'd run from him. And, damn it, why he couldn't let her go without a fight.

"I have some in my dresser. Top left drawer," she said.

He hugged her tighter, relieved that he wouldn't be leaving with an ache, pleased that even with time to think, she still wanted him.

"Thank God," he rasped, quickly carrying her to the bed. He came back with an accordion of condoms.

"Expecting a lot of play, are you?" she asked.

Her full lips widened into a smile. Propped up on her elbows, her eyes shined dark and sultry. Her breasts lifted with each breath, pushed her nipples into the thin material of her white shirt, the dusky pink points clearly visible. Her pants had dropped low on her hips, leaving her abdomen and lower torso exposed.

Her smile widened and humor twinkled in her eyes. "You should see your expression."

"You should see yours." His unruly cock swelled heavily. *The giant chocolate dick look. Fuck that's hot.*

"Oh?"

She looked him over, lingering on the unmistakable bulge in his jeans and stopping on his lips. "Please don't make me wait for you."

"No, ma'am."

Derek pulled his shirt off in one fluid motion. Her eyes rounded and she reached for him. Toeing off his shoes and socks first, he popped the button on his jeans and stretched out by her side, naked.

She raked her eyes over him. Catching her bottom lip, she studied the lines of his body. Her lips parted when she found the thick, ropy proof of his desire. She extended a tentative finger and coasted her nail over him from tip to base, then gently cupped him lower.

He stayed completely still, letting her look, letting her see the desire he had for her, both through his body and the hunger in his eyes.

Mina lay back. Lifting her hand to his cheek, she said, "You've barely kissed me. Haven't touched me at all since that night in your lab."

"Forget the lab. This has nothing to do with the lab. I want to get it right."

"You aren't sure how the parts fit together?" she teased.

He chuckled a grin. "Oh, I know how it all fits together."

His flattened palm rested between her breasts and he dragged it steadily to the hem.

She licked her lips. "Then what's the problem?"

"I'm afraid I won't show you exactly how special you are to me, how you deserve to be loved." Leaning down, he kissed her, lightly probed her mouth with his tongue, licking at her sharp gasp of pleasure. Derek pulled back enough to speak. "Making love to you means more to me than raging lust."

Mina's expression sobered. A trace of fear wrinkled her brow.

He kissed the worried spot. "I want you. All of you."

Anxiety tickled Mina's belly. All of her? Her body, he meant, surely. He didn't mean *all* of her. She could concede her body, but her heart shriveled like a coward afraid to face the light of truth. She could pretend, and know that she pretended. His hands were on her to replace Henry's with a touch she craved. She could do that without examining it more closely. Let the child in her lick at the lollipop without handing over the stick. Appease the desire for him and hope it would be enough.

It would have to be enough. "Take me," she said, the words sounding like a hopeful question, filled with unspoken fears she hadn't meant to reveal.

Link's fingers skimmed her bared belly. Goosebumps rose over her body and pinched her nipples tight with desire. "Happily commanded, my love."

Her body sighed into his kiss and he answered with a throaty murmur of pleasure. No longer chaste and careful, his mouth took hers in deep stormy strokes of lips and tongue. His teeth scraped her bottom lip and parted for more.

Mina's mind blanked of all but him. She tangled her fingers in his hair, desperate to hold him to her. To get more of him, taste more of him. Her nether lips throbbed for his attention and her mind split between the perfection of his kiss and the slow climb of his hand beneath her shirt.

His hand closed on her breast. Mina gasped, breaking their kiss. Link devoted himself to her neck. He found and locked on to each shivering nerve, which flamed her blood to awaken her skin into hot, needy pools at nipples and sex.

Cool air touched her torso. Coarse hair and hard muscle lined her ribs on one side as her shirt disappeared without her notice. It no longer mattered if this completed the second part of his experiment. Mina had to have him. Had to have the experience with him. She would deal with the consequences later. This she could hold close to her and play back when need for him demanded the movement of her fingers over her flesh in poor imitation.

He banished her thoughts before they could materialize into emotional pricks with soft caresses to her breasts. He stroked them with the backs of his fingers, traced them with light wispy touches, cupped them and kissed them with words of praise and longing.

The ache grew between her legs. Derek smoothed his hand down her middle and eased them apart again, petted her strip of pubic curls with tickling fingers.

