



His Prize Pupil

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Description: Alana is desperate to pay her college tuition and she only has one thing to sell—her innocence. The man who buys her for the night has very specific tastes. Tastes that excite her as much as they confuse her—and she never expected to want to fulfill them so badly. One night beneath a rough, possessive stranger named Gavin is not enough, but they're torn apart before finding out one another's true identities. That problem is solved a week later when Alana is sitting in the front row of her first college class and in walks her professor—none other than Gavin.

Their passion brings them roaring back together, but Gavin is being considered for a board of directors position at the university. Dating a student would kill his chances and Alana refuses to cost him the seat. Little does she know Gavin has found something much more important. Her. And he's never giving her up.

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1

Alana

I belt my silk robe tighter and pace the small changing area.

Breathing exercises aren't stopping the tiny acrobats from twirling and flipping in my belly. My nerves have been in a state of chaos since I interviewed for this job.

A very unique job indeed.

A week ago, I didn't even know establishments like this existed so close to home. When one thinks of a brothel, places like Las Vegas or Amsterdam came to mind. Not my suburban mountain town of Julian. Privacy doesn't exist in a place where neighbors know your business, your mama's name and your coffee order.

I wouldn't be here unless I was desperate—and I am. So when my friend Ripley barged into my makeshift darkroom last week claiming she had a way for me to make my college tuition payment, I was all ears.

My virginity goes bye bye tonight.

To a man I don't know. A man who is apparently willing to pay a whole heap of cash for it, too. He's probably a slobbering old man with bad breath and balls down to his knees. But all the hours I'm going to log in therapy will be worth walking into Photography 101 next week.

Won't it?

All I've ever wanted is to take pictures. Ever since my mother bought me an old Nikon at a jumble sale, I've been photographing anything that interests me. The way a puppy's ear sometimes gets stuck on top of its head. Or the way kids stare at strangers in restaurants and look like they're really pissed, but actually they just rarely see anyone but their parents, so they're fascinated. Moments like that. Funny, everyday things are my jam. Can I make an entire career out of silly pictures? Probably not. But how else am I going to find out what I'm capable of unless I go to college?

One night. Probably more like five minutes. And then I'm in the clear for the first year. By then I'll have gotten a job and saved up enough for the next one. I've got this.

I take a deep breath and blow it up at the ceiling, just as the door opens and—as she is wont to do—my friend Ripley careens through the entrance like a redheaded hurricane. She's dressed in a navy blue robe, identical to my white one, her eyes made up in her signature cat eye. Ripley is the most beautiful person I've ever seen in real life and she has been getting me into trouble since the fourth grade. I'd take a bullet for her and she'd do the same for me.

“Holy shit.” Ripley bounces in front of me. “We're doing this.”

I motion for her to breathe, like me. “Are we? I mean...” I pivot in a nervous circle. “Who profits off their virginity? That's crazy, right?”

“Is it? Ask any woman, she'll tell you her first time having sex was horrible. This way, we're guaranteed to get something out of it.”

Last week, after Ripley somehow found out about this hidden series of luxurious

rooms in the basement of what I've always believed was a respectable bed and breakfast, we hopped into her purple Volkswagen Bug and showed up here for a face-to-face interview. The madam of this fine establishment is a seventy-year-old widow named Estelle. When her husband died in the nineties and she couldn't make ends meet, apparently she entered the sex-for-cash game and that is what brings us here today, ladies and gentlemen.

"Oh my, yes. Virgins are in high demand," she'd murmured, making notes in a very tasteful Vera Bradley planner. "I'll let my regulars know to put out the word and we'll see who is willing to pay the highest price." She'd smiled broadly. "I take a thirty percent cut."

I'm still a little salty about Estelle's finder's fee, if I'm being honest.

Hello. I'm giving up one hundred percent of my hymen, aren't I?

I'm distracted from my brooding when Ripley takes a mask out of her pocket and ties it behind her head, so the top half of her face is hidden.

"Why do you have a mask? I didn't get a mask."

Ripley squares her shoulders. Uh oh. Here comes something batshit crazy. "I have to tell you something. I'm invoking the no judgment clause."

"I solemnly swear not to laugh, gasp or lecture you."

"Don't even change your facial expression."

"I won't! Tell me." I glance at the clock on the wall. "We only have, like, five minutes until we can officially start complaining about our first times."

Ripley makes a non-committal sound. “Here’s the thing. I don’t know if I’m going to be complaining.” She gulps. “I know who my customer is.”

“What? How? Estelle didn’t tell us.” I gape at her. “Who is it?”

“This is where the no judgment part is critical.” She presses her lips together and takes a long inhale, blowing it out slowly. “It’s my step-uncle Mase.”

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Never has the no judgment clause undergone such a test.

Oh, I know Ripley's uncle Mase very well. He's been at every one of her raucous family gatherings since we became besties—which was right after Ripley's father remarried. Uncle Mase a motorcycle-driving, cigar-smoking, tattooed, badass motherfucker who I'm pretty sure spent nine years in San Quentin on a murder charge.

My facial expression is frozen in place, but I'm positive I'm the color of a ripe tomato.

“How do you know that?” I ask, sounding casual. But also like I'm being strangled.

Ripley takes over my pacing duties. “He was over at my house last week for dinner and I might have snuck a peek at his iPhone contacts. I, um...might have been looking for women's number to delete. Weirdly, there weren't any. But anyway. I found the number to this place, but there was no name. Mysterious. So I called it and...” She stops and turns on a heel, smacking her palms together. “Bam. I find the brothel that has been operating under our small-town noses this whole time.”

“Okay,” I say slowly. “Please don't tell me you're wearing that mask because...”

“I don't want him to know it's me.” She shoots a glance at the clock. “It's a long story. I've been in love with him for years and...look, we'll talk about it after.”

“After you bugger your uncle!?”

Ripley's mouth drops open. "That sounds like judgment. And he's my step-uncle."

I retreat into myself, employing the meditation technique I've been doing every morning to center myself. There is no way I am letting Ripley walk out of here without answering for the fact that she kept this longstanding crush from her best friend, but before I can start interrogating, Estelle enters the room. Jesus, she looks like she's headed to a bake sale. No wonder this place has stayed so well hidden.

Estelle pats Ripley on the arm. "Room five, dear. He's ready."

With one last nervous glance in my direction, Ripley sails out of the room in a blur of blue silk and red locks. I start to go after her, but Estelle blocks my path, moving in a manner that is way too spry for seventy. I'm starting to wonder if she's a ninja in a granny costume.

"Your gentleman is here, too, dear. And I'm glad we're alone, because I need to speak with you first." She taps her chin. "This man is not one of my regulars, so I was unaware until now that his tastes run...a certain way."

A tsunami warning wails in my head. "What do you mean by 'tastes'?"

Estelle chooses her words carefully. "The forbidden, dear. Tonight you are a forbidden virgin." She laughs. "Frankly, it's not untrue. This is an illegal establishment, after all."

I laugh awkwardly to fill the silence she leaves behind. "So...I'm just being myself?"

"That depends. Are you the type to call a man Daddy?"

The sound I make lands somewhere between a cough and a bomb exploding. "Uh. No. I mean, I have a dad. I suppose I called him that when I was younger."

“Excellent. Draw from that experience.”

Am I having one of those weird nightmares I only get after eating Taco Bell?
“Seriously?”

Estelle sighs, casting a harried look at the wall clock. I’m now two minutes late for saggy balls. “Look, dear. I don’t have time for a long psychology lesson, so here is the condensed version. A father is an accountant in a sweater vest who yawns through your dance recitals. A Daddy pulls your hair, fucks you on your hands and knees, then buys you a pretty necklace. There’s a difference. You’re allowed to enjoy it.” She gives me an approving once-over. “And he certainly will.”

“Thanks?”

After a single nod, she hustles me toward the door. “Room three. It’s show time.”

2

Gavin

Christ, I can’t believe I’m doing this.

As instructed by the shockingly spry Estelle, I’ve made myself comfortable and removed my shoes and shirt. Now I’m sitting on the corner of the king-sized bed—hands clasped loosely between my thighs. My gaze is continually drawn to a stray piece of carpet that is far longer than the others, my fingers itching for my camera. Anomalies are often my subjects. Little oddities overlooked by most people. Asymmetrical windows in an old house when the foundation has been damaged by a flood, causing one side to sag. One white flower in a bouquet of red. A Dalmatian with only one spot.

Imagine what my photography students at the university would think if they knew I was at a brothel, finally indulging the fantasy I've been harboring in secret for years. This time next week, I'll be standing in front of a lecture hall, preaching shadow and light to a new crop of students. How will I look a single one of them in the eye after tonight?

Last week, my childhood friend Mase drove his Harley up the coast to visit me. We draw a lot of attention when the two of us get together. Not because we're so incredibly handsome, although I'm not half bad, but because Mase is my complete opposite. He is an ex-convict, for one, and I'm a respected professor at a prestigious art school. I wear suits, he wears leather and denim. He has a prison yard vocabulary and I was once a three-day Jeopardy champion. Yet somehow he's the top friend in my favorites.

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I never told him about my hunger, however.

That's what I call it inside my own head.

My hunger.

But last week in that loud dive bar, when he told me about this brothel in Julian near his brother's home—and that he was planning on visiting to rid himself of an infatuation with an unnamed redhead—I was tempted for the first time in my life. To let myself indulge the hunger for a fantasy I should be ashamed of. As a man and a Jeopardy champion.

Here I am, though.

One time to get it out of my system and I can go back to my life of gradients and apertures and chemicals. It'll be my own anomaly. One I can't capture on film, but still. For the next hour, I'm not the strict bastard who sends photography students running from his office with their tails between their legs. I'm just some faceless girl's Daddy.

Perhaps the first order of business should be punishing her for being late.

I reach down and massage my cock through my pleated black dress pants, feeling it thicken in my hand, the forbidden trappings of my hunger fusing my mind. Pink, swollen lips that pout at me. An inexcusably short plaid skirt. The sound of a gasp that is both confused and excited and perfectly fucking whiny. Daddy, why does it feel so good when you touch me there?

I rip my hand away from my throbbing dick and start to pace.

Sick. These thoughts in my head are so sick and I can't help them. They are a part of me I can't seem to eliminate. I gave up on women years ago, because sex was unfulfilling and I couldn't bring myself to tell them why I lost interest. I'm going to allow myself this one indulgence.

One night and that is all.

Julian is far enough from home that no proof of this night should follow me.

And thank God for that.

After ten years of being a professor at the university, I'm being considered for a position on the board of directors. Members are required to be above reproach. Too many times in the past, I've witnessed professors or even deans fall from grace because they got caught in an affair or doing something they shouldn't be doing. The vote to induct me onto the board takes place during the first week of the semester—seven days from now—and I need to have this out of my system by then. I'll accept the honor with a clear conscience or not at all.

When the door opens slowly and I see who I'll be spending the next hour with, however, my conscience ceases to exist. It turns from a boulder to a speck of dust. My cock pulses painfully at the sight of her. Good God. Where did they find this girl?

I've never pictured actual facial features, not once during all of my fantasizing, but I know for certain that I will picture this girl's baby face every time I beat off for the rest of my life.

She's impossible to believe. Her blonde hair is simple, parted down the middle, though her eyebrows are dark. Winged in graceful arches that mimic her cheekbones.

Her nose is kind of stubborn, and Jesus, why do I like that so much? I like her lithe thighs even more. They're beautifully bare under the hem of her short white robe, the belt cinched so tight around her waist, I think of wrapping it around her neck like a leash, so I can tug her forward, back, forward, back while she sucks my cock.

I can't get my mouth around all of it, Daddy.

"Close the door," I growl, my voice in a tone I don't recognize.

I'm not required to be polite tonight. I'm here to fuck the way I want to fuck and I've waited decades to fulfill this raging appetite. Waiting a second longer is unacceptable. I've kept a tight lid on my needs for so long and now that relief is close, in the form of this gorgeous little princess, all impediments have been ripped away, allowing my innermost secrets to finally see the light of day.

"Sorry," she breathes, snicking the door shut quickly and leaning back against it, her posture timid, chest expanding, drawing my attention to her ripe, apple-sized tits. "I just...I think I'm in the wrong place."

"You're not." Get naked and spread your legs, little girl.

"But you're..."

"I'm what?" I snap, the way I might if a student was texting during a lecture.

