



Such a Bad Girl

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Category: Erotic, Romance, New Adult

Description: A possessive professor.
A college student with a secret.

When forbidden attraction burns into obsession, nothing remains the same. Henry, a math professor, finds himself drawn into a dangerous relationship with Rebecca, a woman whose sweet face and teasing demeanour threatens to shatter every boundary he knows. As they spiral into power struggles, secret liaisons, and dark impulses, Henry must decide how far he is willing to go, and whether this whirlwind of a woman is worth losing everything he's worked for.

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CHAPTER ONE

REBECCA

Slap.

Slap.

Slap.

My feet hit the polished wooden floor as I dashed along the hall, glancing at my watch and cursing. Being late on my first day of the semester wasn't my plan. I'd so carefully planned every minute from getting up to getting to class.

I hadn't allotted three spare minutes for the idiots who'd thrown their ball by the front doors, knocking my binder out of my hand and sending papers flying every which way.

Settling for a scathing look, I lacked the time to stop and give them a piece of my mind. After all, it would eat into precious minutes, and I desperately wanted to make a good impression at my first lecture.

Instead of arriving at my first scheduled college class with grace, my hair stuck to my sweat-coated forehead, my binder half-hanging in disarray.

The door stood open, and I stumbled through it, keeping my head down and hoping no one would pay any attention to my late entrance. Students stared and throats

cleared as I scanned for an available seat, hoping to slink to the back.

No such luck.

The handful of empty seats was all on the bottom tier, right up front and centre.

Of course.

Those football guys were lucky I didn't get a good look at them. I hated being thrown off my schedule.

Not that I could do a lot to them. Not while keeping out of the limelight like I wanted to.

Heat rushed to my cheeks as I scuttled toward an empty seat. I slid into it while balancing my messed-up binder on the thin table in front.

'Class begins at nine a.m., Miss...'

My blush deepened, practically radiating enough heat to warm my seat-mates. I lifted my eyes to the professor, who stared at me with a raised brow and eyes reminiscent of a stormy tropical sea. A deep, tumultuous green.

'Benson,' I croaked out, even my voicemisbehaving. My out-of-place timing had disrupted everything. Rebecca Benson wasn't known for being meek. I'd had many monikers attached over the years: a go-getter, studious, relentless, a control freak, but neither meek nor mild.

They say who you were in high school isn't who you'll be in college... Perhaps my plans needed a touch more flexibility than I'd granted them. A tweak.

The professor stared. His brows knitted for a moment before he caught himself and turned back to the board, continuing his lesson.

A lesson I struggled to focus on at all.

Because my teacher was mouth-wateringly attractive. His slacks clung to his thick thighs and framed his generously muscled ass. Damn, how did anyone get anything done with him up front in the classroom?

Unfolding my binder, I smoothed out the crumpled pages within. It had taken two years of hard work to finally gain acceptance into the advanced mathematics program, and I was determined not to let a morning blip derail my first day.

There was too much work to do.

Midway through the lesson, my hand cramped from my furious note-taking. Damn, the professors spoke faster than my pen could follow. I wished I could ask him to slow down a bit.

Stretching, I shifted my legs, tucking my feet to the right. A hot flash washed over me, pulling my attention to the man at the front of the class. His eyes snagged on my bare thighs, and I tugged my skirt down an inch while blushing furiously.

Illicit hunger flickered in his deep green eyes, shadowing them with a predatory darkness as his gaze crept higher. Higher. A knot formed in my core. Being spotted—singled out—by the attractive older man felt dirty.

Kind of delicious.

Someone interrupted his one-man perv session with a question, and the tension building in my stomach dissipated.

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Picking my pen up, I resumed my note-taking, trying my best not to stumble over the equations he discussed. Feeling like the class dummy. The other students were fresh out of high school, getting in purely on their intellect. For two years I'd struggled through additional courses at community college to bring my grades up. Anything to achieve my dreams.

And to get what I wanted most, I needed to join Willem College.

It was finally my time to shine.

I got back to my ground-floor apartment late in the day, clutching a half-eaten sandwich while I struggled to locate my keys in the depths of my handbag.

Around me, women and men laughed together, mostly in pairs. Likely dorm-mates. A twinge of regret ate at me as I stood on my own. Would sharing a dorm have been more exciting? A built-in friend? Someone who couldn't avoid me. Friendships didn't flourish easily with my intense focus on my goals.

My apartment was small and cost an eye-watering amount each month, but it'd do.

I dumped my bag and continued eating my somewhat pulverised sandwich as I leafed through the welcome pack I'd received.

Arriving late, I'd missed most of the orientation events, but there was a pizza party at the on-campus coffee shop. I figured it couldn't hurt to check it out.

After freshening up, I made my way through the tree-lined pathways until I arrived at

the busy coffee shop, “Beans and Co”. It was a cute building on the open green, surrounded by lounging students. Despite being at college for less than a week, many had coupled up already, swapping saliva—and possibly other bodily fluids—in the open like it was no big deal.

The place was packed with bodies, a pervasive din filling the air with a cocktail of laughter, chatter and the whir of the milk frothers. Side-stepping a group of raucous boys, I took a moment to rethink my evening. I’d pictured a few people gathered around a couple of pizza boxes, shooting the shit, not a student-filled sweatbox.

Clearly, I’d underestimated the draw of free food to a pack of hungry students.

Inching backwards, I bumped into a wall, attempting to shimmy my ass right back out of there. Screw free pizza—I’d pay for my own.

I almost made it out.

So close.

A set of red-tipped fingers grasped my arm and pulled me toward a duo of women as I let out a yelp. One, a blonde like me, wore the smallest, reddest dress I’d ever seen. She was all tanned skin, coiffed hair, and sparkling teeth. The other girl screamed cool in that I-don’t-need-to-try kind of way. Her dark, curly hair swept into a bun on the top of her head, and she wore her Willem hoodie like it was fresh off the catwalk. She gave me a nod before looking at her friend, raising a brow.

‘Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you,’ the bubbly blonde practically sang. ‘You looked a bit lost.’

My cheeks heated, and I let my shoulders relax. ‘Not going to lie. I was about to make a run for it. Kinda intense here.’

‘Yeah, I haven’t even gotten near a slice of pizza. Those guys must be competing to see how much they eat because they’re finishing the pies like they’re going to set a world record or explode from the inside out.’ Blondie narrowed her eyes at them.

‘Pigs,’ the other woman muttered.

The guys were everything you’d picture frat boys to be, all with matching alpaca-esque haircuts and obnoxiously hooting as they scoffed the cheesy slices at breakneck speed.

‘Do you want to get out of here?’ I asked the women. ‘I’m pretty sure there are a few free picnic benches nearby.’

They looked at one another for a moment before the cool one nodded. ‘Sure. I’m starving, though—we should hit up somewhere for food first.’

In a room full of free fucking pizza? Nah.

‘I’ve got it,’ I said, turning and shouldering my way through the crowded room until I stood on the outskirts of the band of idiots. They were utterly self-absorbed, shoving food into their faces. Several looked ready to vomit. Gross.

I jabbed one guy in the ribs, and he half-choked on his food. He leaned to the side, cursing, which opened a gap in their circle. I stomped on a foot as I made my way past them to the buffet table they were blocking.

Steaming boxes of pizza leaned against the wall, a handful of which were still untouched.

‘Hey,’ a guy said, gripping my arm. ‘You stepped on my foot.’

The look I gave him must have hit the right mark, as he dropped his hand immediately.

‘Your fat asses are blocking everyone else’s access to food. If you want to have any hope of losing your virginity around here, stop acting like toddlers and get out of the way.’ I picked up two pizza boxes and turned, clutching them tight.

‘Who do you think you are, bitch?’ The choking guy had recovered and taken umbrage at being treated the way he deserved.

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‘Oh, sweetheart, don’t ask questions that have answers you aren’t equipped to handle.’

I stifled a giggle at the way his mouth hung open like a dead fish as I pressed my way past him.

‘Burn!’ came a shout behind me as the group descended into more laughter.

The women met me at the door, Blondie grinning ear to ear. ‘God, you’ve got some balls.’

‘As if,’ I said with a smile. ‘Balls are much easier to break.’

‘I’m Emery. This is Faye,’ she said, holding the door open for me.

‘Nice to meet you. I’m Rebecca, but you can call me Bex.’

CHAPTER TWO

HENRY

‘Henry,’ Jake demanded, snapping my attention back to the staff room.

‘Sorry, head's in the clouds today.’

‘I bet. You’ve been reading the same page for twenty minutes. Your coffee's gone cold.’ Jake stood at the sink, washing out his mug and shaking his head. ‘Where are

you disappearing to?’

My ass had gone numb, so I shifted in my seat and cleared my throat. While the staff room could be pretty bleak at times, I could at least usually stay present.

But not today.

Not after her.

‘Nothing, just getting used to being back full-time after the summer. You know how it is.’

Liar.

Your head's full of the blonde student's thighs. Forbidden. Silken. Delicious.

It was amazing I’d even made it through the lecture. Honestly, someone should’ve given me a medal.

Fuck.

I sat forward, put down my book, and slid my glasses off to rub my eyes. Guilt snagged. Just the tiniest amount, like a chihuahua nipping at an elephant. The girl was forbidden. Professors didn't date students. Sure, she was of age. I knew. I’d looked her up the minute she walked that pretty ass out of my classroom. Her ID image didn't do her justice. In it, she looked like any other student who took my class.

In person? Hell, I was a goner the moment she walked in. When she looked at me, it was like she branded my fucking soul with those dark eyes. The hair on my arms had lifted like I was some kind of predator, the urge to take her overwhelming me.

'Lost you again.' Jake laughed, throwing the dish towel at me. 'See you tomorrow, buddy. If you wake up enough to make it home.'

'See you tomorrow,' I mumbled, grabbing the damp towel from my lap and dragging it through my fingers, the rough texture somehow calming.

Obsessing over a student was career suicide.

But as long as it stayed in my head... It was fine. Right?

Pulling the folded paper from my pocket, I stared again at her information. A fellow mid-westerner, her ID was from the next town over to the one I grew up in. The one I got the hell out of. Escape was my driving force to go somewhere bigger. Better. Thriving. I'd ditched the small town for the city, only to end up on a relatively small college campus. For now. Give it a year or two to establish, and I'd head for one of the east coast colleges.

Not if you get fired.

I stared at the address on the printout. Rebecca wasn't staying in the dorms. She was in one of the private apartments at the far edge of the campus. All alone...

'Fucking hell,' I muttered to myself. 'Just leave it.'

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I had to be at least six years older than her, not to mention in a position of authority.

A position... of authority...over her...

A vision of her panting beneath me, those thick thighs wrapped around my waist, flashed through my head. Her sweet lips parting as she whimpered, her voice counting each of my six piercings as I thrust them into her. My hand wrapping her throat while I demanded she beg for the next metal ball. She'd plead so prettily. I bet she'd beg to be filled with hot cum. Stuff her before class and watch her as she leaks on her chair, surrounded by clueless classmates.

Great. Now I'm rocking a fucking hard-on in the teacher's lounge.

Holding my book to conceal the bulge in my pants, I headed to the parking lot.

And found myself walking in the opposite direction. Toward her accommodation block. I didn't expect to see her there. Fuck knows how I'd explain it if I did. Neither my car, nor my office, was on that side of campus.

Students loitered around the green, despite the evening already dipping to black. New adults with their first taste of freedom. Drinking. Fucking. Making mistakes. God, how I missed those years.

No one paid me any heed as I reached the accommodation zone. I lingered around the edges, following the tree line around to where the individual apartments were. Squinting in the near-dark, I confirmed hers was number thirty-eight. Skulking around like the pink-fucking-panther, I located it. The rear window faced directly into

the woods I was lurking in.

Perfect.

Now go home, I told myself. You've seen it.

But the first hit was rarely enough. I was next to the window before I could form a coherent thought. Warm air wrapped around me, slipping out like an invitation. Her bedroom. Rebecca's bedroom. I felt myself stir at the thought. Did she opt for an apartment so she could bring back guys without judgment from a dorm-mate? Was my pretty little obsession a slut?

If not, she would be.

For me.

I'd worm myself into her panties.

Was it insane to so instantly fall for someone I didn't even know? Yes. Could I help the way thinking about her made my pulse race? No.

Nor did I want to.

Plus, it's only sex. What's the harm?

The bedroom was neat, all of her belongings already arranged as if she'd lived there for months. Rebecca had switched out the standard bed for a metal framed one, with a thick barred headboard and baseboard. Perfect for tying up a pretty girl.

Bras and panties hung like illicit bunting beside the bed on a drying rack. Biting my lower lip, I glanced left and right. No one was around. Could I reach them? Standing

on my toes, I struggled, the window frame digging into my armpit. Damn college windows and their safety latches. It wouldn't open wider. A grunt escaped as I pressed my bodyflush to the wall, my face squashed against the brick. Almost. Lace grazed my fingertips. Pain raked my shoulder as I forced myself a few millimetres closer, until, at last, I hooked my finger beneath the fabric.

Snatching it from her room, I grasped it to me like Gollum, as if it weren't just a pair of lacy underwear but a treasure.

Impulse shoved me nose-deep in them right there on the grass, dragging in a long, huffing inhale. Alas, the scent of citrusy fabric softener had replaced any sign of her.

Damn it.

I'd have to snort some fresh from the source, somehow.

Commotion kicked up from around the corner. Students stumbling home ready to crash out after a little too much freedom. The shadowed trees swallowed me as I backed away. I stroked the lace with my thumb as I walked back to my car, itching to deal with my aching fucking cock.

I was barely inside the vehicle before I had my dick in my hands; the panties wrapped around its solid length and I pictured her.

Pictured her on her knees.

Begging me to fuck her.

Begging me not to.

Spreading her pretty cunt for me.

I should've waited until I got home. But I couldn't. Rebecca Benson was poison. Her presence infected me like a parasitic insect, burrowing beneath my skin and erasing my inhibitions. Erasing sense. With a groan, I fucked myself, imagining her panties scraping my dick with their laced edges as I bent her over my desk.

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She'd be a bad girl for me.

I knew it.

CHAPTER THREE

REBECCA

‘Shh.’ Emery giggled as the librarian gave us a look that says shut the fuck up or get out.

Faye lowered her voice, leaning over the textbooks spread on the tabletop like a buffet of knowledge. ‘It’s true!’

‘I’ve never heard of it.’ The librarian gave me another glance, and I shrank back in my seat, hoping the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves would hide me from her scrutinising view. ‘So what, is it just a masked party? Why the need for it to be some big secret?’

‘It’s not just some masked party,’ Faye parroted my words. ‘It’s the Initiation. It happens every year, in a secret location. My brother was invited when he attended.’

‘Sounds a bit culty if you ask me.’ Emery doodled on her notebook, her eyes rolling at Faye’s obsession with a party that may or may not exist.

‘I guess it is a bit culty. But being involved is a big deal. It gets you access to benefits.’ Faye winced as someone shushed us.

‘What benefits?’ I asked, my curiosity piqued.

‘Well... I mean I don’t know exactly. It’s a secret society thing. My brother said if I can get an invitation, especially as a freshman, then it’s worth it.’

‘Let me guess, they use all the freshmen as bait? And what? We get humiliated for their benefit? Used as sex toys?’ To be fair, it sounded like the kind of party I might enjoy.