He'd avoided her nipples and she whimpered when his breath fluttered over one, causing it to throb in time with the clenching of her core. "Please, Derek. Please."

Accepting her plea, his mouth captured her straining tip. Mina cried out, reveled in the hard press of his nose and chin in her softer flesh when she arched up. His tongue danced, flirted with her nipple, stopping to flick, leaving her desperate. She writhed, grabbed his hair in fistfuls and held him firmly to her breast, where arching against him hadn't increased his contact.

A chuckle vibrated the peak and he tasted in earnest, sucking her deeply, rolling, flicking, and catching her nipple between his teeth with careful stinging pleasure. His fingers stole between the lips of her sex to plunge sharply into her vagina, pumping into her pelvis with clever

fingers—knowledgeable, wise, relentless, wicked fingers. He ignored her clit, which was unsheathed, begging for attention.

Her breath stuttered when climax swelled up inside her. Her hips lifted and she thrust against his hand, blindly seeking completion at his fingers. Never before had she climaxed internally. Always she had depended on stimulation to her external nub and his deft, sure strokes commanded that she come for him until her body could only obey as wave after wave of orgasm took her into a gasping pit of pleasure.

Derek held himself in check. His cock thickened and lengthened as he withheld his own pleasure to witness hers. He couldn't mess this up. He had to prove how important she was to him and if making her come into the wee hours of the night was what it took, he'd do it, damn it. She wouldn't be able to deny the truth of his feelings no matter how frightened she was of them.

He kissed her lips tenderly. "Ready for more?" he asked as her final spasms squeezed his fingers.

Her lashes lifted in surprise. "I'm ready for *you*."

Liking the sound of that, he smiled. "Not yet, love. I have more to give you." Derek petted her damp mound, thumbed the sensitive crease where hip met sex and the sweet skin high on her inner thighs. He massaged it, pleased when she moaned.

"I want you inside," she said.

"I promise it will happen."

She reached between them and squeezed his cock. Derek moaned and thrust experimentally into her hand. It was a mistake. Restraining the urge to flex again caused sweat to break out on his temples.

"Come to me," she whispered.

Her eyes glazed over. Derek kissed her, licking against her teeth and swallowing her moan when he shifted over her to lie between her legs. Mina's hot sex tempted him to take now and slow down later, and he struggled to unwrap her legs from around his waist. Sliding down, he took the neglected nipple into his mouth. He cupped her other breast and pinched the tip. Twisting it and pulling it gave him more of her unrestrained whimpers.

"Want me, Mina. Want me like I want you," he whispered around her delicate peak. The tiny point rubbed his lips as he spoke, a small feminine erection that teased him until he suckled

her in heated passion. Scraping his teeth over it, he relished her unconscious shudders while being careful not to bite too hard.

“Oh, God, Derek. Fuck me. I need you.”

Closer. The words were closer to what he wanted to hear, but said in the heat of passion. Would she mean them later, when the glow of orgasm released her?

“I want all of you,” he repeated. He wouldn’t give her the choice of misunderstanding.

Derek sank lower, tasting the gentle dip that centered the length of her torso between her ribs. Drawing up one of her legs, he draped her knee over his shoulder.

“I’m going to taste you.” His breath caressed moist curls. She smelled like arousal in earthy, salty tones of woman and sex. His mouth watered to take her. Looking up her body he watched the rapid lift and drop of her full breasts. Her body was his for the taking. Would her heart follow? God, he hoped so.

Closing his eyes, he pressed his face to her weeping cunt. She *wept* for him. Clenched for him. Cried out for him to fill her. Begged for it. Her body craved for him to plunder her. Derek at least had that. It was an improvement from impersonally called greetings in the sterile hallways of the university.

He moaned into her folds and Mina squirmed, wiggling her sweet pink petals tighter against his face. He licked his lips, brushing her clit in the process. She yelped and whimpered. Her fingers found and twisted in his hair for the second time. Mina’s desperation encouraged him.

“Mina,” he called softly, allowing his lips and breath to huff against her secret places. She said his voice made her wet. Derek decided it was time to see how much.

He called her name, his dark baritone vibrating intimately against her. “Oh, God.” The muscles of her cunt squeezed tight.

