



SILENT WITNESS

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

SILENT WITNESS

Aurora Rose Lynn

Dedication

For my wonderful readers and fans. Thank you.

Chapter One

Outbay 33 in the Meridien Galaxy, 2203 AD

Lia's skin quivered with anticipation. Once again, she and the professor were about to confront each other. To her delight. College chemistry classes had never been like this. Professor Daniel Harmon was not only the sexiest, leanest man on Sweet Meadows' campus, but one whose big, big cock, momentarily hidden behind well-washed denim, tantalised her.

Professor Danny, as she'd taken to calling him privately, probably didn't care for strong-minded brunettes with small tits and big egos, and that's why he always gave her a rough time in class. He seemed to know when she drifted off into a daydream, glancing out over football field to the tall spire of the gleaming silver church across the street. The sun-touched spire would fade away replaced by a scene engraved on her mind. Silk sheets rumpled on a king-size bed, pillows strewn on a Persian carpet, and her hot, aching body willing her man to stroke her wet clit and suck her hard nipples.

Professor Daniel didn't fail to live up to his reputation of ruining her silent reverie. The meter-long ruler he constantly toyed with, perhaps to intimidate his students, slapped Lia's desk with such force she jumped from her seat. Her heart pounded erratically. A few of the other forty students snickered, but she paid no attention. They were only bit actors in her drama.

The professor was so gorgeous when his blue eyes glittered menacingly. Blue like precious, glittering sapphires. His lips, full and rosy, pressed together grimly a brief second before he asked, "Do you know the answer to the question I just asked?"

Lia sighed. Menacing was sexy. She hadn't a clue about the question, let alone the answer. Her gaze met his unflinching eyes. The man was sheer hell to be around in class but so very male. She pictured his bulging biceps under his black jacket and the button-down, white, collared shirt he wore. Tiny blue stripes ran its length. Blue was her favourite colour.

Professor Daniel was clearly not as amused as she was by her ignorance. In fact, she detected a rising fury on his part, evident in his slightly tensed shoulders and the way he fingered the ruler as if he were thinking devilish thoughts about naked bodies. In a gravelly voice that sent tingles shivering up and down her spine, he growled, "We need to show the other students the price for not knowing the correct answer." He paused, waiting to her to assess his statement.

"Yes?" Lia asked as meekly as possible. She loved his no-nonsense strength, the fact that he was in charge and could ask her to do anything he wanted.

Her classmate, Sal, muttered, "Get her to play strip poker. That's her favourite."

Lia gave him a withering stare. "Why don't you shut the fuck up?"

Although...playing strip poker with the professor might not be such a bad idea. She glanced up at the professor, wondering what the punishment would be this time. Detention with the sexy man wasn't such a bad idea. She'd sit on his lap, kiss his lips and persuade him to smile for her. All the time, she watched the angular lines of his rugged face, she'd be stroking his hard cock. Would he groan and lay her back on his desk and fuck her but good, preferably from behind? Or would he make her stand at the blackboard with her blouse buttons undone so he could get a glimpse of her body and turn himself on? Or worse yet, would he sit at his desk, several feet from her and watch disinterestedly as she balanced boring chemistry equations? The only chemistry she was interested in was the body kind—hot, heavy, sweating, and passionate.

"You will immediately get up and go stand in front of the class."

More snickers as she got to her feet, wondering what the good professor had in mind. She was sitting almost at the back of the class and had to stroll past several desks. Lia stumbled a little as she stepped up onto the platform, but the professor caught her elbow and steadied her.

She righted herself and jerked her arm free of his tenacious hold. "What are you going to make me do?"

she asked softly, keenly aware that forty pairs of eyes watched her with avid curiosity.

She heard Sal mutter in a harsh voice, "Strip her naked. That's the punishment she should get."

Lia stiffened. Naked? In front of the whole class? This was after all a New Age where teachers held complete control over not only their students' minds but their bodies, too. Welcome to Outbay 33 in the Meridien galaxy. She had to remember she'd come here to this Outbay for the discipline. Conditions, she'd heard, were tough but well worth the achievement factor.

The professor eyed her speculatively with narrowed pupils. "You wait and see, young lady," he growled.

Lia didn't dare take a peek lower at the bulge straining against his jeans' zipper.

Isolated from the rest of her classmates, she visibly trembled, excited and a little hesitant. She wanted the professor's attention, but she'd have preferred to have him to herself.

The professor stood to one side and tapped the ruler against his palm. "I'm going to ask a question, and you'll answer. Or else." He left the last two words shivering in the tense air between them.

Against her will, her nipples puckered against the thin, sheer blouse she wore. The school uniform on the Outbay consisted of filmy blouses and tight black mini-skirts for the girls, white silk shirts and black pants but no underwear for the guys. Thank goodness, the girls were allowed a skimpy panty and a semblance of a bra. White, of course.

"What do the letters Pb stand for in a chemical equation?"

Lia shrugged laconically. Once again, the question absolutely stumped her.

Professor Daniel strolled in front of her then back again, so much like a hunter cornering its quarry. Not even a flicker of amusement traced his stern features. Lia knew she was trapped and had no way out. She'd asked for this, hadn't she?

She was a modern girl and found it difficult, no impossible, to obey a professor's commands. Taking orders from anyone wasn't her idea of freedom. From the moment she had arrived two days ago, she'd sensed she was in for a shitload of trouble. The professor asked the question again. Lia suddenly felt like a timid doe caught in a set of all-too bright headlights on a lonely, dark road.

"I don't know the answer," she replied, her heart stuck in her throat.

He nodded. Her classmates held their breaths. She'd been the first of their number who seemingly didn't understand the consequences of not answering questions correctly. Or at all.

Still to one side, Professor Daniel extended the ruler and gently tapped her blouse over her breasts. "Off," he ordered.

Lia bit into her bottom lip, wondering if she'd made a mistake coming to Outbay 33. The rumours she'd heard were that it was tough for a student, but that the sex was phenomenal. She'd known she'd have difficulties in school but not so soon. The sex she could easily handle—and even looked forward to—but not like this. Not in front of a classroom of other students, not ordered to do something she didn't want to. But if she didn't want to be sent home with a black mark on her academic record, one which boasted scholarships and straight A's, then she had no choice but to take off her blouse. In front of the whole class.

Her forehead beaded with tiny drops of perspiration, but lower, her folds were damp against the beaded thong she slipped into this morning. Faceted blue beads rubbed against her clit, inflaming the hot spot. There were no school rules about what kind of panties a girl had to wear. Lia knew Melissa in the next row to hers wore none at all and made no secret of it either. And the rules were strict about the boys not touching the girls unless invited.

"Lia," the professor prompted.

Lia was certain he had ulterior motives for teaching on Outbay 33. Her understanding was that Daniel Harmon had been forced here, otherwise he'd have lost his teacher's certificate and would have been barred from teaching anywhere in the galaxy. That left a lot of teaching positions banned for a hot stud like him. She suspected that he enjoyed roughing the students up a bit, that his foremost subject wasn't chemistry at all. Rather it was the study of psychology, principally that of young, naked women writhing in discomfort.

Her fingers shook slightly as she unfastened the button nearest her throat. The professor's ruler tapped on her knuckles ever so lightly.

“Yeah, make her take it *all* off,” Sal urged from the back.

The bastard seemed to have no compunction about her clothes being removed. Because Lia had no doubt the professor would make his questions as difficult as possible, and in her aroused state, when her mind lusted after a good fuck, she couldn't focus long enough on chemistry to even think about giving the right answer.

“You're way too slow,” the professor admonished her as her fingers rested on the next button. “Sal, get your ass up here,” he growled, his tone low, commanding.

Lia watched Sal's expression migrate from studied mockery to unaffected surprise.

“Yes, you,” Professor Daniel stated, all the time keeping his eyes on Lia.

The bastard was enjoying her discomfort. Lia's ears reddened. “Why do you need him?” she asked tentatively, resting her gaze on the professor.

“You need a little help,” he uttered, the dictator on a rampage.

Great. She hated Sal, thought of him as an overbearing masculine gigolo. Lia took a deep breath and let it out slowly as Sal made his way up the to the front of the class, wearing a “what the fuck?” expression. He was as much at a loss as she was. Maybe, when she was in as bad a pickle jar as she was, the guy wasn't so bad after all.

Professor Harmon ambled up to Lia, turned her in profile to the class and faced Sal towards her. Sal was no longer as sure of himself as he'd been back at his desk. His chin drooped and he twisted his hands at his belt.

“Since Ms. Burns is unable to comply with my request, let's see if you can.”

Lia groaned, then swallowed hard. She had no idea why Sal was in this class. He had no clue about balancing equations or the periodic table or anything that might be deemed scientific. The highest he could count to was two and that had been when he'd sucked on her nipples with unpractised bravado. What a disaster that had been! And only last night, too.

“Mr. Chelsea. What element does Pb stand for?” the professor asked.

Was his breathing a touch ragged? Lia couldn't decide. His face was tainted by the faintest blush, and his movements seemed less fluid than they'd been moments before.

Obviously, Sal didn't have a clue about what the letters stood for. Oh man. To make matters worse, her nipples puckered for the cool air spinning from the air conditioner overhead. Tiny but robust points poking at her sheer blouse.

“I don't know,” Sal replied sheepishly. The braggart who privately claimed to know everything in the galaxy.

The ruler tapped mercilessly on the floor. Tap, tap, tap. “Unbutton Ms. Burns' blouse completely.”

Like Sal would have any trouble with that. Last night, he'd been eager until she'd told him ‘no’. Men didn't get the word and always thought that a ‘no’ from a woman really meant a ‘yes’.

Sal's eyes, a murky shade of sea-green, met hers, questioning, probing, unsure. “Come on, you idiot,” Lia teased him. “Get it over with.”

Sal flinched as if she'd slapped him.

The professor moved forward, breathed down her neck, fanning the fine hairs. “What was that, Ms. Burns?”

Lia shivered. “I told him he's a jackass.” She knew even as she spoke, she was letting in a whole stream of trouble.

As one, the class sucked in a collective breath, forcing Lia to wonder what exactly the professor would do. Or, to be more precise, what he'd make her do. Conceivably, he could award extra achievement awards for all the guys spread-eagling her on the teacher's wide desk and taking turns with her.

She let out a breath, knowing she'd signed up for this class, had signed the release forms, realising that several men and a single woman were a distinct possibility. She thrilled at the thought of several men waiting impatiently, their dicks long and hard, waiting for their turn. And maybe she'd even have to get on her knees and suck the tips of their dicks of glistening pre-cum. Lia wasn't certain she'd enjoy the experience, but she was always up for a challenge.

A muscle twitched under the professor's left eye. "I see," was all he said.

Lia knew without a doubt she'd stepped in past her comfort zone. Sal was a predictable factor, but the professor was a complete unknown, and she realised from the last two days in classes that he was of mercurial mood.

"I gave you an order, Mr. Chelsee," he commanded, but his eyes were Lia as if to say 'I will deal with you later'.

Sal lifted his hands to her blouse and, one by one, unfastened the pearly white buttons down to her waist. He wasn't clumsy as he'd been last night but more assured. He did as he was told but the blouse remained closed.

"Pull her blouse out from her skirt," came the curt order.

Sal licked his lips, giving Lia the impression he was enjoying himself. Her nipples, already painful buds, tightened even more. Her stomach clenched into pleasurable knots as Sal practically ripped the sheer material from her skirt. Her arms broke out in goose bumps and her legs trembled. This was not a good time to get nerves and sink to her knees.

Professor Daniel shoved Sal aside, stepped in front of Lia, took hold of her blouse and unceremoniously ripped it off her body.

"You know," he said conversationally as if they were alone, "I don't care for smart mouth women."

Lia bristled. Who was he to tell her that she was a smart mouth? "I don't exactly care for you either," she put out bluntly. Oops. Shouldn't have said that. Should have kept her mouth shut with a padlock.

Sal licked his dry lips. Lia waited for the punishment that was sure to come.

And it came swiftly. "Since you don't care to know the answers to my questions, which by the way, you should already know, you will sit on my desk."

There was a slight pause. Lia sensed her classmates holding their breaths. After all, any one of them could have been up here instead of her.

"Without your skirt and allow the whole class to see you."

"Oh, that's not hard," Lia breathed even as Sal sucked in another breath. What was frightening about taking off her skirt and sitting on the professor's desk?

She was suddenly glad she'd worn the jewelled thong. Give the class a look at an elegant woman in her stride rather than boring white panties.

"Mr. Chelsee, dispose of Ms. Burns' skirt, please."

Another order Lia found herself resenting. "I can do that myself."

The professor faced her, chuckled his index finger under her chin and tilted her face upwards. "You are certainly chalking up a great many punishments, aren't you?"

"Why? Because I can do things myself?" she retorted.

Daniel's lips twisted in a wry smile. "You don't get it, do you?"

With a swiftness that startled her, he seized her wrists and quickly bound them together behind her back with a black leather strap that seemed to come out of nowhere. She grunted in dismay.

