

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO

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Rosy
Cheeks

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Rosy Cheeks

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Vicki wants one thing for Christmas—Mr. Robertson. Sucking on a juicy red lollipop and dressed in a short plaid skirt, killer heels and pigtails, Vicki struts into his office, offering lip service to the straitlaced teacher in exchange for a passing grade in algebra. But he will not be bribed. In fact, her proposition earns her a spot over his knee and her skirt hiked up for one heck of a spanking. Before the night is through, Vicki learns *several* lessons at the capable hands of Mr. Robertson.

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Rosy Cheeks

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ROSY CHEEKS

Marianne LaCroix

Dedication

For you. You know who you are.

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Trademarks Acknowledgement

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Blow Pop: Charms Company

Velcro: Velcro Industries B.V. Limited Liability Company

Chapter One

Vicki McClay paused outside the office door. Even now her body reacted in anticipation—her heart beat a rapid tattoo, her palms began to sweat and her pussy wept, dampening the crotch of her panties.

She shook her head slowly, allowing her pigtails to swing back and forth. Her cherry-red lips curled into a smile as she gazed down at her outfit—a short red plaid skirt, a sheer white blouse she left unbuttoned but tied under her breasts to give an ample view of her red satin push-up bra. She wore white thigh-highs with little red bows at the top and red patent platform heels.

The naughty schoolgirl. Vicki intended to play the part to get what she wanted for Christmas this year—Mr. Robertson.

Lifting a cherry Blow Pop to her lips, she licked the sweet surface. She closed her eyes and imagined his eyes watching her as she slowly ran her tongue over the top as if it were the tip of his cock. If her little outfit didn't make him lose his cool, her suggestively licking the lollipop would for sure.

Clutching an algebra textbook to her chest along with her notebook, she lifted her hand and knocked on his door.

She heard nothing from inside his office but the soft sound of Bing Crosby singing *Silver Bells*.

Taking a deep breath, she knocked again.

"Come in," he said from the other side of the door.

Vicki smiled, turned the knob, and pushed open the door.

His office was small but cozy. His desk, a richly dark-stained oak, dominated the space and behind his desk was a wall of shelves lined with books. On the desk were

piles of papers, a small desk lamp, a wide LCD computer screen and keyboard. Ordered chaos. A worn black leather couch sat opposite the desk. Piles of thick books were stacked on each side of the couch as makeshift end tables where small lamps illuminated the room with a soft glow.

Mr. Robertson sat at his desk typing on the keyboard, and then glanced at her. He immediately stilled. His eyes widened and his mouth dropped open a moment. He composed himself quickly and cleared his throat. "Miss McClay, this is an unexpected pleasure."

Gabriel Robertson was an older man and yet the age gap made no difference to her. Vicki wanted him. Her breath caught at the sight of him, especially when she spotted him jogging in the morning. As a former Marine he kept an exercise regimen to stay fit and strong. Watching his toned legs move with grace and power, she wanted to tackle him to the ground, but she opted for a few moments of self-pleasure instead to ease her sexual restlessness.

He appeared very much like a straitlaced professor or an accountant, complete with dark-rimmed glasses and salt-and-pepper hair. Quiet by nature, he was viewed by the world as reserved and scholarly, but Vicki knew there was much more to Mr. Robertson than his academic façade.

The quiet ones kept their kinky side hidden well. Beneath the starched oxford shirt, nerdy glasses and sensible shoes was a kinkster, a man who knew about bondage tape, nipple clamps and Wartenberg wheels.

"Am I disturbing you?" she asked, closing the door behind her with a soft click.

He cleared his throat once again, obviously in an attempt to find composure.

She lifted the lollipop to her mouth and licked the surface with a slow swipe of her tongue.

He adjusted his tie. "Uh...no, it's all right. What did you need?"

She handed him her notebook. "I'm not entirely sure what to do with these problems."

He read over the homework with a quick glance. "You didn't even try to work out these problems."

"I was hoping you could help me. You know, be my personal tutor?"

A dark brow rose above his eye. "Is that why you've come here dressed that way? To get tutoring with algebra?"

She cocked her head, making her pigtails swing a little. "What's the matter with what I'm wearing? Don't you like it, Mr. Robertson?"

He stood and towered over her.

She licked the tip of her lollipop and then smiled. "Do you think you can tutor me...one-on-one?"

"Only if you are willing to learn." His voice sounded tight, controlled.

She moved closer, brushing her satin-covered breasts against him. "I'm willing to learn whatever you want to teach me."

He stared down at her face a moment then nodded. "Good. Glad to hear that because you've a lot to learn. More than you think."

"Oh?" She pressed even closer to his body.

He stepped back and loosened his tie. "I suggest you behave yourself, Miss McClay. You're tempting me to teach you much more than algebra."

She sighed. "Quite frankly, I'm not sure tutoring will help get my grades up." She moved to the desk and set down her textbook. "However, I'm willing to discuss a possible...*arrangement*."

"Such as?"

"Well, I thought maybe if I give you something, then perhaps I could pass the class."

"Give me something? Sounds like a bribe."

"Oh no, not a bribe...more like a service." She lifted one leg onto the desk chair, giving him a generous view of her red lace panties. She reached down and ran her

fingertips over her barely covered cleft. "Call it lip service, Mr. Robertson," she purred in a low, husky voice.

Removing his tie, he tried to maintain composure, but her offer intrigued him judging by the telltale bulge in his pants.