“Relax your fingers, love.”

She began to, but his tongue lashed out over her nub and she flexed them again.

“I want to taste you. Sit on your hands, darling. Don’t remove them until I say.”

Mina obeyed, reluctantly.

“Good. Now then, where was I?” He lowered to her aching pussy and murmured low and hot. As he spoke, his lips and tongue flickered across her aching flesh, his breath teasing her with

every provocative word. “Blushing. Liquid. Do you know how badly I want to fuck you? Do you, Mina? Want to hear you scream. Your pussy is clenching. I can see how you want me. You’re going to squeeze my cock every time I take you. You’ll feel my balls slapping against you here,” he said, his tongue licked out over her perineum

Her nerve endings rioted in wave after wave of dark lust, hotly spoken words, elaborated lip and tongue movements as he spoke just to pleasurable torment her; knowing he watched every play of muscles in response to him, and approved.

“So wet. I think you *do* like my voice. You know what *I* like?”

“What?” She’d give him anything he wanted, so long as he didn’t stop. Her vagina tingled, heated both from breath and arousal. The anticipation held her captive on the butterfly fluttering of pre-orgasmic release.

“I like watching your hot little cunt.”

It clenched emptily, seeking.

“Yeah, like that.” His tongue laved her.

Mina cried out. It was the first lengthy contact he’d given her eager pussy.

“Mmm. Cream for me Mina. Make it easy for my cock to stretch you, slide into you. I’m going to fuck you, Mina.”

So close. She was so close. If he would just—

His mouth closed on her. Her abdomen tightened in senseless appreciation for his plunging tongue. He detoured, clamped on her clit, sucking her delicately.

Her cries filled the air with urgent, rhythmic panting. His teeth lightly closed on her nub as he loudly demanded that she “come”. Derek held the mmm sound, vibrating her until mouth, words, teeth, oscillations tore her climax from her. She lost her voice to the intensity of firing nerves and hot, spilling desire for the man nestled between her thighs.

Derek rose up on his knees. Grabbing a condom, he sheathed himself. She wanted to touch him, but he hadn’t told her to move her hands yet. Instead, she hoped her eyes expressed it for her.

He smiled softly. “I’ll let you play later. This moment is for you.”

He slipped his hands beneath her bottom and entwined their fingers. Lifting her hips to him, he shifted until the tip of his cock pressed the open folds of her sex. Her breathing bottomed

out in sharp pants. The erotic image and heated look in his eyes as he looked back at her from behind a fringe of fallen blond hair would be etched in her memory forever.

“Do you know how sexy you are? Do you know how much I want my cock to brand you until you can’t think of another man inside you? I want to fuck my way into your heart. I won’t stop fucking you until I’m there. Just so we’re clear.”

His hips bucked forward abruptly, embedding him to the hilt and stretching her needy channel with his silken, steely length. She tightened on him. His lust-filled eyes closed on a groan as his head fell back.

He held her like that, lifted, open, filled with his muscled body rising like a pillar between her legs while her cunt clamped on him greedily. It was the image of a humbled god. His muscles flexed in sharp delineation over his chest and shoulders, arms and abdomen while he held their bodies still. His throat, thick and corded, chin jutting upward as every facial angle pulled into tight ecstasy. Her thighs, lifted to his ribs, were open to him where the dark blond matting of his public hair brushed her darker curls above her stretched sex. She could see her clit peeking between her pussy slit, so recently appeased by his beautiful mouth and already demanding satisfaction from the skill of his cock.

Derek lifted his head, looking down at them. He lowered her thighs and canted his hips until every part of her hungry cunt rubbed firmly against him. And then he pounded into her. His cock rammed her womb, spiking her into sharp cries of pleasure and coasting back at an angle to tease her clit. Twin sensations claimed her.

“Derek!”

He grunted. Thrust harder. Held her tightly as he slammed into her with great friction-filled thrusts. She came, sobbing his name, reveling in the pleasure of watching him abandon himself within her, shouting his release.

Mina freed her hands and pulled him down so their bodies were tightly pressed together. She buried her face in his neck and tightened her arms around his shoulders. She couldn’t stop the tears. They took over the minute she realized he had done exactly as he’d promised and scribed his name upon her heart with the tender skill of a lover, even before he’d ever touched her.

