



Teach Me

Author: *Dina Hawthorn*

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Description: A forbidden desire. An unethical experiment. I was supposed to study deviant minds, not lose myself to one.

For four years, Dr Braithwaite has been my secret obsession. He's twice my age, the most respected academic on campus, and utterly unattainable. Off-limits. Yet, every minute under his tutelage feeds my hunger to be more than his student.

As a psychology post-grad, I study the minds of deviants, dissecting their urges, their compulsions – the reason for their depraved desires. I've never seen myself as one.

But Dr Braithwaite has a theory, and he wants me to be his willing subject.

He believes deviancy isn't learnt. It's innate. Buried inside me. Waiting for his firm hand. And he intends to prove it to me.

This experiment may destroy our academic careers. It may also unravel me completely.

Because the real question isn't how far he'll push me...

It's how far I'll let him.

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Chapter One

The traffic light flashed an amber warning as I hurried down the frosty pavement. I wasn't one to run late in the mornings, but there were no free parking spaces near the university. My faithful Ford Fiat was now abandoned on a yellow line up the hill. I would get a ticket, but being late to Dr Braithwaite's lecture was infinitely worse.

He was head of the ethics committee and a senior lecturer in psychology. Two decades older than me, he had the wealth of knowledge I needed to get a distinction on my dissertation. He only supervised one master's student per year. The odds had been against me, but somehow, I'd ended up with him as my supervisor.

Some days, it was hard to say whether that was a blessing or a curse. He was as strict and meticulous as I'd expected, scrutinising everything from methodology to literature review. We often butted heads, but I also enjoyed our conversations.

Maybe a little too much.

He had yet to approve my ethics application. Being late for his lecture was not an option, so I sprinted onto the road just as the traffic light changed. A driver pressed his horn, startling me. I slipped on the ice in my rush to avoid getting run over.

A hand shot out from the crowd and grabbed me before I slammed face-first into the pavement. 'Jesus,' my coursemate, Joshua, exclaimed. 'Where's the fire, Ophelia?'

'Sorry, I just... The car park was?—'

The driver lay on his horn again. Joshua flipped him off, then turned his hazel eyes on me. ‘What about the car park?’

‘I had to park’ – I put a hand on my chest to steady my breathing – ‘up the hill.’

‘Creston Hill? You’ll get a ticket.’

‘I know.’

Joshua’s brow lifted. He was my age, tall and bulky with heavy-styled blond hair, the kind of guy I should’ve focused on rather than seeking approval from a man out of my league.

‘It’s fine,’ I sighed. It wasn’t, but what else was I supposed to do? I glanced at my wristwatch. ‘The lecture starts in five minutes, so there’s no time to move my car. But maybe I still have time to check my emails.’

He followed me towards the revolving doors. ‘I wouldn’t worry about a ticket. You’ll work it off in an hour.’

‘Huh?’

‘When you said you were looking for part-time work, I thought you meant stacking shelves like a normal student,’ he added with a low chuckle. ‘I guess strip clubs pay better.’

‘Excuse me?’

His gaze dropped to my six-inch knee-high boots, footwear utterly unsuitable for a British winter, but worked so well with my black skirt and red blouse. The boots were the reason I’d left my flat later than usual. I’d needed a moment to talk myself into

wearing something sure to draw Dr Braithwaite's attention, but now Joshua's smirk made me feel like the slut he insinuated I was.

'They're just shoes,' I snapped.

'Hey, I'm not complaining. You look hot as fuck.' A lopsided smirk spread across his face as he studied me from head to toe as if he imagined me slowly gliding down a pole.

I pulled my coat tighter around my body to hide what little skin was visible. 'Really, Josh? It's not even nine o'clock and you're already trying to get a leg over?'

My outburst drew the attention of other students and faculty members. I cringed when they made the same sweep of my body.

'You're such an arse,' I bit out.

'Ophelia, wait,' he called when I tore away, pushing through the crowd to enter the building.

The warmth from the air curtains wafted onto my face, blowing a loose strand of my hair. I huffed as I pulled it behind my ear. A stripper? I should've pushed him into the river. It would've served him right for a stupid comment like that.

I was weaving through the crowd of students, heading towards the back of the building, when Carly's wolf whistle stopped me. She was where I usually bumped into her in the mornings – waiting in line for the ladies' room, a necessity since she lived an hour away.

'Are you going to a party later?' She pouted her red-tinted lips. 'Where's my invite?'

‘There’s no party. I just wanted to...’ I huffed again. ‘I don’t know anymore.’

Her blue eyes raked over me again before finding mine. She gave me a knowing smile. ‘Even if he doesn’t appreciate it, I think you look lovely.’ She looked down the line, then abandoned her place. ‘Screw this. We have five minutes. Coffee?’

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I pursed my lips. My fingertips were numb from the cold, and I could use the caffeine kick, but there was a free computer in the study area to our right.

‘Don’t you need a wee?’ I moved around her to peer down the other corridor. Our lecture would be in the closest auditorium, but the room was still dark.

‘Yeah,’ she sighed, ‘but I figured you might, you know, want to talk about this.’

No, I didn’t.

‘The cafeteria queue will also be too long. We’ll get coffee during the break.’ I hooked my arm around hers and pulled her towards the study area. ‘I sent the new draft of my ethics application to Doctor Braithwaite last night. He usually responds quickly.’

I ignored Carly’s sigh and slid into the chair, dumping my bag on the floor. We’d had countless discussions about our male lecturers, especially him. She knew I had a crush on Dr Braithwaite, just like I knew the university had a non-fraternisation policy. That didn’t stop me from imagining he could be more than my lecturer.

‘He probably forwarded it to the committee.’ She set her bag next to mine, unzipped her winter coat, and fanned herself. ‘Jesus, why’s it always so hot in this building?’

‘Because you always wear woolly jumpers?’

She shot me a look.

‘And I doubt he forwarded it,’ I continued. ‘He always finds something to nitpick. In his last email, he wanted me to justify using interviews rather than a focus group.’

‘A focus group would be fun,’ she said with a low laugh.

‘This is my fourth revision, so he better be happy...’ My frozen fingers forced me to re-enter my credentials twice, but I finally managed to log in. And there it was – an unread email from Dr E. Braithwaite.

‘He replied,’ I whispered. ‘Just five minutes ago.’

Carly’s long blonde hair swept against my coat as she leaned over my shoulder to squint at my screen. ‘What does it say?’

‘I don’t want to open it.’ I gave her a pleading look. ‘Can you do it?’

‘Sure, after Christmas, which is when I’ll check my application.’ She straightened, flicking her hair over her shoulder. ‘Why are you stressing about this now? It’s our last day on campus.’

‘Not for me.’ I pointed behind. ‘I’m spending Christmas in the library.’

Her huff drowned in the chatter of other students walking past. I stared longingly at their polystyrene cups and pastry bags. Unless I begged my parents for money to pay for the parking ticket, I couldn’t afford such luxuries until the next student loan payment.

‘Open the damn email, Ophelia.’

‘Fine.’ I drew a sharp breath and clicked on the email. We both leaned in. I only made it to the second line before my dreams of graduating with a distinction in

abnormal psychology unravelled. 'What the fuck?'

A dozen heads swivelled in our direction, including the last person I wanted to overhear my lack of restraint. Dr Braithwaite stood by the auditorium, cradling a cup of coffee. He dipped his chin, giving me a stern stare that had me squirming in my seat.

We first met in a developmental psychology lecture when I was an undergraduate. Four years later, I still flushed whenever his deep blue eyes lingered on mine. It frustrated me because now I wanted to throw his coffee in his face. How dare he outright reject my hypothesis? That wasn't his job as my supervisor.

Carly also noticed him and cringed. 'What are you going to do?'

'I'm going to...' My tongue darted out, wetting my lips. 'I need to... umm, I should go. I should...' I pushed my chair back too hard, rolling it into the path of another student. He slammed into it and dropped his cup of tea. The hot liquid splattered across his sensible winter shoes and my fuck-me boots, which I felt like an idiot for wearing, considering that Dr Braithwaite was already fucking over my academic career.

'Watch it,' the man snapped.

'I'm so sorry,' I blurted. 'I'll get you a new one.'

'Forget it. I don't have time.'

Carly gave me a sympathetic look when he stormed off. 'I'll get paper towels. You should speak to Doctor Braithwaite.'

I ran my hands through my hair, smoothing more wayward strands that had come

loose from my ponytail. Talk to him about what? He had effectively invalidated months of research. I glared at the door he'd disappeared through. Didn't he understand the fiddly, time-consuming process of completing an ethics application? I'd spent days in the library, nose deep in thick volumes, followed by even longer nights staring at a screen until my eyes were gritty.

He thought my hypothesis was flawed? It wasn't. He was the only problem with my dissertation. Or rather, my feelings for him. I could have pursued my master's degree in psychology at any other university. Could have followed my dream of earning a postgraduate degree in Human Sexuality. He had encouraged me to do so, but it would've meant moving to London. I stayed here because of him, hoping he would take me under his tutelage when I progressed to my doctoral studies.

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Who was I kidding?

I gathered my things and stormed into the auditorium. He was at the desk, arranging papers into neat piles. Dr Braithwaite liked everything to be in order. He was, as Freud would've said, quite anal about how he conducted his lectures. It was a little quirk I usually found endearing, but when I trotted over to him, I had to restrain the urge to sweep his precious papers onto the floor.

'What do you mean my hypothesis is flawed? Women don't want to be degraded!'

Dr Braithwaite glanced up at my outburst. He smiled and leaned back against his desk. 'Good morning, Ophelia.' The purr in his deep voice sent tingles down my body.

'Don't "good morning" me. How is it flawed?' I propped my hands on my hips, struggling to assert myself as usual.

'It's based on an opinion.'

'Huh?' Dr Braithwaite had a habit of turning my brain to mush. He could also cut any argument short with a single look, which I got when the other students filtered into the auditorium.

'Stay behind after the lecture.' He glanced at my boots, quirking a smile. 'We'll discuss it then.'

I swallowed a sigh. It was always a challenge to be alone with him. Dr Braithwaite

was in his mid-forties, but like expensive wine, he'd matured into perfection. The streaks of grey in his dark hair and the lines around his blue eyes only enhanced his charisma. It didn't help that he kept himself in good shape and wore expensive suits that hugged his tall, muscular frame.

Carly tugged on my arm. 'Are you coming?'

'What?' I blinked at her before eyeing Dr Braithwaite again, waiting for... what? It wasn't like I needed his permission to leave his side, but I sought it regardless. He perched on the edge of his desk, arms crossed over his broad chest. His attention was on the rows of seats in front of him, but he maintained that small smile. Not quite amusement, but close enough to make me wonder what he was thinking.

'Let's grab our seats,' Carly said.

'Umm, yeah, I'm coming.' But before I could move, Dr Braithwaite pulled a clean tissue from his pocket and held it out for me. 'Uh, what's that for?' I asked.

'You've left a puddle on my floor.' His deep voice made his statement sound ten times dirtier, and, of course, I flushed like a teenager with a hopeless crush on an older boy.

I hid my burning face by bending to clean up the spilt drops of tea. God, I had to stop gawking at him. He was probably amused because he knew why I'd worn these boots. Or maybe he also thought I worked at a strip club.

I straightened and stuffed the dirty tissue into my coat pocket. 'I'll see you after the lecture.'

'Mhmm,' he said with a courteous nod, giving nothing away, his attention still on the other students.

Carly gushed about her early Christmas present from her boyfriend as we climbed the steps. I tuned her out, having not dated anyone in years. My last relationship had been a complete disaster, but it had inspired the research topic for my dissertation. My flawed hypothesis. When we reached our usual seats, I dropped my bag on the floor and shot a scowl in Dr Braithwaite's direction.

It wasn't flawed; I was living proof.

Joshua took a seat in the row to my left, blatantly staring as I removed my coat. My fingers itched with the need to throw something at him, but I didn't have the guts to do it in front of Dr Braithwaite. Our lecturer slowly sipped his coffee as he waited for everyone to find their seats. The slight narrowing of his eyes suggested he had clocked Joshua's appreciation of my clothes. Or rather, what they failed to cover. The buttons on my red blouse stopped just shy of my cleavage, exposing the swell of my breasts. My black skirt was so tight that I struggled to cross my legs.

I tugged on the fabric to cover my thighs, but all I managed to do was tear my sheer tights. For God's sake. What was I thinking? I was a jeans-and-woolly-jumper girl, like Carly.

I needed to get laid. Maybe that was the cure for this crush. But when had sex ever solved anything for me?

Unfortunately, the only person I wanted didn't appear to appreciate my wardrobe choice or what was on display. My heart stuttered under the silent censure hardening Dr Braithwaite's features as he eyed me over the rim of his cup. It was ridiculous how this man could chastise me without words. It was even more ridiculous how much I craved his approval.

Lowering my gaze, I focused on retrieving the right notebook from my bag without further embarrassing myself and took my time choosing a pen, only looking up again

when the room fell silent.

Dr Braithwaite handed a stack of papers to a student in the first row. 'Pass these along, please. Your mock exams, as promised,' he continued in a louder voice. 'Please take the time to review your feedback before your January exams.'

Carly stuck hers into her bag without looking at it, then eyed me with a sour expression. 'Let me guess... nothing but praise as usual?'

'Hey, I studied hard for this.'

'Such a teacher's pet,' she teased.

I wished.

'He's tougher on me than you think.' I slipped it into my bag, struggling to mask my smile.

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Dr Braithwaite hung his jacket over the back of his chair. The fabric of his blue shirt strained against his taut muscles as he dragged a hand through his short hair. He was often reserved and kept his emotions hidden during lectures, but a wry smile tipped his lips when his eyes found mine. ‘Let’s talk about sex.’

I dropped my pen.

He clicked a button on the remote nestled in his large hand. ‘Or should I say “gender”? Who can tell me the difference between these key terms and why it matters?’

My pen rolled onto the floor. I barely noticed its clang or Carly’s small giggle. The slide on the large screen behind him stated ‘gender stereotypes’, so my brain must have misfired. Dr Braithwaite hadn’t been flirting with me. He would never risk his career over a twenty-something student in fuck-me boots.

‘Didn’t we cover this as undergraduates?’ Carly whispered as I fished for my pen.

‘No one?’ Dr Braithwaite asked.

I straightened with my pen. Over twenty students were in the room, but none answered him, so I tentatively raised my hand.

‘Yes, Ophelia?’ His usual pleasant smile was back, a welcome sight after his earlier obvious disapproval.

‘Sex is biological. Gender is a social construct.’

He arched a brow. 'A little simplified for my liking, but yes.' He looked at another student. 'Yes, Grace?'

Simplified? I sank back in my seat. Was he playing games with me? Dr Braithwaite didn't believe in absolutes or certainties. Like most social scientists, he kept an open mind about everything. Had I missed something obvious in my ethics application?

I pulled the hard copy out of my bag, then skimmed the research aim and objectives. Everything was here. My interview schedule was good. The literature review was on point. The methodology was appropriate, and the hypothesis was?—

'Ophelia, do you think gender stereotypes influence sexuality?'

Oh, hell. I forced myself to look at Dr Braithwaite. God, he had gorgeous eyes. Encased by dark lashes, the blue in them should've represented innocence, but like now, they often held a teasing glint. This was about my research, wasn't it? I'd made a glaring mistake, but what could it be? It would be pointless to ask him. He wanted me to figure these things out on my own.

'Umm.' I licked my lips. 'Gender stereotypes?'

'Yes.' He folded his arms again, and all my stupid brain could focus on was the flex of his muscles. I should've sat further away. I should've picked a different university. He was too distracting.

Dr Braithwaite dipped his head, peering back at me when I remained mute. 'What traditional gender stereotypes do we have for men and women?'

'Men are...' I cleared my throat. 'They're seen as strong and assertive. Leaders. Women are passive and soft. We're the weaker gender.'

‘And how does this influence our sexuality?’

An easy question, as I’d read hundreds of journal articles before formulating my hypothesis. ‘Men are more likely to be adventurous. They take more risks, like casual sex. They also face fewer consequences for exploring their sexuality.’

‘What consequences do you think women face?’

‘Is that a trick question?’

A ghost of a smile tipped his lips. ‘Not at all.’

Yes, it was. ‘Girls are raised to view sex as dirty, our needs as an embarrassment. We’re taught to protect our virginity – in some cultures, our lives depend on it. Nobody expects the same for a guy.’

‘And what happens if you deviate from this norm?’

He was toying with me, daring me to see his point. I still couldn’t. Joshua proved me right when he compared me to a stripper. I had never felt free to explore anything thanks to men like him.

‘Ophelia?’ Dr Braithwaite prompted, his voice softer.

I narrowed my eyes. Two could play this game. ‘Well, what do you call a woman who sleeps around?’

The room erupted in laughter. Joshua gave me and my fuck-me boots another appreciative glance. I gritted my teeth at his unwarranted judgement. I had only slept with two men, but it didn’t matter to Joshua. He’d made assumptions based on my clothes and the discussions I often had with Dr Braithwaite during lectures,

wrongly labelling me as some wanton woman because of my interest in sexuality.

Dr Braithwaite chuckled. 'I am aware of the slur you're implying, Ophelia. Modern feminism still has work to do, but I want you to be more specific about how gender stereotypes affect our sexuality.'

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‘Why?’

‘Humour me.’

I blew out a breath. ‘Men are rewarded for casual sex and their countless conquests. Women are ostracised.’ I gestured in Joshua’s direction. ‘Gender stereotypes are why women still have to be careful about how they dress.’

Joshua laughed. ‘Hey, all I said was?—’

‘Let’s not get personal,’ Dr Braithwaite interrupted. He clicked the remote. ‘Stereotypes can have a particularly negative impact on those who do not identify as heterosexual. Joshua, why do you think that is?’

I fell back in my seat again. God, that man was exasperating. Why couldn’t he make his point without turning it into a lesson for the whole class?

Carly caught my eye. ‘Text me after your meeting,’ she whispered. ‘I want every detail.’

Chapter Two

I sat on the table in the last row, dangling my feet as I waited while Dr Braithwaite put his things into his leather satchel. I knew his routine well. Too well, perhaps. Not because I was a struggling student in constant need of his guidance, but because knowledge was power. He’d taught me that on my first day at university.

The worn leather satchel once belonged to his father, a renowned psychiatrist still based at the University of Cambridge. It was sentimental to Dr Braithwaite, just as I treasured the 'Psychologist in Progress' coffee mug my grandmother had bought me when I was accepted to university.

There was still information I refused to learn about Dr Braithwaite, such as details of his personal life. Seeing him only as an academic authority figure made the time we spent in the same room almost bearable.

'Are you going home for Christmas?' he asked.

'No,' I grumbled.

'Not a fan of the holidays anymore?' He laughed softly. 'Last year, you were quite excited about Christmas dinner.'

I leaned forward. 'Why is everything a lesson with you?'

'Life is full of lessons, Ophelia.' He rested against the desk, his long legs only a few feet from my fuck-me boots. 'What did Joshua say to you?'

I tugged on my short skirt. 'He asked if I worked at a strip club.'

'I see.'

His dismissive answer stung more than it should have. I stared at my lap. How stupid was I for dressing up for a man who took no interest in me?

'Ophelia?' His deep voice lifted my chin. Dr Braithwaite smiled. 'Do you understand why I said your hypothesis is flawed?'

‘It’s not based on an opinion.’

‘It is, and there are two issues we must address before you make amendments. Firstly, why can’t you interview female participants?’

‘Because I’m studying the effect of pornography on men?’ Sarcasm rarely worked on him, and I cringed inwardly from his stern stare. ‘You asked me to specify a form of sexual deviancy to narrow my research. I did what you wanted, but it’s still wrong?’

‘Because your hypothesis is based on a misguided opinion. Don’t you see that?’

Annoyed with him and his insistent questions, I blurted, ‘Even if I can find a woman who claims she’s happy to serve a man no matter how depraved his demands are, her behaviour would be a cover – a coping mechanism because of childhood sexual abuse – and allowing for those factors will skew my data when my focus is on the harmful effects of pornography.’ I paused, breathless. ‘Its effect on men. Not women.’

‘Are you claiming childhood sexual abuse is the only reason a woman could enjoy acts such as degradation?’ He tilted his head, his probing gaze daring me to reveal old wounds I wanted to pick at with this deep dive into abnormal sexual behaviour.

‘No, I’m saying men’s sexual deviancy is shaped by early exposure to hardcore pornography. Women’s sexuality is limited by societal norms and gender roles enforced upon us since childhood. The world wouldn’t let us be sexual deviants.’ I huffed, looking around the empty auditorium. ‘Not for long, anyway.’

‘How so?’

I crossed my legs and smirked. ‘Do you remember our discussion about Freud, the founding father of fake orgasms?’

That earned me a tiny smile. ‘We have come a long way since then. Orgasms – whether clitoral, vaginal, or otherwise – are recognised as an important part of a woman’s health and well-being.’

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‘Maybe we don’t lock away women for their sexual urges anymore, but pornography, strip clubs, prostitution, and even phone sex lines are tailored to men, Doctor Braithwaite. They’re the largest consumers. Men are exposed to content depicting unhealthy, even dangerous sexual preferences and consequently act them out in the real world. Women don’t do that.’

He pursed his lips in thought. ‘Why do you believe they don’t act them out?’

‘Why?’ I laughed in disbelief. ‘Because we don’t. Men do. Mengan. They don’t face the same consequences we do. Even if there is a woman with no history of sexual abuse who willingly allows a man to perform degrading sexual acts on her, she’d be a unicorn and impossible to catch.’

‘A unicorn.’ His low laugh spread warmth through my body, and I couldn’t stop a smile from spreading across my face.

I often tried to make him laugh, wanting him to see me as more than just another psychology graduate student thirsty for the most controversial research topic. Lord knows I had tried to make mine as contentious as possible to get his attention – a decision I sometimes regretted since it meant talking about sex when we were alone together.

But I enjoyed our conversations. I looked forward to them, even when he challenged me. He was open-minded, and no subject was off-limits with him. He handled discussions about the criminal justice system with the same professionalism as deep conversations about rough sex. I was the one who couldn’t stop flushing.

Feeling hot again under his blazing gaze, I studied the small tear in my sheer tights, reminding myself why I was staying on campus this Christmas rather than heading home to enjoy my mother's cooking. Since the start of the semester, I'd dedicated long hours in the library to studying gender roles, social norms, and sexual disorders before finally deciding to write my master's dissertation on male sexual deviancy and its links to hardcore pornography.

I thought Dr Braithwaite approved my hypothesis and research methods the last time I saw him. It didn't appeal to start again, even if it meant spending time alone with him to work out these kinks in my study. My goal was to get a distinction for my master's and then move on to a doctorate, not to shag the hottest lecturer on campus and end my career before it started.

'There's no way I'll find a woman willing to admit that she enjoys degradation,' I said, twisting my hands in my lap. 'She doesn't exist.'

'What makes you say that?'

'Because we just don't get the same satisfaction out of sex as men.'

Dr Braithwaite laughed, low and deep, the sexiest sound I'd ever heard. 'Is that so?'

'I meant degradation!' The last thing I needed was to end up in a debate with him about my sexual history. Again. 'I'm not saying sex isn't great for women as well, but we can live without it. We haven't started wars because of it. Thanks to pornography, we're often better off doing it?—'

I snapped my mouth shut. As always, I'd divulged more than I should have.

His brow lifted.

I crossed my arms over my chest and tried to shift the focus. ‘My point is that men are more distracted and controlled by sex. Pornography has taught them that their satisfaction is more important than ours.’

I uncrossed my arms and gripped the edges of the table. Why did he have to stare at me like that? As if he not only knew how often I’d been left hanging, but wanted to correct other men’s mistakes. He didn’t. It was all in my head.

‘The orgasm gap between men and women is huge, even today,’ I continued. ‘Men are also more likely to cheat because they need sex more than we do. Pornography is responsible for their behaviour and this trend of increased sexual deviance.’

He tilted his head, appearing amused by my rambling and fidgeting. ‘Women can also be unfaithful.’

‘Yes, but...’ I blew out a breath. Damn this man’s ability to scramble my brain. ‘We cheat for different reasons. Our emotional needs aren’t met, so we look for intimacy elsewhere. Despite what men believe, it’s rarely about the sex.’

He smiled. ‘Clever girl.’

His praise warmed my cheeks. My leg bounced nervously as I waited for his counterargument. He always had one.

‘But women can also cheat because their sexual needs aren’t met, Ophelia. They can also have a strong libido. They can enjoy pornography, casual sex, and even what you’ve dubbed sexual deviancy. There’s a whole lifestyle catered to those needs, one which is based on trust, consent, and?—’

‘And rooted in childhood sexual abuse,’ I interjected. ‘Countless studies have shown women seek out dominant, sadistic men because of unresolved trauma. It’s an attempt

to “heal” old wounds, which ultimately only leads to more trauma.’

He folded his arms and ran a hand over the stubble on his chin. ‘Which brings us to the second issue with your hypothesis. Do you know what it is?’

He wanted me to think critically, to question everything, even my thoughts and feelings, but all I could do was follow his index finger as he slowly stroked his chin. I had spent far too many hours fantasising about his hands. What would they feel like against my skin? What would he do if I took that finger into my mouth and sucked?

‘Ophelia?’