"Remember the days when the teacher ordered the misbehaving student to stand in a corner the whole school day? Ms. Burns, you won't have that luxury." Turning to Sal, he gave him a speculative look.

Sal knew better than to object. He tore away Lia's skirt with a slight, whispered mutter of apology, but Lia noticed, his cock was rock hard in its fabric prison. And his eyes widened to the size of half-dollar pieces, the currency they used on the Outpost, when he saw what she wore under the skirt. The other students broke out in applause although Lia couldn't see why. She was being punished for goodness sake!

The professor gave a low whistle of appreciation then a chuckle of amusement. "I see you came prepared."

The class immediately quieted. Lia said nothing. She was the bad girl, the other girls' jealousy factor and the guys' wet dreams acquisition. She knew now why Daniel had singled her out. Her face was fresh with little more than shimmering pink lip gloss, her breasts were just the right size for an inquisitive male palm, and her cunt was wetter than in her wildest fantasies. With her hands bound behind her, she could do nothing to help

herself.

The professor neared her and whispered erotically, “Relax, Lia. Enjoy yourself. I know I will.” With that pointed barb, he moved away, slapping the ruler against his thigh, attracting her attention to his huge erection. It wasn’t possible, but she got even wetter thinking of his huge cock filling up her pussy as fully as a glove fit over a hand.

“Mr. Chelsee, I would like you to help Ms. Burns to the desk to lie down on her back. But—”

The dreaded last word, Lia thought apprehensively.

“But you will act as her armchair back.”

The room was so intensely silent Lia heard Sal swallow hard. “I knew I should have stayed home this morning,” he muttered, clearly uncomfortable with the idea.

“What’s wrong, Mr. Chelsee? Are you afraid of a beautiful woman, or are you more afraid I’ll ask you to fuck her in front of the class? Can you even get it up, Mr. Chelsee?”

“What are you trying to do, Professor Harmon?” Sal flashed back, holding Lia’s arm tenderly. “Give your vast ego a boost it doesn’t need?”

The professor didn’t flinch. Lia suspected he enjoyed the attention and that his ego was the least of his problems. She tried to avert her eyes from his massive hard-on but failed.

“My ego, as you call it, doesn’t need a boost. Secondly, you’re here to learn your lessons, Mr. Chelsee. You signed the release papers, didn’t you?”

Sal grumbled something about he wouldn’t have if he’d known what hell this would be.

“What are you staring at?” the professor turned on Lia, a devilish glare appearing in his eyes. “Don’t worry one moment. I’ll have my turn at you.”

Lia grimaced. The man obviously knew how to torment her. A quick glance at her classmates told her the women would like a shot at the professor, too.

“First, you have to earn it,” Daniel told her in a curt voice. “Mr. Chelsee, please assist her onto the desk.”

“Nothing personal,” Sal murmured as he lifted her into his arms and onto the desk. The wood was cold against her ass, and she barely kept her balance by leaning forward slightly as Sal leaped up behind her and forced her to lean against his muscled chest—not half as muscled as the professor’s Lia guessed.

“Mr. Paul and Mr. Roberts,” Daniel called out.

The two men from opposite sides of the classroom sat forward, waiting for instructions. Paul’s face was lined by years in the brutal sunshine while Roberts seemed a few years older than the majority of his thirty-something classmates.

“I want you to treat the lady like fine china. Do you understand?”

They nodded eagerly. Lia suspected they’d already been through a few of Professor Harmon’s chemistry classes.

Within seconds, they stood in front of her, blocking her from the other classmates’ view.

“Stand on either side of Ms. Burns. One by one, lift her legs onto the edge of the desk and hold her ankles in place.”

“No!” Lia remonstrated. “That’s going too far.” She remembered signing the release papers back on Earth, her home away from home. The paperwork had read in legalese mumbo-jumbo that ‘everything goes’. *Everything*, she remembered with a hint of heart-pounding embarrassment.

The two men hesitated, turned towards the professor.

“You signed the release papers, Ms. Burns. I have them right here,” Daniel said, producing a sheaf of papers from who knew where. He strolled up to her, stepped between Paul and Roberts and leaned forward. His breath was warm on her face, causing her to tingle all over.

“When you signed, you agreed the professor gives the orders, not anyone in the class, or even yourself. Do you understand?”

She nodded as he slipped his hand around to the back of her head and unsnapped the rose-shaped barrette holding her hair in place. A mass of silky dark strands fell forward over her bare shoulders. Gently, he brushed her hair off her shoulders and over her back and moved away.

“Smells like a summer’s day filled with peaches and apricots,” Sal murmured audibly, sniffing her hair.

“Mr. Chelsee. Please keep your inane comments to yourself,” the professor barked.

Lia wanted to tell Sal that his quiet observation made her feel better about herself, but she said nothing, fearing the professor had a few more tricks up his sleeve than she really wanted to know.

“Gentlemen,” Daniel prompted, once again tapping the ruler against his thigh.

Lia couldn’t help but notice his massive cock straining against his jeans. *Get a load of that sucker!*

Watch yourself, Lia. Next thing you know he’ll be asking you to suck his cock and how long will that take? And how fired up will you get?

Gingerly, Paul lifted her ankle onto the desk and held her slim ankle. Roberts did the same.

Lia both feared and thrilled at what Daniel would demand next. He was so much more like a captor in a dreaded prison than a professor of chemistry.

“Spread her legs apart,” came the terse order.

Exactly as she’d considered. The two men pushed her knees apart and there she was, her pussy wide open for anyone and everyone to view at their leisure.

The professor stepped in front of her, blocking the class’ view of her weeping clit. Could a woman be more wide open to critical examination than she was? The only thing that covered her was her beaded thong and that didn’t hide a whole lot. Her creamy juices leaked out from her cunt and onto the desk.

“Enjoying this are you?” Daniel’s hand slid down the tender skin of her inner thigh towards her pussy. It didn’t take a whole lot of imagination to know what he was going to do.

Chapter Two

Daniel Harmon had been a student of human psychology for as long as he could remember. He liked girls. A lot. He knew exactly what their fantasies were. A good many of those fantasies included being bound and hot, mind-numbing sex. His education on the psychological and sexual aspects of women had proven right, time and again, and Outbay 33 was the perfect place to prove his theories. And to pleasure his students, especially the females. He never wanted to hurt them. Only to help them experience the pleasure they had been denied for long centuries.

Slapping the ruler against his thigh, he watched intently as Lia's eyes widened and her alabaster cheeks brightened to a vivid pink at every movement the men around her made. The room already smelled of sex and flowery perfume with the lingering scent of cologne. None of which could hide the pheromones each of his students gave off. He ran his tongue over his lower lip and bit down with his upper teeth. He was enjoying himself immensely, and it had nothing to do with chemistry, yet everything to do with Lia.

He'd wanted her from the moment he'd first seen her, a little unsure of herself but pretending that the world was her oyster—which of course it was but strictly under his terms. Now Paul and Roberts held her ankles and pressed her thighs apart, and the only apparel barely covering her pussy was the beaded thong. Daniel knew he was no exception, but his dick was rock hard, harder than it had ever been. And he was the one orchestrating Lia's pleasure. The entertaining thought gave him tiny goose bumps. Every student in his class was at his mercy. If they protested, then he had the right to expel them from school.

Lia tried to clamp her thighs together, but the men wouldn't allow her. They wanted their degree more than they wanted anything else, and who would know back on Earth that their degrees had been conferred on them by Outbay 33, better known to those on Earth as Sweet Meadows Academy where a degree could be had in less than a year as compared to over four on Earth?

He kept his reserved façade even though he wanted to fuck Lia until she begged him to stop. "Take her bra off, Mr. Roberts," he ordered in an affected, bored drawl.

Lia shook her head and put on a brave front. Her chin angled upwards even though her eyes were half-closed, the usual bedroom eyes. She had pretty eyes that he wanted staring at him in rapt fascination even as she came to a shuddering climax. She was very near the breaking point. Relieving her of her bra would probably make her shudder in orgasmic intensity.

Sal reached in front of the naked woman, unclasped the sheer material and waited several long seconds before he moved the cups apart, revealing small breasts with huge cinnamon-brown aureoles. The straps rested lazily across her creamy shoulders. Of course, Sal had to pinch the tight buds lightly, and that put her over the edge.

Roberts and Paul held her thighs apart as she closed her eyes tight, writhed and moaned in ecstasy. Her lips parted and her chest thrust forward.

Daniel slid the ruler onto the flat of her stomach. Her skin, all over, was so smooth. Her eyes flashed open, seething, tumultuous emerald jewels.

"I never signed release papers for this," she managed slowly.

"Did you forget to read the fine print?"

Essentially, the words in legalese read 'anything goes'. Most people, whether they were seasoned businessmen or twenty-somethings starting out, never bothered with the fine print. Their mistake.

Daniel yearned to caress her breasts, to lean over and suck on those oh-so-perky nipples, rousing her to higher heights of pleasure, then he wanted to plunge his cock into her cunt and give her everything he had. He enjoyed sex fast and rough the first time. After that, he liked making slow, slow love to a woman's body, bringing her to climax over and over again until she drifted off into contented sleep.

"I—" she protested.

He cut her off. "Ms. Burns, I have the right to do anything to you. Did you manage to read that part?"

The class broke out in an uneasy titter. This was their second day, nothing like the tame first one where he'd only asked chemistry questions, covertly assessing the strengths and weaknesses of each of his students. Most of them didn't have much character. Lia was different. He enjoyed her smart replies. Enjoyed giving her what she really wanted. Plenty of attention, which she craved the same way a child hankered after sweet treats.

Lia took a shallow breath, her breasts rising and falling. "If I had known you'd be such a dictator, I'd never have signed up."

"Is that right?" Daniel adjusted his cock to a somewhat more manageable position. Barely. He would have stripped of his clothes except he'd made it a personal policy never to indulge in classroom sex. It was his fourth year teaching chemistry, and he prided himself on keeping his policy.

"You haven't seen the tiger side of me yet," he pronounced and took pleasure in seeing her wince.

"You wouldn't," she whispered.

Daniel knew she wasn't protesting because she didn't find anything she was going through displeasing. No, she wanted a little more rough treatment. And so she'd get it.

Lia instantly sensed the change in the professor. From somewhat exasperating to outright menacing. He had the power to do anything he wanted to her. Anything. If only...

She couldn't think along those lines. If she showed her sexual prowess in the classroom, he might take her to his bed in private. That was a gamble she'd have to take. She thrust her breasts out, stretching like a languid cat in the early morning sun on a sultry summer day. She'd make him go crazy for wanting her as the other men took liberties with her.

Daniel strolled around to the side of the desk, leaned over and whispered conspiratorially in her ear, "Are you ready for this treat?"

"You know that I give payback?" She kept her voice steady, muted as his was although she didn't doubt the men surrounding her heard, too.

The professor's eyebrows squirmed upwards. "Are you threatening me?"

Lia had no idea how he could feel threatened. She was the one whose hands were tied behind her back, was naked and had her thighs pried wide apart. "Not in the least, *professor*. I'm just saying that you won't always have the upper hand."

For some reason she didn't understand, he gave a muffled grunt and backed away. "Gentlemen," was all he said.

Lia sensed she'd been set up. Big time. And payback for the professor in her own good time was no longer the issue.

"You set me up," she whispered, but he'd turned his back, probably to enjoy his moment of dominant triumph.

Her body ached for his, but all she would get was a simulation from men who weren't anywhere as practised in arousing a woman as Professor Harmon was.

* * * *

Melissa, Lia's one time friend, now turned enemy, looked on with avid interest. If only she were in Lia's shoes. She would have paid Daniel for that position. The man was obviously besotted with her, probably because of her tiny waist and her long legs.

Melissa didn't look anything like Lia. Melissa's honey-blonde hair hardly reached her shoulders, and her breasts were far too large in her opinion. And she was taller by several inches than the other women in the class. Yet, she was good in bed. She made men weep for more and more sex even though they were visibly tuckered out. And here was Lia who was the lucky one who got all the attention. Melissa would have given anything to be in Lia's shoes at the moment. Not shoes, maybe, but surrounded by three brawny men whose cocks bulged at their crotches, and who wanted to thrust them into Lia's cunt.

She squirmed in her chair. The spy job she'd been assigned by her government was the hardest yet. Sex

and spying went together the same way a hand slipped into a glove but not when you were in discomfort. Classroom rules forbade her to play with herself, but the longing inside her was rapidly spiralling out of control. Her fingers rested on her thigh near her pubic mound. Just a little lower and she could pretend she had an itch. Idly, she wondered what the punishment was for getting herself off—if she was caught. She'd only enrolled in classes to see others being 'punished'. She prided herself on being a private type of woman and shivered that Lia used to be her best friend and knew that about her.

She remembered a time when Lia and she were lying on their stomachs on the sun-kissed beach in Miami back on Earth during college spring break, and they'd taken a liking to each other. That was before Lia started to steal Melissa's boyfriends from under her nose.