She started moving her fingers up and down over her pussy. "I think about sucking your cock. I think about it a lot. I want to suck on you very much, Mr. Robertson. I thought maybe if I sucked your cock and made you come, I could get a B."

He paused. "And to get an A?"

She gently bit her bottom lip. "You can finish in my mouth," she offered in a meek voice.

He waited a moment then asked, "Spit or swallow?" His tone was hard and unwavering.

She tilted down her face. "I can try to swallow. To be honest I've never done this before. I may need a little guidance in how to give good head and then swallow."

"Hmm...of course." He chuckled. "Tell me, how many of your teachers have you made this offer to?"

"None."

He fell silent.

She waited for his reply then dared to gaze at his face without lifting her head. He held his glasses in his hand and studied her with his cool, calculating eyes.

Then he broke the silence and asked, "Why me? What makes me so special?"

"Well, I..." she stammered, "I find you incredibly sexy. You turn me on so much, I can't help myself and sometimes I touch myself while thinking about you. I reach down between my legs and slide my fingers over my clit, wishing you'd touch me there." She closed her eyes and moved aside the lace and dipped a finger into her juices. He grabbed her hand and pulled it away.

"You're a very bad girl. Do you think you can pass my class by offering sexual favors?" He held her arm in a firm but not bruising grip. He grasped her other forearm and with his tie, he bound her wrists together. "I think you deserve to learn a new lesson tonight. One you will remember every time you sit down."

"No, please," she begged. "Wait, I can explain."

"No need to explain. I understand perfectly." He led her to his chair, sat and pulled her over his lap. "You're a naughty girl who doesn't do her homework and tries to get out of it by trying to seduce her teacher. Well, it won't work. Not with me."

He lifted her short skirt and ran his hand slowly over the curve of her ass, one cheek at a time. Then he gave her behind a firm swat. She gasped at the sting and wriggled on his lap.

"Move out of position, little girl, and I will start over again."

She instantly stilled, not wanting to add on more of—

Slap!

"Ow!" She squeezed her eyes shut and held her bound wrists to her forehead.

Slap!

She winced but remained still.

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

After ten swats to her buttocks she hoped he would stop, but then he caressed the warm flesh he'd spanked. She moaned. Her skin burning with increased sensitivity, his hand smoothed over her reddened ass, driving her wild. Then he eased his hand down to her wet pussy and slid a finger through her moist folds. *Oh yes, yes, yes!*

"You're very wet." He pushed a finger into her slit and he moaned. "Yes, you have the potential to be my favorite student, but not yet. You need to learn your lesson to never try to bribe me again."

"Yes sir," she stammered as he removed his finger.

Slap!

She flinched in his lap.

"Be still, little girl. I'm warning you for the last time."

"Yes sir." So on edge...so ready to explode, she bit her bottom lip.

Slap!

She inhaled sharply.

Slap!

At twenty he stopped and caressed her rapidly heating rump with a gentle hand. Her skin was so sensitive, she fought to suppress her moans at his touch. He tested her wetness once again and she nearly came right then.

"No, you can't come yet," he said, sensing her eagerness to climax. "This was only a warm-up. You have yet to receive your punishment spanking," he said, stilling his fingers deep within her cunt.

Warm-up? There was more? She shuddered to think how much worse this punishment spanking could get. Damn, she needed to come.

He helped her off his lap and she whimpered softly in his arms.

For a moment, he faltered. "You all right?" he asked in a gentle voice.

She nodded and leaned into him, needing to feel his closeness. He held her tenderly a moment then guided her to his desk.

In a commanding tone he said, "You've been such a bad girl, and now that your ass has been warmed up properly, it is time for your punishment."

He eased her forward over his desk, careless of his papers scattered about the surface. She balanced on her elbows as she rested on the desktop. Her breasts pressed to the desk surface, she held her breath, waiting. Her ass presented for his spanking pleasure, she felt completely vulnerable and unable to move away. Eager to answer his commands, she remained still, wanting nothing more than to please this dominating

man. His strength and power made her shiver with want and her pussy cream in pure sexual anticipation.

He lifted her skirt once again, but this time he pulled away the lacy panties covering her moist pink center. She gasped at his touch and her cunt clenched. *Oh please... Touch me, take me. Fuck me and make me yours.*

As the lace fell to her ankles, he instructed sternly, "Step out of your panties, little girl, and move your feet apart. I want to see that pussy."

Vicki burned for his touch. If he swiped a finger over her taut clit, she would surely shatter. When her labia gaped open, she groaned. The air caressed her wet center and she sobbed.

He moved directly behind her and she shivered in fearful anticipation. Tears burned her eyes when he commenced more punishment upon her buttocks. Every few strikes he'd stop and move his palms over her heated cheeks.

"Beautiful," he stated, "Nice and warm. We're getting there. Not quite the shade of red I want, but beautiful just the same." Then he dipped his fingers into her cunt and she cried with a mixture of delight and frustration.

"Very wet. Very good, little one. I'm pleased." He slowly removed his fingers.

Tears ran down her face, and yet she was so turned-on, aflame for more.

Then he spread her labia wide and licked the length of her slit. She shrieked at the pure pleasure of his mouth upon her slick flesh. He grazed his teeth over her clitoris and then ran his tongue back and forth over the sensitive surface.

Oh yes! Yes! "Lick me. Yes...oh yes." She panted and her hips moved in rhythm to his tongue's seductive dance over her clit.