"Your balls probably aren't even saggy," she blurts, turning a very interesting shade of fuchsia. "What I meant is...you're young. I didn't expect young. Or like, the serious Tom Hiddleston vibe you're giving off. Kudos on that."

I start. Who the fuck is Tom Hiddleston?

There is something about the husky notes in her voice that I can only compare to hearing a masterpiece symphony for the first time. Revelatory. And how have I gone from aroused beyond belief to...curious as hell about this young girl? She's not the collection of blurred body parts from my imaginings, she's a flesh and bone female. Delicate physically, but there's cleverness in her eyes, in the way she scrutinizes me, as if she's drawing conclusions.

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In all my impatience, I've failed to stop and notice how perfect she is in her shyness.

How sweet her blush is, coupled with those white teeth that gnaw on her bottom lip.

The silk of her robe shifts, catching the lamplight with every shallow breath she takes.

My rudeness has kept her from coming more than a few inches into the room. I don't want her fear, do I? I want her trust. I want her to give herself over to me without any question that I know what's best while we're in this room. If that's going to happen, I need to put a leash on the animal inside me for a while longer until she's ready to do that.

"I apologize for being abrupt. You didn't expect me to be young and I didn't expect you to be so beautiful," I say honestly, though the strain of arousal still thickens my voice. "Would you care to peel yourself off the door?"

After a second, she nods and advances toward me, the ties of her robe twined around her fingers. A drum beat begins inside of me and with every step she takes in my direction, it grows louder, deeper. I've never had this sense before of being on the verge of something life changing, but I have it now. My abdomen is tied in a tightening knot—and when the lamplight reveals her eyes, it yanks taut.

One blue, one brown.

An anomaly.

Eager to study them closely, my hand is reaching out to tip up her chin before I can stop it. She sucks in a breath and backs away, dropping her head forward so blonde hair falls like a curtain on either side of her face. Hiding. “Are my weirdo eyes going to be a deal breaker?”

“What? No.” Christ, I’m making a mess of this. “There is nothing weird about them. Nothing whatsoever. They’re extraordinary.”

She lifts her head again, revealing that some of the shyness has faded from her expression. “They’re kind of my worst enemy.”

“Why?”

She licks her lips and lowers her voice, as if she’s getting ready to share a secret with me, and I hold my breath, not wanting to miss a single syllable. “When I lie, the brown one turns to kind of a mossy green. It earned me a lot of timeouts when I was younger.”

“What about when you got older?”

“I learned to wear sunglasses.”

A laugh tumbles out of me, unexpected and authentic, and her smile grows. Only moments ago, my cock ruled my life. But while I’m still hard as nails and desperate for relief from this girl, there’s also an odd fullness in my chest. I can’t seem to stop staring at her. Or wanting to hear what she’s going to say next. “What is your name?”

A brief hesitation. “I shouldn’t tell you that.”

I step closer and find myself untangling her fingers from the robe belt. “Please.”

“Alana,” she whispers, watching me work. “Yours?”

There’s no harm in her knowing, as long as my last name is kept confidential. Plus, I want to hear her say it. Badly. “Gavin.”

“Gavin.” The way she rakes her bottom lip through her teeth when pronouncing the V has my cock pushing up against my zipper. As does the blush that renews itself on her cheeks. “Estelle told me you want be called something else, though,” she whispers.

There’s no help for me. I groan like a broken man, the very fact that this beautiful girl has knowledge of my hunger, that she is here to service it, is almost enough to push me over the edge. “That’s right,” I rasp. “How do you feel about that?”

Alana takes a moment to think. “Well, when I thought you were going to look and sound like real-life Elmer Fudd, I didn’t feel so great about it.” Again, she elicits a chuckle from me. “But you’re...hot.” That confession visibly embarrasses her, but she keeps going. “You also seem kind of decent.”

“Decent?”

“Yes.” With her fingers unraveled from the silk, I keep her hands in mine, making circles in her palms with my thumbs. I wonder if she realizes that with every lap my thumb takes, her nipples harden more and more, creating tight points against the panels of her robe. “I can’t see you doing the things Estelle said you would.”

That earns an eyebrow raise. “What did Estelle say I would do?”

“I’d rather not repeat it,” she blurts.

I bring her wrist to my mouth and drop an open-mouthed kiss on her pulse. “If you

can't repeat the words, Alana, how are you going to do this with me?"

"You ordered a virgin, didn't you? Aren't nerves kind of par for the course?"

My mouth stills. "Virgin?" I'm an idiot for not recognizing the possibility before. Maybe part of me chalked up her shyness to part of the game. But she would have to be an Academy Award-winning actress to pull off this level of inexperience. "I didn't order a virgin, Alana," I say truthfully, watching surprise light her eyes. Especially the blue one.

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“You didn’t?”

“No. I wouldn’t. Not knowing how hard I want to...” I rake my free hand through my hair. “She quoted me a price and I thought it was high, but considering what I wanted...considering how long I’ve wanted it, I agreed to pay.”

Alana’s mouth drops open. “So Estelle just threw in my virginity like a free toaster?”

I puff a laugh, shaking my head. “You’re kind of hilarious, you know that?”

“Oh.” Pleasure erases the shock from her face. “Thank you.”

“Welcome.”

“So you didn’t even try to bargain with her, huh?”

“Thankfully, no. That would have been a crime, considering who she sent me.” I trail a finger down her throat, between the soft valley of her breasts and over the flat plane of her belly, stopping when I reach the belt of her robe, gently tugging it open. “She could have asked a lot more for you, Alana. I’d have paid anything.”

“There’s always the tip.”

We smile at each other and I stand there marveling over the turn this night has taken. It’s not a damn thing like I anticipated. She is nothing I would have known to anticipate, this gorgeous, witty, brave—

Virgin.

I can't fuck this girl, can I?

Not like this. Not in a brothel. Her first time should be special. On a balcony in Paris or something, while the Eiffel Tower sparkles in the distance.

And I need to be the one between her legs.

The ferocity of that wish catches me off-guard. I didn't come here tonight expecting to meet someone who would knock the wind out of me, but here I am. I shudder to think about how close I came to turning down this trip to Julian. I'd have missed meeting Alana.

Now that I have, what am I supposed to do with her?

This was supposed to be one night. Nothing about it was supposed to follow me home. Can anything reasonably come of this...connection with Alana? She knows about my hunger. She's been well informed on the matter. What am I supposed to do? Introduce her to my peers as my girlfriend? She can't be a day older than...

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

Jesus Christ. It's inexcusable that my cock throbs all the harder. A barely legal virgin. I should not want to pry her thighs apart and rut this awful ache away, but I can't help but wonder how tight her pussy would be. How she'd need soothing when I broke through her cherry. How she'd need to be taught to open up for me.

You should be ashamed of yourself.

“Gavin?”

“I can’t do this to you, Alana,” I say, my voice guttural with need. “This was supposed to be a transaction...but it won’t be that easy with you. You deserve better than some sick fuck getting off on treating you like his little girl.”

She inhales sharply at those two dangerous words and I catch a flare of excitement in her eyes. Is there a possibility she would enjoy this kind of play as much as I would?

No.

On no planet is that possible. She doesn’t have enough experience to know what she likes or doesn’t like, but once she figures it out, I’m sure it won’t match the dirty scenarios in my head. I’m going to drive this girl home safely right now to her parents’ house, just to remind myself exactly how young and innocent she is. Then I’m going back home to put this disgusting fantasy behind me.

I sense Alana’s panic when I step around her, intending to collect my coat, then go find Estelle so I can bring back Alana’s clothes, so she can get dressed to leave.

She stops me in my tracks when she drops the robe to the ground.

“Please don’t go...Daddy.” She unhooks her emerald green bra and lets it fall on top of the robe, showing off the roundest, bounciest little pair of tits I’ve ever seen in my life. “I’ll be a good girl, I promise.”

3

Alana

Bold move.

Before I came into this room, Estelle gave me a crash course in age play.

I'm scarred forever after listening to some of those words come out of her mouth, but I digress. She made it sound like a nasty bit of business. A man scratching an itch, a woman earning something shiny out of the deal. But I can't imagine it being like that with Gavin.

For one, he's had an attack of morality and is ready to call the whole thing off to protect my virtue. That's not something a man without honor would do, is it? And two...his sexual frustration is breeding something identical in me. I want to slake his thirst. I feel responsible for it. Like I was maneuvered here by fate tonight with a purpose.

God, that sounds insane, but I don't want him to leave this room without kissing me. Or touching me. A hot prickle started under my skin the moment I opened the door and saw him, in all his tall, dark, scholarly splendor. He's in suit pants and a white shirt, the sleeves cuffed around his elbows. His dark, wavy hair is a little long on top, as if he's been too busy reading books and walking along the edges of misty cliffs to get it cut. He smells sharply of bergamot and smoky cedar and as soon as I was within three feet of him, I wanted to bury my nose in his neck and fill my lungs with it.

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I decided when I was nine that boys were stupid.

This isn't a boy, though. This is a man. A really sexy, conflicted one...and I am drawn in a way that I truly expected to go my whole life without experiencing. I thought it might happen for Ripley, but I've always been too sarcastic and sensible to consider getting swept away.

When I drop my robe and watch his handsome features tighten with pain, when I see that gigantic ridge pushing at the front of his pants, I am already in serious danger of being swept. It has to be why I say it. Words that would have made me giggle an hour ago.

"Please don't go...Daddy." I unfasten my bra and let it fall away, forgotten. "I'll be a good girl, I promise."

I'm not giggling at the way those very bad, very forbidden phrases make me feel. Those words on my lips turn me into a different version of myself. I'm not Alana, the goofy girl who always has a camera attached to her neck, I'm Alana, Gavin's little girl, and according to the madam of this establishment, he wants to fuck me on my hands and knees.

The thought of it makes my tummy feel fluttery.

Makes me want to bite my lip and turn my foot in, shyly, awkwardly, because I think he'd like it. And I want to be lusted after by this man. I want him to use me for his male purposes. The way he said "little girl" is still echoing in my head, shimmering with a touch more sensuality every time. Is it possible...I won't just enjoy being

compensated for tonight? That I'll actually love giving this man what he came for?

Because as much as I've been distracted by Gavin's voice, scent, face, body...I do need the money for tuition. There's no way I can let him leave unsatisfied, or I'll be stuck in Julian when the semester begins next week.

"Alana," he says finally, adjusting the heavy-looking bulge in his pants. "You don't have to do this. You shouldn't be doing this."

"I want to." Going on instinct, I slide my fingertips into the triangle of my green lace panties, just barely allowing the pad of my middle digit to tuck into my lips. My God, I'm so wet here. Wetter than is considered normal, surely? "Don't go. I want you."

His jaw is slack, nostrils flaring as he watches where my hidden fingers dip into my sex. "Fuck. I can hear how slick it is."

Oh good, all this dampness is normal. Or at least he seems to like it. I've tried masturbating a few times, mostly at Ripley's stern insistence, but I could never reach that great height of pleasure everyone is always going on and on about. "Do you want to touch?"

He makes a hoarse, withering sound that communicates what an understatement I've made. "I want to do more than touch. I want to eat it, fuck you, and eat it again."

A hot shiver wracks me, tightening my nipples like screws, raising sensitivity bumps on my skin and forcing me to clench my back teeth. I think if Gavin had been watching me the few times I've tried giving myself pleasure, I would have achieved an orgasm pretty darn easily. Right now, though, I don't want to do it myself. I want him to do it for me. And God, I want him to utilize my body to give himself that almighty relief. Want to watch his expressions change, want to feel his weight press me down, his teeth rake my naked skin.

Gavin still seems conflicted so I hook my fingers in the sides of my panties. Before I've even shucked them down my legs, he makes a broken, surrendering sound and unzips his pants, sliding his long-fingered hand through the sagging opening and into the waistband of his black briefs. The muscles of his forearm shift, his fist repeatedly punching against the cotton, and I realize he's stroking himself. Looking at my virgin flesh while he does it.

"God help me, I'll never be able to pull out of that pretty little thing," he groans, coming toward me a few steps. "Look how precious it is. It'll overflow with my first spurt."

My knees grow so weak under a rush of...definitely lust, though I've never experienced it until tonight, that I drop onto the edge of the bed, my hands curling in the comforter. "Gavin..."

He stops right in front of me, his pumping hand and manhood still hidden in his briefs, the jerks of his fist stopping a scant inch from my mouth. Like he has one more barrier up and he's asking me to eliminate it. "What is it, princess?"