And if it had been part of his experiment, then he might as well kill her now because the damage to her soul would be permanent.

Chapter Seven

Mina tiptoed out of the room, grabbing some clothes on the way. They'd made love—she couldn't call it sex with her heart involved—all night and well into the next day. He'd let her touch and taste his body until he was on the verge of coming and then took her again and again. They'd barely stopped to eat and bathe before falling exhausted into bed.

And then her mind had kicked in.

Mina dressed quickly in the small living room. Her body throbbed pleasantly. Sore, but satisfied, she knew she had to get away in order to think. Any conversation with him now would be touched with the intimacy of what they shared. If he'd been trying to prove his second theory, he'd done it. Sex had been so much better—the heights so much higher—when he'd involved her heart.

The emotional capacity to love and achieve sexual fulfillment to such a degree staggered her. Would he be able to detach himself easily? Move on to the next conquest, the next exploration of the female orgasm?

Oh God, just the thought of his hands on another woman made her want to throw up. But the other parts, his mouth in an intimate kiss, his body in a sexual dance over and inside another woman, made her want to scream with frustration.

Mina hadn't planned on going back to the office, but she arrived there. Her fingers held the doorknob to her unlocked office while her mind replayed other things she had touched, and the strangled groans rewarding her curiosity.

Her nipples beaded and with a weak mewl, she released the knob and walked backwards into the wall opposite her door. The hallway, lit by dimmed alternating fluorescent panels, illuminated enough to vanquish shadows, but not enough to suggest others were in the building with her.

She panted softly, imagining Derek's hands on her body. She knew what it felt like now. Knew that he liked pinching her nipples as hard as she could bear, that he liked tasting her liquid

arousal from the source, liked when she took his balls in her mouth and tongued his slit, liked nipping the backs of her knees.

Her panties dampened and she wondered why the hell she'd left him in her bed. She should be there now, tracing the underside of his thickly corded cock with her tongue and nibbling the rim around its head.

Unbidden, her hands dragged up her body to cup her breasts. Through the thin silk shirt, she tugged her nipples as he had, imagining it was he who clasped the buds and pinched. Her thighs quivered. Snaking one hand down, she slipped her fingers inside her slacks, easing past the top of her slit.

She was weak for him. Incapable of thinking beyond him. "Derek," she whispered, closing her eyes.

Her practiced fingers circled, dipped for moisture, and circled again with more pressure.

"Take it off," he said. "Strip right here, in this hallway."

She gasped. "Derek?"

He smiled wickedly. "You did call for me."

"I left you at home."

"And I followed. God, what an erotic sight you make fucking yourself with my name on your lips." He stepped up so she couldn't mistake the lust in his eyes. Already his cock strained to claim her. "I said strip."

Her lips parted as though to utter a refusal, but she drew out her damp fingers and unbuttoned her blouse. She let it fall to the ground. Dropping her pants, she then began to shimmy out of her green satin panties.

"Wait. Stop. Keep the heels on, too."

She looked at him from lowered lashes. A blush stained the tops of her cheekbones, but he'd seen the look before when he told her he meant to fuck her. She was turned on.

"Now then. Touch yourself. Pretend it's me, love. Imagine your hands are mine and show me what you do in private."

Mina locked eyes with him and slid her hand into her panties. He watched the satiny sheen of two fingers circling in secret. Then she drew them out and wrapped her beautiful lips around them, sucking off the liquid and tonguing between her fingers as he would have.

His cock throbbed. “Shit.”

“You like that?” she asked, turning the tables on him.

“Very much. Do it again.”

She did, circling, drawing out, sliding her fingers between her full lips once again. This time she closed her eyes and moaned, licking her lips for added flourish when she’d withdrawn her fingers.

“You need to finish, Mina. I can’t wait much longer.”

“Don’t wait. Take,” she said.

“Not yet. Show me how you fuck yourself.”

Mina pouted but claimed her nipples with hard pinches and tugs. She cupped her breasts and rolled her nipples. Her breasts bobbed when she let go suddenly to rub down her stomach and her hand dipped inside her panties again. With one hand she pumped, with the other she lightly slapped her splayed body, gasping at the gentle strikes.