Too much. Much too much. The climax started without warning within her core and the spasms erupted and radiated through her body. He licked at her center, lapping at her honey, and she cried out in ecstasy. Her body convulsed in a rapturous surrender as she ground her pussy against his mouth, hungry for him to draw out her release. He

grabbed her hips and pressed his tongue into her channel, feasting and drinking. Her body hummed, riding out the euphoric sensations he had created.

As the spasms eased, he pulled away. He smoothed his hands over each reddened globe of her ass and she sighed in delight.

Whack!

She jumped.

"I didn't give you permission to come, little girl."

She gasped. "But —"

Whack! "No excuses. You didn't follow my instructions. I see you haven't learned your lesson yet."

She began to cry again, her tears dampening the tie about her wrists. "I'm sorry. I couldn't help it. It felt so wonderful."

Whack! "I didn't give you permission to speak either. You need to learn to respect your teacher."

Breathless, she waited. There was more. He wouldn't let her come without permission lightly.

He ran his hand over a buttock. "Do you need to learn respect, little girl?" He paused then added, "You may speak."

She hesitated then answered, "Yes."

Whack!

She flinched.

"Yes what?"

Between her sobs, she replied, "Yes *sir*."

"Much better. Now, to teach this next lesson in respect, you need a bit more than just my hand spanking your ass."

Chapter Two

Mr. Robertson moved away and Vicki held her breath, listening intently to him moving about the room. A drawer slid open and he rummaged through the contents then closed it with a thump.

She held her breath waiting for the sting of his first strike.

Smack!

She jumped and tears streamed down her face once again.

"It's always handy to keep a good wooden ruler close by for errant pupils." *Smack!*

Smack! He swatted her right buttock twice...then once more. *Smack!*

"Do you wish to add more to your punishment, little girl?" he asked, pausing in his ministrations.

"No sir. No I don't," she cried.

"Then thank me for each strike."

Smack!

She flinched, but through her tears she said, "Thank you sir."

Smack!

"Thank you sir."

He continued focusing on one buttock at a time. "You truly upset me by pulling this stunt. Offering a blowjob for a good grade." *Smack!* The ruler slapping her left buttock paired with her quiet sobbing resounded within the room.

After ten swats per buttock with the ruler, he caressed her burning ass with his cool hand. Despite the stinging pain of his punishment, Vicki was once again straining for release, wishing he'd fuck her with his fingers or his cock—as long as she hit orgasm, she didn't care how.

Slowly he smoothed his palm over one ass cheek and then the other. "Your ass all red and warm is very beautiful." He traced a finger down her crack to her weeping pussy. "Mmm... Yes, you are on your way to pleasing your teacher well."

Vicki moaned at his touch. When he pushed two fingers deep inside her cunt, she gasped with a soft squeal.

"Yes, I think you are ready."

Oh yes, fuck me. Fuck me NOW!

"You're ready to do your homework."

Her heart sank and she groaned with disappointment. He removed his fingers and whacked her across both nether cheeks. "Don't brat, little girl. You'll do your homework—bent over my desk, your beautiful red ass in the air and your pussy screaming for me to fill it. Now," he continued, "you will do your homework and I'll help you. However, you must stay focused or I will start over with your punishment. I'd like nothing more than to make your ass glow red well into the new year."

She blindly agreed and he untied her wrists. As she wiped away her tears, he placed her homework notebook and pencil before her. It took her a few moments to focus, and meanwhile he continued to run his hands over her buttocks in tender admiration.

He'd spanked her, and she liked it. And now he touched her like a cherished lover. Of course his caressing her sensitive ass was a challenge to her ability to focus until he spoke—punctuated with a slap of the ruler on her right buttock.

Smack! "Question number one. Read it aloud."

She took a deep breath and read the problem. Step by step she worked out every problem he'd assigned. As she figured the answers, he continued to caress her burning cheeks with his cool hands. Then on the last two problems, he kissed her hot skin. Focusing on working out slopes and intercepts was difficult with him lovingly kissing her buttocks.

On her last problem she faltered when he ran his tongue down her crack and rimmed the puckered hole of her anus.

"What is the y-intercept?" he asked then licked her anus once more.

"Oh...uh...if...oh...y equals...m times x...oh yes...mx plus b...then the y-intercept...oh—"

He pushed two fingers into her cunt and rubbed the erect clit straining for his touch. He continued to tease her anus with his tongue and she quickly raced for climax, but he was too in tune with her body. He stilled and removed his fingers.

Frustrated and on edge she pleaded, "Please let me come. You're torturing me. I have to come. I can only take so much."

Smack! Her answer was a sharp swat on her left buttock with the ruler. "Is that sass I'm hearing?" *Smack!* "You know better than that." *Smack!* "A damn shame. You did very well with your homework." *Smack!* "You force me to make sure you never sass me again." *Smack!* "You are to respect me, little girl. Respect me and you will be rewarded." *Smack!*

Crack!

His last swats were much more forceful than any other. She fought to remain still, to keep her hands from reaching back and trying to stop him. Surely if she did, more punishment would result, possibly a repeat of every strike she'd gotten already.

But then the ruler broke.

He cursed softly and she sniffled. Daring to glance back, she turned her head to see him unbuckle his belt and pull the leather from his pant loops.

Fresh tears stung her eyes and he stopped, meeting her gaze with hot, raw desire. "Ready to learn respect for your teacher?" he asked as he folded the leather belt in his hand.

She couldn't hold back her emotions welling within her. She cried without reservation, her once-perfect makeup now streaked down her face with tears. "Yes sir."

He raised the belt and swung the leather down upon her ass with a loud snap.