I blushed. ‘Yes?’

‘You have a misconception about BDSM. It’s not rooted in trauma, or pornography, for that matter. Have you considered that you might be biased because of your own sexual dissatisfaction and inexperience?’

The heat in my cheeks roared into a blazing inferno. ‘What?’ I squeaked.

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‘Be honest, Ophelia. Do you feel you’ve had a large orgasm gap in your previous relationships?’

‘I-I am not – that’s not?—’

‘Have you been free to explore your sexual desires with previous partners?’ His voice dipped to a deep rumble. ‘Did they fulfil your needs?’

‘I-I don’t...’ My stuttering elicited another of his secretive smiles. ‘My sex life is fine,’ I snapped, no doubt revealing myself as a liar. ‘It’s just common knowledge that men are more likely to have and act out on sexually deviant fantasies. If women display similar behaviour, it’s usually rooted in trauma.’

‘But are you so sure women can’t enjoy such acts without adverse childhood experiences that you’re willing to dismiss a large demographic? Don’t you see the limitations with your research?’

Deep down, I knew he was right. It was wrong of me to dismiss female participants, but I honestly couldn’t think of any woman who would willingly admit to enjoying degradation. I wouldn’t even admit to reading books that explored such kinks.

Dr Braithwaite pushed off his desk. ‘Ophelia...’ He grasped my chin, lifting my gaze to his. ‘You appear to have decided that respect, consent, and trust cannot be a part of degradation. Isn’t giving someone what they want and doing so in a safe environment one of the most caring acts you can do?’

I looked between his face and his hand, momentarily so stunned by his move that I

couldn't speak. He always kept a respectable distance, but now I was overwhelmed by his warmth and scent. And he smelt so damn good – a subtle blend of cedar and spice I couldn't stop breathing in.

'You've dismissed consensual power exchanges, the care-giving role of Dominants, and that there are women – and men – who enjoy degradation, even humiliation and pain. It does not correlate with early exposure to hardcore pornography.' His voice dropped to a low, husky tone. 'You've also confused BDSM with abuse, and that's a misconception I cannot allow.'

'Allow?'

'Someone has neglected your needs, perhaps even shamed you for?—'

'I don't have past trauma.'

'Whoever it was,' he continued, 'it's a reflection of them, not BDSM. People in the scene know the female body is uniquely created for a level of pleasure unachievable for men. Only women can experience multiple types of orgasm, some lasting as long as an hour?—'

'An hour?' I whispered.

'Mhmm.' The corner of his mouth curved into a devious smile. 'You've also ignored the declassification of sadomasochism as a mental disorder, a curious oversight by someone who wants to be a clinical sexologist.'

'I...' I swallowed hard. 'I turned down that offer to study abnormal psychology.'

'You still found a way to study sexuality, proving my point that this runs deeper than you want to admit. It's an itch you can't help but scratch.' Dark amusement glittered

in his eyes. 'You're the first student in ten years to surprise me with your research question. But I'm disappointed in your lack of self-reflection. Your hypothesis is based on an opinion you've formed because of a bad experience caused by someone who didn't know what they were doing.'

'Pornography has negatively influenced male sexuality.' I gestured. 'Joshua called me a slut earlier.'

He leaned in. 'What else did you expect from a boy his age?' His heated gaze flicked between my eyes and my mouth. 'Even Freud, whom you like to quote so often, struggled to understand female sexuality.'

I pulled in my bottom lip and moistened it. If he kissed me now, I would agree to any change he demanded for my dissertation. But he wouldn't kiss me. He was my lecturer. There were rules, and I scrambled for an argument to distract myself from the temptation of crossing that line.

'My focus is on hardcore pornography, of which men are the largest consumers. I don't have a hypothesis if I include women, and I won't get data on female sexual deviancy if I can't find participants.'

His fingertips travelled along my jawline before sweeping across my cheek, a light caress to brush away a strand of my hair. My breath hitched as his touch sent goosebumps rushing down my arms.

'Would you like a challenge, Ophelia?' he murmured as he traced the shell of my ear.

'A-a challenge?'

'I believe if a woman is under the right man's control, in the right environment, she can embrace all aspects of her sexuality.'

‘All aspects?’

‘She can become the deviant you deny exists, and I’m willing to prove it to you with an in vivo experiment.’

‘H-how?’ My voice trembled as his fingertips travelled down the side of my neck, sending a shock to my core. ‘In vivo?’ A few working brain cells sought the meaning. ‘Is this about visiting a BDSM club? I’ve told you I’m not interested in that scene.’

‘I believe you are, but you’re unwilling to admit it. Give me a month, after which you’ll have no problem finding the right participants for your dissertation.’ He planted his hands on the table on either side of me, boxing me in. ‘Because you’ll be in your own pilot study.’

‘What do you mean?’

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‘You know what I mean.’ The unabashed hunger in his eyes resonated in every cell in my body. ‘We both know why I made sure I’d be your dissertation supervisor. It’s the same reason you didn’t ask for someone else. It’s also why you’re in the library every evening, working in a room directly across from my office.’

There was no point in refuting his accusation, but his admissions stunned me.

He tilted his head. ‘Unless there’s more between you and Joshua than I’m aware of? A history, perhaps?’

‘God, no.’

‘Good.’ His gaze left mine to sweep over my exposed cleavage. ‘And there’s no one else in your life that would object?’

It was a moot question. He knew I was single, as our debates often veered into personal admissions I later regretted. He had a habit of knocking down my walls, but what else could he bring out in me? When his eyes lifted to mine, they teemed with endless possibilities, and I sucked in a breath as my mind filled with delicious images. Dr Braithwaite with his hand on my head as I licked his cock from base to tip. Dr Braithwaite bending me over his desk while he?—

I shook my head to dispel those thoughts. ‘Whatever you’re suggesting won’t be valid without proper data. How would I measure the effect of this experiment?’

‘Good question.’ I breathed a slight sigh of relief when he stepped back to collect a paper from his desk. ‘These questionnaires are used to track arousal and changes in

sexual preferences based on exposure to different stimuli,' he said, passing it to me. 'I want you to complete them now and after the study.'

My jaw slacked. He'd planned this.

'It would also be prudent for you to make a list of specific degrading acts you consider deviant,' he continued. 'Five items should be sufficient.'

'Why?'

He folded his arms, assuming his role as my teacher, and gave me a stern look. 'As you should know by now, the only way to test someone's response to new stimuli is to encourage them to embrace it. It's like sampling new food, Ophelia. You may think you don't like shrimp, but how do you know unless you've tried it?'

My lips flattened. BDSM and fussy eating were hardly comparable.

'We'll meet in my office every week until your exams at the end of January, after which you'll resubmit your ethics application with a less biased hypothesis.' He gestured to the paper clenched in my hand. 'There's also a link to an online diary where you can log your emotional state and rate your level of arousal every morning and evening?—'

'A diary?'

'It's safe. All data you provide will be anonymised and kept confidential. I also want you to report any sexual dreams, fantasies, masturbation, and use of pornographic material.'

I almost dropped the paper. He wanted to know whether I masturbated? Hell, no. I wouldn't put that in writing. 'I don't watch porn.'

‘You will if I ask you to.’

My whole body tingled, right down to my toes.

He tucked his hands into his pockets, resting back on his heels. ‘I require your obedience and honesty for the duration of this experiment. If you provide false data or withhold anything from me, the study will be invalid.’

‘No fake orgasms then,’ I blurted in a half-hearted attempt to pretend the only thing I cared about was the research data.

It earned me another smile. ‘Do you accept my conditions?’

Part of me wanted to run out the door and pretend we’d never had this conversation, but I was floating on a cloud from the prospect of having him all to myself for a month and had to pinch myself to check I wasn’t dreaming.

‘Ophelia?’ he prompted when I only stared at him, my mind swirling with images of us playing out fantasies I’d had since the first time I saw him. ‘Do you accept?’

‘Okay.’

‘Excellent.’ He smiled. ‘I’ll see you Monday morning. Consider your choices carefully over the weekend.’

Oh, I would – with my vibrator.

Dr Braithwaite returned to his satchel as if nothing unusual had happened, so I pushed off the table and headed for the door, wobbling a bit on my heels.

‘And Ophelia,’ he said before I could escape the room. ‘Wear the boots.’

Chapter Three

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A parking ticket awaited me when I returned to my car. I threw it onto the passenger seat and stalled the engine twice before I could steady my trembling hands. Giddy excitement warred with nervous trepidation as I drove home. An entire month alone with him. I had to run the conversation over again in my mind to convince myself it was true, and nearly ran a red light when I got lost in my fantasies.

The university prioritised student accommodation near campus for undergraduate students, so I moved into a tiny studio flat on the east side of town last year. The rent was atrocious. Much higher than what I could afford, leaving me dependent on my parents. But there was a generous stipend for doctoral students, and I'd applied to be a research assistant, which would finally allow me to be independent.

Not that it mattered if anyone found out about Dr Braithwaite's experiment. Even Carly couldn't know the truth. She had returned to her family in Norfolk, giving me a few days to devise a plausible cover story for what had happened in the auditorium – and rationalise my reason for lying.

We had been friends since our first week at university, but this wasn't something I could share with anyone, so I told her a fib about my interview schedule when she called to ask how the meeting went.

'He's concerned I can't reject or accept my hypothesis if I don't ask the participants more specific questions.' I rushed through the words as I flung open my wardrobe, needing to distract myself. What did I wear to our meeting? Dr Braithwaite wanted me in the fuck-me boots, but surely didn't expect me to show up only wearing those?

'Specific how?' Carly asked, sounding as suspicious as I'd expected.

I sat on the floor and pulled a cardboard box closer. 'He thinks asking the participants what acts they deem degrading would be prudent.'

'Prudent?' Carly's infectious laugh dispelled some of my concerns. 'You're starting to sound like him. Well, that's not so bad. You must have some examples in mind.'

Plenty. But Dr Braithwaite would ask me to do these things, so I had discounted most of them. It was still easier to focus on my list rather than the guilt that twisted my stomach.

'What would you see as degrading?' I rummaged through the box, discarding dresses and tops as either too revealing or not revealing enough. Some still had tags on them, and I shuddered as I remembered why I'd made those purchases.

'Umm...' Carly paused. 'Being pissed on? I wouldn't like that.'

I made a face. 'I can't name that as an example. It has to be something less...' I waved my hand.

'Face-fucking? Being used as a toy by multiple men? Sex in a public place?' She laughed. 'Sounds like a good time, but you're the researcher. What's degrading to you?'

'Being called a slut,' I grumbled.

'Ignore Josh. He's had a thing for you for years.'

'Has he?' I burrowed deeper into my wardrobe, which unfortunately took me deeper into my past. One corner was crammed with boxes filled with items bought to please the wrong man. Why had I kept them? 'If you like someone, you don't degrade them. You don't treat them like...' I bit my tongue. Wasn't that what Dr Braithwaite

intended to do?

‘Like Luke treated you?’ she asked softly, and I loathed the sympathy in her voice.
‘He’s a dick, Ophelia.’

‘I know.’

‘He watched too much porn.’

‘Exactly!’

Someone called her name in the background. Carly groaned. ‘I have to go. Email me the revised questions. I can look over them before you resubmit.’

‘That’s okay. I’ll run them by Dr Braithwaite.’

She laughed. ‘No, no, no. Wait until I get back. I want to see his face when he reads them.’

‘No way.’ I fished out a pair of jeans. Maybe a sensible outfit was better. Dr Braithwaite was hot as hell, but he was also my lecturer. I could have misunderstood. The last thing I needed was to turn up in a revealing dress, only to learn he had no intention of peeling anything off my body.

‘What do you think he would find degrading?’ Carly asked, her voice teasing.

‘God, I don’t know.’

‘Being led around campus with a leash and a furry-tailed butt plug?’ she continued. ‘I can picture him with a stern but smoking hot Dominatrix.’

‘I’m hanging up now!’

‘Fine,’ she laughed. ‘Have a good Christmas.’

‘You too.’ I ended the call, tossed my phone aside, and put my head in my hands.

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I hated lying to her, even if it was for the best. For now, anyway. But if I had been honest, she could've helped me with my list. Now I was alone in my flat, facing a wardrobe crammed with past mistakes, feeling the guilt and fear of the consequences this could have.

I blew out a breath and glanced at the notepad left on my bed. Pet play was not going on my list, but the butt plug was an option. There were so many things I hadn't explored in previous relationships. Not that this was a relationship. It was an experiment. I had to remember that. Four weeks was all he'd give me. And when I proved him wrong, he would understand why I had excluded female participants.

My heart sat in my throat when I knocked on Dr Braithwaite's door on Monday morning. What was I doing agreeing to this experiment? It was unethical. Insane. So was I for the five items scribbled on a piece of paper clenched in my sweaty palm. He wanted me to step out of my comfort zone, and by God, these five items would do just that.

When Dr Braithwaite opened the door, I stared at my boots. 'Good morning, Ophelia,' he said, sounding amused. 'Are you ready to get started?'

No, but I entered the room when he stepped aside. I was a good girl like that, always obedient to my superiors, although I doubted my parents would have approved of this. Thankfully, they were back in Cornwall, hundreds of miles away. My father was a retired groundskeeper. My mother still worked as a librarian. Neither of my older brothers had gone to university, preferring manual labour over books. Now their only sister was jeopardising her education because of a crush on a much older man.

I quickly scanned the room, surprised by how barren it was. The décor was modest – white walls and two pale green armchairs opposite a dark wooden desk. There was no hint of his personality except for his usual threadbare leather satchel resting against the desk, an equally worn stress ball by his monitor, and a neat stack of papers.

I wondered what his house looked like and if he would ever invite me to see it.

Probably not, but would he ask me to address him by his first name? I didn't know what it was. He used Dr E. Braithwaite in emails and published journal articles. Even the university's website didn't use his full name, as if he deliberately withheld this personal information. His reasons intrigued me.

He moved past me. 'Please, have a seat.'

My pulse raced as I sat on the edge of an armchair, crossing and uncrossing my legs. I'd opted for jeans and a comfortable sweater. A safe, modest outfit. I had taken the time to shave, though, just in case, and put on the knee-high boots he'd requested.

Dr Braithwaite looked his usual self, but he'd discarded his suit jacket again. The top buttons of his white shirt had also been left undone, offering a glimpse of a fine dusting of dark hair I wanted to run my fingers through more than I wanted to win his 'challenge'.

'May I see your list?' he asked, resting against his desk.

I passed it to him and stared out the floor-to-ceiling windows. While he read in silence, breathing became impossible. A man of his age had to have vastly more experience than I did. He would take one look at my list and figure out I was in over my head. Perhaps he would laugh at me. His mockery would be degrading and surely teach me the lesson I needed.

He put my list on the desk and passed me a clipboard with a form and a pen. 'Fill this out.'

'What is it?' A quick skim of the first page confirmed I was so far out of my comfort zone that I was now on a different continent. It was an application form for the kind of club I'd only read about in trashy romance novels, requesting information about my sexual preferences and experience. My heart sank. 'You expect me to go to a BDSM club?'

'It's a quick way to gauge your limits and experience. If you know the date of your last STD check, please include it on the last page.'

I opened and closed my mouth, my courage wavering.

'What's wrong?' he asked. 'You've been tested, right?'

'Yes, of course, but I thought... I mean, I assumed you would be, eh, exposing me to these stimuli. Are you sending me to this club?'

He smiled. 'I'm not. Complete the form, Ophelia.'

Frowning, I started filling it out. He flicked through academic papers as if there was nothing unusual about my dissertation supervisor wanting to know if I was interested in fisting. The tips of my ears burned as I ticked 'no' next to most of the items on the form and handed it back to him.

He skimmed the first page before looking at me, his brows creasing. 'You've discounted most items on this list.'

'I haven't done any of those things.'

‘That’s not all the form is asking you. Which are you willing to try?’

‘Um, I’m not very adventurous.’

He tsked. ‘Honesty, remember? Your five fantasies suggest you’re curious about exploring your limits.’

‘Those are the things I’d never do.’ I gave him a pointed look. ‘This is about degradation, remember?’

‘As a social scientist, you knew I’d encourage you to do them.’ He picked up my list. ‘Sex in a public setting, being called derogatory names, being used by more than one man, anal play, and’ – his gaze found mine – ‘visiting a BDSM club.’

Cheeks burning, I stared at the floor. Did he have to read them out loud?

He pushed off the desk. ‘These tell me a lot about your deepest desires.’ Catching my chin in his large palm, he craned my neck to meet his gaze. ‘Have you always been a good girl, Ophelia?’

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His question sent a rush of heat to my core. ‘Yes.’

‘But that’s not all you want to be, is it?’ He swept his fingers across my cheek, then fisted my hair tight enough to sting my scalp. I gasped in surprise. ‘You’re looking for someone you can “blame” for not being a good girl. Someone willing to push your limits and reward you when you let go of your inhibitions.’

I choked on my objections. He was right; I wanted all of those things. I wanted him more than anything, but when I grabbed his shirt to pull him closer and finally kiss him, he caught my wrist in his free hand and pinned it to my lap.

He brought his mouth to my ear. ‘That’s a reward you have to work for.’ Taking my earlobe between his teeth, he tugged. Not painfully, but enough to harden my nipples and make me squirm with need. ‘Are you going to do as I say?’

‘Yes,’ I breathed.

‘Good.’ He kissed the hollow of my throat, then traced my racing pulse with his tongue. ‘If you willingly submit to me, I can teach you to enjoy almost anything, even acts you won’t admit to fantasising about. But I need your obedience and your trust. Do you trust me, Ophelia?’

‘Yes,’ I said without hesitation.

‘Do you want to please me?’

‘Y-yes.’

He twisted his hand, burning my scalp. 'Then why are you withholding information?'

I winced. 'Sorry!'

He released my wrist but maintained his tight grip on my hair with his other hand. 'Don't move,' he ordered as his fingers worked on the fastening on my jeans.

'The windows,' I objected with a gasp.

'Mhmm,' he murmured, undoing the zip. 'Anyone can see us. Does that excite you?'

'N-no.'

Dr Braithwaite chuckled. 'Yes, it does. I bet your nipples are hard right now.'

They were. Painfully so. Aching for his touch. I opened my mouth to deny it anyway, but lost my words when he slid his hand down my trousers and cupped my pussy.

'And you're so wet.' He tutted softly. 'Such a naughty girl. Do you want me to touch you? To make you come?'

The confirmation he sought got stuck in my throat. 'Umm...' I looked at his desk, the ceiling, the windows, anywhere to avoid his question.

He lazily stroked me through the fabric of my pants, but he didn't push them aside, and that frustrated me enough to meet his gaze. He smirked. 'Answer me, Ophelia.'

'Yes,' I whispered.

'That's not a convincing answer.' He moved closer by forcing my legs apart, giving himself space to push my pants aside and find my clit. I drew a shuddering breath.

‘How long has it been since a man touched you?’ he asked, slowly stroking the swollen bud.

‘Umm...’ I licked my lips, lost for words. He was skilled in the art of torturous seduction, in making me lose myself to every sweep and teasing flick of his fingers. ‘Umm,’ I tried again. ‘A-a while.’

His fingertips shifted to circle my entrance with the same slow, teasing strokes. A barely there touch. A silent dare to acknowledge him and my desires. I grasped the armrests, not knowing what else to do with my hands. If I touched him, would he stop? I wanted to rock against his hand, to feel him enter me, but I didn’t dare move or make demands.

He flattened his palm over my sex. ‘What do you want, Ophelia?’

‘You,’ I whispered. ‘Please.’

The blue in his eyes darkened with lust. ‘How pretty you are when you beg.’

My cheeks warmed.

‘What do you want me to do?’

I squirmed beneath his hand as he resumed the small teasing circles, daring me to forget the floor-to-ceiling windows and the reality of what we were doing. If we were caught, I would undoubtedly be expelled. It would ruin his career and reputation.

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‘Doctor Braithwaite.’ My voice trembled as heat rose in my stomach, spreading through me like wildfire.

‘Yes?’ When I raised a hand to touch him, he twisted his, pinching my hair. ‘You’re not in control anymore.’

I released a sharp breath. ‘That hurts.’

‘Good hurt or bad hurt?’ Before I could answer, he sealed his lips around my nipple over the fabric of my jumper and sucked. Gasping, I arched my back. He drew faster circles around my clit, playing with my body as if he wanted to draw this out for hours until I gave him an answer.

But I couldn’t.

‘I don’t plan to just let you come,’ he said. ‘Work for it. Give me the tools I need to reveal you as what you deny exists.’

A deviant... I wanted to refute his claim, but I was too far gone. I needed his fingers inside me, so I lifted my hips and pressed them against his hand.

‘Please.’

He pushed one thick finger halfway in, then held it there as I perched halfway off the chair. ‘Do you want me to fuck you with my hand? I think you do. You’re so wet, Ophelia. So...’ He withdrew and pushed in deeper. ‘Tight. Do you want me to fuck your tight little cunt with my hand?’

I stared at him in silence, mortified and turned on and utterly confused by these conflicting emotions.

‘I want an answer...’ He pushed two fingers inside me, daring me to admit my desires by slowly thrusting in and out. My eyes rolled back in my head. Yes, I wanted him to. I wanted anything he would give me, but it was hard to say those words.

‘It’s not like you to be mute,’ he said with a low laugh. ‘Let’s change that.’ He curled his fingers and pumped his fist faster, rubbing against a spot that weakened my knees. I was lost in a sea of lust and excitement. With each thrust of his thick fingers and each flick of his thumb over my clit, he challenged me to forget the world outside his office. To give him the reaction he wanted.

He watched every change in my body, from the shallowing of my breath to the tremors rolling up my thighs. His lips twitched in amusement when I lost the battle.

‘Oh God,’ I moaned. ‘I’m going to?—’

He withdrew his hand. ‘Those boots look so damn hot on you. I want to see you in nothing but them.’

‘What?’ I fell back onto the chair, flushed, confused, left hanging yet again. ‘You want me to undress?’

‘Yes.’

But the floor-to-ceiling windows were right there. It was early morning, but someone could be in the library across the road.

‘Now, Ophelia.’

I swallowed my objections and rose. My gaze flitted between him, the windows, and the door. 'Are you trying to humiliate me?'

'Not at all.' He rolled up his sleeves, distracting me, tempting me. 'It would please me to see you wearing only those boots. Undress for me.'

A voice at the back of my mind wanted to know if he would punish me if I didn't obey, but I didn't dare ask. The thought of Dr Braithwaite bending me over his knee in his office was equally horrifying and arousing.

I shook my head again, confused by these thoughts, then pulled my jumper off. Staring at his chest, I removed my boots and jeans, leaving them on the floor, and stood before him in only my bra and pants.

'Take it all off.'

I sucked in a breath, glanced at the windows, and then undid my bra clasp. I dropped my bra on the floor and slid my lace pants down my thighs before stepping out of them. My body heated as he studied every inch of me, from my trembling thighs to my hardened nipples. The more seconds that passed, the more convinced I became that he saw only flaws.

I was ready to flee the room when he declared in a husky voice, 'You're stunning.' His darkening eyes made one final sweep of my body before meeting mine. 'I can't wait to see you on your knees with my cock in your mouth.'

My jaw slacked.

'But not today,' he chuckled. 'Fold your clothes and put them on the chair. Then put your boots back on.'

My hands trembled as I followed his instructions. The tremors spread to my whole body by the time I finished, my gaze bouncing between him and the windows.

‘Good girl.’ He pointed to his desk. ‘Bend over.’

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‘Over your...?’ I lost my words. Or was it my morality, since I hadn’t run out the door yet?

‘Do as you’re told, Ophelia.’

Oh, hell. I breathed hard as I rested my hands on the sleek surface, bending slightly forward.

‘Lower.’ He pressed a hand onto my back until my breasts were flattened against the desk’s chilled surface. ‘Better.’ His large hand swept down my spine, over the swell of my butt, and down my thigh in one slow caress. ‘I can’t tell you how many times I’ve fantasised about seeing you like this.’

Cheek pressed against the desk, I could barely breathe. I would never admit it out loud, but I had also fantasised about being in this position, in this room. I’d imagined him taking me hard from behind with my hair twisted around his thick fingers.

But he wasn’t rough now. He gently pulled my hair away from my face, checking on me before he nudged my feet further apart. ‘What a sight you are. Your butt high in the air. Your wet pussy on display.’

His words weren’t spoken with malice, but my body reacted to them, regardless. I managed to push halfway off the desk before a firm hand on my back stopped me. ‘I didn’t say you could move.’

‘I...’ I struggled to catch my breath, my heart racing. ‘I’m sorry.’

He pushed me back down, then brushed his hand up and down my spine, a slow caress that soothed some of my concerns about what I was exposing. 'When you're with me, I control your body. It's safe with me. Is that understood?'

'Yes.'

He continued the gentle sweeps of my back until my breathing changed, fear shifting to arousal as I became more and more aware of him. His scent. His warmth. He stood close enough that he only needed to unzip his trousers to fuck me. Would he?

My whole body hummed at the thought, and I gripped the edges of his desk to avoid pressing back against him.

'Good girl.' He ran his hand down my butt again before finally slipping between my thighs. 'You're free to leave anytime you want, but I don't think you will. You're dripping onto my floor again, Ophelia.'