‘Everyone wears masks, and it’s apparently the most decadent place you’ll ever see. They full-on go to town.’ Faye’s eyes were sparkling despite the darkness of the library. With the sun long having set, the only lights were the wall sconces that glowed orange with all the vibrancy of a dying fire. The newer campus library, decked out in steel and glass, closed mid-afternoon each day. So students working late had to put up with the towering army of bookshelves, each getting dustier and more ancient the further you ventured from the reception desk. Like a catacomb of forgotten books.

‘I’m going to head back,’ Emery said, closing her books and stacking them into her bag. ‘As much fun as discussing a fictional party is, I’ll never make it to the gym in the morning if I don’t get to bed soon. Are you coming?’

Faye’s shoulders dropped a touch as she let out a soft sigh. Clearly the idea of the party had her transfixed. ‘Yeah, I should too.’

‘I’ve still got a bit more to do, this math course is going right over my head half the time.’ Largely because I’m too busy fantasising about my professor bending me over his desk. If only.

‘Make sure you get the campus bus back, it’s dead creepy around this part of campus.’ Emery gave a shudder before sliding the strap of her bag over her shoulder.

‘I’ll be okay.’

We exchanged goodnights before I continued mulling over my notes from the day. Far too many gaps where I’d gone off in my head and zoned out. Soon enough, I thought about my new friends. I hadn’t come to Wellum intending to seek out a friend group. I’d never been good at fitting in at high school. Maybe it had less to do with my personality and more with how intensely I focused on my plans. I’d missed parties and invites out too many times in favour of nights spent poring over my computer. Searching, learning, documenting. All to get me to the very point I was now.

I’d reached my dream. Well, almost. I needed to knuckle down and complete it. But I guess I could make room for some friends alongside pursuing my goals. They made the long days far more fun than I’d expected them to be.

By the time I next looked up from my books, the library had emptied. Even the reception desk appeared deserted.

Fuck.

The dank atmosphere coiled around me as I stood, quickly packing my things into my bag. In my hurry, I dropped it, sending my belongings rolling this way and that.

‘Dammit,’ I muttered, my voice echoing despite its low tone.

Scurrying around on the floor, I found all but one item. The silver pen my grandmother had given me. Turning, I hunted for the metallic glint, but saw nothing.

‘It can’t have gone that far,’ I said, reassuring myself. Ducking to check beneath nearby tables, but I still couldn’t see it.

Considering returning in the daylight, I bit my lip. Leaving it made my stomach coil. It would belike abandoning my grandmother. It was the only item of hers I kept.

Each step I took echoed in the cavernous room as I peeked along the first row of mahogany shelves. The hair on my neck stood as I heard a rustling behind me. I turned sharply, but found nothing. Just an empty space between the two giant shelves. Orange light pooled in small circles, only lighting the books and floor closest to them. Inky darkness masked corners and ends.

‘Where the fuck is it?’ I said.

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Venturing deeper into the shelves, I shook my head. There was no way it could have rolled that far. Doubling back on myself, I stilled, convinced I'd heard footsteps that weren't mine.

It was just the echo.

I shivered as an unsettling weight slunk around me. Another few steps toward the open area. Another noise I couldn't place. I snapped my gaze toward the end of the shelves and narrowed my eyes. Was someone lurking in the dark?

'Who's there?' I demanded, wrapping my arms around myself as goosebumps rose.

Nothing.

'I'm serious. If there's someone there, come out.'

A bang sounded nearby and I about shit my pants, abandoning my search and making a run for my bag. I'd seen enough horror movies to know that running was always the answer. I was reaching for the door handle when a face appeared to my right. I let out an ear-splitting scream and heard a chuckle in response.

The librarian lost it at whatever look she saw on my face.

'Oh my god,' I panted, leaning a hand on the doorframe, and gathering my abandoned wits. 'You scared the life out of me.'

Her laugh followed me out, leaving me feeling like an idiot.

Of course no one was creeping about in the library. Everyone else had the sense to be out doing something far more fun with their evening.

I flagged down one of the campus transports and sat heavily on the plastic seat next to a drunk and giggly couple.

The way he skimmed his hand over her bare thigh had me clenching mine.

I needed to relieve some stress before I exploded.

CHAPTER FOUR

HENRY

Cobwebs coated my hair as I squeezed myself through the old grate in the cupboard at the back of the library.

‘I’m too old for this,’ I berated myself as the evening air hit me with an autumnal bite. Straightening up, I heard my back click.

Damn, I’m too late.

A campus transport bus trundled Rebecca away from me toward her apartment.

I should go home and shower. Get the dust and grime off, and stop sneaking around like a weirdo. But I barely saw her that week. Our lectures together covered four hours most weeks, and I didn’t think she’d noticed me at all.

Why should she notice you?

Because she’d stolen every waking fucking thought from me, and if she didn’t see me

soon, I was going to make her. Risk everything and let her know how she affected me. Without a solid nod that she wouldn't run straight to the dean, it could cost me my job, my career, all of it.

So I didn't go home. No, I let her draw me to her like a moth to a flame, finding myself staring through her window yet again. Rebecca pottered around, putting things away before heading into what I assumed was the bathroom. I'd never actually investigated student accommodation at Willem enough to know for sure.

Shifting foot to foot, I waited. The cold had me shoving my hands deep into my pockets, fighting off the numbness that gripped them.

Still, I waited.

Since the moment she'd walked into my classroom, my life had become a series of blissful moments and painful waits. My soul roiled every moment she wasn't within my eyeline. And when she was? It was worse. My pulse became erratic, my back sweaty, my focus all but deserted me.

There was only her.

Her sweet smile.

Those dark eyes.

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Her maddening thighs.

By the time she walked back into the bedroom, her skin slick with water—droplets I wanted to lick—and wrapped in a towel, I itched for her.

Rebecca flopped onto the bed, not bothering to close her curtains, and let her towel fall open. The sight of her hit me right between the eyes, rendering me unable to move. Unable to breathe. Lost entirely in her expanse of exposed flesh.

Heaven. From the swell of her tits to those grabbable thighs, I wanted to devour every inch. I hung back from the window, just far enough to be shadowed. Yet every muscle in my body screamed to rip the window from its frame and climb in. To cover her body with my own and make her need me. I'd been with enough women to know that the need that gripped me wasn't normal. In other relationships, I'd never spied through their windows in the middle of the night.

She'd bewitched me.

Her thighs fell open as she pressed a hand between them, and I bit back a groan. I'd chop off my right fucking arm to be between her legs. To smell her. To taste her. To worship her.

She shouldn't need to touch herself when I was so keen to do it for her.

Chest rising, nipples hardening, she writhed on the bed. Lost in her, I cursed the cold. My dick was practically bursting from my pants, but the numbness rendered my hands useless. So I watched. And I waited.

Need coursed through me like poison, marking every part of me for her. Desperation bled from my every pore. I was desperate for my obsession to look at me. To come moaning my name.

When she stopped, I craned to see what she was doing. Ass up, she hunted through a box beside the bed. A box of photographs. I couldn't get close enough to see what they depicted. Maybe a boy? Some high school love.

Was there some long-distance boyfriend she mooned over in my class?

Jealousy heated my face as she turned over, holding the picture in front of her while sliding two fingers into her wet little cunt. The view weakened me. Even my jealousy couldn't overcome the absolute awe I had as I watched her pump herself with vigour.

'Don't worry, Rebecca,' I whispered. 'I'll fill you so fucking good you'll forget all about him.'

Fingers were no match for the plans I had for her. I intended to explore her body until I conquered it entirely. Until she forgot all about the loser in her photographs and only had eyes for me.

A chuckle escaped as I imagined forcing her to her knees, the photos scattered, her past drowned in my hot cum. She'd thank me while licking my mess from the face of her lover, fingering her cunt all the while.

I'd desecrate her past the way she'd come in and desecrated my future.

CHAPTER FIVE

HENRY

My skin itchedbeneath my shirt as I struggled to focus on the lecture, stumbling over my words every time I met Rebecca's eye.

She sat at the front, all bare legs and fuck me eyes. Dark lashes brushed her pink cheeks while she wrapped a lock of blonde hair around her finger. Every twist of that honeyed tress made my stomach churn. The urge to tear across the room and gather her hair in my fists, to tell her that her taunting was killing me, seared in my chest.

I want her.

I need her.

While lust had hit me time and again, never had it dug its claws so desperately deep into me. What was it about her? Sure, she was pretty with a body that begged to be explored. But I didn't lose control, mooning like some puberty-wracked teen. That wasn't me.

Yet, looking at her had my insides trembling.

The clock hit the hour and students rose, chatter bubbling between them. They may as well have been cardboard for all the attention I gave them. No. My focus was on one woman alone.

'Miss Benson.' Her name was on my lips before I had a chance to think about it. Needing a few more minutes with her. Standing outside her window watching her fuck her sweet little cunt wasn't enough to sustain me. 'Can you stay back a moment?'

She turned, her eyes fixing on my face as she held her binder in a white-knuckle grip. 'Yes, Professor Montgomery.'

Fuck.

I needed to hear her moan that as I fucked that round ass of hers. To hear my name punctuated with her tears would be everything.

The class emptied around us until only we remained, the tension thick enough to choke me. I approached her like a predator, her eyes widening as she stepped backward.

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‘Are you alright, Sir?’

Fuck me. The breathy Sir on her lips had me halfway to hard.

Fear crossed her face as she hit the wall, and I knew I was too close. Too intimidating. But I couldn’t let up. Not with her in touching distance.

‘I’m not alright. I’m dying.’

Her mouth gaped, and all I wanted was to shove my tongue inside. ‘You’re... dying?’

‘Dying to talk to you. Dying to touch you. Dying for you to notice me every second of the day.’ God, I sounded pathetic, my voice turning gravelly with need. But I couldn’t help it.

‘Sir, you’re my Professor.’

Those dark eyes glittered despite her protest, and I leant closer, placing a hand on the wall next to her head. Her throat bobbed as she swallowed, her teeth catching her lower lip.

‘Can you tell me you don’t feel it?’ I asked, hyper-aware that her lips were only two inches from mine. The sweet smell of cherry wrapped around me, her perfume, I guessed, pulled my mouth even closer.

‘I—’ Her chin tilted upward a touch, and I grazed her throat with the fingertips of my unoccupied hand, feeling the dancing of her pulse beneath them. ‘I feel it too.’

I searched her eyes, trying to understand my overwhelming obsession with my student. All I found was a well of desire reflecting my own.

‘Rebecca,’ I demanded, tightening my fingers around the silken expanse of her throat to force her chin higher. Her sweet breath tickled my lips as I moaned. Having her caged between me and the wall felt so right. Like it was exactly where she belonged.

‘Bex,’ she whispered as her pupils dilated, her glossed lips parting. My heart all but ripped through my chest with the ferocity of my need. Could she feel it? Hear it?

Her breath caught as I clenched my hand, stealing the air from her. She liked it. The whimper, strangled but audible, beneath my hand told me so.

‘Who the fuck are you?’ I asked, our lips only a hairsbreadth apart.

‘You have no idea...’

A noise to my left had me dropping my arms, freeing her from the trap I’d made with them. I turned, all erection and bubbling fury, to see the students from my next lecture pouring in.

Shit.

The last thing I needed was teaching a class full of students with a rock hard dick and Rebecca on my brain. I turned to her, to let her know I’d find her later.

An empty space met me.

My nails bit into my palms as I clenched my fists, cursing my class silently.

They’d stolen my kiss.

They'd be lucky if I didn't fail every single one of their sorry asses.

CHAPTER SIX

REBECCA

The library, with its dusty corners and dimly lit shelves, had become something of a sanctuary for me.

When the girls were busy—often, seeing as they both had a million extracurriculars—I studied late into the night. My flask cup kept me topped up with at least lukewarm coffee for most of the night, and the librarian had taken to overlooking the snacks I'd surreptitiously popped from my bag into my mouth one by one.

We'd come to some sort of unspoken truce, the librarian and I, after her mirth at my terror. Making an ass of myself had softened her a touch. She'd give me a nod as she went for her break, but otherwise, we mostly sat in comfortable silence.

Of course, other students flitted in and out, a warm trickle of bodies that gave the old space life.

Books had always welcomed me in times of solitude. They waited to capture me in their pages, grabbing me by the hand and pulling me through their tales when I was too busy for my own. I'd spent everything focusing on getting to Willem College, and in doing so, I'd foregone so many adventures of my own.

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The page before me swam as I lost my concentration to the memory of the previous day. Professor Montgomery, Henry, had pinned me to the wall, and I'd nearly lost my mind. The stares in class had been impossible to ignore, but his following me down after the lecture had come as a surprise.

Albeit, not an unwelcome one.

Because he'd been right. I wanted him as much as he professed to want me.

Chills had taken over my every nerve as he'd dropped his lips to mine. Close. Sofuckingclose to kissing me. Locking lips with my professor was, intellectually, a bad idea, of course. The price could be too high for both of us. But the same way his eyes dragged over me when he lectured, I'd gone through a million dirty fantasies with him. Imagining him on his knees in front of the class, his head buried between my thighs, had made me lose half a page of notes on multiple occasions.

Fantasising about him was the last thing I should be doing. I needed to stay focused on my goal.

With a sigh, I concentrated until the words on the page made sense again.

My back ached by the time the librarian gave me a nod, heading off to her office for what I presumed was a vat of coffee to keep her awake. A few tables still held other weary students, looking as bleary-eyed as I felt. The warmth of the ancient heating system often lulled me halfway to sleep.

Standing, I stretched, feeling my lower back crack as I attempted to get the blood

moving again. A quick walk through the stacks often did the trick. After that first night, I'd failed to hear anything that might send me screaming again. Just thousands of dusty books. I adored walking through the aisles, letting my finger drift from spine to spine while imagining all the people who'd held each book before me. Admiring their fading covers and gold-filled lettering. A catacomb of forgotten texts. Some, of course, were still used, but most were long outdated by the scholars and books who came after.

Closing my eyes, I inhaled, the scent of aging paper filling my nostrils.

Peace.

Truly, a walk through the corridors of stories and knowledge centred me. Feeling a renewed sense of clarity, I turned to head back to my table. But something to my left glittered on the floor, near the base of a bookshelf. It lay deeper into the stacks, barely visible.

My brows knitted as I looked around, but there was nothing to see or hear but the silver glint.

My curiosity piqued, and I made my way to it, stooping with a smile as I recognised the item. Grandmother's pen.

The spark of joy lasted only a second before a warm hand fit over my mouth from behind and dragged me into the depths.

Kicking and turning proved ineffective against the person's bulk, the arms around me like bands of solid steel. The pen dropped with a clatter and the man holding me stilled before thrusting me against a bookcase.

My chest thundered as I struggled, but a breathy voice growled in my ear. 'Make one

more noise and I'll gag that pretty mouth of yours with your wet panties. Shoving them down far enough that you won't be able to yell.'

I tried to say 'Get off,' but the hot palm over my mouth swallowed the words.

Pinned between the shelves and a hard body, I had little choice but to comply.

A hand grasped my hip, pinching hard before pressing upward, exploring my curves. Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes as I swallowed a scream.

'Bex,' he groaned.

I relaxed against him. 'Professor?'

'Who else were you expecting?' There was a heated jealousy beneath his words that had my cheeks heating.

'No one. But we can't. You know that.' His fingers slid down my top, under my bra, and pinched the hardening nipple he found. A gasp tore from me at the bite of pain that washed quickly with pleasure.

'Tell me you want me to stop.'

I didn't. I ground back against the hardness pressing into my ass.