She squealed in pain and fought to remain still as her sobs grew louder and uncontrolled.

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

One buttock received five strikes, then he repeated on her other buttock. After the ten he stopped and ran his hands over her cheeks. She jumped at his touch, his hands cool and soothing to her burning-hot flesh.

She continued to cry, praying this punishment would end. Spanking with his hand was erotic, exciting, and completely sensual. The belt on the other hand...

Snap! He struck the back of her thigh with the belt.

Snap!

Two strikes to her left thigh then two to the right. Then he repeated two more to the left and two to the right.

The belt, on the other hand, was definitely *punishment!*

Ten to the back of her thighs and she begged for mercy through her tears. "Please. Please, I beg you. Forgive me. Please. I can't take any more."

He paused and took a step closer and touched her damp face. He stroked her cheek and whispered to her to calm and relax. Punishment was over.

"I should give you more with my belt," he started, "but I think you may have learned your lesson. And now for working through your homework, I want to give you a reward."

She pressed her cheek toward his touch and kissed his palm.

In a gentler tone he asked, "What sort of reward do you want, little Vicki?"

It was the first time all evening he'd used her name. Her heart sped and she smiled. "Please, Mr. Robertson. Fuck me. Let me come around you. I want you inside me."

He gently traced her cheek with his fingertips. "I'm going to fuck you and make you scream when you come."

She closed her eyes and sighed. "Yes sir. Please fuck me and make me yours."

The sound of his fly zipper echoed in the room. "Damn right, little Vicki. You're mine to fuck."

She heard his pants fall to the floor in a heap. "However," he said as he guided her hips into position, "you will not get preferential treatment in the classroom." He slid his cock through her slick folds, her juices coating its bulbous head. "Your bonuses will only be given in private."

With that he pushed his cock into her wet entrance and she cried out in delight.

Slap! He spanked her right buttock with a stingy smack. She screeched, only for him to swat her again.

"You like having a spanking, don't you, little Vicki?" he asked as he retreated then pushed his length back inside her.

She moaned at the glorious feel of his cock within her. Her vaginal walls clamped about his thickness, sucking him deeper inside her body.

Slap! "Answer me!"

A gush of her juices ran around his cock. She moaned in ecstasy.

He grasped a pigtail and tugged slightly. "You want to be my little cum slut, don't you?"

"Yes sir." Her buttocks screamed in pain, but it didn't decrease her excitement. In fact, she was turned-on more than ever.

Slap! "Yes sir what?"

Her sobs increased and her breathing labored with sexual arousal, she answered in gasps, "Yes sir...I like you spanking me and making me your slut."

He tugged her hair again and continued the slow advance and retreat of his cock in and out of her. "Why?" he asked in a demanding tone.

"Because...I like your hands on my ass...you pulling on my pigtails...you bending me to your will."

As he slowly fucked her cunt, he spread her cream over her puckered anus and gently caressed the sensitive opening.

Vicki lost clear thinking as he circled her anus with his lubricated fingertip, drawing out her approaching release. If only he'd move faster, press into her harder...

Slap!

She jumped with a yelp. His cock stuffed deep inside her and his one hand still holding a pigtail and his other hand on her hip, guiding her body against his, she was ready to explode.

"I'm going to fuck you hard, slut. Fuck you and make sure you remember who you answer to. You are *my* cum slut. *Mine.*" He quickened his pace and released her hair to grasp both her hips to better grind his pelvis against her. He pumped faster, ramming into her wet center, driving into her with a wild need, and she was lost to his savage claiming of her body.

She panted and moaned with no restraint. She clutched the edge of the desk, stilling her body from sliding forward with his powerful thrusts.

"Yeah baby. Hold on to my desk while I fuck you," he said in a husky, sex-hazed voice.

With all her might she held on to the desk, enjoying each thrust of his cock. He rhythmically pumped into her sheath, his girth filling her, stretching her channel.

She wanted to come. She was close to surrendering her body once again to his mastery. But he hadn't given permission for her to climax. She'd been punished once already for disobeying him. She wanted to please him, show her submission to his will.

He commanded her body, and she was lost. Her juices flowed about his cock, and sounds of flesh buried in flesh filled the room along with her low sobbing. She had to hold off her climax.

She had to.

For him.

She'd submitted her body for his pleasure and she needed more. *Use me. Please use me. I want to please you, Master.*

His thrusts became more powerful and quicker in pace. He grunted with each push of his cock into her. Then he grasped a pigtail and pulled gently, "Don't you come yet, slut. This is for my pleasure, not yours."

He pushed the tip of his thumb into her anus and she yelped. The pressure, the wonderful painful pressure...

She couldn't resist and her body erupted into a spasmodic climax. Screaming in tempo with each beat of her orgasm, she lost awareness to everything but the euphoria washing over her entire body—and Mr. Robertson's triumphant yell as he poured warm semen deep into her cunt.

Once his breathing quieted, he pulled his limp member from her. "I told you not to come," he finally said, breaking the silence within the room. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

Afraid to move from her position lying on the desk, she bent her head and wept. "I'm so sorry, sir."

"And?" he insisted.

She sniffled as more hot tears rolled down her face. "I'm a very bad girl for not listening to your instructions, sir."

"This is the second time you disobeyed me tonight. You were already spanked for your first mistake. I think you need something more than a red ass to teach you this lesson in obedience."

She lowered her head to the desk, her forehead lying upon the wrinkled paper of her notebook.

"I think a few more swats to the back of your thighs might help. Or maybe a few to the inside of your thighs."