He wanted to see, damn it. Derek grabbed the scrap of fabric and ripped it away. Her sex was puffy and red. She seemed to understand his curiosity and slapped her clit again. It flexed, smote but swollen with the blood of arousal. Her fingers still pumped inside her channel and her angry clit begged for touching, but her other hand had returned to her nipples to torture them with sharp twists.

His eyes locked on her swollen, red clit and her pumping fingers, which jiggled it by virtue of stretching flesh beneath. “I thought you said you didn’t like it rough,” he whispered hoarsely.

“I haven’t before,” she gasped. “Oh, oh, I’m coming.”

Unable to resist, Derek pinched the swollen clit gently. Mina came, her hips trembling on the crest of the orgasmic wave until she sagged against the wall.

He gathered her against him. “I love you, sweet Mina. Thank you for letting me watch.”

She held him close. “I love you, too, Derek.”

He heard it. She’d buried it into his chest, but he’d heard it and he closed his eyes, tucking her tighter into his body.

The distant sound of a wet slapping and a grunt caught his attention.

Derek's head swung around. "Who's there?" But the words were pointless because he could see who watched them. See who hurried to wipe his hand on his jeans and tuck his thin little cock away.

"Damn, I needed that. Was it good for you? Why don't they teach *that* in biology?" Henry said. "I'm quite impressed by the masturbation techniques provided by our lovely Chemistry professor. I'll enjoy them that much more when done for my benefit until the end of the semester."

Mina stiffened. Her fear reached out to Derek like a palpable force. Rage swallowed him and he turned to block Mina's nakedness. "Grab your clothes," he said, helping her to reach them without exposing her to Henry's gaze.

He sidestepped to the office door and opened it for her. Then whirled on the asshole daring to presume upon his woman.

"You come anywhere near her and I'll have your ass arrested," Derek threatened.

"The way I see it, you two would be fired for that display. But I don't really need to have you fired. Besides, I have more information on Dr. Lasky than I do on you. So, looks like I have you by the short hairs. It's a default but I'll take it."

"I am a witness to your assault on Dr. Lasky and in her harassment," Derek countered.

"Ah, but you are forgetting something."

Derek felt an uneasy tilt to the pit of his stomach. Henry was too cocky, too sure.

Henry pointed to the upper wall in two places. "Security cams. *I* am out of frame, but I have you and Dr. Lasky participating in blatant sexual behavior on two different security tapes. I also have you assaulting me and throwing me out of Professor Lasky's office. There's a bruise on her face. All I have to do is connect the dots for the Dean of Students and your ass is grass."

"You hit her, not me."

"All the footage will show is your abusive handling of my person. When I tell the Dean you hit her and then present the footage of your roughing me up as proof, I think you can agree how bad it will look for the two of you," Henry grinned widely. "Sucks to be you." Humor lit his features, "Hopefully, it sucks to be her too—sucks all over my dick."

Derek saw red. He leaped and caught the prick by the collar. Mina's yell to stop was the only thing that kept Derek from swinging his fist.

"Don't, Derek!"

“Go ahead, *Derek*. I’d like to see you explain it to the Dean,” Henry taunted.

“Explain that you tried to rape me? Explain that you hit me and bruised my face before Dr. Link interceded? Explain that you are trying to blackmail us and get yourself into medical school? Show the tapes. The Dean will hear everything,” she dared.

“No he won’t.” Henry squirmed around Derek’s fist. “There’s no sound, only picture. The Dean won’t know any of that. It’s visual proof and my word against yours. I’ll have you both fired if you don’t work with me.”

“Put him down, Derek,” Mina said, a chill in her voice.

He did and looked to her with concern when she folded her arms across her chest defensively.

“I never penetrated you so you can’t prove your claims with DNA,” he reasoned. “And,” he taunted, seeming to grow bolder, “I licked your pussy juice off my fingers so they can’t trace that either.”

Mina gasped, or choked on her horror. Either way, she looked sick.

“So shall we revisit the deal?” Henry asked. He straightened his shirt. He glanced down the hall. He needn’t have bothered. They were well aware of how alone they were with the blackmailing bastard.

Derek gritted his teeth. “Tell us, then.”

“I still want A’s in both your classes. I still want letters of recommendation good enough to secure financial assistance and placement in the school of my choice. And I want Professor Lasky’s pussy any time I choose.”

