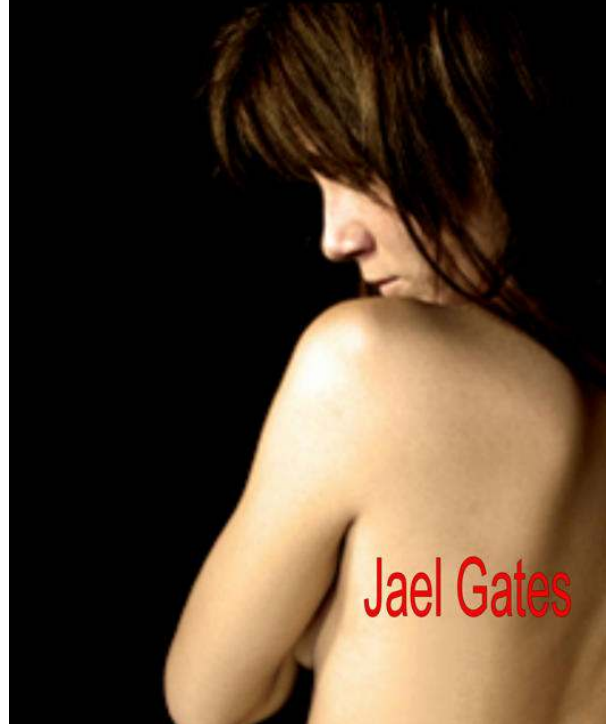


Red With a Capital A



Jael Gates

Red with a Capital “A”

Written by Jael Gates



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I'd had my eye on him a while and even knew his name, Kane Flannery. He frequented the Irish pub near the university. I saw him almost every time I stopped by for a, um, *drink*. Though I'd done my best to be noticed, he remained oblivious to my charms. Oh how I wanted to rip off those studious wire rimmed glasses and toss him onto my bed. I could've done it. I'm a vamp. But where's the fun in that?

So I went about seducing him another way. I enrolled in Irish Literature. Naturally I floundered. What could be more boring than dead poets in a night class? And since an F certainly lurked in my future, I met with him one Thursday night after he dismissed all the other students.

"What can I do for you, Miss Bennett?" He sat at his desk, gorgeous enough to nibble and so out of place surrounded by dusty chalkboards and battered student chairs.

I smiled shyly and tugged at one of my long, black curls. "Please call me Sadie, Professor Flannery."

"All right, then. How may I help you, Sadie?"

I now toyed with the gold locket I wore. "I'm afraid

I'm going to fail this class, and I need the credit to graduate. Is there any way I can make some extra points or something?" I slowly raised my gaze to his. "Please?"

He didn't speak to me for a very long time.

"Professor?"

"Can I trust you?"

I nodded eagerly. "Of course."

"I do have a strategy for students who struggle as you obviously do, but it's a controversial one, and if word got out..."

"I swear I'd never tell, and I'd be sooooo grateful. All I need is a D. Then I'm outta here."

"Hm." His gaze swept me, lingering on my tits, which strained against my top, before dipping below the waistband of my artfully shredded jeans. I knew what he saw and wasn't sorry I'd spent extra time dressing tonight. "Follow me, please." He stood and led the way out the door and down the sterile hall, greeting another teacher on the way.

"Good evening, Carol. On your way out?"

"That's right. Will you be at the pub later?"

"Probably not."

"Oh. Well then, will you be here for a while?"

"I think I will."

"Since the building is clear except for you two, should I go ahead and lock up?"

"Please, Carol." He flashed a brilliant smile.

Carol Eddington, dumpy, doe-eyed, and clearly besotted with him, barely managed an awed nod before she turned and waddled down the hall.

Kane continued into his office. I followed. He shut the door and locked it. "Right this way, Sadie."

We walked into a room behind his office, one hidden by a bookcase. I barely contained my glee when I saw the black leather couch and matching chair. Nice. An oriental partition separated part of the room from view. Naturally, I wondered what secrets it hid.

"Have a seat."

I did, choosing the opposite end of the couch on which he sat. He opened a drawer and pulled out a 5 x 7, laminated card. "A *D* will work for you?"

"Yes."