'You're a fucking temptress, Bex. You've been taunting me since the moment you walked into my class.' Releasing my mouth, he grabbed my ponytail, pulling my head harshly to the side, his words hot against my ear. 'I've stood outside your window and watched you grind on your hand to some other boy, night after night, and I'm here to show you that you deserve more. My fingers should be the ones making you squirm.'

‘You don’tunder?—’

Rendered mute by the thrusting of his hand beneath my skirt, my words died in a guttural moan.

‘Fucking soaked already,’ he said, pushing my panties down until they slid to the floor.

I couldn’t help it. Him snatching what he wanted had my temperature soaring. The obsession. The need. The taking. I was a goner.

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‘This is mine,’ he growled as he circled my clit, sending hot flushes dancing from my head to my toes. ‘Say it.’

‘No,’ I whimpered, betraying myself as my eyes rolled and pleasure overtook reason.

‘Oh, my dirty obsession. You will tell me it’s mine before I make you come all over my fingers.’ A dangerous growl threaded through his words, sending a shiver of warning through me.

Hitching my skirt high, he kicked my legs apart, one of my thighs lifting high against his. Spread open and trapped, I was utterly at his mercy. Short of screaming for help, and being caught spread open with my teacher's fingers soaked with my desire, there was little I could do but take his touches.

Stars danced with each stroke of his devilish fingers. Our breath caught in a mingle of growing desperation, his hips arching against my ass with increased ferocity. My face pressed into the aging books, my sweat staining their spines as he expertly made my body tremble. I wouldn’t be able to hold out for long.

He was using his position of authority over me.

And it made me quake with need.

Knowing he shouldn’t be touching me, but that he couldn’t help himself, was a heady drug.

I felt irresistible.

‘Please,’ I whispered against the books. ‘I need more.’

But he didn’t give me more. The divine circles on my clit slowed instead.

‘Henry,’ I demanded. ‘Please?’

‘Say your cunt belongs to me and I’ll fill it up.’

Not yet.

I panted as he continued the maddeningly slow pace, enough to have my knees buckling, but not enough to drive me over the edge. All the while, he ground against my ass, his length thick and solid behind me, growing hotter by the second.

I wanted it all.

‘Fuck me,’ I breathed, half commanding and half begging.

‘No.’

I stifled a cry as he thrust his fingers inside me, spreading me impossibly wide, pain mingling with intense pleasure. He curled them against my inner walls, and I lost all sense. Nothing in the world mattered except that one delicious spot where he taunted me.

‘Whose.’ Thrust. ‘Is.’ Thrust. ‘This?’

‘Yours,’ I said in a torrent of emotion.

‘There’s a good girl,’ he growled, dropping his grip on my hair to double the sensation between my thighs. Heat flushed my chest as he thrust into me with one

hand while circling my swollen clit with the other. I rested my head back against his shoulder, his teeth grazing my neck. Trembles stole over me, his thick muscles all that stopped me from collapsing to the floor. A tight coil formed in my core, need spiralling with every harsh thrust of his fingers.

‘Come for me, Bex. Soak me.’

I had little choice. With my pulse thundering, I gave in to his fingers, letting the divine pleasure take hold of me. Surrendering entirely to it.

‘There’s only one thing you’ll want when I’m done with you.’

‘What?’ I moaned, pleasure peaking.

‘More.’

Control slipped, and I fell over the edge, coming hard, my body pulsating around his hands. I bit my lip to stop the whole fucking library from hearing my cries.

‘Mine,’ he growled, not letting up as the first wave passed, demanding more from me. Pleasure turned to overwhelming heat, and I struggled against him, but he didn’t stop the onslaught against my cunt, pressing me harshly against the shelves and fucking his pleasure against my ass. His grunts and moans sent me spiralling, and I fell into an aftershock of desire, my body clenching and succumbing as he tensed against me.

‘Fuck, Bex,’ he gasped in my ear as his thrusting ceased. ‘You made me come in my pants, you dirty little slut. I’m going to make you pay for that.’

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I had barely caught a breath before he twisted me around and forced me to my knees, one hand holding my hair in a wince-inducing grip.

‘Open your mouth,’ he said. For the first time since he pinned me, I saw his face. Red flushed his cheeks, and a large, wet stain darkened his slacks. Why did I find his loss of control so hot?

Opting to give him an illusion of power, I opened my mouth, sliding my tongue out like a dog begging for scraps.

‘Fuck,’ he growled, those green eyes darkening.

‘Lick. Them. Clean.’

He held out his desire-soaked fingers, and I pressed my tongue against them with tantalisingly slow care, gathering my wetness on my tongue while he watched.

‘Like this?’ I whimpered, widening my eyes and flashing my lashes at him.

And with a groan he fell, hook, line and sinker.

‘You’re bad,’ he said as he pushed his fingers into my mouth, fucking them against my tongue as I choked. ‘I don’t want to see you touching that cunt of mine again. Got it?’

‘Hello?’ The librarian's voice rang out, and panic filled my chest.

Henry didn't look in the slightest perturbed, simply wiping his saliva-covered fingers over my chest with a grin.

'See you in class, Bex.'

I grabbed my panties the minute he stepped away, balling them in my hand and rising to my feet as the librarian rounded the corner.

Straightening my skirt, I cleared my throat.

'So sorry, I got distracted by the books again.'

The older woman's eyes narrowed, looking from my hair to my heated cheeks and to my thighs. A moment of doubt crossed her face before she turned and said, 'Don't forget your pen.'

Stooping, I grabbed it, glancing down and seeing the sheen of lust coating my thighs.

Oh god.

With my face burning and my body feeling weak, I headed back to my table. Pouting, because Henry still hadn't kissed me.

CHAPTER SEVEN

HENRY

Rebecca hadn't come to class.

Worry coiled around me as I checked the clock for the fiftieth time in the lecture, utterly distracted by the Rebecca-shaped gap in the front row.

I'd pushed too far. What if she'd gone straight to the dean rather than coming to the lecture? I could kiss my job, and my daily access to my obsession, goodbye.

Rubbing my hand over the back of my collar, I wrapped up the lesson in what was probably incoherent babble. I'd been no use as a teacher the minute that hot little distraction had sauntered into my life. One class to go and I'd track her down and tell her exactly how much she was affecting me.

She should know. God, she'd made me come in my fucking pants just from the dirty little moans she gave. I hadn't even made it inside her. My balls ached at the memory of their proximity to her hot, wet pussy. Fuck, I knew she'd suck me in and take everything I gave her.

Bex hadn't screamed.

The police hadn't come knocking at my door.

Yet, she wasn't in class, and her absence was ripping my nerves to shreds.

Students rose, their chatter bubbling, but a prickle of awareness turned my gaze to the door. There she stood, cool as ice. With a self-assured lean, she waited by the door for the room to empty, before closing it behind her.

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‘You’re late,’ I said, trying to hide my relief at seeing her.

‘You’re hard,’ she countered, her eyes falling on the rising bulge in my pants.

‘Get over here.’

Bex hesitated, but whatever she saw in my expression made her practically scamper to stand in front of me. She dropped her bag to the floor, and I kicked it under my desk, trapping her beneath it and myself.

‘You missed my class.’ Already I was losing control with her standing in front of me. My addiction.

‘Maybe I can make it up to you?’ Her eyessparkled in that dark, dangerous way, and I looked over at the closed door.

‘I only have a few minutes before my next class,’ I said. Bex slid a hand onto my chest, tipping her head, her smile sending my soul scurrying.

‘I’ll be quick. I have something to ask, and something to offer.’

Temptation wiped everything else from my brain. ‘What?’

‘Have you heard of The Initiation?’ Of course I had. But it wasn’t common knowledge...

‘No, what is it?’

Bex tipped her head and fluttered those dark lashes at me. ‘A party. Where everyone wears masks. I’d love to go with my two friends, but getting in is nearly impossible without knowing a senior who’s involved.’

My pulse quickened as her fingers danced along my shirt buttons.

‘There are a lot of parties,’ I countered.

‘Not ones where people fuck right there in the room with masks on. I’ve heard that anything goes. And nothing leaves the party. If you could get us in... get you in... then you could fuck me right there in front of everyone and no one could say a word.’

Fuck me.

I wanted that more than I’d wanted anything. To claim her in front of everyone.

‘It’s too risky.’

‘Then fuck me masked... and no one will know but us.’

‘I don’t know if I can get you in, but there might be someone I can ask. Now, what was it you had to offer? Class will be in soon.’ The way she toyed with my shirt buttons had me close to ripping the thing off.

Sliding to her knees, she blinked at me. ‘Then you better fill my mouth real quick, Sir.’

The sight of her there, on the floor beneath me, had me fucking weak. How could I resist? In a flash, I undid my slacks, pulling my dick out over my underwear and grasping the base in my fist.

‘Holy shit,’ she said, eyes like saucers. ‘I didn’t know...’

The metal ladder on the underside of my dick glinted, the head of my cock flushed dark with need.

‘Open your fucking mouth, Bex. Count them all as I stuff them down your dirty little throat. You’re going to take every single one.’

Her brows knitted, and she shrank away, looking a little less sure of herself.

‘You can’t play the cock tease without the goodsto back it up. Now open that mouth wide and swallow me.’

She obeyed, opening her mouth and sticking her tongue out, as she had in the library. Delicious. Just seeing her like that had me fighting the urge to thrust. I placed the head of my cock against her tongue and waited.

‘Count them, Bex.’

‘One,’ she murmured, her tongue dancing against the metal at the head of my cock. I gripped my desk with my other hand, hoping to god she’d take it all before I lost it.

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‘Good girl. Keep going.’ I fed more into her mouth, saliva beginning to drip from her tongue. Sweet heavens.

‘Two. Three.’ The words were less clear with a mouthful of cock, but I got the gist. ‘Four.’

Four came with a gag, a slutty little choke that had my balls clenching. With the way she acted, I expected her to be a pro cock-sucker. Maybe she’d been one of those prissy girls in high school who dodged blowjobs. She could be my pillow princess if she liked. I could fuck her mouth for the both of us.

I tangled a hand in her hair and pressed forward.

‘Five,’ I said as she struggled at the intrusion to her throat. ‘Take it all for me.’

Tears lined her eyes as she tried to back up, but I gave her no leeway. There was only one way she was getting away, and it’s with a stomach full of hot cum.

Nearly there.

Pure panic filled her eyes as she wriggled on my dick, her lips swelling and dripping with spit.

‘Six,’ I grunted as I thrust home, straight into that tight ring at the back of her throat. Holding her there, I lost myself in the exquisite sensation of her choking and spluttering on my cock.

‘Fuck, Bex, you’re so damn hot. I thought you couldn't look any prettier, but you belong there, on your knees, with a mouthful of meat.’

Her eyes glazed over, so I pulled back, giving her a moment's reprieve.

‘Open your mouth,’ I growled, the need to be deep inside her overruling her need to breathe. Pinning her head back against the table, I sank deep, giving no quarter as my piercings disappeared all over again. Pinching her nose, I used her hot mouth like a cunt. Any reserve lost to pure feral need.

She heaved beneath me as my eyes rolled. Pleasure rocked me as I lost myself deep in her throat, determined to fill it.

The door opened, and I almost cried.

Shoving her under the desk, I dropped into my chair with a thump, tugging it tight against the edge. Panic quickened my breaths as students poured into the room, most thankfully too wrapped up in themselves to notice the turmoil I was in.

‘Just stay there,’ I hissed between my teeth.

‘Yes, Sir.’ The whisper hit me like a punch. Despite the commotion, my cock still stood firm, pinned between the desk and my stomach. Heaviness pulled at my balls where I’d been close... so close.

Fifty pairs of eyes stared at me as I withered on the spot. Erection out. Student under my desk. What the fuck was I doing? Swallowing the lump in my throat, I set a complicated task with the student able to solve it first getting to leave early. Not that the lecture was mandatory. I theoretically couldn’t make them stay at the best of times, far less sporting a stonking boner. Still. Math students loved a challenge. An attempt to beat their peers for a glimmer of authoritarian praise.

Hot lips met my flesh and I choked, covering the noise with a cough. Students stared. My cheeks flamed.

‘Stop it,’ I whispered.

‘Make me,’ came her whispered reply. Fingers wrapped around my length, stroking upward as I gripped the desk, struggling to calm my breath.

Little she-devil.

The hand was bad enough, but of course, Bex didn’t stop there. My stomach flipped as she twirled her wet tongue over the head, flicking at the metal barbell.

‘Professor Montgomery,’ a student called. ‘Is this solvable in the time frame we have?’

I scrambled for words as my obsession sucked me deep into her maddeningly hot mouth. Grimacing through a nod, I pressed an open hand against the desk to steady myself. Between her slick tongue and the way she drew me to the back of her throat, Bex tortured me. Unable to utter a peep, I fought for my life. Her tongue. Fuck. When I had taken her, it was incredible, but with her controlling it? Simply sublime.

Time and again, she took me to the edge. I could do little but suffer.

‘Are you alright, Sir?’ a student asked.

‘Yup.’ My voice was terse. Sweat pooled at the back of my neck as I fought the urge to thrust. Nails grazed my balls, and I found myself on the verge of tears. I was going to implode.

‘Hung over?’ Someone called out.

I wish.

I fucking wish.

CHAPTER EIGHT

REBECCA

Cramp mademy calves ache as I teased Henry beneath his desk. Tension roped his thighs, gripping me between them as he fought to maintain control.

He'd fail.

I'd make him come in front of his students, whether or not he liked it. Taunting him was better than I imagined it to be. Feeling him fall apart had me soaked.

The way his every breath trembled made me grin around his metal-covered shaft. I had to admit, those were a surprise. Whoever would have expected the good little math teacher to be studded from root to tip? Not me. It showed that people can surprise you after all.

I had no idea how long had passed between his thighs, but my arm ached, and my jaw felt the strainof my relentless teasing. I'd stopped and started multiple times, ruthless in his devastation. Any time someone asked a question, or he had to say something, I'd slide him right into my throat, my choking making him flinch. Pleasure and torture, all in one.

While I'd sucked a dick before, no one had ever fucked my mouth the way Henry had. He took my mouth like he owned it, and it drove me wild. I wanted to touch

myself so very badly. But not yet. No. This was about pushing Henry. Making him want me even more. Driving him to an unquenchable obsession. I had my professor right where I wanted him.

I relaxed back, taking him from my mouth and dropping sweet little licks to the head of his dick. A giggle escaped as he let out a low, audible growl.

Sucking him back into my mouth came with a flinch of his thighs. A hand snaked beneath the desk, grasping my hair and pulling me fully onto his cock, my throat spluttering at the sudden invasion. His face remained impassive above me, only the tick of his jaw showing what happened between us. I choked, loudly. I couldn't help it.

If I'd expected him to relent, I was sorely mistaken. Henry roughly used my head like a fist, thrusting deep into the back of my throat, holding me there until I thought I'd die. Tears flowed. Snot snotted. Saliva pooled. Then he tensed as he shoved his dick even deeper, holding the tight ring of my throat open as he pumped hot, salty cum into me. The tightness of his hand in my hair had tears tracking down my cheeks, and I gagged at the mouthful of him, warm cum shooting from my nose and covering us both.

At last, he released me, my hands moving to the floor to steady myself.

'That was rude,' I whispered between gulps of air.

'Not half as rude as I'll be when I punish your ass.' He sounded furious. A grin broke across my swollen lips.

Good.

Henry tucked his softening dick into his trousers, doing his best to wipe the cum and

snot from them beneath the desk.

Commotion kicked off behind me as an alarm blared and students rose, the room breaking into a ruckus as they crowded the floor. Henry moved, covering his wet crotch with a textbook as he stood.