The beach had been fairly deserted that day although a few runners sprinted by from time to time. Once an old granny type had strolled by. Lia had turned over on her back and remarked on how beautiful and isolated it was on the beach in Costa Rica. The next moment, she reached out and touched Melissa's breast over the bikini top—royal blue, shirred in the middle with a shiny, silver jewel.

Lia laughed and asked if she'd ever made out with another woman. Melissa was horrified. "Another woman?"

Unruffled by her question and totally at ease, Lia stripped off her bikini. She was as beautiful as a goddess. Every bare inch of her was tanned a gorgeous bronze. Tiny beads of perspiration trickled down between her breasts, and her pubic hair was as fine as a baby chick's down.

"Here, let me show you," Lia said, helping Melissa to her feet.

"You want me to undress, too?" Melissa asked a tad nervously.

"Uh-huh. You would for Neil, wouldn't you?"

Thinking about Neil, her current boyfriend, his strong biceps, his lean thighs, his tight ass and his long, heavy dick made Melissa's mouth water. "Yeah."

"You're not shy with me, are you?"

"No, but I've never done it with, like, a female, you know."

Lia made short work of Melissa's sheer, black, one-piece swimsuit. For a moment, Melissa wanted to hide her pubic triangle under her hands, but Lia was her friend. Why be a prude?

Lia rounded her, unclasped the string of pearls from around her neck, came around and weighed them in her palm. "Are these the real thing?"

Melissa nodded. She came from a wealthy family. Nothing wrong with that.

The corners of Lia's lips edged upwards in a tight smile. "That's good. Why don't you lie down on your back? Make yourself comfortable?"

The humid breeze from the ocean wafted over Melissa's skin. "I don't know—" she began to protest.

"I won't hurt you," Lia assured her.

Melissa laid down on her beach towel next to a bottle of sunscreen and a romance novel, her legs clamped tightly together. She'd heard about sex between women and didn't care for the notion much.

"Edge your legs apart so I can sit between them," Lia commanded, throwing her long hair back over her shoulders. The glare of the sun hid Lia's expression. Melissa did as asked, and once again, the ocean breeze fanned her hot pussy.

"Wider, Mel, wider," Lia urged, getting down on her knees and pushing Mel's legs apart further. *Almost like a gyno exam*, Mel told herself. Lia slipped the pearls from one hand to the other as if measuring them. She placed her finger against Mel's pubic mound then trailed the pad down between the skin of the outer lips covering her vagina.

"No, I don't think this is such a good idea."

"Man, just relax. I promised not to hurt you." Lia's index finger edged into Mel's pussy. "You are so tight. You gotta relax."

"How can I when you're sticking your finger up me?" Mel squirmed. Somehow the finger wasn't invasive. She'd done it to herself a few times when she wanted a man but none was available. But another woman's fingers felt different.

“Take a deep breath, and try to relax.”

Mel closed her eyes although all she could see was Lia’s face and her breasts jiggling which was, she decided, kind of erotic. The string of pearls jangled and rested next to her inflamed clit.

“This feel good, baby?”

Mel flashed open her eyes. “What are you going to do with those?”

“Roll them inside you. You’ll love it.”

“No, you won’t!”

It was futile to try to clamp her knees together. Lia was already doing her thing. One sun-warmed pearl slipped inside Mel’s cunt, rapidly followed by another and another and another until Mel’s pussy felt as full as if a man’s dick was lodged inside.

“Now relax and let me do the work.” Lia scrambled into a prone position and traced her hot tongue along the inside of Mel’s left thigh. Mel shivered. The sensation was as erotic as the pearls resting inside her.

The tension rose to a crescendo within her, a combination of the pearls and Lia’s tongue edging over her dewy clit faster and faster. Mel went over the precipice with a sharp cry even as Lia’s tongue flicked into her vagina. Mel had come, again and again, as Lia teased her.

The memory faded away, replaced by the sterile classroom, and the sight of Lia’s thighs spread wide apart. Mel wished she had worn a string of pearls. But she had a more urgent matter to consider. How to take the edge off her own lust when it was forbidden?

* * * *

“You’re so beautiful,” Sal murmured from behind Lia as she leaned against his broad chest. Her skin tingled with sexual awareness as she thought about the wide-open position she’d been placed in. In front of a classroom of students. Most women, she assured herself, would have found having their thighs held apart by two sturdy, male specimens totally degrading. But Lia prided herself on being different. She loved to think of herself as a real woman who didn’t shy away from any sexual act. Was the professor trying to test her in some way?

“Gentlemen,” Professor Daniel repeated in a gravelly tone.

Paul breathed out a tight sigh as if he were being imprisoned, and Roberts’ eyes sparkled with mischievousness. A bad combination, Lia was sure. And in her helpless state, all she could do was hang on for the ride.

They released her legs and moved aside. Sal slid off the desk, turned her tenderly to lie across the length of the desk then lowered a heavy metal bar from the ceiling. Expertly, he untied her hands, then strapped each wrist to the bar over her head.

“You can’t do that!” she exclaimed, huffing a breath. She wouldn’t have admitted to anyone, but she was frightened in her bound state.

The professor bent over her. His hot breath heated her lower jaw and her lips. “You’re asking for all this, Ms. Burns, with your lame protests.” In a hushed voice, he said, “And don’t think this won’t get worse. Much worse.”

“You can’t—”

Her words were lost in a flurry of activity from the men around her. They unfolded part of the desk in profile to the class and moments later, she lay on a medical-type bed, complete with stirrups. She moaned. Why had she thought she could remain unfazed by the professor’s little game on her body? Her wet clit pulsed with a fierceness she’d never encountered, and her nipples puckered tighter and more painfully.

“Can’t you just get me off and have done with it?” she found herself calling out to the professor.

Her classmates laughed softly. Any one of them would have been glad to get her off, not to help her quench the burning fire inside her but in a vain attempt to deal with their own fierce arousal.

She picked up the scent of aroused female—her own, she guessed. The professor didn’t even bother to answer her.

"You're evil," she called out again, reluctant to raise his ire but demanding relief. She clamped her upper legs together, rubbing her thighs for that elusive orgasm. As her hips bucked with the momentum of the growing climax, the professor seized her right leg.

"Enough of that," he ordered, cutting off her cry of frustrated anger. His fingers tightened over her slim ankle. "You'll come when I say you come."

"Bastard," she spat out at him. "How long are you going to continue this?"

He gave her a quizzical glance. "Before you told me I couldn't, and now you're asking me how long." He chuckled. "I can and for however long it pleases me to do so."

Lia ground her teeth with mounting impatience. "Go ahead, do what you want, but remember what I'm telling you. You'll have your payback soon."

He gave her a lazy smile, the corners of his lips merely edging upwards. "I don't think so." Carefully, he placed her ankle in the stirrup and tied a black leather strap around it to hold her firmly in place.

"How does that feel?" he drawled.

Lia remained silent, wishing for the moment she'd be free. Then she'd let him have a taste of his own medicine. First, she needed to take care of the fiery torment rising in the pit of her stomach. And there was no way the professor would let her have the satisfaction.

She is so very beautiful, Daniel thought. He wasn't a man to wax poetic or make himself a fool over a bare ass and weeping pussy, but Lia was an exception. Every instinct told him to shove his hard shaft into her wet cunt and give himself release from the gradually surging pressure in his groin. Out of the dozens of women he'd taught on Outbay 33, she was the one who sang not only to his body but to his soul. And he wanted to torment her body the same way she, without realising it, tormented him.

Her lovely face and neck had taken on a slight flush. Yes, he was doing her in the way she liked. With plenty of attention, ministering to her insatiable appetite. He finished tying her left ankle to the stirrup and stood back to admire her gift to him. Her clit was a swollen, throbbing nub, and to irritate her even more, he took the tip of his index finger and eased it into her pussy.

He watched as she closed her eyes. Her long eyelashes fluttered, and her breathing came in tortured gasps. Daniel called out to the class. "Who wants to come forward and fuck Ms. Burns?"

Lia turned her head sideways and surveyed the students. The professor noted not one hand remained down. Unaccustomed jealousy stabbed him. Everyone wanted Lia. And yet, no one could have her with the same intensity he did.

Insanity, he told himself. The woman was forcing him to flirt with obsession and insanity. He grumbled and gnashed his teeth together. The rules were the professor couldn't fuck his student. Damn the rules.

"Let me have a go at her," Melissa shouted. "Let me!"

Daniel had taken an instant dislike to the mousy creature. Compared to Lia who wasn't just beautiful but intelligent, Melissa was neither. So what was her game?

A cacophony of "me! me!" broke out. Feverish lust, Daniel liked to call it. He knew each one of his students yearned to slake their hunger, but the rules were rules. No getting yourself off, no matter how hot you got.

Daniel slipped his finger from Lia's pussy and eased the juice covered digit into his mouth. Lia tasted of summer and lush, ripe peaches. He took a deep breath and expelled it. Damn it but he was going to lose it. If he fucked Lia right in front of his students, he'd lose his job that paid far better than most CEO positions in major companies on Earth.

"Put your hands down," he snarled to the students.

"Why, Professor?" Lia asked in that silky smooth voice that drove him nuts. "You're going to break the rules and stick your cock in my cunt?"

Daniel moaned. "I love it when you talk dirty."

"Don't the rules state the prof can't have the girl?" Lia intimated in a jeering tone.

The little tart! She was putting him on the spot, drawing him out from that uncomfortable place of

indecision. To do her and lose his job...or not do her and lose the woman.

He caressed the tender flesh of her inner right thigh. He'd been waiting for the right woman, marriageable material, to show up in his life. But he'd never, for a moment, suspected she would be a student. His resolve began to shatter like windowpanes during a severe earthquake, and he decided as swiftly as an eagle swooping from the sky towards his prey.

He'd have his job and Lia, too.

Chapter Three

Lia noticed the firm determination on the professor's handsome face. She wanted his rigid shaft in her pussy but not at the price of being made an example to the students.

"Mr. Chelsee! Get over here!" Daniel shouted.

Lia observed that handsome face, the utter resolve, and watched with fascination. When Sal presented himself, she swore she became a silent witness to a shimmering transformation that took place in a microsecond. How could she have seen the shift in such a short space of time? But then she didn't really know anything about the professor, did she? Like where he originally came from, what kind of upbringing he'd had or what type of temperament he had. But she had seen the shimmering, an almost invisible thread of blue-white energy between teacher and student. She was sure of that. But what had it been?

The professor cleared his throat and gave a curt command. "You will entertain the lady."

A general moan of disappointment reverberated through the class.

"That's not fair," Melissa whined. "I wanted to do her."

The hostility in her former friend's voice sent shivers of trepidation up and down Lia's spine. Silently, she thanked Daniel Harmon for preserving her from the 'awkward mouse' as she'd begun to call Melissa. She harboured no ill feelings towards the other woman but couldn't understand why she'd been chosen as part of the select group on Outbay 33. Mel was far too prissy. Or vindictive. Lia wasn't sure which.

Uncharacteristically, the professor sat at a desk in the front of the class. "Go ahead. Mr. Chelsee. Show Ms. Burns what you're made of." He turned away as if disinterested or bored.

Something was up for sure. The professor, Lia suspected, enjoyed lording it over his students, ordering them around as if they weren't persons of free will.

When she turned her focus on Sal, she saw ferocity in his glazed eyes. She shuddered, but her body was so out of control now she no longer cared whose dick did the job. She writhed in agony against the plastic sheets of the medical bed.

"At least, have mercy on me," she muttered to Sal. "Get me off and put me out of this misery."

"Sweet agony," Sal murmured, slipping his arms out of his shirt. "Sweet, sweet agony."

"What's going on here?" she asked. That wasn't Sal talking without his usual pre-emptory tone. Her heart thudded in her chest as she swivelled her head to take a peek at the professor. Curiously, he acted as if he were bewildered. His long legs were crossed at the ankles, and he leaned his head back against the folded elbows behind his neck.

"Why don't you just relax, Lia? Let me thrust my big cock into your wet cunt so you can take care of that burning need of yours."

Deep, raging anger wound through her. Just as she was about to make her discovery known to the class, Sal deftly stuffed a small rubber ball into her mouth, cutting off her ranting swear words. That indignity was quickly followed by a leather strap being wound around her lower face, cutting off anything she might want to say. She thrust her head from side to side, urging Sal to pull away the leather.

"Quiet, my beautiful Lia, or else I'll blindfold you, too," came the stern admonishment.

She blinked in disbelief. Sal wasn't the domineering bastard kind. He couldn't give an order even if forced. Yeah, it was Harmon all right.

"Let me see what I have here." He trailed a feather-light palm down the outer sides of her breasts, bent down and flicked her right nipple with his hot tongue. She didn't want his touch up there! She would have begged now if she'd been able to speak. She wanted him to caress her hardened nub and put an end to her agony that continued to build, spiralling nearly out of control.

"What do you want me to do, my beautiful, beautiful Lia?" Sal asked, his voice thick and husky. His gaze met hers, appraising, teasing. "Do you want me to trail my hand down your stomach into your pubic curls?"