He scanned the card. "Ah. My students usually want something a little higher than that, so I had to refresh my memory. To earn a *D* in my class, you have to pull off your jeans and panties, spread your legs, and let me eat

your pussy. A massage of your G spot is included. I want this to be a memorable experience for both of us."

I widened my big brown eyes. "Wow. That's a pretty steep price."

"But worth it if you pass my class and graduate."

"Yeah...." I pretended to consider his offer, waiting until he opened his mouth to renege the offer before I blurted, "I'll do it." I covered my face with my hands. "Oh God. I can't believe I said that."

"Relax," he said. "It'll be fun."

I sucked in a deep breath. "Okay. What do I do?"

"Take off your panties and jeans for starters."

I turned my back on him, unsnapped and unzipped my jeans, and lowered them with a little wiggle that sent his heart rate off the charts. Vamps have very sensitive ears, you know. My black bikinis came off next and landed on top of the jeans.

"How do we do this?"

He looked around the room and pointed to the leather chair. "Sit in that."

I did.

He grabbed a sofa pillow, dropped it on the floor, and knelt in front of me. "Spread your legs, Sadie."

I did it halfway.

"That's never going to work. Let's do this." Grasping my ankles, he pushed them apart so that each of my legs draped over an arm of the chair, leaving me deliciously exposed.

I faked a groan of embarrassment and hid my face in my hands again. I heard his chuckle.

"Relax."

Kane took his time touching me and then didn't put his hands where I wanted them. Instead, he caressed my inner thighs until I closed my eyes and settled back in the chair.

"That's better." I felt him touch my snatch and jumped nervously, my eyes open wide again. Using his left hand, he gently parted the lips of my pussy with his thumb and forefinger, revealing my clit. I instantly creamed my jeans--or would've if I had any on. Kane dipped a couple of fingers of his right hand inside me.

I gasped.

"Did that hurt? You're pretty wet."

"Oh no."

"Good." He pushed deep into my pussy, which already throbbed in anticipation. In seconds, he found

my hot spot and began to massage it. I groaned and wiggled, and waited for him to add the clit, but he didn't. Torture. Pure torture. I loved it.

When I couldn't stand the suspense any longer, I framed his face with my hand and pulled him onto my pussy. His tongue obligingly swiped my clit for the first time. I nearly fell out of the chair. He began manipulating me faster and faster. So fast, in fact, I practically bounced in the cushion and came with a scream that would've scared poor Professor Eddington right out of her ugly blond wig.

If that was a *D*, imagine what a *C* could be.

Kane sat back, his smile smug. Oh so gently, he removed his hand from my hot, wet pussy. I sighed my disappointment.

"You passed the class." He stood and smelled his fingers, then licked them clean.

"Uh, Profess-- I mean, Kane?"

"Yes?"

"How can I earn a *C*?"

He didn't hesitate. "Blow job."

"I think I want a *C*." I pretended to consider my words. "Yes, I definitely want a *C*." I put my legs together

and got out of his chair to stand. "Oops. I got the cushion wet."

"No problem," he said. "Are you sure about the C?"

"Oh, yeah. I'm sure."

He reached for the snap on his jeans.

"May I?" I asked, pushing his hands away.

Kane let me unsnap and unzip him. He pushed the jeans down to his knees and sat in the chair I'd just vacated. Obviously, that wet spot really didn't bother him.

Instead of touching his prick--his rock hard prick--I tugged his jeans and briefs all the way down his legs and tossed them aside. I pushed his knees apart and knelt on the pillow. I began to fondle his balls, and then took them into my mouth, one at a time.

He moaned and tipped his head back.

Damn, did I ever want to bite the inside of his thigh. A very juicy artery ran through there, and I was sooo thirsty. But I refrained and focused on his cock. His engorged, ready to blow cock.

"Got a rubber band?"

His eyes flew open.

"I need a rubber band."

"Er, in the desk drawer."

I found one plus some scissors and returned to my spot in front of his chair. Taking *no* care not to pull his pubic hair, I looped the band around his cock and balls. "That'll help you hold off."

His wide eyes told me he wasn't so sure about my plan, but when I went down on him, he quickly forgot. I sucked. I blew. I tickled. I tugged. The guy was sweating like a glass of ice cubes on a hot summer day before I cut the rubber band and let him explode into my mouth.

"Ah-Ahhhhh."

