

Mastering the Professor, Book One, Taken in Her Office

EXCERPT

He was still semi-hard inside her when he slumped forward, over her back, his superior weight pushing her back down onto the desk, only this time his arms were around her, holding her against him, his cheek resting against her shoulder blades. They were both panting for breath, their bodies coated with a fine sheen of sweat.

She didn't know how long they lay there, too enervated to move, while their breathing returned to normal. She did know that by the time he stirred above her, the sweat had already begun to dry, making her skin itch.

"Wait right here," he ordered. Rising up off of her, he pulled his cock out of her vagina and walked around her, holding his pants up around his waist, to go into the bathroom. She heard water running, then the door opened and he walked back out, fully dressed once again, as though he hadn't just fucked her into oblivion on her desk. He was holding a wet washcloth, a towel, and a glass of water.

She lay there quietly as he used the wet washcloth to wipe away the traces of sex and sweat from her body, especially between her legs. Then he picked up the scissors in the pen holder on her desk and cut the tape from around her hands and wrists. They were so weak from being held in such an awkward position for so long, she had no control over them, so they just flopped lifelessly onto the desktop by her sides.

He grabbed the end of the eraser plug and pulled it out of her ass, sending the breath whooshing from her lungs in a throaty cry. Wrapping it in the washcloth, he laid it on the desk. Then he rolled her over onto her back, pulled her up to a sitting position, and held the glass to her mouth.

"Drink," he ordered, holding the glass against her lips and tilting it as she drained the contents. Putting the empty glass on the desk, he lifted her up off of it and carried her over to the brown leather sofa against the side wall. He sat in the center with her on his lap, leaning back against the soft cushions, pulling her down to lie against his chest.

As she curled up against him, he simply held her, stroking his hand up and down her arm.

For the last four days, ever since she'd seen him at the club last Friday night, he had commandeered her thoughts, as surely as he'd just commandeered her body. He was all she'd been thinking about. All she'd been dreaming about. She'd given herself more climaxes with her vibrator during that short period of time than she had in the previous six months. Even eight months. Okay, five and a half years. Since Hank had died.

Just this morning, right before waking, she'd dreamed that she had woken in the bed next to him. Without saying a word, he'd ripped the blanket off her body and flipped her over onto her stomach. Rising to his knees behind her, his face intent, his powerful body rippling with muscles, he'd reached around her waist and pulled her hips up.

Bending over her back, he'd growled in her ear, "Spread your legs, princess. I'm going to fuck you now and you're going to take it. Every inch of it. Because you're mine. All mine. And don't you ever forget it."

Placing one hand on the scruff of her neck to hold her down, he'd moved his other hand to her ass, penetrating her with his thumb and moving it in and out. In the meantime, with one violent thrust, he impaled her on his cock and began fucking her, his cock in her cunt, his thumb in her ass, until they had both exploded in powerful climaxes that had rolled through them like the most violent of earthquakes.

She'd still been coming when she'd opened her eyes and realized mournfully that it had all been nothing but a dream. As fantasies went, that one had been the singularly most powerful sexual fantasy of her entire life.

Yet, even as powerful as it had been, it paled in comparison with his taking of her just now in her office. And it had definitely been a taking. A claiming. There had been nothing soft or romantic about his carnal possession of her body. She didn't know what he had in mind for them in the future, but she did know that if he intended to keep her as his submissive, she was fully on board with that. She could think of nothing she wanted more.

Gradually she became aware that he was speaking. In a low, soft, soothing voice barely louder than a whisper. Words of praise and approval and appreciation.

"You were glorious, little one. So responsive, so obedient, so beautiful. Thank you for the gift of your submission. I can't wait to get you in my dungeon. I could play with you all day. And I fully intend to do just that." Gripping her shoulders, he lifted her to a sitting position, looking up at her, a possessive glint in his eye. "You are mine," he said in a voice that made her belly clench and a fresh spate of moisture gush out into her slit. "All mine. And don't you ever forget it."

Astonishingly, his words were a verbatim echo of the words he'd spoken to her in her dream that very morning.

She smiled. "No, Sir. I'm yours."