‘Calmly, guys. Head for the nearest exit and meet me at the fire meeting point outside.’

I crawled out from under the desk, dragging my bag behind me. Waiting for enough distraction, I stood and slipped into the crush of bodies. If anyone noticed my sudden appearance, they didn’t show it. At the door, I looked back at Henry who crouched beside his desk, his eyebrows knitted. He caught my eye as I gave him a sweet little wave and ducked into the busy hall.

I caught up with Faye near my building and invited her in for a drink.

We sat on my bed, facing away from the window, chatting and laughing.

From the way I angled the mirror, I could see Henry amongst the trees, brooding.

Plotting his revenge, no doubt.

A shiver of excitement danced up my spine.

CHAPTER NINE

HENRY

Ray Mayers laughed with his friends inside the bar. Outside, I shivered as the fall air wrapped its icy fingers around me.

Since the day Rebecca Benson had stormed into my life, I seemed to spend far too much of it out in the cold. Watching. Waiting.

What I needed was to be wrapped up inside her. Fuck all the games.

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The moment Ray stepped outside, I grabbed him by the scruff of his coat and yanked him into the alley.

‘What the fuck, man?’ he shouted, fists flying. I narrowly avoided catching one on the chin before he realised who I was.

‘Professor? What’s going on?’ The kid looked at me like seeing a teacher in the real world was straight-up alien. ‘I need a favour.’

‘Yeah. I mean, if I can help.’ Ray shifted from one foot to the other, glancing over his shoulder. ‘You need a little pick-me-up?’

‘No. Wait, what? You’re peddling drugs?’

Ray shook his head. ‘Nah, I just know a guy, you know. So what’s up?’

‘You’ve got to get me four invites to The Initiation.’

He gave an unconvincing laugh. ‘That’s an urban myth.’

‘I’ve been here longer than you have. Give me the benefit of the doubt.’

The way his shoulders dropped let me know he was caving.

‘Listen, even if it were true, what makes you think I can do anything about it?’ Ray shrugged.

‘If you want to pass this semester, you’ll find a way.’

Did I feel like a piece of shit extorting the kid? Sure. But compared to coming in one student's throat in the middle of class, what’s a little blackmail?

‘I’m acing your fucking class,’ Ray spat, his cheeks pinking with anger.

‘You were. You still can. Four invites. That’s all.’

His hand slid into the back of his hair as he shifted in discomfort. ‘Fuck, man. I’ll do what I can. But you should really hang out with people your own age. I know we say whatever goes... but having teachers watch us bang is a whole different ballpark.’

‘Well, Ray,’ I said with a grin. ‘No one needs to know except us. Do they?’

With a shake of his head, he backed out of the alley, throwing me a filthy glare over his shoulder.

Cold bricks bit into my shoulders as I leaned back against the wall, taking a steady breath.

Rebecca Benson was going to be the death of me.

And from the way she’d twisted me around her finger with every whimper, I’d probably carve my own headstone with a smile.

CHAPTER TEN

REBECCA

Snip.

Snip.

Snip.

Edges of photographs fell away, landing on my thighs like autumn leaves. Leaves that were part of my past, and would hopefully pave my future.

I twisted the images as I removed the subject from them, creating a pile of stolen memories. Laughs meant for others. Long forgotten kisses. Fashions that fell to the wayside.

Sighing, I gathered the many faces, flicking through them while smiling softly to myself.

Carpet indented my legs where I'd knelt for too long, and the blood rushed back into my calves in a tingly flush as I stood. The hum of the fan kicked in as I opened the bathroom door. My pot of PVA glueawaited, and I spread a layer over the wall, it shining wet in the ugly yellow light.

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Thank God it was nearly done. The formerly piss coloured bathroom walls were now a sea of colour. A montage of images painstakingly pasted over the crappy old paint.

Removing it when I left would be a ball-ache, but that was a future Bex's problem.

I didn't rush the process, selecting each picture with care to add to the photo wall.

Leafing through my box of photographs was one thing, but seeing them all together, displayed in a sea of faces, sent a thread of warmth through me.

Albeit, I'd have to stop letting the girls come over.

It would be worth it.

After finding the perfect spot for each image, I sealed over them with another layer of glue, leaving it to dry to a solid sheen.

I'd no sooner finished washing the gluey strands from my hands when a loud knock startled me.

Leaving the chain linking the door, I opened it a crack.

Henry leant against the frame, his green eyes stormy behind his dark-rimmed glasses. Upping and leaving him the previous day had clearly driven him wild.

It was fun.

‘Good evening, Professor,’ I said, letting a coquettish naivety fill my words.
‘Whatever can I help you with?’

‘I’ve got your invites.’ Water trickled down his forehead in rivulets, the rain hammering around him.

‘Show me.’ Glee filled my chest. The girls would die with excitement.

Henry thrust three elegant envelopes through the doorframe, somewhat damp, but still legible. In scrolling ink, my name decorated the front of one. Hand lettered in calligraphy.

Fancy.

‘Thank you,’ I smiled.

‘Are you going to let me in?’ he asked, his shoulders stiffening as a door opened nearby.

Tipping my head, I watched the small slice of him I could see through the crack in the door. ‘I’d love to. Unfortunately, I’m about to wash my hair.’

A deep growl met me, making my insides quiver in delight.

I loved him when he became enraged. Winding him up was quickly becoming my favourite thing.

‘Rebecca.’ My name was an admonishment on his tongue, and I fought back the urge to laugh.

‘Henry,’ I parroted, reaching through the gap in the door and grazing a thumb over

his wet cheek. 'I'd love to drag you in here and finish what we started, but we both know it'll only be sweeter if we delay the inevitable.'

He caught my fingers in his hand, sucking them into his mouth while holding eye contact. The way his tongue slid between my digits had me close to caving. That hot, wet mouth could be so divine. I knew he'd use it well.

But giving a man everything he wanted too quickly could ruin everything. And I'd worked too hard to get to where I was to throw it away on a quick fuck.

No.

Stay the course, Bex.

Still, my eyes fluttered as he sucked on my finger, his moan reverberating through my hand.

'Please, Bex?' The wanton plea nearly toppled my willpower.

'At the party. Find me. Take me. Keep me.'

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I withdrew my hand and thrust the door closed in his face, hearing his deep sigh coming from behind the wood.

The shower was mediocre, as always.

The brush slid through my hair, which looked a light brown when wet rather than its usual blonde. I focused entirely on the mirror and pretended I had no idea that Henry lurked outside my window, the rain battering his sullen face.

Biting back a smile, I took out a pot of moisturiser and slathered the cold mousse over my legs. He stepped closer to the partially opened window as I worked the lotion into my legs, slowly working from toes to my upper thigh, circling and taunting.

Of course, he didn't know I was putting on a show for him.

I moved on to my arms, rubbing until they gleamed. Dropping my towel, I caught sight of his reaction in the mirror, his hand moving out of view, his arm jerking.

My dirty professor.

He should know better.

My fingers slid over my tits, rubbing them as he practically fell apart outside. I turned to give him a full view of my ass, bending to gather the lotion and making sure he saw me rub it into every inch of my naked body.

Soon enough, his face contorted in either anger or orgasm, likely both. And I

swallowed a giggle at his tortured expression.

He was barely functioning because of his obsession with me. It made me feel like a fucking goddess.

Would he worship me like one?

I pulled an oversized tee on, still pretending not to be aware of him.

He slid his hand in through the small gap in the window, and I held my breath. What the hell was he doing?

He wiped his hand over my pillow. Right where I slept.

It took everything not to turn around and stare. Instead, I opened a beer and gathered the photo scraps, tidying the mess I made.

By the time I returned to the bedroom, he was gone.

I inched over to the window and snapped it shut, locking the mechanism and pulling the thin curtains closed.

Only then did I inspect my pillow.

‘Oh, Henry,’ I said with a smile. ‘You disgusting man.’

My pillowcase was coated in cold, slippery cum. He’d left me a gift.

Giddy, I pulled back my covers and climbed into bed, using the spare pillow beneath my head and crushing the Henry-coated one between my thighs.

Moaning softly into the night, I pretended he was there with me. Touching me. Between my thighs.

His cum coated my naked pussy, a veritable unholy slip-and-slide of our combined desire by the time I was ready to sleep.

The level of depravity he showed caught me by surprise. A pleasant surprise. I'd had no idea how rotten he was beneath those dark-rimmed glasses and pretty face.

Let's hope he was ready to sink to hell with me.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

HENRY

Sound reverberated through the underground tunnels beneath the old library. Why they were originally built remained unknown, but they were neither maintained nor used.

Or so I thought.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 3:50 am

Someone had addressed my invitation to the wrong name; professors weren't allowed, but my demonic mask and tailored suit disguised my identity.

Heat hit me before I made it to the room, the sweat-soaked air of half-drunken young adults. It stopped me in my tracks. The threshold to the cavernous underground space felt like a barrier between who I was, and who I shouldn't become. Standing there, I wrestled with the desire to find Bex, to ensure she wasn't a tangle of limbs with half a dozen other students. To claim her once and for all. To mark her as mine.

Yet, I stood on the precipice of a decision. Walking into that room and being recognised could cost me my job. They said that 'Nothing that happens at The Initiation leaves that room' and that was all good and well, but I wasn't naïve enough to believe that whispers of a teacher fucking a student wouldn't surface after the fact.

A deep scarlet curtain blocked the raucous party from view, but I heard them. Felt them. The vibrations of the deep bass within ricocheting through my bones. The sharp tang of alcohol drifted around the edge of the curtain, carried by the body heat desperately trying to escape the cloying room.

With my heart in my throat, I pulled aside the curtain and ducked inside.

Only candlelight brightened the dark, in dancing circles here and there. Despite the old, abandoned location, decadence abounded. Young, lithe bodies glittered in the soft orange light, sweaty and writhing along to music that was loud enough to envelop me.

Everywhere I looked, people engaged with one another, pouring drinks from one

mouth to another, dark red rivulets of wine staining their skin. Tongues followed the trails, licking alcohol and sweat from between tits, and the tight abs of athletes.

Everyone wore masks. Some wore only partial masks, with swollen lips bursting from beneath covered eyes, while others, like me, were unrecognisable.

How many of these are my students? How many of these people did I see every day, cloaked in baggy clothing and with hang-over induced eye bags, loitering on seats while yawning? They'd likely be unrecognisable even without the masks. In there, they swarmed with vitality, lust and abandon.

A group of young men ripped apart a woman's dress, exposing her as she gave a pretty moan. Mouths descended on her. Biting, licking, and sucking until she begged for more. For fingers. For cocks. They obliged with feral grunts, looking like a pack of wild dogs as they passed her from dick to dick, impatiently waiting for their turn with the trembling girl. Her body quaked as one man slid his mouth over her reddened cunt, unbothered that his friend's cock was an inch from his tongue. Her scream of pleasure cut off as her mouth filled with another young buck.

Fucking hell.

I'd seen nothing quite like it. Where were those parties when I was in college?

Bex.

Shit, she could be spread among a pack of men of her own. Jealousy flooded my veins, warring with the intense arousal the scene had brought on.

I could lose myself in the night so easily. All around, bodies moaned and squirmed, bounced and danced.

Condoms littered tabletops. But from what I'd seen, they were largely being ignored.

Planned parenthood would have a field day tomorrow.

Making my way through the swathes of naked bodies felt like a fever dream, as I lost track of time and place while hunting for my obsession. Masked or not, I'd find her.

Drinks pressed into my hand, one pretty little thing splashing wine directly from the bottle into my mouth, pulling my mask up to do so.

I shouldn't have let her, but I was lost in a lust-filled enchantment.

The Initiation felt like falling into another world. Some faerie land where you'd experience ultimate pleasures, likely for the price of your soul.

Rebecca appeared as if by magic, sitting on an old leather couch between a man and a woman. The dress she wore looked fashioned out of ribbons, and my fingers itched to walk over and tear the red silk from her body.

But other hands were on her.

Other mouths.

Jealousy hit me like a train, my body flushing as I tensed.

The mask she wore barely covered her eyes, not caring whether anyone recognised her. Curls of blonde hair lay against her shoulders, where the woman pushed them aside to lick at Bex's neck.

Bex stared directly at me, a smile playing on her lips when our eyes met.

She uncrossed her legs, splaying them slightly before crossing them in the opposite direction, giving me a peek at her bare cunt.

Dirty.

Little.

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Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 3:50 am

Slut.

My cock strained toward her, like a rabid fucking dog. The envy only roiled up, making me want to storm over and rip her from their arms and take their place.

Bex taunted me.

I saw the devil in those hell-dark eyes of hers.

It was a challenge.

And I didn't know the answer.

Accost them? Watch?

The guy slid a hand up her thigh, deciding my path for me.

I tore through the veritable orgy and headed straight for her. With a hand around her throat, I raised her to her feet.

'What the fuck are you doing?' I demanded.

She spluttered, but those eyes sparkled as her lips parted. 'Partying.'

'You are mine,' I growled. 'I am tempted to break every finger that touched you.'

'Will you also cut off their tongues?' she whispered, her words tainted with pure lust.

‘Make them bleed?’

I tightened my grip on her neck, our lips almost touching.

‘Or...’ she moaned, ‘You could make me bleed?’

‘You’re the devil herself,’ I murmured, half delirious with need and half in awe of her. What magic did she possess to hold me so utterly in her thrall?

‘Why don’t you stop fucking around and make that mouth useful, Sir?’

‘Here?’ I asked, looking around at the hordes of students.

‘If you want it. You’ll get on your knees for me right here. Make me scream in front of everyone. Because if you can’t... I’m sure someone else will.’

I threw her onto the couch, sending the others scampering when I dropped to my knees in front of her.

Oh, she’d scream alright.

She squeaked when I forced her thighs wide, sliding my mask up over my head and throwing caution to the fucking wind.

My breaking point went with a thunderous snap as I looked at Bex, all breathy-chested and slutty-eyed. The fact her thighs were wide, her pussy bared for all to see, failed to affect her. Her focus remained solely on me, her eyes flicking to my mouth.

‘Say it,’ I breathed, my words dancing across her already glistening slit.

‘I’m yours.’

With her proclamation, my dam burst, and I thrust my face between her thighs. Decorum fled as I feasted, tasting her both sweet and salty on my tongue.

Heaven.

Fucking heaven was nestled right there.

I ate like a man starved, nipping and sucking until my face grew as wet as her cunt.

Delicious moans tumbled from above, urging me on, driving me to a frenzy I'd never felt before. There was nothing I needed more than to make her come.

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Writhing as if possessed, she slid lower on the couch, my arms wrapping around her hips and holding her against me as ecstasy gripped her.

‘Henry,’ she panted, her fingers tightening in my hair as her hips rocked.

I groaned against her, sucking her swollen clit into my mouth. Her screams of pleasure were loud enough to drag eyes to us from all around. Yet, I couldn’t stop. Wouldn’t stop.

She came hard, soaking my chin and chest, her need dripping as I continued to drive my tongue inside her.

‘Henry.’ Her voice became pained, throaty. ‘Stop.’

‘You.’ I said, biting her thigh. ‘Are.’ My eyes rolled as I saw tears prick in hers. ‘Mine.’

Her flesh burned beneath my tongue as I lapped up every drop of her sweetness.

Bex unthreaded her hands, pushing herself upright despite my desperate tonguing of her still quivering pussy.

‘You taste so fucking good,’ I groaned.

With a gentle shove, she knocked me back, cradling my soaked chin in one slender hand.

‘Do you want to fuck me, Sir?’