"Can I see it?" I ask, my cheeks heating. "I've n-never seen one before."

His barrier crumbles. "Hell, here I come," he grits out. "At least I get to pay a visit to heaven first."

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I'm not sure what I said to make it happen, except make that embarrassing admission, but a change seems to come over Gavin. His demeanor hardens, reminding me of the time I got sent to the principal's office my sophomore year of high school and sensed a kind of excitement from the man on the other side of the desk. Like he took some kind of pleasure in issuing me detention, having me at his mercy. Gavin is in control here, too. But unlike that day in the principal's office, I'm excited as well. Because Gavin's lust is cut with adoration. For me. There might be a mean set to his jaw, but his worshipful eyes inspire trust.

"Last chance to leave," he says gruffly, leaving his oversized shaft pressed to the front of his briefs while he strips off his shirt. The move messes up his dark hair and ohmygod he is stupid gorgeous. He's not like the muscle-bound gym guys I see on Instagram. Not at all. His muscles are long, lean and defined, like a swimmer or a rower. His stomach is deliciously ridged and tight as a drum. There's a forest of dark hair on his chest and a trail leading down past his belly button, promising to turn even thicker inside his briefs. "Alana," he prompts me, placing a knee on the edge of the bed, a hand on my jaw. "If you stay, you're my little girl from here on out. I don't think I can fuck you any other way. Not when you're my fantasy come to life."

A buzzing current races in my belly. "I don't want to leave," I whisper. With my fate sealed, I scoot back farther onto the bed, a naked feast for his eyes. That's what he turns me into as he follows, prowling toward me on the bed, those strong shoulders flexing in the dim light, his eyes hot as they scour my body.

"Lay down," he instructs me roughly, dropping his head to plant a kiss on my belly button, then higher between my breasts. By the time he reaches my throat, licking, settling his lips on top of mine, I'm panting. I've followed his directions without even

realizing it, too, my back flat on the mattress, pulsations fluttering in places they never have before. Between my legs, deep in my womb, my nipples. “You’re so beautiful,” he rasps against my lips, angling his body half on top of mine, rubbing his erection against my hip. “Do you feel that, Alana? You made it need to go inside of you. We don’t have a choice.”

Pressure gathers at the juncture of my thighs and I dig my toes into the bed, trying to combat the twisting, achy feeling that keeps increasing. “Is it going to hurt?”

“Yes.” He skims a fingertip over the peaks of my breasts, making me whimper. “But your Daddy is going to hold you through the pain.”

I don’t have a chance to react or respond before Gavin’s lips part over mine, sipping at me with a slanted kiss. His chest shudders and my mouth parts in response, as if my body has already attuned to his needs. Learned to anticipate them. The heavy bulge at my hip grows thicker when our tongues touch and slither together. Our groans unite and turn into shallow breaths, but we don’t try to keep pace with those breaths. Gavin’s kiss is not fast or desperate, it’s almost nurturing. My mind tries to make sense of why I like his almost parental tutelage of my mouth, but my body is way ahead of me, muscles squeezing and releasing, more and more heat pooling between my thighs.

Gavin’s fingertips are still dragging over my nipples and the answering pull in my lower body becomes so insistent, I have to break the kiss, sucking in drags of air.

“Do you like me playing with your tits, Alana?”

Biting my lip, I examine the pleasure/pain and answer honestly. “I-I think so.”

Watchful heat flares in his eyes and I’m beginning to understand more about Gavin’s fantasy. Estelle had it all wrong. He doesn’t want to take me on hands and knees. Or

pull my hair. Not tonight, anyway. He wants to introduce me to sex. It's an X-rated version of having The Talk about birds and bees. That's what he needs and by some twist of fate, I actually require The Talk. My parents never gave it to me and I've kind of lied to Ripley, claiming I know all about sex. Truth is, though, I haven't even bothered to Google it since I've always found the opposite sex so boring.

"You think so?"

I bite my lip and nod.

His palm closes around my left breast, molding it gently. "Do you like when I kiss you?"

"Yes," I breathe.

Gavin nods, his mouth curving slightly. He surveys my body as if it's a puzzle he's trying to solve. "I think I need to kiss your tits to be sure you like me playing with them."

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Even imagining it makes me dizzy. “Is that...something people do?”

“If you like it, Alana, it can be something I do. All the time.” He lowers his mouth to my breast, squeezing the globe in his grip so my nipple distends even more. His breath feathers the sensitive bud and my hips writhe on the bed. “We can play just like this, whenever we want. Just you and Daddy.” His erection pulses against my hip, stark hunger displayed on his handsome face. “Nod your head if you like playing.”

My nod is immediate.

He groans.

I don’t feel like myself anymore.

Somehow I’ve been transported to a different time and place. Where we’re different versions of the same people and what we’re doing is wrong. But we can’t help it. Gavin’s desire has become mine and instinct is ruling me now, giving us what we both want. I gather up all of my shyness and put it on display for him, turning myself on in the process.

“I like playing,” I whisper.

I witness lust expanding Gavin’s pupils, just before he dips his head, closing his hot mouth around my nipple. He sucks lightly, laving the tight peak with his tongue, and my knee—the one he isn’t pinning down—jerks up automatically. It’s as though a landline runs between my nipple and my sex—and he just placed a long-distance call.

“Daddy,” comes my whimper.

Gavin tears his mouth away from my breast, breathing heavily. “Fuck, little girl, your nipples taste like fresh picked cherries.” He rocks against my hip, gritting his teeth. “Give me a minute or I’m going to come in my goddamn pants.”

Ruled by instinct, I put my bottom lip out. “What does that mean?”

He buries his face in my neck. “Jesus. Christ.” It takes him a moment to gather himself, turning his face and pressing hot, open-mouthed kisses beneath my ear. “You feel how big you made my cock, don’t you, Alana?”

“Yes.”

“Well it can’t stay that way.” His voice vibrates with hunger. Frustration. “It hurts when you make it so hard.”

I wrinkle my nose. “How do I make it hard?”

“Ah, princess. Everything you do makes it hard. Putting it inside you is the only cure.” Gavin levers himself directly above me, caging my body in with his flexing arms. He positions his knees inside my thighs, widening them in one precise move. With my legs jerked open, the petals of my flesh unfold, moisture escaping to travel wetly down the crack of my bottom. I’m exposed and gasping and I can do nothing about it, because the man looming over me is calling the shots—and I want him to.

I need him to.

“Daddy.” Shyness packed into my movements, I shift on the bed and try to close my thighs, knowing I won’t be able to. “I-I’m not wearing any panties.”

“Oh, I’m well aware. That’s one of the things that makes my dick hard.” Slowly, he lowers his lap to the cradle of my hips, the steel ridge of his shaft pressing tight to my bare, drenched sex, nothing but the layer of his briefs between us. “Knowing how close we are.”

I resist the urge to yank his hips closer, my body demanding friction. More contact. Anything. “How close we are to what?”

“Daddy fucking his princess,” he grinds out, beginning to hump me in earnest, the cords of his neck straining. “You’re going to be so sweet for me, aren’t you? You’re going to let me do what I’ve been dreaming about for so long.”

“You dream about me?”

“Christ, yes, Alana,” he growls, nipping at my neck. “Very naughty dreams.”

My expression is dubious. “I thought it was bad to be naughty.”

“It’s okay as long as you’re with me.” His mouth captures mine, ensnaring me in a wet, passionate kiss. “It’s only good to be naughty with me. Very good.”

With an excited gasp, I wrap my legs around his hips. “Do I get a reward?”

Sweat is forming on Gavin’s brows, his eyes nearly black with arousal. “Yes. I’ll buy you whatever you want if we can play as often as I need. But someday, my come is going to be your favorite reward. You’ll seek me out for it, princess, and I’ll always have it waiting.” He trails the fingers of his left hand down the center of my body, breaching the lips of my sex with his middle finger. “My fucking God, you’re a beautiful, perfect mess.”

The reverence in his voice, the lust and awe, has me dropping my knees open,

working my hips beneath his own. His erection pushes down heavily right on top of my bundle of nerves, rocking gently, as if we both know it's bad, but nothing can stop us now.

"Daddy," I sob, arching my back, tempting him. "Let me cure you."

By the time I finish making my request, Gavin is a man on the verge of madness. There's a continuous rumble of need coming from his chest as he shoves down his briefs, fisting his shaft between us. My mouth falls open at the sight of it, slightly purple, engorged and dripping a milky substance onto my belly. "Fuck it." He drags the tip of his rigid arousal up and back, over my entrance. "I'm riding it bare. I can't stop."

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“Don’t stop,” I urge breathlessly, sliding my palms up his pecs and resting them on his shoulders, clinging. “I need you.”

“I haven’t even fingered you,” he says raggedly, nudging the damp opening of my sex, attempting to work his hard flesh inside. “Haven’t even licked your pussy.”

“I don’t care,” I whimper, sliding my hands down his back and clawing at his hips. I’m consumed by need for something I don’t understand. Something I have no experience with. But this man and I are connected by something intangible, as well as earth-shattering physical chemistry, and I can’t survive any more delays before feeling him. All of him. “Daddy. I want my reward now!”

With a strangled roar, Gavin thrusts inside of me. Partially, at least. It takes several demanding tweaks of his hips to seat him fully—and all I can do is gasp for air with every new, thick inch as pain invades my limbs, my tummy. Oh, oh, I don’t know what’s happening. Am I in misery or is this ecstasy? It hurts and it teases pleasure at the same time. My thighs tremble and more wetness rushes to where our bodies join. Even though there’s a pinching pressure, I can’t help but sink my fingers into his lower back and pull him tighter.

Gavin hisses a breath through his teeth. “Jesus fucking Christ, it’s so wet and tight. Don’t fucking move or I’m going to spill.”

“I can’t stop,” I respond choppily, my knees pulling up on autopilot, toward my shoulders, sinking his hugeness impossibly deeper. “I can’t stay still. I c-can’t. The pressure. Please.”

“I felt your cherry pop, Alana,” Gavin says hoarsely, his weight slowly pushing me down, his panting lips ghosting over mine. “You need time.”

Even as he says it, his hips are beginning to pump.

“Goddammit,” he shouts into my neck. “Tell me to slow down.”

“No,” I gasp.

There’s no help for the sexual gravity between us.

It’s like we’re being compelled.

“I need you, Daddy,” I whisper, teasing his sides with my inner thighs. “Take me.”

Something comes over him. A momentary stillness. One of his hands lifts and wraps around my throat. “My little girl,” he rasps, squeezing. “Mine.”

My expression is a mixture of innocence, understanding and budding desire. For this man. This forbidden man he’s representing. “Yes.”

Eyes locked on each other, Gavin starts fucking me. It begins with testing drives, the pendulum of his balls lightly rebounding off my backside. But within seconds, he’s bucking against me, his body straining, the bed springs squeaking beneath us. The frenzy that takes him over is what Estelle tried to warn me about, I think. He loses his humanity, his face contorting in mask of pain, gentleness deserting him.

With his full weight on top of me, Gavin jerks up my knees and drapes them over his shoulders, his hips lifting and slapping back down, his sex stiffening and elongating even more inside of me, reaching places that roll my eyes back in my head, create a coiling burden deep in my womb. “This is only for your Daddy,” he chants. “This is

only for your Daddy.”

“Yes.” Oh God, what is that spot he’s touching? It’s like a magical pressure point sending signals to that nub hidden in my folds and—my hips buck. “Oh!” He’s let go of my throat and now he’s touching it. He’s touching that pearl of confusing sensations that I could never seem to figure out. His thumb is stroking it roughly and now is when I usually stop because the onslaught of bliss becomes too much. But Gavin only bears down harder, his thumb giving firm, unrelenting friction. “I-i-it’s too much. It’s too much! What’s going to happen?”

Gavin’s lust-sharpened eyes dawn with understanding that this has never happened to me before. That I’ve never gotten this far. His shock is replaced by determination and something sweet, at the same time. Affection softens his mouth as he plants them on top of mine, kissing me slowly, coaxingly. “I’m here now, princess. You can let go. Milk my big cock with your first orgasm.” He quickens the strum of his thumb on my clit, his full-to-bursting manhood stroking into me deeply, so deeply, I can’t think, only feel. “You can do it, little girl. You can do this for Daddy and make me so proud.”