I closed my eyes to escape, but he tutted at me. 'Eyes open. Do you think it's embarrassing to be wet? It pleases me to know I turn you on.' He pressed his erection against my hip. 'Should I be embarrassed by what you do to me?'

'No,' I whimpered.

He patted my pussy, letting me hear how wet I was. 'Never be embarrassed by this. I want...' He groaned as he pushed two fingers into me. 'Soon, I'll bury my face in your soaked cunt and eat you out until you drown me, but for now, I want to hear you scream as you ride my hand.'

I moaned softly as he thrust his fingers. Not as hard as I wanted, as I needed, and I couldn't help myself. I pressed against his hand, meeting every thrust. 'Look at you giving in to your desires,' he said, pumping faster into me. 'Tell me how much you

want to come.'

'I do,' I panted.

He tutted again. 'Not good enough.' The room filled with the wet slaps of his hand. Tremors rolled down my thighs. 'I can feel you squeezing my fingers. Are you close?'

'Yes.' I let out a sharp gasp when his thumb found my clit, drawing slick circles. My breaths grew shallow and quick as he pushed me closer and closer to the edge. 'I'm going to...'

He slowed his pace. 'You're going to what?'

I groaned in frustration. 'Don't stop.' I pressed back against his hand, needing more, but he gripped my hip and squeezed.

'I want to hear you enjoy yourself. Earn your reward. Do you understand?'

'Y-yes.' Whatever he wanted was fine by me. I just needed to come. He picked up the pace again, pumping his hand into me, and I threw my inhibitions aside to let him hear every gasp and moan, but it still wasn't good enough.

'Tell me what you want,' he demanded. 'Harder? Faster?' He withdrew his fingers and added another digit. 'Or does your pussy need to be completely filled, Ophelia?'

'Ah, yes,' I cried out.

'Listen to you sing,' he praised. 'You're going to come hard for me, aren't you?' He thrust faster, harder, and I could barely hear him over the rapid fire of sharp moans he pulled out of me. 'Good girl, you're close now. Let it come. Give your body what it

needs.'

I drew one last shuddering breath before falling into oblivion. My pussy convulsed around his fingers. As I cried out my release, he slowed his pace, giving my body time to stop shuddering before he withdrew his hand and gently stroked my back.

'Good, but that's the last time I'll let you get away with your disobedience. The next time you try to hold back, I'll spank you. Is that clear?'

I blinked repeatedly, still breathing hard against his desk. 'Okay.'

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‘Have you ever been spanked?’

‘Umm...’ I stumbled as I pushed off the desk. He grabbed my arm and steadied me.

‘Well?’ He sampled the fingers he’d used to make me forgo all ethical considerations. Mortified by his brazen move, I stared at his shoes.

‘Eyes on me, Ophelia.’

Cheeks aflame, I raised my chin.

‘Where’s all this shame coming from?’

‘I’m not ashamed.’ I forced myself to appear nonchalant as he sucked off the last drop of my juices. ‘You’re just very...’

His brow lifted. ‘Yes?’

‘Unrestrained.’

He smirked as he retrieved a fresh form. ‘I’m very much in control of myself, Ophelia. Sex is a tool I’ve spent many years learning to master.’ He handed me the clipboard, and like a good girl, I accepted it. ‘You didn’t answer my question. Have you been spanked before? As a child, perhaps?’

‘No, never.’

‘Hmm.’ He sat behind his desk. ‘Complete the form honestly, then I’ll give you your assignment for the week.’

‘Give me – I thought that was my first assignment.’ I gestured outside. ‘Anyone could’ve seen us.’

‘Fingering you in my office during daylight hardly counts as exhibitionism. I have to push your limits more than that.’

I gaped. What else did he have in mind? Dr Braithwaite’s small smile gave me no clues. I quickly put the form on the free chair to pick up my clothes.

‘Not yet.’

‘What?’

‘You’re a beautiful woman. It pleases me to see you naked.’ He glanced at my boots, the corner of his mouth tipping up again. ‘In those, you’re fucking stunning. I haven’t been this hard in years,’ he added, adjusting himself.

‘But you didn’t?—’

‘You have to earn your rewards.’

What did that mean? He pulled a paper from his neat stack, dismissing me again, so I sat in the other chair and tried to focus on the questions, but there was something else I needed to know.

‘Are you a Dominant?’

‘Yes,’ he drawled like it was the most obvious question I could’ve asked. And I

suppose it was.

‘And a member of...’ I squinted at the form. ‘The Aurora?’

‘Yes.’

‘Then you must have done everything on this list?’

‘I imagine so.’ He pulled the cap off a pen and scribbled something on a paper.

‘Then why me? There must be dozens of submissives you can, eh, be with? Women who are...’

‘Who are what?’ He put his pen down and pinned me with another firm stare. ‘More experienced? More promiscuous than you? Obedient subs who would bend over my desk without objection?’

‘Forget I asked,’ I muttered, refocusing on the form.

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‘No.’ The sternness of his voice lifted my gaze again. ‘Finish your statement. Women who are what?’

‘Who...’ I quickly deflected. ‘Women who don’t jeopardise your career. Someone closer to your own age.’

His brows furrowed. ‘Does the age difference bother you?’

‘No. I think you’re...’ Losing my courage again, I looked away.

‘Please finish your sentence,’ he said softly, like he already knew the depths of my feelings for him.

‘I think you’re the most fascinating man I’ve ever met,’ I whispered, staring at the floor, at the spot where I’d stood bent over his desk. ‘But I don’t even know your first name.’

Nor did he offer it now. When I peeked at him, he stared at me with an incredulous expression.

‘Apply yourself, Ophelia. You have so much potential.’ He returned to his papers, leaving me to mull over those mysterious words.

Chapter Four

My high heels clicked on the stairs as I climbed the library building. Stupid. The task Dr Braithwaite gave me for tonight was stupid and reckless. Embarrassing? Maybe.

Arousing? Yes, although I would never admit it to him.

The security guard downstairs should have stopped me on my way in. Who came to study at this hour, pimped up in a dress which barely covered their breasts and butt, doused in perfume and stupidity? And the shoes I'd dug out of my wardrobe? Nothing said 'sexual deviant' like six-inch stilettos. I was a walking cliché, a tipsy student seeking validation from an older man. Yet, I kept climbing the stairs, eager to please him, keen to prove myself.

The library stretched over two floors and always smelled of coffee and crisps, even though we weren't supposed to bring in food and drinks. We definitely weren't supposed to use the library for what Dr Braithwaite had in mind.

My heart pounded as I pushed through the doors. Thankfully, the librarian wasn't at the desk. I couldn't hear or see anyone as I rushed across the floor, bumping into a magazine rack in my hurry to get to the back rooms. I shouldn't have drunk half a bottle of wine before coming here, but who was I kidding? My inhibitions needed to be obliterated. Since Dr Braithwaite wasn't with me, I also needed reassurance. It didn't matter that it was late evening and the study room was dark when I entered. I checked behind every row, shelf, and even the copiers, in case there was someone else here.

'This is insane,' I muttered to myself as I pushed the curtains further apart, exposing the floor-to-ceiling windows and the view of his office building across the narrow street. Dr Braithwaite was supposed to watch me get off. No man had watched me masturbate before, so the challenge was twofold. But could I do it knowing someone could walk through the door at any moment?

I nibbled on my bottom lip and cursed myself inwardly for arguing with him about this task. It had bumped up my time here from ten minutes to thirty minutes before I realised what was happening.

‘That will teach you not to question my orders again,’ he’d said with a wry smile, and I should’ve known better. He was always strict with his students. Of course he would be the same as a Dominant.

Thirty minutes. I looked around again. This was the best room for his assignment. I had scoped it out earlier this week, tormenting myself about this task rather than studying. Then I’d tossed and turned at night as my mind conjured up the worst scenarios, from being spotted by a random pedestrian to being caught by a security guard.

I rechecked the door before sitting on a desk facing the windows. His windows. He wasn’t the only potential watcher. The building housed dozens of offices, lecture rooms, and labs. Like other buildings on campus, it was open all day, in case someone needed the facilities.

My leg bounced nervously against the desk as I studied every dark frame across the street, searching for silhouettes and an excuse to abort this challenge. Only a few windows on the first floor were illuminated, including the offices of people who sat on the ethics committee with Dr Braithwaite. I stared at them until my eyes burned. No one appeared to be around, but that didn’t mean they couldn’t return to their desks, look outside and...

I blew my hair away from my flushed face and turned my attention to his windows on the second floor. My breath hitched when our eyes locked from across the street. Only part of his face was visible in the duskiess of his office, but Dr Braithwaite’s small smile was enigmatic. Commanding even from across the street. He held a tumbler of a dark liquid, whisky probably. Lifting it to his lips, he took a small sip while waiting for me to start his show.

I hitched up my dress with trembling fingers and spread my legs wider. Per his instructions, I had no pants on, but I hoped the stockings and garter belt were a

pleasant surprise. He'd called me prudish. He hadn't used that exact word, but he'd implied it. I wanted to prove him wrong. I could be daring. Brave. Worthy of his admiration.

Maybe I was. He froze mid-sip when I exposed my lower half. Pride filled my chest. I had surprised him. Judging by his grin as he lowered his glass, he approved of my attire. I tucked away that information to use against him at a later date, but first, I had to earn my invitation to cross the street.

I slid my hands up my inner thighs. I was already wet, having been so since I woke this morning, thanks to a vivid dream about him. Although I had tried to approach this assignment as any other scientific study, thoughts of how he would reward me afterwards kept that fire going all day. So did the image of him jerking off because of me. I wanted to see his large hand wrapped around his cock. Wanted to hear his groan as he came. God, I even wanted to taste him.

Maybe he would let me watch him as well. The thought made me smile as I circled my clit with two fingers, teasing myself as I looked at Dr Braithwaite. He remained still, watching me with such intensity that I flushed. Damn it. When would I stop flushing whenever he was around?

He was too distracting; this had to last for thirty minutes, so I shifted my focus to the research I had done this week. The submissive was supposed to hold equal power, or possibly even more, than the Dominant. He would guide me, yes, but nothing happened unless I wanted it to. The thought reassured me somewhat about taking this journey with him, but it still puzzled me why someone as experienced as he would bother with someone like me.

I hadn't sought him out at a club. I'd stumbled into a lecture hall four years ago. And I'd become so besotted with him that I was now playing with myself in the library. Risking my career. My reputation. And worst of all, my dignity.

But I loved how he looked at me, how I held his attention. My other hand moved to cup my breast through my dress. As I kneaded it, I imagined he was the one touching me, that it was his fingers pinching my nipple, making me gasp. My dress had a scandalously low cut. I hesitated for a second before pushing the material past the swell of my tender breasts. My hardened nipples pointed in Dr Braithwaite's direction, and I squeezed one as I imagined it was his fingers.

If I had been sober, I never would've exposed this much of myself to potentially dozens of onlookers, but as I sat before him with my legs spread wide and my fingers pinching and rolling my nipple, I only saw him. The other rooms and their potential occupiers became insignificant. All I cared about was how distracted I could make him.

Would he forget to take another sip?

Move to adjust his crotch?

Unzip his trousers?

I knew I had him enthralled. Forgoing his drink to watch me play with myself, Dr Braithwaite moved closer to his window. Spurred on, I scooted backwards on the desk and propped my heels on the edge. He could see all of me now, my bare breasts and my soaked pussy. I made sure he could by spreading my wet folds and slowly sweeping my fingers up and down. He wanted me. I could feel his blazing gaze on me. Felt it in every inch of my body as I slid two fingers inside and fucked myself slowly in front of him.

The glass remained in his hand as I sucked off my fingers before dipping in for more. His other hand moved to his crotch, a quick adjustment that made me smile. When I moved my fingers to my clit, I gasped at the sensation. I was so damn close already. My hips rocked against my fingers as I increased pressure and speed. Biting my bottom lip, I tried to hold back my moans – and to keep myself from coming too soon.

A door slammed nearby, startling me. Heart pounding, I looked towards the study room's door where a dark silhouette stopped outside its frosted glass. My stomach dipped. This was it; I was going to get caught. Move, a voice screamed at me in my head. Cover up. Get off the desk. But I couldn't get my body to move. Couldn't do anything but stare at the figure outside the door until their footsteps faded in the distance.

I giggled. Too close for comfort. Part of me was annoyed with the thrill of almost getting caught, but it was also surprisingly exhilarating. I wasn't sure what to think about that. Dr Braithwaite would find it amusing. I squinted to check.

It might have been my imagination, but he seemed to know exactly what had happened. He also appeared pleased that I'd stayed in position. Lifting his glass, he tried to hide his grin as he waited to see what I would do next. Did I want to leave? Hell, yes, but I couldn't until he invited me to cross the street.

'Prudish,' I muttered to myself as I resumed touching myself. 'I'll prove you wrong.' I slid two fingers inside, then let my knees fall to the side. He needed to see how well I followed his orders, so I worked for my reward.

I bit my lip to stifle a moan as my fingers circled my clit, my eyes not leaving his. He watched every rock of my hips against my hand. Watched as I threw my head back and moaned. Did he wish he were here with me? My teeth dug deeper into my lip as I flicked my clit. Yes, he did. I could see it in his eyes. In the tension in his body. He wanted these fingers to be his. He wanted to taste me again. He wanted to...

I closed my eyes, lost in the moment, lost in my fantasies about him. I imagined him stepping up between my legs. He'd watch me pleasure myself until he couldn't take it any longer. He'd pin my hands to the table, then he'd drag his tongue, hot and demanding, from my entrance to my clit. With long licks and deep sucks, he would take me to the edge of what I could handle. My pleas and moans would fill the room. I would clutch his hair and buck my hips against him as he tormented me with his wicked skills. Then he would grab my hips and...

I arched my back as my orgasm hit me. For a long, blissful moment, I was lost in the waves of pleasure, lost in my head with him. Then I slumped back onto the desk, utterly spent. The wooden surface was cold against my skin, soothing as my heart pounded. Another giggle escaped me. I couldn't believe I'd just done that. Worst of all, I'd loved every minute.

I pushed onto my elbows, blew my hair out of my face, and searched for him across the street. The overhead lights now illuminated every inch of his office. Heat crept to

my cheeks as Dr Braithwaite's gaze met mine. Dressed in his usual dark suit, he looked every bit like a professional, well-respected academic. He had discarded his glass and now stood with his arms folded across his chest, a wry smile curling the corner of his mouth. He was too far away to see if my performance had affected him. But it must have.

I sat upright, straightened my clothes, and lifted a brow in a silent dare for him to invite me over.

Instead of a crook of his finger or even an approving nod to say I'd risen to the challenge and pleased him, he gave a soft but determined shake of his head, a move I recognised well from being his student for so many years.

Apply yourself, Ophelia, his deep voice said in my head, echoing our last meeting. You have so much potential.

My lips pressed thin in defiance. I had applied myself. I'd followed his order of getting off in the library. Maybe I hadn't done it for the thirty minutes he wanted, but that wasn't my fault. I'd been too caught up in my fantasy about being with him to hold off my orgasm long enough.

Dr Braithwaite's smile widened. He cocked his head to the side, like he had a hundred times before, and it worked. It always did.

I huffed. Fine. If he wanted a thirty-minute show, I would give it to him. I would make him beg me to cross the street. Better yet, I could make him regret not inviting me sooner. All I needed was a willing participant.

Chapter Five

I downed the rest of my gin and tonic and made another sweep of the crowd. I'd been

in the student bar for an hour now, unable to pick someone. What about the guy in the corner? He fit the ‘tall, dark, and handsome’ stereotype. I’d seen him around before, so I knew he had a reputation for being a player, but I couldn’t remember his name.

He noticed me checking him out and approached. ‘See something you like?’

Definitely a player. He bore signs of having been caught with his hand in the cookie jar, with cuts and bruises marking his face. He smelled good, though. Earthy tones hid beneath a cloud of spicy cologne. Charming smile as well, albeit a tad cocky.

Frowning, I leaned against the bar. ‘What’s your name?’

‘I’m Lewis.’ He offered me his hand. ‘Lewis Carter.’

‘Ah.’

The pieces finally fit. Every campus had unwritten rules. Most of Ladeworth’s involved the Carter brothers. Trouble was the last thing on my mind tonight, so I turned away.

‘Aw,’ he teased. ‘The cold shoulder already?’

‘You’re more trouble than you’re worth.’ I forced a stiff smile, avoiding eye contact. ‘No offence.’

‘None taken.’ He sighed as he copied my position, resting against the bar to observe the busy room. ‘It’s not true, by the way.’

‘What’s that?’

‘Whatever you’ve heard about me.’

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‘As if I’d believe you’re innocent when you look like someone beat you up.’ The alcohol made me louder and braver than intended. ‘But is it true you’re all pierced?’

What could I say? I was curious.

Lewis smirked. ‘There’s only one way to find out.’

I sighed. The truth was, I didn’t want him or any other man in this room. I wanted Dr Braithwaite. God, what was I doing here? Picking up a guy at the bar wasn’t my style. I almost laughed at myself. Unethical sexual experiments with my dissertation supervisor weren’t my style, either, yet here I was.

I pushed away from the bar. ‘Let’s go.’

Lewis followed me into the street. ‘Where are we going?’ he asked when I took a sharp left, heading in the opposite direction from the student halls.

‘Library.’

He chuckled. ‘Whatever you want, sweetheart.’

A cold blast of wind masked my grunt. Dr Braithwaite had better make this up to me. Only wild sex in his office could justify this sacrificial act of letting a Carter touch me. I smiled as I rushed around the corner of the building, so caught up in my fantasy that I didn’t notice Dr Braithwaite standing there until I crashed into him.

He grabbed me before I tumbled to the ground. ‘Ophelia, what a pleasant surprise.’

He didn't sound or look surprised to see me. It was freezing outside, yet he wore no coat, as if he had left his office in a hurry to intercept us. By his narrowed stare at Lewis, I was willing to bet that was exactly what had happened.

Lewis moved around us to open the door. 'Coming?' he asked me.

I looked at Dr Braithwaite. Was I?

He raised a hand. 'If you don't mind, Lewis, I wanted a word with Ophelia. Why don't you wait for her upstairs?'

Lewis looked at us, appearing as confused as I was. Then he smirked. 'Sure, whatever,' he said and slipped inside the library.

Dr Braithwaite grabbed my arm. 'Come with me.'

'What are you doing?' I asked, struggling to keep up with him.

'I don't want you anywhere near the Carter brothers.'

'Fine, I'll pick someone else.'

'That's not what I meant. You know this wasn't your assignment.'

'But you didn't invite me over, so I?—'

'Quiet.' He increased speed, practically dragging me to the building that housed his office. After quickly checking that no one was nearby, he escorted me inside and up the stairs.

His office was lit by moonlight; the curtains were still pulled aside. Across the street

was the library building. My cheeks heated as I realised he must have seen everything – every inch of me.

‘You put on quite a show, Ophelia. I’m proud of your bravery, but disappointed you would involve another person without my permission.’

My eyes widened. ‘I was just trying to... I’m sorry.’

‘He’s not safe for someone like you. Do you understand?’

Not really, but I nodded. ‘So, I failed?’

‘Not quite.’

I stumbled when he guided me towards the windows. ‘What are you doing?’

‘Testing your limits.’ He directed my attention to Lewis wandering the study rooms across the road. Lewis’s gaze drifted between empty desks and overflowing bookcases, but he would see us if he turned his head and looked outside.

‘How—’ I cleared my throat. ‘How do you mean?’

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Dr Braithwaite moved behind me. 'Put your hands on the glass.'

'What?'

'And spread your legs,' he breathed against my neck. 'Do it now.'

Stunned by the needy rasp in his voice, I pressed my hands against the glass and shifted my legs apart, wobbling a bit on my high heels.

'Good girl.' He hitched up my dress, exposing my lower half to the outside world. 'God, Ophelia... these stockings are even better than the boots.' He ran an appreciative hand over my hip and down my thigh. 'They tempt me to take you over my knees and spank you for putting yourself at risk.' His nails scraped up the same path. 'For disobeying me like that.'

'You pushed me to go further,' I argued, my voice trembling. He landed a sharp whack on my butt. 'Sorry,' I squeaked.

'You have so much to learn,' he murmured, rubbing the soreness. 'I should spank you, but I can't. It wouldn't be fair to you, and...' His hand moved between my legs. 'There isn't time.' One of his fingers traced the length of my pussy before burying itself inside in one rough, possessive move. I cried out, pressing against the glass.

He groaned against my neck, dipping another finger inside me. 'You drove me crazy earlier. I'm not letting anyone else have you tonight.'

I drove him crazy? His words drove me insane, and so did the slow thrusts of his thick

fingers. Last time, he'd held back from fucking me. Would it be different this time? God, I hoped so.

'Please,' I breathed against the glass, fogging it.

'Patience.'

I had no patience, not with him. My whole body ached. I wanted him to fill me. To stretch my body and limits. I shifted my legs wider apart, struggling to remain upright as he continued teasing me with short, fast pumps of his hand, then longer, slower thrusts, finding all my weaknesses. I squeezed my eyes shut and moaned, louder than I normally would, not wanting him to stop again.

'Open your eyes, Ophelia.'

My eyes opened slowly, then widened in horror when Lewis stopped and turned in our direction. 'He can see us.'

Dr Braithwaite pulled my dress down, exposing my tits. 'You like being watched, don't you?' he asked, kneading my breast.

'N-no.'

'Liar. You're coating my whole hand.'

He was right; I was so slick that every thrust of his hand filled the room with the sound of my arousal. It horrified and thrilled me. Confused me. Everything about him and his experiment confused me.

His fingers found my clit. He flicked it as he played with my nipple. 'Are you watching him?'

‘Yes,’ I moaned, pressing my hips back for more.

‘Do you trust me?’ he whispered.

‘What?’

‘Answer me.’

‘Yes.’

‘Good. Let’s show him what he missed out on.’ He loosened his trousers. ‘I’m going to fuck you now.’

‘Oh, God.’ I didn’t have time to prepare before he angled himself and pulled me back onto his cock. ‘Fuck,’ I cried out from the sudden intrusion.

‘You feel better than I imagined,’ he groaned against my neck. ‘So fucking tight. You squeeze me so hard.’

He withdrew to the tip and slammed back in, filling me completely. His groan changed everything. Primal and possessive, it was the most animalistic thing I’d ever heard. And I loved it. When he pulled back and thrust into me again, I forgot about rules, guidelines, and the discomfort of being watched. I wanted everyone to hear this beautiful man who couldn’t get enough of me. I wanted them to see my reward for daring to push myself.

My nipples dragged against the glass as he pumped into me with long, hard strokes. ‘Your tight cunt feels so good wrapped around my cock.’ He slid one hand around my throat and tipped my head back. ‘Let him see how slutty you are for my cock.’

My pussy clenched at his dirty words. In objection? No, but I wouldn’t admit that to

him.

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He slowed to deep, slow thrusts. 'Look at you, so pretty in my grasp.' He tightened his grip around my throat. Teasing me. I must have lost my mind, as I wanted it tighter. 'Pressed up against a window with my cock buried inside you. You like it, don't you?'

'Yes,' I moaned.

'Such a good girl.' He angled his hips to hit that spot inside me that weakened my knees. A raspy gasp slipped from my lips. He thrust again. Harder. 'Ah, fuck,' he hissed.

As he continued pounding into me, my moans tumbled out in rapid succession, but he still controlled them. He hit all the right places to extract the neediest sounds from deep within my throat. The pleasure consumed me. Burnt me. I didn't hold back any longer.

'Harder,' I pleaded, pressing back. 'Fuck me harder.'

Dr Braithwaite chuckled. 'Filthy girl.' He flung his other arm around my waist and slammed into me, shattering my vision. He did it again. And again. There was nothing I could do but submit to the storm he built inside me. And I wanted to reach that peak. I wanted it more than anything.

'Yes,' I cried out. 'Hard... like... that,' I panted between each rough thrust.

'Are you on the pill?'

‘Yes.’ My breaths shortened to quick gasps.

‘Good. I want to fill your tight little cunt. Watch him.’

I did. Lewis had wandered up to the window, eager to watch me moan and pant as I was being fucked by my dissertation supervisor. I didn’t care if it was unethical, depraved, deviant... All I cared about was the maddening thrusts and the building orgasm, licking up my thighs in a ferocious heat.

My forehead bumped against the cool frame as he slammed into me again and again. My core tightened. When my moans spiked, he slowed his thrusts and toyed with my body, making me whine and press back against him.

‘Not yet.’ He wrapped his fingers around my hair and tugged. ‘Wait for me, and I’ll make you come harder than you ever have.’

‘I can’t.’

He twisted his hand. ‘You will.’

But I was defenceless. Lost in his game. My hot breath misted the window as he pounded into me until my body couldn’t hold back anymore.

‘I’m going to?—’

‘Wait!’

But it was too much. Too good. I came with a wordless, breathless cry, my cheek pressed against the glass, my eyes rolling back into my head.

‘Fuck,’ he groaned as he followed my ascent into blinding pleasure, emptying himself

inside me in hot spurts.

My panting breaths stained the glass as we stilled. Across the street, Lewis tipped his head before leaving the study hall. When the door slid shut behind him, reality came crashing in.

‘He saw us.’