Derek took a step toward him, intending to slam the insolent boy’s head into the wall, camera or no.

Mina put a hand on his arm. “Derek.” Her voice sounded hollow, hopeless. Derek stilled. “We should listen.”

“Now you’re getting the picture,” Henry told her. His cocky grin returned full-force.

How could she let the little bastard do this to her? Didn’t her dignity mean anything? Didn’t their love mean anything? The idea of Henry pumping his pencil dick into her sweet cunt made him crazy.

“Go on,” she told him. She hugged her arms tighter. Mina looked up at Derek full of tenderness. “I love you, too, Derek, but he’s not giving us much of a choice.”

The confession seemed to anger Henry. Derek ignored his blustering for the calming presence of Mina's unwavering gaze.

"If I want you to suck my dick, you'll suck my dick. If I want you to walk around the office naked, you'll do that too. And whenever I want a fuck, you'll strip and say, 'yes, master, fuck me, master' without hesitation."

"I can't let him touch you, Mina," Derek said. "I can't share you."

She smiled serenely. "Thank you, for that." Mina glanced away, licked her lips. "Derek, do you know how much I love you?"

Confused, he looked from the quickly reddening face of young Henry to Mina's calm demeanor. He shook his head to her question.

"I love you so much that when I got dressed, I made sure to bring along my digital voice recorder." She unfolded her arms and held the recorder toward Derek. "I got his blackmail request on tape."

Derek whooped and grabbed her in a hug, releasing her just as quickly to jab a finger in Henry's direction. "The lady has trumped you, ass-wipe. We'll be calling the police and the Dean now." Derek pinned Henry to the wall with a single hand shoved against the smaller man's thin chest. "Mina, baby, you got a phone on you?"

"I can get one."

Chapter Eight

The sound of creaking rope, followed by the wooden pop of the headboard adjusting, made her smile. It wasn't a lab table, but it was certainly her idea of a legitimate experiment.

"Mina," he said, his rough voice warning her to get on with it.

"Research, darling. You said you'd help me with my latest study."

"This has nothing to do with chemistry," he complained.

"On the contrary," she said, snipping away his underwear until he lay fully exposed and spread on her mattress. Mina stood up, straddling his waist. She wanted to make sure he could see everything he needed to see. "The chemical composition of arousal is a rather illusive study. Chemically we recognize the release of hormones, pheromones, and other secretions, but the link between stimuli and the actual trigger point of those secretions remain a scientific mystery."

"I'm already aroused," he muttered.

"I can see that," she said, mimicking his tone from when she laid on his lab table.

"Fuck, you're doing it again."

"What am I doing?" she asked. That look, the one right there, seemed to appear at random, and she had no idea what prompted the eruption of lust and hunger in his gaze.

"You're looking at me like I'm a giant chocolate dick you can't wait to wrap her mouth around. It fucking makes my cock ache every time."

"I do that?" she said surprised. She had actually been thinking that every inch of his delectable form lay at her disposal to explore to her heart's content. Licking may or may not have been involved.

"Frequently."

"Definitely an option that requires exploration. Fortunately, I have a large container of chocolate syrup in the fridge."

He groaned.

“Don’t worry. I’ll heat it before I drizzle it over you. Then I’ll suck it off every inch of your body.” She noted with pleasure the languid drip of pre-cum sliding from his slit to the flared purpled rim of his cock.

“Shit,” he muttered.

Mina had left off her panties and she lifted the hem of her skirt up her thighs until she saw his pupils dilate. Good, she had his attention.

“If the Dean could see you now, he might not have decided to let the tape slide.”

“C’mon, Derek, you saw him. He was panting as hard as we were after that footage. Playing the tape cinched the deal.” She shivered. “I’m glad he expelled Henry.”

“Aw, baby, c’mere. Untie me so I can hold you and make it all better.”

“That was weak, even for you,” she said, laughing. “But since he *did* let it slide and *did* let me keep my job, I had better bring a worthy publication to the department. So tell me, Dr. Link, what does the sight of my pussy do to you?”

“Makes me hungry.”

“No, no, chemically. Is your pulse quickening? Do you find breathing more difficult with the release of adrenaline in your blood?”