The scream that builds inside of me isn’t just audible, it’s a clenching of muscles and tissue. It’s the incredible, final tightening inside of me that suddenly lets loose, bringing a barrage of pleasure so wild I have to fight it. I struggle beneath Gavin, but he captures my wrists and holds me down, groaning brokenly into my hair as I thrash, the orgasm that has eluded me for so long ripping me apart. My inner walls constrict around Gavin’s thick flesh and it starts to spasm, Gavin bellowing a curse into my neck, his hips smacking into mine with violent thrusts, an abundance of liquid heat firing from his body into mine, leaking out and coursing down my thighs and buttocks, but still he pumps, smashing the headboard against the wall, again and again, his groans turning hoarse until finally he collapses on top of me.

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I'm not sure how long we lay there, my thighs slung over his shoulders, our labored breaths filling the room. Maybe two minutes has passed when Gavin eases my legs back down, letting them fall to the bed on either side of his hips. He lifts his eyes to mine and they're full of disbelief, full of something deeper than affection.

Something closer to obsession, though I've never seen it up close.

My fingertips tremble in the presence of it. My heart misses a beat.

My little girl. Mine.

"I going to need a lot longer than a fucking hour with you, Alana," he says, his voice rife with intensity. "A lot longer. Do you understand me?" He leans down and traces my nipple with the tip of his tongue and it buds, as if on command. "We're going to have a discussion, you and me. If I can manage to keep my cock out of you for five minutes."

Hypnotized in the face of such possession, all I can do is nod. "Okay."

Gavin sits up, his reluctance obvious. He stands and pulls his pants up. Pants that never made it down past his knees, situating his still semi-hard erection back into his briefs. "I'm going to pay for another few hours. Do not move from this bed."

I sit up, still disoriented from my climax. "Why don't we just go somewhere else to talk?"

Gavin raises an eyebrow. "Where? A coffee shop?" His gaze falls to my leaking sex.

“So help me God, Alana, I’ll end up fucking you over the display case.”

Gulp. “Oh.”

His amusement makes my own lips jump, but the twinkle in his eyes quickly turns to concern. He comes toward the bed, reaching out to cup my cheek. “Are you okay?” His thumb brushes the bow of my lips. “I’ll never forgive myself if I’ve hurt you.”

Something tightens in my chest. “It was perfect,” I whisper.

A line moves in his cheek. “Utterly.” His hand drops and he backs away. “Don’t. Move.”

When the door closes behind him a moment later, I throw myself back into the pillow and gape at the ceiling. Oh my God. What just happened? I think...I think I might have serious feelings for this man I’ve only known for an hour. This man who took my virginity.

At the reminder, I toss back the covers to find a bright spot of red blood on the white sheet, the size of a rose petal. My hands fly up to cover my smiling mouth. What does Gavin want to talk to me about? Does he want to be my boyfriend? I don’t even know his last name.

No, all I know about him is his secret.

A trickle of desire warms me and I get up to clean myself off. As soon as my feet touch the ground, there’s a knock on the door. Assuming it’s Gavin and he accidentally locked the door, I go to open it a crack, finding Ripley instead.

Her face is streaked with black mascara tears and she’s clutching the blue robe around her trembling body. “I have to go,” she whispers brokenly. “I have to get out

of here. Now.”

Concern obliterates any of my lingering desire. “Oh my God, Rip. What happened?”

“I’ll tell you later, just...please drive me home.” She casts a nervous glance down the hallway. “Now?”

Best friend code dictates I don’t hesitate. Ripley is not the pleading type, so I know this is serious. “Of course.” I jump into action, gathering my robe off the floor and belting it around my waist. When I exit into the hallway, I expect us to detour to the changing room so we can grab our clothes, but Ripley is already heading toward the emergency exit. “Wait,” I call in a stage whisper. “I need my car keys.”

She dangles them over her shoulder without slowing down.

For a brief few seconds, I hesitate on the threshold of the emergency exit door leading to the parking lot. I look back at the dim brothel and beg Gavin to appear, so I can explain. So I can give him my phone number. But he doesn’t—and I run out of time, concern for my best friend pulling me into the crisp, fall air.

You’ll find a way to get his information.

And I try. I really do. Unfortunately, Estelle won’t cough up any of his details due to client confidentiality, and my searches online have little to go on. A week later, when the payment has been transferred into my bank account and I leave for art school, I’ve lost all hope of ever seeing Gavin again, though memories of his touch continue to wake me up in the middle of the night, sweat coating my body, his name on my lips.

If it wasn’t for the money, I would think it was all a dream.

Little do I know that on the first day of classes, that theory will be thoroughly

shattered.

4

Gavin

It's the first day of the new semester and my mind should be on the lecture ahead. I'll be meeting a fresh crop of students today. Normally I would be at least mildly optimistic that perhaps there might be a brilliant photographic eye among them. But as I collect my new class roster from the main office, slide it into my leather briefcase and trudge toward the photography wing, I can't even muster the smallest bit of interest.

Every day of the last week has been a fucking struggle.

Ever since the second I walked back into the room in the brothel and Alana was nowhere to be found, a vise has been cranking tighter and tighter around my skull. No amount of money or bargaining could get her information out of Estelle. Part of me knows the madam made the right decision denying me any info, too, because I blew into her office like a goddamn hurricane, threatening to rip the place down with my bare hands if Alana wasn't presented to me immediately. It was little wonder she didn't want to offer up a young girl to a violent, visibly obsessed man. For all Estelle knew, Alana had run away from me for a good reason.

Had she?

I've replayed the night over and over in my head. Every time, my actions seem a little more salacious. A little more depraved. Especially when I remember the spot of blood in the center of the comforter, how her innocence felt giving way for my cock.

I fucked a virgin. Hard. I made the whole affair dirty and forbidden, when it should have been perfect for her. She probably did run, you monster.

Of course she pretended to love what you did to her. She was being paid.

I stop outside my classroom and lean up against the wall, massaging the bridge of my nose, not wanting to enter until I'm the cool, collected professor I've always been. Somehow I've got to get through this day, and the next, and the next, not knowing where Alana has gone. If she's traumatized. Or equally bad—in trouble. I never stopped to ask her why she needed the money, did I? For all I know, she was running away from an abusive home or...

God, I can't stomach the possibilities.

My heart is pounding out of my chest now and I breathe to slow it down.

Today is the interview in front of the board of directors. They'll vote on whether or not to induct me and they'll definitely decline my membership if I'm a headcase. After receiving my tenure last year, this was the next step in my plan. It's what I've been working toward since I accepted this position at the university. A board member is respected among their peers. They have greater influence on how each department is funded. Once I'm voted in, I plan on turning the photography program into one of the most respected in the country.

Every goal I've ever set in my life has been professional.

Raised by a university president and a philosophy professor, I was taught to expect greatness from myself in the form of academic achievements.

I have to overcome the fact that none of it seems important now. Without her.

That makes me crazy, right? I've been working toward my professional goals my whole life. I knew Alana for one hour. And yet, I can barely gather enough enthusiasm to push open the door of the lecture hall and walk inside.

Conversation goes silent among the stadium-style seating, letting me know my reputation as a no-nonsense bastard has preceded me. Good. I'm not in the mood for any bullshit today. The sharp ache in the center of my chest hints that I never will be again.

Most of my lessons will be done in the field or in the darkroom, but I'll spend a week lecturing on the basics of photography, citing work from some of the giants in my field. So I drop my leather briefcase down on the desk, front and center of the lecture hall, snapping it open to remove my notes and the slides I'll project overhead.

It's the sharpest intake of breath that causes me to glance up. I know that sound. As slight as it is in the giant room, it sinks claws into my gut and twists.

It's the sound Alana made when I popped her cherry.

My cock is already stiffening at the memory, at the potential of her being near, when I look up and find her staring back at me.

My little girl is sitting in the front row. Of my fucking lecture hall.

Her mouth has fallen open, her cheeks are bright pink. She's staring back at me in shock...but there's relief there, too, in her different colored eyes.

If there weren't a hundred other eyes glued to my every movement, I might have slumped over the desk with my own relief. She's there. She's fucking there—alive, healthy, the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life. In a loose floral skirt and white halter top, I could eat her alive. Her lithe legs are crossed, allowing the skirt to

fall away and reveal the smooth length of her outer thigh. Her tits are round and high in the neckline of her top, hair in a loose ponytail. Effortlessly stunning and young. My God, she's so fucking young. It was obvious in the brothel, but seeing her among my students really brings it home.

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My instincts are roaring for me to go scoop her up, carry her down the hall to my office and fuck her blind. To demand to know if I hurt her. To demand to know where the hell she has been. Mine. Mine. I need her now.

With my two worlds colliding, however, it all comes rushing back to me. What we did on that bed, the things I said to her, the taboo game we played. How my hunger was supposed to remain a secret. Far away from my professional life. Never to touch it, never to even breathe on it. Now the person I paid to call me Daddy while I railed her is sitting in the front row of my classroom. Alana is my student.

Someone in the lecture hall clears their throat uncomfortably and I realize I've been staring at Alana for a solid minute, trying to make sense of her being there. Have I already given myself away? What the hell am I going to do about this?

Oh I know what I'd love to do. Keep Alana.

Find out everything about her, get inside her head, get her even further inside of mine and never come up for air. When I returned to the room of the brothel, that's exactly what I planned to do. Learn all about her situation and figure out how to make us work, despite the age gap. Despite the fact that she knows about my hunger. I was willing to throw caution to the wind because after having her, I couldn't imagine not having her forever.

Now that I know she's my student?

None of that is possible.

I swallow hard and drag my attention off Alana, beginning my lecture in a hoarse voice. My cock is at full mast, so I spend the lesson behind the podium, powerless to keep my gaze from returning to her, drinking her beauty in over and over again. Throughout the sixty-minute class, she never loses that slightly dazed expression, though I notice her attempting to take notes in a sensible, spiral notebook. And damn it all, as if I need any further reason to be turned on...my balls grow heavy at the sight of it. Alana looking up at me and getting her lesson. Listening like a good girl. Wanting Daddy's approval.

You are a bad man.

That truth is never more evident than when I dismiss class and make the sharp request for Alana to meet me in my office. I sense some of the students splitting surprised looks between us as they pack up their bags, but I ignore them, putting away my slides. I snap my briefcase shut, making eye contact with Alana over the top of it, and we walk out of the classroom together. We're several inches apart, but she might as well have her fucking legs wrapped around me for the reaction my dick is having.

I've never been attracted to a student. Not even a passing interest.

Their work is how I tell them apart.

But when I unlock my office door and step back, allowing Alana to precede me inside, the way she clutches the textbooks to her chest, her ponytail swaying gently, innocently, makes me so hot I have to adjust my erection, a low groan building in my throat. I watch goosebumps rise on her neck. Her eyes lose focus.

I ram the door closed and turn the lock.

The textbook slips out of her fingers and I'm all over her before the book hits the floor.

I pick her up by the ass, pinning her to the door, my hips finding their way between her thighs, bouncing her roughly. “I told you not to move,” I growl against her mouth. “I told you to stay in in that fucking room, little girl.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” she sobs, her cool palms molding to the sides of my face. “My friend had an emergency and I couldn’t wait for you. Estelle wouldn’t give me any information. But I tried to get it. I promise.”

Christ, it never even occurred that Alana might be looking for me. The fact that she tried makes my tongue feel thick. “Even if she’d given you my number, I gave her false information. I didn’t want...”

She rubs her forehead against mine, purring in her throat, as if she’s missed me. Yearned for me. Fuck. I’m insane for this girl. “You didn’t want what?”

“Any part of that night...being used against me. I wanted to be anonymous.”

Alana winces adorably. “Whoops.”

“Princess,” I groan into a kiss, stroking my tongue as deep as I can get it, feeling her pussy soften and heat against my bulge. One yank of my zipper and I could be back in paradise. Back inside my girl. “Please tell me you didn’t need that money for tuition.”

“I don’t regret it,” she whispers, sipping at my bottom lip. “I’ll never regret it. I’m just so glad we found each other.”

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Dread starts to shade my happiness, but I ignore it. I want to ignore it as long as I can. How am I supposed to tell her that being together could ruin me? I'm her professor. In charge of her grade. Board members are required to be above reproach—and fucking a student is the exact opposite. Jesus, I can't believe this is happening. She's my dream come true, but reality could keep us apart. "You're a photography major," I say gruffly, wanting to hold on to this moment as long as possible. "What do you like to shoot?"