Dr Braithwaite kissed my neck. ‘Don’t worry about him. I have a long-standing understanding with the Carters.’ He withdrew and quickly tucked himself away.

‘What does that mean?’ I pulled my dress down. ‘I need a tissue,’ I whispered. What had I done? Anyone could’ve seen us.

‘No, I want you to go home like that.’ He retrieved a paper from his desk. ‘I also want you to watch these videos before our next meeting.’

I shrank into myself. He wanted me to walk home with his come trickling down my thigh? Goosebumps rushed down my arms. I was a slut, wasn’t I? This was because of the damn boots. I should never have given him the impression that I was promiscuous. It had made him see me as Joshua did.

‘What’s wrong, Ophelia?’

‘You see me as a slut,’ I whispered, staring at the floor.

‘You’re not a slut. You’re my slut. Do you understand the difference?’

I honestly didn’t. Tears filled my eyes. ‘This isn’t about my dissertation. You just want – you think I’m—’ My voice broke.

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‘Come.’ He took a seat in an armchair and patted his thigh. ‘Sit.’

I sat on his lap and buried my face against his chest. ‘I’m so stupid.’

‘You’re not stupid.’ He wrapped his arms around me, his lips pressed against my temple.

‘I shouldn’t have done that,’ I whispered.

‘You didn’t want me to fuck you?’

‘I did! But I let you think I’m – I don’t have a lot of experience. I’ve only slept with two guys before you and... and...’ Broken words about fuck-me boots, hypotheses, and boxes in my wardrobe crammed with past regrets tumbled out as disjointed sentences that made little sense. ‘I wanted you to – but the boots weren’t because – and now you think I’m?—’

‘Shh.’ He held me tighter. ‘It’s okay, baby girl.’ The unexpected endearment stunned me enough to stop my rambling explanation. ‘I don’t think you’re promiscuous just because of your boots. And I’ve had far more sexual partners than you, but would you call me a slut?’

‘Of course not.’ I snuggled closer, sniffing. ‘You’re experienced. Men are celebrated for their conquests.’

‘Indeed. When I call you a slut,myslut, I want you to see it as a reward. It means I’m pleased with your willingness to embrace your desires.’ He met my frown with a

smile. 'When I'm with a woman, I want to hear her enjoying herself. I want to see her pleasure. I have no interest in a passive lover who's satisfied with a five-minute fuck once a week.'

'Is that why you're not married?'

'Perhaps,' he mused. 'If I were to commit, I imagine myself with a partner willing to explore her limits and mine. Someone who isn't afraid to role-play or try new positions and toys.' He smirked. 'Someone proud to be my slut.'

I looked down. 'It's a derogatory term.'

'Not to me.' He wiped away my tears. 'When you're with me, I want you to feel free to explore your sexuality. Don't bring shame to our time together. I won't allow it. Do you understand?'

I nodded. I wanted the freedom he spoke of more than anything. To have someone like him be proud of me. To see myself as he claimed to see me.

His gaze searched my face. Then he smiled, a warm smile that made me determined to find a way to keep him forever. Forbidden or not, this was where I belonged – in his arms, a place where my chaotic thoughts finally calmed. Where everything was quiet and comfortable. I never wanted to leave his side.

'When I get home tonight, I plan to jerk off in the shower as I remember you crying out as you creamed all over my cock.'

Cheeks burning again, I bit my lip.

He chuckled. 'You're adorable when you flush. How does it make you feel knowing I get off on your pleasure?'

‘I don’t know.’

‘Be honest, Ophelia.’

Dr Braithwaite’s lips tipped up at the corners, his trademark secretive smile daring me to admit the truth. The thought of earning more rewards from him ignited the blood in my veins, turning my voice low and breathy.

‘It makes me proud.’

‘Why?’ He stroked my cheek, staring at my lips. I wanted to kiss him more than anything, but he was waiting for a response, and I racked my brain for a reason for the joy coursing through me.

‘You’ve been with so many women, yet you’re thinking about me.’

‘Hearing you come is one of the most erotic things I’ve heard in a long time. I plan to hear it again soon.’ His smile grew, crinkling his eyes. It was radiant, just like the rest of him. ‘You have three more weeks left of this challenge, Ophelia. Reflect on your views of female sexuality before our next meeting.’

I suppressed the urge to roll my eyes. ‘Okay.’

‘And limit your alcohol intake next time. I don’t want you to regret anything you’ve done under the influence.’

‘Sorry. I wasn’t thinking when I picked up Lewis at the bar.’

‘I don’t want you to regret anything you do with me, either. Your safety is important to me. I hadn’t planned on fucking you tonight, but you really are irresistible in these stockings.’ He ran his hand down my thigh. ‘How does it make you feel when I call you

my slut?’

‘I don’t know.’

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It was a lie, and he knew it. My body betrayed me every time he whispered dirty words in my ear, every time his palm delivered another smack, every time his fingers found my weaknesses. I succumbed to his game like a puppet, eager to have my strings pulled.

‘Hmm.’ He patted my thigh. ‘Think about it until our next meeting. Come. I’ll drive you home.’

‘I can take the bus. It’s not far.’

He put me on my feet and grabbed his coat, wrapping it around me. ‘I’m driving you home. Let’s go.’

Chapter Six

I was dropped off at home with strict instructions to spend the next week watching porn. It was, without a doubt, the most ludicrous homework any teacher had ever given me. I hadn’t watched porn in years. Who needed it when they had a hot lecturer to play with? But after a few days of reluctance, I gave in to the assignment.

It was an odd way to spend the holidays. I put on my favourite Christmas pyjamas, made popcorn, and started watching videos on his list until I fell asleep.

When my phone rang the next morning, I answered it without opening my eyes. ‘Hello?’

‘Happy Christmas, sweetheart,’ my mother chirped. ‘How’s... what’s that sound?’

Shit. I quickly muted the video. 'I'm just, eh, it was an advert.'

'An advert?' She paused. 'Are you with a boy? Are you in trouble?'

I almost burst out laughing. Maybe I was. Crushing so hard on my lecturer that I had forgotten what my parents raised me to be: the opposite of what Dr Braithwaite envisioned me as.

'I'm not seeing anyone, Mum. I'm working on my dissertation.'

'Yes, you insisted on staying at university this Christmas to focus on your coursework,' she said in a terse tone, and just like that, the crushing guilt returned. 'What's his name?'

'There's no boy. It was research. I'm...' I blinked at the woman on my laptop screen, who was getting fucked in both holes by two men, her face pinched in pain. Or was it pleasure? I quickly looked away. 'I'm studying the effects of pornography.'

My mother went quiet. So quiet that I had to check she hadn't hung up on me.

'Mum?'

'You expect me to believe the university gave you permission to watch pornography?'

'It's a valid study,' I argued, but it was useless. My mother had married her high school sweetheart and never looked at another man again. Rarely looked at my father anymore, either. I'd found his porn collection as a teenager. My mother had grounded me for the rest of that summer.

'This is what you're getting into debt for?' Her voice lowered to a harsh whisper, a

warning that my father was within earshot. ‘This is what we’re paying your rent for?’

I slammed the laptop lid shut.

‘Maybe it would be better if you came home, Ophelia.’

My throat thickened. I tried to quash the guilt she wanted me to feel by focusing on Dr Braithwaite’s encouraging words. He didn’t let me feel ashamed.

‘It’s a valid study,’ I repeated, my voice weaker than I would’ve liked.

‘Ophelia...’ She sighed. ‘We need to discuss this in person.’

I rubbed my forehead. ‘I can’t come home now. I haven’t got the money for petrol.’

‘We gave you an extra fifty pounds earlier this month for?—’

‘I got a parking ticket.’ Which I still couldn’t afford to pay, so it would double by the time my student loan came in.

‘A parking ticket? Ophelia, this isn’t like you.’

‘Mum, I’m fine, but I can’t go home now. I need to get this research done.’

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‘You would rather stay in Ladeworth to watch pornography than?—’

‘Happy Christmas. I’ll speak to you soon,’ I said and hung up.

For a long while, I sat on my bed and stared at my phone, wishing I had Dr Braithwaite’s number. I wanted to hear his voice so badly. With him, there was no judgement. I needed that in my life.

It was also abundantly clear that my parents would disapprove of the lifestyle he was introducing me to. They wouldn’t approve of him either. They would accuse him of corrupting their innocent daughter.

Was he?

I opened my laptop. When the video resumed playing, I wondered if he liked this. Did he want me to watch them so I knew what he planned to do to me? He was obviously conditioning me, but I didn’t know how I felt about sex this rough. Uncomfortable, yes. But still turned on. I kept it muted, preferring not to hear the woman’s fake moans while the men continued fucking her.

And they would be fake. I’d made that argument too many times with my ex-boyfriend. Pornography was fake. Real women didn’t look like this. They didn’t sound like this. But maybe I was wrong. Dr Braithwaite had also criticised me for being too quiet.

My heart sat in my throat as I moved on to the next video, which showed a woman tied to a cross while a man flogged her bound breasts. I winced at every strike. Pain

didn't appeal to me, but the woman appeared to be enjoying herself. Did DrBraithwaite want to tie me up? The thought of being trussed up and used by someone appalled me, but byhim?

I slammed the lid shut and fell back on my bed, staring at the ceiling. Perhaps my mother was right; it would be better if I went home for a while. If I did, I wouldn't have to continue logging my arousal, fantasies, dreams, and masturbation. I had initially complied with his order. Not in detail, but enough for him to know I wasn't holding everything back.

On the evening before our next meeting, my fingertips hovered over the keyboard for a long time. Most of my fantasies involved him. When I first started having them, they were innocent dreams of Dr Braithwaite taking me against the wall in his office or going down on me in the lab. Now I wanted him to pin me against his desk and spank me, and I wasn't sure what to make of it. Or how to tell him.

I typed a few words, then stopped. Deleted them and started again. This happened three times before I scolded myself. He wanted me to be honest, so I shared my fantasy of being bent over his desk while he hit me with a ruler.

After I submitted the entry, I wondered how he'd had this much effect on me already. I hated admitting it to myself, but my heart rate quickened at the thought of what else he would do. But why?

I blamed hormones and neurotransmitters.

Chemicals.

In the end, that was all lust – and love – boiled down to.

Friday evening, I climbed the steps to his office. The door opened before I could

knock. Dr Braithwaite wore dark suit trousers and a blue shirt, with the top buttons undone, as always. He smelled heavenly, like he'd recently showered. I shuddered in delight, imagining him jerking off to the memory of us in his office.

He gave me a knowing smile. 'Good evening, Ophelia.'

'Evening,' I whispered, inching past him. The curtains were shut. His office was warm, lit only by the desk lamp, and a curious song played on a wireless speaker propped on the desk.

'The Lumineers' Ophelia,' he explained. 'I thought it was fitting.'

I studied his small smile. Was there a hidden meaning in the lyrics, or had he chosen the song because of the name?

He gestured for me to sit. 'Did you have a nice Christmas?'

'I don't know. I've never spent it watching porn before. How was your Christmas?'

'Uneventful,' he said with a surprising resignation.

I eyed him as I sat in the armchair and pulled out a printout of all the videos I'd watched. 'This is a dirty attempt at conditioning, you know.'

He quickly scanned the paper. 'You didn't watch the last ten?'

'I fell asleep.'

'Did it bore you?' He rested against his desk. 'Your diary entries suggest otherwise.'

I crossed my legs and smoothed my black skirt over my knees. 'I don't like

pornography.’

‘Perhaps you skipped those videos because they depicted a rougher kind of sex than what you’re used to?’ The glint in his eyes suggested he had read my fantasy about being spanked.

‘I’m not interested in double penetration, bondage, and pain. It looked...’ I blew out a breath. ‘They made me uncomfortable.’

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‘Uncomfortable.’ He pursed his lips. ‘Can you elaborate, please?’

I shrugged because what was there to say? The women seemed to enjoy themselves, but they were beaten and subdued, used as a toy, and it irked me.

‘It didn’t seem respectful,’ I settled on. ‘They were treated as less than human.’

‘It was consensual. This is what they wanted to be treated as.’ He rubbed his stubbled chin, studying me. ‘Have you ever been hit with a ruler?’

‘Umm, no.’ I stared at the floor, the tips of my ears burning.

‘It hurts. It’s loud.’ The purr in his voice drove me crazy. ‘Much harsher than my hand.’

I shifted in my seat.

‘And being fucked when your arse is sore only adds to the burn.’

‘Oh. I... I didn’t know.’

‘Eyes on me, Ophelia.’ His mouth curved when I lifted my chin. I wanted to tear my eyes away from his, burrow deep into the ground where he couldn’t see me, but he already knew how his words had affected me. ‘The idea of being spanked turns you on, even though you know there’s pain and humiliation involved,’ he added, his gaze dropping to my thin jumper. His second instruction was to skip my underwear, and now my hard nipples said more than I appreciated.

I crossed my arms over my chest. 'It's cold in here.'

He pushed away from his desk. 'Allow me to warm you up, then.' He crouched before me, pressing my thighs apart to make space. Before I could object, he leaned forward and took my nipple into his mouth, sucking on it through the coarse fabric until I couldn't hold back my moan. He repeated the motion with my other nipple before leaning back to admire his handiwork, the hardened buds poking out even more.

'Warmer?'

I shuddered with need. 'I know what you're doing.'

'Do you?'

'You're conditioning me, training my body to remain in this perpetual state of arousal until I submit to whatever degrading act you want. It's not going to work.'

'Isn't it?' He put his hands on my bare thighs, his warmth seeping into my skin. 'Is there another reason you skipped those videos?'

'What do you mean?'

'Are you afraid to admit you like rough sex?'

'No,' I scoffed. 'Because I don't.'

'Did you masturbate to the fantasy of being spanked?'

Unable to speak, I nodded.

‘And did you enjoy yourself the last time we were together?’ The mirth in his voice was impossible to ignore, and so were the delicious memories of the last time I was in his office.

‘Well, yes, I did.’

‘It wasn’t nearly as rough as the videos, but a fair sample to tease your mind. I won’t take you further than you want to go, but I think you’re still keeping secrets from me.’ He slid his hands up my thighs. ‘Honesty, Ophelia,’ he reminded me. ‘It’s the foundation of any relationship.’

But this wasn’t a relationship. It was an experiment. It would soon end, and all I’d be left with was the knowledge that I’d allowed him to dehumanise me. That wasn’t what I wanted.

This was what I wanted: his hands beneath my skirt, so close to my bare pussy that I squirmed in my seat.

‘I’ve created a safe environment for you to explore your sexuality.’ His hands settled on my hips, his eyes boring into mine. ‘Answer my question honestly. Why did you skip the last ten videos?’

‘I did enjoy myself with you,’ I said, ‘but that’s different.’

‘How so?’ He glanced at the closed curtains. ‘Because we were watched?’

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‘Because it was you.’

‘Hmm.’

‘It was arousing to be watched,’ I admitted, my voice small and breathy. ‘I’ve never done anything like that before.’

‘I know.’

My gaze met his. ‘Have you?’

‘With a student? No.’

The thought of him having sex with anyone else made my hands curl with a sudden, surprising fury. Stunned by my reaction, I looked away.

‘We could’ve been arrested for public indecency.’

‘Ophelia.’ His stern tone drew my gaze back to his. ‘I would never put your academic career at risk, nor my own. Trust I have full control over this experiment, as any good researcher would.’

Not knowing what else to say, I nodded.

‘But I’m not only a researcher,’ he continued. ‘You promised me honesty and obedience, yet you’ve now deflected my question twice.’

My eyes widened. Would he punish me? Did I want him to? Perhaps ignorance was the best option.

‘What do you?—?’

He rose. ‘Don’t tempt me to find a ruler. I would love to mark your arse. Why didn’t you watch the last ten videos?’

I twisted my hands in my lap. ‘They made me uncomfortable.’

‘Because...?’

‘Because...’ I sighed. ‘Because I don’t believe it was consensual. I don’t think any woman wants to be dehumanised and treated like a...’

‘A slut?’ he finished. ‘Remember what I told you when we started this experiment? You have a misconception about a healthy Dom/sub relationship. There’s clear communication. Limits. Consent for both parties. Role-playing. That’s what the videos depicted. Not abuse. Not misogyny. Those women felt empowered to fulfil their fantasies in a safe environment, just as you can feel safe with me.’ He crouched before me again, taking my hands in his. ‘If you would rather not explore this further, you can stop the experiment now.’

I searched his eyes, seeking the truth behind his words. And I found it in abundance. ‘I don’t want to stop, but I also don’t want to feel... used.’

‘Perhaps it’s more accurate to say you don’t want to be insignificant?’

I nodded. I wanted to be more than a warm body to him, no matter how silly it sounded.

His eyes softened. 'You've always been my most diligent student. Dedicated. Driven. Those are all words I can use about the standards you've set for yourself, but I can't help but wonder if...' He put his hand on my cheek. 'If you've set those standards so high because you feel the need to prove your worth.'

A lump formed in my throat. I tried to swallow it and refute his assumption, but it was too late.

'I see you, Ophelia. I see how hard you work and how much you've accomplished. I also see the burden it's taking on you, and I want you to know that you don't have to prove your worth. You're enough.'

Damn this man. He always got inside my head. I half-glared at him from behind my tears. 'I hate it when you psychoanalyse me.'

His smile broadened. 'I've met many overachievers like you. Women who come to me with a need to shut off for a while. Some want to feel used and wanted, while others seek a safe place to retreat from reality. They want to relinquish power. They want to be called derogatory terms. They want to be punished, humiliated, brought in line. It's cathartic.'

'How?' I whispered.

'Because it's a moment away from reality where you can be my failing student, whom I have to spank because she missed her essay deadline. In a scene, there are no gender stereotypes, social norms, or anything else limiting your sexuality. You can be my slut. You can be a virgin ravaged by five Doms. You can be a victim taken against your will. You can even be an object for the evening, a breathing piece of furniture made for someone else's comfort.'

Frowning, I stared into the room behind him. 'I don't want to be an object. I want to

be...' I trailed off, not knowing what I wanted anymore.

'To be seen?' he offered. 'I see you, Ophelia. You could never be insignificant to me.'

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Our gazes met. Mine was hesitant, seeking a reason for his statement, a confirmation that I meant more to him than he let on. His was sterner, determined to prove his point and get the truth out of me, no matter what.

‘Consent is everything, Ophelia. I’d never force you to do anything. I want you to choose to give me the control, like the women in the videos surrendered theirs.’ I shuddered as he lifted my left leg and hooked it over the armrest, then repeated the same with my right leg, fully exposing my pussy to him. Embarrassment and arousal coursed through me. I gripped my bunched-up skirt to cover myself up, but he took hold of my wrists and gently pulled them away. ‘Submission is the fiercest, boldest statement of power you can make. And earning your submission gives me more pleasure than you can imagine.’

‘What are you doing?’

He placed my hands on my knees, gripped my hips, and pulled my butt to the edge of my seat. I was wide open in front of him, cold air wafting over my swollen flesh. ‘Stay,’ he ordered before returning to his desk.

Breathing hard, I stared at the ceiling and tried to ignore what was on display for him and what he was getting from that drawer. Whatever it was, he hid it in his hand when he returned.

‘Your body and mind are at war, baby girl.’ He parted my slick folds with his thumb. ‘Your pussy is weeping for me.’ His other hand flattened against my chest. ‘But your heart is racing for another reason.’

My thighs shook with a need to cover up his view. It took everything I had to remain still as he dipped his thumb inside me and spread my arousal. He held eye contact as his thumb just grazed my clit, a knowing smile tipping his lips when I moaned softly. I squirmed in my seat, half the cells in my body begging for more, the other half wanting to cover up. He watched me as he rolled his thumb over my clit, his hardened gaze seeking every secret I didn't dare utter.

‘You’re frightened. Ashamed. Of what?’

‘I’m not—’ I yelped in surprise when he smacked my pussy. Not hard enough to hurt, but a firm warning. The oddest thing was that it helped. His punishment calmed the suffocating panic in my head. Grounded me.

‘Don’t lie to me. Tell me the truth about why you have such an issue with pornography that you failed your assignment.’

‘I didn’t fail! I watched...’ I eyed the small pink vibrator in his hand. ‘What’s that?’

He chuckled. ‘Is that a serious question?’

Obviously, I knew what it was. I still stared as if I’d never seen one before.

‘You can tell me the truth now, or I can get it out of you with this.’ He switched it on. ‘Your choice, Ophelia.’

My gaze flitted. ‘How would that work?’

‘You’ll see.’ He brought the toy to my clit. I jolted. ‘There it is. The reaction you deny.’

‘It startled me... that’s all.’

‘Little liar.’ He swirled it around my clit before expanding the small circles. Unwittingly, I closed my eyes and rocked against it. ‘Once you feel pleasure, you calm down.’ He dipped it in and out of me with shallow thrusts. ‘You lean into it, but there’s still too much tension in your body. Relax.’

I tried. I kept my eyes closed and focused only on the vibrations. He worked his way around my pussy, teasing everywhere except where I wanted it the most. When a humming sound started deep in my chest, he finally brought it to my clit, and I threw my head back with a sharp moan.

‘Good girl.’

My moans deepened as he took me to the edge, then a sharp gasp rolled over my lips when he withdrew the vibrator just before I tumbled over. ‘No,’ I groaned.

He leaned in and ran his tongue from my entrance to my clit, one long lick that stiffened my whole body in anticipation. But then he sat back again. ‘Tell me the truth, and I’ll let you come.’

‘I already have.’

His eyes narrowed. ‘You spread yourself out on a table in the library for me. Let me watch as you played with your pussy. You let Lewis Carter watch as I fucked you against the window. But you want to keep this from me?’

A chill ran through me. ‘You ordered me to do those things.’

‘And you chose to obey.’ He held the toy to my clit again, sending more delicious vibrations through me. My nails dug into my skin as I tried to avoid falling victim to his games. ‘Yet you want to blame me for what you’ve done. Is it my fault your cunt is so wet you’re staining my chair?’

I closed my eyes, my face burning.

‘And there’s the shame you claim not to have.’ He switched off the vibrator. ‘Explain it to me.’

I shook my head.

‘Ophelia, I need to know.’

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‘There’s nothing to know.’

He rose and put the vibrator in my hand. ‘Your next assignment is to go clubbing.’

‘Huh?’

He pulled out his phone and swiped across the screen. The small vibrator responded with a low buzz. ‘New Year’s Eve. You’ll wear that the whole time. I’ll be nearby, controlling it.’

‘What?’ I squeaked, horrified at what he was suggesting. ‘You want me to wear this in public?’

‘Yes.’

‘But—’

‘No one will know you’re wearing it unless you want them to. If you behave well, I may spank you while it’s in you.’ He met my wide-eyed stare and smiled weakly. ‘I’ll see you then.’

‘Wait. You’re not going to...’ I pushed upright.

‘You failed your assignment, Ophelia. You’re withholding information from me. I want you to go home and think about the damage I could unwittingly cause you.’

But I couldn’t tell him. He wouldn’t understand.

He gripped my chin. ‘And I wouldn’t use a ruler if I were to spank you. I prefer to be more tactile. I want to feel every strike. Your jolt at the first impact. Your tremors as the endorphins kick in. The tightening of your muscles as you orgasm.’

I stared, unblinking. Unthinking. I’d always loved his voice. Its deep tones often guided me to new academic accomplishments and profound personal realisations, but now I ached – fucking ached – with a need to hear him groan ‘you’re taking it so well, Ophelia’ as he delivered the promised spanking.

His lips curled into a knowing smile. ‘An instrument would deny me the pleasure of giving you pain. Do you understand?’

I nodded, still mute.

‘Do you understand that everything I do and say is to enhance your pleasure? How important it is for me to understand what’s causing you this shame?’

I lowered my gaze. ‘I do.’

‘But you don’t want to tell me.’

‘No.’

‘Okay. I’ll see you on New Year’s Eve.’ He sat behind his desk and picked up a paper, dismissing me.

My mind was blank as I rose on trembling legs and flattened my skirt. I hoped it was a trick, but he uncapped his pen, eyes glued to the paper. The disappointment ripping through me was as bewildering as my acceptance of this experiment.

Chemicals, I reminded myself as I walked to the door, cradling the vibrator in my

sweaty palm. They were the reason I'd started this journey with him. But he was the reason I stopped with my hand on the door handle and closed my eyes.

'I wasn't loud enough for him.'

His chair creaked. Dr Braithwaite's footsteps came halfway across the room, then stopped when I raised my hand.

'I wasn't loud like the women he watched online. I didn't look like them... down there. I didn't respond like—' A sudden burst of emotions broke my voice.

'Ophelia.' He closed the space between us and wrapped his arms around me. 'I'm sorry you were mistreated like that.'

'It's silly.'

'It's not.' Lips pressed against my hair, he whispered, 'And he was wrong. You're stunning. A truly beautiful woman. I love the sounds you make. I love how you taste and look. I could spend hours with you naked in my bed.'

But he wouldn't. This was an experiment – a game he had played with countless other women. Seconds crawled by while I searched for a clue in his past actions to prove me wrong, but there was nothing to find. He was my lecturer. My supervisor.

Not my lover.

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He kissed the top of my head. 'Come. Let's talk about it.'

'There's nothing to talk about. You wanted an answer. Now you have it.' I inched out of his arms and opened the door. 'I'll see you on New Year's Eve.'