A tease lifted her words, making them dance. I leaned forward, eager to capture her lips. To taste more of my forbidden obsession.

‘I’m going to fuck you.’

Smiling deviously, she placed one foot on my chest, her sandal flat, ribbons snaking their way up her perfect calves.

‘You’ll have to catch me first,’ she said, kicking me hard enough that I tumbled back onto my ass, my mask falling back over my face.

Laughter rang out around me as I picked myself up, far too aware of the way my dick strained against my pants. By the time I collected myself, she was nowhere to be seen.

I tore through the sea of bodies, now wilder than before. It was like trying to wade through a swamp made of living, breathing, fucking treacle.

The loud music grated as I searched for her, grabbing a woman in a red-ribboned dress, only to apologise when it wasn’t Bex.

Where was she?

Wiping my chin, I stumbled toward the exit, catching a glimpse of my girl, looking at me like the cat who got the cream.

My feet hit the stone floor with renewed vigour, blood coursing through me as I chased her. By the time we hit the street, I was only a few heartbeats behind her.

Adrenaline fuelled me.

Adrenaline with a chaser of unholy, feral lust.

A light rain picked up as she hit the woods and disappeared into the thicket of trees.

Heading home.

Run as fast as you can, little demon. I'll be inside you within the hour.

Finally taking what is mine.

CHAPTER TWELVE

REBECCA

My damp thighsslid against one another as I ducked between the rough bark of the trees, looking over my shoulder as Henry crashed behind me.

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I just had to make it home.

God damn, the party location was farther than I'd prepared for. My breath burned in my chest with each sharp intake. Twigs scratched at my legs and arms, my barely-there dress providing no protection at all.

'Rebecca,' Henry sang out behind me, the crash of his feet getting closer.

'Fuck,' I gasped, a stitch burning in my core.

The trees thinned, lights visible at the edge the woods. My apartment.

So close.

A huff behind me had me turning. Just for onegance. I squealed at the feral look on Henry's face and hit the ground running with renewed vigour.

'Oh, my little obsession, you're not getting away this time,' Henry growled, glee driving his words.

A branch snapped, blending with my rattling breath, the scent of wet pine filling the air. With burning muscles, I forced myself onward. I needed to make it home?—

'Oomph!' I exhaled as Henry hit me from behind, sending us both rolling into the wet leaves.

'No,' I said, scratching at him, flailing like a hellcat.

‘Yes,’ he breathed against my neck, the length of his body pinning mine beneath, his dick already digging into my ass from above. ‘You’ve driven me to the fucking edge, Princess. No. More. Games.’

The sound of ripping fabric filled my ears as my dress fell away, his fingers diving under me, pressing two deep inside my pussy.

‘Henry,’ I whimpered.

‘You protest, yet your cunt is fucking soaked. It’s not all my saliva, is it?’ He twisted his fingers, making me see stars.

‘No,’ I admitted.

‘You like it when I touch you, don’t you, Bex?’ His breath tickled against my neck, and I arched against him, giving him more access with those divine fingers.

‘Yes, Sir.’ I bit back a moan, trying to focus on how to get away. To get home. I needed to get us to my apartment.

‘And you’re going to enjoy taking my cock, too. God, I’ve never wanted a single thing more than I want to be inside you.’

Henry withdrew his fingers, and I struggled again, determined to wriggle out from beneath him. Leaves stuck to my face, mud seeping between my fingers. I couldn’t shift him.

‘There, there,’ he cooed as he pressed his bare cock between my thighs. A yelp tumbled from me as he grabbed me roughly by the hair while sliding his cock back and forth along my wet slit. ‘It won’t take too long. Not this time. No. You’ve wound me up too much. But next time we’ll take it slow. I’ll worship you the way you

deserve.'

'Please,' I begged.

'Shh.' His cock pressed against my entrance, and I bit my lower lip. I wasn't ready. But God, did I want him to sink home. How long had I wanted exactly this?

My body offered less resistance than I thought it might when he thrust forward, the swollen, metal-studded tip breaching my insides. The stretchingsting stole my breath, leaving my chest empty while he filled my pussy.

I'd imagined the moment so many times, but I hadn't thought about how big he'd be. Or how each of the metal piercings would pop against tender flesh as he pressed home.

Home.

Because that's where he was.

Finally home.

'Henry,' I whimpered, clawing at the dirt as he gave me more. So. Much. Hard. Flesh. 'It hurts.'

'I know. But you're doing so good. You can take it all for me, can't you?'

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Tears sprang unbidden as I nodded, my mouth gaping as he pressed the last of himself deep inside me. He paused there, the only sounds his ragged breath and the distant patter of rain.

Could he feel how monumental this moment was?

Could he appreciate it?

‘I can’t stop,’ he crooned against my neck. He reached for my wrists, pushing them out in front of me, pinning me to the ground beneath him as he rocked his hips. The small movement felt like an earthquake inside of me, acute pain mingling with deep-rooted desire. ‘You’re mine.’

‘All yours,’ I choked out, the tears flowing as his hips quickened.

Please be quick.

This wasn’t how I planned it, yet, I arched to take more with each of his desperate thrusts. His obsession with me was enough. It fed me. Stroked my ego the way I so desired.

‘Fuck. Bex.’ His groan made my stomach swim with need. ‘You’re perfect.’

Hot lips dragged over the cool skin of my neck, tracing his possession over every inch he could reach.

‘So fucking hot and tight, god, I’m not going to be able to hold off. I’m going to fill

your tight little cunt until you burst, my little devil.'

No.

Not like this.

Yet, the way he held me, possessive and overwhelming, and how he filled me to bursting, each stroke of his cock deepening a coil of pleasure within me, had me intoxicated.

Like he'd drugged me with his fucking metal-covered cock. Dick-matised me.

His hands loosened on my wrists as he lost himself in frantic thrusts, arching his hips to make me feel every inch of him.

Pulling my arms beneath me, I pressed myself onto my hands and knees, his body moving with me as he gripped my hips for more punishing leverage.

Every thrust punched the breath from me in animalistic yelps. My eyes glazed as I lost myself in the onslaught of his lust.

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw Henry lost in sensation. Dark hair lay wet and messy against his forehead, his mask gone. When had he discarded it? My teeth grazed my lip as his fingers dug hard into my hips, his body tensing.

Sensing his distraction, I lifted a leg and kicked back, catching him square in the bollocks. A loud humph escaped him, and he let go of my hips. Not wasting a second, I was on my feet in a heartbeat, heading for home.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

HENRY

The trees shifted around me as the pain made me gag. I was only half aware of Rebecca's half-naked form running away as the world shrank to me and my aching balls.

Looking down, blood coated me.

Fucking hell, she'd kicked me hard enough to draw blood?

Sweeping my hand between my legs and bringing it up for inspection, I knitted my brows. Nothing.

No. The scarlet only decorated my shaft. The tip. Was it from one of my piercings?

I inspected myself, but the injury wasn't mine.

Guilt hit me. It must have been Rebecca's. Fuck, I hadn't meant to hurt her. Not like that.

No wonder she'd run off.

I should have been gentler, but she'd driven me to become a beast around her.

Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 3:50 am

Trying to stand made me heave. Nope. Not ready to stand.

Pressing a hand against the rough, wet bark of a nearby tree, I paused and caught my breath, waiting for the blistering pain in my balls to subside. I couldn't decide if it was from the kick or being so close to coming, only to be called off at the last minute.

Despite the pain I'd caused her, she'd arched against me and moaned like a lusty little whore. She'd wanted it.

Hadn't she?

I had to go to her.

To plead my case. To pump her full of cum.

The first few steps were a half stumble as I tucked my still hard cock into my trousers, wiping the rain from my face with the back of my damp sleeve.

She had firmly shut her window, and I stalked around to her front door, ready to knock and beg.

It stood ajar.

Rapping my knuckles lightly against it, I shouted, 'Bex?'

No sound met me.

Darkness filled the apartment when I pushed it open. Squinting, I made my way along the corridor, looking for any signs she had returned. Had she gone to a friend's instead? Should I expect to be surrounded by red and blue flashing lights at any moment?

‘Bex?’ I said again, entering the combined lounge and kitchen to find it equally deserted.

The bedroom equally perplexed me.

Where the hell was she?

A sliver of light shone from beneath a closed door. The closer I got, the louder the interior fan whirred. A bathroom? Of course... she was probably cleaning herself up.

Knocking loudly, I waited.

Silence.

‘Bex? Can I come in? I just want to talk.’

Nothing.

The handle depressed with no resistance, and I pushed the door open. Bex wasn't there.

Cut up photographs of a teen covered an entire wall.

No a man.

Both.

My heart squeezed, nearly stopping entirely as I recognised the face in a photo. My face. My pulse hammered, sweat gathering at the nape of my neck.

They were all me.

Going from picture to picture, my stomach lurched. I rubbed my eyes, trying to clear away the delusion I had to be seeing. It couldn't be reality.

'What the fuck?' I whispered to myself. There were pictures from the age of eighteen or nineteen right up to now. The world spun as I backed out of the room, my head spinning as confusion and fear swarmed me.

Who the fuck was she?

'Surprise.' Bex's voice was soft, and right next to my ear. A sharp pinch at my neck made me flinch before I turned.

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Holding the pained spot, I lurched toward Bex, who stepped back. An empty syringe hung from her fingertips, while a wicked smile danced on her lips.

‘It’s about time, Henry.’

‘Who—’ My words failed me as I lashed out at her. But my arms were useless, like overcooked spaghetti.

Tripping over my own feet, I dropped to the floor, landing with a crack. My eyes blurred as she stood beside me, grinning.

The last thing I saw was her red-coated thighs.

Fuck.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

REBECCA

As hot as his thick, muscled body was, it made Henry a pain to move. Scooping him under the arms, I dragged him toward the bed, sweat soaking my spine.

‘Holy crap, Henry, what are you made of? Fucking steel?’

By the time I’d hauled him to the bedroom, I was dripping with sweat. Thank god he was knocked out. I didn’t need him seeing me scooting him while puffing like a beached whale.

Dropping him on the floor, I stretched out my back, wiping my slick forehead on the back of my arm.

It would be easier to pull the bed toward him. Plus, it would stop him from being so close to the window. At least, being in a renovated building, the old walls were thicker than the newer dorms. They should muffle him when he wakes up and likely yells like an angry little banshee.

How the heck to get him on the bed?

Squatting next to him, I tried to shove him up the edge. No luck. He flopped half on top of me, his dead weight knocking the breath from my lungs.

Fuck-a-duck. All my years of planning and I'm foiled by getting his hot ass onto my bed.

'C'mon baby,' I huffed, propping him against the bed and climbing onto it. I looped my arms under his and pulled. Fucking hell, I nearly popped a blood vessel.

My shoulders burned as I tugged his limp form, but there was movement. Digging my knees into the mattress, I fought against gravity and finally, with a grunt, defeated it.

Once his shoulders and back were on the bed, it was easy enough to tumble his legs on.

'There we are, sweetie. Right where you belong. We're going to have so much fun.'

Henry remained utterly out of it.

Disappointing.

The click of the handcuffs filled the room as I opened the set. All four.

Sitting beside his comatose form, I danced my fingers down his shirt, opening each button one by one. Dirt, rain, and a dash of blood coated his clothing. A reminder of what he'd taken.

Taken before he was supposed to.

But I'd right that wrong soon enough.

When he loved me.

I stripped him of all but his boxer shorts, delighting at the way he twitched beneath the graze of my nails across his hidden dick.

His body understood, even if his mind didn't.

Yet.

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The handcuffs chinked against the bed frame as I secured him in a cross position, each ankle and wrist attached to a corner, spreading him out like a muscle-clad buffet.

A buffet for one.

His jaw clenched as I traced my thumb over it, bending to drift my lips over his.

It was all I'd allow myself for now. After years of patience, I burned to kiss him properly. To moan into his mouth and drink down his desire.

Not yet, Bex.

What's a little longer after all this time?

Leaving him there, I went to shower. I wanted to look perfect for him by the time he awoke.

Henry woke me with rabid jerking against his bonds. I'd fallen asleep curled beside him on the bed, stealing his warmth and being soothed by the deep rumbling of his chest.

How often had I watched him sleep and dreamed of being right there? It was everything I'd imagined.

'Oh, Henry. Good morning,' I said, sitting beside him with a smile.

He tried to speak, but all that emerged was a garbled whisper.

‘Patience, love, it’ll take a little while until you’re fighting fit again. So to speak.’

He writhed as I left the bed, freshening up in the bathroom before making a pot of coffee and returning to the bed, perching on the edge.

‘I’m guessing you have some questions?’ His green eyes narrowed, and I leant over to place his glasses back on his face. His mouth moved, but whatever he tried to say was lost.

‘You didn’t recognise me. Well, I think your body did, but you didn’t. Do you remember Melissa Green? You used to date her in your teens.’

Henry’s brows knitted at the name. Of course he remembered. He’d lost his virginity to that bitch in her garden shed. I’d seen them.

‘Do you remember the girl next door that Melissa would babysit sometimes? That little girl called Rebecca?’

Henry swallowed, his eyes widening.

‘That’s right. I’m one and the same. You never saw me, then, as you shouldn’t have. I was just a kid. But I knew I loved you from the moment we met. I knew you’d love me one day. You only needed time.’

Putting my coffee aside, I stroked my fingers over his chest, and he flinched. It hurt, given how desperate he’d been for me the night before.

‘I know it’s a lot. It’s okay. I’ve been watching you for so long, Henry. Watching you grow and date and become the man you are today. You never knew I waited in the shadows. You never saw me. But the moment I walked into the classroom, you felt it.’

He shook his head.

‘You did, baby. Last night, you pinned me to the floor and took my virginity. The virginity I’d saved for you. You said you couldn’t help it. You wanted me so badly you had to fuck me. My innocence still coats your cock. There’s no point denying it.’

Panic filled his face at the mention of my virginity. He hadn’t known.

‘I saved it all this time, for you. You have always been the only man for me. That jealousy you felt watching me touch myself to a picture that you thought was another man. It was you. It’s always been you. Imagine how I felt watching you fuck your way through college. Watching you date other women while you didn’t even remember me. It hurt, Henry.’

Running my hand over the muscled expanse of his stomach, I sighed.

‘So now, I need to convince you to ache for me again, Henry. To help you see what we really are. Tied together in these unholy games that we both enjoy so much. Cat and mouse. Predator and prey. You and I, both. We crave to conquer one another. To pin and scratch and take. You nearly won last night, nearly filled me up right there in the woods, but I outsmarted you. Caught you in my trap like a wriggling little rodent.’

He squirmed as I traced my fingertips over his groin, his cock stirring despite his tugging against the handcuffs. ‘And when I’ve toyed with you, I’ll let you go. And we’ll start the game all over again. Maybe you’ll win next time.’

Picking up shears, I cut his boxers off while his eyes grew saucer-wide, revealing the deliciousness beneath.

Wrapping my fingers around his stiffening shaft, I grinned. ‘But I doubt it. I’m just so much better at the game.’

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‘Bex,’ he murmured, finally getting control of his tongue. ‘Let me go.’

‘When you’ve earned it, Sir. But first, you need to learn to be my good boy.’

His mouth opened wide as he made to scream, but I was prepared, of course. I slipped off my panties and stuffed them in his mouth, sealing over it with duct tape.

Sitting, I fetched my coffee and took a lengthy sip, watching him struggle until he tuckered himself out.

Silly sausage.