"Silly things," she whispers, her eyes sparkling. "My favorite picture I ever took was a drunk bridesmaid at my cousin's wedding. She danced the entire cha cha slide with her dress stuck in her pantyhose. I want my pictures to make people laugh."

"That doesn't surprise me," I murmur, planting a kiss on her bare shoulder. "You brought up saggy balls before you even told me your name."

Her giggle warms me head to toe. "You can't say I didn't make an impression."

"God, yes, you did." The smile slowly bleeds from my face, a rupture taking place deep inside of me. "Alana, relationships between professors and students—"

"Oh come on," she breaks in with a sad laugh, her voice wavering. "Can't we pretend rules don't exist just a little bit longer?"

That will teach me to underestimate this girl. When we walked into my office, she already knew this was coming. On top of being beautiful, intelligent and funny as hell, she's astute. I can't really be expected to let her go, can I? "I'm afraid we can't pretend much longer," I say, the tick of the wall clock echoing loudly in my ears.

“I’m on my way to an interview for the university board of directors. I’ve been working toward this for years and it comes down to today’s vote.” I look her in the eye and I can see she’s already braced herself. “There is no official rule here against a professor dating his student. But the board would never allow it from a member. Especially...God, Alana, you’re a freshman. Eighteen.”

“Isn’t that one of the things you love about me, Daddy?” she whispers against my ear, her thighs cinching tighter around my hips.

The room spins around me. I can feel the throb of my cock in my stomach, my fingertips. I want to bang her against this door, to hell with the rules. But I can’t. “Play fair, Alana.”

“Sorry,” she breathes, a sheen glazing her eyes. “It’s out of my system now.”

Our lips graze and we both moan at the lightning contact. “Is it?”

“It has to be, right?” No longer looking at me, she drops her legs from around my lower body and wiggles out from between me and the door. “Look...” Breathing heavily, she stoops down and picks up her textbook, holding it in front of herself like a shield. “The last thing I want to do is hurt your career, Gavin. Especially considering you’re the reason I get to be here.”

“Don’t say that,” I rasp, loathing the distance she’s put between us.

“It’s true.”

She shrugs jerkily—and I can see I’ve lost her. I had her when we walked in here, but I’ve lost her now. Despite her astuteness, she followed me into my office with hope. That I would know how to make a relationship between us work. But I’ve let her down, haven’t I? The failure of it almost chokes me. In that moment, I’m desperate to

take back everything I said. About the board of directors. About the rules. None of it seems to matter when that trust I won from Alana is gone from her eyes. Evaporated like it was never there.

It's been a long-standing goal of mine to be on the board of directors. They will never vote me in if I—a thirty-three-year-old man—presume to date this fresh-faced teenager. But while my career makes me happy, have I ever been happier than when I'm with Alana?

Have I ever been more myself?

Oh Jesus, I've fucked up. I took too long to make the right decision.

And now I've lost her trust. An aching void exists where it used to be.

“Alana—”

“I'll never tell anyone. I swear.” She smiles bravely, but it wobbles. “It never happened.”

The hell it didn't.

To my utter horror, the tears are beginning to spill from her eyes and she lunges for the door, her face stained red. I catch the door as she opens it, intending to follow, then drag her back into my office and apologize until I run out of breath, but one of my colleagues is standing in my doorway, his fist raised to knock. “Oh.” He glances at Alana suspiciously, then over to me. “I was just coming to collect you for the interview. The board is ready.”

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“Excuse me,” Alana mutters, ducking past the man. “Thanks for the advice, professor.”

Professor?

Fuck that.

“Alana,” I push through my teeth, panic gnawing at my bones. “Wait.”

But when I wheel around my colleague, she’s being greeted by a group of students, some of whom I recognize from my lecture. They must have met her at orientation because they clearly and understandably already love her, one of them throwing up their hands as if to say there you are!

It does not escape my notice that boys belong to this group. They look my Alana over appreciatively, lust tightening the skin around their mouths and I want to commit murder.

Cold-blooded fucking murder.

Mine.

As the group leads Alana away, she turns to look at me and time stops.

It’s like she’s saying goodbye officially to what we have and it’s the knockout blow. I’m flat on my back in the center of the ring, the referee screaming at me to get back up.

And I do.

I regain my feet and let Alana know with my eyes that there will be another round.

Goodbyes don't exist for us.

5

Alana

I slide the flash unit out of my Nikon and place it carefully in my camera bag, adjusting my aperture so I can try to shoot without it. There is a squirrel eating a student's lunch in the quad and I'm going to tell him. Eventually. But first I have to get the shot.

My eyes are gritty from crying myself to sleep last night, but I rub them with the back of my wrist and line up the shot through my viewfinder. The squirrel is just about to hit the bricks with one of the napping student's Cheetos and—

Damn. Missed it again.

Mentally, I nickname that squirrel Speedy.

Wrinkling my nose, I start to fiddle with my camera settings, hoping I can figure out the right mode in time to catch the thief in the act. I don't have sociology class for another hour and I should be getting something to eat or catching a nap, but I have to distract myself from the fissure that seems to have formed in my heart. It would probably help to talk to Ripley, but I meant my promise to Gavin. I'm going to keep his secret.

Knowing my best friend, if she found out a man broke my stupid, naïve heart, she

would wait outside his classroom with a switchblade and carve him up like a turkey.

That bitch is crazy.

I'm kind of avoiding her, because she'll take one look at me and know I did something dumb. I went and fell for a member of the opposite sex and trusted him not to hurt me. It's a tale as old as time, isn't it? There's nothing special about my personal heartbreak, except I'm the one who has to try and breathe around the broken glass in my throat.

I realize I've been staring into nothing for long moments and shake myself, going back to working with my camera settings. What did I think was going to happen when Gavin walked into that classroom? That he would say "damn the rules" and carry me off into the sunset? That's not how life works. People have responsibilities and jobs and priorities. It's ridiculous to be this depressed that I wasn't Gavin's top one.

And yet.

There's this...bond that formed the night in the brothel. When I called him that name, when he asked me to call him by it, there was a transference of trust. He took responsibility of my fears and happiness and that title spoken in the heat of the moment...it seemed to imply that his protectiveness would extend everywhere. Never let anything bad touch me.

Especially bad that came from him.

It was an effective illusion, I'll say that much.

Maybe it's a good thing I got my first shock of pain out of the way on day one of freshman year. It can only go uphill from here, right?

The bench creaks beneath me, letting me know someone has taken a seat on the other side, but I keep my head down, not feeling much like meeting anyone new.

“Set your command dial to M before you adjust the shutter speed,” comes Gavin’s deep voice beside me. “You should catch him that way.”

Awareness is like a hand around my neck, fingers biting into me from all sides and preventing me from swallowing. “Thanks.” Still refusing to look at him, lest my heart actually leap out of my mouth and complete its death throes in his lap, I follow his instructions. I click the command dial to M and roll the shutter speed to the desired number, raising the camera and waiting, waiting for the right moment before snapping.

There on the display screen is a shot of Speedy mid-leap after hijacking a Chewy granola bar. “Got it,” I breathe, the flush of satisfaction warming me enough so that I can at least breathe again. “Thanks.”

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Several beats pass. “You won’t even look at me.”

The anguish in his tone brings my head up, my eyes zeroing in on his face to see he looks just as exhausted as I do. Worse, even. His face was clean shaven yesterday for the first day of class, but it’s covered in scruff now. I shouldn’t be wondering what those coarse whiskers would feel like rasping on my breasts, but my lady parts are apparently behind the wheel here. “How did the vote go?”

“It went how I’d hoped it would,” he says, offering nothing more.

Meaning he was voted in. Meaning the fact that he can’t be with me goes double now. I hate myself for the weight of disappointment in my belly. It’s selfish and immature. “Congratulations,” I manage. “I’m sure you worked very hard for it.”

He doesn’t respond to that, continuing to watch me in that intense way of his. The way I once mistook for obsession. But it can’t be or he wouldn’t have let me go. He wouldn’t have been able to. And anyway, do I want him to be obsessed with me?

No way.

It would be super annoying to have this sexy professor who kisses like a God and loves photography chasing me around. No thank you.

Real convincing, Alana.

“You’re living off campus.” Not a question. A statement of fact. “Is that right?”

“Yes. With my best friend Ripley.”

A line forms between his brows. “Do you need help paying rent, Alana?”

“No,” I say firmly, surprised he would ask. If Ripley’s father wasn’t footing the whole bill and I was required to pay rent, would Gavin actually give me the money? I should be outraged by the very suggestion. But instead I feel cared for. Like he wants to make sure I’m safe.

He’s just being nice. Stop reading into it.

With purpose, I straighten my shoulders and command myself to be friendly. It’s nobody’s fault that fate decided to be a jerk. He didn’t know he was going to be my professor. Expecting him to give up his dreams for me is ludicrous. Furthermore, I’m a photography major and he runs the department, so I’m going to be seeing a lot more of him. Best to set a friendly tone now. Grin and bear it, like a big girl. “Rip’s dad is a really strict judge back home. He sentences criminals to death row like he’s popping vitamins. So we’re in a gated community with tight security.”

“Good.”

“Yeah?” I shoot him a skeptical nose twitch. “I don’t know. I was kind of hoping for the whole college dorm experience. We’re skipping the irresponsible part and veering right into adulthood. Soon I’ll be carrying around a briefcase like you.”

That surprises a deep, rich roll of laughter out of him that makes my toes curl in my sandals. “A briefcase is what makes someone an adult?”

“It’s one of them.” I pretend to fuss with my camera, but in actuality, looking at his beautiful face outlined by the sun is making me want to snap a picture and I think that would step past the boundary I’m trying to set here. “Other things that makes

someone an adult are credit cards that earn airline miles and an open container of baking soda in their fridge. I bet you have both.”

“Shit. You got me.” His amusement is making him look less tired, and I love that I have something to do with it. If things were different, causing this man to laugh would be my favorite part of every day. I hold his smile for a perfect moment, but as we keep eye contact, the air changes. His energy changes. Heat filters into his eyes. Thick, unruly heat.

Gavin looks like he’s about to say something else when my name is called from the steps of the nearest building. It’s two of the male students I met earlier this week. Backpacks slung over their shoulders, they’re descending the stairs into the quad. One of them waves at me, the other one—Landen, I think—looks...kind of annoyed to see me sitting with our professor. What’s up with that?

“Hey,” I call, shooting them both a quick wave.

“Party tonight at our place,” Landen calls, and I don’t remember his voice being that deep. Is he trying to make it sound lower? He holds up his phone. “Everyone is going to be there. I’ll text you the details.”

Gavin growls, for my ears alone, and a prickle of unease ghosts over my skin.

I smile tightly at the guys, hoping they’ll take the hint and leave. “Sure, thanks.”

Though Landen looks reluctant, his friend pulls him along toward the east side of the campus, leaving me and Gavin in a heavy silence. For some reason, I find myself looking down and studying my knees, as if waiting to be chastised. It requires no thought. I simply do it on autopilot. As the tense silence stretches between us, shame and excitement form a foreign mixture in my belly, warming and spreading to my thighs.

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“You gave those boys your phone number?” Gavin says softly, dangerously.

“No,” I whisper. “I only gave it to one girl. She must have passed it around.”

“Are you telling me the truth, Alana?”

My knees begin to tremble, but it’s not with fear, it’s with anticipation. My Daddy is jealous. He covets me still, even if we can’t be together, and that’s something I can’t help but cling to. “Yes. I wouldn’t lie to you.”

Gavin hums low in his throat. “Will you go to this party?”

“I don’t know. Maybe.” I lick my lips. “The girls are nice. I like them.”

“I’m not worried about the girls.” He snaps the sentence at me and I can feel his composure evaporating. When he sat down, I don’t think he intended anything but a friendly conversation, but now everything seems to have changed. He’s been thrown a curveball. “Those boys want to fuck my princess.”

My princess.

I feel those two words in my clit, beating like a heartbeat, and I bite off a moan.

He’s not finished, either. It’s a mistake to turn my head and meet his eyes, because they’re clouded with lust and jealousy. And intent. There’s something exciting about being in the open like this, while he looks at me like I’m his prey. My body is thrilled to be the center of his attention and it responds by priming, preparing for sensual

punishment.

“If one of them so much as lays a goddamn finger on you, Alana, they won’t live to see graduation. Are we clear on that?”

His possessiveness is like a drug roaring down my bloodstream. Later, I’ll worry about what it means that he makes this order. What it means that I obey. Later I’ll wonder if he wants to keep me as his secret lover and never tell a soul. I’ll wonder why that makes me want to cry enough tears to fill an ocean. Later. Right now, I can only obey my instincts. “Yes. We are clear.”