His palm trailed in the same manner his words suggested, sending erotic waves of pleasure through her nerve endings. *Lower, lower, lower. Please, please, please.*

But his hand halted short of her yearning, wet clit. Lia moaned and thrashed about, frantically trying to clamp her thighs together, to rid herself of the male bastard so keenly tormenting her.

She flexed her fingers. If she could free her hands from the infernal leather's entrapment, then she'd come up fighting like a proverbial she-cat. Tears sprang into her eyes. She was so, so helpless against Sal. He was going to take his time while she writhed in agony. All the time his hand wandered, she was keenly aware of the students' focus on her. It could have been worse, she consoled herself. Her body was in profile to them and they couldn't see the juices drooling from her vagina.

It was as if Sal read her mind. Catching her gaze, he slowly turned the table ninety degrees. Now the students saw everything—her wet pussy, her pulsing clit, the crack of her ass and her pointed, hard nipples.

Bastard! she screamed silently. How had he known what she was thinking? Maybe a whim, she decided in irritation. She wriggled her ass on the bed trying to gain some relief from the burning in her. Sal put a stop to that too. He extracted a plump pillow from a drawer at the bottom of the table, lifted her hips up and onto it.

Lia groaned. This just couldn't be happening. His hands were the only instruments he would use to bring her close to exploding. The pillow he'd stuck under her ass made it impossible to thrash about.

Sal kissed both cheeks lightly as if he were taking part in a ceremony of some sort. The bastard probably had thought up some elaborate scheme to keep her from an orgasm. She breathed erratically through her nose, fixing her furious eyes on him.

His pupils were dilated, and his cock, she felt certain, was about to tear the fabric of his pants. He was absolutely huge. She wanted that big, luscious cock wedged in her pussy!

Sal brushed stray strands of hair from the corners of her eyes. "Do you want me, Lia, as much as I want you?"

How was she to answer that? If her legs had been free, she just might have kicked him in the balls for playing with her as if she were some kind of sex toy.

"I feel like relenting. A little."

Her gaze met his. The bastard was going to continue toying with her, stretching her control to the utmost. Her skin quivered and broke out into goose bumps as he lowered his hand to her inner thigh and rested his warm fingers against her hot skin.

Higher! Please! Higher! she begged silently, blinking rapidly, hoping he would hear her in that thick head of his.

The moment his fingers trailed up her leg and into the crevice between her mound and her thigh, she shuddered with delight. This time he wouldn't stop. He wouldn't dare. Would he?

She relaxed marginally. He didn't. His fingered the beads resting against her pussy.

"Tell me you want me, Lia. Just nod your head if you do," Sal relentlessly pushed her. A tiny frown marred his features when she didn't comply fast enough, then disappeared, replaced by a wide grin. "I'm glad you said yes."

With a butterfly touch, he eased the rope of beads against her burning nub. Lia's hips bucked once before a climax ripped through her, blocking every thought in her mind. But instead of numbing her body from the strong yearning, she found herself wanting more of Sal's touch.

She swivelled her head from side to side, a crude form of pleading with him to touch her again. He slipped fully out of his shirt. Such a strong chest with fine dark hairs arrowing down to his belt. A belt buckle with a phoenix poised to rise from the ashes, she noted in her haze.

Before he unfastened his belt, he reached between her legs. She stopped breathing. He was about to stick his fingers in her pussy and give her another orgasm. But he didn't get that far. He grabbed the beaded thong and ripped it off, leaving her fully exposed, spread out for the class to view at their leisure. Someone groaned, while someone else coughed.

She forced herself to breathe through her nose. Her racing heartbeat thrummed in her ears. She didn't want to think of forty pairs of eyes observing her wet pussy, probably wishing they could have a turn at her.

Delight thrummed through her. She was definitely getting what she wanted. A whole lot of attention and one helluva a good time.

* * * *

Melissa's eyes widened when Sal clambered out of his pants. Such a long, long dick. Her fingers edged closer to her mound. Everyone was so busy watching the sex drama between Lia and Sal, they'd never notice if she got herself off quickly.

She muffled a sigh. This was what her life amounted to. Watching Lia get all the attention while she got next to none. Life wasn't quite fair, was it? Her index finger rested against her clit now. All she had to do was to massage it, and she'd release the longing ache inside her.

As Lia's orgasm ripped through her again, Mel let hers go, too. A slight tightening of her thighs and a covert nip at one covered nipple, and bliss followed. When she withdrew her finger, she smelled like musky sex. Uh-oh. She hoped no one took too close a whiff. She loved the scent of sex when she was alone. When she was with a man, it was different. She hated the taste of a man. She'd tried it once and instantly disliked it. What had his name been? Oh yeah. Geoff. He wasn't that great a kisser, either. She'd felt like a pound of meat under his lusting gaze.

Mel returned her attention to Lia and Sal, who wasn't quite as clumsy as she'd made him out to be. The little exchange between the prof and Sal had been unnecessary. Had Harmon somehow taken Sal over? If so, how? But no, that was impossible. Besides, Harmon was dictatorial but he wasn't the type who would imperil his job for any woman. Everyone knew the prof couldn't fuck his student during class. It was grounds for dismissal, and the rumour travelling around Outbay 33 was that profs got paid half a king's ransom. Mel wouldn't mind being paid that much for looking over the students and directing a sex drama.

Lia squirmed. Mel had hidden her smile when the prof clamped Lia's mouth shut. She looked like a trussed up turkey, and once in a while, she'd get so excited, her cream would edge out of her cunt and onto the medical bed. Mel bet there were a number of guys who wouldn't have minded lapping that up.

The two guys on either side of Mel had straining erections and grim expressions, as if they were barely keeping themselves from jumping up and thrusting their dicks into Lia.

Mel remembered Lia telling her a story one day about how she'd gone into a bar for a drink but ended up on the pool table without her panties. She said she'd lost count of the guys who'd taken a turn on her. Mel's face flushed crimson at the memory, at Lia obviously enjoying what she'd received. Or was that a tall tale to make Mel jealous of Lia's sexual exploits? Mel shrugged off the memory. Lia couldn't have possibly allowed several guys at her.

Mel drummed her fingers on her desk. Lia might be a liar, but she was pretty, and the guys went after her like flies to sticky paper. Except for the prof who sat at a desk in the front of the classroom, staring out the window. No, he was so bored he'd turned Lia over to someone else to do with her what he wanted.

* * * *

Lia's eyes were so hauntingly expressive that Daniel almost thrust his throbbing cock into her wet pussy without further foreplay. He suspected she guessed what he'd done, but he didn't give her the satisfaction of finding she was correct though he desperately wanted to. She was headstrong, utterly without inhibition and the most exquisite woman he'd ever met, both on and off Outbay 33.

He'd fallen in love with her at first sight, a fact he thought absurd. His colleagues at Outbay 33 would deride his fantasy if they found out. His heavy dick bobbed as he slipped out of his pants, and the fabric pooled around his feet. Absentmindedly, he stepped away from the denim, keeping his eyes focused on Lia's. With barely a thought to the consequences that would surely come, he did the ultimate and plunged inside her.

The class faded from view.

In his mind's eye, he witnessed the scene the unsuspecting students now had. Lia spread out and Sal

thrusting his cock into her, hardly able to restrain himself from climaxing too quickly and spoiling the fun for the class while Professor Harmon looked on disinterestedly. How far was that from the truth?

Without a second thought, he untied her ankles then her wrists and finally the gag.

“What are you doing?” she demanded in a sleepy, imperious tone. For all she knew, she was still facing the classroom.

Something I should have done from the first. “ I thought you’d be glad for the freedom.” The words didn’t come out quite right. If only he could tell her that he loved her, wanted her by his side forever. His heart was heavy with foreboding.

The class was completely gone. She scissored her legs together, sat up like an elegant, pampered queen against soft cushions, and rubbed her wrists as she observed him.

He was immensely irritated with himself. How had he taught women about their hidden sexuality the last three years, twined their delicate limbs into all manner of positions and remained aloof? Lia was different. She deserved a royal prince catering to her every whim not some conceited fool who thought he knew all about women, their fantasies and what made them tick.

Then all hell broke loose. He should have guessed Lia wasn’t as helpless as she made herself to be.

Chapter Four

Lia gently rubbed her chafed wrist. A deep silence fell, unbroken by so much as a hint of soft breathing or exhaled breaths. Her hair hung around her face making it impossible for him to see her playful expression. She shifted slightly to ease her cramped muscles. It was time to repay Daniel Harmon. The same way he hadn't given her privacy, she wouldn't give him much either.

In less time than it took to blink, Daniel shifted from Sal back to himself. Her radar attuned, she easily recognized the change this time, and she wouldn't hesitate to let him know what she thought of his trickery. She waved her hand, and the class with each one of the students reappeared. Before he could open his sexy lips wider, she slipped off the medical bed and confronted him. Even though she was naked and sweaty, she stood tall, proud and defiant. Her lips trembled with pent up emotion.

"Don't you know your limits?" Her tone was quiet but firm, the disturbing lull before the storm.

His blue eyes twinkled. He had the nerve to examine her from head to toe and back again. "Is it really my limits we should be discussing?" he drawled.

"Maybe you should learn a lesson or two yourself." In half a heartbeat, she'd dressed herself in thigh-high black boots and wielded a leather whip in her right hand. She didn't bother to clothe herself simply to drive him to distraction.

His mouth fell open in shocked surprise, but she saw his turmoil stall as a counter plan began to form swiftly in his head. She knew him better than he knew himself, she gloated. She'd quickly turned the proverbial tables on him, leaving frustration and recriminations 'til later. Their relationship, based on nothing but sex, was an uneasy truce at best, reminding her of soldiers regrouping while their commanders figured out how to bring the enemy down for good this time.

"Cease!" she called out pre-emptively. He froze, his cock rock hard, bobbing towards her enticingly, his expression questioning and, for the first time since she'd met him, uncertain. How many months of tumultuous agony ago had that been?

Ten months, three days and six hours without him, and she still wasn't sure whether she loved him or hated him. She was so mixed up emotionally and mentally when it came to Daniel Harmon. Lia hated him for his arrogant self-assurance that acted as an unbridgeable chasm between them but loved him for the loving in bed. He'd given her one orgasm after another, not that they had sated her, but he hadn't had the luxury of spending himself to find relief.

Daniel's chest rose and fell as he gulped. "How long have you known?"

"From the very first moment." With a satisfied smirk, she ordered, "Mr. Paul and Mr. Roberts. The professor requires your assistance."

Both men sprang to their feet. She'd unveiled the professor's little drama, allowed the students to witness what he hadn't wanted them to see. Too bad, because she had no compunction about revealing the scene he'd tried to keep hidden. No compunction at all.

Harmon stepped back but the two men rapidly seized his arms and tugged his wrists behind him.

"Lia," the professor gave her a weak grimace. "What in heaven's name are you doing?"

"Returning the favour of your teaching." She sashayed up to him, leaving a space of several inches between their naked bodies, and allowed her gaze to sweep over him. His muscled chest, his well-honed biceps, his lean waist and oh my... Her mouth watered at the luscious sight of his pulsing, stiff rod, and her pussy wept ashamedly. She stroked his long cock with the whip, whisper soft, non-threatening, although her gut instinct was to play her small hand over the pulsing muscle until she saw agony cross his features and he begged her to release him for the erotic hell he was assuredly in.

"You made me cry out, beg you to bring me to an orgasm my body needed..." Her voice trailed off. Her thoughts spun. How could she give him better than what he'd given her? "No...that my body demanded," she continued in a strong tone, determined not to beg favours from him ever again. The determination often fell

flat when they encountered each other after a short absence, as they often did given who they were. “And now your audience is back.”

She lifted an elegant hand towards the class that hung on her every word, each student struggling with the event that had so suddenly shifted before their astonished eyes. Events that changed in a fluid movement. Did any of the students know they were being manipulated by two Celadian aristocrats?

Daniel moaned. “You can’t, Lia. Your actions would be against the rules.”

His protest fell on deaf ears. No one had ever dared to face her when her mood was less than forgiving. Each one had learned the consequences. Melissa, Sal, and a few others. Not that Daniel was never on the receiving end of her raging hurt, but he hadn’t ever learned not to mess with her mind.

“You see,” she continued, “you were the one who shouldn’t have broken the rules.”

Several bewildered students gasped at her outright challenge. She’d be expelled. There was no doubt about that.

“Lia,” he urged, his usually deep voice laced with bitterness, “don’t.”

“What?” she flashed back at him. He towered above her, but she refused to allow his commanding presence to quell her desire for sweet, sweet revenge. “Breaking the rules is good enough for the gander but not the goose?”

She chuckled without amusement although inwardly she found a great deal of satisfaction in outwitting the man who’d thought to use her body as a pawn in the political game he’d formerly played without error.

“Lia,” he intoned, shifting from one foot to the other. “Don’t play with fire. Please.”

She refused to let his intimidating presence, like that of a waiting panther ready to pounce on its victim, force her to back down. “You should have thought about that before you started in on me.”