I swallowed. "Tell me about the *B*."

"We fuck. Butt naked. Twice. No, three times. Different positions. On the couch."

"Okay." I started to take off my top.

He pushed my hands away, grasped the hem, and removed it in one quick sweep. That left my breasts within reach. Ignoring their lacy casings, he took one in each hand and sucked until the fabric was soaked. Then he yanked it over my head without unfastening it. He started to guide me to the couch, but I stopped him long enough to remove his polo shirt before allowing that.

Finally, I stretched out on the smooth black leather, noting with pleasure that it was wide enough for two. But Kane didn't lie down beside me. Instead, he dropped to one knee and began sucking my tits again. In seconds, the nipples were distended and as red as a tube of my favorite lipstick.

With a sigh of obvious regret, he left them and climbed on top of me.

"Position one," I said. "Missionary."

When Kane began to ease himself between my legs, I stopped him with my hand, reached down, and jacked his dick for a couple of seconds. It swelled in my hand, as I knew it would.

"Now."

Kane pushed the tip of his cock into my pussy. It slid in easily--by then I was way wet--but quickly grew so stiff that I wasn't sure it would come back out. He took most of his weight on his elbows, then began to scrub the hot walls of my pussy with his cock. I spread my legs as far apart as possible and then some to give him full access, and felt him slip deeper and deeper into me.

Then he started to move, really move.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

Holy shit! The man could fuck.

Bang!

My tits bounced. The top of my head smacked the arm of the couch. My pussy burned from the friction.

And still he didn't stop.

I held my breath to intensify the sensation. I came and cried out my pleasure; his cries soon joined mine. That spectacular burst of sensation and ecstasy left us both weak. And he wanted two more positions? No way.

Yes way. It took a few minutes, but I next found myself on my knees and elbows with his cock buried deep into my pussy once more. This position put extra pressure on the good ol' G spot again, so in seconds I panted like a puppy. Kane made a lot of noise, too. Grunts and groans that told me he really liked it doggy style. Since we'd both come a short time ago, this fuck took a little longer.

But we got there and came together one more time. Me with my big tits crushed in his hands; him, with his balls slapping my patch. We collapsed when we finished, two bundles of bones on a sleek leather couch.

"What's three?" I asked once I caught my breath.

"You on top. But let's wait a couple of minutes. I need to get my strength back up."

He walked to a mini fridge and opened it. "What's your pleasure? Coke? Beer?"

"Cum."

He laughed. "I meant from in here."

"Nothing for me, thanks."

He got himself a beer and sat beside me on the couch. I crossed my legs campfire style and watched him drink it.

Professor Kane Flannery really wasted himself here at the university, I decided. He should've been wearing leather pants instead of faded jeans. Not that he didn't look good in those. He did. But I could so see him hanging around vamp court. With his dark hair and eyes, he'd fit right in and be a huge hit with all my sisters. If I shared him, that is.

Which I wouldn't.

"You're Irish?" I asked.

"How'd you know?"

"Your name and your subject."

He grinned. "Yeah, I'm Irish, but my grandparents came over on the boat in the early nineteen hundreds.

Landed at Ellis Island and did the whole immigrant thing."

I remembered those days well. Of course, I didn't tell him that.

I glanced at his dick. He laughed. "Give me five more."

I waited, my eyes on the slowly ticking clock. When three-hundred seconds passed, I took his beer, set it aside, and attacked his cock. It began to grow the second I touched it.

"Finally." I slid off the couch and pushed him onto his back with both hands. Then I straddled him and lowered my pussy onto his prick. I began slowly, letting him get used to my weight and my cunt. While I rocked, I nibbled, but deliberately didn't draw blood...well, except once. I accidentally pierced his nipple, and without my fangs.

"Ouch!"

"Sorry." I licked the blood off my lips and smiled sweetly at him.

The jerk of his cock told me it wasn't all bad. In fact, he might actually like it a little rough.

I began to rock my body in earnest, raising myself

with each forward roll so that I began slamming down on him. I twisted his nipples hard. I bit his ear, drawing blood again. Of course, I lapped at it. I could smell his jugular, pumping hot red blood through his body and making his heart pound in his chest.