“I don’t know. Can you come a little closer?” he asked, a wicked sparkle lighting his eyes.

Mina unlatched her skirt and took it off. The tails of her shirt partially obscured his view and she watched him arch his neck to get a better look. Her belly fluttered happily. His appetite for her hadn’t waned in the weeks since Henry’s expulsion. Derek showed her just how much he wanted her on a daily basis. And she’d been pleasantly surprised to discover a poet’s heart in him.

Bad poetry, but poetry that sweetly conveyed his feelings for her, all the same.

She sidled up his body a few inches and parted her nether lips for him to see. “How’s this?”

“Come lower.” His melted-sex voice prickled at her nipples, and she watched his eyes darken when he noted the involuntary clench of her channel in response to his low tones.

“Lower,” he said, deepening the timbre of his voice.

She couldn’t help it. Her body tingled as he used the only weapon available to him.

“You’re contaminating the experiment by altering the control sensations of the chemist,” she complained. But she did bend her knees, precariously balancing on her toes.

“Closer, love.” His tones dipped to decibels that strummed along her nerves and brought her clit out of hiding.

She widened the spread of her knees, stretching herself just to watch the heat thicken in his eyes.

He smiled, looking like *he* had control over the experiment instead of being tied to the bed.

And he did, to an extent. Her body responded to him easily, slicking for his entry and bringing her nipples into full, painful arousal. Letting him taste his fill crossed her mind, but she had tied him up for a reason.

She tentatively circled her clit with a finger, dipped it lower and held it out to him. She’d done it to taunt him, but he leaned up to take it. His tongue snaked out to catch her finger and draw it into his mouth. She closed her eyes on the sensation, taking with her the look of naked longing in his gaze as he tasted. She breathed deeply, trying to regain some control, and extracted her finger from his suckling lips.

She stood and turned, removed her shirt, then down on her knees, she licked the tip of his leaking cock. Derek’s hips thrust toward her, but she scooted back so he couldn’t sink his penis deep into her mouth.

A hot wet flick to her nub wrenched a squeal from her when she realized the advantage she’d given him. Derek chuckled and speared her with his tongue.

Mina leaned forward. Experimentation was for the birds. She widened her legs to lower her pussy within easy reach and closed her mouth on his penis, taking him deep and willingly. He left no part of her unexplored by his questing mouth.

Derek’s hips leaped toward her insistent pursuit of his orgasm. She settled in for a long thorough culmination, enjoying the flavors of musky skin and salty pleasure against his unyielding flesh. Her cunt shivered eagerly in return.

His body curled in on itself as best as it could, allowing her full access to his sack and anus, which she liberally explored.

“Oh fuck. I’m gonna come, baby.” He tried to still his surging hips and redoubled his efforts on her nub. “But you’re coming first.”

Derek nipped and sucked her inner folds. Her world blacked around her.

“Ohgodohgodohgodohgodohgod—” Mina forgot the cock and held on to her wits for dear life as she thrust against his mouth for a frenzied release. She collapsed on him, feeling the warmth of his breath on her pussy, as his chuckle became a full out laugh.

“Not funny,” she said. But she couldn’t be mad either. Instead, she turned, grabbed his cock and impaled herself.

His laughed died on a choke somewhere at the back of his throat. “God, I love you, Mina.”

“Then show me,” she said.

She lifted and dropped sinuously on his shaft. Derek’s eyes locked onto hers intently. His nostrils flared and his face seemed to tighten with the urgency to pound into her. Mina rode him, watched him, saw the love crowd around the flames of lust in his eyes. He held off his satisfaction with gritted teeth and straining muscles, bringing her to hers.

She knew without a shadow of a doubt that his love was real and only for her. She basked in it, arched her back and rode him, gave him everything that she was and would be, trusting he would be there when she fell just as he promised.

She opened her eyes to watch him. He stared back at her, his eyes brimming with love. Derek’s shout tingled her flesh when he came and she rode him through his climax, enraptured by the beauty in his ecstasy. A tear stole down her cheek and dropped to join with one sliding from the corner of his tightly sealed lashes.

Some things couldn’t be explained by science. They just *were*.