He’d learn, eventually.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

HENRY

Screwing my eyes shut, I tried to ignore the reality of my situation. The sound of hot liquid hitting plastic made my insides shrivel as she held the bottle tightly against the head of my cock.

‘This isn’t what I had in mind.’ Bex sighed as she waited for me to finish.

‘Then let me go.’

‘I will. Soon, I hope. You just need to understand the situation before I can.’ Rebecca

moved away, taking the bottle with her to the bathroom.

For the hundredth time, I tried to pull my hands free of the cuffs, but they were too tight.

At first, I'd tried screaming, but that only ended with my mouth stuffed with dirty panties and tape holding them in. I'd gagged for a full hour before she removed them. The thought of the panties in my mouth made me shudder. I couldn't stand the feel of fabric against my tongue.

So I'd have to charm my way out. It was the weekend, so no one would look for me until Monday, when I failed to show for work.

Playing her game was the only option.

So I drank when she offered me water. I ate when she passed me food. And yes, I pissed in the goddamned bottle.

Bex came back armed with a basin of soapy water and a washcloth.

'I don't think you need?—'

'I know what I need, Henry.'

I stiffened when she wrung out the washcloth and scrubbed my body, working in steady strokes over my arms and chest. How had I missed her following me for years? I'd barely noticed her when I'd babysat with Melissa. Rebecca had been a hindrance in my quest to get to see my girlfriend's tits. She hadn't been on my radar then, nor over the following years. Only to find out she'd stalked me for years. Photographed me. Lured me in like some idiot.

And I'd fallen

Hard.

The previous night I'd pursued her like a monster, chasing her and having my way, or almost, with her. Never had I been so utterly blinded with lust.

But now? Anger replaced lust. Betrayal. She'd swindled me into falling for a student who I had no right to be with, and all under a pretence.

The cloth moved lower, skating over my stomach, the warmth and rough texture making my eyes roll. Admitting it felt good made me tense all over.

I didn't want to want her.

'I wish you could see, Henry, that I've only done this because of how strongly I need you. That obsession you felt? It's burned me up for years.'

I remained silent as she skirted around my cock and washed my legs.

'Don't you want a woman who adores you that much? Who wants you enough to do anything to have you?' Her voice was soft and warm. 'No one will ever love you like I do. Not the way you need.'

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Water sloshed as she wetted the cloth and rinsed it out once more, my breath catching as she wiped it over my aching balls. No matter how I tried to ignore her, my balls hadn't forgotten how close they'd come to emptying inside her maddeningly perfect cunt.

'You've had normal relationships, Henry. Pretty girls and lovely dates. You felt empty. But with me... with our dirty little games? You came alive. When I sucked your dick under your desk, you glowed. Don't you want that?' I shuddered as the cloth stroked along my length, unable to hide the blood rushing to my cock.

Dropping the cloth, Rebecca straddled me, my skin damp beneath the warmth of hers. I looked at her, her sweet smile making me lust for her and hate her all at once.

'Get off,' I demanded.

'No, darling. I won't.'

Leaning across me, she licked her way across my chest, her ass grazing my dick and making me see stars.

'I don't want this.' I struggled beneath her.

'The way your cock is trying to invade my ass crack says otherwise.' She shifted downward, trapping my erection between her moist panties and my stomach. When she arched her hips, I could have cried. Pleasure bloomed, and I bit back a groan.

'God, Henry. You're so fucking hot. I've waited so long to have you all to myself.'

I've dreamt about feeling your chest beneath my fingers. About being able to touch you any way I please.'

The next grind of her hips had me releasing a moan, unable to hold it back. Her dark eyes narrowed with desire as she rocked her clothed clit back and forth against the head of my cock.

'Let's not forget you've been just as bad as me. You thought I couldn't see you outside my window all those nights. Leaning in and wiping your cum over my pillows. I'm a freak, Henry, but so are you. Like calls to like.'

Bex leaned and bit the skin above my collarbone, making me thrash beneath her. Pain mingled with pleasure as I broke out in a sweat. Wiping her mouth, she sat grinning like a devil.

'What was that for?' I asked.

'I wanted to mark you. To claim you as mine. Have you never wanted to mark me and claim me as yours?'

'No,' I said. I hadn't. But fuck, I wanted to topple her off me and show her who was in charge. To claim my place with her being the one gasping beneath me.

Yet...

Being powerless beneath her had my cock fit to burst with barely a touch.

It was like she reached inside me and unlocked a torrent of filth. Yes, I wanted to mark her. With my teeth. With finger marks. With hot cum.

'God,' she moaned, 'the piercings feel good, even through my panties.'

‘You were a virgin,’ I stammered, trying not to lose myself in the sensations of her, reminding myself she still had me bound like an animal.

‘I saved myself for you. You’ll be the first man to come in my pussy and ass, Henry. The only man. Unless you choose to share me.’

The flare of jealousy that hit me felt like a punch. The power of it winded me. Why did I care? It’s not like I would stay with the little psycho. Not after I convinced her to let me go.

‘I could make that happen right now. Slide onto your fat cock and have you fill me until I burst. Would you like that?’

My swallow was audible. I fought the urge to plead with her to fuck me. The memory of being inside her, of how I’d felt complete for the first time, made me ache.

‘Don’t worry, I won’t fuck you until you beg for it,’ she said with a laugh, grinding her cunt against the head of my dick once more.

‘I won’t beg.’

‘Oh, Henry. You know you will. But the longer you fight it, the more fun it’ll be.’ She slid off me, and I nearly caved on the spot when cool air replaced where her skin had seared me.

‘You still haven’t kissed me, you know?’ Bex said, picking up a small flick knife and unsheathing the blade. ‘It’s very rude.’

‘I can’t kiss you,’ I said, pulling my cuffs foreffect.

Straddling me once more, she rested her elbows on my chest as I winced, her hot cunt

right back on top of my aching cock. Toying with the knife, she eyed me.

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‘I’ve been dreaming of our first kiss for nearly a decade... make it good for me. And remember how vulnerable you are if you try to hurt me.’ Dragging the tip of the blade over my chest and to my throat, she placed it against my racing pulse.

Dropping the blade beside my head, she leaned down, her breath mingling with my own. Nerves made my extremities tingle as her eyes searched mine. When her lashes fluttered closed, she took my face in her hands. Our lips met in a clash of anger and need, tension swimming between us and increasing with each stroke of her hot tongue. Lips parting, I swallowed her moan, losing myself in her.

Arching my back, I tried to get more of her, all of her, wishing I could press my fingers into her hair and pin her to me.

My heartbeat thrummed loudly in my ears as our kiss grew more frenzied, both of us abandoning our predicament for a moment of pure lust.

I growled as she pulled away, arching my hips upward and crashing my dick against her wetness.

My mind turned to mush, my lungs aching for air. There was no denying the way my body still craved her.

‘That was perfect,’ she whispered, touching her kiss-grazed lips.

‘Please let me go?’ I said, my voice breaking with frustration.

‘No, Sir. I’m not done playing with you yet.’

‘You know I wanted you. Why bother with all this? I already wanted to fuck you.’ I’d never have known any different if she’d only continued our relationship. Why all this madness?

‘Because it’s fun. And you wanted me, but you didn’t love me. You will though.’

Bex knelt on the bed and slid her panties off before sitting on my chest. I groaned at the compression, and the sight of her sweet, wet cunt spread open for me.

I hadn’t forgotten how intoxicating it had tasted.

She watched, rapt, as she stroked her clit in circles, teasing the flesh right in front of my face.

‘I’m going to drive you mad with lust, Professor, until you’re as obsessed with me as I am with you.’

Breathless, she slid two fingers into her entrance, the flesh clenching around them as she curled upward.

‘Then we will play for real.’

‘You’re such a little creep,’ I said, my voice deep and crackly.

‘Your little creep,’ she moaned, thrusting her fingers deep. ‘This is all yours.’

Alternating between teasing her clit and fucking herself, she drove me fucking crazy. So close that I could smell her desire, yet too far to reach. My mouth watered.

Her outer lips swelled as she writhed against my chest, her fingers sinking deeper, the noises wetter by the second.

‘Let me help,’ I begged, my willpower crumbling.

Bex ignored me, biting her lip as she held my gaze.

‘Please? I want to taste you.’

‘You will,’ she gasped, her thighs trembling. ‘When you’ve earned it.’

‘Bex,’ I demanded. ‘Sit on my fucking face.’

The dominant words made her eyes hood with need, but she ignored me, adding a third finger into her swollen folds and tipping her head back in a throaty cry.

Her cunt clenched hard, sending a river of pleasure-laced liquid showering onto my chest. I watched with fascination as it dripped between her still thrusting fingers, washing everything with a sweetglaze.

My cock fucking burned, my balls heavy.

If lust could kill, I’d be a fucking goner.

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Bex sat on my chest and smiled at me. ‘Do you see how fun it can be?’

‘Rebecca, you can’t leave me like this.’

‘Oh, I can. And I will. But first, you need to clean my hand like a good boy.’

She stretched out her wet fingers, and every ounce of my willpower wanted to tell her to fuck right off. Instead, I opened my mouth, moaning as I got another sweet hit of my obsession.

My psycho.

My demon.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

REBECCA

By the end of the second day, my patience wore thin. I couldn’t decide which of us was hornier, Henry or me.

His cock stood rigid, purpling at the tip as I ran my fingers up and down his length, bringing him close to the edge once more. Countless times I’d dragged him to the edge of lust, ready to tip us both over if only he’d give in and beg.

Stubborn fuck.

His shackles were looser now, allowing him to sit, but still tight enough that he couldn't relieve his own needs.

'Bex,' he groaned, arching his hips to drive the head of his cock into my fist.

'You know what to do. You could beinside me in seconds, filling me while we both come. Don't you want that?'

'Yes,' he moaned. 'No. Let me go.'

'Oh, sweetie. We're so close. You know you want this. Want us. Who else is going to love you enough to do this for you? To take all this time to make sure you know how loved you are?' I twisted my hand, pleasure making his eyes roll.

'This isn't love,' he whimpered, tipping his head back onto the headboard in exasperation.

'Then what is it?'

'Madness. Obsession. You need to let me go.' Henry met my eyes, hooded with lust, but his face was still lined with anger.

I climbed onto his lap, straddling him with my naked body. The throaty way he growled drove me wild. Pressing my tits to his face, I placed my entrance against the swollen head of his dick, biting my lip as I struggled not to descend and swallow him up.

'I hate you,' he mumbled, pressing his hot mouth against my breasts.

'No, you don't.'

‘I do. I fucking hate this.’ Teeth grazed my nipple before he sucked the hardened flesh into his hot mouth.

‘If this is how you hate me, hate memore, Henry.’ Thrusting my fingers into his hair, I tugged his head back, watching him tease my flesh with his tongue. The sight of him there, bound beneath me and sucking desperately, had me soaked.

‘When I get out of here, I’m going to make you pay for this,’ he said between lusty mouthfuls of my skin.

‘Don’t let that mouth write a check your ass can’t cash.’

With a violent arch of his hips, he thrust the tip of his cock inside me. For a blissful moment, I let him. The stretch threw me right back to that moment on the woodland floor. The craving to be pinned beneath him was overwhelming.

With a vicious jerk, I yanked his head up, capturing his lips in a slow, heat-filled kiss.

Henry’s tongue invaded my mouth, hungry despite his protests. Panting, I clenched my pussy, luxuriating in the slow, aching stretch.

‘You want more,’ he groaned. ‘So sit the fuck down and take it like a good girl.’

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‘I’m not a good girl, Henry. I’m a bad girl.’

My muscles tingled with the need to obey him, but I fought it. Releasing him from my grasp, I climbed off.

‘Rebecca Benson, I swear to god if you don’t get back here and fuck me, I’m going to scream.’

‘Are you begging?’ I asked, tilting my head while picking up a pair of discarded panties.

‘No.’

‘Then shut the fuck up.’

He fought the panties, and I giggled at the desperate turns of his head as I stuffed them into his mouth and sealed it with another strip of silvery tape.

‘You don’t understand how much it pains me to do this, Henry. All I want is for you to see what we have. To need me like I need you.’

The makeshift gag muffled his angry noises, and I grabbed a book, lying between his spread thighs and leafing through the pages.

Rage shook his body.

Need filled his eyes.

I made sure he had a fantastic view of my wet pussy. Best to give him the motivation to behave.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

HENRY

By Tuesday morning, my fight waned.

Somehow, I believed she really saw everything she did as her way of loving me.

Strangely, I felt it too.

Bex had obsessed over me for years, watching me from afar, planning to make me fall for her.

It was... flattering.

I hated to admit it, but having her want to possess me, like I'd craved her, made me feel special. If she was to be believed, she wasn't some maniac who stalked guys. She stalked me.

Only me.

Even thinking that made me doubt myself.

But being stuck in a room with her had me falling deeper into her snare. Hours on end at her mercy, with nothing to look at but every inch of her perfect body.

Hell, she'd studied math to get into my course to lure me in. Sure, it was wild, but it showed dedication.

How do you hate a woman who loved you so completely that she saved herself for you while watching you date others?

A woman who would keep you captive to make you see the level of her devotion.

I hated myself for not hating her, despite claiming otherwise.

Bex was a devil, but one with a sugar-coated smile. A body to fucking die for with all her curves and soft skin.

Always ready and eager for me.

Barring the kidnap, she was perfect.

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I lay contemplating everything as she slept softly, curled against my side, her sweet face pressed against my chest. Those flushed cheeks and sultry pink lips looked as if they belonged to an angel when she slept. No inkling of the terror she could wield.

Didwield.

My body ached from the days of torment, my balls heavier than I'd ever felt them. I hated my arms and legs being shackled, even with the extensions she'd added to allow me a little more freedom. Having her so close, yet unable to take her, burned.

Bex shifted against me, covering her mouth as she gave a tender yawn. Her eyes blinked open, focusing on me.

'Morning, Henry.'

'Morning.'

Busying herself, she got up and brought the wash basin, brushing my teeth and washing me.

'Bex,' I said, looking at her as she wiped the cloth over my collarbone. 'I understand why you did it. It was all for me. I see it now.'

Tears welled in her eyes as she dropped the cloth, her warm hands scooping my jawline.

'Really?' she whispered.

The way she looked at me with utter devotion softened me. 'Really.'

'Tell me you love me.'

My pulse quickened. I'd never said it to a woman before. Not even my first girlfriend when I was young and stupid. The gravitas had never been right. Did saying it while chained to Bex's bed feel right?

A kernel of warmth blossomed in my chest.

'I love you, Bex. You're crazy. I hate that you felt this was the only way I could love you. But... I see that this is a gift so few people ever get. To have you love me enough to go to any length to be with me? That's something unique. I need you.'

Two shining streaks cascaded down her cheeks, her eyes glittering as she searched my face.

'I've dreamt about you saying that for so long, Henry. Years.'

'So much time for me to make up for,' I whispered as she dragged her lips over mine.

'Yes, but you'll be a good boy for me.'

No. I wouldn't.

Because I wanted her.

Fuck, I even needed her.

But I'd make her pay for every minute she'd tormented me. She'd pay with that pretty mouth of hers. With her sweet, soft body. She'd cry and beg and scream before

we'd be even.

And only then would we move forward.

When she'd paid her dues for believing she could take what she wanted.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

REBECCA

Would my heart burst open?

With the way I could feel each heavy beat, I feared it might.

'You know the rules,' I said, pulling myself upright and brushing my lips over his throat. 'You need to beg.'

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‘Bex,’ Henry groaned. ‘You’re killing me.’

‘Wait until you see me slide over you, after days of teasing, how long will you last?’