My agreement does nothing to soften him, though there is a flex of muscle in his cheek. “Tell me, Alana. If frequent flyer miles and a briefcase are what make someone an adult...what makes someone a little girl?”

A cloud passes in front of the sun, but my shiver has nothing to do with the sudden cold. Desire spreads on the seam of my panties and I scoot my thighs together to hide it, but his eyes follow the movement sharply. “Gavin,” I whisper, trembling. “We shouldn’t...everyone c-can see us.”

“Answer me, Alana.” His voice is low, hypnotic. It resonates in my tummy and lower. Everywhere. “What makes you a little girl?”

It’s getting hard to breathe. I look around, expecting everyone in the quad to be watching me turn into a ball of fire on this bench, but life rolls on as usual. “I don’t know.”

“Is it me that makes you one?” He lays an arm along the back of the bench, wrapping a curl at the nape of my neck around his finger. “Is it the way I held you down and crammed myself into your tight girlish cunt...and the excitement of pleasing Daddy eclipsed the discomfort so thoroughly you barely even felt the pain?”

I feel as if I've liquefied into hot metal and become one with the hard slats. If I move I'm going to shatter, I know it. I know it. My clit is throbbing and aching between my legs, as if it knows the one who learned its secrets is nearby and it wants more.

"Is it your eagerness to please? Don't think I didn't notice you sat in the front row of my class. So diligent taking notes, weren't you? Such a good teacher's pet." He shifts on the bench and lets me see the thick ridge of his erection, hidden just inside his suit jacket. "And all the while your thighs and tits had me so hard, I nearly jerked myself off behind the podium."

With a sucked in breath, I cross my legs, but the ache he's creating between them is ruthless. Nothing is going to help.

"Squeeze your thighs together, Alana," Gavin bites out, subtly massaging his arousal with the heel of his hand. "You've made me jealous. Now you're going to come right here on this fucking bench. Right here in front of everyone."

My grip flies to the edge of the seat, my desire-dampened thighs sawing together. I drop my head forward so none of the milling students can see my eyes close, the sweat forming on my top lip, or the blood I draw with my teeth on the bottom one. "Daddy," I whisper.

He leans in, speaking a few inches from my ear. "I know what makes you a little girl. That wet, horny pussy of yours. It knows it only belongs to one man. It waits so innocently for him to pound it like sweet fuckmeat, doesn't it?"

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The spasms course through me so suddenly, I almost scream, but manage to clamp my lips shut at the last minute. I rock on the bench, up and back, mentally begging for the climax to be over, begging for it to continue forever. I'm a mess of trembles and red skin and white knuckles, orgasming on the bench, inches from my professor, my panties a sodden disaster by the time the clenching subsides. I fall back on the bench, gasping for air, my limbs liquefied.

Gavin stands, coming to a stop in front of my and blocking out the sun.

There is a strain around his eyes and mouth, his jaw clenched, but he leisurely buttons his suit jacket so that it covers his extensive erection. "Be a good girl, Alana. I'll be watching."

Dazed, I nod.

I'm not sure how long I sit there trying to absorb what just happened. Am I in a clandestine relationship with my professor now? Or was he just acting out of jealousy and still doesn't want anything permanent with me? Either possibility weighs my heart down even more heavily than it was this morning.

My phone rings. Ripley.

"Hey, girl," I answer, my voice hoarse from trapping that scream.

"Uh, hey yourself. You sound like a cam girl."

"Cool. I don't even have to wear pants for that job." Not wanting her to delve too

deep into why my voice sounds funny, I change the subject. “I got invited to a party tonight.”

“Oh!” Silence.

“Oh?”

“I can’t go. I have kind of a...date. Thing.”

“With who?”

She hedges. “No one special. But you shouldn’t go to a party by yourself.”

I want to push and find out who she’s going out with, but she let me slide with the raspy voice situation, so I have to reciprocate. “I won’t be by myself. I’ll know people there.”

“You sure?”

“Totally.” An alarm beeps on my phone. “Crap. I have to run to sociology. Can I borrow your black dress for tonight? The short one with the crisscross neckline?”

“Sure thing, babe. Byeee.”

“Bye.”

I hang up and start a jog across campus, my legs still unsteady from my quad-gasm. But I feel more in control after deciding to attend the party. I’m not just going to sit around in confusion waiting for Gavin to tell me if there’s something between us. I would rather be with him than at some party, of course, but at least I’ll be distracted from the ache in my heart.

Except the party is nothing like I expect.

6

Alana

My nine-year-old self was right. Boys are idiots.

I sit on the windowsill of the rented house and watch Landen and his buddies attempt to form a cheerleading pyramid in the middle of the living room. They actually spent time moving furniture out of the way and are allowing people to film the drunken antics, while they loudly ponder how many hits the video will get on the web.

I'm mostly pissed that I wasted Ripley's dress on this messy keg party, although the beer in my hand is cold and I got into an hour-long discussion about serial killers with one of the girls from class, which is what I call a pretty successful evening. I'm not going to lie, though, I've been thinking of Gavin this whole time. What would he think of my dress? If he were here, would he laugh with me at the pyramid makers?

What did he mean when he said he would be watching me?

A tickle forms at the back of my neck.

I turn and look out the window behind me, but I can't see anything except the moon and the outline of trees around the house.

Wait...what is that?

I turn fully and peer up at the house next door. There is a weather vane on top of it. The kind with arrows pointing in four directions and a chicken in the middle. Something dangles from one of the arrow tips, though, and my photographer intuition

prods me to get a closer look. Picking up my bag, I set down my mostly empty beer and trek through the kitchen on my way to the side exit that leads into the yard.

On my way, I smile at one of the girls from class. “Popping outside for some air.”

She gives me a thumbs up, then knocks back a shot of something pink.

I’m sure she won’t regret that in the morning.

The clean, fall air feels amazing on my skin after being trapped with a mélange of cloying cologne and perfume scents inside. I breathe in deeply and slide the camera out of my bag, pondering a walk up the block. Landen lives in an eclectic neighborhood and on the Uber ride over, I saw a couple of kitschy gardens that might yield some fun shots. But first, I want to find out what’s hanging from that weather vane.

I move to the fence for a better angle, but not even the moon is providing enough light to tell me what flops in the breeze. I should just go back inside or take my walk and stop obsessing over this, but when it comes to photography, I can be a little stubborn about capturing things that interest me. So before I can talk myself out of it, I sling the camera around my neck and toss a leg over the fence, straddling it for a second. Then I carefully gain my feet, balancing on the top of the narrow barrier.

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Peering across the neighboring yard to the roof, I see that the object whipping around in the wind is a bra. A red polka dot bra tangled up in a weather vane. Imagining scenarios in which it could have gotten there, I giggle and raise my camera, engaging the night settings. I've just snapped the photo when the side door bangs open, slamming into the side of the house—and a jolt of surprise causes me to lose my balance.

My shout of surprise is cut off when I hit the ground.

The impact is so jarring, I don't feel the slicing pain on my shin right away.

In fact, I don't notice that I've landed on a rock and opened up a gash until several people are surrounding me, asking me if I'm alright.

"I...I..." Humiliation wells up in my throat, but I swallow it down with determination and smile through the worsening sting in my leg. "I got the shot?"

There's a short pause before laughter rings out. But it doesn't make me feel better. Tears begin to well in my eyes. Nothing feels familiar. I'm bleeding in the backyard of this unfamiliar place and everyone is drunk. And I think the fall might have knocked some of my heartache loose, because I'm suddenly so sad and lonely, I want to curl into a ball.

"Out of the way."

The brisk voice brings my head up.

No, it can't be.

Gavin?

Around me, the crowd parts and there he is, looking righteously pissed off. Gorgeously agitated in a hunter green, long-sleeved shirt that has been shoved up to his elbows. And dark jeans that wrap around his thick thighs, highlighting the flexing musculature as he bears down on me. "What the fuck were you thinking?" Gavin growls, scooping me up off the ground with no effort whatsoever. He looks like he's going to launch into a lecture, but he does a double-take when he spies my leg wound. "Dammit, Alana."

Oh God.

Oh no, I'm crying.

I almost never do, but he's here. Before he stomped onto the scene, I was scared and overwhelmed, but I'm not now. I'm safe as houses. And the relief sends tears winding down my cheeks and definitely ruining my makeup, but I don't care. I lean my head against his shoulder and listen to him sigh, feel his arms tighten around me.

"Someone hand me her camera," he barks.

One of the girls places my bag in my lap, gently placing the camera on top and I slump when I see the lens is cracked. Gavin carries me through a sea of shocked faces, speculation being whispered in our wake.

Is that Professor Dennison?

Are they, like, together or something?

Thankfully, we turn at the front of the house and those suspicious faces disappear from view. We don't stop until we've reached a low, black Jaguar and Gavin jerks open the back passenger seat door. He settles me carefully on the smooth leather seat.

"This is your car?" I ask, turning to put my things on the seat behind me.

"Yes," he answers tightly, reaching beneath the seat and pulling out a first-aid kit, dropping it to the asphalt with a clatter and throwing it open.

"It's expensive." I think about how much money he dropped on my virginity.
"You're rich, aren't you?"

"Very."

"From being a professor?"

"Not just." He rips open an alcohol swab packet with his teeth and uses it to clean my cut, wincing when I suck in a breath. "I made some smart investments with an inheritance I received after graduating college. This is really not the time to talk about it."

"I'm trying to distract you from being angry at me," I murmur, wanting desperately to reach out and brush the dark hair off his forehead.

"It isn't working, Alana."

"Maybe I'm angry, too. You obviously followed me."

"Does it really make you angry?" Gavin pauses in the act of dabbing antiseptic on my wound. "Or did you come here tonight simply to find out if I'd follow you?"

Gavin is right. I did, didn't I?

He told me he'd be watching...and the little girl inside me wanted to be a challenge.

And he came through. He didn't let me down. He's kneeling in front of me in the middle of the night, his hands purposeful as they fix my injury.

It doesn't mean he wants to be with me, but it's something.

The reality check shoots my heart into my throat and the heat is back behind my eyes, pushing, demanding to be let out. Gavin looks up in time to watch my lip tremble, a single tear coursing down my cheek. The irritation fades from his eyes and he moves, lifting me from the seat and taking my place, settling me down sideways on his lap and tucking my head beneath his chin. "Shhh, princess." He rubs a continuous circle onto my back, his lips in my hair—and he rocks me, side to side in a lulling motion. "I'm here now. I've got you."

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I sniff. “It was a hard fall. I think I mostly scared myself.”

“Rest assured, you scared me, too.” A shudder courses through him. “I had to lock myself in the car to keep myself from kidnapping you from this never-ending party. It hurt to look at you. So beautiful, surrounded by...them. I looked away for one second and you weren’t inside anymore. You were already falling when I walked around the side of the house.” He kisses my temple fiercely. “Christ, Alana, I couldn’t get to you in time.”

“I’m okay,” I say, turning in his lap, so I can kiss his chin. “I’m better now that you’re here.” I kiss a path to his mouth and brush my lips there. “I miss you.”

His shaft rises beneath my backside, hard and insistent. “Saying I miss you would be inadequate. Every second without you is poison.”

My heart sings, pounding wildly in my chest. So this is what it’s going to be. We’ll have a relationship in secret. Resolutely, I ignore the ripple of disappointment and focus on the way he’s watching me so ferociously, as if he’s imagining how he’ll take me as soon as we’re alone. “They all saw you pick me up,” I murmur, stroking his bristled jaw. “Are you going to get in trouble?”

His smirk tells me he finds that idea amusing. “No. I’m not.” He turns slightly and lays me down on the seat, moving my camera to the foot well so I can rest my head on my bag. “You don’t worry about a single thing ever again.” The spacious backseat allows him to kneel on the opposite seat between my legs and my hips are already writhing on the seat when he lifts the hem of my skirt, dragging it up to my waist. Eyes flaring with hunger, his tongue perches in the corner of his mouth. “Do you

need Daddy to heal this, too, little girl?”

I nod shyly, knowing exactly what he sees. My too-small, white satin thong, stretched over my mound. I’ve never been more grateful it shrunk in the wash. “Yes,” I whisper. “Please.”