'Ophelia.' He came after me down the hallway. I increased speed, but with his long legs, he caught me before I could reach the stairwell. 'Thank you for telling me and trusting me with your vulnerability.' He kissed the corner of my mouth, the closest I'd come to earning that reward. 'I'll see you soon.'

Chapter Seven

I opted for a black mid-thigh dress and sensible heels. There was no need to tempt fate by combining high heels with this object tucked inside me. The vibrator's small size didn't cause any issues with sitting or walking, but Dr Braithwaite hadn't turned it on yet, and I was grateful for that as I moved around people in the town centre.

New Year's Eve was always busy, and when I approached the bustling town square, I realised Dr Braithwaite hadn't specified which club he wanted me to attend. The obvious choice was Club Trinity. It was a popular destination for students, and the queue already stretched along the front of the white-painted brick building. A few doors over was Ocean, a smaller club with all-black walls, deafening music, and no seating areas. The Yard was behind me. It was invitation-only, so I dismissed that.

The last option was Orchid, a shabby-looking place near the taxi rank. It was usually frequented by the troublemakers who'd been kicked out of the other clubs, so I was unlikely to run into anyone I knew. My heart raced as I walked towards it. What if the

toy slid out? What if someone heard the vibrations? What if they heard me?

My concerns may have been unfounded. Music poured through Orchid's open doors, a heavy bass that made me deaf to whatever the doorman said as I slipped past him. I quickly scanned the crowd for familiar faces, then headed to the bar at the back of the stuffy room.

'Gin and tonic,' I shouted at the barman, a guy my age with a mohawk. As I waited, my nails drummed a nervous beat on the worn woodwork, my gaze aimlessly searching for Dr Braithwaite. What if he didn't show up? We hadn't spoken since our last meeting. What if he had ended the experiment and hadn't bothered to tell me? Maybe now that he knew my secret, he also thought I was inadequate. Flawed.

I knocked back half my drink when it arrived and promptly ordered another one. A man slid up next to me as I was about to pay. 'Let me get that for you.'

'I can pay for my own drink.' I fished out a ten-pound note from my bra and pressed it into the barman's hand. 'But thank you,' I added, not wanting to be rude.

'Fair enough.' The man leaned against the bar. He looked to be in his early forties, with deep blue eyes set below dark brown hair. A dimple on his left cheek revealed itself with his smile. 'I'm Dan,' he said, offering me his hand. 'Are you here by yourself?'

'No, I'm waiting—' I squeaked when a vibration coursed through my core.

'Are you all right?'

'Yeah...' The buzzing flowed back and forth between the tips of the vibrator in a constant, mind-numbing wave. I closed my eyes and bit my bottom lip to hold back a moan. 'I'm fine. Just a little...'

The vibrations suddenly intensified. My hand flew out, grabbing the edge of the bar for support. Oh, God. This was a terrible idea. It was mortifying. Could this stranger hear it buzzing? No, Dan looked more concerned than the outrage I expected.

He grabbed my elbow when I swayed. ‘Do you need to sit down?’

I tried to smile, but it came off as a grimace when the buzzing changed to a pulsation. It ignited nerves I didn’t even know I had, and pleasure I sure as hell didn’t know how to hide. ‘Oh, fuck,’ I said under my breath.

‘Can we have some water?’ Dan asked the barman.

‘What’s the matter, love?’ Mr Mohawk asked. ‘Do you need?—?’

‘I’m f... I’m fine,’ I said between gasps.

Where was Dr Braithwaite? He had to be close enough to operate the vibrator, but I couldn’t see him anywhere. When I turned to check the darker end of the room, near the DJ, the entire vibrator lit up at once, and I groaned with need.

‘Why don’t we find you a seat?’ Dan’s hand was on my hip, holding me upright. I gritted my teeth as the pulses flowed through me.

‘No, I’m...’ My breathing grew shallow and rapid. The vibrator buzzed in time with my racing heartbeat as I scanned the room again. Where was he?

‘Here. Have some water.’

I staggered back. ‘I have to go. I have to get out of here.’

Sweaty bodies knocked into me on the dance floor. A man’s alcohol-laced laughter

wafted in my face. Someone swiped my hip. Everything was unstable. Unsafe. Fear rose within me as I struggled to get through the crowd.

This was a mistake.

This was a terrible mistake.

The words repeated on an endless loop in my head as I was knocked from side to side. I should never have agreed to this stupid experiment. Nothing we'd done could be used in a scientific study. It was a game – a slow seduction. Or was it something more sinister? Had my infatuation with an older man allowed him to take advantage of me?

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Maybe he wasn't even here. Maybe the vibrator had malfunctioned, and there was no way to turn it off. The humiliation would serve me right.

The vibrations stopped so abruptly that I stumbled into a man's arms. 'Go back to him,' a familiar voice rumbled in my ear.

'Doctor Braithwaite?' Flushed and utterly confused by his sudden appearance, I looked into his eyes. They reflected the reassurance and comfort I needed, and my whole body relaxed against him. 'I thought you'd left me.'

'I'm here, Ophelia. You're safe.'

I breathed a sigh of relief. 'I thought you were – you're not upset with me?'

'Not at all.' He stroked my cheek, tucking my hair behind my ear. The way he looked at me, without a shred of hesitation or qualms about being with me, enthralled me. Did he also feel this constant craving? The all-consuming need to just be near him made me oblivious to the risk of being in public. It made me lean against him, seeking the shelter of his arms. 'Thank you for trusting me enough to continue,' he whispered, pulling me closer.

I did trust him, and now that he was with me, I didn't mind the vibrator, the busy club, or the absurdity of his challenge. I was safe again.

His hand slid down my back, firm fingertips teasing my oversensitive body. 'Go back to him. I want to watch you.'

I glanced at the bar. 'The older man... do you know him?'

'I do.'

'Y-you told him about the experiment?' Mortification revealed itself in my stuttered speech.

'I did not, and that's the last question I'll answer right now.' He threaded one hand through my hair, jerking it to tilt my head back. Our mouths were a mere breath apart. 'Do as I say. Earn your reward, baby girl.'

I swayed when his hand slipped away. He retreated to a table in the corner, watching me through hooded eyes as my last few working brain cells argued.

I could have left and ended the game. Called off his experiment. He might have seen it as a sign of defeat, even if I argued that none of this data would have helped my study. My pride would've recovered from that, but if I walked away, I'd be forced to give up the rest of the month he'd promised me – the rewards I hadn't earned yet.

I was still mulling over my dilemma when a light vibration coursed through my core. My pussy pulsed around it, and I squeezed my thighs together as I shot him a half-hearted glare. It was a mistake. Just looking at him made my body hum with need. His large hand closed around a tumbler. I wanted those fingers on me – inside me. He brought the drink to his lips and sipped it slowly as he watched me pine on the dance floor, and I nearly combusted at the thought of him drinking from me.

He licked his lips as if he knew what I was thinking. His eyes, full of lust and promises, fucked me across the room as they travelled down my trembling body, and when he raised his gaze again to find mine, his slight smile expanded to a blatant smirk.

Apply yourself, Ophelia. I heard his voice in my head as clearly as if he'd whispered in my ear. Be a good girl for me.

When I rejoined Dan at the bar, the vibrator pulsed on a lower setting, a teasing wave of pleasure I struggled to ignore. Although emboldened by the knowledge Dr Braithwaite was here, I was flushed, needy, and out of my comfort zone – everything he wanted me to experience.

‘You look like you need a drink,’ Dan said. ‘May I?’

I nodded, not daring to speak. He ordered a fresh gin and tonic for me and a glass of port wine for himself. The wine was as out of place at a nightclub as he was. Men who frequented nightclubs didn't wear designer suits. They didn't have expensive watches or manicured nails. I was willing to bet Dan hadn't been to a nightclub for at least a decade, so why was he here?

The mystery distracted somewhat from the vibrator's low buzz, but the vibrations increased as soon as I'd taken a sip and put my glass down. I gripped the bar to avoid falling against Dan.

‘Are you okay?’ he asked.

‘Mhmm, yeah,’ was all I managed.

He leaned against the bar, slowly sipping his wine while I struggled to hide this secret tucked inside me. ‘Are you sure? You look flushed and?—’

‘I'm fine.’

‘—in need of some help.’ The timbre of his voice said more than his words. Those blue eyes roamed over my features, probably noticing my flushed cheeks and small

pants. He quirked a smile. 'Would you like to dance?'

Dance? Was he insane? I could barely stand. The music playing over the speakers was fast-paced. If I tried to move to that beat, I wouldn't make it. 'I'm not...' I glanced in Dr Braithwaite's direction, but it was too dark to see him. 'I'm not much of a dancer.'

Dan offered me his hand. 'I'll lead.'

I wasn't planning on taking it, but the vibrations changed to a constant pulsation, and I fell against him. Dan wrapped his arms around me. He smelled nice, soap and a woody cologne, and I appreciated his firm grip on me, but God, how embarrassing.

I counted to five before daring to meet his eyes, intending to apologise and explain my lack of basic motor skills, but I could barely catch my breath when the vibrator took me to the edge. My whole body tensed as I anticipated tumbling over it and coming apart in this stranger's arms.

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I clenched a fistful of his shirt. ‘I’m so... I’m so...’ The apology got stuck when the vibrations stopped so suddenly that I was left gasping. What the hell? Bewildered – and pissed off – I shot a glare towards where Dr Braithwaite sat.

‘Ah, I see what’s going on.’ Dan laughed softly. ‘You’re with Emmerson, aren’t you?’

‘Emmerson?’ I blinked repeatedly. ‘Oh, you mean – how do you know him?’

He guided me onto the dance floor and wrapped an arm around my waist. ‘We were roommates at Cambridge.’

‘University?’ I put my hand on his shoulder, blowing out a long breath. The break in vibrations was a welcome pause. ‘Are you also a lecturer?’

The music shifted to a slower beat, and the others on the dance floor merged into couples. Dan held me close to his body as we swayed. ‘No, I’m a therapist. Academics were always more his forte.’

The flashing lights reflected off his dark hair and lit up his eyes. Probing eyes that knew all my secrets, including the now dormant toy deep inside me. His lopsided grin suggested he also knew why someone like me, a woman who had never imagined herself in a situation like this, would wear a vibrator in public.

My heels clicked against the sticky floor as I moved with Dan. ‘Why do I suspect you know what’s going on?’

‘How do you mean?’ he asked innocently, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

‘Doctor Braithwaite – Emmerson, I mean. He didn’t tell you about me, did he? We’ve never met, yet you knew I was here with him.’

His smile broadened, flashing white teeth. ‘I know him well enough to recognise the signs.’ He looked at someone behind me. ‘Don’t I?’

‘Signs of what?’

My whole body tingled when Dr Braithwaite put his hand on my lower back. ‘Mind if I cut in?’

It took a conscious effort not to spin around and hump his leg. Every inch of me wanted him. I wanted to breathe only his scent. Wanted to drown in his taste. Wanted to hear only his deep voice.

Dan stepped back, but Dr Braithwaite didn’t take his place in front of me. Instead, he pulled me against his chest, his erection pressing against my back. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, letting him continue this slow game of seduction, of power and control.

He swept my hair off my shoulder and pressed his lips against my flushed skin. ‘You’ve done well. I’m proud of you.’

His praise warmed my whole body. ‘Can we go now?’

‘Not yet.’ He pressed his hand against my stomach as he moved us to the beat. ‘I want to feel you come first.’

‘What?’ I glanced at the other dancers. ‘You can’t be serious. People can see us.’

‘I know.’ The vibrator buzzed to life again, and my head dropped back against his chest. ‘You’ll still come for me, won’t you?’

I bit my lip, holding back a moan. ‘I can’t – they’ll see me.’

‘Ignore them.’ He turned us to face Dan, who was back at the bar, sipping his drink. ‘You like being watched, Ophelia. Let him see you come.’

I groaned and shook my head. ‘I don’t know him.’

‘But I do.’ Dr Braithwaite nipped at my neck, his hot breath tickling my skin. ‘He wants to watch you.’

Maybe he did. Dan paid more attention to me than to his drink. He watched my body’s small jerks with every shock of pleasure. Watched as I squeezed my thighs together and bit my lip to hold back my moans.

Dr Braithwaite guided my body into a slow rhythm. My muscles objected to every move. It wanted to hide from those intense eyes watching us. It wanted to be alone with Dr Braithwaite. I shut my eyes.

He nipped my shoulder, sending a jolt of electricity through me. ‘Eyes.’

I reluctantly opened them. A sharp gasp escaped me as he cupped my pussy over my dress, his long finger just grazing my clit. I stared wide-eyed at Dan as Dr Braithwaite continued stroking. Not hard enough to make me come, but with enough pressure to make my knees tremble and turn me into a heaving ball of need.

‘Do you want me to fuck you?’ he rasped in my ear. ‘Do you want my cock stretching your tight little cunt?’

I shuddered. ‘Yes.’

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‘Then earn your reward, baby girl.’ He snaked his hand between us and slipped it under my dress. ‘Widen your stance.’

I quickly glanced around. It was too dark for anyone to see, so I stepped my legs a little further apart.

‘Good girl,’ he said, flicking my clit, and I whimpered as my head fell back against him. ‘Show him how stunning you are when you come.’

I didn’t want to look at Dan, but my eyes were drawn to him as Dr Braithwaite rubbed my clit, drawing small circles, increasing the pressure until he found my weakness. My climax grew closer, an inevitable edge I wanted – and didn’t want – to jump off. I slowly rocked against his hand, craving harder strokes.

‘I need more,’ I panted.

‘I know. We can end this now.’

‘What?’

‘The experiment.’

Although I’d considered it many times, the idea of him offering me a way out came as a shock. I tried to turn around, but he tightened his grip on me, keeping me pressed against his chest as his fingers worked me closer and closer to the edge.

‘We can stop this now’ – he stilled his hand, his voice dropping to a dark octave – ‘or

you can accept the next phase.'

I gripped his hand. 'Don't.' I was so close that I would lose my mind if he left me hanging again. One more stroke of his finger and all this tension could be released.

'Then answer my question.' His lips brushed against my ear as he spoke. 'What do you want?'

'You,' I said honestly. His erection pressed against my lower back. I wanted him inside me now, even if we were in public. 'I want you to fuck me. I want to kiss you and?—'

He took my earlobe between his teeth and tugged. 'You haven't earned it yet, but you can. Do you accept the next phase?'

'What is it?' I pressed against his hand. 'Please.'

He bit me again, harder. 'It's a yes or no question, Ophelia. Don't make me ask you again.'

I tensed at his words, but desire clawed at my brain, turning it into mush. 'Yes,' I panted. 'Yes, I accept.'

He nudged my legs wider apart and slid a finger inside me, bumping against the vibrator. My muscles tensed in horror as he dipped slowly in and out, teasing the sensitive tissue. 'So wet,' he murmured as he spread my arousal over my clit. 'You claim you don't want to be watched, that you don't like being fucked in public, but your body betrays you, Ophelia.'

'You conditioned me,' I objected.

‘Did I?’ He rubbed my clit, weakening my knees. ‘Or did I unlock what was already in you?’

Unsure how to answer that, I kept my gaze on Dan, not wanting to be deprived again. I allowed him to watch me as the pressure of my orgasm built with every sweep of Dr Braithwaite’s fingers.

‘You still deny it...’ He chuckled. ‘Spread your legs wider for me, my pretty slut. Give my hand all the space it needs to make you come.’

I shifted my legs further apart and moved with him as he played with my body. A fine mist of sweat broke out across my skin as pure pleasure tingled up my thighs. ‘I’m going to come,’ I whimpered, asking for permission without realising it.

‘Come. Soak my hand.’

I whimpered, hating and loving his words. My breathing became erratic as I feverishly bucked against his hand and came with a panted moan of his name. The onslaught of pleasure almost buckled my knees, but he held me upright as I rode it out.

At the bar, Dan quirked another smile before sipping his wine as if he often watched Dr Braithwaite do this with women. It was a disturbing thought for many reasons. I didn’t want to imagine Dr Braithwaite with anyone else, and I wasn’t sure what kind of friendship they had. Did they share women? Did they often take someone out in public to watch them get off?

Dr Braithwaite yanked on the cord to the vibrator, pocketed it, and straightened my dress. ‘Well done, Ophelia.’

I stared at my shoes. ‘Can we go now?’

‘Yes.’ He kissed my cheek. ‘Where’s your coat?’

‘I didn’t bring one. Where are we going?’ I stumbled when he pushed me forward, guiding me towards the exit with a firm grip around my hip.

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Dan fell in step beside us. Was he coming? I stared ahead, torn between trepidation and excitement for whatever they had planned.

Chapter Eight

I stared out the car window as Dr Braithwaite chatted to Dan about recent movies they'd watched and a planned trip to a concert in London, a casual conversation I paid little attention to as we sped down the dual carriageway. A sign welcoming us to Essex flew past, and I was about to ask if we were headed to London now when Dr Braithwaite turned off the dual carriageway.

'Where are we going?' I asked.

'You'll see.'

Half an hour later, he parked outside a brown-brick building. A few early fireworks shot into the sky behind it, further illuminating **The Aurora**, written in bold letters above the dark wooden doors. My heart flipped in on itself.

This was my own damn fault. I'd put 'visiting a BDSM club' on my list, and now it was time to face the consequences.

Dr Braithwaite and Dan exited the car. They exchanged a few hushed words before Dr Braithwaite opened my door. 'Ready for your final assessment?'

'Final? I thought I had until my exams?'

‘Some things have come up. I’ve had to change my schedule.’

‘Oh.’

I looked at his proffered hand. No, I wasn’t ready to end this experiment. I needed more time with him before we... I wasn’t sure what came after this. He’d talked about a second phase, but maybe he wanted us to be student and teacher again, or worse, strangers. My throat tightened.

‘What’s wrong, Ophelia?’

I swallowed the dread. ‘Am I, eh, dressed appropriately for this kind of club?’

‘Clothes are optional,’ he said with a crooked smile. ‘I’m only joking, of course. What you’re wearing is fine. Shall we?’

‘Okay,’ I whispered, taking his hand.

The Aurora looked like an ordinary nightclub, but there was no music, no drunken people staggered about, and three bulky security guards stood by the entrance.

Dr Braithwaite greeted the tallest one. ‘Evening, Bruce.’

‘Evening, Doctor B,’ the man said with a courteous nod. ‘Mister Greenwood, nice to see you again, too.’

‘Evening,’ Dan responded.

Did they often bring women here? Not knowing Dr Braithwaite’s history made me trip over the threshold. He steadied me before removing his jacket, handing it to a young blonde. ‘Good evening, Shelby.’

‘Evening, Sir Emmerson. Is this the guest?’

‘It is.’

‘Sir?’ I whispered.

Dr Braithwaite met my puzzled look. ‘At the club, Dominants are addressed by their preferred title. It’s a sign of respect.’

I knew that from the little research I’d done, but it was odd to call him anything but Dr Braithwaite. ‘Are you Sir Dan?’ I asked his friend.

‘I prefer Master Dan.’

‘Oh.’ This would take some getting used to.

‘Marquis Jack has your forms. He is in the...’ Shelby laughed, waving her free hand.

‘I don’t know, but you’ll find him, I’m sure.’

‘Thank you.’ Dr Braithwaite guided me to the double doors.

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‘Why is he called a “Marquis”?’ I whispered.

‘That’s a story for another day.’

Warmth wrapped around me as we entered a larger room. A sleek black bar was to our right, with scantily dressed women and dark-clad men gathered around their drinking glasses. Beyond the bar, a man walked past with a blindfolded, naked woman who had a bushy tail poking out of her butt. I wasn’t sure what to think about that, or the man wandering past me with so many red scratches decorating his back that he looked like he’d rolled through a rose bush.

‘We won’t be in public this time, but there are papers you must sign before management gives us a room.’ Dr Braithwaite’s gaze shifted to someone behind me. ‘Ah, Marquis Jack.’

A tall, dark-haired man, wearing leather trousers and a black dress shirt with a red letter ‘M’ embroidered above his heart, approached us. Heat rushed to my cheeks when the man grinned, his eyes lit up by something dark and mischievous as he looked me up and down.

‘Ophelia, I take it? Welcome toThe Aurora.’

‘Th-thank you.’

‘Papers are at the bar, Sir Emmerson,’ Jack said, sounding amused by my sudden stutter. ‘You can have room fourteen.’ His eyes narrowed at Dan. ‘I need a word with you in private.’

Dan raised his hands. 'It wasn't me.'

'Uh-huh.' Jack crooked his finger.

'What was that about?' I asked Dr Braithwaite as we walked to the bar.

He gave me a slanted smile. 'Master Dan is known for pulling pranks on the other Doms. It's nothing for you to worry about.' He directed me to a bar stool and put a thick wad of papers before me. 'It looks worse than it is. These are waivers, the forms you're already familiar with, plus a member registration form, if you wish to visit again. You may take that home to consider at a later time, of course.'

I tried to swallow, but my throat was too dry, making me gulp. 'What am I waiving the right to?' I stared at a naked woman passing us. 'My freedom?'

'Read it,' he said sternly.

I did. As he chatted with the barman, I read every word about limits, consent, safewords, supervision, rules, and restrictions. Although I tried to take it all in, my mind was fixed on one important detail: I was in a BDSM club with my dissertation supervisor, and he was asking for my permission to share me with Dan. I had to read that sentence a few times before it sank in. He'd even requested no condoms, provided I was happy with their STD checks, which page fourteen told me had been done a few days ago.

Dr Braithwaite offered me a glass of water. 'Any questions?'

'Uh, yeah, why no condoms?'

'It will work best for what I've planned. You're still on birth control, right?'

I nodded. 'What have you planned?'

'You'll see,' he said with a small smile. 'Sign the papers so that we can get started.'

I breathed slowly. This was an experiment, I reminded myself. Tomorrow... no, I didn't want to think about what would happen tomorrow.

'Are there other students here?' I asked after signing the last page. Jack and Dan joined us at the bar. Although they didn't crowd me, I still felt small surrounded by so many large, dominant men and instinctively took Dr Braithwaite's hand.

'If there are,' he said, squeezing my hand, 'they will have signed the same confidentiality agreement. Whatever happens at the club stays at the club.'

'Except for whatever marks you're left with,' Jack said. 'May I?' I reluctantly passed the papers, mortified at the thought of having a stranger see what I would let Dr Braithwaite do to me. 'Or no marks, in your case,' Jack said, flicking through them to check I'd signed on every line. 'A fun challenge for you, Sir Emmerson.'

'Which I'm happy to accept.' Dr Braithwaite raised my hand to his lips, gently kissing the back of it. 'If she agrees.'

'No marks?'

He shook his head.

'And he's joining us?' I asked, glancing at Dan.

'Two Doms will work better for what I have in mind,' Dr Braithwaite said.

I wanted to ask again what he had planned, but the wicked glimmer in his eyes

suggested this was better revealed in private, and dammit if curiosity didn't get the better of me.

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I nodded. 'Okay.'

'A bit of housekeeping before I let you go,' Jack told me. 'Have you chosen a safeword?'

'Um, no. Do I need one?'

'Yes, club rules.'

I glanced at Dr Braithwaite. 'How about "Unicorn"?'

He looked into the room, his lips tipping with a smile.

'Unicorn?' Jack chuckled. 'That's a new one, but all right. It will apply to the whole club. If there are any issues, find me or...' He directed my attention to two men standing by the door we'd entered. 'We have security staff throughout the building. I'll still ask you to please stay with Sir Emmerson or Master Dan at all times, if possible. New subs are a tempting treat for our Doms.'

My wide eyes pinged back to Dr Braithwaite. His smile brimmed with confidence. 'You'll be fine, Ophelia.'

'Should you wish to join us as a regular member,' Jack continued, 'you'll need to undergo basic training, okay?'

'S-sure,' I stuttered, unsure of what that would involve. 'Thank you.'

‘As discussed, this grants her access to our facilities for twenty-four hours,’ Jack told Dr Braithwaite. ‘If you wish to extend her stay, she must complete the full application and attend an induction session.’

‘Understood.’ Dr Braithwaite offered me his hand. ‘Ready?’

No, but I took his hand and followed him down the hall, my imagination running wild by the time we reached a door left ajar. I expected chains and whips, a dungeon-inspired playroom, but that wasn’t what I found on the other side.

Deep red walls hugged a small sofa in dark blue velvet, positioned opposite a leather armchair with a matching futon. A pleasant scent of vanilla hung in the air from the many flickering candles, and the lit fireplace added to the serene, almost romantic atmosphere.

‘It’s nice, isn’t it?’ Dan asked, watching me with a bemused expression.

I jumped when Dr Braithwaite shut the door. ‘It’s not locked, Ophelia,’ he said, his deep voice soothing. ‘You’re free to leave whenever you want.’

I nodded, eyeing Dan as he shrugged out of his jacket. He carried himself with the same class and mystery as Dr Braithwaite, the type of man you couldn’t help but admire for his confidence. I never imagined myself with two men at once, but it would be a lie to say I’d never fantasised about it.

‘Please undress,’ Dr Braithwaite said, ‘and put your clothes on the chair in the corner.’

‘Umm...’ I licked my lips. ‘Okay.’