Vicki bit her lip, suppressing a moan of delight. Damn, she was masochistic to the core. Her body screamed in pain, but her pussy remained ever ready to be sent over the edge. She liked it rough. She wanted the pain. Only through the pain could she find pleasure, and she was far from ready for him to stop now.

"No, I have a better way to make an impression on you to follow my instructions more closely." He reached for her forearm and she released the edge of the desk as he guided her to stand.

Instinctively she turned to him and clung to him. Still in his shirt, she grasped onto the soft fabric and wept. He held her close and stroked her head with a tender caress.

"Are you all right?" he asked in a quiet voice filled with concern.

She nodded her head, not moving away from his embrace. "I'm okay."

He held her tightly for a few moments then took her hand to lead her to the door of his office where black straps hung down from the top corners. He lifted her arms and moved her back to the door. There he secured one wrist and then the other in restraints. Then he bent down and wrapped a restraint around each ankle.

The cool surface of the door soothed the burning heat of her rear, and she leaned back against the door and closed her eyes with a sigh. Bound, she was completely at his mercy...and never so turned-on.

Chapter Three

"I think it is time we got rid of your clothes, my dear."

She opened her eyes to meet his cool blue gaze. Behind the icy crystals lurked a hot-blooded lover enjoying his power and control over her. His strength made her weak in the knees and her pussy clenched with a need to be filled.

"First thing to go is this little blouse." His fingers brushed the skin of her abdomen as he slowly untied the small knot in the too-tight shirt. It had served its purpose to accentuate her generous breasts encased in satin and lace.

Once the knot was released, he spread open the white blouse to further expose her generous breasts. His eyes fastened upon her voluptuous curves as he reached for tantalizing softness. Testing their weight within his palms, he moaned. "You have beautiful breasts." He ran his thumbs over the tips and her nipples sprang to attention beneath his touch.

Juices flowed from her pussy and she unconsciously moved her hips in a sensual rhythm. No, she had nowhere near enough of him. She craved him like no other. Only he could make her so wet by a gentle stroke of his thumbs over her nipples. Hell, he made her wet with one look from his bedroom blue eyes.

He reached up and released one wrist, but not for long. "I don't want to ruin this lovely red bra you have on," he said with a touch of humor. "I was tempted to cut it from your body." He eased one arm out of her blouse and bra, revealing the naked beauty of a breast. He dipped his head and laved the taut nipple and she whimpered as she threaded her fingers through his hair. He nibbled and licked the hard point and her pussy gushed with wetness.

Releasing her nipple, he leaned away and caught her free arm. He lifted her arm above her head and restrained her wrist once again. Then he released her other wrist

and lowered her arm to remove her blouse and bra, allowing them to fall to the floor. He caught her newly exposed breast with his mouth and feasted on her nipple.

She wanted to hold his head to her breast, but he held her wrist within his grip. Once he'd perked her nipple to the desired tightness, he lifted her arm back over her head and refastened the restraint about her wrist.

Bound to the door, clad only her heels, thigh-highs and skirt, Vicki felt completely vulnerable to his will. She closed her eyes and awaited his next move. Would he lick her cunt or fuck her as she stood helpless to resist? As if she could deny him anything he desired.

Then he curled his fingers into the waistband of the skirt and pulled, the ripping of the Velcro closure echoing in the room along with the soft strains of Christmas carols still playing from his computer.

Now she was exposed. And definitely vulnerable.

"Still want to bribe me with a blowjob?"

She lifted her head and opened her eyes. He stood before her stripped of his clothes and holding his erect penis in one hand. He slowly moved his hand up and down the length, and her mouth went dry as a clear drop of pre-cum oozed from the tip.

She licked her lips. "Yes sir, I do want to taste you."

"But do you want to give me a blowjob for a good grade, or because you want to have my cock in your mouth?"

She couldn't look away from his thick member. "I want to taste you because I want to please you."

He smiled. "Good answer, little Vicki. You're learning well."

"Thank you, sir."

He ran his gaze over her entire body. "So incredibly beautiful," he mused in a whisper. Then he lifted his eyes to hers and smiled. "I have something for your lovely breasts. Call it a Christmas present. Would you like to have it now?"

Her heart leapt in her chest. "Yes sir. I would love to."

He stepped to his desk, seemingly unaware of his nakedness, and reached into a drawer to pull out a box. He strode back to her and showed her the gift. He lifted the top to reveal two tweezer-style clamps. Attached to each silver clamp was little silver bell.

"You bought those for me?" she asked, her heart racing faster with happiness.

He placed the box on a nearby table and then lifted one rubber-tipped clamp. He said nothing as he dangled the clamp before her and then leaned forward to lick her nipple into a hard nub once again. Once satisfied, he clipped the clamp to a nipple, and she gasped in delight at the pinch. He teased her nipple to a point before attaching the silver clamp. Once both were secure about her nipples, he tapped the side of one breast to make them both sway, ringing the tiny silver bells.

"Nothing says Christmas like rosy cheeks and silver bells," he quipped and then hummed the classic song.

Meanwhile Vicki was in agony. The clamps excited her, closing about her flesh tightly with pleasurable pain. She groaned in frustration. Her pussy ached with need, her juices running down her inner thigh.

"Now, little Vicki, are you ready to obey?"

She nodded. "Yes sir."

"I have something in my desk I think you will enjoy."

Lost in the haze of lust and building desire, she was remotely aware of him searching another drawer for a second surprise.