Lia bounced away. Silently, self-assured, she ordered Roberts and Paul to tie Harmon’s wrists to the bar above the medical bed. She really didn’t need them as her minions, but she didn’t want to lose the support of the students or their sympathy for her former plight. She whispered, “You should never underestimate the power of your female opponent.”

Daniel sucked in his gut and groaned. “I should have known.”

His gaze met hers, unflinching, resolute. He was not a man who would allow anyone to beat him at his own game. Lia knew only too well.

“Tell the class who I am,” she urged, her breasts mere inches from his chest. Interestingly enough, his cock was still hard, but that would come in useful as per her plans.

“No.” The merest of smiles tugged at the corners of his mouth. His musky, sexy scent was so strong, Lia would have given anything to have him riding her hard and fast.

She nudged the whip under his chin. “Tell them, Daniel. Perhaps, they’ll figure out who *you* are.” Intense erotic pleasure flooded through her, reinforcing her need to conquer the one enemy she’d never been able to completely vanquish.

A muscle danced nervously under his eye. He pressed his lips together.

“Well?” Lia said, rubbing the whip along his rugged jaw.

“No,” he ground out.

She heaved a deep breath. “So this is how you want to play,” she muttered. “I can do one better.”

“Haven’t you always done that, Lia?” he queried, undisturbed by her menacing stance.

She snorted, remembering how his cock lodged in her pussy, so tight and perfect. No matter how she’d tried over the last few days since their last encounter, she hadn’t been able to dismiss him from her thoughts. Thoughts about hip-grinding, sweaty limbs wrapped around each other as if they belonged together. But that could never be. *Never*.

“Tell them, Daniel. Tell your class who I am,” she prodded.

He swallowed hard. The admission, she knew, wouldn’t come easily for him. It was anathema for his universe-size ego to admit she was more powerful than he’d ever be. “A Celadian shifter,” he replied, his voice barely above a taut whisper.

“For those who don’t know, what is a Celadian shifter?” she prompted, enjoying herself at his expense.

To think that, once upon a time, she'd loved him.

He kept his voice low, for her ears only. "A sex-starved Celadian female who doesn't know her limits." Louder, for the students' benefit, he said, "They are a race of people from the far corner of the galaxy, who come into their greatest power during sex. They shift into anything and everything."

As one, the students gasped. Without turning around, Lia knew their eyes had widened with surprised shock. Every one of them had heard of the famed Celadians, but few had encountered them, a fact the Celadians found amusing since they made it a practise to place themselves amongst unsuspecting humans.

Lia lowered the whip, shifted it to her left hand and, with feather-light caress, stroked Harmon's cock. The skin pulsed under her palm, sending waves of frissons along her belly and into her pussy.

"Tell the class, Professor," she wheedled. "Are you a Celadian male?"

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down. For a glimmer of a second, she saw the wild glance he gave her. He hadn't wanted his identity revealed to anyone. His carefully planned life was unravelling in front of her eyes. "Lia," he whispered, "I'm going to kill you."

"Why? Because you're going to lose your job?" she asked softly. Their private conversation wasn't intended for curious, eavesdropping ears. A job wasn't a necessity for him, not with his status in the nobility and his natural abilities. She prided herself on making his life unbearable just when he thought he'd got it right. It could never be 'right' without her.

He shook his head, masculine arrogance at its best. She suspected what his answer would be. And she revelled in the fact that he was being forced to remember who he was, and most importantly, who she could be if she set her mind to it.

Mel looked on in utter bewilderment. She suspected that many of her fellow classmates weren't who they appeared to be. It was the nature of Outbay 33. Many showed up human even though they were, as those from Earth liked to say, alien. But there was nothing alien about Lia and the professor. They were playing an intense drama on a stage of their own making. The students had become mere observers, as distant from the unfolding scene as a bug behind plate glass.

Not Mel. She'd taken the class for reasons of her own. She slipped a Texxter from her notebook and silently tapped in the message:

Romeo and Juliet are neck to neck again as they were on Zandra. Must terminate them both. Put stop to idiocy between them.

Then she zipped the message off to the Celadian Authority. Being a mouse had its uses. A mouse could sneak in where no one suspected them, observe then send instructions to those higher up in Celadia. The Authority had little use for the antics of their aristocracy. Very little use.

Mel hid her Texxter back in her notebook. It wasn't just the Authority that had little use for Lia. She herself could hardly wait until long-awaited justice was meted out.

She sniffed. If only she could get a man like Daniel to look at her and see her for who she was, she wouldn't have to resort to being a low-level, but handsomely paid, spy for aliens she detested.

Chapter Five

“Lia, cut out this charade.” Harmon’s wrists were carrying his weight from hanging, but that wasn’t the only part of his body that needed assistance. Perspiration beaded his forehead. If Lia didn’t give up her tough Madame routine shortly, he’d have to show her who was the boss. An act he’d looked forward to but even more now that she had effectively ended his job on Outbay 33.

She flashed cynical eyes at him. “What do I get in return for cutting out this charade, as you call it?”

“Forgiveness.” He nodded with self-assurance. That was it. Lia needed forgiveness then a good paddling on her rounded ass. After the paddling, perhaps she’d simmer down and forget about playing these little sex-laden routines wherever she found him.

“Forgiveness?” she squeaked in mock horror. Her eyes told a different story. She wanted more of him.

“Do you remember back home how you used to make love to me using those naughty words?” His mouth tilted upwards in a woman-killer grin.

Outraged, she waved her hand in the air and shouted, “Why are you doing this to me, Daniel? Why are you wrapping me up so tight that I can’t breathe?”

“That’s all? You can’t breathe?” Okay, so he was trying to antagonise her into making a wrong step. It wouldn’t be the first time nor, he suspected, her last. Lia was the most volatile woman he’d ever met and had the misfortune to fall in love with.

Her eyes shot flames of liquid fire. “Who do you think you are?” she ranted. “Thinking you know all about me when you don’t know one damned thing?”

“I know how your pussy wraps around my cock,” he replied softly. Yup, she was losing control. This would be fun. As soon as she lost her composure, he’d show her one hell of a good time, and he just might take away the whip and use it on her pert ass.

Her face reddened charmingly, and she kept spitting out sounds but nothing coherent. “You, you, you—”

“Yes, Lia,” he said patiently. “What are you trying to tell me?”

She found her voice and let out her righteous anger in no uncertain terms. “You bastard!” she shrieked, dismissing the class with a tight turn of her wrist. They disappeared into the murky shadows. “How dare you patronise me? How dare you?”

She was about to whip him across the chest with her tail-o-nines, but he would have none of it. A fraction of a nanosecond passed as he released his hands from their temporary bondage and whisked away her whip. Then she lay underneath him on a resplendent bed of pure black silk. He loved how the creamy colour of her skin was highlighted against the black sheets. He worshipped the ground she walked on, figuratively of course, but nonetheless, he worshipped her and she had nothing but disdain for him.

Lia struggled, attempting to get up from under him, but his patience had been frayed beyond endurance. He held her wrists to either side of her head on the soft pillow. He nudged her knees apart, thigh-high boots and all, and thrust his cock deep, deep inside her, forcing a drawn out gasp from her lips.

“Now tell me I’m patronising you,” he murmured, but before she could spit more rapid fire, nonsensical responses at him, he crushed his lips to hers, utterly and fiercely.

She seemed to relax, to allow the melding of their bodies. He rested his cock in her wet pussy, adoring her with every fibre of his being. She could make him so angry, yet she could also artfully bring out the man he always wanted to be with her. A notorious rake, a rich, bad boy.

Reluctantly, he broke the plunging hot kiss—a poor imitation of his dick stroking her wet, hot channel—lifted his head and gazed into her face. “Lia, why do you do this to me?”

“What?” Her voice caught on an achy inhalation. Her volatile expression had softened. Her eyes became sleepy with contentment.

“Make me want to rip off your clothes, when you have any on, and when you don’t, to take you as violently as a volcano explodes into the atmosphere.”

All those lost years, he thought sadly, when she'd been out of his reach, when he'd ached with a passionate longing that knew no bounds. She was his counterpart at a social level, one of the nobility of Celadia. She'd have nothing to do with him nine years ago, when he'd first met her and had wanted her with a longing that went beyond passion and bordered obsession. The dozen times he'd lain in wait for her as she left a masked ball dressed in lavender ribbons and froufrou or when she'd been walking home in the valley, unescorted by her private bodyguards. He knew how she valued those times of being an ordinary citizen, but invariably, something would intervene before he could grab her, rip off her panties and force her to acknowledge that she needed him as much as he needed him. Each time they'd encountered one another over the intervening years, they'd played at not knowing the other, and circumstances beyond their control—or was it their inability to recognize they belonged to each other?—had kept them apart.

“Oh please! Stop the dramatics!” She raised her hips higher, taking his long length in deeper.

He sighed with pleasure.

“I know about the times when I evaded my bodyguards, and you lay in wait for me. I sensed you.” She gave him one of her effervescent smiles, the kind that said ‘I told you so.’

“Is there anything I can do that you don't know about?” he muttered, not surprised that she knew.

She shook her head. “Finish this, Daniel. I want you to see spiralling rainbows and fluttering butterflies and moving mountains and—”

Daniel shut her up, pressing his lips to hers, and prying them apart with fierce possession.

She wrapped her ankles around his waist and held on even as her nails painfully dug into his shoulders. Their tongues mated, quested for familiar territory, and she thrust her hips higher to accommodate him even better.

He wanted to slow down, to kiss her all over every satiny inch of her body, but the building pressure in his balls and the frantic search wouldn't let him. Stretching his neck towards the ceiling, he waited for the explosion to shatter his nerve endings. When Lia's pussy clenched around his shaft, he could wait no longer. Together they soared through that hollow region where neither time nor space existed, but only two people who had found tender comfort in each other's arms.

* * * *

Mel huffed a breath as the pair vanished into an oblivion they'd probably created for themselves. Lia and Harmon were sick exhibitionists, at the very least, twisted lovers at the most. The class muttered profanities.

“This is what I pay tuition for?” Sal grumbled, clearly unhappy he'd been unable to participate in laying Lia, although he had a weak recollection of a haunting memory, or had it been a dream, of fucking her. Paul and Roberts looked around with glazed eyes and flushed faces. It didn't take a genius to figure out they'd been looking forward to some action with the pretty looker, but events had turned weird.

Disgruntled, the students filed out, one by one. Mel was fairly certain the administrative office would hear at least a few complaints about the class' failure to meet expectations. She formulated a plan, but Lia and Harmon could wait. She got to her feet and stopped Paul and Roberts from leaving.

She thrust her tits out and asked in as seductive a tone as she could manage, “Hey guys. Wanna a little fun?”

The two men glanced at each other, turned back to her and said at the same time, “Oh yeah!”

Mel canted her head to one side. “Are you two twins or something?” Although she couldn't see how since their surnames were different.

Paul's lips curved in a smile. “You could say that.”

They approached her from either side. Mel had a split second to reconsider her invitation but decided that after the drama between Lia and Daniel, she could use a mind-blowing orgasm herself. And how better than with two blonde-haired men catering to her every whim?

Paul paused, looked towards Roberts and asked to Mel's surprise, “Dom or sub?”

“Definitely sub,” came the quick response.

Paul inclined his head and chuckled.

Mel felt as if they'd ganged up on her, but before she could protest, the men took her by the hand and led her between the empty desks to the front of the classroom.

"Hey guys, play nice," she pleaded, surveying Paul's face. Brooding, dark brown eyes were set wide in a pleasant but not overly masculine face. He had lips that might be considered a shade too full and holy cripes! Mel swallowed hard as her gaze lowered down to his chest, past a belt with a small phoenix rising from the ashes and to his crotch. The man's cock was huge! He'd never fit inside her.

Disconcerted, not tugging on her wrists, she observed that Roberts was big, too. The massive bulge at his crotch made her sweat. "Um, guys, how about we go home for dinner?"

"Together?" Paul asked with droll sense of humour.

"Um, no. That's not such a good idea." She changed her mind suddenly. She hadn't realised these men were built like bulls. No way they'd fit in her little pussy. Her arms broke out in wild goose bumps as she caught sight of Robert's tight grin. Her nipples puckered painfully under her thin blouse and cunt juice streamed down the inside of her left thigh. She had the feeling they had no intention of letting her go. They were horny after watching Lia.

Past the descending fog in her mind, she heard Paul say, "Just relax, Melissa. You're really, really going to enjoy this gyno exam."

All Mel could do was lift her shoulders in a half shrug, but the words, "I'm screwed, I'm screwed," kept echoing in her head.

Chapter Six

“Do you think my class learned anything from watching you with your thighs spread and waiting for a hard dick?” Daniel asked with a wriggle of his eyebrows. He loved having Lia, willing and compliant, in his bed, her face flushed and her eyes, usually so expressive and observant, dreamy and unfocused. Her lips were slightly parted as she gasped.

“Did I give you pleasure?” he asked, stroking a finger along the tip of her breast. Her skin was as soft as that of a rose petal.

She moaned and her vibrant, emerald eyes flashed open. “Would you mind unhanding me?” She yanked on her wrists to free them, but he was stronger.