He pulled against the cuffs. Even with the lengthened bonds, he couldn’t grasp me. Seeing his brows crinkle with frustration was adorable.

Giggling, I teased my fingers down his chest, circling his already hard cock. The thought of taking his girth again, complete with the metal studs, had my insides molten. I was a little scared of the pain, but desperate to please him too. I’d so cruelly left him wanting the first time.

‘So help me, Bex. Please?’

‘Please,’ I said, tracing my way from one metal piercing to another. ‘What?’

‘Fuck me. If you don’t, I’m going to tear the skin from my wrists to get these cuffs off.’ I adored the way his voice dropped. All growly and vicious.

Not that he could do much about his desperation.

Seeing him driven to a squirming, panting mess was the pinnacle of all my plans.

Finally, he felt the way I had all those years.

‘Bex.’ The plea broke my will to delay. Henry Montgomery would never forget me. I had to make sure.

Pulling off my oversized T-shirt, I knelt over him, slowly stroking myself as his eyes widened.

Bringing my fingers up, I pressed them to my mouth, wetting them. His groan had my thighs trembling. The dusting of chest hair rose as he inched his body closer to mine, his jaw ticking with impatience.

Dragging my fingers back down my body, I readied myself for him.

For my man.

‘Holy shit,’ Henry whimpered as I placed his swollen tip at my entrance. His muscles undulated beneath my fingertips as I steadied myself against his stomach. ‘I need you.’

‘Yes, you do. Remember that when you’re not here chained to my bed. Remember how desperate you feel right now.’ I inched myself downward, the stretch taking my breath away.

‘I want to touch you.’ Henry’s cuffs clanked as he fought against them, his hands opening before clenching shut.

‘All in good time, my love. For now? Watch. Listen. Feel. I have dreamt about this for so long. Enjoy it.’

By the time he was a third of the way in, I was sweating, his girth making me ache.

‘Don’t stop,’ Henry hissed, arching his hips upward and thrusting another inch into me. The piercings felt intoxicating and debilitating. With each one, my eyes rolled and my thighs quaked.

Sinking lower, I followed Henry's gaze to where our bodies met, him splaying me open in the most salacious manner. The sight was beautifully grotesque. Me wet and red, him thick and veined. I couldn't see the piercings from that angle, but I desperately wanted to. At some point, we'd need to play with mirrors so I could see him pierce me with every metal inch.

I shuddered as my thighs finally kissed his hips, sinking entirely upon my man.

'Yes,' he moaned, hoarse with desire. 'That's it, my obsession. Show me what you need.'

'You're all I need,' I panted, trying to get accustomed to his size. I leant forward, placing my hands on his chest, my breath stuttering at the way it made his cock press deeper inside me.

'Then take me, Bex. Show me what you've been waiting for.'

Sliding upward, I watched every micro-expression on his perfect face. The way his lips parted as he inhaled. The crease of his brow as I shifted my hips. Those emerald green eyes were hooded with lust.

Perfection.

I'd fallen for him the moment I met him, and spent the best part of a decade waiting for him to notice me. Now he'd never be able to look away.

Lifting my hips, I rose to his tip before filling myself with every delightful inch of Henry.

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‘God,’ he breathed.

‘I can be,’ I said, cupping my breasts and pinching my nipples, seeing as poor Henry couldn’t reach them.

‘No. You’re the devil, Bex. God could never be so perfectly devious.’

Pleasure rippled despite the way he stretched me, or perhaps because of it. Rocking my hips, I quickened my pace, sliding one hand to where I ached.

‘That’s it, my bad girl. Come all over my cock.’

‘And you’ll fill me up?’ My words teetered on begging.

He bit his lip, the jerking of my hips clearly doing whatever it was he needed. Then his eyes widened. ‘You’re on birth control, right?’

Of course I was. I’d planned everything with precision. But... It might be fun to make him sweat.

‘What would I need that for?’ I teased, grinding on him. Pleasure burst as the pierced head of his cock struck deep within me.

‘Fuck, Bex, no, we need to stop.’

‘I don’t want to,’ I moaned, crushing our bodies together as I watched panic fill his perfect face.

‘I could get you pregnant,’ he gasped, his stomach muscles bunching as he struggled to fight the waves of growing pleasure.

‘I didn’t see you worrying about that when you pinned me in the woods.’ It felt like something epic unfurled deep within me. Contraceptives or not, there was no way I could stop.

‘Bex,’ he whimpered.

‘Tell me to stop. Demand it.’ My fingers continued to circle my clit, feeling like I was on the precipice of something magical.

His throat bobbed. Could he do it?

White-knuckled, he gave the smallest shake of his head.

And just like that, I won.

Again.

‘You want to pump me full of your cum, don’t you, Sir?’ I said through ragged breaths, my hips growing jerkier by the second. Waves of heat washed through me, taking over any control I thought I might have had. Suddenly, I was as lost as Henry, pure sensation egging us both onward.

Then I tumbled, a powerful orgasm ripping through me as I came with a cry, the fullness between my thighs blinding in the throes.

He was close behind me, his grunts and moans joining my deep whimpers as I rode him to completion. His body tensed as he unleashed within me, his eyes darkening as he tugged at the bonds.

‘Fuck,’ he whispered, all throaty and hot. ‘Fuck.’

‘Don’t worry,’ I said with a satisfied smile, ‘you’ll have to work much harder if you want to knock me up.’

Shuffling upward, splats of hot cum marked his skin, leaving a trail of our combined pleasure.

‘Open up, Henry,’ I demanded. ‘Time to clean up the mess you made.’

‘What?’ he said, confusion marking his pretty face.

‘Lick,’ I said, gripping his chin.

‘Me.’ I ran two fingers between my thighs.

‘Clean.’

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‘But you're full of my cum,’ Henry moaned.

‘Yeah, and soon, you’ll be full of it too. We’re going to do such depraved things together, you and I. This isn’t even the tip of the iceberg.’ I lifted my cum-soaked fingers to my mouth and licked them deliberately slowly. ‘You said I tasted good, didn’t you, baby? We taste better together.’

I didn’t leave him much room to negotiate, shifting myself over his mouth and crushing my cunt to his lips. There was a grimace, but before he could argue, his tongue slipped deep into our cum-coated mess.

‘Such a good Sir,’ I murmured, clinging onto the headboard.

When he sucked my clit into his mouth, I grinned. I hadn’t misjudged his depravity one bit.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

HENRY

We lay in a sticky mess, catching our breath while watching a sun patch from the gap between the curtains cross the ceiling.

‘Why didn’t you tell me?’ I asked, grazing my fingers through the blonde strands of her hair as best I could from my still shackled position.

‘Tell you?’ Bex murmured, twisting her sweet face to look at me.

‘That you wanted to be together.’

‘Don’t you think you would have run away at the first inkling that I’d been following you for years? That my obsession with you would be too much to handle?’ Her fingers danced along the valley of my stomach, still slick with our combined juices.

Even with giving in to her, letting her ride me until we both came apart, I wasn’t convinced it was wise to stick around. Bex was a whole new level of wild.

Yet... the thought of walking away made my hair stand on end. Leaving her to another? Unimaginable.

‘How do you see this working?’ I asked. ‘Where do we go from here?’

‘Although I only took this course to get close to you, I’ve worked my ass off to get here. I want to finish college. I know that being together isn’t really possible in the meantime. Not properly. Maybe not even for a while after that.’

‘So you want to be my dirty little secret?’ I ached to turn over and take her in my arms. To scoop her up while we spoke.

‘Or perhaps you’ll be my dirty little secret, Professor. Either way, I can’t keep you locked up forever.’ Bex gave a pout before breaking into a laugh. ‘Much to my disappointment.’

God. Even the way she smiled had my stomach in knots. I adored being the centre of her attention.

‘You like risks,’ I pointed out.

‘Mhm. Don’t you?’

Before her, I would have said no. Not at work. But having her beneath my desk had blown my mind, and every other part of me. 'With you, I do.'

'Then we spend the next few years one-upping each other until we either get kicked out or I graduate.'

'And if you tire of me?' Perhaps having me wouldn't prove as exciting as it had been in her mind. The unavailable had proven a more potent draw than when she had full access.

'Henry, I'll never tire of you. Because you are just like me, deep down. A perverted fuck.'

Already inklings of future games flew into my head. Seeing her in class squirming from a butt plug or remote-controlled vibe. Making her wear a skirt with no panties after fucking her right before class, watching her slide around in my cum while trying to concentrate. Using a signal to make her spread for me to give me a full view of her perfect cunt.

Bex had well and truly suckered me in.

'You're right,' I whispered, wrapping my fingers in her hair and tugging tightly 'Now, when are you letting me shower?'

'Sick of the cloth and bucket?' Bex asked, her eyes glittering.

Sick of having no control.

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However hot it was being ravaged by her, it was my turn.

Red rims marked my wrists beneath Bex's tender touch. The cuff keys shook lightly in her fingers as those inky eyes fixed on me.

'I'm trusting you,' Bex said, her voice wavering, a glimpse back into the sweet girl she'd appeared to be.

Before I knew the real her.

'All I want is to use the bathroom and have a hot shower.'

She bit her lower lip as the key slipped into the lock with a metallic click. Her face softened as I added, 'I promise.'

Fighting the urge to yank my wrist from her hand as the cuff opened, I smiled.

'There, that's much better.' Stretching out my arms felt fucking amazing after days in the same position.

Having my freedom back made my pulse spike, my fingers itching to dive into Bex's hair and pin her to the bed, returning the days' worth of torture she'd given me.

Soon.

The wall full of my life stared at me as I sat on the toilet, each picture an extraction from a time long gone. A testament to her dedication. While convention told me to run

far, far away, I couldn't help but feel cherished by her obsession.

The shower was every bit as useless as block showers tended to be, but standing beneath the hot stream felt like a luxury after days of being washed like a patient.

I groaned as I soaped myself up, my nose filling with the lemony scent that so often followed Bex around. Memories of her panting above me hit, her needy sighs and wanton looks. Yet, pursuing this relationship was like loading my own pockets with lava.

Bex would either bring the heat or incinerate my life completely.

By the time I exited the bathroom, having put on my clean clothes, Bex had put fresh sheets on the bed and pushed it back next to the window. A neat blonde plait lay against her spine, making her look like butter wouldn't melt. She wore a pale blouse tucked into a sage green skirt, those curved thighs of hers begging to be split.

'Do you feel better?' she asked, her voice in a lilting sing-song that made my chest squeeze.

'Almost.'

Walking up behind her, I traced my fingers over her shoulder, her blouse blocking me from accessing her skin. Bex tipped her head, eyes turning to look at me.

'You're wearing too many clothes,' I growled as I turned her, roughly pushing her back against the wall. The blouse was silky soft as I gripped it in one hand and tore it open.

Bex's eyes widened before I flipped her to face the wall and hauled the shirt off, using the material to secure her hands behind her back.

‘Henry,’ she squealed, tugging at the makeshift bond. I threaded my hand through her hair and forced her head back until she gave a weak cry.

‘It’s Sir to you.’ I licked my way along her exposed neck. My pretty little thing hadn’t even worn a bra. ‘And you’ve been a very, very bad girl.’

‘Please,’ she begged as I reached between her and the wall, capturing a nipple between my thumb and the edge of my finger and pinching hard.

‘There will be no mercy,’ I said, before sinking my teeth into the back of her neck, biting viciously as she squirmed beneath my touch. A quiver stole over her as I left my mark on my girl, exactly as she’d done to me.

Pulling back, I admired my work. The ring of red teeth prints stark against her soft skin.

‘You look good with my marks on you, Rebecca. It suits you.’ Leaning forward, I traced my tongue over the indents, loving the way it made her whimper.

She pulled back, trying to escape my hold. My laughter rang out as she tripped over my feet, my hand in her hair the only thing stopping her from falling hard. I guided her to the floor before forcing her legs open, pulling aside her panties and forcing two fingers deep inside her.

Her body bucked, hips arching at the sudden invasion.

‘What are you?’ I demanded, twisting my fingers to graze her inner walls.

She writhed, her face pressed to the floor, hesitating.

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‘A bad girl,’ she moaned.

‘Whose bad girl?’ I added another finger.

‘Yours,’ she whimpered, her eyes pinching closed as I toyed with her. ‘Your bad girl.’

She sighed as I tore my hand from her wet cunt and yanked her skirt up, slapping her ass with heavy strokes. The flesh pinked as she squirmed against the floor.

‘My sweet little psycho,’ I crooned, letting her take shaky breaths.

‘It hurts,’ Bex cried, tears pricking and running over her face.

‘Good.’ Lying my body over hers, I let my intrusive thoughts win, pressing my tongue over her salty cheek and consuming her tears. ‘Fuck, Bex. You make me want to be a terrible man.’

‘Show me,’ she whispered.

Sitting, I tore off her skirt and panties, seeing her splayed before me, naked except for the blouse still tangled around her wrists.

The little devil started to wriggle her way across the floor. I let her go. I unbuttoned my shirt without hurrying, enjoying the sight of her scraping herself against the wooden floorboards.

‘Oh, darling girl, there’s no escape for you.’

Rising, I stepped out of my pants and abandoned my shirt.

The soft moan she gave belied her attempt to get away, just as much as her slick, glistening pussy did.

‘Let me go,’ she hissed.

‘Once you’ve taken what you deserve. Once you’re covered in my teeth marks and fingerprints and bursting with my cum. Once I’ve exhausted that pretty little body of yours.’

My footsteps punctuated each word as I made my way to where she lay. With no gentleness, I hauled her onto her knees, her face against the floor and her pink ass to the ceiling.

I fought a tremble as I lined the metal tipped head of my dick with her entrance, loving the way her lips swelled already, as if looking to welcome me home.

Holding her hips tight, I rammed my cock fully inside her, my eyes rolling at the exquisite heat.

She choked out a sob, the sudden, metal-filled stretch so much for her barely fucked pussy to take all at once.

‘That’s it, Bex. Cry for me. Sob while I fill you up. If you get me hot enough with your pretty little tears, I might come before I get round to fucking this tight ass of yours.’

I pulled back to the tip before thrusting home, her whimper making my dick swell.

God damn. Such a perfect toy. My own depraved fuck-doll.

Within a few strokes, her cries turned to heated moans, her body adjusting to my invasion.

Thwack.

I reddened her ass between thrusts, my hands growing as hot as her tender flesh. She tried to drop her hips to the floor, panic and pain making her squirm away. But there was nowhere for her to go. My hips followed hers, my dick finding her wetness no matter how she tried to evade me. Our breathing grew laboured as we struggled in a war of pleasure and pain, of vengeance and lust.

She came in a puddle of sweat and tears, gripping me like a vice as I staved off my orgasm, not yet willing to be finished with her.

‘It’s too much,’ she whimpered as her body quaked, her eyes rolling as I flipped her onto her back, her arms caught beneath her.

I crushed my lips to hers, forcing myself back into her still quivering cunt while slipping my tongue into her mouth. The kiss was a frantic mess, all desperation as I claimed back what she’d taken from me. Using her as I pleased.

Bex’s skin grew wet beneath me as her body arched to allow space for her arms underneath her. I slid down her frame, cursing the emptiness as I moved from between her thighs. But my appetite for her had become feral, and I licked, kissed and bit her stomach.

Those tempting thighs of hers were impossible to resist. I sank my teeth into their perfectness, marking her as she cried once more.

‘Mine,’ I growled, bending her legs upward and pinning her with everything splayed for me.

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‘Yours,’ she agreed, her eyes blazing as I surveyed her like a starving dog.