Again he stood before her in his nakedness and she marveled at his form—wide shoulders, toned arms and powerful thighs. His chest was dusted with dark hair mixed with gray with a dark line descending to the nest at his groin, perfectly framing his long, thick cock, erect and ready.

In one hand he held a silver vibrating egg and in the other he held a wireless remote.

Oh no. She raised her eyes to meet his gaze. "What are you going to do?" Fear shot through her to the core. There wasn't any way she could withstand a vibrator and fight off a climax.

He smiled devilishly. "I'm going to put this egg inside that pretty pussy of yours and start cranking up the speed."

"I'll come," she said breathlessly.

"The point isn't to resist orgasm."

"No?"

He shook his head. "No." He crouched down and his face level with her pussy, he leaned in and inhaled a long breath. "Ahh, so sweet." He touched the cleft of her mound with his tongue and she moaned. He kissed her clit and suckled a moment then pulled away. "Yes, very sweet."

Vicki pulled at her wrist restraints, wishing she could clutch his mouth to her aching clit.

Then he ran the cool, smooth egg through her folds, lubricating the surface with her own honey. As he pushed the egg up into her channel, he said, "I want you to come as much as you want."

Something wasn't right about this. There was more to this than making her come. "But?" she finally asked as he pulled away.

She watched him stand, powerful sinew and muscle moving beneath his lightly tanned skin.

He held the remote in one hand and turned on the egg.

Vicki nearly lost her mind at the slow vibrations within her, driving her wild. She moved against her restraints and the tiny bells clamped to her nipples tinkled gently.

Then the vibrations ceased.

“Ah ah ah,” he started as he closed the distance between them. He reached for a breast and ran his tongue over the nipple within the clamp. “You may enjoy yourself and come, little Vicki. But if you make the bells ring, I will stop the vibrator.”

So that was the game. “I can’t help moving,” she sobbed. “Please sir. Have mercy on me.”

“Mercy? No, that isn’t what you want. You like the challenge.” He paused then added, “If you please me, I will take you to bed and you may get your wish to suck on me. You want to suck on my dick, don’t you, little Vicki?”

She nodded even as hot, fresh tears streamed down her face. “Yes sir. I want to please you.”

“Please me and you will be rewarded. Agreed?”

She choked back more tears, but nodded once again.

“Very well. Don’t make the bells ring, and I will make you come several times.” With that he reached for his chair and sat with his legs open. In one hand he held the remote to the egg and with the other he stroked his cock. “So fucking beautiful. After I let you suck me off, later I am going to fuck you again. You need a good long fuck.”

With that he flipped on the egg and it vibrated within her.

She leaned back against the door’s cool, smooth surface. She couldn’t move. If she moved, he’d stop the approaching climax. Even now with the setting on low, the pressure built. She moved her hips rhythmically in her growing excitement. She rode the gently increasing vibrations from the egg, but as he turned up the speed, restraining her body became more of a challenge. If only she could move her hips a bit more...

Then the bells tinkled and the vibrations stopped.

Her breathing grew ragged as this continued—his building of her climax and flipping off the egg once the tiny bells jingled.

After about the fourth time he’d turned off the egg, she peered at him sitting in his chair, his thick cock in one hand. Then she realized he had stopped stroking himself

when he turned off the vibrator. He was not only denying her, he denied his own release.

She licked her lips, tasting her own salty tears. How long would he torture them both?

The hum within her cunt began again, but this time it vibrated harder. Already on edge, it didn't take long for her to approach climax. She forced her body still and when her body finally surrendered to the spasmodic convulsions, she cried out his name in pure ecstasy.

Her body shuddered and shook in climax and the bells tinkled, but he didn't switch off the vibrator. One orgasm led into another and she strained against the door, her body arching in abandon. She screamed with each spasm, swept into a whirlpool of sexual euphoria. She was only faintly aware of his yell as he spilled his seed into his hand and onto the floor.

He turned off the egg and she sagged within the restraints.

Within moments he released her ankles and wrists from the restraints and removed the egg from her sopping-wet center. She fell against him, exhausted, and he held her in his arms.

"Shh, sweet, sweet Vicki. Never have I seen such rapture." He kissed her forehead and held her close. "You have pleased me well."

"But...I couldn't keep the bells from moving." She leaned into him, thankful for his strength and tender hands holding her.

"I know. You did very well."

He lifted her into his arms, cradling her body against his. She felt small, vulnerable...feminine. He laid her down on the couch and kneeled at her side. She stroked his hair and smiled.

He reached for her breasts and unfastened the clamps, and she gasped at the painful sensitivity. He climbed onto the couch between her legs and sucked on one nipple while squeezing the other between his thumb and forefinger.

Her desire climbed quickly as he laved her breasts, licking, nipping, squeezing. She arched her body, leaned her head back and closed her eyes, surrendering to his touch, his gentle but firm command over her body.

His body lying on hers felt glorious, his weight pushing her into the leather couch. The scent of leather and sex filled her nostrils and nothing mattered beyond this moment of sexual bliss.

"You have such beautiful breasts," he murmured against one nipple. "So round and perfect. I could suck on your nipples all night."

She threaded her fingers through his hair and sighed. "I'd like that."

He sucked and lightly bit one nipple. "I'd have to fuck you all night as well." He reached down between her legs and slid his fingertips through her wet folds. "Such a sweet pussy."

She softly chuckled. "I would love to have you lick me all night long."