My nervousness teased out his smile, the secretive one I often saw in lectures, as if he

knew the reason for my trembling voice and fidgety hands. Maybe he did. Perhaps he could read me better than I'd imagined. Perhaps that was why he made me feel safe enough to follow his order.

My fingers trembled as I pulled down the zip. The dress slid down my body, leaving me standing before the two men in only my underwear – my soaked pants and a lace bra that barely covered my nipples. I folded the dress and placed it on the chair with my shoes.

Dan leaned against the fireplace, silently observing me as I struggled with my bra clasp.

'Let me help you.' Dr Braithwaite placed his warm hands on my shoulders, squeezing lightly when I jumped. 'There's no need to be nervous.'

'I've never done this before.' I sucked in a breath when Dan stepped in front of me. They were taller and broader than me, and being sandwiched between them made my heart skip a few beats. 'With two men,' I clarified.

'I know.' Dr Braithwaite swept my hair off my shoulder and lightly bit the exposed skin. 'But you want to be our little slut for the evening, don't you?'

Flushing, I stared at Dan's chest. Some videos I had watched reminded me of the scenario he had set up for me. One woman. Two men. God, I was out of my comfort zone, yet my heart fluttered with excitement.

Dan lifted my chin. His eyes darkened with lust and something wicked that sent another wave of tremors through my body. 'She's not a slut, Sir Emmerson. You're a good girl, aren't you?'

I tensed as Dr Braithwaite unhooked my bra. When he pulled it off, I cupped my

breasts, feeling vulnerable and exposed.

Dan shook his head. 'Don't cover yourself up, Ophelia. You're a beautiful woman.'

'She's a dirty little whore,' Dr Braithwaite said as he slid my soaked pants down my legs. His palm hit my butt, startling me again. 'Spread your legs for me. Let me see if you're wet enough for my cock.'

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Blinking rapidly, I widened my stance. I should be horrified. A part of me was, but his words also affected my body in a way I'd never imagined. I wanted to hear more. Wanted to feel more. When he slid his hand up my thigh, I closed my eyes, breathing slowly.

His fingers brushed over my wet sex. 'As I thought, you're an eager little slut, Ophelia.' He pushed two digits into me. My eyes pinged open. 'You loved having me control your body at the nightclub, didn't you?'

'Y-yes,' I breathed.

He pulled his fingers out. 'Yes, Sir,' he corrected.

'Yes, Sir.'

Dan's brows quirked in amusement. 'I liked your performance earlier.' He gently pulled my hands away from my breasts. 'Your body was made to be enjoyed in front of men.'

'Made to be fucked in every hole.' Dr Braithwaite thrust his fingers for a few hard pumps before spreading my arousal around the tight rosebud of my arse. I tensed. 'Relax,' he chuckled. 'I'm only warming you up. I'll claim your arse tonight, but not yet. You haven't earned it, Ophelia.'

'Umm.' I couldn't speak. His long fingers skimmed over my aching flesh to find my clit. When he pinched it, I let out a half-moan, half-squeak. 'I haven't done that before.'

‘Done what?’ Dr Braithwaite whispered in my ear. ‘Say the words, Ophelia.’

Dan cupped my breasts. He swept his thumbs over my nipples, hardening them. His gentle caress was so at odds with Dr Braithwaite’s possessive moves that I wasn’t sure who I should focus on.

‘Say it,’ Dr Braithwaite ordered. ‘Tell us what you haven’t done before. Tell us what you want.’

‘Good girls don’t say filthy things like that.’ Dan lowered his head to take my nipple into his mouth. My pulse sped as he sucked hard before flicking the hardened bud with his tongue. I curled and uncurled my fingers by my side as the men toyed with my body, not knowing what to do with my hands again. I wanted to pull Dan closer, but I also wanted to touch Dr Braithwaite. Wanted to turn around and finally kiss him.

But I hadn’t earned it yet.

‘Ophelia.’ Dr Braithwaite slowed his thrusts. ‘I asked you a question.’

Pleasure coursed through me, and I couldn’t find my words. ‘Umm...’ Dan released my nipple with a pop before moving to the other one. ‘Umm,’ I breathed again.

“‘Umm’ isn’t an answer,” Dr Braithwaite said sternly. I whimpered when he pulled away. ‘You seem to have a problem with your hands and your tongue,’ he said, collecting a silk scarf from a dresser. ‘I think it’s time I took control of them, don’t you?’

‘O-okay,’ I stammered, my mind blown to pieces by this man. His voice was deeper than before. It matched the dark desire in his eyes as he appraised me from across the room. His friend was nipping at my breasts, but Dr Braithwaite had all my attention. I

licked my lips as he walked towards me, a slow, almost predatory approach that sent my arousal spiralling.

Dr Braithwaite took my wrists and pressed them to my lower back. Winding the silk around them, he murmured, 'Master Dan will fuck your mouth whilst I play with your pussy and arse.' He pulled the silk tight. 'Is that understood?'

My body's reaction to his demand was instant, a delicious thrill coursing through me. 'Yes.' I let out a startled squeak when he slapped my butt. 'Yes, Sir,' I quickly corrected.

'Good. Now kneel.'

And there it was, the order I'd dreaded and longed for.

Dr Braithwaite understood my hesitation. It was in the slight curl of his lips and the glint in his eyes. Dan stepped back, giving me space to make this decision.

The air was thick and heavy around us, my laboured breaths the only sound. I didn't take my eyes off Dr Braithwaite's. If it were anyone else, I would've refused the order, but I saw more than lust in his gaze. I saw respect, trust, and a tenderness that warmed my heart, so I sank to my knees and offered my submission.

'Good girl,' Dr Braithwaite purred.

'So obedient,' Dan said as he freed his cock. The thick head glistened with pre-cum, tempting me to taste it, but he stepped back when I leaned forward to do so. 'Ask nicely,' he said, peering down at me with his fingers wrapped around his shaft.

Cheeks burning, I whispered, 'Please.'

Dr Braithwaite lowered himself to his knees behind me. He wound his fingers around my hair, pulling my head back. ‘You can do better than that. Ask him nicely if you can suck him off.’

I swallowed tightly. ‘Please, may I...?’ The words got stuck again.

A sharp tsk came from behind me. ‘She pretends to be innocent, but she’s not. Tell Master Dan what you did at the library, Ophelia.’

‘The library?’ Dan slowly stroked himself. ‘Did you read a naughty book?’

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‘A book, no.’ Dr Braithwaite pointed to the sofa. ‘Get your arse on that and show him what you did in front of that window, Ophelia. Show him what a slutty student you are. So needy for a good fuck that you’ll risk your degree just to get off.’

My breath halted.

He yanked my head to the side, exposing my neck. His teeth sank into my sensitive skin, a sharp nip followed by a sharp demand. ‘Tell him how you failed to prove me wrong. You are a deviant, aren’t you?’

‘N-no,’ I answered, but was I? I tugged on my bound hands, wanting to get away from Dan’s probing gaze. He seemed surprised, even confused by Dr Braithwaite’s accusation, as I had imagined people I knew would look if they found out, and panic gripped me. ‘No, I’m not deviant. I – you ordered me to.’

Dr Braithwaite’s raspy laugh deepened the mockery. ‘She blames me, Master Dan. I was just in my office, marking papers, wasn’t I, Ophelia? Then I looked outside and saw you on a table with your fingers pumping into your cunt.’

‘In the library?’ Dan chuckled. ‘No, a good girl like you wouldn’t do that.’

‘It was him.’ Tears fogged my vision. ‘He told me?—’

‘I told you to fuck yourself in the library?’ Dr Braithwaite tsked. ‘To put your cunt on display for the whole campus? Does that sound like something I would do?’

I swallowed and swallowed, fighting the urge to cry as he stole every argument I had.

‘No,’ Dan answered. ‘But Ophelia’s a good girl...’ He took a step forward, bringing his cock to within an inch of my face. ‘She’d never suck cock for a good grade.’

‘That’s—’ I gasped a breath. ‘I’d never do that!’

‘Oh, but she would,’ Dr Braithwaite cooed in my ear. ‘I found her in my office, bent over my desk, wearing nothing but a pair of slutty boots. Her pretty little cunt on display.’ He nipped my earlobe. ‘It was gushing for me, wasn’t it? Dripping down your thighs.’

‘She bent over your desk?’ Dan’s fist moved faster up and down his shaft. ‘Did you spank her? I would have.’

‘I was tempted.’ Dr Braithwaite caught my eye when the first tear rolled down my cheek. ‘Aw, look at her pretty tears, Master Dan.’

‘She’d be prettier with my cock down her throat.’

‘She’s be stunning with my handprint on her arse.’ Dr Braithwaite chuckled. ‘Oh, wait. You wanted to be spanked with a ruler, didn’t you?’

Dan winced. ‘Ouch. That hurts.’

‘Yes, but it’s what she wants, isn’t it?’

He was right. Unable to run from the truth, I swallowed to hold back a sob.

‘Do you know how to suck cock, or do I have to teach you that as well?’ Dr Braithwaite looked around. ‘I should get a ruler. Smack your pussy every time you fuck up. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?’

‘Of course, she knows how to please a man,’ Dan said. ‘You said she was one of your best students.’

A scoff came from behind me. ‘She hasn’t earned a distinction in anything but making a mess on my floor.’

I glared at him out of the corner of my eye. ‘I know how.’

Dr Braithwaite leaned in. ‘You know how to do what? Say the words, filthy girl.’

‘I know how to...’ I wetted my lips. ‘Give a blowjob.’

‘A blowjob?’ His laugh echoed in the room, pecking at my resolve like a woodpecker. ‘I should give you to one of the sadists for the evening.’

‘Sadists?’ I squeaked. He wouldn’t.

‘A ruler is foreplay to them, isn’t it, Master Dan?’

Dan scoffed. ‘You don’t give a good girl like her to the Marquises.’

‘Marquises?’ The manager was a sadist?

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‘I won’t if she proves me wrong.’ Dr Braithwaite pressed me forward. ‘Ask him nicely for permission to blow him. I’ll make my decision based on your performance.’

His voice was stern, his hand on my back commanding. He treated me as the slut he proclaimed I was, and I had a choice to make. I could become what he envisioned me as, or I could run away and pretend I was a good girl.

Chapter Nine

Dr Braithwaite wanted to push my limits. He wanted me to let go of my inhibitions and give in to my urges.

It was a scene.

Role-playing.

Pretend.

But the emotions bubbling inside me were real, and so was my desire to please him. To be worthy of him. To prove I was brave enough for this lesson, even if I didn’t fully understand it.

‘Please...’ I sucked in a breath. ‘Please, Master Dan. May I suck your cock?’

‘Yes, you may,’ he said, his lips twitching with a smile. ‘Such a diligent student. So polite, isn’t she, Sir Emmerson?’

‘Hmm,’ was his only response.

‘Open those pretty lips for me. Wider. Good,’ Dan praised as I positioned myself as well as I could with Dr Braithwaite’s grip on my hair.

‘Ahh...’ Dan’s eyes closed with a low groan when I tightened my lips around his cock. He tasted salty and musky. Better than I remembered from past boyfriends. Not that I had much experience giving a blowjob, as demonstrated when I choked as he hit the back of my throat.

I withered and died from the second scoff from Dr Braithwaite. ‘Pathetic.’ He arched a brow when another traitorous tear rolled down my cheek. ‘Are you just going to cry all night?’

Dan pulled back a bit. ‘Breathe through your nose, sweetheart. There you go.’

I sniffed as I swirled my tongue around his shaft, trying to ignore Dr Braithwaite’s hard stare.

‘You should’ve watched the videos I sent you,’ he said. ‘You would’ve seen how a real sub sucks cock.’

I pulled away. ‘I’m sorry,’ I whimpered. Saliva dribbled down my cheeks to join the tears that had already wetted my chest.

‘Spare me your apologies.’ He twisted his hand in my hair, lifting my chin to Dan. ‘Again.’

I opened my mouth and tried to breathe through my nose as Dan’s cock slid over my tongue. My throat spasmed with the urge to swallow the spit pooling in my mouth, but I let him hold it there until my lungs screamed with the urge to breathe.

‘Better,’ Dr Braithwaite said. ‘Look into his eyes. Show your appreciation for every inch he’s given you.’

My gaze met Dan’s. He smiled as he pulled out to let me breathe. ‘I’m going to start moving now, okay?’

I appreciated his calming voice and guidance. It made it easier to accept his full length when he plunged back in. ‘Suck,’ he ordered, his voice gruff. ‘Show me how much you want my cock in your mouth.’

I sucked harder, a small pop emitting from my mouth as he pulled out.

‘Good,’ he groaned. ‘Keep those lips tight for me.’ Dan’s hand replaced Dr Braithwaite’s, holding my head with a gentler grip as he pushed forward again. ‘Fuck, that feels so good.’

Encouraged by his praise, I explored the silky hardness of his cock with my tongue, dragging it along the throbbing vein and swirling it around the head. When he withdrew to the tip, I sucked hard, staring deep into his eyes. I liked his reaction. How heavy his breathing became. How his fingers tightened their grip on my head. So caught up in what I could do to him, I jumped when Dr Braithwaite smacked my thigh.

‘Open your legs for me.’

My body responded to his order of its own accord, shifting my knees further apart to give Dr Braithwaite better access to my pussy. A shudder ran through me as his fingers found my clit. ‘So swollen, Ophelia,’ he murmured. ‘Do you want to come?’

Mouth full of cock, I nodded. My eyes fluttered shut as he rubbed my clit. The bundle of nerves responded to every sweep and flick, absorbing the pleasure his fingers

could gift me. I needed that release. I wanted his praise. Mindless with desire to please him, I could barely concentrate on Dan as Dr Braithwaite continued playing with me.

When my lips softened their grip on Dan and his cock almost slipped out, Dr Braithwaite landed a sharp slap against my pussy. I grunted, more because of the loss of his fingers than the punishment.

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‘Focus, Ophelia.’ He soothed the sting with his palm, and I couldn’t help the moan he tore from my throat. ‘I’m going to fuck you with my fingers, but I won’t let you reach your climax until your mouth is full of his come. Is that clear?’

Dan pulled out to let me speak, a string of saliva connecting my wet lips to his bloated cock head. ‘Yes, Sir.’ I swallowed. ‘Please, Sir.’

‘Good. You’re finally learning.’ Dr Braithwaite pushed two fingers into me, hooking them to test my promise. His other hand found my breast. He played with my nipple as he pumped into me. ‘You’re so wet,’ he said as Dan slid his cock to the back of my throat. ‘Can you hear me fucking you?’

I could. I just couldn’t decide if I was mortified or too turned on to care. There was no time to decide. No space for doubts. The two men fucked my mouth and my pussy as if they were puppeteers, and I loved everything about it. I loved being the reason for their pleasure. I loved Dan’s groan when his cock hit the back of my throat, and Dr Braithwaite’s sharp breaths as he tried to distract me with deep thrusts of his hand.

I managed to focus on both, licking the plush cock head as Dan pulled back, then kept my mouth open for more. He grinned. ‘She’s such a good girl.’

‘A filthy little slut,’ Dr Braithwaite murmured. ‘I can’t wait to fuck some sense into you.’ His hand pumped harder and faster into me, filling the room with wet slaps. I moaned around Dan’s cock. ‘That’s right. You enjoy being used by us, don’t you? You want us to fill all your holes with our come.’

I did. It was shameful, degrading, yet I’d never felt more alive. More wanted.

His thumb swept across my clit. He teased the tight bundle of nerves by drawing circles around it whilst his other hand pinched and rolled my nipple. Helpless and needy, I shifted my legs wider apart. Dr Braithwaite laughed softly. 'Look how greedy she is, Master Dan. Look at her begging me to play with her. What do you want?' He thrust again before gliding his wet fingers to my butt. 'You want me to fuck your arse?'

My widened eyes met Dan's. He smirked. 'I don't think good girls take it up the arse, Sir Emmerson.'

'Ah, but...' Dr Braithwaite teased the tight muscle, circling it with a wet finger before pressing slightly. 'She's not a good girl. She's a slut. Ophelia just doesn't want to admit how much she wants to be used like a cock sleeve.' He entered me with the tip of one finger. I jolted. 'So tight,' he murmured before kissing my neck. 'Don't worry. Your virgin arse can take my cock. I'll stretch it to make it fit.'

Unsure of what to think or feel, I focused on Dan. Bobbing my head, I tried to get him where he needed to be so I could get some relief.

Dr Braithwaite withdrew his hand. 'Master Dan, can you sit on the futon? I need better access to her holes.'

Heat flooded my cheeks when Dan pulled out. He moved the futon closer and plopped down on it. 'Rise onto your knees, sweetheart. Sir Emmerson wants to prepare your arse while you suck me off.'

Again, the men gave me space. This time, I recognised what the pause meant – a chance to withdraw my consent. To end the scene.

My thighs trembled as I lifted my butt off my heels. With my wrists tied behind my back, I almost lost my balance when I leaned forward to take Dan's cock back into

my mouth. Dr Braithwaite gripped my arm to steady me.

‘Bend forward and spread your legs wide apart,’ he said. ‘Present your cunt. I want to see all of it.’

I jolted, ice running through my veins. He watched me intently, seeking and finding the reason for my hesitation. A firm line formed between his dark brows. ‘Now.’

I drew a sharp breath. It was only him. He’d seen me naked before. I could do this. I squeezed my eyes shut and bent forward, positioning my body as he wanted.

Dan swept up my hair, holding it back as my mouth found his cock again. ‘Good. Focus on sucking me off. That’s your only job.’ He pressed my head against his groin. The new angle made it easier for him to hit the back of my throat. I breathed against his pubic hair as he held me there for a long beat. ‘Good,’ he praised as I started bopping my head. ‘Suck me, sweetheart. I want to fill your mouth.’

Too focused on him, I startled when Dr Braithwaite squirted something cold on my sex. ‘As soaked as you are,’ he said, spreading it. ‘I need lube for this tight little arse.’

I tensed, choking on Dan’s cock.

‘Relax,’ Dr Braithwaite said. ‘Master Dan, did you know Ophelia doesn’t think sex is as good for women as it is for men?’

Oh God. I groaned.

‘Is that so?’ he chuckled. ‘Sounds like Ophelia’s been with men who don’t know how to get her off.’

‘She also thinks only women with a tragic past can enjoy being called a slut.’ Dr

Braithwaite eased one finger inside my bum. Moving it slowly in and out, he flicked my clit, making me groan and writhe as I fought against my body. ‘Tell me, Ophelia. What childhood trauma made you enter the club tonight with two men, knowing we’d take turns fucking you?’

Cheeks blazing, I swirled my tongue around Dan’s shaft.

‘No answer?’ Dr Braithwaite increased his pace, making me groan. ‘No witty comeback? No theories as to why your body responds to my words? Do you hear this?’ He patted my pussy. ‘You’re soaked, and all we’ve done is tease you. Make you suck a little cock. We’ve barely started, yet you’re trembling with need.’

He was right; I had no childhood wounds that needed healing, just a scab he wanted to pick at. Now I was naked on my knees, rocking against his hand as he finger-fucked my arse.

‘You like being my little slut, don’t you?’ His knuckles slammed against my butt as he thrust harder. ‘Admit it.’

Never.

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I groaned in disappointment when he pulled his finger out. He replaced it with something cold and firm, taking his time to ease the object inside me.

‘There.’ He patted my butt. ‘This plug will stretch you nicely to fit my cock.’

I was morally outraged by myself, but my body wanted to rock against him, curious about this new sensation. It was different. Not quite pleasurable, but not unpleasant, either. That changed when he twisted the plug. My eyes flew open as I moaned, losing my grip on Dan’s cock.

He tutted at me as he guided it back into my mouth. ‘Suck.’

‘You want to know what I think?’ Dr Braithwaite pressed two thick fingers into my pussy. ‘I think Ophelia gets off on being used.’ He pumped into me with rapid thrusts that made my vision explode with tiny sparkles. ‘I think this little whore needs all her holes filled. I bet I can make her beg me to fuck her arse as hard as I’ve fucked her pussy.’ His thumb swept across my clit, drawing a moan as I arched against his hand. ‘Isn’t that right, Ophelia?’

I released Dan’s cock, panting the words. ‘No, Sir.’

He chuckled. ‘Suck that cock, my little slut. Your lies aren’t fooling anyone. I know what filthy girls like you want.’ He twisted the plug with his other hand, working both holes as I shuddered and moaned. ‘You want your mouth full of Master Dan’s cock as I fuck your pussy, don’t you?’

‘Yes,’ I panted. ‘Please.’

He leaned over me, biting my shoulder. 'Please what?'

I breathed against Dan's groin, my mind numb with desire. Wicked, filthy desire I never knew was in me.

Dan lifted my chin. 'Tell him, sweetheart.'

My throat contracted with a strained gulp. 'Please,' I whispered. 'Please fuck me.'

'That's almost convincing.' Dr Braithwaite shifted behind me. 'Your pussy says more than your mouth ever will. It's so wet, it's seeping for me again.'

'Give me your mouth,' Dan ordered, gripping the base of his cock. He hissed out a breath when I took him to the hilt, wanting something to keep my mind off what Dr Braithwaite was doing behind me. 'Steady, sweetheart.'

The head of Dr Braithwaite's cock pressed against my entrance. He slammed into me before I could take my next breath. 'Fuck,' he said through gritted teeth. 'You're so tight like this.'

I whimpered, squeezing my eyes shut. The plug intensified the fullness, and I breathed deeply to stop myself from coming.

He slid his hand down my stomach to play with my clit. 'Let's see how fast I can get this slut to defy me.'

He pulled out to the tip and slammed into me, shattering my vision and any delusion I could focus on Dan. Saliva dripped down his shaft as I moaned.

'Don't you dare come,' Dr Braithwaite said.

Tears sprang to my eyes at the next thrust. I sealed my lips around Dan's cock and tried to shift my focus, but it only got harder to resist. Dr Braithwaite was relentless. He held my bound wrists and fucked me hard while rubbing my clit. I had no defence. No willpower. I was a body he used to give him what he wanted, and it did. I shattered with a choked cry around Dan's cock, my pussy gripping Dr Braithwaite so tightly that he hissed.

'Goddammit.' He pulled out, breathing hard. 'Didn't I tell you not to come?'

'Sorry.' He smacked my butt. 'Sorry, Sir!'

'You will be,' he grumbled.

'Don't be so tough on her,' Dan said. 'She's inexperienced.'

'That's no excuse.' Dr Braithwaite pulled the plug out and pressed his cock head against my tight hole. 'Suck him off, Ophelia. Poor Master Dan looks left out.'

I peeked at Dan through my lashes, my mind slushy. His cheeks were flushed, his darkened eyes staring back at me.

'Hearing you come only made me harder. Let me use your mouth.' Dan grinned when I took him as deep as he liked, breathing hard through my nose. 'Look what a good girl she is. So obedient. So eager to please. You want to earn my come, don't you?'

Nodding, I flicked his slit with my tongue, a thrill running through me when he sucked in a sharp breath.

'Good.'

Dr Braithwaite pressed forward, stretching my tight muscles to accept him. He

rubbed my clit when I whimpered. 'Relax for me, Ophelia. You can take me. Dirty girls like you are made to have their arse fucked.' He played with my clit as he withdrew and pushed forward another inch. I breathed through the mix of discomfort and pleasure as he slowly moved forward until he was seated fully inside me. 'So tight,' he groaned. 'Are you okay?'

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I could only pant.

Dan stroked my hair out of my sweaty face. 'Intense?'

I nodded, my lips loosely holding his cock in my mouth.

'Just breathe.'

'You look amazing.' Dr Braithwaite ran his hand slowly down my spine. 'Just as I imagined you'd look the first time I saw you. This arse was made for my cock. I'll be spending a lot of time fucking it.' He pulled back slowly, then pressed forward. I moaned around Dan's cock. 'Feel good?'

'Mmmm,' was the only response I could make, a drawn-out hum at the back of my throat.

He thrust again. It was different, more intense, but I couldn't deny the pleasure each of his slow strokes evoked in me. He took his time, letting me get used to the feeling before his grip on my hip tightened. 'Suck him. I'll spank you if you come again before he does.'

I sucked harder. I wanted Dan to come. Needed him to. I teased his slit with my tongue, took him to the back of my throat and swallowed to grip him as tightly as I could. He guided me through every thrust and sloppy lick as Dr Braithwaite continued slowly fucking my arse. His fingers played with my clit as he took me to the edge of my orgasm, then held me there as Dan used my mouth to build his.

My lips were numb when Dan finally tightened his grip on my hair. 'I'm going to come, sweetheart.'

'Take it all,' Dr Braithwaite said, his voice gruff. 'When I hear you swallow his come, I'll let loose on your arse.'

The thought thrilled and terrified me. I tightened my lips around Dan's cock and sucked hard, feeling him swell as he thrust into my mouth. My throat was raw when he finally came with a hot burst of come.

'Fuck,' he groaned, stroking my hair as I swallowed every drop. 'She's such a good girl, Sir Emmerson.'

'Hold her steady. I'm going to fuck her now like the dirty little slut she is. You want that, don't you, Ophelia? You want me to fill your arse?'

'Yes,' I moaned.

Dr Braithwaite grabbed my hair and yanked my head back. 'Yes what?' he growled.

'Yes, Sir!'

'Good girl.'

Dan gripped my shoulders as Dr Braithwaite picked up the pace.