He sighed, his cock already hard and ready for her again. “You have the sweetest way of making your wishes known.”

Her lips curled in a lascivious smile. “You think so? Then why aren’t you complying?”

“Because I need you again.”

“That’s no reason not to free my hands.”

“Have you seen my back recently? You’ve embedded your pretty nails in my skin many times.”

She cut him off, her breathing quieting. “Love marks, nothing else.”

“Hmm.” He bent over her and nipped the base of her throat, moving higher towards her ear. He laved her skin and sucked hard.

She squirmed underneath him. “You’ll ruin my pristine look,” she complained.

He lifted his head and burst into a raw guffaw of laughter. “Your pristine look? Who are you kidding?”

She pressed her lips together, refusing to fall for the bait. She should have been on Celadia, preparing for a charity ball or any number of other trivialities noblewomen occupied themselves with

He ground his hips against her smooth thighs, curled his lips and kissed the crown of her ear. She’d be hot for him in a moment—if she wasn’t already. “Remember that time when we were in the bar on Zangrie, and you protested you didn’t want all those men staring up your cunt?”

“Don’t remind me.” She closed her eyes against the memories pressing in on her.

Even though the other men were false selves, he’d been jealous and madder than hell with six pairs of hot, male eyes perusing her pink clit and cunt gaping open with hunger and yearning passion. Nothing satisfied her sexual hunger for very long. When they’d first met nine years earlier, he’d been able to sate her but not for long. He’d conjured different men for her, in pairs and trios, and even though she’d enormously enjoyed their attention knowing she was in a safe environment, he’d made himself sick with jealousy. He wanted to keep her for himself, to lock her away and throw away the key, but lately, her sexual appetite knew no bounds. The classroom, with a few ‘real’ people thrown in, had been his last ditch effort to appease her mounting sexual hunger.

“We have to talk, Lia.” He didn’t want to tell her that the continual shifting, splitting his energies into other selves was wearing him down. If he kept this up, he’d end up ill or, even worse, dead.

He’d spoken in such a serious tone, Lia examined him with keen awareness. “What’s wrong, Daniel?”

His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down, and he averted his eyes. “You’re wearing me out.”

She laughed, disbelieving her ears. “I’m what?”

“You’re wearing me out.”

Her laugh died in her throat. Daniel was absolutely serious.

“What’s wrong? Did something happen back at home?” She paused, searching for possibilities. Daniel wasn’t normally morose. “Are you ill?”

He let her go, rolled over to one side and rested his head on the pillow next to hers. “Everyone’s fine at home. Your mom and dad, everyone.”

His palm caressed an erotic trail of fire along her hip and along her outer thigh. She could so easily have him again, she thought languidly, her eyes fixed on his handsome face. Her hand slid along the tousled bed sheet between them, headed towards his groin and his half-flaccid cock.

Daniel stopped her, clasped his fingers over her knuckles. "Not now, Lia. I've got to tell you something."

Lia sat up, her vagina sore from the lovemaking yet wanting more. "So? If it's not my family or yours then what is it?" She stroked the hard ridge of his biceps. He was rock hard everywhere except where she wanted him right now.

His tongue darted out between his lips, and he lowered his gaze.

"You found someone else?" Her heart sank like a stone plummeting from fifty feet. She couldn't face the fact he might care about another woman the way he did about her. Or more.

"No." He spoke the single syllable with an unaccustomed terseness.

"Did you marry someone else?"

On Celadia very often, the wife wasn't the real head of the household but a mistress instead who vied with the wife for nights with her lover. More often than not, the mistress received the better portion of those steamy nights. Lia couldn't bear the thought of sharing Daniel even though that was an unspoken custom on Celadia. She chalked it up to being selfish, wanting her man to herself all day and all night. Sharing wasn't her strong point, especially when it came to men.

"No."

Relief washed over her. "The suspense is killing me, Daniel. Talk."

He usually would have made a light-hearted sexual remark, but he didn't. "Maybe you should put your clothes on for this."

She lifted an arched eyebrow and said peevishly, "I've already got boots on. Why are you stalling, Lord Daniel Harmon?"

He pushed her hand away, rolled off the bed effortlessly, every movement virile, masculine and graceful. Disliking his stance, she pulled the silk sheet over her hips. "You're scaring me," she said in a small voice. Fear ate at her. Was he going to tell he'd had enough?

Daniel turned towards the window giving her the opportunity, despite herself, to admire his physique. So powerful, so latently sexual, so overwhelming to her female senses. He stood without moving.

"Lia, there are men you have no idea about," he began slowly. "Men who initially have your well-being at heart but soon turn the tables and become extremely possessive. They make love to you, over and over, and the woman gets to feeling as if she can never have enough sex, both with that men and others."

Lia waved an impatient hand. "What's wrong with that?" As if her sexual appetite was unquenchable. That's all she could think about. What was wrong about that? It simply meant she had a strong libido.

"Nothing." Abruptly Daniel faced her, his eyes narrowed and his hands clenched together. "It's a group of Celadian men. They, we, get a woman to do our bidding in bed and out, and the woman can't get enough. All she can think about is sex and sex and more sex. Finally, she has to be committed, put away."

Lia listened impatiently. "What does this have to do with me? With us?" she queried. She wanted him again, got to her knees on the bed and toyed with her nipples in silent invitation. The man was pure sin. There was no getting around that.

"Let me suck your cock. That should make you feel better." *Instead of telling stories about other Celadians' woeful experiences.* "You always love it when my tongue swirls around the tip of your big, big, dick," she murmured.

Suddenly, strong hands jarred her to her feet.

"Don't you get it, woman? I'm one of those men, and you're my sex slave!" Daniel shouted.

Lia's lips parted in abject shock. Her lover had never, ever raised his voice at her, let alone shouted. And the wild look in his eyes frightened her. Her limbs began to tremble uncontrollably.

"I shouldn't have yelled at you," Daniel said, his voice abject misery. Tenderly, he sat beside her, leaving several inches between their thighs although he continued to hold her hand between his. "You have to understand you're in danger. There are slave traders that would give a lot of money for you. If any of those

unscrupulous men come along, they'll put a collar around your neck. They'll haul you off and sell you to a lunatic or even worse, to a brothel where you'll be a prisoner, where you'll have to service every male whether you want to or not."

Lia examined his face. The wildness was still there lurking in his blue eyes and his jaw worked with suppressed what? Anger, helplessness, pity? She couldn't tell.

"What are you saying?" she asked in a whisper. She didn't know whether to believe him and be afraid or to laugh hysterically at the story he'd told her. "I've never heard of these..." She searched her mind for the appropriate word. "These vultures," she finished lamely.

Daniel hung his head. "Vultures is right. It starts as an adolescent game to find a girl and have sex with her enough times that she attunes to your energy field. That energy field isn't normally destructive in a normal man, but in a Celadian Maestro, it harnesses the woman's sexual energy for her lifetime whether she is near him or not."

"Even when he's dead?" Lia asked incredulously. She'd never heard of such a thing even though she was Celadian herself. Was this a secret the Maestros kept to themselves, fearing repercussions throughout society? It wasn't as if the nobility was well liked on the planet, as it was.

Her lover nodded. "At any distance." He brushed the back of his hand across his wet cheeks. "You're now one of those women. I can't let these others find you to sell you."

"They won't," Lia crooned like a mother to a hurt child. Even as she soothed him, she didn't fully understand what all this meant. She'd lived such a pampered life where she was always protected from the vile part of Celadian nature. Was Daniel hiding one of those dirty little secrets the nobility never discussed with anyone for fear of reprisal from the masses? Her heart shattered into tiny, bleeding pieces. Did Daniel still love her or had he used her for his own ends?

* * * *

Mel choked back the hysterical laughter threatening to bubble from between her lips. Paul and Roberts were okay guys, she guessed. They weren't the type of macho guys who took ladies against their will. And she had asked for a sexual experience. No doubt with the two men she was about to get her wish.

She lay down on the medical bed's cool, rustling plastic sheets and wondered if Paul and Roberts would tie her ankles to the stirrups to hold her legs immobile. Or, she thought with chagrin, they could use a stretcher bar, a piece of metal to show her pussy. "Are you going to tie me up?" she asked hesitantly, peering at Paul who appeared to be the more casual of the two.

"Do you want me to?" he asked, looking directly into her eyes. The forthright gaze sent shivers of excitement down her spine and into her womb.

"I don't care too much for being hogtied," she murmured, knowing her nipples had become turgid peaks against her sheer blouse. "Or for being spread-eagled," she added as an afterthought.

Bondage of any kind didn't appeal to her. Too much of the past lurked in the shadows of her memory. Mel only wanted to shove them deeper and have fun with Paul and Roberts. A lot of fun.

Roberts nodded in silent agreement while Paul said, "Your wish is my command, beautiful lady."

Mel had never had a lover, outside of Lia, who treated her with respect bordering on adoration, yet these two men did just that. Paul gently slipped the buttons from the buttonholes on her blouse. Roberts reached to her side and pulled down the skirt zipper.

The whole scene suddenly became surreal. Mel in an empty classroom with a duo of extremely attentive men who wanted to show her a good time. Not that she didn't want to do a few things she'd never done before. Like suck their big cocks, taking turns with each. In her mind, she tasted the pre-cum from Paul's rock-hard dick then shifted on her knees with her mouth to Roberts' cock. She would have thought it impossible, but her nipples became more painfully erect than they'd been, and her juices flowed between the crack of her ass. Man, but she was in a bad way, and they'd not even started.

"Do you want to live some fantasy other than the one we're showing you?" Paul asked, his large hands

pausing on her breasts, preparatory to his slipping the fabric off her tits.

Mel swallowed hard, disbelieving her ears. "Come again?"

"I have the feeling this isn't your foremost fantasy," Paul replied easily, lifting the blouse away from each globe with a reverence that struck Mel with awe—an experience she'd never had before.

At a loss for words, all she could say was, "Ah, yeah."

How had he guessed she wanted to suck the cocks of two guys at once? She searched Paul's face for a clue. He remained as amiable as always. *She might as well ask. It wasn't as if she'd have secrets by the end of the night.* "How do you know?"

Roberts tugged the skirt down her hips.

"He has a way with women," he said, his voice husky. His lips curled in a warm smile. "He knows a lot of things about women."

"Oh," Mel said. The fabric slid past her pubic mound, down her thighs and her ankles. Roberts threw it on the floor without a second glance. Cool air blew across her hips and across the fine hairs of her mons.

"So Melissa," Paul interrupted her thoughts. "What would please you most? A dip in the ocean? A shower with me rubbing your naked body?" His fingers trailed down his rigid erection, erotic and inviting. "Or would you rather have Roberts suck your clit like a hard candy?"

Mel squirmed with all that attention and the naughty suggestions. Her gaze lingered on Paul's crotch.

"Or would you rather have the class watch as we give you that gyno exam?"

"No, I'm not into people watching me while I have sex," Mel managed even as Roberts slipped a warm hand between her thighs and searched for the hard nub of her clit. He hardly touched her hot spot, and she shot off the bed and into Paul's instantly waiting arms, an orgasm ripping through her body, leaving her nerve endings scorched.

She hung onto Paul's arms until the waves of delight subsided.

"That was good, my little Mel? No?" Paul murmured against her ear.

Mel nodded, his hot breath fanning her face as he looked down at her.

"Nice ass," Roberts commented.

Mel didn't have time to react as he seized her by the waist, raised her up, flipped her over on her stomach on the edge of the bed and thrust his cock into her pussy from behind. She was too hazy from the orgasm that had blown her mind away.

Paul scrambled onto the bed, seated himself with Mel half-hanging over him and said, "Wanna suck my big one?"

Mel stared and stared at the man's huge cock throbbing and pulsing so close to her face. She shook her head as Roberts pounded into her again and again. "No, I want to do you both."

That made Paul laugh out loud. "Both of us, kitty? How are going to manage that?"

She grunted as Roberts' balls slapped her upper thighs. "First your turn, then his, until you both come."

"Sounds good to me. You can lick my cock until I come."

Paul tucked a stray strand of her hair behind her left ear and tilted up her chin. "Seems to me like we got us a fantasy girl, Roberts," he said lightly.

Mel couldn't make out whether he was joking or serious. She truly hoped he was simply joking.

Chapter Seven

Daniel didn't think he was getting through to Lia. He stomped off to the window. She was in serious trouble and didn't realise it. He didn't want to admit—to her or to himself—that he'd made the biggest mistake of his life, one from which there was no walking away. Not that he knew of.

He faced her, struggling to find the right words, hoping somehow he could get through to her, to warn her of the danger she was in.

Lia lay on the bed on her back, pouting, seemingly disconsolate. Her head hung over the side of the four-poster bed. Her hair cascaded almost to the floor in a wicked blaze of feminine glory. She waved her right knee back and forth irritably and plucked at each finger as if counting but Harmon knew she was doing nothing of the sort.

She turned her head to look at him with a coy expression. Man, he wanted her again, but bad.

"Come off it, Daniel. You're pulling my leg about all this sex slave trader stuff." She gave him a blatantly sexual wink. "Aren't you?"