Suddenly I could stand it no longer. I flipped out my fangs and pierced his neck. He arched his back. I dripped some of his own blood into his mouth. He came so hard I had to grab his arms to stay mounted. I came, too, my throat filled with blood. When the tremors died down, I stretched out on top of him. His quick twist put me on my side.

He put his hand to his neck, then examined his fingers, covered in blood even though I'd sealed the wound.

"You're a vamp."

"Yes."

"I don't do vamps. At least I didn't."

"Are you horrified, terrified, or disgusted?"

"None of the above."

"How about satisfied? Will that one work?"

"Definitely."

"Do any other words pop into your head, Professor?"

"Curious. Intrigued. Horny as hell."

"Does that mean you wouldn't kick me out if I told you I want an A in Irish Lit?"

"It does."

"How can I earn that A?"

"I fuck your ass."

"Agreed."

"But not now. A man can only stand so much, you know."

Damn.

"Then same time, same place tomorrow night?"

"You've got it, baby."

I dressed slowly so he'd know what he was missing, but he wouldn't change his mind. He dressed, too, and we drove to the pub in separate cars to get some refreshment. I ordered a bottle of Red, the new synthetic blood created by the current beau of one of my sisters.

Kane didn't seem to mind the stares we got. We sat in a booth, talking about nothing, thinking about sex. More than once, he surreptitiously sniffed his fingers. I knew he smelled me on them. I liked that. A lot.

It wasn't until an hour later that I spotted Professor Eddington, glaring at me from a booth in the corner. Too

fucking bad for you, sister, I thought, giving her a smug smile.

Around midnight, we walked to our separate cars and left.

As I walked into class the Friday night, Professor Eddington waylaid me into the hall and ushered me into her pristine office.

"Miss Bennett, I feel it's my duty to warn you that Professor Flannery has a bit of a reputation here at the university. Your reputation might be at stake if you pursue him, as you are obviously doing."

A staked reputation? Well that beat staking certain body parts, I supposed. "I think I can handle him." As in an hour from now.

"Hrmph! Well, don't say I didn't warn you."

"Oh, I wouldn't."

I left her with a gay wave of my hand and kiss, blown at her from my palm, and walked straight down the hall to Kane's room. Though I'd wanted to call him, I hadn't, so I looked forward to seeing him again.

Was it my imagination, or did he teach with a little more enthusiasm, zing, pizazz!

He asked me a question about Robert Burns. I

answered it incorrectly, of course. I mean, who had time for homework these days?

Kane had trouble keeping his eyes off me during that hour. I worked his weakness, deliberately crossing and uncrossing my legs a couple of times so he'd see that I wore no panties under my mini skirt. He nearly spewed his mouthful of bottled water the first time. The next, his eyes sort of rolled back in his head. I heard a couple of giggles and knew his growing distraction wasn't lost on my classmates.

Finally, class ended and everyone left, including Miss Eddington, who gave me a hard look when she realized I'd hung around in spite of her warning.

But I didn't give a shit.

Kane as good as dragged me into the room behind his office. Before I caught my breath, he'd stripped me and himself. He walked to the partition and pushed it back. I saw what looked like a common work bench--the kind with legs made of five boards, four of which formed upside down Vs and supported the main beam. But this one wasn't common at all. Padded red leather encased each of the four legs and the board that connected them.

With a grin, Kane patted it.

My mood slipped a notch. Did he give so many A's he'd bought a bench custom made for butt fucks?

"Just got this today," he said, oblivious. "I think you're going to love it."

"Lots of your students earn A's this way?"

He grinned. "No, but a guy can always hope."

That made me feel a little better.

"How does this work?" I trailed my hands over the length of it, acting as if I'd never seen one before. In truth, I'd not only seen but used this gizmo.

A lot.

"You mount it, with your pussy right here." He patted a dip near one end of the top board.

"Hm." I did as instructed then lowered my upper body to stretch it out on the leather. It was really pretty comfortable, and the cool air hitting my ass told me I'd put myself in the perfect position for a good, hard fuck.

Kane walked up behind me and began rubbing my hips and back. I felt the tip of his engorged prick poking me when he did my shoulders and neck. He next parted the cheeks of my ass and licked me from ass hole to clit. I heard his sigh, which told me he'd already made it halfway to heaven, and we hadn't even started.

He pushed a finger inside me.

"Kane?"