Gavin dips his head and exhales against the damp material. Then without warning, he shoves his face against my pulsing sex and inhales deeply, a growl stirring in his chest. His hands scoop beneath my buttocks, finding the back waistband and dragging the thong down my legs, tossing it into the front seat. Without taking his starved gaze off of my bare flesh, he smacks off the overhead light and drops his panting mouth on top of my clit, badgering it with his tongue, those huge hands pressing my thighs open.

“Fuck,” he mutters, rolling his forehead side to side on my belly. “You taste like fucking sugar. I can’t believe I’ve only creampie’d this perfect little pussy once.”

He snarls into the next lick, rubbing the flat of his tongue through the length of my folds, slowly, so slowly, teasing my entrance with savoring revolutions of his tongue, before placing suctioning kisses on his way back to my clit. “Please don’t stop,” I sob, clutching at his hair. “Please keep going.”

The pressure gathering in my tummy is so intense, I’m barely aware of my surroundings, but when my eyes open, I’m surprised to find someone looking down at me from outside the car. Landen? Yes. He’s watching in open-mouthed shock as Gavin licks me between my legs and he’s leaning so close, his breath is fogging up the glass.

I pull on Gavin’s hair to inform him we have an audience, but he only lifts his head, makes eye contact with Landen and spears his tongue into my sex, flexing it against my inner walls, his thumb finding my clit and stroking it firmly.

My back arches off the seat, my thighs wrapping around Gavin's head. There's no one but us, nothing else matters, the relief is so close. So close.

It's obvious that my dark professor isn't stopping no matter who is watching, maybe he's even enjoying pleasuring me in front of the boy he claims is interested in doing the same. His tongue slides in and out of me, in and out, until I'm shaking violently on the seat, pumping my sex in time with his strokes, rubbing myself shamelessly on his mouth.

Above me, the glass fogs with another breath.

"Oh please, oh please, oh please! Daddy!"

My body strains into another arch and Gavin finally, blessedly, begins licking my clit again, his middle finger replacing his tongue in my clenching channel. I look down my heaving body and lock eyes with pure sin, pure obsession, and the orgasm crests over me, traveling at warp speed through my body, head to toe, concentrating my middle, squeezing my muscles until all I can do is scream and thrash my way through it.

Finally, I slump onto the seat, my hair stuck to my damp neck, limbs sprawled in four directions, my heavy breaths loud in the car's interior. Gavin gives my sated sex a final, lingering kiss, then replaces my skirt, smoothing the material over my lap.

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I glance up to find we're alone now and when I seek out Gavin again, he's climbing out of the car. "Wait," I murmur, pushing up onto an elbow—and collapsing onto my back again without delay. "What about y-you?"

Sleep is making my eyelids heavy and I think I lose consciousness for a few seconds, because the next thing I hear is Gavin's car starting. Then, "I won't make love to you again until you've given me the trust back, Alana. That's a promise."

Trust...promise...

Exhaustion overwhelms me and I pass out, no idea where we're going, but secure in the fact that Gavin will make everything okay.

That turns out to be the understatement of the year. Maybe the century.

7

Gavin

I walk slowly up the stairs leading to my townhouse, wanting to soak in every second of carrying Alana's sleeping form in my arms. This is part of the fantasy I never anticipated, because I hadn't met her yet. My hunger was always only supposed to be about fucking, having that forbidden itch scratched that has been plaguing me since I can remember. But this, the caring of Alana, transcends any satisfaction I could have imagined.

Her lips are slightly parted against my shoulder, her legs dangling over my forearm.

The tits that bounce maddeningly every time I take a step are close to spilling out of her neckline, her bare bottom exposed to the night, the dress fluttering in the breeze beneath her.

She's my fucking miracle.

I've always been so even-keeled. So unflappable. A planner.

I wasn't living at all until she breathed life into me with her smile, her humor, the semi-twisted sensuality we share that she's managed to make beautiful. If she gets enjoyment, pleasure, happiness from it, how can I ever be ashamed again?

I stop on the top step and shift her weight while I unlock the door, shouldering it open and carefully bringing her over the threshold. My home takes on new meaning with her inside. There are no lights on, but it already pulses with her life, her spirit.

Wincing at the floorboards that creak beneath my feet, I carry her up the stairs, take a right and stride to the master bedroom. I'm so anxious to lay her out in my bed and remove her shoes, to tuck her in, my pulse is hammering in my ears. I've found my girl, bandaged her injury, seen to her orgasm, now I'll provide her with rest. Caring for her needs has my dick so stiff, I have to concentrate on not spilling in my briefs.

As soon as she's safe under the covers, though, I'm going to jerk myself raw in the bathroom thinking about all the ways I got to take care of her tonight. Thinking of how I'll feed her in the morning, shower her, brush her hair. Thinking of how she called me Daddy in front of that fucking pipsqueak, then creamed all over my mouth like a good girl.

Teeth gritted, I lay her down in the center of my bed and pull back one side of the covers. Picking her up once again, I lay her in the sheets, carefully remove her sandals and drape her in my comforter. In my scent. She sighs sweetly and turns on

her side, snuggling into my pillow, and I lunge for the en suite bathroom, closing myself inside without a sound. I brace my forearm on the wall and bite my wrist, fumbling my zipper down with the other. Gripping my engorged cock in a bruising grip, I fuck my hand roughly, biting my wrist until I break the skin. My hips thrust furiously into my fist, pre-come aiding my way, and I picture Alana in my bed, instinctively knowing she's safe, her small fist curled on my pillow.

Ropes of come land on the tile wall, sliding down as I try not to bellow from pleasure. My abdomen is in a permanent flex, contracting, drawing from the well deep inside me that only Alana will ever be able to tap. I'm a broken man, but I'm whole at the same time, drilling my fist with one final pump, before slumping against the wall.

When my breathing is back to normal, I leave the bathroom and move toward the bed, standing above her and listening for her even breathing. With every fiber in my being, I want to get into bed beside her, but I won't allow myself the honor until I've gotten her trust back. The trust I crushed in my office beneath the heel of my wingtip. I'm lucky she's here at all. Lucky she deigned to give me a moment of her time after I abused her faith in me.

Never again, princess.

Instead of taking my place beside her in bed, I go back downstairs and out to the car to retrieve her camera and bag, bringing both with me inside. When I hang her bag on the coatrack, there is a beeping noise coming from the inside pocket. After a brief hesitation, I pluck out her cell phone, finding nineteen text messages from her friend Ripley, demanding to know where Alana is and if she's all right.

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Ripley is worthy of the slumbering angel upstairs—now I just have to prove I am, too.

One thing at a time, though.

I text Ripley back with my name and address, letting her know what happened at the party and that I'll have Alana call her first thing in the morning. Ripley has about fifty follow-up questions, but I sigh and replace the phone, hoping I've done enough to assuage her fears.

Next I bring her camera to my workroom in the back of the townhouse. It's attached to my darkroom and I have several projects that need work, but my main concern right now is Alana's camera. It's an old Nikon. I had one like it once and I should have no problem repairing the lens if I can find the correct parts...

I must have been working on the repair longer than I realized, because the next time I look up, morning light is spreading across the floor of my workroom. There's a creak on the staircase, followed by a tentative call of my name and my cock reacts violently, stretching the fly of my jeans with such force, I almost strip the tiny screw I'm turning.

"In here," I call, my voice like gravel.

Alana appears in the doorway rubbing sleep from her eyes—and it becomes painfully fucking obvious that I'm in love with her. My heart is all but tangled around my jugular just being this close to her, having her in my house, knowing she slept in my sheets.

“I hope it’s all right that I used the packaged toothbrush under your sink—” She interrupts herself with a gasp. “You’re fixing my camera?”

I nod, still unsure I have the ability to speak.

“Thank you. I wasn’t sure how I was going to pay to have it fixed.” She clasps her hands beneath her chin and comes forward, watching me work with a growing half-smile on her face. “Goodness gracious. This is very sexy.”

My laugh sounds like metal churning. “Let me make you some coffee, then I’ll finish up.”

“I can make it.”

“Please, I want to.”

Awareness deepens the blue of her left eye. “Okay,” she breathes.

I make no attempt to hide my erection when I pass her on the way to the kitchen. And I chuckle over the way she follows me, like a cartoon character following the scent of pie. Then I remember I’ve vowed not to fuck her again until she trusts me wholeheartedly.

Christ.

It’s going to be a long morning.

“Did you take these photographs?” Alana asks behind me.

I turn to find her studying my collage of framed shots on the wall. “Yes, those are mine.”

“Oh, I love these.” She trails a finger over a picture of a shelf of books where one of the spines is turned in the wrong direction. “You look for anomalies.” Her hand falls away from the shot, her gaze finding mine over her shoulder. “That’s why you liked my eyes.”

Dropping a K-Cup into the slot, I depress the coffee maker’s arm and hit the button. “I love your eyes. Because they belong to you, Alana. Every part of you is beautiful.” Stunned silence follows my pronouncement. “How do you take your coffee?”

“Black, please,” she breathes, turning back to the wall of framed shots. She studies them a little longer, then joins me in the kitchen, in between the counter and the island. She leans back against the island slowly, almost warily. Jesus, if one truthful comment about her eyes can throw her off this much, I have a lot of work to do in the romance department. “Did you happen to notice the picture I snapped before almost breaking my neck?”

“Yes,” I mutter, giving her a dark look along with her mug of coffee. “You’re not going to convince me it was worth nearly dying over, but...it’s very good. It’s framed perfectly, the moonlight almost gives it a...”

“Satirical drama?”

“Yes.” Her blushing smile almost causes me to drop my own coffee. I clear my throat hard, trying to dislodge the lump, but it’s not going anywhere. “I always wonder at the beginning of the semester if there’s going to be a prize pupil. Little did I know this time around that I’d already met her.”

“I’m...me? Prize pupil?” She purses her twitching lips. “Are you just saying that because we’re...because I’m...”

“The girl that has turned me into a full-fledged stalker?” Her mouth falls open on a

gasping laugh and I sip my coffee to hide my own smile. “I’m not just saying it. I took a closer look through your application, Alana. You already have a very distinct style. Your personality is right there in every shot. Most students still won’t have found such recognizable style by graduation. You’re going to be exciting to watch.”

“Thank you.”

“I’d be honored to help you hone that skill.”

“I would really like that.” She hugs herself around the middle, face flushing with pleasure. “So, um...” She shifts to face me, propping a hip on the counter. “When did you decide you wanted to be a Daddy?”

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Thank God I'm not drinking coffee, because I'd be choking on it. "Jesus, Alana."

"Sorry. I don't take compliments well." Her eyes squeeze shut. "I had to find a way to deflect the attention."

All I can think is, thank fuck I found this girl before another man got their hands on her. She's the most extraordinary female in all creation and I'll die before someone takes her away from me. "Last night. I decided last night."

A groove appears between her light brows. "I don't understand."

Closing the distance between us, I set down my coffee on the island she's leaning against, taking her mug out of her hand and leaving it beside mine. The color spots in her cheeks deepen as I frame her in with my arms. "I thought the physical aspects of what we do in the dark would be the part that satisfied me. And fuck, Alana, you know it does. But if I didn't meet you, specifically, I wouldn't have realized it's more than that. Making Alana coffee, bandaging her scrapes, carrying her to bed." I bring our hips flush so she can feel the severity of my erection, bringing my mouth to her ear. "Those things are what make me your Daddy."

She's staring at my mouth. "I see," she says unevenly.

I flatten her more securely against the island. "Do you get satisfaction from me, as well, Alana?"

"Oh yes." Her swallow is audible, her small hands coming up to rest on my shoulders. "I can take care of myself, but...I love knowing you'll take over." She

looks up at me through her eyelashes. “You make me feel important.”

“Then I need to do better.” I reach beneath her dress and take an ass cheek in each hand, lifting and settling her pussy on top of my hard-on, savoring her helpless whimper, the way her thighs jerk up and circle my hips. “You’re more than important to me, princess. You’re essential.” Pulse crackling in my ears, I bare my teeth and press them to the side of her neck, feeling the wild flutter in her vein. “You’ve obsessed me for life. Life, do you understand?”

“Gavin,” she whines, rubbing her tits on my chest. “Bring me to bed.”

I study Alana, searching her eyes for that uncompromising devotion and trust we discovered in the brothel. The hope for us she had the first day of the semester in my office. But we’re not completely there yet. Oh, it’s clear she lusts for my cock, and god willing, her feelings for me run half as deep as mine for her, but I’m not allowing myself to sink inside of her, not a single inch, until she gives me everything.