He cleared his throat, wondering how much of his heartfelt speech she'd actually heard. Not much by the sounds of it. But then she was hot to go and probably ached even more fiercely than he did for their bodies clinging together in a mad frenzy. "Actually, I wasn't."

How would he explain she was in serious trouble? And he along with her, because if something nefarious happened to her, he couldn't live without her. He knew that was clichéd but it was the truth. He'd spent the better part of a year chasing after her after they met, trying to seduce her, and she'd brushed him off every time with one flimsy excuse after another. Finally, he did the only thing he could. He caught her and forced her to pay attention to him. Not very heroic or chivalrous, he admitted but he'd won the fair prize. She'd agreed to marry him, and that was enough for him. And that's exactly where his big mistake had crept in. If he hadn't married her, made love to her countless times, she wouldn't be the sex kitten she was, always begging for more, even when she knew he didn't have enough energy for more.

"Oh." She sat up on her elbow. "Is this another game where you create a bevy of men to have a go at me but they're all you?" Still pouting, still as erotic as hell. "How tantalising," she exclaimed. "Being a sex slave."

Daniel growled and couldn't help himself from unleashing the simmering anger. "This isn't a game, Lia!" How dare she think he was playing with her?

Lia's brow creased in a deep frown. Idly, she plucked at the rumpled bed sheets. "You've never said that before."

He hurried to the bed, took Lia in his arms and sat up. "Babe, I'm serious. I got a warning the other day, but I didn't pay much attention to it."

She moistened her lower lip, a worried gaze remaining full on her face.

He might as well tell the truth. "Then this morning, before the class started, I got another one. This time the writer didn't mince any words. They said if you kept up your performances, then they'd have no choice but to steal you from me and sell you."

But he'd thought that he could protect her no matter what situation arose. Surely his word as a noble carried weight. And there was the possibility that if the danger loomed over them, he could shift them both to a safer place.

Lia stroked his cheek with the back of her gentle knuckles. "You poor thing. Maybe someone was playing a game on you." She chuckled softly. "I mean, we do it all the time. Play with each other and shift. What's stopping others from doing the same thing?"

Daniel's chest tightened and squeezed against his heart. "This is the real thing. I'm crazy about you. I couldn't stand it if someone took you away from me." He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. "A few months ago, I remember hearing a story about a couple who couldn't keep their hands off each other. The slave traders kidnapped the wife, but she fought back. They hacked her to pieces and sent her back to her husband

that way.” He shook his head, disturbed at the unwanted but intrusive memory. “I couldn’t imagine getting you back like that, Lia. I just couldn’t. I’d kill those bastards.”

There must have been something else behind the murder. Slave traders rarely killed. Dead women didn’t make much of a profit for them. They were of use only when they were alive and well.

The cheerfulness vanished from her eyes. “You’re serious, aren’t you?” Her fingertips strayed near the corner of his lips while her free hand edged along his inner thigh towards his half-flaccid cock.

He nodded, stifling a sigh of disbelief. She still wasn’t understanding the extent of the trouble she was in. The traders were old news, had been around for a century or more, and they operated in great numbers so it wasn’t like ordering a posse after one or two troublemakers. Daniel couldn’t hunt them all down to keep his wife safe. Yet, he could send them a none too subtle message that she was off bounds to them as long as he was alive. Even though he was no longer a part of their vast organization, he could protect his own with a simple word. But then was there honour among thieves? Was Lia valuable enough to any slaver if the trader’s life was forfeit from the moment he stepped over the line?

Lia’s small hand curled around his cock, instantly bringing it to life. “Are you thinking of going after them?”

Daniel nodded. He didn’t want to but as soon as she caught him, his mind began to detour to more satisfying and less dangerous pursuits than bashing slave traders’ heads in. And he had to focus on the task of persuading Lia she wasn’t safe and preventing what almost seemed inevitable. Women constantly in heat were the hottest commodity on the market now.

Lia pursed her lips, and her eyes got that far away look that Harmon was familiar with. That she was thinking about something other than sex, sex, sex. “How do you know about these traders?”

The woman wasn’t stupid. When she wasn’t thinking sex, sex and more sex, she was brilliant. Daniel loved her for so many things, like that she had a degree in cybernetics engineering—a field women rarely succeeded in. She was warm-hearted and always eager to give a helping hand where needed. Lately though, she’d been too preoccupied with the unquenchable demands of her body.

“I love you, Lia,” he cajoled, attempting to steer her away from a topic that disturbed him.

“You’re sidestepping me. I want to know.” Lia clenched her fists and shoved them against his shoulders. “I demand an answer.”

Daniel wasn’t willing to talk to her or anyone else about his recent past before he’d married her. Shame and guilt burrowed through him. “Don’t, Lia.”

She gave him a look filled with searing heat and sudden mistrust. “Are you one of these slave traders, and now you have misgivings because I might be their next victim?”

“Lia—”

She unfolded her legs in one elegant movement, got to her feet and headed to the door.

“I swear I’m not.” He swirled his tongue inside his suddenly dry mouth. Once, long ago, before he knew better, he’d been for a very short while, but he’d never admit that. Not to anyone, especially not to Lia. He knew how much she hated anyone who inhibited another’s freedom. Now, he combated the problem by sending his men covertly to save as many women as they could and returning them to their loved ones. It was a drop in the bucket, Daniel knew, but it was atonement for his sins of being careless in his youth.

She gazed at him over her shoulder, her hand on the doorknob. “I swear, Daniel Harmon, that if you’re lying, I will catch you and burn you and your cohorts in the pits of hell.”

She slammed the door behind her with such force the windows danced in their frames.

Daniel cradled his head against his palms and moaned.

* * * *

Back in her room on the outpost, Lia threw some clothes into a new suitcase. She slammed her fist onto the walnut dresser. The cheval mirror rattled. What had possessed Daniel to tell her that she was potential meat

for a slave trader because she couldn't keep her hands off him? She sucked in a whistling breath. She'd heard stories of the Maestro, but who could say whether they were true or not?

Her stomach clenched into a tight knot. Daniel couldn't be one of them. Sure, Celadian nobles were known to satisfy themselves using ignoble means, but she couldn't picture Daniel as one of them.

She frowned and gazed into the mirror at her reflection. Her cheeks were flushed and her lips kiss-swollen despite the repressed anger flaring in her eyes. For as long as she and Daniel had been married, she'd never guessed he was training her with the malicious intent of selling her to the traders. No, she couldn't, wouldn't, let herself believe that of him. He had never once treated her unkindly. A sigh escaped her lips. How she wanted him again, stroking, caressing her yearning body with his strong, warm hands then taking her to ever-increasing heights of ecstasy. She loved him. There was no doubt about that, but she had to find out the truth. Was he a Maestro? Had he used her?

Buried memories stirred within her, whispered stories of some wives of Celadian aristocracy disappearing without a trace—and never being found. Had they been given to the traders by unscrupulous husbands who wanted more money to surround themselves in their accustomed finery?

Suddenly, Lia knew where to find her answers. And she wouldn't need a suitcase for that.

* * * *

Paul and Roberts weren't joking. Mel enjoyed being their fantasy girl. Paul had shifted the scenery to a smoke-filled bar, where smooth jazz played unobtrusively in the background. Mel lay on her back, her knees bent, her hair splayed at the sides of her head with Paul kneeling over her, his balls gently swinging near her chin with the strenuous flicking of her tongue on his throbbing cock. She'd done Roberts first and now he sat with his legs at the top of her head with his thighs spread out on either side of her. Testosterone practically heated the room.

"You like this, babe?" Paul asked, stroking wild strands of hair from her perspiring forehead.

She grunted agreement, tasting and savouring his woodsy scent, so different from Roberts who'd been more sweet and salty, like tasting the edge of salt-rimmed glass filled with a Margarita. The two men had turned her on so badly, she'd forgotten about her distaste and enjoyed herself. Paul's thighs were rigid. He was about to shoot off his load, and she'd enjoy every moment of lapping him up.

She thought of Lia and how she was going to get what was coming to her, that she was married to nobility and as open about her sexual escapades as a bitch in heat. Mel bet Lia had never had it quite so good as this. Two irresistible men with long cocks and egos to match.

When Paul burst his hot cum into her waiting mouth, Mel formulated a plan. Why let the Celadian authorities take care of Lia when she could take care of that little task herself? A task that would not only give her pleasure but sate her deep longing for revenge? Why was it that women like Lia got the men like Daniel and received the wealth, the glittering diamonds, the lasting affection of debonair men?

Paul panted from exertion. Mel felt it in his pulse at his wrist because she'd hung on for dear life as he climbed higher and higher.

"I've got a little favour to ask," she blurted out, her own heartbeat picking up. Dare she ask these two strangers? Why not? They were hot and horny and probably wouldn't mind more sex with the woman who'd slipped out from under their cocks.

Both men looked at her attentively. Paul's body was limp as he sat over her. Roberts drummed his thighs and toyed with his shaft.

"Wanna have some more fun?" Mel asked, with a glint in her eyes. Ah yes, but this was going to be fun. No way would she let Lia get away without getting her own medicine back. No way.

* * * *

Lia found her way to the turret of the ancient stone castle in which Daniel and she made their home, in

search of Harmon's chamberlain's records. She went up a long, winding staircase and into a small circular room with tiny holes at the top of the wall that served for windows. Puffy grey clouds traipsed by, giving a sense of freedom from the room's close, dark confines. She flipped on a light switch that did little to alleviate the dimness. Someone, bless them, had left several candles and matches lying side-by-side near the musty, aged ledgers in the middle of the chamber.

Lia found one with the correct year marked in heavy black marker and thumbed through the pages of castle expenditures. Daniel had made several trips off planet to undisclosed destinations, but that wasn't out of the ordinary. She had made trips to Zandra, the galaxy's Mecca for shoppers to buy gowns and shoes that fit her small feet well. Other than that, there were no signs that he'd received more money than he'd spent. Castle upkeep was expensive as were the employee wages, but all seemed to be in order.

Closing the book stirred up the dust and made her sneeze. Why should she find it so strange that Daniel acted on the straight and narrow? He had never lied to her that she knew of. She decided to look into earlier books.

Several hours later, yearning to breathe clean air and feel the sun's warmth on her skin, Lia trudged down the stairs. She'd found what she'd been looking for. Daniel had received more money fifteen years ago for three consecutive months than seemed right. The accounts receivable hadn't been noted as to where the money had come from but the sums had been large enough to immediately draw her attention. More than the estate had earned in two consecutive years afterwards, she pondered.

Lia didn't notice the soft footfalls as she drew open the door to step out into the blinding sunshine. All she saw was a leathery hand and a white cloth clamp over her mouth and nostrils. Then she couldn't breathe.

Chapter Eight

Harmon fretted when Lia didn't return to the bedroom. He plucked listlessly at the sex-scented sheets. He'd either underestimated her need to find the dirt on him or overestimated her penchant for sex. He couldn't decide which. An emptiness burrowed within his heart. He couldn't face losing Lia.

He thrust off the sheets, jumped to his feet and wondered where in the hell he was going to start searching for her. The uneasiness that corkscrewed through his chest increased. Lia could take care of herself. He knew that. He'd often been at the receiving end of her well-timed kicks or punches. Yet what if the slave traders had gotten their evil hands on her?

Deep in thought and naked, he made his way to the bathroom, showered quickly, and stepped out of the glass enclosure. The sign that greeted him immediately made him sick to his stomach. In dark red lipstick, the words *We've Got Her* were luridly etched onto the mirror.

Daniel sank to his knees, helpless and infuriated. He shouldn't have let Lia go. She was his wife, his partner, the woman he'd sworn he'd spend the rest of his life with. And now they had her.

Black anger snaked through his gut. He smashed the mirror several times with his bare fists. The glass shattered into hundreds of shards. Several lodged in his palm and cut into his wrist, but he hardly noticed. He had to do something. Now. He knew that once she was aboard one of the slaver's ships, there were few ways to get her out. The traders were scrupulous about the beefy guards they hired, and they didn't hesitate to shoot first and ask questions later.

He slipped on pants and shirt, barely tied his shoes then shifted, attempting to keep his pounding heart under control. At the Outpost's bay, he demanded to see Vossler, a known slaver. Unable to curb his impatience and fear threading through him, he pushed past the guards and into the office area.

Vossler, a man built like a barrel and with no handsome features, greeted him with a perfunctory nod.

Daniel didn't waste time. "Where is she?"

Vossler, unaccustomed to being questioned, shrugged. "Which *she* are you referring to?" His voice was emotionless.

Daniel grabbed him by the collar. "Don't play stupid with me, man. Where is my wife?"

Vossler didn't blink. "I don't have *your wife*, Harmon."

"Then who does?" Daniel bashed his head against the wall. One time, two times, about to go the third.

"I swear," the other man choked out, "I don't have her."

"Then who does?"

Vossler held up his hands in an attempt to force Daniel to stop. "I have no idea. But hey, I'll help you find her. 'Kay?" His eyes widened hopefully.