"Yes?"

"Got any lube?"

"Shit! Yeah. Hold on a minute."

This would definitely be more fun with a lubricant easing the way. I wondered briefly if he'd ever done it this way before. But surely. I mean a guy this gorgeous....

He came back with some K-Y jelly, which he smeared on the inside of my ass cheeks and his prick. He stuck his finger inside me again, and then pulled it out. I felt the tip of his cock lurking at my tiny, defenseless hole.

"Kane?"

"Yes?"

"You might want to stretch me a little first?"

"Oh, right." He stuck two fingers up me. "How's that?"

"Give me a couple more, baby. You're a big guy."

"Right." He shoved four fingers up my ass. "Better?"

I winced. "Yeah. You've never done this before, have you?"

"Actually, no."

Now I smiled. Excellent. "Don't worry. It's easy. All you've got to do is--umph!"

Kane's engorged cock pushed straight into my ass. All the way. One fell swoop. No inch at a time for this guy.

"Ahhh!" Was that him, or me?

Before I could relax, he began pumping me so hard I had to grab the board beneath me to keep from flying right off it. And talk about stamina. Fifteen minutes later, he still hadn't come and neither had I.

"Kane?" Unh. Unh. Unh.

"Ye-unh-es?"

"Clit!" Unh. "Please!" I'd have done it myself, but now hung on for dear life.

"Riiiiiggghhhht."

His fingers found my clit. He rolled the sensitive nubbin between them, and then tugged hard on it.

I squealed and squirmed, which actually shifted my position enough that his cock penetrated my ass even deeper.

Holy fuckin' shit.

Now Kane rubbed my clit, circular motions that

matched his hard thrusts. His balls slapped at my pussy. His free hand twisted my nipples.

I felt myself tighten up and knew my climax was near. Just as Kane yelled my name my pussy burst into spasms of jubilation that shook my body from tip to tail to bright red toenail. I screamed. My fangs popped out. Kane collapsed on top of me, gasping like a marathon runner.

"Holy fuckin' shit!" he breathed into my ear.

Exactly.

Neither of us could move for several minutes. Then he eased out of me and flopped down on the carpet.

"Kane?"

"Yes?"

"A little help?"

He jumped right up and unstuck me from the bar. We both collapsed this time. If I'd had a heart, it would've jumped from my chest. As it was, I trembled so hard I got carpet burn on my butt and calves. Kane rose up on one elbow and looked at me. Reaching out, he touched the tip of my fangs.

"Oops." I pulled them back in.

"Bite me, baby."

He didn't have to ask twice. I mounted him so fast he jumped. My fangs flipped down. I pierced his jugular. Hot blood spurted into my mouth. I drank and drank, stopping before I left him weak. A skilled vamp always will.

And was I ever skilled.

Two hundred years' worth.

Kane lay so quietly that I thought I might've hurt him after all.

"You okay?" I asked once I'd licked the blood from my lips and sealed the wound with my saliva.

"Yeah. Just thinking."

"About what?"

"You're the best A I've ever given," said Kane. "Actually, you're the only A I've ever given. Well, to someone who hasn't actually passed a test."

"What are you teaching next semester?"

"Shakespeare I."

"I've always wanted to take that class."

"I thought you needed Irish Lit to graduate."

"I could always go for my masters in English. But I'd probably be lousy at Shakespeare."

"No problem. I have a strategy for students who

struggle, remember?"

"Do I ever."

He grinned. "We could start out at an A, if you like. I mean you did that so well."

"And miss out on the fun of D, C, and B? No fuckin' way, baby. We're working our way up through the alphabet, just like we did it before. Um, Kane?"

"Yes?"

"Have you thought about punishing students--select students, of course--who flunk the first test? There are lots of ways, you know. Spanking. Tickling. Chains. Whips."

Kane gulped. "I don't know. That sounds a little...kinky."

"Your point?"

"Don't have one."

"Thought not. Want to hit the pub?"

"Yeah sure."

We got up, dressed, and drove there, this time in his car. The minute I walked in the door, I felt Professor Eddington's censorious stare. I deliberately dropped my purse.

"Oops!" I exclaimed, turning my back and flashing

her with my bare snatch as I picked it up.

Someone had to Heimlich her.

It took the medics forever to get there.