

MASTERING THE PROFESSOR, BOOK FOUR, TAKEN TO THE EDGE - EXCERPT

“Good evening, my dear Professor. You’re looking quite lovely this evening.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“How was your day?”

“Challenging,” was her sarcastic response. “As I’m sure you know.”

He laughed. “I’ll just bet it was. I meant it to be. I want you to get used to orgasm denial. It’s one of my favorite ways of keeping a sub excited, anticipating, and ready for my cock. I will use it often. I want to thank you for the extremely sexy videos. They got me so hot and bothered, I had to jack off four times today after watching them.”

He didn’t tell her that, as climaxes went, they had been less than satisfactory because he wasn’t coming inside her sweet, sweet cunt, feeling her hot walls contracting around him, milking the cum out of him. Because he wasn’t hearing her sighs and groans and little cries of ecstasy as she gave herself up to the pleasure he’d given her.

Emma groaned at the taunt and glared at him. She, of course, had not been allowed to “jack off” even once, no matter how close to the edge he’d taken her. And he could tell from the tension in her muscles that, even though he’d given her permission half an hour ago to remove the rubber underwear with the two dildos and take a shower, her body was still buzzing with unfulfilled arousal. Still right on the edge, exactly where he intended to keep her for two more days.

Gage moved back from his computer, revealing for the first time that he was sitting in a rolling desk chair, fully clothed in a black Versace power suit. But his belt was unbuckled, his pants were unzipped, and his hand was fisted around his cock which was stiff and hard and a dark, angry, mottled purple color. He was stroking himself slowly up and down.

He was rewarded by the look of sheer lust that took possession of Emma’s face as her gaze locked onto his groin and the provocative movement of his hand. Unconsciously her eyelids fell to half-mast. Her mouth opened and the tip of her tongue came out to swipe across her lips.

Gage’s eyes narrowed. His cock jerked as if it, too had felt the touch of her tongue. *Jesus!*

“Spread your lips, pet. I want to see my luscious pussy.”

He watched as Emma reached both hands between her legs and pried her outer labia apart, revealing her entire slit from her anus at the bottom to her clit at the top. Her arousal was pouring from her, slow and sticky like honey, making Gage’s mouth water.

“God, Professor, you have the sweetest pussy I’ve ever seen. So pink and wet and swollen. I wish I was there with you, licking you. Sucking that sweet little clit. Fucking you with my tongue. Letting your scent wash over me until I’m drunk with it.”

She groaned. Her head fell back and her eyes closed. Her right index finger twitched, and it took every ounce of control she possessed to keep from sticking it out and circling it around her clit. She needed an orgasm in the worst possible way, but she didn’t dare touch herself.

“Have you had an orgasm today?” he asked.

She looked him right in the eye. “No, Sir.”

Her gaze was clear. She was obviously telling the truth. Odd how relieved that made him feel.

“Good girl. I’m proud of you. Take your right hand and play with your clit, little sub.”

Still holding her lips open, she moved her right index finger to her hard little nub and began moving it in a slow, lazy circle. She was so close to the edge the stimulating touch swiftly took her right back up to the peak. Her back arched and she sucked in her breath.

“Stop!” Gage commanded.

Somehow she managed to snatch her hand away, just in time. Her clit, suddenly deprived of its source of pleasure, throbbed with unfulfilled need. A need so painful, it made her groan.

“Oh, please, Sir. Please may I come? I need to come so badly!”

“Yes, I’m sure you do.” His voice was implacable. “But you do not have the right to give yourself that pleasure. That right belongs to me. Your body is mine now, to do with as I please, and it pleases me to tell you not to come.” As he spoke, he continued the slow stroking of his hand up and down his cock, squeezing out little rivulets of pre-cum. “What did you think of the dildo panties?”

She groaned again. “Oh, God, they kept me so aroused! They were...diabolical,” she finished lamely, after searching for, and failing to find, a better word. “They moved inside me just enough to keep me wet all day. And when you had me put the vibrator in—Oh, my God!” Her face took on an expression of pure bliss. “You kept me so busy thinking about my body I could barely concentrate on my afternoon lesson. And I had to keep everyone as far away as possible all day.”

“Why?”

“Because I was so damn wet, I was afraid they would smell me. *I* could certainly smell me. Or, even worse, they might have heard the hum of the vibrator!” She shook her head. “Like I said...diabolical,” she reiterated, because, frankly, that *was* the word. There was no better one.

“Yes, it was,” he smirked. “I just wish I could have been there to watch. I love tormenting you. All right, Professor. Present Ass.

Grunting with effort, Emma rolled over onto her belly and pulled her knees up under her, spreading her legs and raising her hips in the air.

“Very good. Now, pull your cheeks apart. I want to see how much the dildo stretched that little ass hole.”

Quickly she obeyed.

“Jesus, Professor!” The words exploded from him. “Look at that beautiful little hole. I want to fuck that hot little ass so bad, I can’t stand it.” His low voice was rough. Raw. Filled with a desperate longing. “All I can think about is burying my cock so deep inside you, I’ll never find my way back out. But I want it to be as pleasurable for you as it will be for me. You mentioned that you had tried anal with your boyfriend before?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Tell me more about it.”

Emma bit her lip. Although he couldn’t see her face, her hesitation told Gage this was not an easy topic of conversation for her. “We only did it two times. He didn’t prepare me in any way—at least not the way you’ve been doing. He just dribbled spit into my anus, spread it a little with his fingers, and pushed himself in. It hurt like the devil. Fortunately, he wasn’t nearly as big as you are.” She paused. “The first time he got soft and couldn’t finish. He-he was so embarrassed. Apologized profusely. The second time, about a week later, he didn’t even bother with any kind of lube. Not even spit. And when I started crying because it hurt so bad, he lost his erection and was very contrite. He never tried it again after that.”

“So he never came inside you?”

“No, Sir.”

“Good. Then, as far as I’m concerned, that makes you an anal virgin and it pleases me to know that I will be the first to spill my seed inside that sweet ass. And I am taking such care to prepare you because, as much of a sadist as I am, I have no wish to hurt you when I finally fuck you there. I plan to do it a lot, and I want to make sure it’s something you look forward to as much as I do.”