"How you going to do that when you don't know where she is?" Daniel growled, ready to kill the man.

Vossler's eyes bulged. "I've got contacts," was all he said.

Daniel glanced at his wristwatch. "I'm going to give you fifteen minutes. If I don't have an answer by then, I'll kill you."

The trader nodded. "You know you're committing suicide, don't you?"

Daniel knew that in these offices guards lurked, ready to leap into action at a simple, one syllable command. But what was the use of living without Lia? "Fifteen minutes," he ground out.

Vossler inclined his head. Reluctantly, Daniel let him go and paced the small office from one wall to the other like a madman. The trader appeared well before the fifteen minutes would have elapsed.

"No one we know has her," he said barely above a whisper.

Harmon wrapped his hands around the other man's throat. "If you're lying, I swear I'll kill you."

As he left, he wondered what options he had. Whoever had Lia hadn't given much information as to where they'd hidden her.

Vossler came up behind him outside where the late evening sun cast long shadows. "I'll help you."

With that, he dug out his Texxter, and began to rapid-fire messages. Daniel could do nothing more than pace frantically and hope to hell the man had the right answer before Lia was transported or, worse yet, killed for being a part of his world.

* * * *

Lia awoke to find her hands tied behind her and Mel's face pressed against hers. Groggy, desperately trying to remember what had happened, Lia asked her, "What in the hell?"

Mel's expression was long. "I thought I was doing myself a favour," she whined. "But look at us!"

Lia ran a dry tongue over her parched lips and tried to take a calm breath. "What do you mean?"

Mel wriggled around on the cold stone floor. Her hands were tied behind her, too. "Do you think you can reach these and untie me?"

Lia slumped back against the wall, trying to regain her equilibrium. Then she shouted, "Daniel Harmon, you rat's ass! Let us out of here!"

Mel shook her head. "This had nothing to do with him. Nothing at all." Tears glimmered on her cheeks.

"The bastard kidnapped me again!" Lia yelled. Daniel had inhibited her freedom twice before, and she'd made it known she disliked his method of foreplay.

"How many times do I have to tell you I hate being kidnapped? Get in here and show your face, Harmon!" How could he truss her up like this? With Mel? The girl was frightened, judging from the pallor of her cheeks and her wide, disbelieving eyes.

"It's Paul and Roberts," Mel whispered. "I wouldn't bring them in here if I was you. They might do things to you."

Her lower lip was bloody and raw where she'd chewed through the skin.

Lia didn't need to know what kind of things. Her heart somersaulted. "Did they hurt you?" she asked her one-time friend. Odd how times changed but faces, and memories rarely did.

Mel shook her head. "No but—"

"But what?" If it wasn't Daniel who'd done his usual kidnapping routine, for more sex of course, then why would Paul and Roberts have Mel and herself trussed up like this?

"They're traders." Mel began to weep, huge choking sobs. "If I'd known, I'd never have—"

Lia sidled closer. The stuffy room spun for a seconds before righting itself. "It's not your fault, Mel," she consoled soothingly. "Really."

Mel gave her a withering look and burst into louder sobs. "Yes, it is. If I hadn't wanted to pretend I was you, then they wouldn't have captured us."

Lia wasn't sure she understood. "You were pretending to be me?"

Mel nodded, her face tear-stained. "I wasn't pretending to be you. I wanted to be you. I wanted those men in the class to want me as much as they wanted you. To make love to me."

Lia was beginning to understand. Jealousy usually led to situations one couldn't easily wiggle out of. "Paul and Roberts? They came onto you after Daniel and I left?"

"Yeah. We have to get out of here. If we don't, they'll do things to you." Mel started to sob louder. "All because of me."

Puzzled, Lia shook her head. "I don't understand what this has to do with you, but we'll get out of here. I promise."

"Can't you shift or something?"

"And leave you here to fend for yourself? And who knows what they'll do to you if they find me missing. Uh-uh." Lia would never leave her friend, no matter how much she wanted to. There was a time for teaching lessons and a time for forgetting.

"You need to leave," Mel urged, quelling her tears. "If you don't—"

She didn't get to finish her sentence. The heavy, steel door, the only means in and out of their prison, opened. Paul towered above them with a black, leather whip in his hand. He licked his lips as if in anticipation.

“Which of you lucky ladies would like to be first?” He looked from one to the other, appraising and demeaning.

“Why not just let us go?” Lia leaned against the wall and laboured to her feet. The room reeled then steadied.

“Let both of you go? Now isn’t that funny?” Paul shook his head as if in amazement. “Why are you protecting her after she practically handed you over to us?”

Roughly, he seized Mel by the hair and began dragging her outside. “You’re next so listen to her screams and imagine them as yours.”

“No, no!” Mel shouted, struggling to free herself.

Lia could do nothing to help, but as soon as the door closed, she shifted. Daniel would know what to do to save Mel.

* * * *

Lia grumbled when she didn’t find her husband in their bedroom. Had he left a note as to his whereabouts? She searched for what seemed several wasted minutes before she heard the barely there whisper of someone shifting in behind her.

She whirled around, afraid Paul or Roberts had found her. Daniel faced her, his eyes stone cold and his hands scarred and bleeding.

“Lia,” he whispered, evidently surprised to see her. “I thought you were—”

“Kidnapped by the traders?” she asked, rushing forward to throw her arms around his neck.

“Oh my God,” he muttered. “They did get you, didn’t they?”

He trapped her in a bear hug and lightly kissed her uplifted face a hundred times. “Are you all right? How did you get away?”

She shook herself free of his stranglehold. He looked like hell. Where had he been? In a fight? “Mel needs our help. I was able to shift away when Paul took her out of the room they were holding us in. But she’s still there, and they might be hurting her.”

“Paul?” Dazed, Daniel examined her. “Did they hurt you?”

“No, but we have to free her now. She’s not that kind of woman to go through the hurt and pain they’ll inflict on her.” Like rape, torture and mind washing.

Daniel kissed the top of her head. “No matter what happens, I love you, Lia.” Their lips touched, and the hunger for each other built again.

Lia touched her forefinger to his lips. “We have to go, but tell me one thing first.”

He nodded curtly.

“Were you ever a slave trader?” She waited breathlessly, suspecting she knew the answer.

“Yes. Long ago in my crazy teenage years.” He wrung his hands. “I’ve regretted it every moment since then. Please, Lia, forgive me?”

She reached up and caressed the hard line of his jaw. “I forgive you. Don’t you want to know how I found out?”

His lips puckered, and he nodded again.

“The chamberlain’s records.”

“I see, but you forgive me, don’t you?”

His whispered words echoed in her head. She stood on tiptoe and kissed his lips. “It’s in the past, isn’t it?”

“Yes. And no. Lia, I do everything I can to save those women.”

That explained his absences from time to time. “We need to get to Mel now,” she said gently, reminded she’d made mistakes of her own.

Daniel made a quick call, getting directions from Lia to the place Mel was being imprisoned. After one last kiss and holding hands, they shifted together.

Apparently, Paul and Roberts were expecting them. As was Mel, who stood tall and elegant. And free.

“So nice of you to drop in,” she said with an insincere smile.

“Mel,” came as a haunted whisper from Lia. Her hand and Daniel’s were still intertwined. “You tricked me.”

Daniel snorted in disbelief.

“I didn’t do anything of the sort,” Mel replied. “You heard what you wanted to hear. Nothing more, nothing less.”

“Why?” Lia asked, knowing as she spoke that an invisible restraining device had wrapped around her husband and herself. No shifting out of here now.

“Why not? Look at the constant fools you’re making of yourselves. Lovesick, pathetic. Shameful.”

Lia’s pulse quickened. “There isn’t anything pathetic or shameful about love—just because *you* haven’t known what it is—”

“That’s right, Lia. Just egg her on. Like she’s not mad enough already,” Daniel chided cheerfully.

“It’s not me who’s mad. I’m not Celadian yet your Authority asked me to spy on you and your lovesick antics. It was like watching a sex circus. Really.”

Lia couldn’t help it. She giggled despite herself. “A sex circus? What do you mean by that?”

“Oh!” Mel waved a hand in the air, as if to sweep the erotic images from her mind. “All that kinky stuff you do.” She clapped her hands together. “It’s pathetic how lovelorn the two of you are. But it will soon be over. Where you’re going, there is nothing but quiet stillness.”

“My dear,” Daniel began. “Is she talking about the state of death perhaps?” he asked, imitating the snobby accent of a British peer.

“Oh my lord, but she must be!” Lia quipped, angered that she’d fallen for Mel’s heartless trick.

“Perhaps when this is over, she’ll get a beating on her bare ass for her efforts.”

Lia glanced up at her husband. She didn’t need to look at him to see that he found humour in the situation. “Oh my, and the cavalry is on its way. Perhaps they’ll give her a whipping, too!”

Mel interrupted. “Cut that out! Both of you!” Her lips quirked upwards in a cruel smile. “Death means finished. Forever. No more lovemaking for either of you. Ever.” She waved towards Robert and Paul. “Take them outside and kill them. Quietly.”

Daniel gave a tiny sigh. “That death thing again. What do you think, my dear wife? Should we give Mel a taste of her own medicine?”

Lia tilted her head upwards and gazed lovingly into his eyes. “Oh yes, dear husband.”

Mel shrieked with fury. “How dare you mock me!”

The room suddenly became very crowded with a phalanx of soldiers, guards who were always at the ready to serve their lord and his wife. Amidst angry and shocked expressions, the guards unbound Daniel and Lia and trussed up Mel, Roberts and Paul.

“Do you think, dear, we should lock them up in the same cell so they might enjoy each other’s company?”

Mel’s tousled hair hung over her reddened face. “Don’t you dare!”

“But they might be able to show you what love is,” Lia intervened. “Like this.” She stood on tiptoe and kissed Daniel full on the mouth.

Mel screamed as she was led away with the two complacent men.

“Will she suffer enough punishment in that cell with those men?” With the room now empty and ringing with silence, Lia pressed her body against Daniel’s and the flat of her hand against his burgeoning cock.

“I’m sure they’ll be gentle with her.”

Questioning, she surveyed his face. “What do you mean ‘they’ll be gentle?’” Was he being facetious?

Daniel nuzzled his chin against her forehead. “My dear. Two can play at the two-faced game, can’t they?”

Lia started laughing. Daniel was always full of surprises. He’d set Mel up by settling her in the same jail

cell as Paul and Roberts. Mel was bound to find pleasure in the two men who would be extremely attentive to her every sexual need.

“I never thought about how dismal a dungeon really is.” Daniel tipped Lia’s head upwards. “Why don’t we head back to the classroom on Outbay 33 and give a few more lessons on intimacy?”

Lia wound her arms around his neck and gazed into his eyes. “Why don’t we go home?”

Epilogue

They ended up in their bedroom in the castle. The sun dappled the walls, and they lay entwined in each other's arms. Their slow, exploratory lovemaking had been the best.

Several days later, feeling sore from their lovemaking, she left Daniel to his ever-present work in his study overlooking the shimmering, sunlit lake well below the castle and strolled through the gardens. A bevy of roses in every pastel shade imaginable lifted their blooms toward the sun. Lia breathed in their fragrance and settled down on a marble bench to simply enjoy the late afternoon. The sun warmed her skin and pretty butterflies flitted over her head and beside her.

She didn't know how much time went by as she dreamt of Daniel and ran over the last few days in her mind. She forgave Mel for her betrayal and found herself looking forward to more of Daniel's ministrations in bed. When he came and sat beside her, she soaked in his heady, male scent and leaned her head on his broad shoulder. In a slumberous voice, she whispered, "Did you lose your job on Outbay 33?"

He shook his head. "I received a message from the faculty a few minutes ago. They deemed it highly unwise to kick out a Celadian noble for bonking his wife during school hours."

Lia pressed her lips together in a grim smile. "Am I still in danger from the slave traders?" Not that she'd thought for an instant she had been. She could take care of herself if she had to. And Daniel did more than an adequate job.

"You don't need to worry ever again. Paul and Roberts have been put away behind restraining walls for a good, long time. They were the ones sending the messages to me."

"And Mel? What will happen to her?" Lia asked quietly, a shiver running down her spine. She wanted Mel to be happy, too, to find the right man and to have a life she was proud of.

"She's been returned to the government for discipline."

Lia snorted. "Which means nothing. She'll be right back at spying on others before you can count to three. Maybe even on us."

"Spy work doesn't agree with her, but it seems she likes kicking slave traders' asses."

Lia's eyebrows shot up. "What? Mel isn't cut out for that sort of thing."

"That's the last I heard, Lia. She's out there in the big, wide galaxy catching the bastards." Daniel nodded as if to emphasize his words.

"I'd never have thought that of her." Lia could just see in her mind's eye Mel quelling a slave trader with her sharp and caustic remarks. But Mel was from the past, and this was the present. She unfastened the buttons on her blouse and gazed into Daniel's handsome face. "I'll never get enough of you." She gave him a blatant, sexy wink. "Welcome to your version of Outbay 33. Suck my tits, Professor Danny."

And did he ever.

About the Author

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