"Mmm, I may have to get started on that right now." He moved down her body, his chest hairs brushing along her pussy. She moaned as he kissed and licked a trail down her abdomen to her navel. He dipped his tongue into her bellybutton and she tightened her fingers in his hair.

He caught her hands and pushed them down to her sides and held her firmly against the cushioned leather. He continued moving lower to the apex of her thighs and breathed in her scent. "So fucking sweet." Then he lowered his mouth over her clit and she let out a deep breath.

Her clit between his lips, he teased the small nub from its hood. She tossed her head to one side then the other, lost to the magic of his teeth lightly grazing the engorged pleasure point.

When he sucked hard on her clitoris, she surrendered control to his mastery and climaxed fast and hard. She screamed and bucked against his mouth as she gripped the leather beneath her hands, riding out the spasms racking her body.

As her climax subsided, he laid his head on her abdomen and sighed. He released her hands and she rested hers on his head, gently stroking the softness of his hair.

Her eyelids drifted closed and she smiled in catlike contentment.

"We're not done here, little Vicki," he finally said as he continued to rest on her belly.

"Hmm?"

"I believe I'm due another Christmas present."

She opened her eyes and gazed down at him. "Another present?"

"Uh huh. Something about sucking my cock."

She snickered. "Oh Mr. Robertson. You are a *naughty* teacher."

He smacked one side of her buttocks. "Don't make me go find another ruler."

"Oh no sir. My ass cheeks are already nice and red."

"Then I suggest you get to work, little girl, or I will put you over my knee and give you another spanking."

Damn, Vicki loved the idea. "Maybe you can anyway. When you put your hands on my ass, it gets me so excited."

He smacked her buttock again. "Perhaps later. Right now I want those lips around my cock."

She knelt on the floor and he adjusted his position on the sofa to sit with his legs wide open, giving her full access to his cock and balls. She crouched between his splayed legs and reached for his hard cock.

He reached for a pigtail and tugged her closer. "I'm going to let you know how I want you to lick and suck me and I expect you to obey. You understand, slut?"

Calling her slut was his way of telling her this was no time to be a lady. He didn't want a princess sucking on his dick, he wanted a cock-hungry nympho taking his length into her mouth and making him come. A license to be sex-hungry and wanton.

He tugged on her pigtail again. "Now, hold the shaft with one hand and hold my balls with your other."

She followed his guidance and he moaned as she gently squeezed his balls.

"Good little slut. Lick the head. Run your tongue all over the head. Get it nice and wet."

Without second thought, she leaned close and flicked her tongue over the head like her lollipop earlier. She continued to lick the head with slow passes of her tongue while massaging his balls with her hand.

He grasped her pigtails and held her steady to his groin. "Suck on the head," he commanded in a soft voice. "Only the head."

She moaned as she closed her mouth over the bulbous tip.

"Be sure to lick the hole as you suck."

She followed his instruction without hesitation.

"Yeah, just like that. Suck on me, bitch. You are my little bitch, aren't you, Vicki?" He began to pant.

Her juices once again flooded her pussy, so turned-on by pleasing him.

He jerked her head with a pigtail, breaking the contact of her mouth on his cock. "I asked you a question."

She pressed a knuckle into the underside of his sac, and exhaled loudly. "I'm your bitch."

"Good girl." He pulled her pigtail, guiding her head back to his cock. "Now I want you to start as the bottom and lick the length. Sort of like a peppermint stick."

As she followed his instructions, his breathing became more ragged.

He tasted so sexual, a mixture of his salty semen from his orgasm earlier and her own musky juices. She moaned and licked his cock up and down and up again.

“Good little slut. Yeah, you like licking cock. Time to suck my cock, and suck me hard. Take me into your mouth as far as you can.”

She took him into her mouth and he thrust upward. She sucked him in, taking him inside all the way to the back of her throat. She fought against the gag reflex, wanting to swallow him deep.

“Oh yeah,” he moaned as he fucked her mouth, thrusting his hips up and down.

His balls tightened and she pressed her knuckle into his perineum, anticipating his release. He held on to her head, guiding her to continue her loving. She teased his balls while continuing to rub the sensitive spot behind them. He inhaled sharply at the pressure, and she knew he was getting very close. She took him deeper into her mouth and sucked harder.

“Yes, now drink me, baby.” He climaxed, hot semen shooting to the back of her throat, and she drank with delight. He gently tugged her pigtails as each wave of liquid sex shot from him.

When his breathing calmed, he released her pigtails and pulled her onto his lap. He kissed her and she wrapped her arms about his neck and leaned into his kiss. Melding of lips in soft kisses intoxicated her senses. At the first touch of his tongue against hers, she sighed in delight. Her hands traveled over his strong shoulders, mapping the rippling muscles beneath her palms. She groaned against his mouth as their naked bodies rubbed together in an intimate lovers’ embrace.

She threaded her fingers through his hair and held on to him as he kissed her lips, her jaw, her chin, her neck.

“Gabriel...” she sighed when he found the sensitive pulse point at the side of her neck.

He leaned away and gazed into her eyes, then cupped her cheek and once again covered her lips with his. Soft. Oh so soft and seductive kisses. She parted her lips and darted her tongue against his and he moaned as he licked and tasted her.

Love. She felt it pulse through her as sure and strong as any climax. Words had no place in the moment so she expressed her heart through her kiss. She wanted to please him, but she also wanted to love him. More than the physical. Purely with the heart.

Chapter Four

A little while later they relaxed together on the sofa, legs entwined together like a lovers knot. She felt so at home, so comfortable and happy in his arms. This surely was her heaven on earth.

