

Mastering the Professor, Book Two, Taken on the Dinner Table

EXCERPT:

Gage stood in the spacious foyer of his home, his chest so tight he wondered if he was having a heart attack. Especially since his heart was beating so erratically. And so hard, he feared it would burst through his chest. Jesus! What is taking her so long to come in? Is she having second thoughts? Did I push her too hard in the car on the way over here?

For the hundredth time he wiped his hands down his pants legs. Christ, my palms are sweating like some horny teenager! He'd never been this nervous about taking a new sub before. So what was there about this one that was so different? She's just another woman, right?

But he knew that was a lie. Professor Emma Burke was not just another woman. He knew it in his bones. The instant their eyes had met at Club Illusion last Friday night he had had the strangest sensation inside his chest. It had literally felt like something had burst, as if he'd been struck by a bolt of lightning. He hadn't been able to look away from her, mesmerized by her fey, almost ethereal beauty. Maybe it had been her uncanny resemblance to a Botticelli painting that had drawn him.

Whatever it had been, he'd known in that instant that he had to have her. But he had just worked up a sweat giving Amelia Durant the pain she'd begged for and he'd needed to shower and change before approaching this new woman. So, summoning his best Dom voice, he'd ordered her to wait for him, fully expecting her to obey. When she hadn't, he'd been frantic, bullying his friend Cord Masters, owner of the club, into letting him search through the registration book for any name he didn't recognize. When he'd narrowed it down to three women, he had checked their files, instantly recognizing the photo of Emma Burke as the woman he was looking for. Thanks to the club's thorough screening process, Gage had found out Emma's address, phone number, place of employment, and age, as well as the extent of her BDSM experience. Karl's investigation had provided the rest of the rather extensive dossier he now had on one Professor Emma Burke.

He didn't know how he had managed to force himself to stay away from her until yesterday. That scene in her office—he shook his head at the memories of her, naked and plugged, bent over her desk, screaming in pleasure as he'd pounded her pussy. Thank God for the gag he'd made of her panties. Without it her screams would certainly have alerted the entire university. She had been so compliant, so obedient, so responsive to everything he had done to her, far surpassing his expectations. It had taken every bit of his will to leave her there and go teach his class. It had taken even more will to stay away from her condo last night. He had paced back and forth in his bedroom for hours fighting his urgent need to go there and fuck her over and over until they both passed out from sheer exhaustion.

He heard the click of the door latch and turned toward it just in time to see it open. Emma entered and met his eyes. Without hesitation, she walked toward him, proud and beautiful in her near-nakedness. She moved carefully, as if afraid that the plug buzzing away inside her ass was going to fall out. As she approached, he dropped a cushion on the marble floor at his feet. At a

slight gesture of his hand, she came to stop about a foot away from him, separated from him only by the width of the cushion. He held out his hand for the cell phone, which she placed in his palm. He put it in his pocket. Then, without saying a word, he pointed to the floor and she sank to her knees on the soft cushion. Placing her hands on top of her thighs, she spread her legs and sat there with her head bowed in submission. Her breathing was shallow, rasping in and out of her lungs as she struggled to deal with the pleasure that the vibrating plug was giving her.

“Very nice, little one,” Gage said in a voice so hoarse he had to clear his throat before he could continue. “Now,” he said, stepping closer. “Eyes on mine. Let me look at my beautiful sub.”

She lifted her head to blink up at him owlshly. Her eyes were smeared with black mascara. Tears of frustration and arousal had left wet tracks down her cheeks. Her blood-red lipstick had been nearly chewed off by her teeth and tongue. Her breathing was erratic. She looked...ravaged. As a Dom, he loved that look on a woman. As a sadist, he loved even more knowing he put it there.

He thumbed off the remote. A whimper ripped from her throat and her entire body sagged at the sudden cessation of the exquisite sensations that had been tearing through her, keeping her arousal stoked to fever pitch.

A wave of some soft emotion swept through Gage, something that felt suspiciously like tenderness. It was an emotion he refused to acknowledge. What the fuck? Where did that come from? This has nothing to do with tenderness or any of those useless feelings! He didn't believe in them. Taking great pains to school his expression so as not to reveal his inner turmoil, he just looked down at her. Without releasing her gaze, he said, “Take out my cock.”

Raising shaking hands, she pulled the end of the belt out of the leather loop and undid the buckle, letting it dangle as she reached for the button at the waistband of his suit pants. He closed his eyes, exhaling slowly between pursed lips. He loved that little metallic clinking sound. It usually heralded the onset of supreme pleasure.

As soon as she lowered his zipper, the flaps fell open and his pants slid partway down his thighs, a movement he stopped by spreading his legs. His cock stood up, rising from its nest of curly black hair, hard, thick, and deep red with engorged blood. She hadn't actually had a look at it yesterday as he fucked her in her office. He'd been behind her the whole time and his piercings had been concealed by the condom. But she was seeing them now and the harsh gasp that ripped from her throat as she stared at them made his breath shudder from his lungs. Her gaze locked onto the heavy-gauge, stainless steel, vertical bar through the center of his cock head, with ball ends at the top and bottom. There was another, smaller ring with two balls piercing his scrotal sac right where it met the base of his penis. Her gaze flew back up to his and the blaze of heavy lust he saw in her eyes more than matched the lust in his own. Heat scorched his blood even as the breath froze in his lungs, the two polar opposite sensations rendering him mute and struggling to get himself under control.

He watched her lift her hand and touch a fingertip to the heavy ball at the top of his penile piercing, moving it slightly, making him suck a sharp, hissing breath between his clenched teeth.

She frowned, a slight furrowing of her brow. “You—this wasn’t here yesterday,” she whispered. “I would have felt it.”

“No, I was wearing a smaller piercing yesterday. This one keeps me super-aroused,” he admitted. “I didn’t want to have a hard-on all through my class in Business Ethics. Besides, I didn’t need it. You kept me super-aroused all by yourself.”

Her eyes never leaving his, she wrapped her left hand around the base of his cock. It was so thick, she couldn’t close her fist, leaving at least an inch of exposed skin.

“Talk to me,” he ordered. “Use your dirtiest words.”