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***Sex Ed* by Mia Watts**

Mina Lasky has a pesky crush on Biology professor, Derek Link. They've worked in tandem in the same University facility long enough that even the sound of his voice makes her hot. It's time to put the fantasy to an end. Mina signs up to be his guinea pig in a female sexuality lab for those on the doctorate track. She hopes to work Derek out of her system while enjoying some much needed sexual stimulation.

Dr. Derek Link has been itching to get his hands on the quiet, sexy Chemistry professor. He can't believe his luck when she signs up to be his lab. But one night isn't enough and Mina won't admit they can have something a lot more long term.

And when one of the students recognizes Mina, her heart isn't the only thing on the line. With her career in the hands of a blackmailer, and her heart begging to trust Derek, she's beginning to think the lab was a very bad idea.

***Sense and Sensuality* by Cara Hart**

Eleanor McLaren leads a subdued life. She hates parties, avoids social interactions, and she cannot talk to men. But within the shell of her timidity lies the heart of a siren. Afraid of her own boldness, she hides her desires. Especially from the man who stars in her dreams of passionate encounters and works in her department.

Eddie Harrington has never lacked for partners in his pleasure games. But for some reason, Eleanor is the one woman he can't get out of his head. She is definitely not the type he usually pursues. Then he sees her at a bar, looking like his wildest fantasy. And one night with her is not

going to be enough. The man who never commits just might have met his match—until a mistake from his past forces her to choose between trusting him or walking away.

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Max LeBlanc spies the lovely red-head across the street and knows in a heartbeat she is the one. A rougarou always knows when he's met his mate. Some may call him a lycanthrope, a werewolf if you will, but in Cajun bayou lands he's known simply as The Rougarou. He'd waited several hundred years for this moment, and for her. There is nothing left for him to do, but mark her and claim her as his mate. Soon.

Fiery Ember by Celia Kyle

Ember Ellason is a darned good secretary. True, she'd like to be more, but since her father's passing, her stepmother has taken over as CEO of Ellason Advertising, and Clementine Ellason feels Ember is only good enough to fetch coffee...barely. But when Clementine and her horrid daughters fail to show up for the meeting with the biggest client they could ever land, Ember saves the day by impersonating her stepmother.

Paul Ashe needs a new ad campaign and he's found the perfect company with the perfect proposal in Ellason Advertising. Too bad his body is a little too interested in the voluptuous CEO with her fiery red hair and blazing green eyes. Then he can't seem to find the elusive woman after their first intimate tryst, and is left with only a pair of panties to remember her by.

Will this Cinderella tale end in happily ever after? Or will Ember be separated from her panties—and her prince—for ever more?

***Sins of the Father* by Janet Eaves**

Aurora was born to wealth and privilege but was spirited away as an infant to a place of safety after viscous threats to her life. Raised with an alias, and practically a prisoner of the three little old ladies who raised her, Aurora, at twenty, feels like Sleeping Beauty, just waiting for her life to start.

When she meets a gorgeous “struggling” artist, she seizes the opportunity to take her life into her own hands and have a little fun. But once she ends up in his hands, the evil that has hunted for her all her life, finds her, and seeks to destroy her.

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Hailed by the bridal flower world as an artistic genius, Meli works long nights making bouquets for women lucky enough to find love, while she herself lives a life of solitude. She yearns to share her heart and body with someone other than Bob, her Battery Operated Boyfriend, but acute shyness keeps her from engaging the “living” world.

However, Meli’s quiet and predictable existence takes an unexpected turn when she is pulled over and ticketed by the most gorgeous cop she has ever encountered—Officer Michael Johnson. Though he does not seem to notice her as anything more than a traffic violation, Meli makes plans to overcome her timid nature and seize the police officer’s attention... using any speed necessary.

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Wren Thornberry’s life isn’t going according to plan. She let her father talk her out of marrying Bryan Stockard, the man she loves, and moved halfway around the world. Now she’s back home in Texas, babysitting her grandmother while grandma and her boy-toy work through their list of sexual exploits, making themselves the talk of the town.

But what Wren doesn't know is that things in her hometown are about to heat up even more, and it will have nothing to do with her grandmother. It seems that Bryan Stockard is still around, he wants to get back into Wren's life—by any means necessary, and now he has just the tools to do it: A police uniform, handcuffs, and the authority to make Wren... *assume the position*.

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