Then he broke the sweet silence. "I need to be inside you. I want to come inside your pussy, baby."

Vicki needed no further encouragement. She climbed over him, resting her legs around his hips. She positioned herself over his cock and slowly guided his length inside.

"Oh God yes. Come on, baby, ride my dick. Let me feel that pussy swallow me." He moaned and placed his hands at her hips.

Holding on to the back of the couch, she slowly moved up and down over his cock.

"Oh Vicki, baby."

She surrendered to his need and made love to him.

Her relaxed pace was too slow for him, and he moved his hips quicker, encouraging her to follow his lead. He filled her and when she slammed down her body, he stretched her walls, sending pleasure rippling through her every cell. She'd move up then slam down again, up and down, up and down.

"Yeah, baby. Your cunt is hungry for me. Fuck..."

He guided her pace with his hands, increasing the tempo faster and faster as he edged to his climax.

"Oh Gabriel..." she cried as her orgasm claimed her senses once again.

"Yeah baby, come for me. *Come with me.*" He pumped wildly into her and she screamed, arching her body backward. He yelled and thrust hard, long strokes into her, filling her with his release.

Vicki grabbed her breasts and pinched her nipples as wave after wave of her climax crashed through her body. She didn't care who heard her screaming his name, rapture completely robbing her of sensibility and reason.

As he grew soft inside her, she hesitated to move, not wanting to lose their intimate connection. But he slid from her body and she whimpered. He pulled her to his side onto the couch, cradling her against his body. Half lying, half sitting, she sighed and kissed his jaw. "That was so wonderful."

"I lost count of how many times you came."

"I don't know. I wasn't counting," she said with a laugh.

"Thank you for this Christmas gift, baby," he said, his breathing still ragged from his climax.

"You're welcome. Hope you liked it." He'd asked for only one thing for Christmas, more sex fantasy role play, and his first choice – the schoolgirl fantasy.

He laughed. "Fuck yeah, I liked it. I always had a thing for short plaid skirts, ever since high school."

She kissed his neck and breathed in the scent of his spicy aftershave mingled with sweat and leather. "Yeah well, I wasn't expecting you to tie me up against the door. That was definitely unexpected."

"Have to keep you on your toes."

"I'd say the vibrating egg did that as well."

He caressed a nipple to a hard point with his thumb, stroking back and forth. "Oh man, that was so hot. Even I had a hard time holding off coming too soon."

"I can see us doing that again." She leaned closer and kissed him. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, baby." He kissed her lips with tenderness. "It's not over yet, though. I have *one more* Christmas gift for you," he said with a smile, his eyes sparkling with joy.

"What is it?"

"Hold on." He rose from the couch and stepped over to the desk. "I've been wanting to give this to you for a long time." He pulled open a drawer and reached inside.

Vicki could hardly hold in her excitement. "What makes you want to give it to me now?"

He turned holding a white box as big as his hand. He shrugged and said, "Christmas." He lifted open the lid to reveal a brightly polished silver collar. The silver band curled into a perfect circle and connected at a small silver O ring.

"I don't know what to say," she said, shaking her head, unable to believe the beautiful collar he presented her. "It's beautiful."

"It's a dress collar. You can wear it anywhere and no one will think twice about it. You can even turn the O ring around and hide it under your hair."

"You want to collar me?" She gazed at his face as a tear ran down her cheek.

"Yes," he said without hesitation. He then knelt before her. "Be mine. Be mine, and I will take care of you, see to your needs, protect you, and love you."

She began to cry, but not out of pain or need. This time she cried in happiness. "Yes. Oh yes." She leaned forward and wrapped her arms about his neck. "Gabriel, I love you," she whispered.

"I love you too, my naughty little Vicki." He pushed her away and lifted the collar from its satiny bed to her neck. Once the silver band was secured, he touched her face with his fingertips. "You look so beautiful in that. So sexy. I don't think I can ever get enough of you."

"Good, because I can't get enough of you either." She kissed his lips with a soft gentleness.

"Fuck that," he muttered as he pulled her from the couch into his arms and kissed her with passion and fervor. His tongue dove into her mouth, seeking to sate his hungry desire. She moaned, succumbing to his power, submitting to his need for control. He pulled her against his body and she melted into him.

She belonged to him. She always had, ever since they met a year ago and began dating. Once he dominated her in the bedroom, their love affair heated into an inferno of lust and passion and then into a deep love.

"Can you fuck me again?" she asked breathlessly. She wanted him inside her, riding her, filling her once again.

"You bet, but this time, let's go to the bedroom." He picked her up in his arms and she squealed in delight. He strode through the door into the bedroom where a king-size bed awaited with the coverlet turned back. He lowered her to the bed and paused. "By the way, I like the shoes and thigh-highs, baby. You looked so sexy when you walked into my office, I nearly came just looking at you. I had to make sure those stayed on. So damn hot."

She smiled and reached her arms about his neck. "Oh shut up and kiss me, Mr. Robertson."

The End

About the Author

Multi-published author Marianne LaCroix lives in the American south in the land of cotton and mint juleps. She's an active member of the RWA in the ESPAN, GothRom, Passionate Ink and First Coast Romance Writers chapters. She's had several recognitions for her writing, including a Romantic Times BOOKClub Reviewer Choice nomination. Her tastes run to the alpha male with a dark streak in the form of a vampire, shapeshifter or other tortured-soul type. When not writing, Mari can be found spending time with her twin toddler girls and her husband.

Marianne welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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