'She's a terrible sub, but her tight arse... fuck, I could spend hours buried in it.'

His hips slammed against my butt with each hard thrust, obliterating my delusions about myself and the quality of my past sexual experiences. I'd never known pleasure like this. It was all-consuming. I couldn't hold myself upright. Couldn't stop the

sounds he pushed out of me, breathy groans mingling with sharp cries as he took me to a new level of ecstasy. The orgasm that coursed through my body, ready to ravage me, scared me, and I whimpered in protest.

It was too much. He was too much.

‘Come apart, my little whore,’ Dr Braithwaite growled. ‘Milk my cock.’

My body did fall apart, and all I knew for a long moment was white, hot blissfulness. I lost my voice, my mind, and all control of my body. All I felt were his last strokes before he spilt into me in a hot stream, and all I heard was his groan of my name as he pulled me flush against his body.

‘Well done,’ Dr Braithwaite whispered in my ear as he lifted me onto Dan’s lap. ‘Rest for a bit. I’ll get a cloth to clean you up before I teach you a lesson you’ll never forget.’

I moved my lips to object, but my tongue didn’t work. My eyes didn’t either. I couldn’t keep them open as my head met Dan’s firm shoulder.

Chapter Ten

When I eventually opened my eyes, Dan had freed my wrists and settled me in the nook of his arm, my legs draped across his lap. He caressed my cheek. ‘Where did you go, sweetheart?’

I grunted.

He chuckled. ‘You’ve been out for a while. How are you feeling?’

‘Sore,’ I croaked, my throat raw. Wonderfully sore and well-used. I looked around.

‘Where’s, um, Sir Emmerson?’

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‘He’ll be back in a minute.’ Dan cupped my breast, dragging his thumb across my nipple. Despite how worn out I was, my body still quickened. ‘Your first scene at the club... how was it?’ he asked, watching my swollen lips as he spoke.

‘Good.’ Moaning, I pressed against his hand. ‘Different. Demeaning,’ I said with a small smile. ‘But I suppose that was the point.’

‘It was, and you responded well. Sir Emmerson was right about you.’ He pinched my nipple, rolling it between his deft fingers. ‘But we’re not done with you yet.’

‘No?’ I glanced at his crotch. He’d tucked himself away, but his erection tented his trousers. ‘Did I...?’ I stared at my hands. ‘Never mind.’

He gripped my chin to lift my gaze. ‘Did you what?’

‘Did I not please you?’

‘You did very well, sweetheart.’ He ran his thumb over my bottom lip. His eyes glittered when I took it into my mouth and sucked. ‘You were willing to follow my guidance. That’s all that matters. Don’t worry. If you become a member, they’ll train you.’

I released his thumb. ‘To give blowjobs?’

‘Yes,’ he chuckled. ‘But most importantly, how to submit to a Dom.’ His gaze lifted off me. ‘Sir Emmerson is back. Why don’t you show him what a good girl you are by kneeling before him? I’m sure he’d love your warm mouth on his cock as well.’

‘I would like that.’ Dr Braithwaite chuckled as he set a drinks tray and a small plastic bowl with a flannel on the dresser. ‘Come, Ophelia,’ he ordered, snapping his fingers.

A few weeks ago, I would’ve snarled at a man for daring to treat me as a subordinate. Or would I? The first time Dr Braithwaite revealed his dominant nature, I’d been shocked but also eager for more, willing to do anything to please him. He still had that effect on me, so I slid off Dan’s lap and staggered towards him.

He stopped me after a few feet. ‘Crawl to me.’

My mouth fell open. I scowled as I sank to my hands and knees, but crawling towards him wasn’t like I’d imagined. It was demeaning, but I also loved the way his eyes lit up when I knelt by his feet.

‘Good girl.’ My heart swelled when he put his hand on my head. ‘How are you feeling?’

‘A little sore.’

‘I bet. I fucked your tight arse pretty hard.’ He grabbed the flannel and wrung it out over the bowl. ‘Turn around. Face down, arse up so I can clean you.’

I shook my head. My skin crawled at the thought of having everything on display like that, so I reached for the cloth. ‘I can do it myself.’

Dr Braithwaite dipped his chin, peering down at me, and I recognised the silent warning in his eyes, but I couldn’t make myself do what he wanted.

He put the cloth back in the bowl and went to the door. Panic bloomed within me when he opened it and crooked his finger at someone out of view. A mountainous man in dark clothing and curly ginger hair ducked his head to enter the room, so

broad and tall that it took me a few blinks to notice the four naked women trailing after him.

A naked, long-legged brunette with a spiked collar around her neck entered the room first. The two blondes following her wore silk corsets and barely there G-strings. The last woman, a curvy brunette with pouty lips, wore what I could only describe as a rope bra – an array of thin red ropes bound her heavy breasts in an intricate pattern that must've taken hours. She also had a collar, but this one was adorned with jewels.

'Room service,' the tall man announced, letting out a throaty laugh.

'Thank you, Marquis Theo,' Dr Braithwaite replied.

Marquis? I shuddered when Theo's pale irises swept over me. Yes, definitely a sadist. I could feel it in my bones. Why was he here?

'Ophelia, meet Emily, Willow, Sophie, and...' Dr Braithwaite smirked. 'Georgina. What a treat.'

Which one was Georgina? I hated her already, even though she didn't acknowledge him. None of the women did. They stood with their backs straight, heads bowed, and their hands by their sides, waiting like obedient subs. Everything I wasn't.

Theo folded his arms, drawing my attention to the 'M' embroidered onto his shirt. I wondered why they were marked. Because they were dangerous? 'I heard about your talent show,' he said. 'Naturally, I had to include Little G.'

Talent show?

My stomach pinched.

‘I see,’ Dr Braithwaite chuckled.

‘I’ll collect them in... twenty minutes?’ Theo asked.

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‘Make it forty.’ Dr Braithwaite glanced at me. ‘I’ve a feeling this one won’t break easily.’

I winced.

Theo gripped the curvy brunette’s chin and planted a chaste kiss on her lips. ‘Make me proud, Little G.’

‘Line up in front of Ophelia,’ Dr Braithwaite ordered when the door clicked shut behind Theo. The women obliged without a word of protest, but I kept scooting backwards until he was forced to indicate a spot for them to stand. I expected a reprimand, but he ignored me as if I weren’t worthy of his harsh words anymore.

As if I were insignificant.

‘Very good,’ he said to the women as I fought back tears. ‘Now turn around and present your cunts.’

My breath lodged in my throat. I should’ve known better. Everything was always a lesson with him, and this would be my toughest one because the women got on their hands and knees, their pussies on display. Like he commanded. Like I wouldn’t do. My entire face burned as I stared at my lap, refusing to take part.

‘Ophelia.’

No, I wouldn’t look.

His voice lowered. 'Ophelia.'

I shook my head.

Dan shifted forward, watching me and my flushed cheeks and the tears threatening to unravel me again. I knew what Dr Braithwaite was doing, and I didn't want to hear whatever cruel words he'd say about their most intimate parts.

'Are you safeing out?' Dr Braithwaite asked.

The room fell silent. A tense, pin-dropping silence where only my sharp breaths could be heard. Shaking my head, I stared at a small crack in the floor. No, I wouldn't use my safeword. I refused.

Dan joined Dr Braithwaite at the end of the row of women. My breath shuddered in my chest as the men whispered among themselves.

'Contestant "A",' Dr Braithwaite announced in a booming voice, startling me. 'Neatly trimmed. I prefer shaven, but it's tidy and doesn't hide the clit piercing.'

'The labia minora slightly overhangs the majora,' Dan said. 'I like that. A little tease when she walks around.'

'You've always been a biter,' Dr Braithwaite murmured.

Dan laughed. 'I wouldn't dare bite this one. I'd end up in a dungeon.'

I glanced up just as Dr Braithwaite crouched and ran his thumb over the brunette's pussy. She moaned softly. 'Responsive. Doesn't appear to have got enough attention today.'

‘Surprising, given who she belongs to,’ Dan mused.

My blood boiled when Dr Braithwaite pressed his thumb inside her and thrust a few times. The woman’s moans deepened. He laughed softly. ‘Very responsive. Well trained, aren’t you, Georgina?’

‘Yes, Sir Emmerson.’ Her arms trembled as he continued teasing her, alternating between shallow thrusts and drawing slick circles around her clit piercing.

I burned with embarrassment, anger, and something else I didn’t want to identify. I’d shared a secret with him in confidence, and he’d turned it into a group session to teach me a lesson. Would he fuck them to prove his point?

Or was this an audition for a sub to replace me?

My heart sank at the thought.

His eyes met mine briefly as he looked up at Dan. ‘A fine contestant.’

‘Agreed.’

They continued down the line, praising and teasing the women. I told myself not to look, but the compliments were impossible to tune out.

‘Such a pretty snatch.’

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‘Utterly fuckable.’

‘This little clit is begging for attention.’

‘She smells heavenly.’

‘Perfection.’

By the time they reached the last woman, I wanted to be next. I wanted the compliments. I wanted to pass his inspection.

It annoyed me because this was a game. He had got inside my head. He’d found a scab to pick on, and now he wanted me to acknowledge the wound and allow him to heal it.

It wasn’t a wound.

It was a mistake.

Tears burned my eyes. I wiped at them, annoyed with myself.

My relationship with Luke only lasted a couple of months. I’d dumped him when he’d shown me a picture of his favourite porn actress and claimed, “This is what you’re supposed to look like.”

His behaviour and crass comments had put me off sex – and men – for months. Festered inside me until my only option was to purge it by writing my dissertation

about the harmful effects of pornography, intending to prove its correlation to sexual deviancy.

None of the women in front of me looked like that actress. They were all unique, with subtle differences that drew themen's attention. They discussed and caressed, lavishing so much praise that my arm shot into the air.

Dr Braithwaite straightened. 'Yes, Ophelia?'

I opened and closed my mouth, my courage burning to ashes under his intense gaze. 'Sir...' I sniffed and tried again. 'Sir, may I join?'

The corner of his mouth twitched. He glanced at Dan. 'What do you think? Do we have space for another contestant?'

Dan pointed to the end of the row. 'Make it quick.'

I hurried across the floor, positioned myself like the other women, and prayed this was the right decision.

A curtain of my hair blocked my view of the other women, but their laboured breathing and the coiled tension in the room seeped into my pores. It seemed so ridiculous waiting for a man's approval like this, but I wanted it regardless.

My shoulders tensed when one of them crossed the room. Water trickled into a bowl. Dr Braithwaite was getting the flannel. He got what he wanted. I glared at the floor when he returned.

It didn't matter that he'd won this fight. I wanted his compliments.

The promised praise.

The balm for my wound.

But he said nothing when he returned. Neither of them did. They stood behind me and looked, judging in silence, letting the fear take root. The lump in my throat grew bigger and bigger until a sob rushed past my lips.

‘Shh.’ A warm hand pressed against my back, deepening its arch. Another patted my inner thigh, widening the gap between my legs. The moist flannel pressed against my sex. He held it there for a few seconds before gently cleaning off his come. I winced.

‘Hmm,’ was his only response.

‘What a shame,’ Dan murmured.

What was he talking about? What did they see? More tears flooded my eyes. I wept in silence, my fingers curling against the cold floor as I fought the urge to run out the door. I was a mere breath away from using my safeword when a firm hand gripped my hip, stilling the worst of my tremors.

‘We need to work on your posture,’ Dr Braithwaite said with a low tut. ‘And no more anal for you this week.’

‘Aww,’ Dan teased. ‘Guess I’ll have to make do with her pretty pussy.’

I startled when a finger feathered across my clit. He rubbed small circles until the tension eased from my shoulders, and I pressed back against his hand.

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‘A pleasing response,’ Dr Braithwaite said. ‘This cunt looks well-appreciated. Still glistening.’ His thumb brushed across my clit again before pressing inside me. ‘And so tight.’

‘Beautiful,’ Dan concurred. ‘I’d love a sample.’

‘Mhmm,’ Dr Braithwaite groaned. ‘I don’t know if I can share this one... Look how wet she gets for me.’

‘Don’t be greedy. A simple fuck won’t do. I need a taste.’

I breathed hard, struggling to keep my moans back as Dr Braithwaite thrust his finger faster. My teeth clamped around my bottom lip as he replaced one finger with two, then I gasped in disappointment when he pulled his hand back.

‘Let’s see if we can turn up the volume.’ He collected something from a drawer. ‘Time for the talent part of this competition, ladies.’

I stiffened. Talent?

‘Ophelia.’ Dr Braithwaite gripped my hip again. ‘You’re already familiar with this toy.’ He tapped the vibrator against my clit before sliding it inside me. ‘Keep it inside, baby girl.’

My muscles tightened and loosened around the toy while he moved down the line, preparing each woman for whatever would come next. Then the vibration started, a low, deep buzz within my core. My body craved every sensation, but my mind still

screamed at me to bolt out the door. The loud music at the club had drowned out my moans. Now the responses he wanted came from the other women, loud, breathy moans from everyone except me.

Dr Braithwaite's footfalls headed my way. 'I want to see how you make those pretty cunts gush. Use your fingers, ladies. If I'm not happy with your effort, I'll send you to Marquis Theo's dungeon.' He leaned down to rasp in my ear, 'He's a sadist, Ophelia. You noticed that about him, didn't you?'

A shiver ran through me.

He swept my hair away from my face. 'Touch yourself, baby girl. Show us how you make that pretty pussy come.' His eyes glittered with mischief. 'Make me proud.'

That was what Theo had said to Georgina before he left the room, and a glance confirmed she had no problem following his order. Cheek pressed against the floor, she'd snaked one hand between her legs to rub her clit. Her eyes were closed. Her pouty lips parted as she moaned.

'You can do it, baby girl.'

I swallowed my inhibitions and copied her position, closing my eyes to block out everything except the task at hand. Dr Braithwaite remained beside me as my fingertips danced across my clit before finally settling into a familiar pattern, quick sweeps followed by longer strokes to fuel that fire crawling up my thighs.

'Good. Look how well you touch yourself. Are you watching her, Master Dan?'

'Fuck, yes,' he groaned somewhere behind me. 'I want to sink deep into that pussy. I want it strangling my cock as she comes.'

I rubbed faster, spurred on by his deep voice and the hungry eyes watching every gasp and soft moan roll over my swollen lips.

‘I want in your mouth so badly.’ Dr Braithwaite slipped his thumb inside my mouth and groaned when I sucked hard. ‘But not as badly as I want to eat you out. I want you dripping down my chin, Ophelia. And when you’ve come on my tongue, I want to kiss you so you know how good you taste. Do you want that?’

I managed a nod between deeper moans.

He pulled his hand back to tweak my nipple. ‘Good girl. Keep working for your reward.’

My fingers slipped on the slickness of my pussy as I increased speed, chasing my release with a hunger I barely recognised. I forgot my butt was high in the air. I forgot the women beside me. All I could see was the pride in his smile when my moans grew louder, deeper, needier.

‘Such a beautiful sound.’ He glanced up as a woman cried out down the line. ‘An orchestra of pleasure, Master Dan.’

‘Well done, sweetheart,’ Dan praised the woman.

A second cry filled the air. The sub beside me breathed deeper, faster, but I wanted to get there first. I channelled the men’s attention into my pleasure. My fingers quickened. My breaths grew shallow. It was right there...

So damn close. I just needed...

‘Come,’ Dr Braithwaite ordered, and my body obeyed him like the puppet he’d turned me into.

‘Oh fuck,’ I cried out as I lost myself in the blinding heat. A deep male laugh registered weakly in the seemingly endless waves of pleasure rolling through my body, forgotten by the time I collapsed on the floor.

A sharp swat came against my butt. ‘Language,’ Dr Braithwaite chastised, but I smiled at the hint of amusement in his voice.

The last two women came with equal force as I breathed against the floorboards. Dr Braithwaite praised them for their efforts while Dan collected the toys. ‘It’s simply impossible to pick a winner, Marquis Theo, so I’ll keep the trophy to myself.’

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I scrambled onto my knees, eyeing the tall man standing by the open door. A sadist. A living, breathing deviant. The worst of their kind. Part of me wanted to dive into his mind to find what had caused this depravity, but every time those unusually pale eyes met mine, I wanted to hide behind Dr Braithwaite.

Theo's crooked smile didn't help, or how he tipped his chin in my direction like he'd singled me out for a private tour of his dungeon. 'I'm pleased I caught the last few minutes of your show, Sir Emmerson. If you ever need help curbing that tongue, you know where to find me.'

My wide-eyed gaze snapped to Dr Braithwaite. He winked at me. 'Thank you for the offer, but Ophelia isn't ready for a dungeon yet.'

Yet?

Theo clicked his tongue. 'Shame. Such a pretty pussy.' He snapped his fingers at the other subs. 'Come.'

I breathed a sigh of relief when the door clicked shut behind them.

Chapter Eleven

Dan sat on the sofa with a heavy sigh. 'I enjoyed that, but...' He grinned as he adjusted himself. 'Now I'm uncomfortable.'

Dr Braithwaite went to the dresser. 'Ophelia, would you like a soft drink?'

‘Please.’

‘Please what?’

‘Please, Sir.’

He smiled as he passed me a fizzy drink. ‘Did you learn your lesson?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘And what was it?’ he asked, folding his arms.

‘That porn is fake?’

‘She’s not wrong,’ Dan laughed.

‘Shame is not something I’ll tolerate, Ophelia,’ Dr Braithwaite said sternly. ‘I won’t be content until you see yourself as I do. As we do,’ he added with a glance at Dan. ‘What else did you learn?’

Too many things to name. My mind still buzzed with it all, but there was one truth I wanted to share.

‘You were right.’ I smiled. ‘It is cathartic.’

He returned my smile. ‘That feeling will only intensify the more you allow yourself to feel. You’re still holding back, getting lost in your head, but we’ll work on it. Right now, you’re riding a high. Tomorrow, all those thoughts will need to be untangled.’

Undoubtedly, but tomorrow seemed so far away. He’d carved out a place for me where there was no shame, and I wanted to enjoy this moment.

He gestured to the sofa. 'That won't do, so I've asked Marquis Jack for a room upstairs if you'd like to spend the night with me in a comfortable bed.' Dr Braithwaite sipped his cola as if he hadn't just asked me to spend the night alone with him.

Dan leaned back in his seat, looking oddly amused as I fought the urge to ask what this meant. I swallowed a few sips before finding my voice. 'What about Master Dan?'

'Master Dan doesn't stay the night,' Dr Braithwaite said simply. 'He does, however, wish to fuck you before he leaves. It's your decision. We can retire for the evening. I'm sure you'll see Master Dan another time if you join us as a member.'

I couldn't imagine spending my evenings at a place like this. It was a different world. A world full of possibilities, but still overwhelming. I sipped my drink, eyeing Dan. Did I want him to fuck me? I was tired, but I also wanted to test a theory. Dr Braithwaite had intercepted Lewis before he could fuck me. It hadn't seemed like jealousy at the time, but now Dr Braithwaite was eyeing Dan over the rim of his glass, appearing sullen at the idea of his friend with me.

Was he jealous or just possessive? Could I use this to snatch back the power he'd taken from me? I supposed there was only one way to find out, so I put my drink on the floor and knelt by Dan's feet.

'Hello, sweetheart,' Dan said.

I racked my brain for a line I could use. 'Um, how can I please you, Master Dan?'

He grinned. 'Did you hear that, Sir Emmerson? What a well-trained sub.' He kissed my cheek, whispering, 'I know what you're doing, you know.'

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‘What do you mean, Master Dan?’ I asked innocently.

He patted his thigh. ‘Come.’

I sat astride him. His hard erection pressed against my sex, and I moaned softly as I rolled my hips. I wanted to tease him, myself, and the man who’d taken a seat in the leather chair behind me. Dr Braithwaite said nothing as Dan freed his cock or when I rose onto my knees so he could guide it inside me, but he laughed softly as I lowered my hips and moaned at the feeling of another cock filling me.

‘Such an eager little slut,’ Dr Braithwaite teased. ‘I wonder if her cunt can take two cocks, Master Dan.’

I froze. What?

‘I think she’d love that,’ Dan said with a low laugh. ‘But not tonight. If I know you right, you don’t want her too sore before taking her upstairs.’

‘You’re right,’ Dr Braithwaite murmured before swallowing another sip, the ice in his glass clinking. ‘I have plenty planned for her.’

Dan squeezed my hips. ‘Fuck me, sweetheart. Let me feel you squeeze my cock.’

I arched my hips against his pelvis, craving friction for my clit as I slowly rode him. The bundle of nerves liked his idea of being fucked by both men. My body wanted everything these men could do to it, and that horrified and excited me even more. It made me ride him faster, my sore butt slamming against his thighs. The hint of pain

sent a delicious shiver through me. I moaned as he rubbed my clit.

‘You’re such a good girl. Look at you, riding my cock. Does it feel good, sweetheart?’ Dan splayed a hand against my back as he bent me backwards. ‘Do you want to watch, Sir Emmerson? Want to see my cock slide in and out of her wet pussy?’

My head lolled back to see Dr Braithwaite, hoping for a glimpse of jealousy. A knowing smile adorned his lips. ‘I’ll enjoy the view of my cock fucking that tight cunt all night, Master Dan.’

‘Suit yourself.’ Dan’s mouth sealed around my nipple, sucking it deep into his mouth before releasing it with a loud pop. ‘Turn around, sweetheart. Let him get a good look at you coming apart while riding me.’

My breaths were shallow pants as I let him help me turn. When he lowered me onto his cock again, my eyes fluttered shut on a long moan. The sofa seat was deep, giving me enough legroom to ride him as he played with my clit. Dr Braithwaite sipped his drink slowly as he watched me getting close, the room filling with my low moans and the sound of my wet pussy taking all of his friend’s cock.

When I grabbed my breasts and squeezed, he grinned. ‘Naughty girl, aren’t you? I can’t wait to get you alone for the night.’

‘And after tonight?’ I said between gasps, needing to know what we were. Was this only a one-time opportunity or the start of something new?

He settled back in his seat, his long fingers wrapped around his glass. ‘Are you close? Show me what dirty sluts look like when they come all over a cock.’

My legs trembled as I increased my pace, grinding against Dan with every thrust. I

wanted to come. I wanted Dr Braithwaite to see and hear me. I wanted him to punish me for making him wait for his turn. Pleasure rolled up my thighs. My muscles stiffened.

‘Oh God, oh fuck...’ I cried out. Dan rubbed my clit as my body shook in his tight grip, keeping me pinned against him as he thrust into me from below. But he didn’t follow me. Instead, he laughed as he lifted me off him, holding me steady as I swayed.

‘I’m not done with you yet.’ He pointed at the futon. ‘Bend over. I can’t fuck your arse, but I want you from behind.’

Dr Braithwaite hid a bemused smile behind his drink as I wobbled across the floor. ‘I should’ve warned you about Master Dan. He likes a good cock whore. The longer he can fuck someone, the happier he is.’

Oh God. I knelt before the futon and shuddered as its cool leather met my warm, sweaty skin. Dan gripped my hips, raising them as he knelt behind me. ‘You can fuck her mouth if you want,’ he told Dr Braithwaite.

Dr Braithwaite smirked at me. ‘Only if she asks for it. Properly.’

It was useless trying to get him jealous, wasn’t it? He was happy to share me – sort of. Happy as long as he could watch – and control me, even though I was with someone else. I wanted to taste him, so I licked my lips and allowed him to demean me again. ‘Please, Sir. May I suck you off?’

He nodded his approval. ‘Soon. First, I want to hear you ask permission before you come. Fuck Master Dan as hard as he fucks you. Let him play with your clit and tits, but don’t come until I say you may. If you can manage that, I’ll let you suck my cock.’

I bit my lip. His denial stung more than I cared to admit, but I wanted to please him. Wanted my reward. When Dan entered me, I pressed back and moaned. Dan sucked in a sharp breath. 'She's tight. This pussy is a fucking treasure. I can't wait to fill it with my come.' He rolled his hips, drawing another long moan from my lips. 'Do you want my come, sweetheart?'

'Yes, please.'

He pulled back before slamming into me. 'Don't come, then,' he chuckled. 'And watch Sir Emmerson. Watch him watch you as I fuck you. Make him proud.'

I needed no further encouragement. I gripped the futon tightly as Dan thrust into me, praying with all I had that I could keep myself from coming. But the position made everything intense. He hit my G-spot with every thrust, rolling his hips in a way that made it hard to keep my eyes open and impossible to ignore the fire rolling up my thighs. My nails dug into the leather as I tried to resist, not daring to look at Dr Braithwaite anymore. It was a pointless battle. Even if I did nothing, after another few more thrusts, I would combust no matter what.

'You feel so fucking good,' Dan praised as he slowed to long strokes. 'How close are you?'

I licked my lips, staring at the leather my sweaty hands clung to. 'Close, Master Dan.'

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‘Ophelia.’ Dr Braithwaite’s order lifted my gaze to his. ‘You’re not fucking him back like I ordered. Show me you deserve to be rewarded. Show me what a slut you are.’

‘But I’m going to come.’ I whimpered as Dan rolled his hips again. ‘I’m too close. I can’t stop it. I just can’t.’

Dan chuckled. ‘Listen to her needy little pleas, Sir Emmerson.’

