

## MASTERING THE PROFESSOR, BOOK FIVE, TAKEN IN PUBLIC - EXCERPT

Without breaking the kiss, Gage brought up his hands to hold her head still while he continued to ravaged her mouth with his. Emma reached around the back of his head, gripping his hair in her fingers, answering the exquisite pressure of his lips on hers with equal pressure of her own. It was a brutal kiss, a bruising assault on her lips that she welcomed with every bit of passion within her. Her hips undulated against the unmistakable bulge in the front of his pants, desperate to feel his cock penetrating her, possessing her utterly as his tongue possessed her mouth. Still kissing, he walked her backward into the house, kicking the door shut behind them. Whirling, he pressed her against the door, holding her in place with his thighs, his hips, his chest, as he continued to devour her mouth. Her scent poured through him in a deluge of sensations that left him dizzy with want. Need. Arousal. His chest expanded as he drew her fragrance deep into his lungs.

Rain dripped from his hair onto her face, but she didn't notice. Nor did she notice the water from his clothes soaking into hers and dripping all over her tile floor. And even if she had noticed, she wouldn't have cared. She was in his arms, surrounded by his heat, consumed by his fire.

Releasing her head, he grabbed her hands, pushing her arms up over her head, holding them firmly in place. Finally, he lifted his head, but no more than a fraction of an inch. They were both breathing harshly, gasping for air as he lowered his head. Gentler this time, he brushed his lips across hers over and over, murmuring, "Jesus, baby, I've been needing to do that for three days. Three fucking days! The longest three days of my entire life. I thought they'd never end! It's all I've been thinking about. *You're* all I've been thinking about. You've bewitched me until all I want to do is bury my cock so deep in your cunt I won't ever be able to find my way back out."

"Gage," Emma gasped just before his lips once more descended, his head twisting as he opened her mouth wide, plundering it with his tongue in a kiss that ravished her senses and stole her breath again. She moaned and ground her hips against his in a carnal invitation that made him groan.

"Damn it, Emma, if you keep that up I'm going to come before I ever get inside you. And I don't think either one of us wants that."

*Emma.* He'd called her Emma. He'd never done that before. Up until now it had always been "Ms. Burke" or "Professor" or "Pet", names that had established a sense of distance between them. As if he were using them deliberately, to keep her from getting too close to him. To keep her from becoming too "real" for him. Her eyes drifted shut as if she were afraid he would see the faint glimmer of hope his words had sparked to life.

He pulled his head back just far enough to see her.

"Look at me," he demanded, his voice rough, savage, heavy with need. "I need to see your eyes. I need to fall into their depths and drown in them."

Responding to the dark, coarse quality of his command, she shivered and lifted her lids, only to be snared by his gaze. His eyes glowed with heat, with passion, with a dark, unholy promise that made her shiver with excitement. His pupils had expanded so much they had swallowed up the emerald green of his irises. There was something relentlessly primitive about him. Something wild. Something imperative.

"Keep your hands right where they are." His words were a growl. "If you lower them, I will spank you."

*Oh, yes, please!*

But all she could manage was a whimper before his mouth descended once more, capturing her lips in a kiss that ravished her completely. Levering his hips backward slightly, he reached

between their bodies and swiftly unbuckled his belt. The breath shuddered from her lungs into his mouth at the movement of his fingers against her belly.

The familiar metallic clinking sound, followed by the rasp of his zipper, sent a low moan from Emma's throat as the clunk that followed told her he'd shoved his pants to the floor. His hairy legs moved against hers as he toed off his Italian loafers and stepped out of his pants. In the next instant, his hands were at her waist, his cold, wet fingers sliding downward, pushing her pajama bottoms off her hips. They fell to the floor and she stepped out, kicking them off to the side. Instantly his fingers were gliding through her slit, searching for the ring attached to the bullet vibe. His movements there made her shiver and moan. As soon as he found it, he pulled it out of her vagina, dropping it on top of her pajama bottoms.

Briefly returning his hands to her waist, he grabbed the hem of her blue knit top, breaking his kiss only long enough to pull it off over her head and drop it on the floor. With a groan, he resumed the kiss. Again, he returned his hands to her waist, sliding them up over her rib cage, spreading his thumbs wide to capture her breasts. He pushed them up. Then he ripped his mouth from hers and lowered his head to take her left nipple deep inside, suckling it, nipping it with his teeth, flicking his tongue across it, sending pleasure streaking mindlessly from his pull on her aching nipple straight to her clit.

It was a pleasure that unraveled her, splintered her, took her apart strand by strand. Pleasure that had her sucking in a series of sharp, panting breaths, only to release them in another series of gasping whimpers.

“Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!”

Releasing her with a loud smacking sound, he ministered to her right nipple with the same wicked skill, keeping her arousal so high she feared she would combust. Eyes shut, mouth open in ecstasy, she writhed against the door, careful to leave her hands up over her head, even though she longed to put her arms around him and feel his rippling muscles.

“Gage! It was a gasp, barely uttered.

He released her right nipple, making her whimper. Placing his forehead against hers, he slid his hands down her back to plump her ass. “I can't wait,” he growled deep in his throat, a primitive, primal sound that sent shivers racing down her spine. “I need you too bad. I have to fuck you now. Jim Easton faxed me a copy of your health report. I told you that when I got back I was going to fuck you bareback. If you don't want this, now's the time to say so.”

She looked him straight in the eye. “I do want it.”

“It might change our relationship to something you don't want,” he warned.

“How could I not want the added closeness it will bring?” she countered. “I'm on the Pill, so there's no chance of pregnancy. You seem to forget, Gage, you're not in this alone. I'm part of it, too. You may be in it just for the thrill of conquest. Something to keep you from being bored. But that's not why I'm here. I may not get what I want out of it, but rest assured it won't be because I held anything back.”