“Not to bed, princess. I’ll never keep my cock out of you there.”

“Good!”

My laughter is pained. “Not until you’re back to trusting me,” I say, adamant. “But don’t worry. I’ll never leave you unsatisfied.” I flex my hands on her naked ass, kneading her taut cheeks, grinding her into my lap. “Work yourself on Daddy’s dick, little girl,” I pant, ordering myself not to come, no matter how hot her young cunt feels rubbing up and down on my denim-covered shaft. “Let me feel it. Soak me.”

I can’t help myself, I have to get a look at her tits. I use my teeth to yank down the neckline of the black dress, groaning like an animal when her perky breasts spring free, rosy and puckered in the center. Delicious. Ogling them like a lecher, I begin bouncing her up and down, just so I can watch them jiggle around—and Alana loves

it.

“Bounce me, Daddy,” she giggles. “Higher. Faster.”

With a hoarse shout, I pin her hips to the island roughly, my control thinning to the point of almost snapping. “Are you trying to kill me?”

Her expression is a mixture of desire and guilt. “I just want you inside of me so bad.”

“So you’re testing my willpower?”

She puts out her bottom lip. “Sorry.” A full minute passes and I still don’t trust myself to continue. If she lets loose another one of those sweet giggles, I’m going to bang her doggy style on the kitchen floor. “I’ve decided something, Gavin,” she says, wiggling on my lap to get free and putting a few feet between us. Though she’s pink from exertion and arousal, she fixes her dress and lifts her chin. “If you’re going to be unsatisfied, then so am I.”

“No, Alana,” I rasp. “I can’t have that.”

She turns in a circle, her shoulders set in a determined square. “Are there any more of your photographs in the house? I want to see more.”

I brace my hands on the island so I won’t reach for her, because she’s played the one card that could get me to break. Denying her own pleasure. “In my office,” I manage, deciding I need a minute to gather my missing control. “First door on the right in the back hallway.”

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It's not until a few minutes later, when I hear her soft exclamation drift from within the room do I remember what I've left sitting on my desk.

Fuck.

Alana

Okay, I shouldn't have been snooping through the paperwork on Gavin's desk, but thank God I did. Why would he keep something like this from me?

I stare down at the embossed letter from the university in my hand, reading the words back to make sure I didn't misunderstand the first time.

Professor Dennison,

It is our profound regret that you have decided to decline your spot on the university's board of directors. We were so looking forward to many years of your valuable input, however, we respect your decision to focus on the changes happening in your personal life. Please accept this as our formal acknowledgment that you won't be joining us on the board.

We wish you the best.

I can't believe what I'm reading.

Is it possible Gavin passed on the prestigious position...because of me?

“Alana,” Gavin says from the doorway, his gaze dragging from the letter in my hand up to my face. “You weren’t supposed to see that.”

I take a deep breath in an attempt to slow the racing of my heart, but it only seems to beat faster. “Did you decline because of me?”

Passion flares in his eyes, flaying me where I stand. “Of course I did.”

Hope curls in my chest. It’s more than that, though. It’s love for this man. There’s so much of it, I fear it will swallow me whole. But if I love him, how can I let him pass up an opportunity he’s always wanted? Doesn’t that make me selfish? “If you did this for me, then why wouldn’t you want me to see the letter? Why wouldn’t you want me to know?”

He curses under his breath, several beats passing while he gathers his thoughts. “Two reasons. One, I worried you might feel guilty—”

“I do.”

His complexion pales a shade. “And two, I didn’t want to win your trust back the easy way. By simply telling you I declined. I wanted to earn your confidence back. After what I did to you, after I destroyed your faith in me, you deserved to have me work to get it back.” He prowls into the room, his intense presence filling every corner. “Before you spend a single second feeling guilty, understand that I made the easiest decision of my life. I’ll know more happiness spending one day by your side than a lifetime on the board. Alana, I love you.”

I’m robbed of breath. “You do?”

“Obsessively.”

My chest floods with lightness. So much of it, I could float. “I love you, too.”

Gavin goes very still, his gaze racing over my face. “There it is,” he says gruffly. “The way you’re looking at me. I wasn’t sure you ever would again. You trust me, Alana?”

I take three steps and throw myself into his arms. “Obsessively.”

“You’re coming here to live with me.” His teeth rake up and down my neck, followed by heated passes of his tongue and lips. “You’re mine forever and you’ll share my bed. Forever. You’ll let me take care of you, goddammit.”

“Yes, I want that, too, but—”

“I’m going to take you raw. I have to.” He yanks up my dress, leaving it bunched around my hips, his gaze turning predatory. “Give me that tight, little cunt before I go crazy.”

“But...” His mouth stamps over mine, hard and possessive, his body backing me toward his desk, lifting me up onto the edge and stripping my black dress off completely, leaving me naked. His hands close over my breasts, arching my back on a moan, but I hold on to my final concern, motivated by my worry for his career. “Gavin, what about our relationships being frowned upon by your colleagues—”

“Alana,” he interrupts, unzipping his jeans with shaking hands. “I’ll walk the campus holding your hand proudly. If anyone has a fucking word to say about it, they can take it up with me.” He brings out his shaft in a tight fist, nudging the smooth tip against the entrance of my sex, then driving home with a guttural sound. He swallows my decadent scream with his mouth, pelting my lips with hot breaths. “And they’ll all shut their mouths when I make you my wife. When I get that belly good and round.”

I don't have a chance to respond before Gavin reaches behind me and sweeps every single item off the desk, sending stacks of paperwork and books crashing to the ground. I'm pushed onto my back and mounted by Gavin atop the desk, his hips already pumping feverishly between my open thighs. "W-w-wife?" I whimper, the promise of an orgasm already looming, urged on by his declarations. The proof of his devotion. "A baby?"

"You could already be pregnant, Alana. Part of me knew exactly what I was doing in that brothel. Claiming your pussy and your womb that first night. They were already mine. You were already mine." My inner walls contract and he clenches his teeth. "Say yes, princess," he grits, thrusting deep. "Say yes and the next time you sit in the front row on my lecture hall, there will be a ring on your finger."

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Tears spring to my eyes and I pull his face down for a kiss, the desk creaking beneath us as he fills me roughly, again and again, his gratified grunts echoing off the office walls. Do I want everything with this man? Of course I do. I can't imagine a second of my life without him. The way he shelters me, sees me, encourages me and loves me. "Yes, Gavin. Give me everything."

Fierce possession etches itself on his features as our kiss deepens. "You've already given me everything and more." His drives speed up and all I can do is hold on to Gavin's shoulders, sobbing as the climax swoops in and owns me. "Now tell Daddy you love him one more time."

"I love you, Daddy," I gasp, pleasure washing over me in waves. "I love you."

"I love you, too, little girl." He stills, muscles tightening, his liquid heat pouring into me, his weight pinning me down as he bucks, bucks, holds. "My Alana. My life."

Epilogue

Five Years Later

Alana

I'm laying down in our bed without a stitch of clothing to cover me, stretching in the afternoon sunlight. My obsessive professor hates it when I cover myself in our bedroom. He particularly feels that way when I'm pregnant, which I am, for the second time.

I slide my hands over my five-month mound, humming softly to myself, thinking of the way Gavin looks at me. Hungrily. Protectively. He's going to be home any minute now from school and I hope our son is still napping so we can have some time alone. Since I wasn't working at the studio today, I gave the nanny a day off so I could do some nesting to prepare for our second arrival. Normally, we would have her stay an extra hour so Gavin and I could have our own unique brand of playtime before officially entering parent mode.

Rolling onto my side, a picture comes into view on my nightstand. Gavin standing beside me at graduation, looking down at the crown of my head with enormous pride, our first born perched on his opposite hip. We're so happy in the photograph and nothing has changed.

I am so happy I'm delirious.

Five years ago, when Gavin and I went public with our relationship, several of his colleagues were scandalized, but as no official rule existed barring professors from dating their students, we ignored the criticism and eventually it went away. I suspect Gavin handled a lot of the haters in private, not wanting to upset me. Landen made the mistake of speaking to me once after class, asking me if I call everyone Daddy or just our professor. He was within hearing distance of Gavin at the time and was promptly and ominously called into my husband's office. A week later, he'd transferred to the University of Alaska.

I let Gavin handle the negativity because it fulfills him to take care of me. To guard and cherish me. And it fulfills me right back. What we have is real and rare. He's my guardian and I'm his ward and we need those roles to be whole.

And just because my husband needs me to be his little girl doesn't mean I don't have adult responsibilities. After graduating at the top of my class—Gavin insisted on paying my tuition—I published my first book of photos to critical acclaim. It was

called Photogaffes and it sold enough copies to open my own studio. When Gavin isn't teaching or ruling the board of directors (who begged him to reconsider a board seat, despite him marrying a student) with an iron fist, our little family travels the globe and I take pictures, employing the skills my husband helped me sharpen over the years. Now my photos join Gavin's on the walls of our home, drenched in sunlight, a lot like I am currently.

Downstairs, I hear the front door open and close, quietly, so as not to wake our son from nap time. I'm already growing damp between my thighs when Gavin's footsteps begin creaking their way up the stairs to me. I swear I can sense his anticipation and my nipples pull into tight little pouts, desperate for attention from my husband's mouth.

He's already loosening his tie when he walks into the bedroom, a punctuated sound of hunger making the sunshine-filled room seem a lot darker. Deep, abiding obsession ripples in his eyes as he looks me over, his sex tenting the front of his dress pants. There are silver flecks in the hair at his temples now and it has made the dynamic between us even more intense lately, those early signs of him getting older, even while he remains virile and stronger than any man I've ever met.

"I need your mouth today, little girl. I've spent the day aching."

Anticipation tingles in every inch of my flesh. We discovered pretty early on that I love taking Gavin in my mouth. Sucking him until he spends down my chin. Listening to his chants of my name turning more and more rough, desperate.

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Back when I was fresh from losing my virginity, I had no idea that Gavin was abnormally large until I overheard some fellow students talking about the average penis size of the American male, inspiring me to Google the statistics and find out that Gavin's nine-inch shaft was even more impressive than I already knew.

When he got home that night, I went exploring and...

Let's just say I designed my own custom kneepads so I could perform my favorite pastime comfortably—and Gavin isn't complaining.

Now, I come to my knees and walk to the edge of the bed, shyly tucking my hair behind my ear, slipping into the role that makes my sex soft and slick. "Are you sure I'm supposed to be kissing you there, Daddy?"

"Yes, princess." He takes my wrist and tugs me closer, love and lust written on his face. "We talked about this, didn't we? Your mouth gives special kisses. They're the only thing that make me feel better after a hard day." He flicks open the button of his pants and lowers his zipper. "Remember how you feel when I tickle your special place?"

Heat licks my inner thighs, my toes curling behind me. "Yes," I whisper, ducking my head. "I remember."

"You want me to feel like that, don't you?"

"Yes." I cross my arms over my breasts, eyeing his erection dubiously, deciding to make our game even more interesting. "But it's too messy. I don't want to be messy."

Gavin's jaw flexes with irritation, but there's appreciation in his eyes for the curveball. "Then maybe it's time we try something else, princess."

"Like what?"

He settles a knee on the bed, pulling me up against his chest and stroking my hair. "I'm going to turn you around now. If you don't want a messy mouth and chin, then I'll have to put the mess deep inside you where it won't come out."

"Where?"

Gavin turns me and he's starting to breath heavily, his hand pressing down on the center of my back. I make sounds of confused protest as he pulls my thighs open and settles his lap against my backside. His fist drags his hard sex through my soft one, and I whimper, trying to shift away, but he plows deep, grunting into my hair. I claw the comforter and try to pull away, but he jerks me back, careful to avoid my pregnant stomach with his forearm. "Next time you won't complain about giving me a special kiss, will you?"

"No, Daddy," I whimper as he starts to pump, deep grinding thrusts that make my breasts shake. "I won't. I won't."

"Try to enjoy it," he rasps, his thickness parting me, filling me incessantly, his mouth open and panting against my spine, wrongness blending with rightness in our very own recipe.

And oh God, I do enjoy it, I revel in what we're doing, what we do together every time we have a spare moment. To us, it's magic. It's us. "I'm fucking obsessed with you, wife," he heaves against my ear, his climax turning his body stiff, his shaft jerking inside of me. "I love you."

"I love you, too," I gasp, carried away on a current of pleasure.

THE END