‘I can hear her just fine,’ Dr Braithwaite said, his voice edged with a warning. ‘But I don’t hear a question, Ophelia. Ask for permission. If you want my permission to come, I need to hear you beg.’

‘Please! Please let me come.’

His stern gaze flitted between us before he leaned back in his seat. ‘No.’

‘What?’ I breathed. He couldn’t be serious. ‘Sir, please.’

He shook his head. ‘You don’t deserve it. Finish, Master Dan. Show her how we treat sluts like her.’

‘But—’ I started.

‘Ophelia, I’ll spank you if you dare defy me.’ Dr Braithwaite’s harsh tone brokered no arguments, but his lips twitched with a smile when I gasped in surprise.

Dan wrapped his arm around my waist. ‘He loves spanking naughty little sluts.’

‘I should turn your arse nice and pink,’ Dr Braithwaite purred. ‘That will teach you to play games with me.’

‘I’m sorry!’

‘It’s too late for that now.’

‘Hold on, sweetheart,’ Dan said. ‘This will be fast and hard.’ He held me still as he fucked me with deep, harsh strokes. I dug my nails into my hand to stop myself from coming. It didn’t work. Dan hit every delicious spot inside me. His cock coaxed the orgasm from me despite my whimpered objections, a pained cry seeping out of me when I failed Dr Braithwaite and came apart.

Dan pulled me flush to his chest as he emptied himself inside me, then held me there for a minute as I trembled. I didn’t even have a reason for the tears flooding my eyes. Disappointment, confusion, and exhaustion fought for space inside my head.

‘You’re in so much trouble,’ he chuckled before pulling out. ‘Thank you for a pleasant evening.’

I pressed my thighs together when his come trickled out, unable to meet Dr Braithwaite’s probing stare. His demand had been ridiculous, yet letting him down filled me with guilt, and his silence made it worse. He watched me through narrowed eyes as I accepted a flannel from Dan and cleaned myself up.

‘It was nice meeting you,’ Dan said, kissing my cheek. ‘Hopefully, I’ll see you at the club sometime?’

I nodded, not knowing what else to say.

‘I’ll call you,’ Dan said to Dr Braithwaite before leaving the room.

Dr Braithwaite nursed his drink, watching me as I wiped my tears. Searching for the right apology, I moved my tongue around but came up empty. I supposed it was too good to be true. A whole night with him? Of course, I messed it up before it even started.

Stupid.

All I'd done was prove myself a slut.

I picked up my underwear, not daring to look at him in case his eyes confirmed my fear. I would never earn a kiss from him. He wasn't interested in someone who took any opportunity for a good fuck.

'What are you doing?' he asked when I put my soaked pants back on.

'Getting dressed?'

'Did I say you could do that?'

I glanced at the door. 'Is there a bathroom you'd prefer me to use?'

'Ophelia.' He put down his drink. 'Look at me.' Swallowing the dread, I turned to face him. The warmth in his eyes lured me closer when he crooked his finger. 'You don't want to spend the night with me?'

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‘Yes, but I thought you didn’t want to anymore after I...’ I hesitated.

‘Please finish your sentence.’

‘I proved myself as a slut,’ I whispered.

Smiling, he shook his head. ‘You’re my slut, remember? You did exactly what I wanted you to do – gave in to your desires. I saw no shame in your eyes while you were with him. I’m proud of you.’

‘Oh,’ I breathed.

‘But afterwards...’ Brows furrowed, he leaned back in his seat.

‘I came without your permission,’ I said, not wanting to discuss whatever realisation he’d come to. I couldn’t imagine what it was, but Dr Braithwaite always noticed things.

‘You’re new to this,’ he said softly. ‘I can’t expect you to control your body. The right Dom will teach you.’

‘The right Dom?’ I asked. ‘You mean... not you?’

‘I’m happy to teach you if you’re willing.’

‘Yes,’ I blurted. ‘I want you to teach me. Dan – I mean, Master Dan – he’s a nice guy, but?—’

‘But you don’t see him as your Dom.’ He rested back in his seat with a smug smile. ‘That was so obvious, even Master Dan couldn’t ignore it. You respond to me. You have since the first day I met you. I should’ve waited until you graduated, but we both know why you came up with this flawed hypothesis.’

‘Hey,’ I objected. ‘It’s not flawed. It just needs to be... tweaked.’

He smirked. ‘I know something else that needs to be tweaked.’

‘Oh?’

‘Come.’ He patted his thigh, and I quickly crawled into his lap, breathing in his scent as I rested my head on his shoulder. ‘I can’t be your dissertation supervisor,’ he murmured into my hair, his arms wrapped around me.

I lifted my chin to meet his eyes. ‘Why not? I need you.’

‘And I’ll be there if you need guidance, but I can’t...’ He sighed. ‘It can jeopardise your degree. Everything between us has to be kept professional on campus until you’ve graduated.’

‘What are you saying? This is our last night together?’ I pushed upright. ‘No, that can’t?—’

‘I mean, we only meet at the club from now on. On campus, you’re a student. I’m a lecturer. That’s all. For now. Even if I feel the urge to bend you over a desk to spank you, I won’t act on it. Deal?’

‘I guess so.’ I sank back against his chest, chewing on my bottom lip. ‘I suppose I can’t use any of this for my study.’

‘Well, you have the data I’ve collected on your behalf. Your diary entries and questionnaires. And plenty of Doms and subs here are willing to be interviewed.’

I straightened again. ‘Really?’

‘You can also be a participant. I’ll interview you if you want.’ My breath hitched as he touched two fingers to my chin, tilting my face up. ‘I told you I’d get you the research data you needed, didn’t I, baby girl? All you had to do was trust me to guide you to it.’

I looked between his eyes and his lips. Those tempting lips I’d wanted to kiss for so long. ‘Sir?’

‘Mhmm?’

‘May I kiss you? Have I earned?—?’

He cupped my face and pressed his lips to mine, gently at first, then with more hunger and passion than I’d dared dream of, reciprocating my ferocious need to take, take, take. I arched against him, wanting more as my brain floated somewhere above the clouds.

His eyes were molten when he pulled back. ‘How sore are you?’ he murmured.

‘Sore ish,’ I whispered, staring at his lips.

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‘Shower and bed,’ he declared, putting me on my feet. ‘I’ll order us some food as well. And Ophelia?’

‘Y-yes?’

He took my face in his hands. ‘I’m so proud of you, baby girl. I pushed you hard tonight, but you did so well.’ He kissed me, leaning in to deepen the kiss before he pulled back and smacked my butt. ‘Upstairs, now.’

Chapter Twelve

The room he took me to on the first floor was more luxurious than I’d imagined. A huge four-poster bed dominated the space, standing against a dark blue wallpaper with an armchair on one side and a dresser on the other. The carpet stretched across the hardwood floor was equally luxurious, with silk strands that dampened Dr Braithwaite’s footsteps as he entered an en-suite and turned the shower on.

I glanced around for a flogger or other toys, but there was nothing. The room looked like it belonged in a hotel, not a sex club. It even smelt faintly of jasmine and clean linens.

Dr Braithwaite flung his jacket over the end of the bed, watching me as he undid the buttons on his shirt. I’d never seen him naked before and could barely breathe as he slowly exposed his chest. He was as well-toned as I’d imagined, with defined muscles and only a light dusting of dark hair that disappeared into the waistband of his trousers. I licked my lips.

‘Get in the shower, Ophelia,’ he said with a small smile.

If he were joining me, how could I resist? I hadn’t bothered to do up the zip on my dress, so it was easy to shimmy out of it. I dropped it on the floor with my pants and bra, eager to slip under the hot water with him, but he tutted at me before I could enter the bathroom.

‘Fold your clothes and put them on the chair.’

‘So bossy,’ I teased.

‘Bossy?’ He scoffed. ‘Don’t think I’ve forgotten you went clubbing in December without a coat. No mobile, either. I doubt you even brought enough cash to get an Uber from here.’

He was right. I liked to travel light, so I shrugged. ‘I can take care of myself.’

‘Hmm.’ He shed the rest of his clothes and folded them neatly. I tried not to stare, but damn, every inch of him was perfection. Every hard inch. I licked my lips again before slowly dragging my eyes from his cock to his face, finding him smirking at me again.

‘Do as you’re told.’

I quickly folded my clothes and put them in a tidy pile next to his, then followed him into the bathroom. The steam hit me like a hot cloud. I stepped under the water and sighed contentedly as it beat against my skin. This was heaven. Life couldn’t get any better. Only it did. Dr Braithwaite shut the glass shower door and captured my face between his hands. My back hit the wet tiles as his mouth descended on mine. The shower was hot, but it was nothing compared to the passion he poured into that kiss. It left me breathless and dazed when he pulled back.

‘I hope you like chicken salad?’ he asked, reaching for the body wash.

‘Huh?’

He laughed. ‘Your dinner, Ophelia. Is chicken salad okay?’

‘Umm, yeah, sure.’ Who cared? I wanted him, not chicken salad. Dragging my bottom lip through my teeth, I shamelessly watched as he rubbed his soapy hands over his chest, forgetting to breathe when he wrapped them around his cock. The man was good enough to eat.

I cleared my throat. ‘Sir?’

‘Mhmm?’

‘May I...?’

His lips twitched. ‘May youwhat?’

God, he wanted me to spell everything out for him. I opened and closed my mouth a few times before whispering, ‘May I suck you off?’

‘Good girl. Yes, you may.’

I dropped to my knees and wrapped my fingers around his thick cock. Looking up at him, I ran my thumb up his shaft before following the path with my tongue. I eagerly lapped up a drop of pre-cum from the slit and took the head into my mouth. Dr Braithwaite moaned as I pushed forward until he filled my throat.

His hand went to my head, holding me in place. ‘Swallow.’

I swallowed, tightening my throat around him, and his groan encouraged me to keep him there until my lungs begged for air. I pulled back a fraction to breathe in and then repeated the motion.

‘Master Dan taught you well,’ he groaned. ‘You suck me so good, baby girl.’

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Spurred on by his praise, I bobbed my head as I stroked the base with my hand. His cock head swelled in my mouth, and his grip on my hair tightened as I followed his cues. I pushed him in and out of my mouth, sucking him in and relaxing my lips as he slid forward. Dr Braithwaite's thighs trembled.

'I'm going to fuck your mouth now. Are you ready?'

Nodding, I kept my gaze on his as I swallowed him again. He groaned loudly. Shivers of arousal ran through my body as he wrapped his fingers tighter around my wet hair and started to move, fucking my mouth as hard as he'd fucked my arse earlier.

His moans grew louder and more primal, and I loved relinquishing this control. Every thrust solidified this bond between us. Every drag of his cock brought me as much pleasure as him, and when he came with a deep groan, I swallowed every drop and licked him clean.

'Such a good girl,' he said, stroking my hair. 'I don't think you need much training to suck cock. That was excellent, baby girl.'

My cheeks warmed anew.

He pulled me to my feet and kissed me. 'I will return the favour.'

'Please,' I moaned, but he wanted to tease me first. He soaped up his hands and washed every inch of my body, careful not to let his hands linger where I wanted them the most, all the while watching me with hooded eyes. 'Please,' I repeated as he washed off the soap. 'I want to come.'

‘Such a needy student. Patience is a skill you need to master around me.’ He tipped my chin and leaned in, his breath hot against my swollen lips. ‘I will feast on you all night, but first, you need food.’

‘You’ve already fed me,’ I replied with a coy grin.

He laughed. ‘It’s hardly the sustenance you need with what I have planned for tonight.’

‘Oh?’ I stared as he turned the water off and exited the shower. ‘What else could you possibly have planned?’ Jesus, how much stamina did these people have?

He dried himself off and held a fresh towel out for me. ‘Come.’

Sighing, I exited the shower. He liked bossing me around, and I didn’t mind. It was oddly liberating not having to think. I dutifully dried myself as he ordered food, and when the chicken salad arrived, I sat on his lap and ate every piece he offered. When he was satisfied with my efforts, he put me on my feet and pulled the covers back on the bed.

I frowned at the coloured dots on the bottom sheet. ‘What is that?’

‘As I said, Master Dan likes to prank other Doms.’ He gave me a bemused smile. ‘Want to play another game?’

‘Hell, yes.’ I beamed.

‘Language,’ he chastised. ‘Don’t think my desire to spank you has in any way subsided. Get on the bed, Ophelia.’

The threat sent a confusing torrent of desire and dread through me. Unsure of what to

make of my reaction, I tried to laugh it off. ‘You wouldn’t spank me. I’m new to this.’

‘You are, but you’re not so new that you should still be defying my orders.’

I lowered my gaze. ‘I’m sorry, Sir.’

He gripped my chin. ‘Did you not hear me?’

‘You’re serious?’

‘Very.’

‘Oh.’ My eyes widened. ‘But you didn’t punish me earlier. I thought?—’

He stepped back and pointed to the bed. ‘Kneel. Put your hands on the red and your knees on the blue dots. Don’t let them move to any other colour.’

Heart sinking, I climbed onto the bed. The distance between the two colours was huge. He wanted me on my hands and knees with my arms stretched out in front of me. My breathing was heavy as I lowered my chest to the sheet, my butt sticking up in the air.

The position still mortified me. Not wanting another lesson, I pressed my face against my arm, hiding from him.

A low tut came. ‘You must think I’m a fool. I see you, Ophelia. I see your shame. We still have work to do with you...’

He took his time to study me before stepping up behind me. ‘Obedience, Ophelia. That’s all I ask of you,’ he murmured as he ran his hand down the back of my thigh.

‘If you follow my orders, I’ll reward you. If you defy me, I’ll punish you. It’s as simple as that.’

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‘Yes, Sir,’ I whispered.

‘I’ll break you down, then build you up again. That’s what the second phase is all about.’

I shuddered.

‘Are you afraid of pain?’ He continued caressing my skin, warming it.

‘Yes, Sir,’ I admitted.

He slid his hand down my other leg, his fingertips brushing past my pussy. ‘I won’t leave any marks on you tonight. I’ll never take you beyond what you can handle. Do you trust me?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Good. Tell me why I’m punishing you.’

I swallowed. ‘I came without permission earlier.’

‘Good.’ He landed a few little pats on my butt before rubbing the skin. ‘What else?’

‘I didn’t do as I was told.’

He repeated the little taps. ‘And?’

‘And...’ I frowned. ‘I don’t know.’

His hand lifted for a brief second before he smacked my arse. I stiffened and gasped. It wasn’t painful, just surprising. Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad.

‘Count,’ he ordered.

‘One, Sir.’

He hit me again, hard enough to sting. I squeezed my eyes shut.

‘Two, Sir,’ I said, praying my voice would hold. I didn’t want him to see my weaknesses. He might decide I wasn’t the sub for him.

His hand came down again, hitting the apex of my thighs. My eyes flew open.

‘Three, Sir!’

He spanked me until I reached ten, until the sheets were wet with my tears, and my skin felt as if it were on fire. He still wasn’t done.

‘Do you remember what else you did wrong, baby girl?’

I honestly didn’t know and writhed under him as he rubbed my sore skin. When I didn’t answer, he tutted at me. ‘Did you think I wouldn’t do this?’

My eyes widened. ‘Oh.’

He hit me again. ‘That was a mistake, wasn’t it?’

It was. ‘Sorry, Sir!’

‘And you’re still keeping information from me, aren’t you?’

‘No?’

‘Yes, you are. I want you to count to six now.’ His order sent a shiver down my body. I tensed when his hand lifted, then cried out as he hit me harder than before.

‘One,’ I grunted. ‘Sir,’ I quickly added.

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The second smack echoed in the room. He alternated which side to hit, and when I reached six, I floated inside my head, barely aware of where he was or what he was doing. Nor did I care. I couldn't make sense of it, and the confusion rattled my whole body with tremors. Or was it adrenaline? Maybe both.

Dr Braithwaite pushed my hair away from my face. 'Well done, Ophelia. I'll fuck you now. You may come, but keep this position.'

'Thank you, Sir,' I whispered, my voice cracking.

He flashed me another mysterious smile before straightening. Gripping my hips, he pushed into me with one hard thrust. My head lifted off the sheets as I let out a startled gasp.

'You feel so good...' Holding himself deep inside me, he paused for a blissful moment before pulling back to the tip. 'Don't move,' he warned before setting up a rapid pace.

He fucked me hard and fast, challenging me to defy him again by changing my position. I wanted to. It was more intense than anything I'd experienced before. Every slam of his hips against my sore butt stung, but it stung so good that I pressed back against him, meeting him thrust by thrust as I craved more. More of the sharp sting. More of his thick cock filling me so completely. The confusion I'd felt earlier when he'd spanked me intensified when I suddenly came.

Hard.

The orgasm raced through me like a seemingly endless wave of heat. If it weren't for his firm grip on my hips, I would've collapsed onto the mattress. But he didn't let me fall. He kept me in my ordered position and slammed into me. The wave of pleasure continued into another orgasm and another, never fully letting me come down from one high before the next soared me even higher.

Fresh tears sprang to my eyes as he kept pounding into me until I pleaded for mercy. 'Sir!' I heaved for air. 'Sir, please. I can't...'

He slowed to long strokes. 'Do you want to move, baby girl?'

'Yes,' I breathed. 'Yes, Sir!' I quickly corrected, my whole body trembling.

'Very well. You may move your left knee to the yellow dot.'

'Thank you,' I sobbed.

He grasped my thigh. 'Let me help you.'

I should've known it was a trick. The new position widened my stance and ramped up the intensity. I felt every thick inch of his cock gliding slowly in and out of me, and I groaned in frustration. In need.

'I love this sight,' he murmured, gliding a hand up my spine. 'My cock sliding in and out of your soaked pussy. Your body shaking as I make you come over and over again. Are you enjoying yourself, Ophelia? Am I making you feel good?'

'Mhmm,' I groaned, unable to speak.

He palmed my breast, kneading it roughly. 'You're tired, aren't you?' He tutted me as he rolled my nipple between his fingers. 'Give me two more orgasms like this, and

I'll let you lie on your back as I eat you out.'

Two? I let out a croaky laugh. 'I can't.'

'Yes, you can.'

'I won't be able to walk tomorrow.'

'Good.' His hand left my breast. He gripped my hips and slammed into me. 'I want you sore. I want this pussy to remember me. But don't come until I say you can.'

'Oh, God,' I objected.

'My name isn't God,' he said, sounding amused. 'But I've been told I fuck like one.'

'You do,' I moaned. 'You fuck me so good.' The familiar tingling of an impending orgasm warned me to concentrate, but it was hard. His thrusts were slower this time, but the change in pace didn't lessen the intensity at all. He brought me to the edge of my orgasm and held me there until I thought I would lose my mind. Sweat covered my whole body. My clit was so swollen that I cried out when his fingers found it, drawing lazy circles.

'Are you close, baby girl?'

'Y-yes, Sir.'

'Do you want to come?' He withdrew to the tip and thrust back in, pulling a deep moan from me. 'Ask me nicely, Ophelia.'

'Please.' I moistened my lips. 'Please let me come.'

Not answering, he flicked my clit. My heart pounded. He would let me come, wouldn't he? I could barely hold my hips in position. Part of me wanted to defy him, to allow the pleasure to overtake me. I was so close. The next sweep of his fingers could unravel me.

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He pushed to the hilt and held himself there, grinding his hips to test my obedience. I whimpered. His fingers slipped away from my aching clit. ‘You may come, but I won’t fuck you. Squeeze my cock. Make yourself come that way.’

I groaned. He was a cruel man. A devious, delicious man who wanted to challenge me in the best ways possible. I used what little energy I had left to tighten my muscles around his impressive girth. Dr Braithwaite’s groan encouraged me to clench harder. A whimper slipped past my lips.

‘Again. You can do it.’

I was so close, I couldn’t think. The only thing that mattered was reaching that peak and falling off it, so I shifted my hips forward and slammed back into him. It was all I needed. I fell apart with a scream I barely recognised as my own. My body convulsed in his grasp as my pussy clenched and unclenched around him.

Dr Braithwaite held me steady until my body finally stopped trembling. ‘Naughty,’ he said with another low tut. ‘It’s a good thing your arse is already red and sore, else I would’ve loved to spank you for that move.’

Not caring what he did to me anymore, I breathed heavily against my arm. When he suddenly withdrew, the fear he’d follow through on his threat stiffened my aching muscles. But he didn’t spank me. Instead, he dragged his hot tongue up my pussy. I let out a drawn-out groan.

‘You taste so fucking good,’ he murmured as he did it again, one long lick from my clit to my entrance before dipping inside to lap at me. ‘Are you sore?’

‘Mhmm,’ I murmured, but I didn’t care. I arched my hips more to give him easier access and moaned loudly as he licked my clit.

‘You’ll be a good girl for me, won’t you?’ He pressed two fingers inside me. ‘You’ll give me one more orgasm.’

‘I would give you anything,’ I whispered, my brain nothing but lust and endorphins.

‘Will you admit you’re a deviant?’

‘Only...’ I moaned when he thrust his tongue deeper inside me. ‘Only for you.’

He chuckled. ‘I’ll get you to admit it soon.’ He spread me wider with his fingers. ‘Fuck, I wish you could see what I see. Your cunt so wet, so greedy for me. It’s the prettiest thing I’ve ever seen.’

He sucked my clit into his mouth. With long thrusts of his thick fingers and sharp licks, he sent me flying again. I came so hard my vision darkened. When I opened my eyes again, I was on my back with my knees loosely wrapped around his waist and his lips inches from mine.

‘One more, remember?’ He kissed me, sucking on my bottom lip while I struggled to keep my eyes open. ‘Give me one more, Ophelia. Then I’ll fill your cunt with my come and let you sleep.’

I shifted my tongue around a few times before I could form words. ‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Good girl.’ He kissed me again. ‘I love hearing you scream in pleasure.’

Startled by his words, my legs lost their grip on him and fell onto the mattress. ‘I... I screamed?’

He grinned. 'Yes. Let's see if you can do it again.' His hot mouth moved down my throat, through the valley between my breasts and down my stomach as he kissed and nipped his way to my pussy. 'Put your feet on my shoulders. Keep your knees apart so I have easy access to your cunt.'

My legs trembled as I did as he ordered. I'd never known a man like him before, and watched him with wide eyes as he lowered his head. Was this a normal night for him with a woman? An endless stream of orgasms? I hadn't even given myself this many in one night.

'What are you thinking?' he asked, his breath hot against my pussy. The first lick lifted my hips off the mattress. My foot slipped on his shoulder as he did it again, earning me a stern stare. I quickly put my foot back.

'Nothing,' I moaned.

'Liar,' he whispered before sealing his lips around my clit. I threw my head back and moaned loudly. 'Listen to you, letting me know how good I make you feel.'

'You're so... ahh,' I moaned.

Up and down his wicked tongue travelled, finding new angles and the right pressure to make me grip his hair and push my hips into his face. He didn't stop me. He let me grind my pussy against his mouth and tear loose strands from his hair as he worked me up to another orgasm.

'Play with your tits.'

I grasped my breasts. He lazily licked my clit as I squeezed my breasts and kneaded them. Whatever he commanded me, I would do. The realisation of how deeply I was under his spell scared me, but his eyes showed no hint of malice or glee. He wanted

me. He wanted me to have all the pleasure I'd missed out on, so I played with my nipples and spread my legs wider.

'Harder,' I pleaded. 'Lick me harder, Sir. I want to come.'

The lines around his eyes deepened with his smile. He swirled his tongue around my clit once more before thrusting it deep inside me. I moaned as he fucked me with his tongue, and when his lips sealed around my clit again, I arched my back and came with a cry that echoed in the room. Dr Braithwaite pressed his tongue flat against my clit, prolonging my pleasure until I whimpered, oversensitive.

He climbed over me and kissed my lips. 'You cry so beautifully, baby girl. I could listen to you screaming in pleasure all night.'

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‘Please don’t.’ His deep laugh sent heat rushing to my cheeks. ‘I’m just so tired, Sir.’

‘I know you are.’ He settled between my legs, his cock prodding my entrance. ‘I’ll let you sleep soon,’ he said, pressing forward. We groaned together. Mine was from equal parts pleasure and exhaustion. How long would he fuck me this time? I could barely keep my eyes open, let alone give him the attention he deserved.

‘Wrap your legs around me,’ he said softly. ‘I want to make love to you.’

I blinked. ‘You do?’

‘Mhmm.’ He kissed me again. Tenderly. ‘You’ve surpassed all my expectations. I want to show you how much I appreciate you taking this risk with me.’ He moved his hips slowly, his mouth almost touching mine. ‘What we can have if you continue taking risks with me.’

I ran my fingers through his damp hair. ‘Like a relationship?’

‘We’ve been in a relationship for a few weeks now, but yes. I want to train you as my sub.’

He smiled at me, a beautiful, unguarded smile, as if he envisioned the same future I’d dreamt of for so long.

‘I’d like that,’ I whispered, returning his smile.

‘I have to warn you, though. I’m not the jealous type, but I am possessive. Though I

may share you with others as a treat for us both, I would like to put a training collar on you so other Doms know not to approach you without my permission.'

My heart swelled with joy. 'I'd be honoured to wear it.'

His smile broadened. 'I'm pleased to hear that. Now wrap your legs around me.' He lifted his head as the sky lit up with fireworks. 'Let's welcome the new year in the best way.'