She’d probably expected me to slide my tongue over her slit, but I didn’t. I sank further, tasting the puckered flesh of her ass.

She tensed, bucking beneath me. My fingers turned white as I fought to hold her in place while tonguing her virgin asshole.

‘Henry! No.’

‘Oh yes.’ I said, between tongue strokes. ‘You’re going to pay for what you’ve done by taking a raw ass-fucking. Maybe you’ll think twice before drugging me next time.’

She let out a shaking breath as I pressed my face deep into her crease, forcing her to open for me.

A soft breath followed, and I thought I heard her whisper, ‘I doubt it.’

CHAPTER TWENTY

REBECCA

Every part of me ached, but I couldn’t get away.

Having wanted to feel Henry obsess over me was one thing, but being roughly handled by him was another. He’d made me come hard, his anger and ferocity only making me melt more. Yet the biting and spanking had brought real tears, and a

genuine struggle to escape his clutches.

It was everything I'd dreamed of.

Reality brought far more fear than my daydreams ever had.

Yet, the fear had made me come harder than I ever had on my own. Henry pushed me to the brink of what I could take, and I didn't want him to stop.

Not truly.

I stole a glance at the red ring on my thigh, Henry's face out of sight below, where he paid all his attention to my ass. The angry scarlet circle made my stomach flip. I'd never imagined it would make me so hot having him stake his claim on me in such a visible manner.

'Oh god,' I moaned as the alien sensation of his tongue in my rear turned heavenly. It was a sordid, delinquent little act that had my thighs tensing within minutes. 'It feels good.'

'Don't get used to it.' He looked at me, those green eyes flaring with rage. 'You'll be taking my cock in here soon.'

'I can't,' I said, my eyes rolling as he sat and let a drop of saliva fall from his mouth right onto the tortured flesh.

'You will.'

'What if I don't want to?' While the expected pain scared me, mostly I was testing to see how far he'd go. Would Henry really take what he wanted? My pussy clenched at the thought. I wanted us to fulfil each other's every dark desire. To be free for the

other to use whenever, and for whatever, they wanted.

I needed him to match my crazy.

‘Then I’ll fuck you while you cry, sweet girl.’

Using one finger, he circled the saliva around my tender flesh, making me squirm. By the time he pressed the finger into me, I was on the edge of begging for it.

‘Atta girl,’ he crooned, letting my legs relax open as he worked my ass with a finger, and then two, taking his time to get me used to them.

The sensation made me want to vomit. Or bear down. But slowly, deep-rooted coils of pleasure emerged.

Henry’s dick stood thick and delicious, glinting dangerously with all those studs. How the fuck he thought that was going to fit, I’d never know.

Before I was ready, he placed himself over me, my arms trapped against the floor aching as he did.

Real fear filled me as he lined the head of his fat cock up with my ass.

‘You can’t,’ I whimpered, my flight instincts kicking in as I writhed, trying to get my legs between us.

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He gripped my chin in his clean hand and forced me to look at him, his cock pressing painfully against my opening.

‘I am.’

With a rock of his hips, he sank partway into me as I squealed. Holding my chin firm, his eyes narrowed darkly.

‘He-enry,’ my voice broke as he waited there, stretching me in a more raw way than he had in my cunt.

‘Feel the burn,’ he said, rocking himself. Even that slight movement stole my breath. ‘And be glad you’ve gotten me so wound up that I’m ready to burst.’

Tears fell afresh as I held his gaze, my mouth parting as he forced himself a little further inside me. My vision blurred when he let out a grunt and pulled out, the sensation making my stomach roil.

The pain when he slammed back into me made me see stars.

‘There’s my good girl. Almost there. This is where you belong, beneath me and taking me like a perfect little slut. This is what you’ve craved all these years, isn’t it? To be put in your place.’

‘It’s everything I ever dreamed it would be,’ I whispered, my breath catching as he pulled out once more, each of those metal studs making me quiver.

‘I’m going to fuck you like I hate you,’ he said, capturing my tear stained lips. ‘Because that’s what you need, isn’t it? It’s why you play these stupid fucking games.’

I nodded, sliding my tongue over his until he spoke again.

‘Because you’re a dirty, depraved, obsessed littlecunt whose whole life has been about getting me between your spread thighs.’

‘Yes,’ I moaned, shifting my hips to try to accommodate all of him.

With the next thrust, I moaned. The sharp pain mingled with the heady rush of his demands. I adored the way he used me to please him. Just as I’d used him.

Balance restored.

A madness took over him. Lust-drunk, he fisted his hands in my plaited hair and truly fucked my ass. I became a mess of tears and pained cries, heady moans and sticky sweat. Our bodies slid together in desperation, driven by a need for completion.

Much to my shock, my body gave in to him first, a storm of need culminating in a harsh orgasm that tore through me with pain-streaked bliss.

‘You perfect slut,’ Henry groaned before his body tensed, his cock slamming deep within me as I shuddered beneath him. Animalistic noises tore from his throat as he unloaded ropes of hot cum into my ass.

We lay there for a long time, my arms growing numb as he remained inside me, seemingly reluctant to remove himself.

The thump of his chest met my own, together slowing from a frenetic clash to

asatisfied murmur.

‘Are you okay?’ he asked when he found his voice.

‘Yes,’ I murmured, tipping my face to his and placing a sweet kiss on the edge of his lips. ‘But just you wait until it’s your ass's turn.’

His eyebrows knitted in the most delicious way.

‘I believe you lack the necessary equipment,’ he ventured.

Ah, my sweet, Sir. As if I didn’t have the internet, a bank card, and a need to assert dominance to make him feral all over again.

‘We’ll see.’ I smiled. ‘I bet you’ll cry more than I did.’

Henry laughed nervously before picking me up, a torrent of hot cum leaking from my freshly fucked ass as he carried me to the bathroom.

With the softest of touches, he untied me, washed me, and filled my head with sweet words.

Finally, he was all mine.

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

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HENRY

Rebecca sat at a table with her friends in Beans & Co, laughing in that sunny way I wished she reserved only for me.

Not that I begrudged her the time with them. From what she'd told me, in the few hours we'd stolen together since she'd released me, she hadn't had many friends growing up.

No matter how much time I spent with the fiery blonde, it wasn't enough. I always ached for more.

How we'd survive years of this, I had no idea.

Rebecca Benson was worth the suffering. Each stolen moment with her was a blindingly bright spark in an otherwise dull life.

I should have gone home hours ago. Yet still I lingered to snatch even a few moments with her.

The cold bit at my fingers, making them ache where I clung to the edge of the champagne bottle. Bex had mentioned she'd never had any, and I was eager to see the way those devilish eyes lit up again.

Some time later, I tailed her as she walked home with her friends, chatter bubbling between them. The joy of student days was that, between academic pressures, there were so many moments of perfection. Time with friends who had no better place to

be. Discussions of hopes and dreams and the future.

I lived primarily for the present. Sure, some hopes still loitered on the periphery of my subconscious. But my day-to-day was far more about the now. Paying the bills. Making appointments. Marking assignments.

Until her.

She hugged her friends before splitting off, and I quickened my pace, following her along the narrow path that led to her apartment block.

A shiver of excitement set my pulse racing as I closed the space between us.

Did she sense me? A glance over her shoulder told me she did.

The most glorious smile spread over her face. Her friends were far enough away that I dared to plant a kiss on her warm lips as I caught up with her.

‘My darling,’ I sighed, feeling relief flood every crevice of my Bex-obsessed body.

‘Darling already?’ she asked. She wore dark eye makeup, which made her look even more devilish.

‘I’ll give you any name you desire.’ I’d become a terrible simp for her, but relished my role of obsessive, possessive secret paramour.

‘How about your surname?’ The way her teeth grazed her bottom lip after posing the loaded question made my chest swell.

‘Are you demanding we marry, Ms Benson?’

Taking my hand, she pulled me off the walkway and into the woods, dragging me behind her to one of the crumbling old fountains. Water still flowed, but in meandering spurts.

Sitting on the edge, she leaned against me. I used my empty arm to gather her up as the dark blue sky stretched above us. Too early for stars, too late for light.

Finally, she answered my question.

‘One day,’ she said, ‘we’ll marry. And we’ll stay in a charming home where we don’t have to hide who we are.’

‘One day is too far away,’ I sighed. Logically, I barely knew her. I knew her body, yes, but not the other parts of her I hoped to discover. Yet, I knew she bore the other jagged half of me, where all our flaws and quirks fit together just so. And if it didn’t fit perfectly, I’d shape myself to belong to her.

‘So you haven’t grown tired of me yet?’ Bex asked, smiling as she drew little shapes on my thigh with the tip of one finger.

‘Never. But what will I do in the years I can’t have you?’ I asked.

Bex turned to face me, twisting her fingers into my hair until I winced.

‘You’ll taunt me,’ she said, close enough to kiss me but holding back. ‘Tease me.’ Her tongue darted over her lips, and I nearly dropped the bottle I still held. ‘Chase me.’

I swallowed hard. Her dark-eyed stare pushed me to the verge of madness.

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‘Fuck me,’ she whispered, drawing closer until her lips grazed mine. ‘Own me.’

My pulse thundered.

‘And what will you do?’ I whispered, opening my mouth to taste her.

‘The same, Sir.’

‘Don’t you want to try a normal relationship?’ I wanted so badly to call her mine. Job or no job.

She yanked harder, forcing my head back as she knelt over me.

‘Fuck. No.’ Her voice lowered, becoming raspy. ‘I want possession, Henry. A battle for top place. I want you to force me to submit to you. I will force you to submit to me. Why settle for a breeze when you can have a fucking tornado?’

God fucking damn.

This woman.

‘Why indeed?’ I said, lifting the champagne bottle. ‘I brought a gift.’

‘I love it!’

‘Wanna taste?’ I taunted her, lifting a brow.

‘Always,’ she said, before kissing me in that slow, decadent way that made my toes fucking curl.

She released me long enough to pop the cork before taking the dripping bottle from my hand. Enraptured, I watched her tip a glug of the golden liquid into her mouth. Bex groaned as she swallowed, her throat bobbing. I grazed my lips over the soft skin below her chin.

‘Want some?’ She asked.

‘Yes,’ I said, licking my way over her pulse until she jerked my chin upward.

‘Open up, Sir.’ She swigged from the bottle before positioning her mouth above mine and dribbling the effervescent drink between us.

My dirty, dirty girl.

‘So, I’m not allowed to date you, but can I take you for pizza sometime?’

Bex licked the champagne from my lips before answering.

‘I can do pizza.’

EPILOGUE

REBECCA

Nerves had me shifting from foot to foot in line. Mom and Dad sat in the crowd, and seeing them at Willem felt strangely alien

I scanned the sea of faces, searching for the only one I really wanted to see.

Henry.

After three years of skulking around together, it was finally almost time to tell the world he was mine.

But where was he?

‘Rebecca Benson,’ the caller announced.

My breath shook as I took a step out onto the stage, heels clipping against the polished wood. The full height red velvet curtains towered behind the selection of staff. Henry had been in the procession earlier, but he was nowhere to be seen.

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Plastering on a smile on my face, I shook hands with the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor and accepted my diploma with a brief exchange.

My face heated as I descended the stairs and tucked myself around the corner to stem the sting of tears.

It wasn't like Henry was my boyfriend in public. I shouldn't care so much.

But I did.

A warm hand clamped over my mouth and yanked me back, my cap tumbling to the floor as I let out a tiny squeak.

'Look at you, my slutty graduate,' Henry whispered, his teeth grazing my neck. 'I'm so proud of you.'

'I thought you'd left,' I murmured, tipping my head back against his shoulder as he continued to place sweet little kisses beneath my ear.

'There isn't a single place in the entire world I'd rather be. You're my everything, Bex.'

Turning, I kissed him amongst the dancing dust motes.

'Were you watching?' I asked between heady kisses.

'Every single step.' Henry ran his hands through my hair, tugging softly to make me

grin. 'And I brought you a gift.'

Fishing a small box from his pocket, he held it out for me. Shining a deep scarlet and tied with a pretty gold bow.

'Is it a ring? You haven't even taken me on a proper date yet, Mr Montgomery.'

'Only because you won't be seen in public with me.'

'Mmm, well, you're the one dragging me...' I looked around. I could hear the procession of names being called still from somewhere to my left. 'Wait, where are we?'

'On stage, baby girl. Don't you recognise the curtains?'

'Henry,' I gasped. 'We shouldn't be here.'

'Shh. Open your gift.'

The bow was silken beneath my fingers as I tugged on one of the loose ends, letting it fall to the floor. Beneath the lid sat a house key, gleaming silver.

'Live with me,' Henry murmured as I stroked one finger over the metal. 'I've spent so many days without you. I want to wake up with you next to me every single day.'

Emotion welled, and I bit my lip to stem the tears.

'Not worried I'll cuff you to your bed again?'

Henry's eyes crinkled at the corners, making me melt. 'I'm counting on it.'

Our lips met in a torrent of need as I wrapped my arms around his shoulders. His fingers slid under my gown, finding no resistance.

‘No panties, Ms Benson? he groaned, his dick thickening against me.

‘You love it so much when I’m bare in lectures. I thought you’d like it on stage too.’

‘You’re right.’

Henry turned me roughly toward the curtains, lifting my gown and forcing himself deep inside me. I tried to stifle my moan, knowing that students, parents and staff stood on the other side.

Henry pulled one leg high and thrust, his teeth grazed my neck as pleasure coiled tight within me. His strokes were unrefined. Rough. Hard.

Everything I needed.

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‘Do you know how easy it would be to push us through those curtains?’ Henry rasped. ‘Show everyone how much you love being stuffed full of your professor's cock?’

‘God, I love it. So fucking much.’

‘I know you do, you little filth monger.’ Pleasure built in quickening waves, my cheeks flushed hot, the muffled ceremony still droning behind the aging curtains..

The house key pressed an imprint into my hand, its tiny sting heightening the heady rush of being fucked on the edge of discovery.

If those curtains opened, Henry would be fired. I’d be disgraced.

The mere thought had me on the edge of orgasm.

‘That’s it, my bad girl. Come for your professor. It’s the last time you’ll get to.’

Sticky fingers clamped over my mouth as I came in a panting, moaning mess. Henry followed with a harsh jerk of his hips and a pulse of heat flooding between my thighs.

As his fingers slid to my throat, feeling my pulse as he so loved to do, I reached into the bag I hidden beneath my gown.

‘I have a gift for you too, Sir,’ I whispered, enjoying the way his fingers dug against my throat.

‘Mmm?’ He murmured, dazed.

I turned, and in one swift movement, plunged the needle into the side of his neck.

‘Ow!’ He flinched, clutching the spot. ‘Bex, what the fuck?’

It took only a moment for the sedative to affect his muscles, sending him stumbling. I lowered him to his back, pants round his ankles, and that gloriously pierced dick on show.

‘Darling,’ I whispered, leaning over to kiss him. ‘I’ll see you at home.’

Leaving the syringe by his head, I stood above him, letting his hot cum splatter onto his angry face.

‘You can’t leave me here like this,’ he hissed, limbs twitching with barely restrained fury.

‘Don’t worry sweetie, it’s a low dose. You’ll be up within the hour.’

‘You’d better fucking run.’ The growl in his voice still made my heart flutter.

‘Oh, I will.’

‘It’s a good thing I love you, you unhinged, filthy little slut.’

‘Catch me if you can, Sir.’

I left the stage, fingers grazing the electronic curtain pull, temptation sparking in my chest.